

Tenting

by ApollinaV

Harry and Draco go camping.

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Chapter 1 of 1

Harry and Draco go camping.

It was rather sweet when elderly witches clutched his hand and whispered heartfelt *thank yous*. When new-found mates he'd never met offered to buy him pints, Harry took it in stride. Occasionally people gawked and children pointed, witches pinched his bum, and strangers asked him for his autograph – these things didn't bother him either, and Harry always tried to be polite and gracious.

The Ministry irritated the shit out of him.

As a Junior Auror First Class, even though he'd not been allowed any practical field experience, Harry was treated with kid gloves and could do no wrong. He knew he was being groomed to take over as Minister of Magic – everyone told him so – despite the fact that Harry had absolutely no desire to *be the Minister of Magic*. They thought his humble disinterest was charming and very politically savvy. But then as Draco put it, the lot of them had room temperature IQs.

After one spectacular meltdown that left Harry unwilling to get off the couch, Draco had pursed his lips and announced, "Languedoc is becoming so gauche these days. We should do something different for the Hols." The comment hardly registered with Harry, not while he fantasized about moving to the Muggle world – even Little Whinging would be fine. "I think this year we should go camping."

Harry had blinked and looked dazedly at Draco, slowly processing the new idea.

It was brill.

Yes, traipsing through Britain with naught but a Horcrux and a prayer had been absolute hell, but other than the grotty piece of Voldie's soul hanging around his neck it had been liberating.

Draco was quick to suggest that they go without magic. Well... maybe. They'd need their wands – just in case there were man-eating bears, vicious mountain lions, or dodgy looking goats – but they were at least going to *try* to go without magic. Which meant no magical tent. Not that they could have had Perkin's magical tent anyway – it was one of the centerpieces of the Harry Potter Museum.

Harry was right shit at planning things, so he was thrilled when Draco said he'd take care of everything, including the ruddy tent. And Draco would take care of everything because that was what Draco did best. Harry loved him for it; Draco was warm and generous, thoughtful and intuitive. He could take care of Harry like no other, and he had a gorgeous cock so large it belonged in the Jurassic age.

Draco even took care of setting up the tent, looking quite fetching hammering spike-thingies into the earth. Harry stood back to admire Draco's work as the wall tent went up, then slapped his neck as a mosquito bit him.

"Draco," Harry called a bit distressed, "did you remember the bug repellent?"

Draco looked up and pointed to a rucksack. "It's in the bottom there."

Harry pawed through the ruck, pulling out provisions and black silk rope, rations and a bottle. He eyed the clear liquid suspiciously before uncapping it – cherry scented. Giving a shrug, Harry upended it into his palm and began coating his exposed body parts with it. It went on greasier than expected, but rubbed neatly into the skin. Without a second thought Harry repacked the ruck just as Draco finished making camp.

"There's supposed to be a waterfall further up," Draco said, mopping his brow. "Fancy a hike?"

"Absolutely."

Draco knew how to orient a map with a compass, and for that Harry was mightily impressed. Draco was also very certain of himself in the woods and looked the part in a plaid shirt and heavy leather hiking boots. Next to him, Harry looked a right mess. Draco wasn't even swatting at a single mosquito.

"What the hell is wrong with you?" Draco snapped after several long minutes of Harry dancing all around the trail.

"Mosquitoes," Harry panted, slapping another three on his neck. "Eating me."

Draco came to an abrupt halt and grabbed Harry's shoulder, examining him and the red bumps scattered across his skin with concern. "Did you use the bug repellent?"

"Yes!" Harry hissed, reaching for an itch on his leg. "It's not working! I think they like it. It must be the cherry."

"Cherry?" Draco's brow furrowed. "What cherry?"

"It was cherry-scented." Harry's nails raked across his skin as he scabbled to reach every bit of itching skin – it was all itching.

Draco cuffed him on the back of his head. "That was sex lube."

Harry's eyes widened.

"I don't even have my wand on me," Draco murmured.

Harry didn't either. And now he was going to die. It would at least make an interesting headline for the *Daily Prophet*.

Harry Potter Eaten Alive in Horrific Sex Lube Tragedy.

Maybe they could play the song Cherry, Cherry at his funeral.

"What are we going to do?" Harry panicked.

Draco examined the map closely while Harry danced, slapped, and itched.

"We're going to double time it to the waterfall. You're going to rinse all that stuff off of you, Cherry-Baby. And when we get back to the tent I'm going to treat those bites."

Harry nodded. He'd double-time it, triple-time it, or flat out sprint as far as needed.

"And after that I'll kiss every bite and tend to every scratch," he tenderly promised, placing a gentle kiss on his nose.

Harry melted.

"But," Draco warned. "Before that can happen..." Draco took off running like a shot and called out behind him, "Race you to the waterfall!"

A/N:

The prompt from this came from saraladydalian who left camping prompts for the Saturday Night Drabbles. Unfortunately, I'm terrible at following directions, so instead this is loosely inspired by her prompts, but I hope it satisfies.

Love and mush to my magical beta Christev for her help on this drabble.*Cherry, Cherry!*