

# What If?

*by Punkindoodle*

Draco and Hermione play a dangerous game of 'what if?'. Winner of the firewhiskey funny PG13 challenge, and 1st round nominee at the Dramione awards.

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*Chapter 1 of 1*

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A/N: Thanks to my Beta, Lady Laurelin!

Draco slid into the seat across from her and rudely snapped her book shut. "Granger, what if I told you that you read way too much?" He picked it up and put it on top of a huge tower of books that teetered dangerously on the edge of the table.

Hermione closed her eyes, trying to refrain from losing what little patience she had left. "Malfoy, what if I told you that I much prefer books over the company of you? They are full of knowledge, excitement, romance and are never boring." She smiled sweetly at him, grabbed her book from the pile and opened it back to her page.

"Granger, what if I told you that people who read too much are prone to live in a fantasy world, never find true love and die alone in a house full of cats like that Figg lady?" He leaned on the table, his chin resting on his arms, staring at the book she held in front of her face.

Hermione read the same line for the tenth time. He was making it hard for her to concentrate. Usually she just zoned out while reading and nothing bothered her. People talked and she just simply didn't hear them. He was the exception, and he knew it. "What if I told you, Malfoy, that I think you hate me reading because you're jealous?"

Draco rolled his eyes and laughed lightly. "What if I told you that that is the most absurd thing I've ever heard come from your mouth?" He picked his head up and snatched the book from her again. "It's rude not to look at me when I'm talking to you." This time he held onto the book so she couldn't get it back, holding it close to his chest like a treasured artifact.

Hermione picked up another book from the tower and opened it, smirking at him and batting her eyes. "What if I told you that that yellow tie you're wearing clashes horribly with that jacket?" She put the book in front of her face, knowing he was now going to get angry. Maybe angry enough to get up and stalk away, leaving her in peace.

Telling him he wasn't smart or exciting was one thing, he could deal with that, but insinuating that he didn't know how to dress properly was just not right--or true! "Granger, that was low. What if I told you that you just hurt my feelings?"

Hermione lowered the book and looked at him with her eyebrow raised. "You have feelings?" She fake laughed and then went back to fake reading. "What if I told you that I don't think you are capable of feeling?"

Draco leaned back in his chair and propped his feet on the table. He tapped his shoe on the cover of her book, knowing he was annoying the hell out of her. "What if I told you, Granger, that you are dead wrong? I feel plenty of things."

Hermione gave up and snapped her book shut. She hit his highly polished black shoe with it and then set it aside. "What if I told you that in order for me to believe you, I'd have to have some proof?" She drummed her nails on the varnished table top, waiting for him to respond. "Well? Tell me, what is it that you feel?"

Draco smirked at her, loving this little game. "What if I were to show you, not tell you?" He saw her blush, and he thought it was just a tiny bit cute--just a tiny bit.

"What if I were to slap your disgusting face and call you a sick pervert?"

"What if I told you that I saw you blush? That I think you like the thought of me showing you exactly what it is I feel?"

Hermione shifted uncomfortably in her seat. "What if I told you I'd rather suck a kitty turd than have you show me anything?"

Draco chuckled, "What if I told you that I'd love to see that and would even go to that nasty litter box and retrieve the piece of cat crap myself?"

Hermione knew Draco Malfoy would never go anywhere near a dirty litter box. Just the thought of him plugging his nose and making retching noises while picking out cat poop with gloved hands--because of course he would wear gloves--was the funniest thing EVER. She didn't think Crookshanks would find it funny though! "What if I said that that wouldn't be necessary, that I was just joking?"

Draco visibly relaxed. He was waiting for her to dare him and then he would have no choice but to dig in a shit box. The smell alone would probably kill him. "What if I thought that your sense of humor was seriously lacking? That you're not in the least bit funny?"

"What if I told you that the only thing funny about YOU is that hideous tie?" She leaned across the table and pulled on the bright yellow silky material around his neck. It really was ugly, and it hurt her eyes to look at it.

Draco was shocked that she actually touched him--well not HIM exactly, but it was close enough. "What if I said that if you don't let go of my PERFECTLY COORDINATED TIE, you are going to regret it?"

"What if I were to inquire as to how you would make me regret it?" She was still holding his tie, and now she tugged on it, pulling him further across the table. "I'm dying to know." She stood up, leaning far over the table, and pulled him even closer, smiling seductively.

His face was inches from hers. He could see every individual eyelash, could smell her shampoo--could see how petal soft her lips looked. "What if I were to kiss you, Granger?"

Hermione pretended to think about it. "Hmmm... sounds tempting. What if I were to say yes?"

"Then I'd do this," he said, closing the short distance and capturing those soft lips of hers in a beautiful tender kiss. He pulled away, and they looked into each other's eyes, hearts pounding, bodies tingling. "What if I said I wanted another kiss?"

"What if I said I wanted more than a kiss?" She rubbed the tip of her nose against his. She closed her eyes, loving being this close to him. The way he smelled, the way he drove her crazy with his little games every night after he came home from work.

"What if I asked my hot sexy wife if she wants to do it in the library again?"

Hermione took her arm, and with one swipe, knocked the tower of books to the floor. "What if I said I could think of a better use for this grotesque tie?" She slowly climbed onto the table and started to remove his jacket.

"What if I told you that I'm the luckiest man on the face of the earth?"

"What if I SHOWED how lucky you are?" she said, pulling him down on top of her.

In the morning, the house-elves came in to start the fire and clean up. They looked around at the scattered clothing and then at their naked, sleeping Mistress and Master lying on the table top.

"What if they did it in their bedroom like normal people?" the house-elf said, starting the fire.

"More importantly, what if he wore better looking ties?" the other said, holding up the knotted piece of yellow silk, and they both laughed.