

Naughty or Nice

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Chapter 1 of 1

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Hermione burrowed further into the covers, relishing in the warmth. It was Christmas morning, but it was still too early to get up, so she turned around—and almost fell out of bed. *Merlin*, this bed was small.

She was staying at her old room at the house of her parents, as a special Christmas favour to her mother. Jean Granger had just gone through surgery, a minor tumour that had thankfully turned out to be benign, but she was still worn out from the procedure. Therefore, she had asked her daughter if she could spend Christmas with them and help with all the preparations for the family Christmas dinner, which was traditionally held at the Grangers' house.

Hermione had readily agreed; anything to help her mother. If only the bed wasn't so small. She must have been tiny as a teenager.

"This doesn't look very comfortable," a male voice commented. Hermione's eyes shot open in surprise.

"Draco, what are you doing here?" she asked when she spotted her boyfriend standing at the foot of the bed.

"I was trying to visit my girlfriend; unfortunately I got the wrong house," Draco replied sarcastically. He walked over to the side of the bed and kicked off his shoes. "Scoot over."

"Draco, no. This bed is—" But Draco was already lifting up the covers and got in. Hermione almost fell out on the other side, but Draco caught her around the waist and pulled her back. She came to lay partially on top of him, her head on his chest and his arms around her.

"This bed really is as small as it looks," Draco commented.

"I tried to tell you. We had to get a really small bed, so all the bookcases would fit in the room," Hermione said. She could feel Draco's laugh vibrate through his chest.

"Keep it down, would you," she scolded. "I don't want my parents to come in and find you here."

"Don't you think at the age of twenty-four you shouldn't be afraid that your parents find you in bed with a boy?" Draco asked, playing with one of her curls absentmindedly.

"Don't you think I should tell my parents I have a boyfriend first before they find said boyfriend in my bed?" Hermione retorted.

"You might have a point there," Draco admitted, making no effort to get out of the bed.

"So, why did you Apparate into my room this early in the morning?" Hermione asked, yawning.

"I want my present, of course. You said you'd have to spend the whole day with your parents, and I didn't want to wait until tomorrow."

"Sorry, you're just getting a lump of coal this year. Presents are only for the nice children," Hermione mocked.

"What do you mean?" Draco asked indignantly. "I am nice."

"Funny, I remember you being very naughty all year," Hermione replied.

"I have absolutely no idea what you are talking about," Draco said, trying his best to sound innocent. Hermione snorted.

"Well, let's see... in January, you snogged me in a cupboard during your own birthday party, even though we had agreed not to tell our friends and families about us when we had gotten together on New Year's," Hermione argued.

"Which is why I snogged you in the cupboard and not in front of all the guests," Draco injected.

"In February," Hermione continued, ignoring Draco's comment, "on Valentine's Day to be precise, you charmed mistletoe to appear over your head whenever I was near, so you could have an excuse to kiss me in public." Draco grinned. He remembered that day quite fondly.

"In March, you owled the Minister of Magic under my name, saying that I was sick for a whole week, just because you had decided not to let me out of your bed." Draco's grin widened.

"On April Fool's Day you told Ron that you've been shagging me since the beginning of the year and that he must have even fewer brain cells than Galleons to ever let me break up with him."

Draco smiled gleefully. "You should have seen the Weasel's face. He completely believed me until Potter reminded him what day it was. They are both going to have a coronary when they finally realise that I hadn't lied that day." Hermione smacked his chest and then continued enumerating the reasons why he deserved coals instead of presents.

"In May, you kidnapped me from my father's retirement party and ravished me in the backroom. My mother almost walked in on us."

"The keyword being *almost*," Draco supplied.

"Thinking about June still makes me blush. In July you violated the 'No hooking up at work'-rule. Twice."

"Actually, I think it was three times, but go on."

"In August, you said we would have a picnic, which I thought was romantic, but in your world apparently translates into outdoor sex."

"Hey, there was food involved and a blanket, so technically it was a picnic," Draco defended himself. Hermione continued unperturbed.

"On my birthday in September, you organised a party for me, only you didn't tell me about it. All my friends were celebrating my birthday at the Leaky Cauldron while I spent the night with you."

"In October—" Hermione frowned. "I can't think of anything for October."

"That's because you spend the better part of that month sick in bed, and I was busy bringing you chicken soup and handkerchiefs," Draco supplied helpfully.

"Right, so you behaved in October, but last month you Apparated into the fitting room while I was out dress shopping with Ginny, and it took me forever to convince her that I'm just really slow at trying on clothes and that the noises came from the adjoining fitting room. I still doubt she believed me."

"Probably not," Draco agreed, but he sounded anything but regretful.

"And now you have broken in my parents' home and invaded my bed. Do you still think you should get a present instead of coals?" Hermione asked.

"Yes. I guess I was... no angel." Draco admitted, tucking at her hair gently. "But as far as I recall, you quite enjoyed me being naughty. So, unless you want me to go and exchange your present for a lump of coal, too, I want my present."

"Sorry, I already owled it to the Manor," Hermione admitted.

"Why didn't you just say so?" Draco groaned.

"More fun this way," Hermione said, grinning. "I think you're rubbing off on me."

"I'd say," Draco agreed, running his hand up and down Hermione's back. "So, I guess I should be Apparating back to the Manor to unpack my present. I'm only giving you yours once I know for sure you really didn't get me any coal."

"Or you could stay," Hermione said, snuggling even closer. "My parents probably won't get up for another half hour."

"I guess the lump of coal can wait."

A/N: This was written for the Christmas Challenge at dramionedrabble. I had to use the quote: Yes. I guess I was... no angel. -*Santa Claus Is Coming To Town* I hope you enjoyed the ficlet. Reviews are always appreciated.