

# Hunting for Nargles

by OzRatbag2

Luna sets out to find that Nargles are not the imaginary creatures everyone else thinks they are.

## Chapter 1

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**Author Notes:** Many thanks to Annie Talbot for betaing this for me. This was written for the lovely Laiksmarei for the just completed Snuna Exchange. Her prompt is at the end of the story.

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Daddy always told me that Nargles were solitary creatures, hard to define and always elusive. He said they were always on the lookout for a tasty snack and that women were the tastiest of all the things for a Nargle. He also said it was really no surprise that women needed to not be alone when hunting for Nargles. They're unpredictable you see, or so I've always been told. I listened to Daddy because he has been right so often. When we were searching for Aquivirius Maggots, he told me where to look, how they would behave and how to effect a capture and release wand movement. He was right in that, and right when we were trapped by Jarveys and Blubbering Humdingers. When we finally managed to find a Heffalump, I was so happy I danced around it under the light of the moon, waving a honey spoon in front of me to subdue my very own Heffalump. He was such a nice Heffalump, friendly and happy whenever a honey pot was left for him.

Then I went to Hogwarts, into Ravenclaw House where Mummy had also lived. She was bright, Daddy was bright and so was I. I'm still bright, but a different sort of bright to most. Looney Luna was my nickname, and it's one I wear with pride. The fact that they didn't understand me, and didn't try for the most part, is how I started to think about hunting Nargles. I owe them (my fellow students) a great debt for helping me find my very own companion Nargle.

I had to wait until my twenty-second summer equinox to see my first Nargle. I heard the unmistakable, or so I thought at the time, sound of an animal being rendered into a snack for something large and predatory, but until I peeked around the canopy, even I wouldn't have believed the sight I was met with. Daddy was right, you know. Nargles do snack on women, but not quite in the way I was led to believe as an impressionable youngster. So, I watched the scene unfolding before me (I couldn't help myself and it was research after all), and just as things were drawing to their inevitable conclusion, I scampered away unsteadily to contemplate just what a Nargle might be able to do for me.

I've had a soft spot for Nargles ever since that strange and invigorating afternoon. You see, Nargles are solitary, elusive and very hard to define. Oh, they have several features that mark them as themselves, but it wasn't until I started to willingly conduct some exhaustive research that I found out how difficult my task was.

Every Nargle is unique, except for several defining features as I've said, and it took ten years of long hard research to find out why. Every Nargle has a nose. I'm being silly again, but bear with me. I'll make it worth your while reading this. We've all got noses, but Nargles have very large noses, some stubby, some pointed, some stern. Well, you get the drift, but most of all, their noses are large. They dominate the face of any Nargle and define them as individuals.

The best Nargles...or perhaps the most dominant ones...use their noses to define their mating call. The intonation and depth at which they cry out adds to their dominance, but unless they've got the nose, they're not worth the trouble as they vie for dominance when they find themselves out Nargled by another more generously proportioned male. Oh, they're fun for a night or three, but until I found Snozz, well, all the Nargles I ever found before him were so-so. Some were better than others, some mumbled

horribly and so ruined the effect quite spectacularly, and some refused point-blank to ever entertain the thought of Nargling with me.

Before I get to Snozz or Snozz gets to me (again), I suppose I'd better outline some of my research statistics. Well, several of them at any rate. Any more than a few and you'll just think I'm making this up.

So, there I was with a dilemma. I wanted a Nargle and I was hoping a Nargle might well want to sample me, but how does one find an elusive and secretive creature with only a few defining features to mark them as something everyone else thinks is imaginary?

You go clubbing, preferably to a Muggle establishment. They seem to flock there like, well, a flock I suppose you could say.

Nargles love nightclubs, so much so that you could almost think that the dank, crowded atmosphere where anything goes is tailor-made for a Nargle. Trust me, they're right at home, and so was I after some initial misunderstandings on my part. But never mind. I got the hang of the whole thing very quickly.

I had incentive.

My first Nargle was a Muggle. He was different, and still a trainee, but as I wasn't exactly experienced, we fumbled around until he uttered the magic call of all Nargles. It was pretty muffled, but that might have had more to do with the fact that he seemed to be having problems breathing.

I added big ears (for the grip) to my list of Nargle traits, and we Nargled quite well together, or so I thought. Come to think of it, looking back, I'm not sure he was a Nargle after all. Oh, he seemed to be enjoying himself (I know I was), but I wonder if I didn't force the Nargle mating call out of him by gripping his ears too tightly? I'm not sure, but my later research was much more satisfying.

I decided then to see if wizards made good Nargles, or perhaps more correctly, if wizards could be Nargles. Incentive works both ways after all.

So, I looked high and low, personally assessing potential Nargles along the way. Then I found him. He was wild looking and a redhead. Now, I will admit that the ginger hair was initially a bit of a turnoff. The thought of ginger pubes was particularly unsettling, but I'd set out on a mission to discover Nargles, and I could hardly quibble about the colour of his hair. After all, that's what wand dye spells are for, isn't it?

So, I approached him with the time-honoured, or so I thought, Nargle invitation.

'Fancy Nargling with me?' I asked him.

He looked a bit perplexed at first (they all do, if I'm honest), but he soon got the gist of what I was asking and was out of his dragon hide trousers so quickly it was plain to see he was eager for a spot of mutual Nargling. He was impressive, ginger and all, and he was pretty good at his Nargling technique, too, if I'm honest. It made me wonder just how someone living in the wilds of Romania could get the practice, but that thought was stalled for several weeks every time he wagged his tongue in my direction. We might have stayed together, but I was always left post-Nargle with the unsettling thought that he preferred his dragons to me. Come to think of it, his mating call always sounded more like drrr-argh-ggggle as opposed to the more correct nn-argh-ggggle. No idea why, but he was usually a bit quicker at those times and often left me feeling half-Nargled. It's not a nice feeling, either.

Sometimes, research is a tiring slog, and sometimes it's a tiring but thoroughly enjoyable slog. I don't know about you, but I most definitely enjoy the latter as opposed to the former.

My next Nargle was also a wizard (there were several no-hopers in between, but the less said the better) and a well known one, too. He showed an interesting variation to every other Nargle I'd researched. He never seemed to want to let go of his broomstick when he Nargled me. He said it was a Firebolt (it looked more like a scraggly half-sized Cleansweep to me), and it niggled, I have to say. He was also awfully hard to understand at times. The language barrier you see, but he seemed willing, and I needed to correlate my research with English and foreign Nargles, so there you go.

Anyway, I'm getting off the track...or Nargle, as the case may be.

I added big feet and big hands to my list of definitive Nargle characteristics with my first foreign Nargle. His inflection and tone with the Nargle call was a bit off putting at first, as was his need to constantly make sure his broom was in easy reach. He was all right, but certainly nothing worth writing home about.

Not that I would, of course. Daddy would have a fit if he thought I was hunting for Nargles by myself (and thoroughly enjoying myself on occasion). Actually, his intonation with the Nargle call tended to result in me being nipped by crooked teeth on occasion. Now, a little nip in a sensitive spot can be quite stimulating at times, but a clumsy nip just made me clamp my thighs together, and that's not conducive to anything really (except suffocating the gormless twat for hurting me mid-Nargling).

I ruled out adding foreign Nargles to my research paper after that disastrous and woefully inadequate Nargle. It seemed to me then that the defining Nargle characteristics, which had until that time been spot-on, needed revising (I know, more research). So, I decided to add a caveat to my research paper so that other Nargle hunters might have clear warning. Most Nargles do have the defining characteristics in abundance, but some, well, they were short-changed (and so was I). I thought you'd appreciate it at the very least.

It took me several months to think about Nargles again, but the Siren song was alluring, and I was in need of a good Nargling after my last disastrous attempt to explore the hidden and unknown (until now) world of the Nargle.

I literally fell over Snozz. Oh, he wasn't called that at the time, but as he gave me a tongue lashing for making him spill his load of (minds out of the gutter for just a little longer, fellow researchers) books, I knew I'd finally found a true Nargle. A big nose, hair askew and showing one generously proportioned ear, largish feet and big hands with slender tapering fingers. It was enough to make me lick my lips in anticipation (and I did, which made him stop mid-tirade). To this day, neither of us is exactly sure how we went from a clothed sprawl in Diagon Alley to a naked sprawl in a small poky room above The Leaky Cauldron.

I love my Nargle, Snozz. He's not fussed on the name and lets me know by sulking on occasion, but when he mates, oh the bliss of Snozz is just something glorious. Something glorious I'm not going to share, either. You see, Nargles mate for life, which I never realised until it was too late. It's a fate I go to willingly, though. All my other research subjects weren't really true Nargles, I've decided. Some were very good at Nargling, or so I thought at the time, but now that I have a true Nargle mate, I've suddenly realised that there is one defining characteristic that sets Snozz apart from the rest of them.

Nargles truly love cunts.

There, I've said it. They love all cunts, except perhaps lazy cunts and mad cunts, or so Snozz keeps telling me. He says I should be very thankful I've never yet had to face a useless cunt. I think he's joking...well, at least I hope he is.

It sounds silly, doesn't it? Like I've made it up, but nothing quite prepared me for the tongue lashing I received from Snozz that first time. He tells me that mutual Nargling is by far the most fun anyone can have naked, but I have to disagree. I know, it's a shock, but after a thorough Nargling, there is nothing more satisfying than the capture and release found through shagging him into the mattress (and vice-versa).

He gets a dopey grin on his face after a good shag, but then he says it's payback for giving me a goofy smile after each Nargling. He's a true experimenter, my Snozz is. He knows just where to tap his nose and make me scream, and his talented tongue twists and swirls between my legs and always leaves me boneless and completely sated.

I never, ever thought I'd make a career of hunting for Nargles, but I'm very glad I happened to find my own companion Nargle. Snozz (or Severus, as you'd know him best of all) has all the endowments of a true Nargle in abundance. I plan to make it my life's work to ensure he never feels the need to Nargle elsewhere.

Oh, and the research paper? Well, Snozz convinced me (Incendio works so well) to shelve that particular project. He said he'd never get a minute's peace if I added all the

best bits about him.

I tend to think he's right, but I had to tell a few of you anyway. I've put the house under a Fidelius, so it's pointless trying to find us.

Nnn-arggg-hhle

In other words...The End.

**Laiksmarei's Prompt:** All her life Luna's suffered from self-inflicted Cyrano Syndrome. Give her a man with a prominent proboscis and she has to have him. Not even Viktor Krum could resist her charm. Now that Luna is no longer Severus' student, will he become another nose-notch on her belt?