

A Little Advice Goes a Long Way

by sunny33

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Chapter 1 of 1

Luna Lovegood is out hunting for Snorkacks when she comes across two Slytherins in a bit of a pickle.

A/N: They're not mine. They belong to JKR. Not that she would be this cruel to them.

Something was wrong. All around her, the forest was silent. Too silent. No moose calling in the distance, no birds singing, and no foxes scurrying away into the undergrowth.

Nothing.

She stopped walking and slowly turned, peering through the dappled green into the depths of the Tylöskog. A gentle breeze rustled the canopy, and somewhere nearby the sound of water tumbling over rocks could be heard. But not one living thing made its presence felt.

Except one.

"Fucking Merlin's fucking pock-marked, hairless fucking scrotum! Bloody, fucking, know-it-all witch! If I had a wand..."

It certainly wasn't a Snorkack, crumple-horned or otherwise. The voice was oddly familiar, a sort of melted chocolate crossed with prune juice sort of a sound.

Then another voice joined in.

"Now, now, old boy, you can't blame her for everything. You could have said no. I, for one, certainly enjoyed myself no end, and I suspect if you stopped worrying about the stickiness all over your thighs, you would admit the same."

This one was more the lemon meringue pie type. Sweet and rich, but with a little bite.

She crept up to the bush from which the voices emanated. As she drew nearer, the argument continued.

"Of course I enjoyed it. I wouldn't have this bloody mess to deal with if I bloody hadn't. And stop smirking. It spoils your pretty face."

"Really! You'd think after the first decent orgasm he'd had for years, except those by his own hand, a man would be grateful."

Circling the shrub slowly, she found the source of the noise that had silenced the forest.

"Hello, Professor Snape and Mr Malfoy. Whatever are you two doing here? I hope you're not looking for Snorkacks, because I've found very little sign of them so far."

"Does it look like we're hunting for Snor-whatevers, Miss...?"

"Lovegood. Her name is Lovegood. Luna Lovegood. I used to teach her at Hogwarts."

"That's right, Professor. I'm so pleased you remember me."

"How could I forget all the trouble you helped cause in your sixth year, girl?"

"Yes, well. We had good reason for what we did. Just as you did, sir. Of course, I knew you were still on our side, unless the Nargles had infested you. But I never saw any around, so..."

"Nargles, Severus? What is the girl on about? Is she a little... touched, perhaps?"

"No, Lucius. Miss Lovegood is a very intelligent young woman. A Ravenclaw, no less. She just has a rather unique view of the world."

"Excuse me, sirs, but may I ask why you're both naked and bound together. It can't be very comfortable, and I really should tell you I can see both of your penises. Not that I'm complaining, of course they are quite splendid. Professor Snape's particularly."

"Would you stop staring at our genitals, woman! It's quite unseemly."

"Oh, no, sir. It's quite natural for a young woman like myself to find an aroused man's penis interesting. It's a biological impulse that promotes the procreation of the species. Why, if a woman wasn't the least bit interested when she saw a man's erection, we would just die out. That would be most unfortunate."

"Severus. Aroused? Again?"

"You flatter yourself, Lucius. If you'd stop moving and rubbing yourself against me, maybe I wouldn't have an ex-student studying my cock like a scientific exhibit."

"Don't stop on my account. I'll just sit here on this flat rock and observe quietly. I've never seen two men engaging in sexual activity, you see. It's quite educational."

"We're *not*... ahh... yes... engaging... oh god... in sexual... bloody Merlin... activit... eeeeeahhhmmmm!"

"Severus. If you're quite finished performing for Miss Lovegood, I believe you owe me... Yes. Yesss. Yessssss!"

"Fucking hell. She's taking notes!"

"Of course. I always write down interesting experiences. Perhaps you'll be able to explain why you're here now you've both calmed down."

"Not until you stop looking."

"I only want to see what they look like flaccid. They're quite a bit smaller, aren't they?"

"Miss Lovegood!"

"Yes, sir!"

"Eyes up!"

"I'm finished for now. You were going to explain..."

"As I was about to say, we had the misfortune to antagonise one of your erstwhile schoolmates. She took us unawares, disarmed and bound us, removed our clothes, and sent us here by Portkey. Wherever *here* is. Before she activated the Portkey, she *kindly* informed us we would return when 'we got a clue.' Whatever that means."

"Tylöskog."

"Pardon?"

"Tylöskog Forest, Sweden. That's where you are. I presume it was Hermione Granger who sent you here. She's the only former classmate of mine who has the skill and the temper to do this."

"Precisely."

"What exactly did you two do to offend her? It's not unlike Hermione to do something drastic when she loses her temper, but it does take a lot of provocation. You didn't offer her a house-elf, I hope."

"No, Miss Lovegood. Severus and I merely had a small disagreement, which she unfortunately overheard."

"More like a blazing row."

"Why would your argument upset her so much?"

"Because it was about her, you inquisitive creature. We were both courting her, and neither would step aside. Will you *stop* that!"

"Sorry. Can't help it. It looks even bigger this time. Does it hurt?"

"No. Well, it's a little uncomfortable if it's like that for too long without release. Fuck! Why am I discussing this with you?"

"Because I asked nicely? Do you usually keep getting erections so soon after you have climaxed, Professor? And you, Mr Malfoy? I see yours is moist again at the tip."

"No. We suspect she's hexed us with some sort of lust charm. I'd never have..."

"But you did. And I doubt Hermione would do that."

Luna patiently watched and waited as the two men once again lost focus. Several minutes, many grinding thrusts against each other's legs, and a few groans later, they reached yet another sticky, embarrassed conclusion.

"I don't know why you don't just use your hands. It would be a lot more efficient."

"Because... because..."

"You'd have to admit you really want to touch each other's penises." Luna rolled her eyes and shook her head. "Honestly, you really *do* need to get a clue."

"What? If you're so bloody insightful, do you think you could enlighten us? If you hadn't noticed, it's getting rather chilly now, and there are rather too many insects interested in the... er... substances coating our thighs."

"I notice they've shrunk more this time. Cold air does have an effect. I thought that was just Harry making excuses."

"Severus. Did she just compare our genitals to Potter's?"

"Indeed, Lucius. My day is finally complete. I'd celebrate with a drink if I could *fucking get out of here!*"

"No need to shout, Professor. You might disturb one of the brown bears that lurk in these woods."

"Bears?"

"Yes, bears. Big ones. Now, I need to ask, did Hermione lead either of you to believe she fancied you?"

"Yes."

"Yes."

"I see. So, she fancied you both but couldn't choose?"

"It appears so."

"You really don't get it, do you?"

"No, we don't. Please, Miss Lovegood?"

"She fancies you both. You obviously have some attraction for each other; the insects will testify to that. If she can't pick one of you over the other..."

"She wants both of us?"

"At once?"

"Finally! I thought we'd be here all night. Oh, look, your Portkey's glowing. Have fun!"

And with a pop, the two naked, astounded, and once again aroused men disappeared.

Luna smiled and pulled out her wand. "*Expecto Patronum!*" she shouted. Her silver hare leaped about in glee as she related the message to give to Hermione Granger.

"Mission accomplished."

A/N: Saturday Night Drabble prompt from MuseAmusant: While on another Snorkack-hunting expedition, Luna stumbles across a pair of Slytherins in distress and offers her unique perspective on their quandary.

Many thanks to quaffswinegaily, who looked over this for me.