

Mandrake Love

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Chapter 1 of 1

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Kink Showcased: tentacles

Author's Notes:Written for hp_kinkfest. This did not hew very closely to the suggested prompt, for which I apologize. Also, thanks go to w_x_2 for the quick beta, and to hbar, as well. Those fine ladies had to listen to an awful lot of griping on my part, and two better cheerleaders could not be found. Thanks for putting up with all of my doom and gloom and being such great supports. Without you, I would have quit long ago!

"This is getting fucking old, Potter."

The sound of Malfoy's whine bounced back off the trees of the Forbidden Forest, making it sound like there were a dozen of him complaining.

"Tell me about it," Harry muttered. "You think I'm enjoying this?"

"You must be. This whole thing is your fault."

"My fault?" Harry stopped dead in his tracks. "Even you can't be that daft, Malfoy. Blame Snape, if you're going to blame anyone. I didn't send us to detention in the Forbidden bloody Forest."

"I'm so sick of this shit. What are we, first years? He's trying to scare us or something. Trying to make us buddy up like that time with Hagrid. Well, it didn't work then and it won't work now," Draco pouted.

"Er, I don't think Snape cares if we're friends. He's just sick of us serving detention with him. And he needs ..." Harry peered at the list of ingredients they'd been sent to harvest, "heartshorn. It should be under a willow tree. Do you see any?"

"Do I look like a fucking gardener to you? Huh, Potter? If you want to be Snape's little bumboy, go right ahead. Draco Malfoy doesn't run errands for anyone."

"Whoa!" Harry frowned. "Will you calm down? You just yelled 'bumboy' loud enough to be heard on the other side of the forest. If Firenze asks who was shouting buggery all over this place, don't think I won't point you out straight away."

Draco paled. "You know that isn't what I meant. I just think this is unfair, that's all."

"Unfair or not, we have a job to do. The quicker we finish it, the quicker we can get out of here." Harry took a breath. "Now, we need the ichor of an Abyssinian Shrivelfig."

Draco folded his arms. "I don't know a thing about it," he sniffed. "I'll make you a deal, Potter. I won't get in your way, and you can collect everything we need. You're more suited to this kind of task anyway."

"What?" Harry snorted. "You've got some nerve, Malfoy. If you think I'm going to do your share of the work, you've got another thing coming! It's just as much *your* fault that we're in this position, and you're going to help me fix it."

"Why don't you try and make me, Potter?" Draco said.

"Merlin, Malfoy. You *are* acting like a ruddy first year!" Harry huffed. "Fine, just stay out of my way."

"With pleasure." Draco made a big show of examining his nails while Harry checked some foliage. "How much longer is this going to take?"

"Malfoy!" Harry said, exasperated. "I haven't even started yet! If you're so bored, why don't you help me?"

"No, no. Do your thing. I'll just ... have a look around." Draco stepped around a rock. "You don't think this mud stains, do you? These shoes are imported."

"For fuck's sake, Malfoy!" Harry shouted. "How should I know? Bugger off if you aren't going to be of any use!"

"Now who's talking about bugging?" Malfoy smirked. "Looks like someone has some underlying issues, but don't expect me to help you out with that, Potter."

Harry clenched his fists to keep from wrapping them around Draco's neck. He silently counted to ten, hoping the intense tide of irritation would fade enough for him to ignore the other boy. After a moment, he stepped away and towards the grove of Flutterby bushes. "Whatever, Malfoy. Just don't get lost."

"As if I hey!"

Harry ignored Draco's cry of protest. He couldn't allow himself to get distracted or they'd be out here past dark. Either that or they'd have to come back another day, and Harry simply couldn't tolerate that. He reached for a phial and uncorked it to capture a specimen.

"Pot..."

The sound of rustling leaves broke Harry's concentration, and he whirled around, already angry at Draco. There was no sign of him to be found.

Harry stepped back on the path. There was nothing but greenery. "Come on, Malfoy. We don't have time for this. I'm not your babysitter," Harry called. He should be furious, but a little bit of worry was worming its way into his gut. They *were* in the Forbidden Forest, after all, and they'd gotten carried away and made a lot of noise. Perhaps Draco was in real trouble.

Harry tried to remind himself that though Draco was a first-class prat, he was a halfway decent wizard. This was probably just a joke, in which case, he'd get the hexing of his life. Harry drew his wand, just to be safe, but before he had a chance to investigate, something whipped it right out of his hand.

Panic flooded his system. "*Accio wa...*"

Before Harry could finish the Summoning charm, something snaked around his mouth, effectively gagging him. Seconds later, he was bound, some sort of rope coiling around his limbs and securing him. No longer able to maintain his balance, he was dragged on his back by the rope through the undergrowth of the forest. Harry's heart beat as he wondered what was going on. How could he have been so stupid to let himself be disarmed? He'd have to think fast to get himself out of this.

When he came to a rest, Harry saw Draco was bound in a similar fashion. He could see what had them, though, and it was no secret lair of Death Eaters. It was something far worse. Harry would have screamed if he hadn't been gagged.

They weren't bound by ropes, but by vines. He and Draco were captive of a hybrid plant, some sort of rootlike thing with tentacles. The main part of it resembled a man-figure, but it had long appendages branching off from the body in profusion, similar to what the Giant Squid looked like. Harry vaguely recalled Neville prattling on about a rare breed of Tentaculous Mandrake that was a coveted herbological specimen. It looked like he and Draco had inadvertently stumbled across one. Or rather, had been stumbled across.

Draco's look of horror must have mirrored his own. Harry wasn't uncomfortable, but he was, admittedly, terrified of becoming plant food. The idea of being consumed by a weed was not a pleasant one. He was bound too tightly to do anything except wiggle around on the ground. He didn't know if the plant used poison or if it would just chew them to death, but neither alternative seemed a good one. Harry didn't know whether he wished to go first or watch Draco get eaten, although he suspected he would get perverse pleasure over watching Draco get what was coming to him in such an ignominious end.

No, he wouldn't. Harry sighed and tried wriggling his hands, but they were secure. He was intent upon trying to loosen his bonds when he heard a grunt. Harry looked over to see Draco being hoisted off the ground. A moment later he, too, was dangling upright, the two of them facing each other like prisoners awaiting their executions.

Harry didn't like this vantage point. He could see the genuine fear in Draco's eyes, and it was making him feel worse. He wasn't as worried about himself he'd faced death before but Draco looked really frightened. Harry didn't want to see that Draco was a real person under that nasty exterior. He closed his eyes and tried to swing himself. Maybe if he overbalanced the plant it would let him go. He needed only a momentary slip of the vine to Accio his wand ...

A whimper from Draco made Harry lose all thoughts of escape. It was starting! They were about to be eaten! Harry's eyes flew open luckily his glasses had remained intact in the scuffle and he watched as the mandrake rearranged the loops of vine around Draco to allow for better access to its meal. It coiled itself around his appendages, suspending and spread-eagling him, but let go of the rest of him. The gag-vine remained in place to prevent verbal spellwork. Draco's eyes were as big as Galleons. The mandrake then peeled away Draco's robes like it was going to devour a banana, leaving the boy in nothing but his underclothing.

Harry didn't know who was more embarrassed. Draco's mortification overrode his fear for a moment, and Harry could see the warring emotions play out on his face. That old Malfoy standby, pride, finally won out, and Harry wondered how Draco managed to look so imperious wearing nothing but his skivvies while being stripped by a bush.

He came to his senses and snapped his head to the side, not wanting to seem like he'd been ogling the enemy. A blush stained his cheeks at the image of Malfoy suspended like some kind of bloody god wearing practically nothing. It rankled that he looked so damned good with his clothes off; it seemed that all those rumors about him were true. It didn't seem fair that an arsehole like Malfoy could look like *that*. Harry hoped the plant would hurry up and eat him, because all Malfoy had to do was direct his gaze the slightest bit south to see the unintended effect his nudity was having on Harry. And if they every survived this, Harry would never hear the end of it. He'd rather be mandrake food.

The touch of a tentacle on his cheek forced Harry's head forward. It made a motion almost like it was chastening him for looking away. It wanted him to watch? Harry gulped. The mandrake was sentient, then. And weird.

Harry watched the tentacle creep around Draco's torso, rubbing against the alabaster skin and tweaking his nipples. Now it was Draco's turn to blush; the mandrake had a funny way of playing with its food. Harry was put in mind of a lover's caress, the way the vine was moving so gently ...

Their eyes met as the thought occurred to them simultaneously. Harry was glad for the gag now, because Draco's shriek would surely have burst his eardrums. They weren't to be food, then. They were here to satisfy an entirely different sort of bodily function. Apparently mandrakes had urges, too.

Draco struggled in earnest now, but the mandrake had him in a firm grip. No matter how much Draco jerked, he only succeeded in creating a sway in the air that barely

moved him. The vine used its preternaturally prehensile appendages to grip the last vestige of Draco's modesty and rip them right off his body.

Harry goggled. It wasn't as if he'd never seen a naked man before. Ron wasn't exactly shy about covering up his assets, and he did have to shower in a public bathroom everyday, but he'd tried not to stare with too much enthusiasm at his friends. He'd never felt that way about any of them, and even though he was curious, it didn't extend towards openly leering at his best mates. He'd seen glimpses here and there, just like they all had, but Harry had tried to give them their privacy.

This was different.

Draco Malfoy, spread out before him without a stitch of clothing, an offering, was too much for Harry to resist. He didn't want to like what he saw; he didn't want to find perfection in the lean musculature, the unblemished skin that was whiter than marble, the line of the collarbones that begged to be traced with a tongue, but he did. Harry stifled a moan behind the tentacle in his mouth. He was glad for his trousers, which hopefully hid the hardness that was growing there. He tried to look away, to spare himself the sight that was forever burned in his brain, but the mandrake grasped his chin, the tentacles more like a hand than Harry could have predicted. So Draco was to be a part of his wank fantasies from now on. Harry felt himself warping over the weirdness of the whole situation. He might have been able to escape emotionally unscathed even from a plant-rape, but this, to somehow end up harboring a deep-seated desire for his worst enemy, *this* was intolerable.

Draco was eying Harry, watching to see if he would be stripped in turn. It was then that he noticed the tumescence Harry was harboring. Harry could tell the exact instant that Draco made the connection; his eyes flared, and they shot up to meet Harry's gaze. Harry felt himself turn even redder, but there was nothing he could do, and he wasn't ashamed. This was his body's reaction, nothing more, he reasoned. Draco could sod off. It wasn't as if he'd planned this. In fact, this was mostly Draco's fault for making so much noise in the first place.

Draco was trying to look away, but the plant was having none of it. It forced them to face each other as it began to stroke Draco's neck. Harry was mesmerized as he watched the fingers of the plant dip into the shadowed hollows of his collarbones; he could see the fine hairs raise on Draco's arm as the touch continued down, down ... over the ridges of muscle on his abdomen to twine around his thighs. Harry sighed as he witnessed the vine ghost over the graceful curve of Draco's hip. It was made for handling. If Harry could touch him, he'd pull him close by that hip...

Harry shook himself back to awareness. This had gone too far! It was one thing to be forced to watch this, but he wasn't going to enjoy it. Determined, he tried to ignore his aching cock. He wasn't seeing anything *that* erotic, after all. It was only Malfoy, being held down against his will, a plant with sensitive vines groping and squeezing and moving over his ... Harry's blood raged and sweat popped out on his brow in an effort not to disgrace himself right then and there. Dammit, *why* did this have to be so hot?

The mandrake seemed to sense Harry's distress, and it took that opportunity to whisk his robes off him. As he could hardly be any more mortified than he was, Harry barely registered the embarrassment. He doubted he had any blood left to heat his face anyway, what with his raging hard-on. There wasn't anything he could do to hide it, so he glared at Draco defiantly.

Much to his surprise, Draco didn't seem to want to gloat. In fact, he was busy trying to buck the hands of the plant off of him, the tendrils creeping ever closer to that place he seemed most insistent they avoid. Harry watched, spellbound, as the tentacles wrapped themselves around the shaft of Draco's cock and stroked. Another vine appeared and fondled his balls. Out of nowhere, Draco had vines crawling all over him, but instead of being scary, it was the most shatteringly hot thing Harry had ever laid eyes on. It was a feast of the senses: Draco was covered in writhing tentacles that grasped and stroked and rubbed his flesh from every angle. Harry's eyes nearly bugged out of his head as he tried to take it all in. He even thought he might be jealous.

Draco couldn't stop himself from enjoying the sensual onslaught. He gave himself up to it, bucking his hips with, not against, the mandrake. His cock jutted out, and Harry could tell from where he was hanging that it was rock hard. His mouth watered imagining the taste. *What would Draco taste like?* Harry shook his head to clear the distressing thought.

The tentacles had little suckers on the end, thousands of mini-mouths that made Draco roll his hips against the pleasure of it. Harry could hear him crying out against the gag. The idea that he would see Draco to his completion was almost too much for Harry to bear. He groaned, seeking friction of his own.

He wasn't disappointed. The fingers of a tentacle snaked around his own shaft, pulsing with a life and warmth Harry would never have suspected it possessed. In seconds, he was done with speculation and lost to the rhythm of the plant around his dick as it milked him better than his own hand ever had. Just as he felt his balls tighten and he knew he was on the edge, it loosened its grip on him. Another tentacle snaked up his leg and nudged against his legs, urging them wider.

Harry gasped. He'd only just begun to think about ... that ... privately, in his own mind at home. The plant couldn't want ... ?

It did. Harry could feel it secreting a milky fluid, a slick substance that smelled faintly of aloe. He clamped his legs together, but he was still bound, and the vines at his feet jerked him apart and wide open.

His eyes flew to Draco, who was rendered similarly exposed. Panic warred with pleasure as they experienced the same things together: the blunt head of the tentacle wormed its way into Harry. It was tapered and slimy, and he tried his best to clamp against the intrusion, but it was stronger and had leverage. It speared Malfoy and him at the same time.

Harry gasped behind the gag. He'd never been penetrated before. There was a burn, but the plant was resting, allowing him to adjust. It worked in and out, slowly, and stoked his cock in rhythm with the thrusts. Harry felt shameless, but it was only a matter of time before the tentacle hit some sort of a *spot* that made him grind against it. He didn't care where he was or who he was with. That was the best feeling, and he had to have more.

Apparently Malfoy felt the same way, because Harry caught sight of something he thought he'd never see: Draco fucking a plant as vigorously as he possibly could. Harry paused, the look on his face worth a moment away from the pleasure. Draco was ... beautiful. There was no other word for it. He was like an avenging angel chasing his own destruction. The concentration he displayed in the lines of his face, in the way he moved his hips, it stole more than Harry's breath. Harry wanted to be the one to give him that, to make him feel that way. He felt a lurch somewhere in his chest, but he didn't want to examine what it might mean.

The tentacles moved again, giving Harry the distraction he needed. He gritted his teeth and rode the vine. He moved up and down, feeling the slick of it slopping around inside of him. It should have sickened him, but it felt too good to stop. The suckers on the smaller efflorescence crept over his navel and twined over his nipples, plucking at the tender buds and making him shudder with feeling. He could feel the little prickles all over his body from the way the shoots climbed over him, owning him. There wasn't an inch that wasn't laved with attention, and Harry rocked into the embrace of the mandrake. It was almost too much, and he cried out in warning, though to whom, he didn't know.

A cry answered him, and Harry had just enough time to pry his eyes open and watch Draco spill himself into the clutch of vines at his crotch as he writhed, impaled, upon one in his arse. He was rigid, the semen spilling from him in pearly streams with his heartbeat.

That sight was what sent Harry to his own climax, and he pulsed his own sticky seed into the pulling plant. It sucked on him greedily, like a mouth, and he didn't know if it felt better on his cock or up his arse, but he couldn't care. All he could see were the stars of his orgasm, and somehow, a glint of sun off of Draco's hair.

Afterwards, Harry slumped. He was glad to be restrained by the grip of the vines, because he couldn't hold up his own weight. He was boneless with contentment. He didn't want to move, or think, or ever feel anything ever again. Except that he was being lowered onto the ground, and a sound was intruding into his languid stupor. A sound that was rhythmic and somehow familiar.

"What's that ... ?" Harry sat up and realized that the rope-vines had slithered away, loosing him.

"Don't look now, Potter, but the plant is getting *its* jollies," Draco murmured.

Harry frowned and looked around. The main body of the plant, the tangle of vines that most resembled a mandrake, was keening in a sound reminiscent of what Harry had

just been through. He saw it stroking itself before a thick sap burst forth and oozed out from the stump. The whole thing seemed to slump. The vines fell quiescent.

"Oh, Merlin. That's ... not right," Harry said.

"*Accio wand!*" Draco shouted.

"Oh, yeah!" Harry stood up, then crouched back down when he remembered his nakedness. Now that they weren't forced, he was feeling bashful again. "*Accio wand.*"

They got dressed in short order, but the plant remained still.

"Seems harmless now. It's not moving." Harry said, casting a glance at it.

"It *wouldn't*, now," Draco muttered. "It got what it wanted."

"So did you," said Harry.

"If you *ever* so much as breathe a *word* of this to anyone, I swear to Salazar Slytherin I will kill you." Draco fumed.

"Just try it," Harry said.

"Name the time and place, Potter. You'll be sorry, mark my words." Draco's eyes glittered.

Harry sighed. "I'm not going to tell anyone, Draco. Do you think I'd look any better in this story?"

For once, Draco didn't have a retort. Harry sneaked a glimpse at him. He seemed uncharacteristically unsettled.

"I promise, Malfoy. It stays between us." Harry pushed up his glasses.

"I ... appreciate that, Potter. Even if I *could* devastate you." Draco looked up. "It's getting dark. We'd better head back."

"Yeah." Harry took a step towards the castle.

"I guess we'll have to come back tomorrow for all the stuff we missed."

Harry froze. Something in Draco's tone sounded ... different. Suggestive. "I know how much you hate being here. Why don't I just do it myself next time?"

"And let you take all the credit?" Draco snorted. "A Malfoy isn't afraid to get his hands dirty, Potter. Maybe you didn't know that about me."

Harry stiffened. Could it be that Draco had actually *enjoyed* what happened as much as he did? Harry couldn't believe it. "No. I didn't. So you're telling me that if we come back tomorrow that you aren't going to hassle me? You'll actually help?"

Draco stepped towards him. "Obviously you need some sort of protection, Potter. Look at what you got yourself into today. It could happen again tomorrow, too. And the next day. Who knows how long it's going to take us to find these obscure ingredients that Professor Snape wants us to get?"

Harry couldn't help the grin that threatened to take over. "Right. I guess we'll just have to find out. Together."

Draco cocked an eyebrow. "My thoughts exactly."