

Nightmares

by JackieJLH

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Chapter 1 of 1

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Author's Note: Please heed the warning, okay? :)

Originally written for the Femslash Kink Meme prompt: Luna/Ginny, dub!con.

It's not supposed to be this way, of course. Ginny has a boyfriend, and he's back now, and she loves him *makes* love to him, and *that's* the way it's supposed to be. When her mum offered Luna and her father a place to stay for the summer until their home was rebuilt, that was all right too, because Mr. Lovegood was crazy but (usually) charming and Luna was odd but well-loved, and Ginny didn't even mind having to share her bedroom because half of her room seemed like such a small thing to give up, after everything else she'd lost.

It always starts the same. Ginny has nightmares, Luna tells her. Loud ones, and she cries out in her sleep. She believes her because she doesn't think Luna really means any harm in anything she does, she just... thinks she knows everything. It's the Ravenclaw in her, maybe, that lets her believe she knows what Ginny wants more than anyone, more than Ginny herself. What Ginny wants, what Ginny needs. She wakes her with soft touches, a hug, lies beside her in bed and wraps her in her arms, and Ginny is always confused, unable to remember her dreams.

Luna never asks. She doesn't need to, perhaps, because Ginny never really *makes* her stop. She gives in somewhere between soft, watermelon-lip-gloss-flavoured lips closing over hers and smooth fingers finding their way into her knickers. "I'm chasing away the monsters," Luna tells her, "and helping you forget."

Ginny doesn't want her help. Not really. She pushes her away, tells her that this isn't right. That they shouldn't do this because of so many things. Because of Harry. Because her mum and dad are sleeping a few rooms away, and one of her brothers might hear, and because they've only ever just been friends and that's all they'll ever be. Because Ginny doesn't *want* to.

Luna whispers words about loss and remembering and healing, *forgetting*, against her skin as she kisses her way along sunburnt cheeks and freckled shoulders. Her fingers roam under Ginny's thin shirt, nails scraping over soft breasts, and when Ginny stops pushing her away and gives her the resigned, reluctant look she always gives, those same fingers end up where they always end up—one, or two, or three of them plunging into Ginny's wet heat, all awkward angles and aching wrists because of the knickers in the way, while her thumb brushes over her throbbing clit.

It's not supposed to be this way.

It always *is*, but it shouldn't be.

"I don't want to do this anymore. I don't want it to happen again," Ginny says softly when Luna returns to her own bed, and Luna looks at her knowingly in the dim candlelight and tells her, "Yes, you do. You just don't know it yet," and smiles before extinguishing the light.

Most nights Ginny lies awake for hours, wondering if Luna is right, afraid that she is, afraid of what that means. She doesn't really want to sleep anyway, not if she can help it—she might have nightmares. After all, Luna says she always does.