

Luna Lovegood and the Melancholic Cephalopod

by sunny33

Luna makes a new friend.

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Chapter 1 of 1

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Disclaimer: They're not mine. Even Marvin belongs to someone else.

Sitting on a rock by a remote shore of the lake, eyes spilling tears withheld for as long as she could remember, Luna Lovegood rested her chin in her hands and gazed without seeing at the gentle undulations of the water. One lesson with Amycus Carrow had succeeded where five years of taunts and missing shoes had failed; Luna's carefully constructed serenity had been smashed into humiliated shards. If only he hadn't mentioned her mother.

Her sobs had not long faded into occasional whimpers when her senses registered an unfamiliar voice drifting across the water.

"And she thinks *she's* depressed. I could teach her a thing or two about depression. I've been depressed longer than..."

Luna's tears dried on her cheeks as her mind engaged with the conundrum of just whom she was hearing. "Who's there?"

"Oh, *now* she condescends to notice me. As if I haven't been swimming around in this bloody freezing lake for hundreds of years." The voice continued to address no-one in particular. "The first century was the worst, and then the second century; that was the worst too. The third century I didn't enjoy at all. After that, I went into a bit of a decline."

"Who are you? I can't see anything but the Giant Squid." Luna squinted as she peered over the lake, looking for the source of the voice.

The Giant Squid lifted a tentacle in what could have been described as a disconsolate wave in a more sentient creature.

"Over here. In the water."

Frowning, Luna stared at the Giant Squid, now definitely waving. "You're a squid. You can't possibly talk."

"I'm a Giant Squid. A *magical* Giant Squid. Does no-one ever wonder why a sea creature is inhabiting a fresh-water lake? Honestly, what do they teach you children nowadays?"

"Transfiguration, Charms, Potions... Oh. Well, I'm Luna. What's your name?"

"Marvin. That's right, laugh. Everyone else does. Not that I've had the opportunity to chat much in the last century. Mostly, people just toss rocks at me and point or make

gormless faces. The best conversation I've had in the last two hundred years was with a lost trout named Ford Prefect. But he left. Everyone always leaves. I think you ought to know I'm feeling very depressed." Marvin swam into the shallow water near the young witch.

Luna edged closer to the waves lapping the shore. "I'm sorry you feel sad, Marvin. What's wrong?"

"What's wrong? Apart from the usual: Life, the Universe and Everything?" Marvin sighed a long drawn-out stream of bubbles type of sigh.

"Apart from that, yes." Luna allowed herself a little smile.

"I didn't ask to be torn from my home and shoved in this lake, you know. No-one consulted me or my feelings on the matter. I don't think it even occurred to them I might have feelings. They just decided it would be a fine idea for their fancy new school to have a magical Giant Squid inhabiting the lake, and here I was. No consultation whatsoever." More bubbles drifted to the surface.

"Haven't you made any friends since you've been here? Not one?" Luna knew the feeling well from her first lonely years at Hogwarts.

"With this lot? Here I am, brain the size of a small planet, and I swim around in this blasted lake all day, listening to the inane gabbling of the merpeople and the ravings of the occasional grindylow. Your fellow students are no better. Call that job satisfaction? 'Cause I don't." With a final expulsion of bubbles, Marvin sunk to the sandy bottom and prepared himself for a Giant-Squid-sized sulk. Once, he'd sulked for three and a half years, only surfacing when he'd had enough of the taste of lake bottom scum.

Unwilling to let the fascinating creature go, Luna called, "Wait, Marvin! Don't go yet!" She paced the shore for a few minutes until a black eye surfaced and glared at her. "Please, Marvin. I'd like to get to know you better. Don't run away."

Six weeks and many satisfying conversations later, Luna found herself once more at the lake edge. Tossing a pebble into the lake their agreed signal she waited patiently for her friend to surface. With a great plop, Marvin appeared and turned his morose countenance toward her.

"Hi. How are you?" she asked with a smile.

"Oh, fine, if you happen to like being me, which, personally, I don't."

Luna's smile broadened. She had discovered how to deal with the pessimistic cephalopod some weeks earlier. "I don't suppose I'd like being you either, Marv, but I do like you."

"Don't call me Marv. It's... demeaning."

"Tosh. It's affectionate. You do like affection, don't you?"

"I can't say I have any idea. I haven't experienced any before."

Luna's smile drooped. "Someone must have loved you. What about your mum and dad?"

"I'm magical, but I'm still a squid, Luna. Five minutes of fun and they both perished in the cold and lonely sea. Squids die after mating."

Her forehead demonstrated her confusion. "But you said you'd been here since Hogwarts was founded. Does that mean you've never...?"

"Do you see a female Giant Squid around here? And how many times do I have to repeat myself? I'm magical. The usual rules don't apply. Otherwise, I'd have lasted only a few years. Fat lot of good I'd have been as the exotic creature in the lake then. I don't even bother to pleasure myself anymore. I'm too depressed."

Luna flushed as somewhere in her nether regions a little tingle developed. "You... pleasure yourself?"

Marvin would have raised an eyebrow if he'd had one. "Hundreds of years of boredom in this lake, and you don't expect a fellow to have the odd wank?"

The tingle became a distinctive hum. Squirming a little, Luna let out a tiny moan. "I suppose I'd never thought of it. So, how do you...?"

The squid sunk a little lower in the water. Soon, the wavelets lapping the shore had a distinct rhythmic quality, matching the movement of a tentacle or two.

"Marvin! You're not... doing it?" The hum stepped up its intensity, radiating to the two embarrassingly pert nipples under her thin school blouse.

"What if I am? No-one would be interested." He turned to face away from the shore.

Luna, always one for experimentation, made a decision. Quietly slipping off her skirt and blouse, followed by her bra and knickers, she stepped into the water. Wading out to chest-depth, she startled Marvin as she spoke behind him. "Maybe I would be."

His spin in the water nearly swamped her. "W-what? Why are you in the lake? And where are your clothes?" An exploratory tentacle reached out and brushed the naked skin of her waist.

"I didn't think I'd need them," she replied as she swam around to get a better view of what Marvin had been doing. Fingers brushed surprisingly velvety skin, causing a shudder in the muscle beneath. "I'm sorry. Did I hurt you?"

"Quite the contrary. I suspect my depression is beginning to recede. Please, do it again." Marvin's voice had become somewhat sultry for a squid.

Stroking the tentacle now curled around her waist, Luna lifted the sucker-covered tip to her breast. The gentle suction on her nipple exploded through her body as she moaned... loudly.

"I apologise. I shall not do that again."

"Stop and I'll give you good reason to be depressed!" Luna straddled another tentacle with her thighs, thrusting in a vain attempt to relieve the near-unbearable pressure.

"Will this help?" Marvin extended a delicate tentacle tip between her legs, drawing a line of fire up her inner thigh to the swollen bundle of nerves desperate for direct contact.

"Oh, yes!"

Rubbing and swirling around, then delving further back into her sweet, moist heat, he moaned himself. For the first time in centuries, Marvin the Giant Squid was enjoying himself.

As tentacles wound around each limb in a tender caress, and yet another tip explored her posterior orifice, Luna noticed a long, firm appendage appearing between her thighs. Counting the two undulating limbs embracing her and the two visible on the water's surface, Luna gasped.

"Marvin? I thought squids only had ten tentacles."

"That is correct."

"Then what is...?" Luna's question stalled as her endorphin-soaked brain caught up with her eyes. "Oh, my."

"Is there a problem?"

"It's three feet long!"

"What? Three and a half, if you please." Even centuries-old magical Giant Squids had male egos to pamper.

"Whatever. It's not going to fit!" Luna's thighs attempted to clamp together, defeated by the tentacles winding around her legs and those causing delightful havoc within her.

"Do not fear, my tentacle will suffice for the job." He demonstrated his point admirably, thrusting several times in quick succession, bringing Luna almost to ecstasy, then holding her there on the brink as he continued. "May I request a little hands-on contact, perhaps?"

Never one to deny such a sincere plea, Luna wrapped both hands around the organ now pressed against her belly. Firm strokes up and down rewarded her with renewal of the thrusting within. And for an ancient, virgin cephalopod, Marvin had marvellous technique.

"Oh, gods, Marvin!"

"Luna!"

The few students still wandering the shores nearer the school stilled as a high-pitched squeal and a deep bass rumble echoed across the suddenly choppy water. As the mysterious sounds abated, Neville Longbottom turned to Ginny Weasley. "The merpeople are rowdy today."

She shrugged. "Yep. So, where's Luna been hiding lately?"

"No idea. Do you think she's gone and found herself a boyfriend?"

"Luna? You're kidding, right? She's more interested in weird magical creatures."

"Wonder what she sees in them."

A/N: Don't blame me. I hold keppiehed wholly responsible for this. Thanks to kittylefish, who bravely betaed.

Many of Marvin's lines are shamelessly nicked from Marvin the paranoid android in *The Hitchhiker's Guide to the Galaxy* and its sequels.