

# Hot and Bothered

*by HBAR*

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*Chapter 1 of 1*

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They arrived violently, landing in a heap on the desert floor, wands snapping beneath them.

"Way to go, Granger. Apparate much?" Draco sneered.

"Well, if you hadn't flinched when I grabbed your arm, I wouldn't have stumbled and lost my concentration, and we'd be at our conference in Alaska."

Draco's forehead glistened with sweat, and he began to remove his heavy cloak.

"Draco, stop," Hermione said. "You should never remove your clothing in direct sunlight."

"Sod off, walking survival guide, I'm frying."

"Good," she said.

"Good?"

"Eventually I'll have to eat you, and I don't think I could stomach you raw."

"Sounds kinky, Granger."

She ignored him and surveyed the landscape. "This is bad."

"What?"

"No shade. We'll have to string our clothing between these rocks, then lie beneath it until nightfall."

Draco offered all but his underwear.

"I'm going to need that elastic to secure the shelter," she said.

"Use yours."

She blushed. "I'm not wearing any."

He smirked. "Doesn't exempt you from getting naked."

"Close your eyes at least."

"Don't be childish. Just do it."

"All right, but we'll do it at the same time." They stripped down to nothing.

"Oi, lady, you've got a huge arse."

Hermione gasped. "At least I didn't splinch."

"Neither did I."

"Then why is half of *that* missing?"

He looked down. "There's nothing missing."

"It's normally that small?"

"Sod off."

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Four hours later, they were feeling desperate. Draco eyed Hermione's ample breasts. "Fancy letting me have a taste?"

"Don't touch me."

"Fluids are essential for survival."

"Yes, and you're trying to consume mine."

"Just enough to wet my mouth. Your brat will never miss it."

"Find a cup, and you can have some."

He looked around, then smirked as he pointed to her bra. "I found two."

"You're impossible." She sighed. "Okay, just give me a moment to mentally prepare. I'll dehydrate too quickly if I vomit from this."

He leaned toward her chest, smiling. "Your husband would kill me if he saw this."

"My kingdom for a camera," she said.

CLICK

Two heads snapped up. "Merlin, Granger, do you get *everything* you ask for?"

Three preteen boys stood several feet away, lost somewhere between embarrassment and fascination.

Hermione grabbed her cloak off their makeshift shelter and threw it on. "Excuse me, we're lost and need water. Can you help?"

They dug in their pockets and produced a handful of dollar bills.

"How do I use this to get water?" Draco asked.

"There's a gas station just around the bend there."

"Oh," he said, affronted. "Coming, Granger?" he said and stormed off.

She grabbed Draco's pants. "Don't you want your cloth—" She smiled to herself. "Go on, I'm right behind you."

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A/N: Many thanks to my wonderful beta.

Prompt: Wicked weather lands two travelers in an extremely awkward situation.