

## Worthy of a herbologist

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# Worthy of a herbologist

by [Sorariru](#)

## Summary

Neville lies to the aurors.

## Notes

Just a lil warning that Im not well versed with gardening nor post-grad hogwarts so im just treating aurors as some kind of police officers. Im just doing an indulgent fic because i cant find a nevhar pairing without them fucking. I dont know if their OCC too so proceed with caution? This fic is also not proofread nor beta-d lmao

Hope you still enjoy this!

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

Heavy knocks resounds in his greenhouse so he prepares himself to look presentable. He pulls out his wand, gives a swish to fix the boxes on the corner, and taps his distressed clothes to be more pristine. He shrugs when he still sees mud on his arms. Well, they were the one interrupting his garden time.

Neville opens the door and finds auror standing before him.

"May I help you?" He says, heart racing to find officers right on his door step.

"Have you seen an auror running with a silver badge on his person?" The female auror brings up her bade and Neville could see its finer details. Studded with protection magic. Shapped into an owl. Special Aurors then. Neville gulps and shakes his head.

"I haven't." It was true, he has not seen that badge at all.

A person on the back grunt something like truth and the aurors takes his word for it. The leader of the pack gives his apologies for disturbing his time. A truth spell. He should feel offended but it was part of their job nonetheless. He bids the officers goodbye and locks his greenhouse again. He hear them squabble a bit but he won't linger. He has boxes to fix.

Neville purses his lips and pulls off the top box from the pile only to see a dishreveled black mop and piercing green eyes.

"Would you like to tell me why you were hiding Lord Potter?" Neville says.

The man shyly steps off behind his pot boxes and carefully spells them in the arrangement before.

Technically Neville has not lied to the aurors. No he did not see an auror running with a badge. All he saw was a falling nobleman from the sky with no badge. The man was not wearing his auror robes after all.

"Thanks you saved me there," Harry pats the dirt off his pants. "I thought I wouldn't lose them,"

Neville tried not to sigh in the expense of his friend. So instead, he spells his greenhouse dark and urges the intruder to his main home. He instructs Harry to sit in the main living room while Neville prepares the both of them some tea and snacks. The dark haired man was ranting about his colleagues setting him up for another blind date.

Nebille snorts. Right the Lord Potter was single. Unbeknowst to most of the wizzarding world, Harry and Ginny broke up in good terms. Whilst the Weasley family was confused, they have embraced their daughter who has the same feeling for another chaser in their international quidditch team. Harry was not broken down by this even, because he had been worrying how to tell Ginny that he was not exactly straight as he thought he would be. All in all, it was a

peaceful private affair. Of course the wizarding world just know Lord Potter was up for grabs again. And Neville would be so willing to chop his ears off to not to hear another spiel of a young female wizard that wants to marry his friend.

"Here,"

Harry thankfully takes his cup of tea and relaxes on the couch. Neville hums, letting his friend release his stress.

"I just want a quiet time for myself you know?" Harry sighs "Ever since the break up and Ron and Hermione's honeymoon, the guys are not letting me up at all."

"Why so?" Neville blinks.

"They say I look so depressed and tired- they're the reason though! But nooooo!" Harry groans "They say a good woman could help me with my problems." Neville winces "Not that I have a problem!"

Overall, Neville does understand where the aurors are coming from. Harry does look like he got rolled over by three unforgivable curses from stress. He could use something unstressful. Hm.

"Then do you want to help me with some of my herbs?" he blurts out. Oops he didn't mean that to spontaneously come out.

"Come again?" Harry blinks.

Well here goes nothing. "Help. I have a bulk order of princess lillies and mandoragon poppies for potions. I mean I could handle it myself but work would be faster if I have extra hands?"

Harry purses his lips "Nev my herbology scores are near the drain. You sure you want my help?"

Neville grins "It's cool, they're tough plants. If you kill them, I can resuscitate them. What do you say mate?"

Harry mirrors his grin. "Count me in,"

And so Neville pulls Harry to his private lab of herbs. The requested flowers were sunlight sensitive so he had been caring them in his underground garden. Where most of his sun-sensitive plants reside. He could hear his friend gasp and truly, he understands. The plants were softly glowing after all.

"Whoa, Professor Sprout never let us handle this," Harry whistles and Neville knows his eyes are trained on the one at the corner. Nymphlesia, a shrub of vitality.

"I suggest you don't touch anything so suddenly. They get startled and they might poison you to death," Neville warns.

He opens his closet and gives his gardening buddy some protective robes and gloves. Neville gives a rundown on what to do. Pull until the roots. Remove the third leaf if visible. Place in the basket. Harry gapes at the amount they have to do.

"How many are these?" Harry squeaks.

"About a thousand? No wait I think its two thousand since the client needs them for safekeeping and drying." Neville smirks.

"Cant we spell them off the dirt?"

Neville shakes his head "The potency reduces if they interact with magic so it would be best to do this by hand."

"And how long do you think you'll be doing this by yourself?"

Neville pauses "About five days? Four if I'm lucky." Harry gapes but he just grins. "Welcome to a gardener's heaven Harry."

Harry grumbles but he gets to his knees next to a pair of princess lillies. Neville watches as the other man carefully pulls out, roots and all. He gives his affirmation and places the basket next to his friend. "Keep up the good work Harry,"

His friend grumbles about something sadistic Neville but he just laughs and jumps to the other plant, mandoragon.

They probably have been underground for too long because Neville's house elf pops in to remind him about dinner getting cold. He gives his thanks to Polly and moves to inform his friend a job well done and free dinner. However he finds Harry curled on the ground, lightly snoring and lightly holding the lillies on both hands. He chuckles. He might have overworked the poor guy. The basket was slightly filled so Harry might have been near 500 plants. Not bad for a beginner.

Neville carefully removes the plants off his hands and carries the man with a floating spell. He calls Polly to prepare the guest room. Harry was, inexplicably, light despite the training he does as an auror. He is fit but strangely light. Maybe Neville can coerce some nutrient potion off his client.

After tucking his friend in, he leaves a sandwich, glass of water, and a potion to the bedside table all under a temperature rune. The rune would keep everything in its optimal heat. Writing a quick note for Harry, Neville sets off to have his own dinner.

The next morning was interesting. Neville wakes up to find Harry in his kitchen doing some cooking. He blinks his eyes thrice rubs it twice, and stares. Yep, that's his friend. What?

"Oh hey morning Nev," Harry grins "Made ya breakfast. Just sit there I'm nearly done."

He blinks and follows. Not a moment later Polly and Harry was bringing out a piping hot batch of pancake and good cup of coffee. The other man explained that he felt too bad just leaving without thanking him. So here they are. Eating homemade breakfast.

"Do you always cook Harry?" Neville tries not to groan in pleasure as the pancake melts into his mouth.

"When I have time," Harry admits "I live by myself now so I just kinda have to,"

No you dont, Neville thinks. Because surely the Potter vault could easily pay his restaurant dinner everyday.

"What do you usually eat then?"

Harry raises an eyebrow but answers nonetheless "Something quick like an apple or sandwich. If I'm too busy, maybe I chuck in some filling energy potion."

Neville gapes. That just screams unhealthy! How was letting the saviour of the wizarding world not take care of himself?!

"Okay if you're too busy to cook or make yourself dinner, just go here." He says. Harry makes a noise of confusion "Just have dinner here. Polly makes great dinner and makes sure I have a nutritious diet. Unlike a certain someone here. Don't you think so Polly?"

"I would love to cook for Lord Potter, my Lord," Polly chirps.

"But-"

"Nuh-uh. Do you want me to send a mothering Ginny to you?" Neville smirks "Or maybe Hermione. Im sure she wouldn't mind to nag the bloody hell out of you because you weren't eating again,"

By again, he means Harry has fainted from not eating before so Hermione has gone batshit crazy on him and made him promise to at least have a snack per day. That didn't though that Harry would only eat snacks. Neville sighs, god this man.

Harry whines in protests so he promises to Neville he'd swing by for dinner at least.

And so Harry does swing by a lot. At first it was twice a week. Then it became almost every other day. And suddenly Neville couldn't count how seldom Harry is to his own manor to have dinner. He has lost count on when he realised to his relief that the floo gave him a relief.

They have spent dinner together under Polly's indulgence in cooking. Harry learns the herbs they have used are homegrown and he had launched into a possible cooking plus medicine potion effects discussion. He gets along so well with Poppy, both of them have conspired in pulling Neville out of the greenhouse so many times.

"Stop overworking," Harry grins as he nags Neville, knowing full well Neville has used

against Harry as well. The herbologist just pushes Harry in a pile of dirt before running off .  
"What- You prat!"

Neville laughs and dodges a tripping hex. "Thats what you get for using my words against me!"

"You hypocrite!"

And they launched into a chase and dirt fight in the manor. Polly had to intervene, made them sit in the corner, and scolded for dirtying the house when she just finished cleaning. Neville and Harry appease to her by promising they would help cleaning.

Sometimes, when Harry couldn't help nor sleep, he would perches himself to the half wall that divides the greenhouse and would listen as Neville explain how each plant he's holding could help people. He couldn't remember the last time he had talked so much but seeing Harry fall asleep to his voice, he would gladly talk more.

Neville pulls himself to the wall next to Harry and finds the stress marks decorating his friends face is mostly gone. He hums in appreciation when he realised Harry had been complaining less about his work. He sees the lightning scar on his forehead and unconsciously traces it with his thumb.

"Mhm?" Harry groans and opens his eyes. Neville freezes, scared his touch just woke his friend. The green-eyed man squints through his glasses and sees Neville next to him. He lopsidely smiles before scooting closer until his head is using Neville's lap as a cushion. He breathes a sigh of relief "Night Nev," and continues sleeping.

Neville, on the other hand, was a raging mess. He fans his heating face and tries to calm his racing heart. Oh god.

This won't do, he thinks. So he steels himself to forget his heart and spells Harry in a floating spell to drop him off his (guest) room.

Harry doesn't need another person vying for his attention. He is perfect fine by himself. Neville would stand by, wait until someone catches his attention, and support Harry's love like a great friend. He takes a deep breathe and opens a bottle of wine. This calls for a booze night.

The next day, Harry asks whats his problem since he doesn't drink. Neville gives an excuse that the night was so great, he just felt like drinking. Lies, but it waz okay. Harry doesn't need to know about Neville's feelings.

And so the days continue. Harry would freque tly floo to his place, talk, knick a scone, and leave for work. Neville would smile, greet him, listen, and bid him goodbye.

The boundary between them was getting thinner but Neville was not willing to cross the line.

"Hey Nev,"

He turns to his friend and finds Harry inexplicably close. The green haired man leans closer brings his hand on his face. Neville's heart was racing and knew his hands were close to pushing off the man-

When the floo sounds in and there stands one Draco Malfoy in his green Hogwarts robes.

The blond raises an eyebrow at the close duo. Neville quickly takes the interruption to pull himself away from Harry and greets him. "Hey Dra- Malfoy,"

"Longbottom," Draco turns to Harry "Potter,"

Harry dumbly nods, eyes unreadable as he checks Draco. "What are you doing here?"

"Getting my supplies?" The blond huffs crossing his arms "If you forget, I am a potions professor in Hogwarts."

Neville nods to confirm. Draco was a regular customer as he only wants 'fresh top quality ingredients' which in itself, was a compliment.

The bell rings and Polly pops in that it was lunch time. She greets Malfoy and pops away again.

"Shit its that time?" Harry curses "I'll eat at work later, Shackbolt might have my head. See ya Nev!"

"Y-Yeah, see you." Neville waves.

"Oh yeah, you have a dirt on you nose! Wipe it off if you can!" Harry sayz before flooing off.

Oh.

Oh.

So that's why Harry was so close. Neville scowls and vigourously wiles his nose with his robes.

Meanwhile, Draco looks at him with curiosity. "I didn't know you were shagging Potter,"

Neville gapes "No! What the hell Draco!"

"Your face seems to disagree," Draco pointed out.

Out of the corner in his eyes, Neville could see his burning face from the window. He scowls and he spells Draco's needed parcels close. "Don't you dare," he grits his teeth.

"Dare what Longbottom?" Draco pulls off the lid and checks the flowers "Tell anyone you have a raging crush on the saviour of the wizarding world?"



He impulsively points his wand on the Malfoy patriarch. "Not a word,"

Draco sighs, "Gryffindors. Have it your way Longbottom." The blond hinges the boxes close.

As soon as Draco leaves, Neville's knees buckles in and he is painfully aware that he is in love in one Harry Potter. Like a good old friend, he pushes his feelings off and lets the nothingness consume him.

Truth to be told, Neville was unsure how he would face Harry the following days but there was no trace of him. His floo fireplace is strangelly quiet. He gulps down his anticipation. The auror could visit any yime he wants. Harry was under no obligation to hang out in his place.

He says that but Neville finds himself opening Harry's (guest) room only to see the haphazard clothes strewn about. It was messy. Some of his auror documents are even scattered about. Harry has indeed made himself home. He took it upon himself to clean the area. Even if he was done, the fireplace remains cold.

Two days later, his fireplace rings and he finds himself looking at a short haired Ginny in a full wizard's robe. "Neville!"

"Ginny!"

The duo scrambles in for a hug and Neville chatters excitedly how good Ginny looks with short hair. Ginny laughs "My partner says the same but Mom was not having it,"

Neville chuckles and leads the woman into his abode. They both chatter like the old times. Ginny tells stories about her new partner and how she wishes to ask for their hand. He feels great for his friend. Really. He adores the sheer brightness of Ginny's eyes.

"Neville?"

He snaps out of his reverie "Yeah?"

"Are you alright?"

He quickly nods and assures her he was fine. Ginny gives him a worried look but presses no more. She continues the time she did a barrell roll but almost broke her neck. Neville claps in glee to know Ginny was caught by her partner. Like a true chaser, she jokes.

"So Neville," he hums in acknowledgement "Are you dating someone?"

There Neville almost choked on his tea. "What? No-"

Ginny's eyes glow in recognition "But you like someone! I know that face Nev. Now spill. Who?"

He scowls as he tries to get the excited witch off his personal bubble "Ugh Gin get off-"

"Not until I'm sure this person will be great for you!"

Your ex-fiancee, he almost wanted to say. But he cant. He has vowed to keep this feelings to the grave.

Neville snaps out of his thoughts when Ginny pulls him into a hug "Oh Neville. You don't have to tell me. Whoever they are, I'm sure I'll cut their fingers before they hurt you."

He should have laughed but Ginny was serious. Overwhelmed, Neville sobs into his friend's shoulder and clings on for dear life.

Harry was the wizarding world's shining light and he deserves so much more than a pathetic Neville Longbottom.

Harry remains himself scarce off the Longbottom household. Just enough for a dinner before he floos off back to the Auror headquarters. Neville understands, apparently an upstart purist group was swinging dark spells around hurting muggleborns. Harry apparently became the head of the investigation. So all Neville could do was give him the sustenance a person can have while overworking.

Just a little more months and Harry would not need to come to the manor soon. After all, there were rumours Harry Potter was seen talking to a possible partner. It remains unclear if it was a wizard or a witch but the news becomes too frequent.

Neville closes the newspaper and leaves it to tend to his new batch of lillies.

Hermione was the next person to floo in his house. She brought gifts from her honeymoon at Switzerland and news that she was pregnant! Neville hugs her in delight and promises to send her shrubs that can help her relax during pregnancy.

They talk for a long while before Hermione says "Did you know Harry is growing something in his kitchen now?"

He blinks and shakes his head. Hermione laughs "He's been trying to make something glow for months now but his herbology score stays true to itself. Its still a little bud even after he tried a growing fertilizer on it"

Neville hums "Maybe the pot is small for it? I suggest replanting it in a garden. Not ideal for Harry really since most garden plants need attention."

She nods, for sure filing away the information. Hermione leaves with promises to return with Ron and more news about their baby.

"Master? It's time for dinner," Polly says.

Neville looks at the vacant table, a single plate and a single cup. He shakes his head "Keep it

for tomorrow's breakfast Polly, I'll go to sleep," and so he trudges upstairs.

Or he would be until he find a zooming broom next to his window and a moment passes and a whole Harry Potter stumbles inside his room.

"W-what Har-"

"NEVILLE! No time! I have something to show you!" Harry screams, pulls Neville onto his broom and zooms off the Longbottom Manor.

Neville clings for dear life on Harry's robes. "Harry?! What are you doing?!"

"I have something really really cool to show you! I've made it Nev! Me!" Harry laughs maniacally and swerves suddenly to avoid a tree.

Startled, he wraps his arms around his friend's waist instead. Just what is it that Harry got thus excited? A new Weasley prank item?

Soon they land into the Potter Estate and Neville lays his eyes on a fully grown moontiger daisy blooming fantastically under the moonlight. He gapes but Harry just drags him closer to the plant. Both of them drops to their knees to view the plant.

It was glowing silver like it should be but makes moontiger daisy really pretty is that it feeds on the moon and its cultivator's magic. Neville could see its long petals have hints of green and its leaves sparkling glitter gold when the wind rushes by. He does not exactly have it in his greenhouse because it would need a single source of soil and magic, not ideal for an ingredient cultivator like him. But he really wants to because of its calming properties and its just so pretty. Neville have heard giving moontiger daisies to a partner leads to a fantastic romantic future. Heck, even Neville's parents had a moontiger (well, before it died because of the war).

"Harry! How did you-?"

"I grew it myself! Isn't awesome?" Harry grins and carefully rubs a finger over the leaves, staining his fingers with gold.

"I'm so proud! Moontigers are not exactly the easiest flower to grow- it needs so much time, attention, magic-" Naville rambles through its cultivation process and properties. Heck this flower give its cultivator luck.

"I know," Harry smiles and somehow under the glow of moonlight and moontiger, he glows more ethereal Neville has ever seen him.

He catches his breathe when Harry's fingers delicately plucks flower and holds it out for Neville to take. Is this-

"Nev, can I ask you out?" Harry asks and Neville suddenly sees his shifty eyes. His ear with a tinge of pink. When he doesn't reply, Harry pulls the flower away "Shit I've done it wrong

didn't I- uh-"

Neville's hands meet Harry's and both of them are now holding the flower. "Harry? Is this what I think it is?"

Harry flushes but does not take his hand away "Y-Yeah. Luna says since we're both Lords I had to be formal about it but I just really want to ask you out once I prove myself I can. When the flower bloomed I just- its just- its so pretty it reminded me of you-"

It was Neville's turn to flush red. "Excuse me?"

Harry groans "What I mean is, I really really like you Nev. Can you be my boyfriend?"

His breath is caught and Neville doesn't need any truth potion or spell to know if Harry was joking. All of it was spelled honest from those green orbs and moonlight lighting up their surroundings. He smiles, he was just being a worrywart in the first place wasn't he?

"Sure, only if you can be mine,"

The next moment was a blur but Neville was sure Harry just tackled him on the ground for a moment, singing his elation of being his boyfriend and Neville just laughed hugging his boyfriend. Now they are just sitting in the Potter Manor sharing a cup of hot tea, hands interlocked.

Weeks later Neville would learn Harry wanted to prove he can be a herbologist's boyfriend so he searched around for plants Neville doesn't have with Luna's help. Apparently she was the witch Harry was seen frequently with. The plan hatched since moonlight daisies are not plants to be potted so once Neville gave Hermione a tip and in turn informed Harry, the flower popped into full bloom. Harry got so excited he didn't even think of apparating into his home. He just mounted his broom and zoomed in, manhandled Neville and possibly broke some broom restriction laws in the way. Harry tried to vehemently deny the accusations but with Hermione, Ginny, and Luna backing up the claims, his boyfriend stood no ground and was left sulking and pouting in his room.

Sometimes Draco would show up, somehow witnessing Harry in Neville's lap, but the potion master would not bat an eyelash at the both of them and would just retrieve his package before dropping his payment by the usual bowl and show out. Neville would be heavily flustered trying to explain to his client the situation but Harry was just too glad to show claim. The herbologist tried to scold him for it to no avail.

It was a regular Thursday and a heavy knock resounded in his manor. Neville spells himself to appropriateness and goes to answer it. In front of him were fairly familiar aurors.

"Good day aurors," He greets "How may I help you?"

"Out with him Longbottom, we know Auror Potter is with you," Auror Flint says.

A groan behind his boxes, Neville chuckles, and out comes Harry in his full Auror garment.

Auror Flint scolds him that he can't continuously hide in the manor least he distrubs the herbologist. Harry grumbles in annoyance of getting caught. (Neville knows he's pouting)  
"What's wrong in staying with my boyfriend's house?"

With a quick peck to Neville's lips, Harry is running out as if taunting his colleagues how slow they are. Said colleagues however were astounded at the new information. Neville just shyly nods with a visible blush on his features. "You best be going with him or you'll lose him again officers,"

The aurors snaps out of their reverie before running to catch up with his boyfriend. Just as Neville was about to close his doors, a stag patronus slips in and tells him "Hi Nev! I'm cooking for tonight's dinner so clear everything out for me. Love lots see you!"

Neville smiles, well he can't let down his boyfriend now does he? He finally closes the door and spells himself ready for another round of harvest.

He might not be a liar at heart, but Neville is glad he lied to the aurors the first time around. Or else, how would he get a dinner feast cooked by his boyfriend just for him, no?

## End Notes

I hoped you enjoyed some of my made up plants and scenarios. Apologies if some had inconsistencies or spelling errors! I wrote all of this in my phone lmao

Please [drop by the Archive and comment](#) to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!