

Dragon Riders Are Us

by Fairfield

New vistas open for our heroine.

Chapter 1 of 1

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"What did you do the first time a dragon nuzzled you?"

"I filled my pants."

"I'm serious," said Hermione.

"What did you do?" asked Charlie.

"Nothing good," she said.

She still didn't believe the terrible hand that fate had dealt her. Hermione had agreed to accompany Ginny when she and her parents visited Charlie. After all, there were some famous sites and museums in Romania. They were standing what they thought was a safe distance from the pen when a Welsh Green broke through the fence and came straight for Hermione. *My life is over, and I'm a virgin.* The Welsh Green, however, stopped its charge and lowered its head. A petrified girl, thinking it was a crazy last act, stroked the dragon between its green eyes. The dragon sneezed.

"It's allergic to cat hair," someone yelled. "If you have a cat, you'll have to get rid of it."

Like hell, thought Hermione. *I'm never going to see my beloved Crookshanks again, and these berks want me to get rid of it. That's callous.* The strange feel of dragon hide registered about the same time she realized she wasn't making sense.

"Let me get a harness and show you how to ride it," another berk said.

Hermione tried to shout, "No way," but she only got out a squeak, which the overzealous prats took as a yes, whereupon they lifted her onto the creature's back and handed her a bridle. *This isn't fair. I'm wearing a skirt. They can see my knickers. But it's the new pair I bought for the trip.* Her throat unfroze enough to let out a long, wailing scream as the dragon rose into the sky.

"Listen to her encouraging it," said one spectator.

"She's a natural," said another.

The dragon flew above the clouds and did a barrel roll. Hermione lost her porridge breakfast. The dragon dived toward a spot of black turbulence and romped through a hail storm. As it skimmed the mountain peaks, Hermione recalled page 394 of a Potions manuscript: The thirteenth use for dragon's blood was an antidote for Acromantula venom, simply mix half-and-half with bergamot oil.

Hermione was telling herself that she was not hysterical. She was having perfectly rational thoughts for someone about to suffer death by dragon flight.

When she landed, the entire band of dragon tenders were there, thumping her on the back and congratulating her.

"We watched the whole flight through a skrying glass."

"That was the most daring performance we've ever seen. How did you do it?"

Hermione gathered together what was left of her. "Tea, I need tea."

"He loves tea," said a tender as he offered a bucket of it to her dragon. "How did you know?"

"I told you she was a natural," said another.

Combining three prompts from MuseAmusant.

- Hermione is meant to be a dragon rider.
- Dragon hide, porridge, hail
- Acromantula venom, bergamot, cat hair