

How to catch a dragon

by Pyttan

Charlie hunts down a dragoness.

How to catch a dragon

Chapter 1 of 1

Charlie hunts down a dragoness.

All characters depicted within belong to JK Rowling. No copyright infringement is intended. I'm not making any money but hope she makes loads since an imagination like hers should be rewarded.

And I want to thank the adorable D. (Celta_Diabólica) for the ultrafast beta and all the encouragement.

Charlie watched her as she moved over the snow floor, finally finding some cover. Snow and ice were good things, when catching a dragon. That was the first lesson old dragon-master Ulster had taught the new keepers.

Charlie's first mission had been here, in Sweden, and that was when he'd found this place.

He and Ulster, together with two Swedish wizards, had driven a very aggressive female short-snout north, and Charlie had witnessed how the great animal had first slowed down and eventually gone into hibernation because of the low temperature. They had brought her back to Romania, and there he had watched as she'd come back to life – more aggressive than ever – when she had grown warm again.

He'd been fascinated.

He would bring this one in too: cooling her down, then warming her up.

"If this is your idea of romance, you're an idiot!"

Charlie chuckled and moved towards the bed, made of ice and covered with buckskin pelts. She had hogged all the buckskins. Not at all unexpected.

"Where's your sense of adventure, Pansy?"

"It froze to death when we arrived at this stupid hotel. It's so cold I can't feel my toes. And we're indoors!"

She burrowed deeper under the buckskins, giving him a baleful look. Charlie started to strip and saw her eyes widen.

"You can't be serious? You drag me to Sweden of all the miserable places on earth, and even worse: you take me north. This is the bloody north pole —"

He interrupted her mid-rant.

"No, this is the ice-hotel in Jukkasjärvi. It's very exclusive, this is. Muggles find it romantic."

"I should have known better than to go out with a ... a Weasley!" She almost spat the name out. "Everyone warned me. You all fixate on stupid, idiotic Muggle things."

She turned her back to him, and he pounced. Before she had time to react, he crawled under the pelts and snuggled up to her. After all, he didn't want to go into hibernation. She squirmed, but as he had calculated, she was unwilling to leave the warmth of the bed.

"Go away! You're not getting any."

He pressed up against her back and let his hand slide under her, up to her breast, playing with the erect nipple. She swatted at his hand.

"Bastard. It's like that because it's cold ..."

"I'll keep it warm," he said and chuckled again as she fidgeted in his arms.

He held her closer and nipped her below her ear. Hard.

"Oh ..."

He let his other hand slide inside her panties.

"Draco would never have ..."

She was breathless now.

"No, he wouldn't, because Malfoy is the boring prat that couldn't handle you. I, on the other hand ..." He pinched her nipple and her clitoris at the same time, making her shiver. "... enjoy handling wild things."

A/N: And the hotel is quite real.