

Cat and mouse

Uncharted - Flynn/Drake drabble

Von zahn pasta

Nate had thought it would be an easy job this time. They were supposed to dive into that underwater cave, lift the enormous lost pirate treasure that no one knew about and get out again, then maybe chill a few days at the beach. Well this was what Flynn had told him.

After all, this place was a divers and tourists paradise. They were on Espiritu Santo, Vanuatu and chasing after the treasure of the portugese explorer Pedro Fernandes de Queirós, who reached the island 1606 and established a settlement on it. He thought he found Australia back then, so he hid all of the spanish gold back at the island, no one had found it until today.. or even heard about it.

But Harry's client did. Flynn brought a map with him, which Nathan tried to study for about 3 hours now. It didn't make sense. The treasure had to be there. They went diving for it yesterday, but didn't find anything. Nothing was hinting that someone hid anything in that cave. Not even 400 years ago.

It was frustrating. Nathan sighed and rested his head on his palm. He was sitting under a pavillon, near the beach, but didn't think about taking a break just yet. They couldn't exactly leave and return to the client empty-handed, right? There had to be something about this, this map got to have a meaning.

Harry said, he'd be at the beach, improving his surfing-skills and talking to the ladies. Yeah right. Nate could do the thinking part. Just act stupid once and Nathan will do all of the work. Well.. someone had to do it.

Nate groaned again, despite sitting in the shadow, it was still hot. Who would work in a place like this? Why couldn't anything work out as planned? He jumped, when he felt hands on his shoulders, hearing a cocky laugh right after.

"Aww.. cute." Harry snorted, when he noticed the treasure hunters reaction. "A little jumpy, aren't we? Did you got anything out of it?" he asked, sitting down next to Nate and taking a sip from his coke, ignoring the protests coming from his partner.

"So you had fun, huh? Don't mind me, I'm still just trying to safe our asses here. And

no, I didn't got anything. This is a loose end. Give that back." Nate snapped at him, snatching the coke back from Harry's fingers. "How about you try to help me for once?"

"Come on, mate. Just chill for a moment. We tried our best and still have to days on that island. Maybe you should just clear your head a little and continue working on that map later.." Harry mumbled, closing his eyes for a short moment and smiling, totally ignoring the part where he was asked to help him. After all, Nate was the 'genius' in this one. Harry had trouble with ancient treasure maps.

"Yeah right.. This is serious, Flynn. Your client didn't look like the kind of guy who would be okay with a simple 'Hey sorry mate, the deal's off, we couldn't find the treasure.' And now could you be so friendly and just help me with this- hey!" Nathan yelled in surprise when Harry snatched the map from the table and ran off to the beach. "What the fuck Flynn?"

Nate growled and got up to run after him. "How old are you, twelve?" he yelled, sprinting as fast as he could in the sand. The beach was almost empty at this part, so no one felt disturbed by their yellings.

Harry laughed, hiding the map in his now dry back pockets of his swimming shorts and running away from Nathan. He really needed to chill, cool his head a little, before continuing working on that map. And hey, his plan was working already. At least Nate got away from that table. And he was running.

Flynn tried to run away as fast as possible, but after a while, Nathan caught up and tackled him to the ground, which caused a light yelp from the brit. "Damn it, Drake." he coughed, trying to wiggle free without having a mouthful of sand. Nate seemed to be even more angrier than before.

"Hand it back, asshat. We don't have time for this." he said flatly, but the slight grin behind his words gave him away. Okay, maybe Nathan could use a break. The short run along the beach had already got him in the right mood, adrenaline was pumping through his veins now.

The faint smirk didn't go unnoticed by Harry either. In a swift moment, he turned them around, startling Nathan's hips now and looking at him with raised eyebrows, smirking himself. "Relax now?"

"Well.. yeah?" Nathan retorted, quirking an eyebrow as well, before punching him lightly in the stomach, just to get him off. They struggled a little about who was going to be on top. Punches were exchanged and Nate tried to use the fact that Harry was still bare chested against him, pinching and scratching here and there. It was all playful and not really serious, until he found hands around his neck, making him jerk to a halt.

Flynn stopped as well, looking at him in a bewildered manner. "Hey.. I wasn't really going to choke you, mate.." he said and wrinkled his forehead, when he saw the faint blush on Nate's face. What the hell.

"I know.. just.. forget it." he mumbled, embarrassed. "Don't!" Nathan gasped sharply, when he saw Flynn's hands coming at his neck again. The touch was gentle this time, almost stroking his skin. This just made it all worse.

Nate tried to grab his hands or squirm away from the bastard again, but he couldn't. He started giggling like a little schoolgirl, taking Flynn by surprise. Now what.

"No way, Drake.." Harry murmured, a smirk slowly creeping up on his face. "You're ticklish? Here?" he asked, ghosting his fingertips over the same spot on his throat again. The repressed laughs escaping from Nathan's mouth proved it. "Oh this is priceless."

How could he not notice this before? Maybe he just never paid attention. Nate was squirming under him, helplessly trying to get away from the touch, but not entirely being able to bring up all of his strength and push Harry off.

Flynn didn't think he had ever seen Drake like this. Helplessly flailing under him, not even repressing the laughs erupting from his throat now. It was almost adorable. Harry laughed along, only stopping his actions for a moment to watch Nate. He was panting hard and flushed. Harry decided to show some mercy. After all, he knew his weakness now. And he would use it against him again some day.

Harry leaned down and caught Nathan's lips with his, only to lean back again and smirk at him. "Relax now?"