

# The Casual Gardener

by *HogwartsHoney*

Who would have thought that a garden could reveal so much?

## Chapter 1 of 1

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Disclaimer: I don't own the characters, but I *am* responsible for their behaviour.

A/N: Written as a Valentine's Day fic for charmed310. Thanks to Jane for the beta.

*What sort of garden would you be?*

Draco sat in the solarium at Malfoy manor and scowled at the small piece of parchment held in his left hand. What kind of inane, Hufflepuffish question was that? *What sort of garden would I be? Who thinks of these things?* He tossed the paper aside with a quick flick of his wrist, only half-watching as it fluttered through the air to settle a few feet away. He was English with French connections. He was aristocracy. His was pure blood. Purebloods didn't sit around wondering what sort of garden they'd be. They *owned* gardens; they didn't *think* about them.

He glanced out through the French doors at the large expanse of green lawn rolling away from the house, his gaze travelling further over what he could see of the property. Pristine. That's the sort of garden he'd be, not that he was thinking about it seriously or anything. His eyes took in the carefully manicured lawn, the ruthlessly correct hedges and well-mannered trees and shrubs. Yes, if Draco Malfoy was going to be a garden, he'd be a formal garden, in the seventeenth-century style, heavily influenced by the Europeans. Stately. Resolute. Correct.

Draco's upper lip curled in pleasure as he thought about it. As a garden, he would be perfect, of course, maintaining appearances and behaving precisely as expected. He exhaled proudly, tilting his chin just a little further into the air as he thought about how extremely well organised he would be. Even though the sun shone into the solarium, the spring temperatures were still a bit chilly, and he pulled the light blanket further around him.

Potter, on the other hand, would be a very different sort of garden, wouldn't he? A garden with unexpected elements like weaving paths that meandered seemingly without purpose, with small, circular, gravel-lined cul-de-sacs off on either side at random intervals, often with unusual objects in them, like a rook from an enormous chess set or a bird bath placed inside a metal globe.

Draco sneered. Potter's garden would be nothing like his; it *couldn't* be. It would be nothing but a riotous, unmannerly mess, full of colour and life and verve, tangled just like his hair, but probably also filled with everything a garden should have. The garden wouldn't care that it wasn't manicured or landscaped properly or planned out at all. Not a care that the cross-pollination of so many flowers took place right under its very nose because it wouldn't be the sort of garden to keep things segmented or rigid. It wouldn't be a garden that was overly mindful of boundaries or limitations. It would be a garden as haphazard and as random as everything else in Potter's life.

Draco closed his eyes in an effort to keep that mental picture fresh and considered that he might very much like to walk in that garden.

A shadow fell across his face and stole the heat of the sun, but the sudden warmth of the arms that wrapped around his shoulders made him shiver unconsciously.

"Hello, my love."

Those words, whispered softly in his ear, and the warm puffs of air that tickled his skin and hair affected him in completely delicious ways. Draco leaned his head back against the chaise lounge and offered his neck to the lips that pressed gentle kisses to his jaw. Try as he might, Draco could never quite get over the intensity of the sensations brought about by that simple action, the way he instinctively surrendered to the emotions and to the body beside his. Closing his eyes, he reached with both hands and plunged them into the untidy dark hair that tickled his skin, and try as he might, he *still* couldn't help the soft moan that escaped his lips at the luxurious and careless feel of it.

"I have something for you. Something I found in the garden. I hope you like it."

Draco didn't know whether he was more affected by the huskiness in the voice or the smells of sweat, earth and musky desire that swirled around him. He inhaled deeply and savoured the uniqueness of the moment.

"What is it?" He tried to sound nonchalant, but even he heard the slight waver in his voice.

"A two-headed rose on a single stalk. Do you want to see?"

A gentle softness pressed against his lips, and for a moment, Draco almost opened his eyes, but the very delicious shivers coursing through his body made him reluctant to move a single muscle. Besides, he loved hearing that voice.

"Describe it to me," he exhaled.

Soft, fragrant touches brushed softly over his lips again, and he could almost hear his lover's smile.

"The petals are red, but not a dark red. It's a very Gryffindor colour, if truth be told."

Draco had to bite back a smile and then a moan as the softness moved from his lips up his cheeks to his eyelids. He clenched his hands and arched his back slightly, feeling his arousal grow and enjoying both the soft voice murmuring in his ear and the press of the petals against his skin. Who could have thought that rose petals could be so erotic?

"The heads are full and large with many petals unfurling out from the centre. They stand next to each other, not one taller than the next, and the stalks are proud and erect, thin but strong." The petals moved down Draco's neck once more and circled just above his open shirt collar at the base of his throat.

"Where they join, the stalk becomes stronger, thicker and much more rigid." Draco hissed in surprise as the tips of the thorns pierced his skin, but only lightly, and his cock pulsed with something like ecstasy as the hurt was soothed by another sweep of the soft petals.

"There are thorns on the main stalk, you know, but none on the two smaller ones. The leaves are a strong green, not too overpowering a colour, but a perfect complement to the roses."

Draco jumped a little as the tiny spines of the leaves ran across his lips in an almost painful way, but his surprised gasp was quickly silenced by the soothing rose petals and the gentle "Shhhhh" next to his ear.

"It's quite a stunning colour actually," Harry whispered in an unforgivably low voice that exuded more sexuality than any voice had a right to.

"H-How big is it?" Draco stuttered, trying to wrap his mind around something rational, but he was past caring how he sounded.

"See for yourself."

Draco opened his eyes and stared into eyes the exact colour of the green that had been described, but he barely noticed the flowers in Harry's hand as his body screamed with lust.

"Do you like it?" Harry asked breathlessly.

"I fucking *love* it," he growled, not wanting to spend one more second talking about roses. His body arched up, and he pulled Harry towards him, their lips meeting in a kiss that Draco felt he had been waiting a lifetime for. Draco really didn't think he could get enough of this. The kiss was hard, it was fierce, it was passionate and so heated that it couldn't possibly continue, but continue it did until they both broke apart, breathing heavily, their skin shining with sweat.

"God, Harry. Fuck, that was so..." But whatever Draco might have been thinking or about to say was torn away by another kiss and Harry's hands as they moved swiftly over Draco's body, laying his skin bare and fuelling his passion with the lightest of touches. The chaise lounge creaked slightly as Harry lowered his full weight onto Draco, fumbling with the lever to lower the back of the chair further and then sliding their bodies together with just enough skin-on-skin friction to make it pleasurable and almost-painful. More kisses, the kind of kisses that made Draco's toes curl and his body shudder with need, and then, suddenly Harry broke the kiss and pushed himself up onto his hands and knees, leaning back until he straddled Draco's legs. Still burned by that intense green gaze, Draco shivered as Harry picked up the rose and caressed his own lips with the petals before inhaling their scent deeply. Somehow, the picture was perfect, and then, Harry's eyes never leaving Draco's, he ran his tongue slowly down the stalk of the rose. Draco almost came right then and there.

As Harry's tongue touched the first thorn, he cocked his head to the side, bit the thorn off and spat it out onto the floor. One by one, he bit them off and spat them out. Draco was mesmerised by the little bit of pink of Harry's tongue that he saw each time. He was perversely envious of those thorns, but then Harry slid the heads of the roses along Draco's torso and down one leg, up the other and back to his cock. Draco shivered at both the sensation of the petals against his skin and at the intensity of Harry's desire. Harry manoeuvred himself until he sat high up on Draco's thighs, their cocks touching at the base, and Draco moaned softly at the *heat* of Harry's body. Harry wrapped his hand around their cocks and then circled the two rose heads around the crowns, and all thoughts of thorns and Harry's tongue were quite out of Draco's head. *Fucking hell!*

Harry's grip never loosened, and his body undulated against Draco's, providing more friction and sensation. Faster and faster Harry pumped their cocks, and Draco felt the petals being crushed by the movement of Harry's hands, dying even as they gave pleasure. The sensations were about to undo what was left of Draco's ability to remain coherent, and as Harry came with a guttural exhalation, the only thing his mind could scream was '*Oh fucking hell, Harry, so good!*' as he came, crying out something unintelligible as an incredible vortex of sensation swept him up and carried him away while he called Harry's name over and over again like his own personal mantra.

Completely sated, utterly replete and gluttoned with pleasure, Draco pulled Harry down on top of him, the two of them breathing heavily and still shaking from the aftermath. A whispered charm later, they were both clean, and Harry pulled the discarded blanket on top of them, humming approvingly as he nestled against Draco's side.

~ Some time later ~

Through sleepy eyes Draco regarded the scene around him. Beyond the French doors, the sun began to set on his perfectly formal European garden. Every line was in place, every hedge trimmed to perfection, and every blade of grass controlled. Smiling, he brought his gaze back inside to the haphazard mess of clothing on the floor and the carelessly sleeping man in his arms. Working an arm loose from the tangle of the blanket, Draco ran his fingers through Harry's tousled hair, only slightly longer than when they had been at school. Riotous. Draco huffed to himself in amusement and deep contentment as he noticed the array of crushed rose petals over their bodies and on the floor around them. Reaching for his wand, he cast a non-verbal "*Reparo*" and smiled in satisfaction at the now-perfect two-headed rose that lay beside the chaise.

*It's just the sort of thing that would grow in Harry's garden,* he thought, and that made him smile. *Imperfect and yet completely wonderful.* Oh, yes, he would like to walk in Harry's garden indeed... for the rest of his life if he could.

~\*~ fin ~\*~