

Close Encounters

by sunny33

Auror Lovegood believes she was abducted by aliens. Beautiful, sensual, well-equipped aliens...

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Chapter 1 of 1

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"Luna! Luna! Wake up!"

That voice is annoying. Really annoying.

"Go away. Don't want to wake up."

"Auror Lovegood!"

Dammit! "WHAT?"

"Thank Merlin. You must have been unconscious for hours. Whatever did they do to you?"

Nothing I didn't want them to do... "What? Nothing. They were perfect gentlemen... er gentlespacemen... gentlealiens..."

"Spacemen?"

"Spacemen. From a galaxy far, far away. At the end of the Universe. Phone home." *Did I leave them my address. Merlin, I hope I left them my address.*

"She's been watching too many old Muggle movies. I warned Hermione not to show her those. She knows Luna believes everything she sees on that television thing."

"Well, you're married to her, Ronald. Couldn't you have hidden those movies when Luna came to visit?"

"I would have, Kingsley, but I didn't know how to open that cabinet thing she keeps them in."

"I presume you tried *Alohomora*?"

"Er..."

"Never mind that now, what about Luna?"

"Yes, of course, Harry. We need to get her thoroughly checked over. Who knows what those bastards have put her through."

Why can't they be happy for me? They're obviously feeling put out because I was chosen. It must have been my affinity for Blibbering Humdingers that marked me. "Don't need check over. Jus' leave me alone." I wish they'd come back and take me away again.

"No, Luna. You're obviously traumatised. You need help."

"No! I want my aliens!"

"Aliens? Luna, you must be still Confunded. There were no aliens."

"Yes, there were. Beautiful aliens with silver and black hair and long fingers and velvet voices and..."

"And what, Luna?"

"Why is she smiling like that, Kingsley? Luna?"

"They were big. Really big. Bigger than any I've ever seen."

"Who was big?"

"Not who. What."

"Dammit, Luna. What was big?"

"Their penises. They were huge. I wonder why people on Hermione's television always complained about the probe. It was fun."

"Luna, did Hermione show you those programs about alien abductions?"

"Programs? They were silly. My aliens were much more civilised. They had champagne and truffles and chocolate. And peacocks. Lots of white peacocks. I think they'd attract Nagles though. Harry? Why are you pale? Do you want to lie down? I think Harry's sick, Kingsley."

"Ron, did Luna have anything to drink at lunch before she went to Malfoy Manor?"

"Only a glass of wine, Harry. Why?"

"You know she can't tolerate alcohol, you idiot! That's why she never drinks it. Hang on, why did she drink it?"

"Er... Someone might have told her it was grape juice."

"Someone?"

"Yes, well, strictly speaking, it is grape juice."

"So, Luna went on an important investigation to Malfoy Manor under the influence of alcohol?"

"Well, yes, I suppose so."

"And you didn't think there was a problem with that?"

"No. She told me to go back to the office and finish the paperwork."

"Oh, stop whining, Ron. And leave him alone, Harry. I don't know why you two are so concerned about Malfoy Manor. I..."

"You remember going there?"

"Not exactly. But I'm sure it all went fine. The aliens must have found me after I left. Yes, that was it."

"Luna."

"Yes, Kingsley?"

"You disappeared yesterday afternoon. No-one has been able to contact you, by owl or Patronus. It was merely by chance we Floo'ed here to your flat and found you unconscious on your bed."

"Well, that's because the aliens were considerate enough to bring me home."

"How do you explain this, then?"

"What?"

"This note."

Dearest Miss Lovegood

We hope you were as pleased with the outcome of your interrogation as we were. You were charming and delightful and left us with many outstanding memories. Please feel free to call again whenever you are passing, and we will endeavour to accommodate your every desire.

Once again, our thanks,

Lucius Malfoy and Severus Snape.

"Oh."

"Indeed."

"No spaceship?"

"No."

"No aliens?"

"No."

"Just wizards? Ordinary wizards?"

"Yes."

"I think you should still come with us for a check over, Luna. Luna! Where are you going?"

"Where do you think? I need a bath and a change of clothes. I obviously have more interrogating to do. Just see yourselves out, will you, boys?"

Saturday Night Drabble prompt from Pennfana: Luna thinks she's been abducted by aliens. What really happened?

Thanks to KingPhilipsWench for the beta.