

Scary as a Dragon

by blue artemis

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Chapter 1 of 1

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A/N: This was originally written for the LJ humor and crack fest.

Charlie Weasley was a man of many talents, the most obvious one being his ease with the female dragons on the reserve. Most of the tamers were frightened by them, due to their viciousness when they were nesting. So when the newest dragon appeared on the reserve, Charlie was the tamer assigned to getting her acclimated to humans.

"Hey there, beautiful! I'm not going to hurt you. I just need to check you out a bit to see what to classify you as, since you are a bit unusual."

Charlie was a bit taken aback when the dragon appeared to be posing for him, lifting her feet and tilting her head at him in a flirty manner.

"Oi, Weasley! I think you have a new girlfriend!" yelled Karolyi.

"Back off, Caroline! Why? Are you jealous?"

Karolyi hated being called Caroline, and so he purposefully moved forward, hoping to spook the dragon into hurting the burly red-head.

Charlie saw what the other tamer was doing and moved toward the new dragon, trying to keep her calm. Karolyi picked up a walking stick, making the head tamer, Gustav, run from his tent to try to stop him before something tragic could happen, when the dragon lowered her head, looked Karolyi straight in the eye, opened her mouth, and blew a noisy puff of hot air at him. Karolyi dropped the stick, pissed himself, then fainted.

"Oh, you beautiful girl! I think I'm going to name you Hermione. You remind me of her a bit. You share her spunk and humor." Charlie smiled, thinking of the girl he knew, who had disappeared shortly after the war. No one knew where she was, but since the Book of the Veil did not list her name, everyone figured she would return when she was ready.

The dragon looked quite pleased with herself.

Charlie spent the rest of the day talking to the dragon, telling her about his quest to get a Mastery in Dragonology, which required him to come up with a new formula for breeding. He told her of his NEWTs in Arithmancy and Ancient Runes, which were necessary for the formula, as well as some of the classes he sat in on at the University in animal husbandry and breeding. He really enjoyed his one-sided conversation because it seemed Hermione was listening to him quite intently.

As evening set in, Charlie bade farewell to Hermione and headed to the dining hall for dinner. Shortly after he arrived, a shadow fell over the hall. Charlie and the rest of the dragon tamers pulled their wands, when all of a sudden, Hermione peeked in the door.

Amid the shrieking pandemonium, Charlie looked at Gustav, who seemed bemused, picked up his dinner and went outside. The sight of Charlie walking through the

campground holding his dinner being followed by the rather large dragon was quite amusing.

Charlie sat out with Hermione for a few hours, then told her it was time for bed, and left her enclosure. Not five minutes after he settled in, a large shape encircled his tent. Sure enough, when he pulled back the flap, there was Hermione looking in at him with a pleased expression.

"For Merlin's sake, Hermione! You are a dragon, not a Crup! Stay in your enclosure."

Hermione just gave him the eye then settled down to sleep. Charlie gave up and did the same.

The next morning, Charlie snuck out early, hoping to get to the showers without Hermione noticing, but he had no luck. "You are lucky I'm not self-conscious, HD. Because otherwise, you'd be wearing a mask!"

Hermione snorted in what seemed like amusement, and very nicely warmed up Charlie's water for him. It was cold enough during this time of year that the heating charms failed half the time.

Within a week, the entire camp was quite used to the sight of Charlie being followed by the lovely dragon. She seemed to know what he was saying, and helped him calm the new mothers, hold down the injured dragons to help the magi-vets, and generally kept him company. She was a bit bossy, though, moving him from place to place with her claws or her teeth, rather like a large, cursing, red-haired puppy.

Shortly after that, all the dragon-tamers were called out for an emergency one early morning. The night watch was yelling that two dragons were fighting, and they needed to be stopped before the entire reserve was destroyed.

When he arrived, the sight before his eyes almost devastated Charlie. It wasn't a fight in a normal sense; rather, one of the larger Hungarian Horntail males had taken a liking to Hermione and was trying to force her to mate. She wasn't receptive and was fighting him off.

Without a thought for himself, Charlie charged into the fire zone, levitated a tree and bonked the male dragon on the nose. "Back off! She doesn't want you! She's mine!"

Gustav and the rest of the tamers looked at each other, amused. It seemed Charlie was just as taken with the dragon as she was with him.

The rather dizzy Horntail was led off by the other tamers, while Charlie tried to soothe Hermione. She lowered her head so she could look at him, and Charlie unthinkingly kissed her on the snout.

That night Charlie was asleep in his tent when he heard a strange noise. He opened the flap, and there was Hermione Granger, looking bewildered as to what she was doing there.

"Hermione?"

"Charlie? You mean I'm in Romania? I wasn't dreaming?"

"Dreaming, love? What were you dreaming about? And where have you been for the last four years? We couldn't find you after the war."

"I was at my parents' house, right after I took my NEWTs at the Ministry, getting ready to head out to Australia to find them, just to assure myself they were all right, when I was abducted. They took me to Malfoy Manor, where Lucius informed them they were morons and he was not going to harm me. They got upset and were going to kill me and frame him for it, when Draco hit me with a spell I'd never heard. After that, I spent the rest of the time until I just woke up now dreaming I was a dragon."

"You weren't dreaming."

"I wasn't?"

"Oh, no. You were a dragon. And you've been following me everywhere! Did you like what you saw?"

Hermione blushed, then nodded slowly.

Charlie laughed, then leaned over and kissed her, and after a short startle, Hermione kissed him back enthusiastically.

"Ow! Stop! Please! Really, just stop! I will tell you anything!"

Hermione stopped slapping the back of Draco's head and growled, "Spill!"

"The spell I hit you with was Draconis Patronum Anima Cara. It was meant to make people think you were a dragon until you found your soul mate. I just figured you would head back to Potty and the Weasel and voila, instant Granger! It was better than being dead, wasn't it?"

"I was a dragon for four years! When I went to see Harry, he thought I was sent from Gringotts, and paid them for the bank damages. When I went to see Ron, he was so sorry I was gone, he was shagging Lavender." She smiled to herself, a smile that made Draco cringe. "I don't think he's EVER going to be able to see another dragon without pissing himself."

"I went everywhere! Did you know that yaks taste better than mountain goats? And that Crumple-Horned Snorkacks DO exist?"

Draco was slowly trying to sneak away from the angry, ranting witch.

"You will stay here, and you will LISTEN!"

Draco sat.

"There were good things too, I guess. I know how to turn invisible now, and how flying should be. I found my soul mate, but by the time I did, I was lost to the dragon. If he hadn't kissed me in that form, I would have been that way forever. Next time you want to rescue someone, Draco, just call the Aurors."

Hermione finished speaking then looked up to see her husband walking toward her.

"So, love, are you going to press charges?"

"Against who? When Lucius found out what happened, he turned the perpetrators to stone statues. They are in his sculpture garden. Unfortunately, Draco's spell worked too well, and I was already off when he got out there."

"It was nice of the Malfoys to hold our wedding at their Manor, though, don't you think?"

"It was the least they could do."

They both laughed at the sight of Draco sneaking away from them as quickly as he could.

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