

Sometimes You Have to Cheat to Win

by sshg316

All is fair in love and snowball fights.

(none)

Chapter 1 of 1

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A/N: This is a response to the Amortentia and Chocolate challenge at the Romancing the Wizard community on Live Journal.

Hermione sat huddled behind a tree, her small frame shaking from the bitter February wind. Her weapon in hand, she searched the area for the last remaining enemy. The others had been felled long ago and had retreated; she and her adversary were the only two left, neither willing to concede to the other. 'Stubborn git,' she mused. She bit her lower lip as she considered her next move. She needed to reach the fortress to be safe – to be victorious – but what was the best way to do that? He was a sneaky one, wickedly clever and often underestimated. *She* was not going to make that mistake.

Peering around the trunk, she eyed a small, tree-covered hill just a short distance away. If she could make it there safely, she could hide amongst the trees and would have an excellent view of the entire area; there would be no place for him to hide. Smirking to herself, she nodded. Yes, that was a most excellent plan. Scanning the area once more for any sign of her opponent and seeing none, she decided now was the time to make a break for it; she took off running.

She was almost there when she heard it – a whizzing sound that flew past her left ear. Still running, she drew back her arm, preparing to launch her missile, when she was unexpectedly hit from behind. She spun around to face her attacker only to see ... no one! Frowning, she stood completely still as she attempted to determine his location, but to no avail. She didn't like this, not one bit. Slowly, she turned back towards the hill, only to be hit again. 'Forget this,' she thought. It was better to be a moving target than a sitting duck, so she ran for it.

Moving quickly, she clambered up the side of the hill, taking shelter behind a large tree. As she had expected, she could see everything. Her eyes searched for some sign of him. Just as she began to think he had Disillusioned himself, she saw him, or rather his green and silver scarf. He had placed himself behind a large rock and was obviously looking for her hiding place on top the hill. Hermione smirked to herself. '*Gotcha!*' She was busy devising a plan to draw him out into the open when she saw it – his wand! He was using his wand to create an entire arsenal at his feet. He was cheating! Her eyes narrowed dangerously; she should have known. Stepping away from the tree, she Disapparated.

She reappeared directly behind him and leaned forward to whisper in his ear, "Looking for someone?" Startled, he jumped up and spun around only to face her in all her righteous fury. "You ... you cheater!" she cried, stomping her booted foot into the snow.

He smirked at her. *Smirked* at her! "One must always take whatever advantage one can when you are the opponent, sweet."

She scowled at him. "Draco Abraxas Malfoy! You are in such trouble now!"

"And just what are you going to do to me, Granger? Hex me? Tell me I'm a bad boy and can't come to play with Potty and the Weaslebys anymore? Hmm?" he taunted.

If the look on her face was any indication, he might have pushed his luck a little too far with that remark.

She shoved her finger into his chest as she advanced upon him, causing him to walk backward in an attempt to escape her prodding.

"You know the rules, Malfoy; they are the same at every Snowball Fight Sunday at the Burrow."

Poke.

"No wands!"

Poke.

"No magic!"

Poke.

"Do you want to know the penalty for breaking the rules, Malfoy?"

Poke.

"Do you?"

She had forced him to move until his back was flush up against a tree. She had no idea of the picture she made standing there, her chest heaving, cheeks flushed, and eyes blazing a golden brown.

She watched in indignation as his eyes lazily drifted over her from head to toe, lingering in some places slightly longer than others.

"Oh, Granger." He leered at her. "You know I love it when you get all ... domineering."

Ron Weasley and Harry Potter stood at the Burrow's kitchen window, each holding a steaming mug of hot chocolate as they observed the exchange between their best friend and their former enemy.

"So," Harry began, "do you still think he's slipping her Amortentia?"

"You know what I think, Malfoy? I think you need to cool off." With a quick glance to her mittened right hand and a smile that should have forewarned him what was coming, she reached for him and shoved the snowball she had been holding down the front of his trousers.

Ron raised his eyebrows at the scene he'd just witnessed and responded to Harry's question. "No, mate. I don't believe he is."

Draco inhaled sharply as the cold, wet snow came into contact with the warm, bare skin of what had previously been promising to become a fairly impressive erection. His eyes flew to hers, assuring her of his immediate retribution.

Her eyes wide with mirth, Hermione giggled madly, then turned and ran as quickly as she could. Oh, he'd catch her, but then, she was counting on that.

She had only run a short distance when she felt him grab her. She squealed and twisted, attempting to escape his grasp. Her sudden movement caused them both to lose their balance, and they tumbled together into the snow, Hermione landing on top of Draco.

Laughing, Hermione struggled, writhing against him as she attempted to wriggle out of his grasp. His deep chuckle filled the air as they wrestled in the crisp snow, neither willing to give in to the other.

His arms tightened around her, however, and she realized he wasn't going to play anymore. Pouting, she gazed down into the silvery grey eyes of her husband. She smirked at the obvious effect her squirming against him had wrought. She shifted her hips a bit, eliciting a groan from the blond wizard beneath her. He shivered, his body trembling in reaction to her movement. Torturing him was always so much fun.

"Are you cold, love?" she asked innocently. "Poor baby. Maybe I should ... warm you up," she whispered as her hand drifted down until she held him in her palm. He moaned as she began to move her hand in a feigned attempt to warm him. Hermione frowned; she couldn't feel anything with those blasted mittens on.

"Maybe we should take this inside, love, where I can warm you *upproperly*."

Draco wasn't beyond a little torture of his own, however. He swiftly flipped them over in the snow, reversing their positions, his elbows braced on either side of her head. Slowly, he lowered his head to hers until his mouth was centimeters from her own. Just as she closed her eyes to accept his kiss, he moved his lips instead to her ear, where he murmured, "Mmm, yes. That is a very good idea, sweet." His tongue teased the outer shell of her ear causing her to sigh softly. He smiled into her hair as he whispered, "How about you and I go home, and you can make me a nice cup of hot chocolate to ... warm me up?"

Hermione's reaction was not wholly unexpected; she quickly maneuvered them so that she once again lay atop her husband. Dipping her head, she placed hot, open-mouthed kisses along his jaw and throat. Finally, she moved her mouth to his ear. "How about you and I go home, and you can grab what's left of the chocolate truffles you bought me for Valentine's Day. I'll meet you in our bed and we can make our own ... *hot* chocolate."

Draco opened his eyes, the sight of the love and hunger on her face feeding the flames of his own desire. He groaned and said, "You're on."

A/N: Many thanks and much love to Subversa for beta-ing and for saying that she thought my Draco was a little hot. Thank you for taking me under your wing, dearest. Smooches to DeeMichelle who is my favorite sounding board and comes up with the most excellent ideas! Thank you for all the laughter, my friend.