

Seeker on the Slopes

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Seeker on the Slopes

by [HealthyishObsession](#)

Summary

“Love,” said Draco, running a hand through his white blond hair, utterly bewildered that this conversation was even happening. “I have been metal detected. I endured an airplane, and a car. I ate Thai food-”

“You loved the Thai food,” interrupted Hermione.

“-but I will not wear someone’s used boots. We’re not ‘renting’ gear. We’re buying everything we need.”

Draco Malfoy survived Lord Voldemort, Azkaban, and owning the worst Quidditch team in the UK, but nothing prepared him for the sheer terror of the "scare-lift."

In this stand-alone, epilogue to “The Golden Snitch and a Silver Lining”, Draco and Hermione trade their brooms for skis as Draco navigates Muggle culture, the slopes, and his Golden Girl’s past to find their silver lining together.

(Note: This story takes place six months after the events of [The Golden Snitch and a Silver Lining](#), but can be read as a standalone or a spoiler-free introduction to the series.)

Notes

See the end of the work for [notes](#)



Swiss Alps, December 2001

Draco Malfoy admitted that he needed Potter's help and not just to watch her, well their, bloody cat. They met in a Muggle "cyber" cafe and Potter used a "laptop" to search the "internet" to book a trip to the Swiss Alps. Potter understood the basics of skiing, having grown up without magic. Draco understood the basics of luxury, having grown up in a manor. A nervous glance passed between them. They'd done it. Probably. Maybe? Potter used a plastic "credit card" and typed in numbers to book everything, and Draco paid him in galleons. Potter "printed" the itinerary and tickets on rectangular "computer paper" for him. Draco was grateful for the help, but Potter was gushing about the *unbelievable* number of

“points” he had earned. Although he would never admit it to Hermione, it was at that moment he truly knew his O in Muggle Studies was utterly worthless.

“Love,” said Draco, running a hand through his white blond hair, utterly bewildered that this conversation was even happening. “I have been metal detected. I endured an airplane, and a car. I ate Thai food-”

“You loved the Thai food,” interrupted Hermione.

“-but I will not wear someone’s used boots. We’re not ‘renting’ gear. We’re buying everything we need.”

Hermione sighed and shook her head, “OK, dragon. If that’s what you want.”

Turning to the shopkeeper, he asked in flawless French for two sets of their most expensive skiing equipment. The shopkeeper had the same reaction as Hermione, a deep sigh and a shake of the head:

“Avez-vous déjà skié auparavant?” *Have you ever skied before?*

Hermione’s laughter filled the air. Oh yes, brilliant. Very funny.

The shopkeeper conferred with Hermione in rapid French about something skiing related. Draco was determined not to scoff. He envisioned wooing her in French by candlelight, not haggling about plastic boots. It was a terrible waste. The shopkeeper took their measurements and bustled away to select their blasted gear.

“Golden Girl, I’m beginning to believe you out-manoeuvred me a few months ago when we made this deal to go skiing in exchange for broom lessons.”

She smiled, putting her arms around his neck to kiss him, “It was terribly un-Slytherin of you.” He pulled her closer still, settling his arms around her as she continued, “but in your defense, this is just a one-off, whereas you’re always making me go flying with you.”

“You seem to enjoy it.”

“You make a very distracting co-pilot.”

“You’re getting too good at flying,” he replied. “Distracting you is the only reason I ever share a broom with you anymore.” She looked at him with feigned shock (as though she didn’t already know that perfectly well) and he bent to capture her lips. He was absolutely smitten with her, even if her holiday choices were rubbish.

Despite his state of bewilderment, he knew it had been an inspired Christmas gift. Yesterday, for their first Christmas together, they’d seen his mother at the manor, then had Christmas lunch with their friends. Once they returned home and he’d surprised Hermione by giving her the trip. He had originally planned to buy her a yacht to explore several French islands in the Caribbean (so he could show off his fluent French) but then he recalled that idiotic deal he

had made with her about skiing. He thought she might have forgotten, but the way she'd reached out with her magic and burrowed into his lap while fighting back tears showed it meant much more to her than he expected.

He surprised himself by actually enjoying the trip so far. The resort was nicer than he'd expected Muggles could manage, and he hated to admit it, but Potter's help had led to a perfect booking. Their chalet had a truly luxurious jetted tub surrounded by large windows with a spectacular view of the ridgeline. He had *plans* for that tub. And Hermione was ecstatic they had an "internet connection", which she explained was akin to having a modern Library of Alexandria inside a wire that came out of the wall.

He'd been wary about the Thai restaurant on Boxing Day, but it had been excellent. And because it made Hermione so happy, he had truly enjoyed the Muggle transportation. Except for the part when he had to place his dragonhide belt and 14th century signet rings in a plastic bin next to cheesy-whats-its. On the sum, he was pleased he'd arranged for an international portkey for their return trip. It would maximize their time here and get them home in time for his mother's New Year's Eve gala - and besides, he had his limits.

The shopkeeper had them kitted out in no time. Draco was pleased his outfit was mostly black, but Salazar, "Do the boots need to be this tight?"

"Stop whinging. They need to be tight so you can turn properly," she said. "And stop playing with your velcro," she said, smacking his arm lightly.

He rather liked playing with the "velcro" on his cuffs. It was like fiddling with his cufflinks, only with a satisfying ripping sound.

"Fine. At least I like my coat. Is yours a vivid yellow so the Muggle Healers can find your body?"

"It's so you can still see me from the top of the hill."

"Witch," he tried to move to grab her, but nearly fell over, unable to bend his ankles in the heavy boots.

Hermione giggled and side stepped him easily, walking with a sort of stomp. "Shh, no wizarding language. You're strange enough as is, even for a tourist."

They charged the gear to the room and Hermione showed him how to shoulder his skis and poles, not unlike a broom, and how to take slow trudging steps outside.

Outside the lodge, the mountainside was bustling with skiers dotting the hill. Draco was amazed by their speed as they practically flew down the mountain, all without magic. It was incredible really. Although it was all foreign to him, he was fairly certain he'd pick it up fast enough. He was pretty athletic and if all these Muggles could all do it, well... He saw a group of lads about his age shoot by and turned toward the mountainside they had come from. He began walking, no, trudging through the snow and wondered for the first time how the Muggles got up to the top when Hermione stopped him.

“Malfoy, no, not yet. You’ll get yourself killed. We’re heading this way.”

She tugged at his arm and he followed her toward a much smaller hillside littered with instructors helping parents and small children, half of which were sprawled on the ground.

“My parents taught me on the nursery slope and that’s where you’re starting too, just like everyone else,” she said. It was barely even a slope, maybe a hill? A knoll? Oh for the love of Merlin. How difficult could it be?

It turned out it was quite difficult.

First he had to stomp his boots repeatedly on his skis until they snapped in their “bindings” which caused the skis to attach to the boots. He felt a bit chagrined remembering all the times he’d sniggered at his classmates shouting “Up” to unresponsive brooms. That done, she’d shown him to “duck walk” to get onto the “magic carpet”, a sort of mechanical strip of pliable plastic that one stood on to be transported up the hill. It was decidedly not magical. Several parents and sprogs stepped out onto the so-called magic carpet ahead of him and he recalled using the “travelators” at Heathrow. Worrying for his dignity in front of all the families, and Hermione, he tried to act reasonably confident about stepping onto it while feeling for his wand in his pocket, just in case.

The hill looked a bit higher from the top, but it was nothing compared to the drops he was used to taking on his broom. He was positive he’d be a quick study.

“OK, first thing you need to learn is how to slow down,” said Hermione, living her best life lecturing to him. “It’s fun to think of it like this: you go, ‘pizza’,” she moved her skis closer to touching in the front and farther apart in the back. “And to speed up you go like this ‘hotdog,’” moved her skis parallel.

“Granger, I don’t know what a hot dog or a pizza even is, much less how one might do that with their skis.”

She put her hands on her hips, which was accentuated by the poles in her hands. “Prat, now you’re just being obstinate. We had pizza with Harry and Ginny at that place in Soho and you had a hot dog at the Arsenal match this summer.”

Oh right. He really was becoming fond of Muggle food. “But why wouldn’t you tell me what sort of meat the hot dog was created from?”

“No one knows Draco. It’s Muggle food magic. Now focus.”

He did focus and experimented with his skis. A little girl and her father slid off the magic carpet and shot past them down the nursery slope. He couldn’t help noticing that now Hermione was the one losing focus. She was watching the families skiing down the slope more intently than she was watching him. Well, he was sure he could ski down too and a lot more gracefully. He was sure. Hot dog, pizza, hot dog, pizza. Draco leaned forward to follow them down the hill.

“Wait! You don’t know how to stop yet!”

He shot straight down the hill and as he picked-up speed he could understand why Hermione liked it so much. It was fantastic, it was like flying, but along the ground. He was connected to the mountain and had the sheer joy of dodging the natural obstacles as they appeared, unlike flying where the air was the same everywhere. No wonder the Muggles loved this. No wonder they wanted to go on bigger mountains to maintain this feeling as long as possible. Already, he knew the short ride was coming to an end. Salazar, the end. He was running out of slope. A metal snow vehicle and a group of parents were clustered at the bottom directly in his path. He had no idea how to stop and only a vague instinct on how to turn. An idea - he'd slow down into a stop. Pizza, pizza, pizza.

In hindsight, he realized that the whole high-speed pizza idea had been a misstep.

He flew forward over the top of his skis, sprawling face first into the snow. Draco took a moment to take stock. He was pretty sure he was alive and had avoided major injury. He slowly picked up his head and couldn't see anything. His goggles were caked in snow. He pushed them on his forehead and wiped snow off his face only to realize he'd lost one glove, and his poles, and hat, and realized his skis had snapped off his boots too.

"Oh my God, are you okay?" shrieked Hermione, twisting herself expertly to stop next to him.

Draco moaned and flopped over on his back, even with her goggles and scarf covering her face, he knew she was genuinely worried. He wondered how his crash had looked from her perspective, probably catastrophic.

"Healer Granger, did you bring any Skele-Gro in that beaded bag of yours?" he said, but grinned at her so she wouldn't worry.

"Forget it, you're obviously fine."

"Now I'm ready to learn how to stop."

Hermione spent the next few hours in full swot mode showing him how to start improving his snowplough stop, then hockey stop, performing parallel turns, how to move his hips, edging (Hermione just rolled her eyes as his insinuation), flattening his skis, and finally what moguls are and instructions to please stay away from them. Over the course of the afternoon, Draco tried to cast a series of charms: warming, cooling, stabilizing, cushioning, but Hermione periodically cast *Finite Incantatem* on him with a wicked grin and he eventually gave up. Apparently that was "cheating".

By the time the sun was setting on the nursery slope, he realized he was simultaneously freezing, sweltering, and so sore because it turned out Muggle gravity was much stronger than the gravity he was used to. She showed him how to use his poles to release his boots from the skis (the proper way) once they made their way to their chalet. He wanted to carry her gear for her, but couldn't figure out how to juggle it all, eventually settling for awkwardly carrying both their sets of skis in his arms while she carried their poles.

At their chalet they shared a bottle of wine by their fireplace as a soft snow began to fall. They probably would have simply fallen asleep in a pile on the sofa, but Draco had *plans*. He

cajoled her into the shower and then surprised her with a portkey to Montreux for dinner.

“Admit it, you’re having fun,” said Hermione as she searched for yet another piece of bread she’d lost in their cheese fondue.

“Of course I’m having fun,” he said, stabbing her submerged bread and eating it himself before kissing her. “But if you keep dropping your bread, they’re going to throw us out for indecency.”

“You could stop making us kiss each time it happens.”

“And insult a thousand years of Swiss tradition? Not a chance. Perhaps we’ll get off with a warning if we explain you’re absolutely useless at using a fondue fork.”

“You’re insufferable. I meant ‘admit it, you’re having fun’ skiing.”

“I knew what you meant the first time, Granger,” he feigned a cringe as she swatted at his arm. “Lest you forget, I ensured Harry Potter himself defeated the Dark Lord, I have 10 NEWTs, and I’m Witch Weekly’s ‘Most Eligible Bachelor’. Just you watch. I’m going to be an expert um, mountain sliding-person...”

“Skier,” she laughed.

“...very soon.”

“You know the word is skier.”

“I do. But it makes you laugh when I pretend to forget.”

“Prat.” Then she leaned in and kissed him sweetly again, for no apparent reason this time. He’d been kissing her all night as part of the fondue game he’d insisted on playing. But wait a minute.

“Hermione, have you been losing bread all evening on purpose?” She smiled against his lips. *Sorcière brillante*. Clever witch. His clever witch. They needed to finish dinner soon so he could get her into the jetted tub in their chalet.

“Draco, you have to go to bed.”

Why should he? Wherever he was seemed perfectly fine to him. He twisted to nestle his face deeper into the crook of his arm.

“You’re getting lines across your face from that corduroy chaise,” she said, with a poorly suppressed laugh. He rubbed a hand across his cheek and could feel the grooves left there by the fabric. Brilliant. Just brilliant. What happened to his *plans*? Oh, but Merlin, had he ever been so tired and sore? He couldn’t even remember lying down after dinner.

Hermione pulled at his hand and he followed her to his side of their bed. He would have simply collapsed on top of the duvet if she hadn't turned it down.

“Apparently broom thighs have no advantage when it comes to skiing, even on the nursery slope,” she mused in a voice far too alert and swotty for his current state. “In terms of sports medicine, this is absolutely fascinating. I wonder what-” but whatever it was, he never found out.

Draco looked up dubiously at the monstrosity of Muggle machinery in front of him.

“You're certain it's safe?”

“Yes, now hurry, our chair is next.”

Draco used his poles to madly shuffle himself along directly into the path of the chair as it chased behind him until scooping him up. It was the least dignified thing he'd ever experienced - and at 14 he had been transfigured into a ferret in front of his whole school. Holding his poles in one hand, he clutched at Hermione with the other as they left the ground, skis dangling over the icy ground.

“You have your wand, right?”

“Yes, of course, in my pocket, but Draco, it's fine. Everyone else is doing it too, see? Lean back,” she said and reached up away from him to pull a bar down in front of them. She jostled a bit and the chair swung wildly about on the wire.

“Stop doing that.”

“It's fine, everything is fine. We're just going to relax and watch this beautiful scenery.”

When she had explained how Muggles reached the summit, he thought she'd been joking. He was here now though and tried to do his best impression of a reckless Gryffindor. He tried to relax his jaw and took a deep breath.

“Well, I can see why they call it the scare-lift.”

Hermione looked at him with a shocked expression. “What?”

“The scare-lift, it's aptly named.”

“No Draco, it's called a *chairlift*.” And then added quietly, “I've only ever heard my dad call it the scare-lift as a joke. He hated heights (even more than me), but he loved skiing with me and my mum.” She smiled sadly at the memory. Then she let out a long shaky breath. It was a heavy exhale that he had heard many times when she was trying, and failing, to center herself. “Do you think... do you think they ever ski anymore... without me?” She sniffed, then removed her goggles to wipe her eyes with one mittened hand.

In a moment that Draco felt demonstrated his maturity, bravery, and the reckless abandon with which he loved his witch, he shifted his weight slightly and put his arm around her shoulders reaching out for her with his magic as well. She moved into him and he kissed her cold temple.

“It’s really nice to be skiing again,” she said. “I ducked out of the last trip they’d planned with a rubbish excuse. And now I haven’t skied since...since...”

“I know,” he said softly, at a loss for anything meaningful to say.

He’d planned this trip as an absurd indulgence, a flirtation, a bit of a joke. He’d never stopped to consider what the gesture might mean to her. Hermione was the only child of proud Muggle, completely non-magical, parents that could no longer remember her. She carried the burden of their absence every day. Of course, she had been right to obliviate them, she had saved them, hidden them during the war, but at a terrible price. He knew that at times she blamed herself. He knew they used to take family ski trips, but it hadn’t sunk in until now. This trip wasn’t just a whim for her. It was a way for her to reconnect with her past. And Draco had been making it about himself. The great pureblood ponce deigning to endure her adorable Muggle-ness. The trip was meant as a gift to her, but he realized that the true gift was that he was in the seat the Grangers should have filled and never would again. He swallowed against a lump forming in his throat and resolved to do better.

They rode the rest of the way to the summit in silence as they moved over the silver-lined landscape.

When they began their approach, she cleared her throat then shuffled away to coach him on how to dismount the “chairlift”. He did a brilliant job, in that the operator only had to stop the lift for a moment so he could stand back up. Her laughter was so euphoric, he wished he’d thought to fall on purpose.

Once he’d regained his footing, Hermione manoeuvred them toward the blue piste she’d chosen.

“Right, so just remember what you learned yesterday and I’ll follow behind in case you fall.”

“Wait, this is it? You just go all the way down from up here? We’re miles from the ground.”

“The more big complete turns you make as you traverse the piste, the slower you’ll go. There’s nothing to be nervous about,” she said, futilely attempting to tame an errant curl with her mittened hand. “Oh and stay between the blue poles or you’ll end up in Italy.”

“Very funny.”

“That wasn’t a joke.”

“And I’m not nervous, Granger. Just pragmatic.”

“It’s fine, you’re going to be fine. And my mum used to always say if you feel like you’re going too fast, just stop and take a minute to look out at the beautiful view. Now, go!”

This was his own fault for falling for a Gryffindor. Now he was going to end up falling down a mountainside like “Martin Miggs, the Mad Muggle”.

“C’est de la folie.” *This is madness*, he muttered.

“Do you know how many Quidditch matches I’ve endured?”

Touché.

He took a deep breath of the cold air, that smelled of the unfamiliar coconut Muggle sunscreen she’d insisted he wear, and pushed off.

He immediately felt the difference between this and the nursery slope. The mountain felt alive beneath him as the terrain constantly shifted beneath his skis, fresh powder was mixed with ice, small ruts were followed by small mounds he would occasionally catch air on. As he gained confidence and speed, it really did feel akin to flying on his broom. Except he had to focus much more on skiing than on flying, on the mountain he needed *constant vigilance* to manoeuvre his skis on the ever-shifting terrain that stretched for miles. It was incredible. He dared to look back at Hermione and she was just behind him in her bright yellow coat, the snick-snick of her skis following behind him. She flashed him a smile and he quickly looked forward again lest he miss his next turn and actually end up in Italy.

As they neared the base of the chairlift, he slowed to a gradual stop. Whereas Hermione stopped on a sickle with a sharp sideways stop. Showoff.

“Well...?” she inquired.

“Again.”

Draco awoke with a start. Fuck, he’d fallen asleep in the bath. But he had *plans* this evening and he was so close this time... oh but, Salazar, he was so sore and even more tired. And the water was so warm. Just one more moment...

“Malfoy, wake up. You’re going to drown. You need to go to bed.”

“No, I need to -”

“Don’t make me levitate you.”

He knew she’d do it. He allowed her to cast a drying charm on him as he stumbled into bed, pulling her with him. It wasn’t his *plan*, but it was perfect all the same. He tucked around her and buried his face in her curls. He groaned as she molded herself to him and the last thing he heard was Hermione giggling about his “cute little whimpers.”

The next day they were at it again, but now Draco was a pro. He had mastered not just the magic carpet, but the chairlift and gondola. He’d graduated from the nursery slope to the blue

and then red pistes. They had enjoyed luxurious lunches on the terrace where he could use his flawless French to impress his Golden Girl. He'd secretly charmed his white blond hair to avoid the dreaded "hat hair" that afflicted the Muggles. And he liked the Muggle sunglasses Hermione had gotten him, ostensibly to protect his silver eyes, but they seemed to be more for her than him. She kept blushing and looking away as though overwhelmed by how much she fancied him. What was with his witch and seeing him in glasses?

Now that he was feeling more confident, Hermione didn't feel the need to ski behind him and they would wind back and forth following each other or crossing each others' paths down the mountain. It wasn't too different from flying together, except he hadn't come up with a single way to connect with her physically with all their gear on, besides sitting as close as possible on the chairlift. He'd tried to apparate them to their chalet, and jetted tub, after lunch today, but Hermione had insisted that the crack of apparition could cause an avalanche. Instead he'd had to content himself with longing glances, occasional small touches, and always reaching up to lower the chairlift bar as an act of chivalry.

As they finished their last run of the day and made their way to their chalet. The sun was just sinking below the ridge and the light had begun to turn pink and soft. Draco expertly loosened the tops of his boots and easily swung both of their sets of skis over his shoulder.

"Keep up, Golden Girl."

"What's the rush?" she laughed as she clomped behind him, his longer stride giving him an unfair advantage.

"I've made *plans* for tonight," he said, settling their skis in the rack beside their door.

"What sort of plans?" she laughed, adding their poles and releasing her mad curls from her hat.

"Just a bit of Muggle magic," he said, holding open the door for her. Hermione stepped into the foyer and stopped short. It was all arranged just as he requested, with a fire in the hearth and candles and flowers lining every surface. "It turns out it's not hard to get a bit of help for a few galleons, er, um... pounds."

"Francs," she said distractedly, "but Euros in a few days." Right. Were the Muggles trying to be deliberately confusing?

Once they removed their boots, and frankly staggering amounts of outerwear, Draco pulled Hermione close to kiss her. Then led her through the chalet, leaving a trail of their clothes that ended at the perfectly drawn tub. He stepped in and offered her a hand to help her safely over the ledge, before sinking down and settling her against his chest.

He held her close as they watched the Alpine sky shift from pink to purple until the light began to fade and the candles seemed to burn brighter. As darkness fell, their own reflection in the window became more visible and Draco was drawn to watching the witch in his arms more than the fading vista. The swell of her breasts just below the surface. The curve of her bare shoulders breaching the water. The chaos of her curls. All encircled by his arms as he

held her tight. He lived in a perpetual state of disbelief that she had chosen him, Dark Mark and all.

Draco dipped to kiss her on the head and broke the spell by speaking. "Thank you."

"No, you've got that backward, dragon. You gave me this trip for Christmas."

"That was just a bit of planning and galleons," he scoffed. "You've taught me so much, shared so much with me about Muggle culture, your family's culture. I never could have experienced anything like this without you." He nuzzled her curls with his cheek, but she sat up to look over her shoulder at him.

"Draco, I...well, the thing is..." she started, at a loss. With the ease of intense familiarity, she twisted in his arms to straddle him, her magic seeking his own. In response, he shifted his hold, twining his fingers into her hair as her magic found his, fluttering and intertwining. Although she hid her face in his neck, she held his gaze in their reflection.

"My parents used to take me skiing every year," she said quietly. "But now they can't remember me and I haven't gone skiing in years because I don't have a family anymore. Not a real family, just well meaning friends. They are all wonderful, but it's not the same. So I... I wanted to thank you, sincerely, for doing all of this for me."

Night had truly fallen now and the wind was picking up across the frozen landscape. Draco felt the air leave his lungs into the quiet of their softly lit haven. Her heartfelt admission didn't make him feel magnanimous or smug. It just made him feel an aching sadness that she felt she needed to thank him at all.

He looked into her eyes in the reflection. "I love you, My. I'm your family." She sniffled and held him tighter. Draco bowed his head to kiss her curls again. "We can get metal detected or wear velcro or go skiing anytime you want."

"I love you, Draco," she said, pulling back to look directly into his eyes this time and kissed him deeply. He kissed her back, the silver and gold tendrils of their magic braiding around them. She ground her hips against him and his hands went to her waist.

"If there was no alternative, I'd even wear rented footwear for you," he said as she lowered herself on to him.

"Really?" she groaned as he settled deeply within her, connected to her in every way he knew.

"I would do anything for you, Golden Girl," he said, but then added with a smirk, "but I'm still glad I got us a portkey home."

"Me too. Metal detectors are rubbish anyway," she said, casting a wandless warming charm on the water.

He smiled into her kiss. He remembered, dimly, that he'd planned to whisper to her in French, but his lips were devoted to other tasks and any other conversation was lost in the

sensation of her. The warm water made it impossible to tell where either of them ended or began as their bodies and magic moved together.

Hermione snuggled into soft blankets on their bed, deliciously sore from skiing and well... She was having a brilliant time and didn't think she'd ever received such a lovely Christmas gift. Not the trip itself, but the fact that Draco had tried so hard for her; in working with Harry to make a Muggle booking, and learning to ski, and everything, all of it. It meant so much to her to be able to share her world with him. And for him to want to experience it with her, for her. Of all the friends and family she had fought for, she had found her home in him. He was the family she'd been seeking.

Gah, but it was freezing, why was she so cold? It was unlike her possessive dragon to let go of her during the night. She cuddled deeper toward Draco to share his warmth, but the sheets were cool beneath her outstretched fingers.

"Draco?" she murmured.

Realizing he was missing, she sat up and looked around in the dark room, but she couldn't find the telltale gleam of his hair. Pulling a blanket around her, she blearily stumbled into the chalet's sitting room. She found him in an armchair by the fire, laboriously typing on her laptop with one finger.

"Draco, what are you doing?"

"I'm making *plans* for our next trip... My, have you ever gone 'surfing'?"

End Notes

Thank you so much for reading! This one-shot was written as a "thank you" gift to the amazing community that supported my debut work.

For those of you who followed along with my first fic, *The Golden Snitch and A Silver Lining*, this is the promised ski trip from Chapter 17.

If you enjoyed the competent characters, banter, and the emotional grit of this story, you can find the full journey of how Draco and Hermione reached the Alps in the main work:

[The Golden Snitch and a Silver Lining](#) is a fun, banter-filled enemies-to-lovers story featuring Healer Hermione and Quidditch Team Owner Draco. It has the heart and found family vibe of Ted Lasso mixed with the whimsical charm of the Wizarding World, full of broom thighs and brooding glances.

Credits: Huge thanks to my beta readers and cover designers Gossamer26 and BroomZoomies. And to fan_affliction, my snarky yet incredibly supportive husband and best friend, who once wondered aloud how injured he'd get if he launched himself off the chairlift rather than listen to me talk about this story.

What's Next?

If you liked the romance, found family, competent characters, and banter balanced by the emotional grit found in this story and *The Golden Snitch and A Silver Lining*, you'll want to keep in touch for my next major project as well. Please [join my mailing list](#) or [subscribe to my username on AO3](#).

I'm considering different platforms for my upcoming release - joining my [mailing list](#) is the only way to ensure you're notified wherever I publish next. I don't want anyone to miss our next adventure!

-*HealthyishObsession*
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