

# Whomped

*by Kitsune\_SD*

Ever wonder why the Whomping Willow is so valuable?

Warnings: odd pairing (Draco Malfoy/Whomping Willow), dendrophilia (arousal from trees), voyeurism

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*Chapter 1 of 1*

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**Disclaimer:** All characters and plant life property of JKR, making no money off this, no plants were harmed during the writing of this fic.

**Beta:** CarvedWood

**Author Note:** This is all CarvedWood's fault, she mentioned wanting to see DM/WW in a message board post, so I felt the need to write this for her. Written prior to HBP, so it's now definitely not canon compliant.

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"Oh, *shite*."

Draco Malfoy could tell he was outside the castle by the warm breeze gently blowing across his skin. He could remember leaving his last class of the day, Herbology, with a detention from Professor Sprout. Padma Patil had spilled some sort of liquid fertilizer all over him so Draco had reacted the only way he knew how - by quickly throwing a *Tarantallegra* curse at her. Her spasms had set off a rather entertaining chain reaction throughout the rest of the Ravenclaw students at her potting table, with plants and potting soil flying everywhere. It had been quite humorous to watch, Crabbe and Goyle laughing along with him, until Sprout had come over to find out who had been the cause of all the mayhem...

News of the incident had traveled quickly through the school, and before he could make it back to the Slytherin dorms to get cleaned up for dinner, an unseen person had grabbed him and had shoved him face first into the wall. That was the very last thing he could remember and it must have been hours ago. He could tell from the temperature that it must be late, as the uncharacteristic heat of the early Spring day was now only a comfortable warmth over his nearly naked body. Nearly naked? Why wasn't he in his uniform? He ran his hands down his bare sides, feeling nothing but skin until they found the sleek silk of his boxers - thank Merlin that whoever had attacked him at least left him with these! He slowly opened his eyes to see where he was, and looked up to see tree branches slowly moving above him. Oh gods, he wasn't under just any tree, he was near the trunk of the Whomping Willow!

Fear gripped him and he began to sweat; he smelled an earthy musk rising off his skin, sweat mingling with the fertilizer that he had been drenched with in class. He kept still, trying to think of a way out of this, listening hopefully for someone - anyone - who could help him out of this dangerous situation... until he felt smooth leaves brushing against his thighs. Draco fought his urge to flee, knowing the Willow would lash him to a bloody pulp before he could hope to get out of the range of its branches. He rolled onto his belly, hoping he could slither through the grass unnoticed by the tree, but it began to bend towards him. He felt thin, sinuous vine-like branches trapping each of his

ankles and slowly parting his legs.

Draco gasped in terror as he was surrounded by thicker boughs, pulling him up off the ground and cradling him midair. He felt his wrists tightly bound in the same manner as his ankles, as his arms were pulled up over his head. Soft, tender shoots of new growth were rubbing at every centimetre of his exposed flesh and much to his surprise he felt his cock begin to grow hard, an involuntary response to the oddly arousing sensation of the tree caressing him.

He felt the tree writhe and he was flipped over so that he was facing upwards now; he caught a glimpse of the full moon through the leafy canopy of the Willow. He craned his neck to look down at his groin. He noticed that he was now fully erect, his hard prick tenting his boxers and there was a growing wet spot where the silk was rubbing against the leaking head. He cried out as more supple branches snaked under the fabric, pulling at the seams until his shorts ripped and the tatters of cloth fell to the ground. Now the leaves were brushing against his overheated flesh everywhere, stroking him softly and building his arousal to a fever pitch.

Draco felt a slender branch massaging the crack of his arse, tickling his puckered hole a bit before pushing into him. It felt as if there was some sort of thin sap leaking from the tip, easing the branch's way inside him. He squirmed fitfully, trying to expel the invasion by bearing down against it, but that only served to allow the branch easier access as it kept insistently pushing its way inside his channel. He moaned in pain until it began nudging a spot that made pleasure radiate through his spine and settle in his balls.

Draco turned his head to the side, biting into his shoulder in an attempt to keep quiet - he really *didn't* want anyone to rescue him now, not in the state he was in! What if news of this somehow got back to his father? Another branch entered him, and began stroking inside his arsehole in counterpoint to the first. He could feel the slide of the two branches working him in perfect synchronization, each nudging his prostate in turn before slipping back for the next stroke. Two more slithered up the inside of his thighs, one wrapping itself at the top of his tender sac while the other coiled around the shaft of his cock, starting at the base, until the tip was wrapped just under the ridge of the head. The coils began to squeeze him, slow at first - as if the tree was trying to milk his prick. He began thrusting his hips up in time with the undulating squeezes, the head of his cock slick with precome. A small sprig of smooth leaves began brushing through the moisture collected there, gently petting the over-stimulated head.

Draco could feel his arousal building higher, his sac pulling tight, and he was about to come until he felt a tugging on his balls, denying his orgasm at the last second. He let out a low wail and the tree froze for a minute before beginning its slow ministrations on his flesh again. More limbs entered him to join the thrusting of the first two in his arse, stretching his hole and brushing against his prostate. Rough twigs scratched his erect nipples and he began to mewl.

Leaves stroked the sensitive flesh of his inner thighs - salty tears ran down his cheeks - a branch firmly pressed against his perineum - he yowled like a cat in heat - velvety shoots flicked at his balls - pungent, musky sweat dripped off his hot skin - the coils around his cock flexed rhythmically, milking him as before "*OhgodsohMerlinohFUCK!*"

The Willow pushed and pulled at him faster, and he couldn't help but cry out wantonly until the branch constricting his balls loosened and he came harder than he ever had in his life - his seed jetting out of his cock like a fountain, drenching the leaves above with his pearly spunk and raining back down in fine droplets on his belly.

The tree shivered and finally let go of him, setting him gently on the ground, leaves stroking him with a feather-light touch through the aftershocks of his orgasm. He was gasping for breath and on the verge of blacking out when he thought he heard a familiar voice...

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"*Stupefy!*"

Harry Potter threw off his Invisibility Cloak and pushed the knot on the Whomping Willow with a long stick. Malfoy had put on quite a show for him, though this was not what he had expected when he left Ferret Face under the tree! He had been planning to just let the tree rough up the Slytherin a bit before stilling the Willow and pulling him out, perhaps finishing the punishment Parvati had requested for her sister's embarrassment with a few hard punches of his own... but the way things had played out was far more entertaining to watch, and had given him the most satisfying wank of his life. He couldn't wait to get back up to his dorm room and add this memory to his new Pensieve for future perusal. No matter that this was clearly *not* what Dumbledore had in mind when he'd given it to Harry...

Harry lifted Draco up and grabbed the tattered remains of the silk boxers, holding them under his nose and taking a deep whiff of Malfoy's musky scent before stuffing them in a trouser pocket for later, imagining how nice the slick cloth would feel stuffed in his mouth or wrapped around his cock. He picked Draco up and carried him to the wall of the castle, cast *Scourgify* on him (but not before Harry dipped his tongue into the come on the blond's belly to taste his essence), then carefully dressed him. Dammit, he was already getting hard again - thank Merlin Ron had given him the current password for the prefect's bath, he needed privacy for the elaborate wank session his engorged prick was now demanding!

Harry slipped just inside the castle door before pointing his wand at Draco's unconscious form, thinking that, if he was lucky, the Slytherin might show up in the prefect's bath later. This new memory of Malfoy, once added to the Pensieve, might be useful blackmail material to get a chance to fuck the arrogant git someday...

"*Ennervate!*"