

# Mimbulus Mibletonia

*by broomclosetravenclaw*

Neville finds himself in a compromising position.

## One-Shot

*Chapter 1 of 1*

Neville finds himself in a compromising position.

The sliver of crescent moon left the grounds in deep-shadowed darkness. Neville knew the path well and led Luna alongside him, clutching her hand tightly. Immediately upon stepping out into the cool night, he had decided that a lost Luna would be harder to find than his frog and, like Trevor, one never knew where or when she would turn up again.

As they neared Greenhouse Three, Neville became more confident and began to relax a bit. He hadn't felt this good since the Yule Ball back in his fourth year. In fact, Luna had initiated this rendezvous also. Neville began to feel a warmth spreading through his body as he recalled Luna's cryptic missive, then he realized that they had stepped into the greenhouse.

Neville looked at Luna as she released his hand. She was already removing her cloak and looking at him expectantly, her bright eyes taking on a mischievous sparkle.

"Shall we begin?" she asked, taking a step closer to Neville.

When he didn't reply, she removed his cloak for him. As his cloak pooled on the floor at their feet, her hands snaked down his chest and stomach. Stopping at his waistband, she gripped the edges of his sweater and pulled it over his head faster than he could say *Mimbulus mibletonia*.

The butterflies returned to Neville's stomach. He let Luna take the lead. She took his hand in hers again. He could feel her breath on his ear as she whispered words he had never heard before. In her eagerness, she pulled him down, urging him to the floor. He lay flat, unsure of what to do. Her soft voice was like a song, guiding him along, telling him what to do.

"Neville, you need to bend over. No, like this—on all fours." She guided his body into the right position behind hers. Their bodies moving in unison, Neville let the adventure take him over, almost forgetting where he was.

Luna's scream and movement in front of him startled him back to reality. Luna had turned and was facing him instead of leading the way across the damp floor of the greenhouse. She was slapping at his head and pulling at his hair. Neville put his hands to his head, but didn't feel anything.

"Nargles!" Luna pointed at a spot near the top of his head.

Neville quickly stood, knocking into the desk he was still partially under. "Ouch!"

"Neville, I'm not going to take you Nargle hunting again if you can't keep low to the ground and be a bit quieter."

"I don't see anything, Luna."

"Well, of course not, now. You've scared them all off," she said.

Neville sighed.

“Oh, and Neville, if there is a next time, remember what I told you about Nargles and wool—leave the sweaters in your room,” she said as she tossed him his sweater from the floor. “I’m sure that is what made them attack you this time. You probably had some lint stuck in your hair.”

Luna skipped out of the greenhouse, leaving Neville staring after her, confused.

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**A/N:** Written for the *Blue-Balls Non-Pr0n Meme* on the LJ Community Portus Envy. My prompt was: One character tells/asks the other one to bend over.