

Laughter

by Hanagasume

She had brought him laughter...

One-shot

Chapter 1 of 1

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She had brought him laughter.

It was hard to believe that, just a year before, he had been alone. So alone and lost within himself that he had cut himself off from everything outside of his house and even his bedroom. The war had obliterated the Wizarding world and with it many lives, families and loved ones. He had lost both of his parents. His heart had been broken. Everything had become grey in his eyes, and he had thought he would never be able to look at the world in colour again. It had taken him three months to build up enough energy to even venture out through the front doors into the garden.

The flowers there, however, would not bloom for him. He read the newspaper every day, searching for something to make it all better again. But there was never anything there. He was friendless, loveless and lifeless.

It wasn't until the fateful day he ventured out of the manor and back into the Wizarding world that Draco Malfoy felt again.

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'Draco Malfoy,' a female voice said to him.

Draco snapped out of the daze that he was in and looked up from the book that he had been browsing. He saw a pretty, young woman with blonde hair standing in front of him, looking at him with wide, blue eyes and smiling as though she was actually glad to see him. Nobody had looked at him that way in a very long time. He knew the girl from somewhere and thought very hard for a moment as to where he could possibly have met her. And then it struck him it was the Lovegood girl that had been at Hogwarts in the year below him. From recollection, all that he remembered was that she had always been quite odd.

'Lovegood?' he asked slowly.

'Yes, that's me,' she said with a grin, seemingly relieved that he knew who she was. 'You looked a little lost.'

'I was just browsing,' he answered.

'I can see that,' Luna replied. 'You haven't been in the Wizarding world for a very long time I was beginning to think you might have died.'

He almost laughed at her bluntness, but he knew she didn't mean to come across that way it was just the way that Lovegood was. 'Well, as you can see, I am not dead at all,' he said quietly.

'That is a relief,' she said, turning on her heel and beginning to drift away dreamily. 'It would have been a great shame if you had died. Goodbye, Draco Malfoy.'

Draco stood, dumbfounded, as she walked away from him. The first person to talk to him that entire day had been Luna Lovegood, and in the space of two minutes, she had managed to gain his attention and then thoroughly confuse him. He left the bookshop not long after and went to find something to eat. That afternoon, he ran into both Hermione Granger and Harry Potter as he was in Quality Quidditch Supplies in Diagon Alley. Both expressed their happiness at seeing him out and about, but all he could think about was odd little Luna Lovegood and her quirky smile.

That evening, after a day of exploring and going to all of the places in Wizarding London that he used to love as a Hogwarts student, he returned to Malfoy Manor. Once he stepped through the front doors and into the house again, the sadness settled over him. It was as though returning to the house was returning to how he should be feeling that he should always mourn for the times when things had been dark and all had been hopeless.

That night, he went to sleep, his mind chaotic with thoughts of loss and of Luna 'Loony' Lovegood.

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Two weeks later, he saw her again.

He had been making trips to London with far more frequency since his first venture out of the house, seeking to find a way to put an end to his depression. The week before, he had gone to Muggle London, going to the museums and seeing all of the things that his father had forbidden him to see his whole life. Some of it had been as boring as any old Wizarding museum, but the ones that had caught his eye were the war memorials of battles fought way before he was even born.

It hadn't struck him before then that non-magical folk still had their own troubles and conflicts to deal with. It was a struggle for him, a pureblood, to be able to accept that the Wizarding world was not the centre of the universe, but he had gone to the Muggle memorial and stood in respectful silence as he took in the motionless photographed faces of each of the lost soldiers from what the Muggles called 'World War Two'.

That week, however, he had ventured into a small art gallery that was tucked away in a smaller lane in Hogsmeade. He had been at Hogwarts earlier in the day, paying a visit to Professor McGonagall, when he decided to go to Hogsmeade village, just like he had on the assigned weekends while at school. Stumbling upon the place, it had drawn him, and he had immediately entered with the feeling that what he was looking for was in that art gallery.

And then he had seen her.

She had been standing with her hands clasped loosely behind her, her wavy, blonde hair flowing all the way down her back, and she seemed to be humming. He saw her from the side, and while his mind was telling him not to even talk to the loony girl, something else pushed him towards her. He could barely stop himself from running into her as he approached.

'Hello, Draco Malfoy,' she said before he had even come within a metre of her.

'How did you know it was me?' he asked, standing beside her and looking up at the painting she was admiring.

'You have an unusual aura about you,' she answered as if that was the most obvious thing to say. 'Are you here to see me?'

'I didn't know that you were here, no,' he answered, holding back a laugh yet again at her boldness of speech. 'I don't exactly make it a habit to follow people I barely know around.'

'I know you very well, Draco Malfoy,' she said, turning to gift him with a small, dreamy smile. 'I don't mind if you want to talk to me.'

'You are a very strange girl, Luna Lovegood,' he said plainly.

She smiled even wider at that, turning back to the painting. 'That's good,' she said simply. 'I'd much rather be a strange girl than an uninteresting girl.'

He couldn't hold back a small chuckle that time. 'Touché,' he said, clasping his hands behind his back in an unintentional mimic of her position.

They had walked around the gallery together after that, talking occasionally and sharing in each other's company. When Draco returned to Malfoy Manor that afternoon, he felt as though a weight had been lifted from his shoulders and that his burden was far less than it had been that morning.

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The pattern of the two bumping into one another at the oddest of places continued until Draco decided to owl her before one of his outings, and so the two would owl each other whenever one of them would discover an interesting place to go.

Draco found himself enjoying Luna Lovegood's company a great deal. She was kind, smarter than she appeared, and accepting of him despite his occasional bouts of depression and snarky days. He in turn became much friendlier and more open about his troubles. She listened with a patient ear and never once tried to pity him. One day, after spending the morning in the London National Gallery, they had had a picnic in a nearby park, and Luna had fallen asleep in the sunlight and heat of the summer's day.

It had been in that moment that Draco had realised that he had feelings for the witch. She was pretty and sweet, and it had been a long time since he had felt anything for anyone but himself. Her presence in his life seemed to melt away any selfishness that he had left in him, and she drove away his depressiveness, giving him something to look forward to every other day of the week.

When they had left the park that day, he had Apparated her to her house, and she had kissed him on the cheek.

The next morning, he returned to her house after a night of restless sleep. After knocking on her door, he paced the porch until she finally opened it, still clad in her short pajama pants and an oversized, cotton shirt.

'You're here to see me,' she stated bluntly.

He nodded. 'I didn't sleep very well last night,' he admitted.

'It was because I kissed you on the cheek, wasn't it?' she asked him simply.

Without a care in the world if anyone heard or saw him, Draco Malfoy laughed, pulling the witch into his arms as he did. 'Yes, Luna, it is,' he said after calming down. 'How did you know?'

She looked up at him and smiled. 'The same way I always know,' she answered softly. 'I didn't sleep very well last night either.'

At this, Draco smiled. 'You're an odd little witch, Luna Lovegood.'

She nodded, pulling his head down to hers for a kiss.

End.