

Handstands on the Lawn

by blue artemis

Luna attempts to cheer Draco up.

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Chapter 1 of 1

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A/N: written for stefdarlin for the hp_con envy. Prompt: Draco/Luna, thestrals and dirigible plums. Many thanks to pennfanna for the beta!

"They are hauntingly beautiful, aren't they?" Luna asked, laying a delicate hand on the shoulder of the young man leaning against the tree watching the Thestrals.

Draco looked over his shoulder at the fey-like girl talking to him. "Why are you talking to me? Almost everyone ostracizes me. You and Granger are the only ones who do with any sincerity."

Luna considered him, leaning her head from shoulder to shoulder to see him from different angles. "Because I want to. Because I like to discover new things. Because I can see things that most people miss."

Draco took her hand and held it up to his cheek. "I'm not certain of the Thestrals, Luna. But you're certainly hauntingly beautiful."

Luna looked at him sharply, her eyes fierce in a way he had never seen them, all her focus on him. Then her features softened. "You mean it, don't you?"

Draco nodded, almost shyly.

"You remind me of a dirigible plum. They start off hard and sour, only good to keep things away from the parent tree, but when they ripen, they learn to float, and they are sweet and pungent."

"Are you saying I smell?" Draco asked.

Luna sniffed. "Not quite yet, but you're getting there." She grinned at him. "So, have you ever wondered what the castle looks like upside down?" She promptly did an absolutely graceless handstand, giggling as she tumbled to the grass.

As Hermione later claimed, that day was the beginning of the change. She noticed it when she came outside and found Draco, Luna and most of the new First Years competing to see who could do the best handstand on the lawn near the edge of the forest.