

Stress Relief

by linlawless

Neville's first week as Gryffindor Head of House leaves him feeling very tense; Luna suggests a remedy for this situation. Written for the September 2010 Potter PrOn Prompts Live Journal.

A One-Shot

Chapter 1 of 1

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A/N: The theme for this month was "Teachers" and the prompt was "back to school." I decided to see if I could write a different pairing from my OTP ... let me know what you think! Thanks to Atuliel (a.k.a. dajem) for the beta read.

Neville couldn't believe how stressful the first week of school had been this year. He had known the new set of Weasley twins were likely to stir the cauldron, but even with his guard up, they had successfully perpetrated pranks on several fellow students, a few Hogwarts professors, and even, on one memorable occasion, Peeves.

And this was just their first week at Hogwarts.

Apparently, they were determined to put their legendary uncles to shame, and it was Neville's job to deal with them. He was beginning to suspect that Minerva had seen their names on this year's ledger and promptly decided to retire. He couldn't really blame her, he supposed, but it made for quite a first week as Gryffindor's new Head of House.

Now, Neville waited outside the Three Broomsticks for his friends. He wasn't sure what he would say to them – Ron and Lavender would be there, after all, and he couldn't tell them their darling angels were already wreaking more havoc than Ron's brothers ever had.

Moments after he had found a table large enough to accommodate all of them, Luna arrived, looking luminous and wraith-like in turquoise robes. She gave him her usual dreamy look, then said abruptly, "We should have sex."

Neville, startled, said, "Sex?" then mentally hexed himself. When a pretty woman suggested sex, a smart man did not question his good fortune.

But Luna, unperturbed, said, "Yes, sex."

"Um, okay," Neville said, still too shocked to say anything coherent or to stop questioning this astounding suggestion. "Er ... why?"

Her look said clearly that he should know, but she said patiently, "You look tense. I've heard sex is good for stress relief. You and Hannah just broke up, so I assume you have no partner."

"Oh, right," Neville said, trying to sound as nonchalant as Luna did and not questioning how she knew about his break-up of only a week ago, after five years of dating. "Where shall we go?"

"We can Apparate to my flat."

"All right." Neville stood and offered his hand, forgetting all about their friends, who were sure to miss them before long. "Let's go."

When they arrived moments later, Neville didn't bother looking around, having been here several times previously. He let Luna lead him through the hodgepodge of plants and curios that comprised her décor. They arrived at her bedroom, and she immediately began undressing. Neville, arrested at the sight, simply watched her. She seemed entirely unconcerned about revealing herself to him, which he suddenly found utterly erotic. He felt his body stir.

When she was naked, she approached slowly, gesturing vaguely toward his robes. "May I help you with that?"

"Oh ... er, sure," Neville said awkwardly as she reached for the clasp. "Sorry, I got distracted." She smiled, removing his robes and tugging his rugby shirt over his head while he worked the buttons of his trousers. She seemed pleased when his body was fully revealed to her – she immediately began running her hands over his chest, then gave him a surprisingly strong push, which fortunately landed him on the bed. She climbed up behind him and began massaging his shoulders.

He felt himself begin to relax, then Luna began sprinkling little kisses and nips along his neck and shoulder. His arousal grew rapidly, until he decided it was time to participate more actively. He turned around and gently pushed Luna onto her back. He followed, kissing her for the first time. He spent several long moments making love to her mouth, while exploring her torso with one hand and propping himself up slightly with the other. Meanwhile, she ran her hands over his back and met his kisses with her own.

He pulled his mouth from hers and began learning her body with his lips and tongue. She tasted as sweet as she smelled – the scent reminded him of incense and mystery. She was responding beautifully, and he absently noted his surprise at how focused and passionate she seemed – who could know her dreamy persona concealed such intensity?

When he reached her core, she moaned loudly, calling his name. He licked her slit experimentally, finding it wet and delicious. This elicited another moan, which pleased him so much that he repeated the action several times, before closing his lips over her bud and sucking gently. He was delighted when she convulsed with pleasure around him.

He kissed his way back up her body, and as his lips closed over hers, he thrust into her in one quick motion. He swallowed her gasp, then forced himself to hold still as he waited for her to adjust to the feel of him filling her. When she wrapped her legs around his waist, he took that as his cue to move.

She met his thrusts eagerly, and the passionate noises she was making drove Neville's arousal higher than he could ever remember. Gradually, he increased his pace until he felt her tighten around him as she screamed her pleasure.

Her orgasm seemed to go on and on, sweeping him along in its wake, and he heard himself shout as he pumped his completion into her, then collapsed, barely retaining the presence of mind to avoid crushing her beneath him.

When the ability to form a coherent thought finally returned, he realized that she was gently stroking her fingers up and down his back. He lifted himself enough to kiss her gently, then smiled down at her. She gave him a dreamy smile in return, then asked lightly, "Feeling better?"

"Much," he answered. "You're right, sex *is* good for stress relief. And with Ron's girls in Gryffindor for the next seven years, I suspect I'm going to have a *lot* of stress."

"On the positive side," she replied, answering his unspoken question with a smile, "we'll be able to engage in *dot* of stress relief."

Neville grinned and kissed her again. "That we will," he said, pleased at the prospect. "Ready for another go?"