

You Can Leave Your Hat On

by teshara

Draco/Luna. My answer to the Erotic Elves Het Fetish Challenge with the prompts 'pansexual' and 'crossdressing.'

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Chapter 1 of 1

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AN: Since it was assumed no one learned anything of merit during the seventh book, students were given an option of repeating the year with no negative marks in their record. This takes place during that year. Draco and Luna are 18.

Warning: Draco is kind of a prude and the author is fond of tighty whities.

You Can Leave Your Hat On

Draco Malfoy stood, dumbfounded, staring at the spectacle before him.

"What?" Luna Lovegood stood before him with an eyebrow quirked.

What do you mean, '*what?*'" Draco snapped at her.

Luna was standing in the Room of Requirement, wearing a light brown zoot suit and a cream colored silk shirt that was unbuttoned low enough to show a white tank top under it. A gold chain with a cross lay at her throat. Brown suspenders held her trousers in place. Her long jacket was slung over her shoulder, and her brown shoes were polished to a shine. A brown fedora sat on her head, dipping cheekily over one side of her face. Her hair was shorn and her breasts looked as if they were bound.

"I mean, do you like what you see?" Luna smirked at him.

"I think you're mad." Draco said flatly. "Just what do you think you're doing?"

"I think I'm succeeding in getting your attention." Luna smiled at him as she tossed the jacket aside.

"I- *what?!*" Draco said, aghast.

"I assure you, I've researched the subject and the mechanics are fairly simple. I'm not sure what all the fuss is about, anyway." She was still smiling at him.

Draco suddenly felt very nervous.

It was clear Lovegood had cracked under the strain of seventh-year classes after the horrors she had endured the year before in Draco's father's dungeons.

"What are you talking about, Lovegood?"

"I'm saying if you have a preference for men and I need this getup for you to be able to perform, I can deal with it." Luna gave him a come-hither look.

Draco felt his cock twitch beneath his school robes in spite of her statement.

"Why do you think I have a preference for men?" Draco was bewildered.

"Well, you and Pansy never really had any chemistry, did you?" Luna stepped towards him and Draco instinctually took a step back. "The only person you ever had sparks fly with was Harry."

"Potter?!" Draco thundered. His rising desire vanished.

"You know it's true." Luna put her hand on his hip, and he looked at it, but didn't remove it.

"I assure you, Potter and I had nothing more between us than general loathing." Draco said hotly. "I do not like blokes!"

"Well, as I said," Luna reached a hand up and placed it on Draco's chest, "I don't see what all the fuss is about. I'm sure I understand the mechanics of being able to get someone off no matter where and how they like to be fucked."

Draco's erection snapped to attention.

She wasn't insane.

She was just a freak.

Draco knew what his father thought about that sort of woman.

'Grab her. Hold on tight and don't let go.' Lucius had slurred after one too many brandies late last summer. *'Don't end up forty and married to her sister because she made a better political match.'*

Draco had hoped to God his father had been talking about his Aunt Andromeda.

However, he did tend to follow his father's advice. He leaned down and kissed Luna.

She reached up and took a handful of his hair and pulled him down onto a bed that had appeared next to them, cream colored sheets rumpling loosely around them.

Draco laughed as she straddled him and hurriedly unfastened his robes.

"I'm glad you're enjoying yourself!" Luna smiled at him dreamily. Her fingers softly clawed at the smooth bare skin of his chest.

He reached up and unbuttoned her shirt, fingers working the ivory buttons through the smooth, fine cloth.

He would leave the hat on. It was charming.

He removed her shirt, leaving her pristine white tank top. It looked as if she were wearing tight bindings underneath.

"I am." Draco gave her a crooked grin. "I can't believe you'd go through this much trouble."

"It wasn't trouble at all." Luna lowered her head to his chest and started lightly nipping at Draco. "It's just a costume."

"But your hair..." Draco trailed off, feeling guilty.

"I have a potion to make it grow back." Luna shrugged. "Me and Ginny did this loads of times."

Draco's head nearly exploded at the idea.

He pulled Luna close and was about to whisper something lewd about her and Weasley when he felt another erection rubbing against his.

Luna stopped her attentions when she saw the strange look on his face. "What now?"

"I'm afraid to ask what that is," Draco said slowly between gritted teeth.

"Oh. It's a prosthetic. I bought it mail order." Luna said. "We obviously don't need it now."

"Oh good," Draco said weakly.

"Would you rather I take it off now or when my pants come off?" Luna asked.

She was far too calm about this, Draco decided. It was unnerving.

"Um... now would be good." Draco said in a tone that he hoped wasn't too shaky.

Luna sat up, straddling him again, and undid her belt and the fastenings on her trousers. She reached in and pulled. After a slight wince and a definite *schlurk* sound she produced a rather impressive penis and scrotum attached to a wide base that seemed rather flexible.

Draco managed to keep his erection by wondering if the thing still smelled like Weasley, the dirty little slut.

Luna discarded the toy and went about ravishing Draco's chest with little bites and kisses. He writhed against her, enjoying himself. His hands slipped under her suspenders and slid them off her shoulders, and she wriggled out of them, allowing her trousers to fall open, allowing Draco a look at her white y-fronts.

Draco blinked and tried not to laugh. His shoulders shook as he tried to control himself.

"Didn't you ever wonder what it was like, being someone else?" Luna asked him abruptly. "Or even just wearing something as a turn on?"

"Of course I did, but you don't see me dressing like a girl and trying to seduce lesbians." Draco chuckled.

"I think you'd be a fairly fetching girl." Luna scrunched up her nose. "But you have no shape to you, you'd need a corset."

Draco bit back a retort and shrugged.

Luna took that as encouragement and pulled her wand out of her trousers pocket and waved it at Draco.

His school shirt was transfigured into a brown leather corset that tightened his middle firmly. Draco looked down at the little brass hooks holding it closed and tried not to laugh.

He thought about protesting, but realized it would be futile. If she wanted a corset on him, so be it.

It was quite comfortable, actually. He'd had a sore back for a week after helping the Headmistress move old desks in the dungeons and this was making it feel much better.

"I feel like I should be making more of an effort to play my part." Draco said, warming up to the idea of experimenting with clothing.

Luna quirked a corner of her mouth at him from under her fedora and waved her wand.

He found himself wearing the corset, a pair of cream colored ruffled panties, and a garter belt, and old fashioned nylons. With another wave of her wand, a pearl necklace and bracelet appeared.

"You look beautiful." Luna remarked before reaching out and grasping his erection firmly.

He groaned and writhed under her. She pulled the front of his panties down and licked at the head of his cock.

"Thank you," he whispered.

"It's OK. I like giving head."

"I meant about how I looked."

"Oh." She smiled at him. "Well it's the truth, you know. You're very fetching when you're not sneering."

Draco laid back as Luna's mouth went around him and down the length of his shaft.

He reached his hand down and knocked her hat off accidentally. He ran his fingers through her short hair and groaned as she started going faster.

"I'm going to finish if you keep doing that," Draco whispered urgently.

"Well, we don't want that, do we?" Luna let go of his waistband and he winced as it snapped back in place, confining him again.

Luna slid her shirt off; Draco was sort of sad to see it go, but then she took her tank top off and unbound her breasts.

He smiled at her crookedly and reached up to run his hands over her soft skin. His eyes met hers, and he was surprised at how her absence of hair made her eyes look even larger than they usually did.

She closed her eyes as he gently squeezed them, and his eyes trailed down to her undone trousers that exposed her y-fronts.

"I hate to rush things, but those are going to have to go." Draco had a feeling if he could be blunt with anyone in bed, it would be Luna.

She smiled and waved her wand. Their clothing was instantly reversed, and Draco was delighted to discover that Luna looked far better in a corset than he did, even if her breasts were covered again.

He was still wearing the pearls, though. Oh, well.

"Who says we have to rush?" Luna asked him as she reached over and put her hat back on.

It still looked fabulous.

Draco toyed with the idea of stealing it afterwards.

He grabbed her roughly and pulled her to him. She ran a hand down his chest, still bearing the pressure marks from the corset and down to the waistband of the y-fronts.

"So..." Draco began, a curious tone to his voice, "how exactly did you expect this to play out?"

"If you were gay, you mean?" Luna asked.

"Yes." Draco said firmly. He was absolutely sure the answer, no matter what it was, would cool his libido and buy him a few more minutes at least.

"I was going to seduce you, overpower you, and then aggressively fuck you." Luna looked as if this were a quite normal progression.

"Oh, really?" Draco tried not to laugh. "Even if I was gay, what makes you think it would be that easy?"

"Well, Ginny isn't gay and she thought I made a quite attractive and passable bloke." Luna said, a finger tracing around one of Draco's nipples.

"You really don't see what the difference is, do you?" Draco asked, incredulously.

"What do you mean?" Luna asked as she lowered her mouth and started gently worrying his nipple.

"You know, between boys and girls," Draco said patiently. He reached down and ran his hands over the ruffles on her bottom.

"Of course I do. I'm not blind." Luna came up and kissed the tip of his nose.

"I mean, it's just a matter of clothing and mechanics to you, isn't it?" Draco breathed in sharply as she leaned over to lick gently at one of his ears.

"Isn't it?" Luna looked at him.

Draco really didn't know what to say so he kissed her.

In moments, she was biting his neck and he was pulling her on top of him, holding onto her ruffled bottom as if his life depended on it.

She sat up and started undoing her corset slowly, teasing him, grinding against him.

He reached up and pulled it open, wrenching some of the fastenings out of place. Her breasts spilled out and Draco pulled her to him roughly, the boning from the half open corset biting into him.

She kissed him passionately and he pushed her onto her back, her hat spilling onto the pillow next to her, and then hooked a finger into her ruffled panties, pulling them down to her knees.

Luna held Draco's head to her breasts as she shimmied out of her panties, and Draco pulled his trousers and y-fronts down.

She opened her legs and he wriggled between them, trousers and pants down to his knees, shoes still on.

"Hang on," Luna whispered. She pointed her wand at Draco's privates and whispered an incantation. He glowed slightly blue.

"What is that?" Draco asked, trying not to sound nervous.

"A barrier. Nothing personal, but I don't know where that thing's been," Luna breathed as she ran her hands down his chest, to his stomach, and down to the thatch of fur around his cock.

"Fair enough," Draco breathed as she took hold of him and started stroking the head of his cock against her.

He didn't know how much experience she had, but after the story about the Weaslette and... that contraption, Draco assumed he wouldn't be causing her any pain.

He found he was right when she bucked up and engulfed him.

Draco started to move, but he found himself amused at the way she gripped his hips and started pleasuring herself on him.

He found his mind wandering to old Transfiguration lessons, in the hope that he would be able to buy himself more time.

He had had Pansy, it was true, but she had never been this enthusiastic. He could get used to this.

Luna's hand snaked up into his blond hair and she gripped it forcefully before pulling his lips to hers. Her lips parted, and Draco found her tongue swirling in his mouth to the rhythm of her hips against his.

"I'm not going to last long, you keep doing that," Draco panted as she dug her fingers into his shoulders to get more leverage.

She grinned at him saucily as she pushed him out of her and onto his back.

He watched as she squatted over him, and he held his hands up so her fingers could entwine with his and she'd have stability and not hurt either of them.

He watched as she positioned herself over him and lowered herself around him. She closed her eyes and tilted her head back with a satisfied smile.

She took small thrusts at first, testing how deep she could take him inside her. She found her rhythm, and he felt her legs start to quaver as she took her pleasure from him.

"Finish," Draco whispered to her in a tone he hoped was encouraging. He reached over and put the hat back on her head.

She laughed as she came, something Draco decided had to be one of the most unique things he'd ever felt, and her legs finally gave. She fell, straddling him and taking him deep inside her.

He groaned in pleasure and rolled her back onto her back, resting deep inside her for a moment before starting to grind small circles against her.

Draco rested his chin on Luna's shoulder and felt her fingers lazily drag up his back as he burrowed within her. He heard her sigh contentedly in his ear, and it brought him such pleasure he wondered briefly if this wasn't the start of something beyond his comprehension.

Then she twitched her hips and he forgot about everything.

He sped up, crushing his lips to hers, and he spilled violently into her, his thighs and buttocks twitching long after he was done.

He gasped and she tightened her thighs and her sex against him, as if to squeeze every last drop out of him.

He tried not to collapse, and tried to be gentle, but the next thing he knew, he was lying on top of Luna and she was tapping him on the shoulder as a cue to roll off of her.

He did so, realizing the enchantment she had put on him had captured his seed as well, and he watched as she dispelled it and discarded his emission onto a bottom corner of the bed, away from them.

"The room will get rid of all waste left here after we leave," Luna explained.

"That's a very clever spell," Draco said, genuinely impressed.

"It seems to work fairly well, yes," Luna said, her voice back to its normal, dreamy state.

"One of yours?" Draco asked curiously.

He wasn't sure what to talk about, and this was a great topic to latch onto. He hated making small talk.

"One my mother had notes on," Luna started, and then muffled a giggle as she saw Draco's face. "Not the one that led to her demise, I assure you."

Draco relaxed and put his arm under the pillow her head was on so she could cuddle closer to him. "Well, that's a relief."

"Do you really think I would do that to you?" Luna asked him.

"I don't know," Draco's mind went to Luna being captive in his father's dungeon. He decided bringing this up would be in bad form. "You women are unpredictable. Tricky devils, the whole lot of you."

Luna snorted. "At least I wouldn't just date you to improve my family's standing."

Date me? Well, I guess she isn't trying to bag and toss me.

"You never know, Lovegood," Draco said teasingly. "You could just be using me to get the scoop of the year."

"True." Luna reached up and put the slightly rumpled fedora on his head. "I could very well be doing that. Next week's headline *Draco Malfoy's Wand: Eight Inches of Alabaster Agony!*"

"Agony?!" Draco looked horrified.

"That's what it'll say if you suggest something like that again." Luna quirked an eyebrow at him.

"Why aren't you a Slytherin?" Draco asked Luna quizzically.

"Oh, because then you'd never get any sleep." Luna grinned as she sat up and transfigured her costume into her school robes.

Draco frowned as she bounced off the bed and readjusted her clothing. He thought quickly.

"Going to Hogsmeade next weekend?" Draco asked.

Luna picked up a small blue drawstring bag Draco hadn't noticed before from the floor. "I was planning on it." She drew a small red bottle from her bag and downed the potion inside. Instantly, her hair started growing.

"Will you go with me?"

Draco was nervous. Meeting in here was one thing, but few wanted to be seen paling around with him these days.

"That would be very nice." Luna said and smiled at him. "I have to go. I promised a Firstie I'd help him with his Potions homework."

"I'll see you later then?" Draco asked. He hoped he didn't seem too desperate.

"I'll see you at dinner." Luna said cryptically, a small smile playing around her lips. She turned and he watched as her hair had one last burst of growth as she left the Room of Requirement, shimmering and flipping in the air behind her.

Draco was left in the Room of Requirement wearing half a costume, pearls, and a fedora, lying in the center of a large bed smelling of sex and Luna.

And he couldn't be happier.

-+--+

Dear Father,

Thank you for the sound advice.

Love,

Draco

Lucius sat behind the large mahogany desk in his den and reread the letter his son had sent from school.

As usual, he had no idea what on earth the boy was talking about.

He shook his head and tossed the letter into a desk drawer where he kept all of Draco's letters from school.

At the very least, it looked like things were picking up for the boy.