

# Double Take

by Southern\_Witch\_69

Harry sleepily makes his way to the loo but sees...

## Snapshot

Chapter 1 of 1

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Disclaimer: Not mine. No money.

This was written for debjunk during the Potter Place Saturday Night Drabble Chat. Prompt information can be found after the story.

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Harry woke up with the need to visit the loo and stretched sleepily. He felt around next to his makeshift bed for his glasses and couldn't find them. *Damn*, he thought in annoyance, hating that he'd agreed to yet another camping trip after so many months in the loathed tent before; however, at least they'd borrowed a good tent this time that had all the comforts of home. *Sod it. I need to pee.* Getting up as quietly as he could, he crept towards the light of the fireplace, knowing he could follow the wall past it to the doorway.

He gave Hermione's sleeping form a quick glance to be certain he'd not awakened her, and his neck cracked as it swung back for a second look. On her thigh was something black and fuzzy—something huge, about the size of his hand.

Across the room, Ron's snoring could be heard, though Harry couldn't make him out in the darkness. He knew his friend would be of no use anyway and wouldn't bother asking him to help Hermione. Ron detested spiders. Ever so slowly, Harry inched forward, careful not to scare it away, wanting to catch it instead. *That's all we need, some rogue spider hiding about.* He picked up a pillow and slipped its case off, wrapping it around his hand to use it as a glove.

Finally crouching over her, he outstretched his hand and then—GRAB!

"OH! Harry, what are you doing?!" Hermione asked angrily, scooting away from his groping hand.

Ron partially woke with a snort and mumbled about tap-dancing Boggarts and then promptly went back to sleep, leaving a shocked Harry to deal with what he'd done.

"Er... I thought it was a spider—just there on your thigh. I... Where did it go?"

"There's no bloody spider!" she hissed quietly.

"I saw it!"

She furiously tugged down her nightgown. "I don't sleep with underwear. My..." she gestured to her clothing, "...it rose up while I was sleeping."

Harry felt his mouth gape open and could do nothing to stop it. He'd mistaken Hermione's pubic mound as a spider. *Bloody hell!*

"Where are your glasses?" she asked.

"Don't know. I was just on my way to the toilet. Hermione, I'm... sorry."

"Are you a wizard or not? *Accio Harry's glasses*," she said as she flicked her wand. His glasses zoomed to her waiting hand. As she handed them to him, she added, "Let's not mention this... spider again. Agreed?"

"Agreed," he said, snatching his glasses, putting them on, and running off to the doorway hurriedly.

He'd not mention it again, no, but it didn't mean he wouldn't think about. In amazement, he thought, *I've just felt up Hermione*. Part of him wished he'd been brave enough to snatch the "spider" with his bare hand.

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It's all I could come up with. Hehe

Debjunk requested: Harry loses his glasses. What does he see, and what is it really?