

A Magical Creature Like None Other: Rara Avis

by nagandsev

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Rara Avis

Chapter 1 of 2

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Knockturn Alley, London, Winter, 2002

The snow was falling heavily. None of the denizens noticed a heavily snow-covered lump in the dark alleyway of Knockturn Alley. And if they did, they didn't care. Nothing of value would be found. Surely the now derelict of a former posh wizard had been rolled and stripped of anything of possible value and left to the elements. His number was up.

* L*

Lucius felt the weight of the snowfall slowly piling up on his body. He couldn't move from weakness, not having eaten anything in days. And now, he had grown too numb from the cold to care, both physically and mentally. The elements of life had taken their toll. He resigned himself to the futility of hope. *And so it all ends this way...*

Lucius closed his eyes for the last time.

L

Breasts. Firm and round they were, pressed into him. The nipples pointed and hard. And a warm, fuzzy heat was lying on top of his groin. He felt himself stir. And her entire body, hot and lithe, the pulsing muscles flexing and curving, molded into his form.

He fluttered his eyes as soft hair was felt on his rough, unshaven face, and the scent of a woman and her warm, sweet breath was encompassing him. The body lay snuggled on him; both seemed to be covered by layers of material. *Duvets, no, sheaths of wool, heavy and incubating...*

He broke out in a sweat.

* L*

Lucius' eyes fluttered opened slowly.

He had the strangest sensation of something warm and rubbery thrumming under his armpits and on his groin. Thick, heated blankets seemed to cover him. He felt like he was in a cocoon of throbbing wool. His eyes widened as he took a deep breath, taking in what he saw around him. The walls were curved and formed into a high dome that seemed to be charmed with the night sky full of stars.

He took a deep breath and had the impulse to sit up, but stopped upon hearing a voice.

"Try not to move. Your sympathetic nerve excitation still needs to moderate." A witch with protuberant eyes and golden, long hair came into view. "Nothing that a little Gurdyroot infusion and Plimpy soup can't help."

Lucius struggled to focus on her.

"Of course, each needs to be given separately, as one repels the other in each one's living, corporeal form," she continued conversationally. The witch was beaming, absolutely beaming. She gave him a small smile. "Welcome back to the land of the living."

He blinked and momentarily thought she was a vision. A distant memory *Am I dreaming? Hallucinating? Yet again? I should be dead.*

The witch studied him carefully for several seconds, and he could only stare back at her. *Where the hell am I?*

Finally, she spoke, asking, "How many fingers am I holding up?"

He stared at her three fingers, confused. *What? Does she think I'm an imbecile?*

"What's your name?"

A sudden spark of resentment shot through him. Memories flooded his mind. Bellatrix shrieking. The Dark Lord venting, torture curses flying. This very same witch was the one and same young woman in child-like clothing cowering and weeping in a dungeon corner of his manor years ago. Then the final battle, searching for Draco among the dead, being arrested, incarcerated, Dementors... *Azkaban! Azkaban the second time around...*

Yes, it all was coming back to him. He knew who she was, who he was, what he was... A marked wizard, released but a few months beforehand from prison, wandless, homeless, shunned from wizarding society, marginally surviving on the scraps and conditional scurvy services asked of the dubious likes of seedy wizards, such as Borgin the shopkeeper, procurers of any and all vices of customers searching for their fix in the dark alleyways of Knockturn Alley.

Lucius grimaced, found his voice and rasped, "You know very well who I am."

Incongruously, she gave him another small smile and replied, "True. I do, but the question is do you?"

He ground his teeth, feeling the rugged hardness of enamel against enamel, his jaw muscles clenched. He stared balefully around him, past the golden-haired witch's aura, studying again the high-domed enchanted ceiling, and reflected on the soft feminine colours of the interior decor mixed contrastingly with earth tones, dark and soothing. The scent of freshly brewing herbs and spices could be detected. His nostrils flared as he met her gaze again, his grey eyes boring into her silvery-grey ones.

He detected a hint of defiance in her unwavering stare, and he weakened.

"Malfoy. Lucius Malfoy," he answered hoarsely. He arched an eyebrow and challenged, "Well?"

She cocked her head and blinked, watching him carefully.

He pushed. "Aren't you going to call the Aurors? Tell them..." He became frustrated and lost his train of thought momentarily.

"Why should I call the Aurors?" She added, "You're a free man, Mr Malfoy."

"Because...because..." *I know who you are too, girl. I know what you suffered, what you endured as a Death Eater's prisoner in my...my manor, my home. No. I haven't any home anymore. But then... back then... the Dark Lord...*

His rambling thoughts were interrupted by her gentle voice again.

"I knew who you were when I found you." She had a wistful look in her eyes and stated simply, "A magical creature."

"A magical creature?"

"As rare as the Crumple-Horned Snorkack. A magical creature in need of help."

"You should have left me to die." He snarled, "I didn't ask for your help."

"True. But you needed it just the same."

He wriggled a minuscule in agitation. "So now I'm in your debt? Your prisoner of sorts?"

"You're a free man," she repeated.

A trenchant spark of amusement shot forth from deep within Lucius. "A free man? Oh, you are good, aren't you, Miss Lovegood." Her unflinching, calm demeanour struck a chord inside him. His eyes flickered over her from head to toe. *She is a lovely, confident woman now, not the scrawny, frightened schoolgirl...* "Or is it Mrs somebody now?"

"Oh, no. It's still Miss. Rolf and I agreed not to be labelled in our affections and relations with one another."

"Rolf?"

"Scamander."

Scamander? Lucius struggled to place the surname; it vaguely rung a bell.

"One could say he's a free spirit. A wizarding naturalist like me. And a magizoologist. And brilliant. Quite brilliant."

"I'm sure," he harrumphed, inexplicably irked at her absolute admiration of this other wizard.

"Rolf and Daddy are currently on a Crumple-Horned Snorkack expedition in Sweden."

"How nice."

She peered at him serenely for a few seconds and then announced, "Time for your bath."

"For my what?"

"First, I'll just remove the heating pads underneath your arms and lower abdomen." She stood and bent over him, slowly pulling back the thick blankets; her sweet fragrance filled his nostrils, and a pleasurable sensation coursed throughout his body. But then, seeing his own emaciated, naked body caused an embarrassed flare of panic within him.

"Don't touch me!" he growled. Seeing her puzzled look, he tried to cover his discomfort by pointing out again, "You know who I am."

"You are Lucius Malfoy."

"*What* I am. You remember what I am. Don't play stupid, Miss Lovegood. You of all people. *Surely she remembers! What, was she Obliviated?*

For she seemed oblivious as she explained, "If I have to put a charm on you, I will. I'd rather not. Given your delicate condition, it might set you back a bit. But I've got a regime that I follow. As all magizoologists know, regime is everything."

"So that's what I am to you? That's why you saved me? As a specimen?"

Her demeanour remained unflappable, as his snarling didn't change her serene, dreamy expression, informing him, "The thermal water with crystals is part of your recovery therapy."

Lucius huffed, resigned to the fact that he was at her mercy, feeling helplessly weak. He watched her as she gently raised each of his sinewy arms and removed each respective heating pad. It was with a strange embarrassment that he felt his cock twitch and raise at her touch. Even more so as she pulled back the blankets further to remove a large heating pillow on his groin.

She seemed aware of his self-consciousness about his body, saying, "There's nothing to be ashamed of. It's only natural that the body responds to being touched. We were created for it."

"Oh, really, Miss Lovegood? Pray tell."

"Where there's a need, there's a need. It's human nature. It wouldn't be the first time that I touched you, Mr Malfoy," she softly reminded him as she covered him again.

Ah, does she remember everything? Lucius sneered. "Attending to me as you are, aren't you afraid I'm going to do you harm?"

She asked calmly, "Do you wish to harm me, Mr Malfoy?"

And there it was, she did remember. She hadn't been Confused, nor her memory erased, or any other alteration to her mind.

Lucius winced. Her clear silvery-grey eyes stared directly into his again.

Yes, they both knew exactly what each was remembering.

Malfoy Manor, Winter, 1997-1998

Lucius shivered in his chamber from the aftermath of the Dark Lord's punishment that particular evening. His wand was broken; his back scarred and bleeding from lashings. He felt utterly broken, impotent. No other Death Eater would look him in the eye. He couldn't look himself in the eye, as far as that went.

He had barely been able to walk, drag himself up the stairs to the solace of his room.

It was with dull relief that no one cared or was allowed to follow after him. Not Narcissa. Not Draco. The Dark Lord had decreed that his wife and son would be kept separate and forbade them and anyone else to have contact with Lucius.

Except Bella.

His chamber door blasted open, and Bellatrix swept in, tugging a body with her.

She threw the form on the floor at his feet and swept over to him. She licked his face as he stared down at the broken girl at his feet. Touching his cock, Bella whispered, "Thought you might be feeling a little down, Lucius, my love."

She moistened her lips, her eyes glittering.

"Here's something to fuck...a blood-traitor's daughter. And maybe something to help you clean those lovely lashes the Master gave you. Better than a filthy house-elf touching you, hmm?" She cackled wildly and then abruptly stopped, glowering at him. "Clean yourself up, Lucius. You've become quite negligent. Be ready. Don't want to displease our Lord again, do we? He might not be so merciful next time."

With that, Bellatrix swept out of the room.

The girl's soft whimpering drew his attention to her, but he slowly backed away, his back stinging with every movement, bleeding anew from the open wounds.

His legs made contact with the four-postered bedframe, and he gingerly felt for the mattress. He started to sit but shot straight up again. "Argh! Fuck!" he yelled.

His buttocks had not escaped the whip's lashes, and the dried stripped cloth clung to his bloody wounds, tore at his flesh further. The Dark Lord had thrashed him through his clothing. And now the dried cloth intermingled with his wounded flesh and was excruciatingly painful. *Fuck it all!*

He twisted and stumbled towards the bathroom, leaning upon the wall. *Must make my way to the en suite, peel off the cloth. Need water..* His back was on fire; the blazes of pain shot through him with every step as he made his way towards his large marble bathing tub.

Perhaps I'll just drown myself... Don't need my wand for that...

"Lay in warm water. I'll peel the tattered clothing off you."

Lucius snapped his head to the small, melodious voice. A shard of pain ripped down his back; he started to snarl a retort at her, but his muscles spasmed, and a burning sensation flowed down his back, causing him to groan.

He saw and felt her move slowly around him and registered that the young slip of a witch was petite and lithe as she sat on the majestic bath's edge and leaned over, opening the taps.

Lucius stared at her, the bath water running, and grasped at the side of the wall in pain as she informed, "There's enough water for you to lay in."

He could only grunt an acknowledgement as he shuffled towards her and clumsily climbed into the bath face down.

Lucius hissed as the hot water soaked through his clothing and covered his torso and legs. Managing to hold his head above water, he rasped, "Just do it!"

The girl did, peeling the cloth off inch by excruciating inch, as Lucius cursed under his breath. With each movement, he felt the blood leaving his body, a wound torn open anew, saw the bath water turning red. He didn't care. He didn't care about anything anymore.

Lucius knew not how long it was until he was at last stripped nude of the bloody, wet material. He felt movement around him and heard the sound of the stopper being pulled out, a lever being moved, releasing the red-stained water to drain out from the tub. He was aware of the warm, wet, hard surface of the basin beneath him and the cool air flowing over his nakedness.

Then ever so lightly, he felt the gentle pat of soft, fluffy cloth on his back; slowly, the young witch worked her way down to his buttocks.

"I'm going to put Murtlap essence and Dittany powder on your wounds."

Lucius grunted again his assent.

"Your en suite's cabinet is full of healing restoratives."

"Of course it is. This isn't the first fucking time I've bled from the Dark Lord's *ministrations*..." He snarled through his teeth, "Do it, girl, and be off!"

He felt cool liquid poured all over his wounds and then the soft flakes of powder. He gave a deep sigh as he felt an immediate relief occurring and the stirrings of mobility and warmth coming back to him in his muscles.

Lucius heard the girl say, "Your robe is to your left," and then he heard her footsteps as she left the room. Stiffly, he rose and carefully climbed out of the bath tub, slowly dried his front and pulled his robe on. His head was pounding, and he felt dizzy from an attack of vertigo striking him. *Fuck! Need sleep!*

He stumbled back to his inner chamber and made directly for his bed. But as he sat gingerly down, he caught sight of the young witch, curled up in the bay window, shivering.

"Girl!"

She jumped, startled, her protuberant eyes meeting his. The moonlight lit on her golden hair, accentuating her pale skin, as if she were a phantom of his imagination *No! She's not a phantom... Bellatrix will be back, and Bellatrix will expect to gloat, expect that I've...and if I haven't apparently fulfilled her expectations...*

"Come here." But the young witch only stared at him, as if petrified.

Fuck! Lucius slowly rose and crossed over until he stood towering over her form. "You're my son's classmate, aren't you? Lovegood, yes?"

She managed a shake of her head and meekly squeaked out, "No, sir. One class younger."

Lucius blinked, taking in her shivering form. *How to get the girl to understand?*

"You know the witch that brought you here? Who brought you to my chamber just now?"

She stared at him in fear and nodded.

"She will return. And when she does, she needs to see...she needs to *think* that I've... that you've..." Lucius blinked, uncharacteristically not in the mood to be ruthlessly cruel to the frightened girl cowering in front of him. *She's trembling in fear and cold... just aided me in my time of need...* His mind was whirling, disorientated.

"Listen to me," he gasped, exasperated, for he started to keenly feel the room turning and had the feeling he was truly losing consciousness. "I need you... to get into my bed, cover yourself and stay there... I won't touch you, girl. But Bellatrix needs to believe that I have... Do you understand the nature of our predicament, hmm?"

It was with relief that her eyes widened with comprehension, and she whispered, "Yes."

She slowly rose and crossed behind him towards the four-poster bed. He grasped the window curtains, clenched his eyes shut momentarily and then willed himself to turn and follow her, entering under the duvets on his side. He barely had acknowledged her form burrowed underneath the covers when his head touched his pillow and unconsciousness hit him hard.

* L *

Lucius heard Bellatrix's cackling, then the girl's scream. He bolted up. His head was pounding, killing him, and his body ached, burning. He was so stiff he could barely move and clumsily grappled about in his bed. Through blurred, half-awake vision, he saw the girl was being pulled by the hair by Bellatrix, and to his surprise and shock, she was nude.

How? When? I didn't touch the little swot!

He saw that her body was splotched with bruises, her long hair twisted and tangled in Bella's fierce grip.

"Thought you'd sleep in, nice and sweet, girly?"

Throwing Luna to the floor, Bellatrix yelled, "Dress yourself! Wouldn't want the Dark Lord to vomit at the sight of you!" Scattered around the floor near the bed were the girl's clothing, and Bellatrix vehemently kicked the pieces at Lovegood's collapsed, shivering form and shrieked, "Now!"

"And you," Bellatrix snapped her wand at Lucius, "get yourself dressed and presentable for the Dark Lord." In a sing-song voice, she warned, "Don't diddle about! We'll be waiting!"

Bellatrix madly paced back and forth and around the young witch as the girl feebly hurried to dress, only to randomly stop and give a hard kick and an abusive expletive. Losing patience, she jerked the girl up as she was putting the last item on and dragged her out the door.

As the young witch's screams echoed in the halls, Lucius' mind was muddled as never before.

Back to Ottery St Catchpole, Luna Lovegood's Cottage, 2002, Three weeks into Recovery

Lucius sat half-inclined in a warm, scented thermal bath full of healing crystals.

The sound of Bach's Cello Suites sounded throughout the cottage, resounding around, and he watched with a precarious pleasure Luna move about the room, going to and fro as he soaked in the medicinal waters she had prepared for him.

She caught him watching her as she entered again with a food tray laden with crumpets and a large bowl of steaming soup. She smiled her Mona Lisa smile at him and sat down on a cushioned stool beside the tub. "Now for some Plimpy and hemp soup."

"You wish to poison me after all of your hard work to heal me?"

"Full of protein and minerals. Its nutritional value exceeds one's expectations; you'll be up and dancing a solstitial jig in no time."

Lucius frowned. "Malfoys do not jig." She giggled, so he spelled it out for her. "I don't jig. Never have, never will."

"You say that now because you're grumpy, but if a particular celestial force hits you, I have complete faith that you'll know what to do. Open wide."

Lucius raised a speculative eyebrow. "I am not grumpy. Just restless." By now, he had become used to her unwavering determination to make light of his surly disposition and secretly admired her gift to divert his innate, haughty nature.

He swallowed the spoonful of bitter, pungent liquid she forced down him. Trying not to gag, he grimaced and complied with her spoon feeding until the bowl was empty.

Whatever the hell she was serving him, he felt quite nourished and strengthened from it.

She was apparently pleased at his cooperation and progress, as she was beaming at him like never before.

It was with a twinge of pleasure and pride that he could make her glow at the smallest of things. He found that his contentious but eventual cooperation with her special regime had caused a wide variety of reactions, from giggling to held back tears. But a truce had been reached, and Lucius gradually looked forward to any and all interaction with Luna. They became harmonious and synchronised, sometimes barely speaking, cohabiting in an understood domestic existence, a comfortable silence of sorts most of the time.

She had even set a daily routine which he found he grudgingly followed, at first, and now, most willingly. He missed her presence around; she left for the Ministry in the mornings while he rested, read, exercised, slept, reflected on his life, the continued unpredictable turn of events.

He found he very much looked forward for when Luna returned home and prepared her magical, therapeutic waters for him, forced him to drink or sup her special medicinal concoctions, and led him through further rehabilitative exercises. With each passing day, he grew to appreciate her quirky caretaking of him in a profound way; for in truth, he felt fully recovered from his severe hypothermia, nearly back to his old self again.

It was this realization that would lead him to voice what neither of them had before expressed during their entire time together.

* L *

Dressed in borrowed, golden pyjamas of Xenophilius', Lucius sat on a large, cushioned sofa in front of a lit fireplace, sipping a blend of Gurdyroot and pomegranate tea with Luna. *What I wouldn't give for a dash of Firewhisky in this poisonous draught! But it makes her happy...*

He gazed at Luna, sitting curled up on the other side of the sofa. She was reading casually through a pile of parchments, work she'd brought home from the Ministry. Watching her, his eyes narrowed as he said, "What now?"

Luna looked up and only blinked at him. She tilted her head, giving him a curious look, her long golden hair pulled over and cascading down one side of her shoulders, down her breasts.

Lucius swallowed hard. *She is so lovely... None too soon that I must leave...*

"I'm recovered." He cleared his throat. "Healed by you. I should leave. I will attempt tomorrow to seek board elsewhere if..."

*Where am I to go? Who will take me in?*The thought of having to return and grovel in front of Borgin or other seedy procurers made him wince.

"You're welcome to stay here indefinitely." She smiled again her secretive smile.

"And when Scamander and your father return?"

"Oh, there's room for all."

"I'm not exactly a stray Kneazle you've found and brought home. I highly doubt they'll agree to your... generous offer."

She laughed, and it was music to his ears. He enjoyed how her eyes sparkled at him; he would swear it was almost as if...

"I suppose it's time I should share with you that I've shared with others your whereabouts," said Luna, her eyes shining with secrets.

"Others?"

"Yes. Draco, Narcissa, the Minister."

Lucius nearly spat out the sip of liquid he had just taken.

"What...what did they say?"

"Well," started Luna, looking thoughtfully at him. "They are concerned about your reintegration into wizarding society."

Lucius huffed, his features darkening, and stared into the the flames of the fire.

"But Draco and Narcissa look forward to you returning home. You're going to be a grandfather, you know."

"A what?" sputtered Lucius, putting the tea on the side table before spilling it completely all over himself.

"Oh, yes. Draco and Astoria are expecting. Quite soon."

How the hell was I to know? Draco never once visited me in Azkaban, too ashamed, too proud... never sought to find me... left me... He became agitated, as in truth, he had never been told directly whether or not he was even allowed visitors, only taunted by the guards that no one cared or ever tried. His cheek muscles flexed in tension. "And Narcissa?"

"Her wishes, for now, are to remain in Paris, but she also wishes for your residence to be as before...to return to Malfoy Manor, now that the Ministry has compensated her and Draco's claims. In reparation to the Malfoy family, the Manor has been returned once again, so you have your home to return to if you wish... Draco and Astoria wish for it too, for you to reside there with them, once again. They say it will give the appearance of normalcy that they prefer."

*I bet they do... And Narcissa? How does she want me back?*His eyes smarted remembering the last time he saw her; he was dragged out of bed in the middle of the night, not knowing or ever being given further information as to what the Ministry had done to her and Draco.

And when he was released, he became utterly broken. No one was there to greet or take him. He realized he had been abandoned. Utterly. Wandless, homeless, stooping to lower depths to survive day to day.

The gloating leer of Borgin informing him that his manor had been repossessed by the Ministry and his family had disappeared, fled overseas, would be forever

emblazoned in his mind. Lucius' eyes narrowed again at Luna. "What else was said?"

"Your integration and acceptance back is on condition of you having a proper sponsor and monitored position, which I've found for you. The Minister has approved; you need only accept."

"Accept?"

"Yes, my department, the Department for the Regulation and Control of Magical Creatures, needs an Investigative Assessor. You'd be perfect for the Beast and Centaur Divisions."

Lucius blinked and his forced smile twitched slightly. "Oh, would I? And what would that entail, being an Investigative Assessor? Picking up centaur droppings? Cleaning up after a werewolf attack?"

He meant to deter his sarcasm, knowing he should be grateful, but couldn't. And yet, Luna only smiled at him, replying, "You would be my associate. We would work together; you'd work with me."

"You mean work *for* you. Your subordinate? *Under* you?"

"No, *with* me." She stretched upwards and placed her parchments on the table set behind the sofa's back. Turning back to him, she tilted her head, saying, "Travel would be involved, field work, expeditions... But first, mostly initial contacting, investigating and interviewing suspects and their questionable activities."

"Ah, I see."

"We would collaborate and work together."

Lucius harrumphed, "Really?" He noted her lovely *derrière's* shape hiding under her flowing skirt. *She's like a mermaid, only not half-nude... yet.*

"Would collaborating with me be such a horrible thing?"

"Merlin, no," he whispered before he could think twice. Something was happening to Lucius as he noted her lithe form, her effortless grace as she undulated and curled back down. Something that he had been trying to subdue; a fire he'd been trying to smother out, in particular, this past week to no avail.

Her earnest offer to continue to help him seemed so platonic, so pure.

But his current thoughts were far from pure. He had held back, controlled himself from his instincts.

For the impulses to touch her had been increasing at a speed so fast that he knew he could not remain around her much longer without acting upon his feelings about her, his need for her. *I am only human, and she...I'm drawn to her as to no other ever before...*

The sense memory of her touching him, even clinically so...he would not say innocently...was driving him utterly mad. For there had been more than once that their eyes had met in a soft, intimate way as she handed a soaked sponge to him to wash his own private areas once his strength had regained; their fingers had touched, overlapping, and she had tilted her head in that secretive way she did that seemed to convey a striking curiosity.

Surely she was aware of his noting time and time again her wet blouse from the bath water, her hardened nipples, feminine curves, feminine scent... It had been so long since he had been with a woman. She had begun to drive him delirious without knowing it. *Or does she?* His suspicious nature flared up. *Does she know what she does to me? How hard it has become to be around her?* He shifted his position. *How hard I become around her?*

Seemingly oblivious to his fixation on her, she continued to chat away, "I would always be with you. Help you with anything you need. And you would never have to do something that makes you feel uncomfortable. Opening your mind to new experiences, you might find, is a wonderful thing."

"You don't say," he drawled slowly, taking in her curves and soft form again, so close...*I could just reach out and touch her...*

Pushing that idea aside momentarily, Lucius huffed and forced himself to ask, "What exactly would I be doing?"

"We would be investigating and documenting the illegal actions regarding the hiding of illegal magical creatures, and the breeding thereof, as well as filing litigation for the protection of rare magical creatures and such."

Lucius tried not to show his amusement, simply acknowledging, "Ah."

"Your former experience as a Death Eater and knowledge of Dark wizards and their whereabouts, patterns of behaviour, their mentality would be of great benefit and insight."

"Ah, I see," he replied curtly.

"We'll make up the rest as we go along, shall we?"

Lucius eyes narrowed in thought again as it dawned on him. "Have you created this position just for me?"

Her eyes widened, and he could not deny that they were dilated as she answered softly, "Yes."

"And why?"

"Why?"

"Yes, why, Luna?" His voice turned raspy with suppressed emotion. "Why do you wish to continue to help me?"

"As I said before, you are a magical creature."

"Like a centaur, a ghoul, a dragon?"

"Oh, no. You are a magical creature like none other."

Luna gazed at him warmly, and his forehead furrowed wondering at the mixed signals he felt he was receiving from her. For he would swear on all that Salazar Slytherin held sacred that her dilated eyes meant what he felt they meant. *She is indeed attracted to me in the very same way...*

"I have something for you." She subtly rose. He watched her pass in front of him; her long flowery skirt brushed his pyjama bottoms, and he felt his body tense.

He also rose and stiffly walked over to the fireplace, leaning forward with his hands on the wide mantle, heavy in thought, gazing into the embers.

Luna re-entered and crossed in front of him. She held up a box. "I visited and spoke with Mr Ollivander. And he said that if it rejects you, just to bring it back. But he felt sure it would accept you."

It was a wand box. Lucius blinked hard, unable to grasp fully what she was offering.

"Well, open it, silly wizard," she teased gently.

He swallowed hard and felt a tremble go through him.

"It's elm and dragon heartstring. Mr Ollivander said that this type of wand has been used and loyal to Malfoys for centuries."

His hand shook as he opened the case and slowly drew the wand out. He held it up like a rare diamond to light. He became lightheaded and suddenly felt an encompassing energy surge around and through him, straight through his arm and on through the wand, the tip sparking. The wand had quite accepted him.

As the onrush of magic prickled through him, his eyes met Luna's. He felt afire with energy, and a tingling coursed through him that had lain dormant for too long *Magic!* His inner core of magic was awakened once more... and burning.

Something about him caused Luna to step back. He froze, seeing her almost cringe before him.

Ever so slowly, he lowered his wand and held it in both hands thoughtfully.

"I am in your debt. Once again."

She stared at him wide eyed and shook her head, seemingly unable to speak.

"You've healed me, made me a wizard again..."

In a quiet voice, she reminded him, "Once a wizard, always one."

"No." He took a few small steps towards her. "No, I was less than a wizard, less than a man...and you've given me back the means to feel whole again as a wizard..." He felt his hard-on pulse. "As a man... You've cared, given me care... and... lov..."

He couldn't finish the sentence, denying and not quite understanding the word he impulsively started to use. Carefully, he placed the wand on the mantle and slowly took the box case and lid from Luna's hand, setting it beside the wand.

His eyes searched hers. "I've frightened you. It's the last thing I want to do."

"I know."

She tilted her head and looked questioningly at him. Her eyes held a warmth and allurement that he found irresistibly desirable.

"Yes," he whispered. "Yes, I so very much wish to kiss you." He swallowed hard, then confessed, "And more. So much more."

"I know," she confessed, her Mona Lisa smile enticing him further.

His eyelids fluttered as he fleetingly thought of any reasons why he shouldn't kiss her. But then he stopped thinking.

"You are an anomaly, my Luna. A rara avis*," he spoke softly, his voice husky and low. He reached out and feather lightly touched her cheek *Gods, her skin is so soft... Her thighs must be pure cream...*

He cupped her cheek gently, and to his surprise and unspeakable delight, she pressed into his palm, looking up into his eyes, her expression sphinx-like. Suddenly, he no longer thought of whether it was right or wrong and slowly leaned down and gently, excruciatingly so, touched his lips to hers.

He raised his head momentarily to gauge her response fully, and again, a mysterious smile met him. He felt himself trembling and inhaled sharply as Luna took his hand and this time kissed his inner palm, her soft lips opening to allow the subtlest but most exquisite suctioning sensation, causing an intense tremble to shoot through him again. He watched mesmerized as she placed kisses, one by one, on his palm and then cradled his hand in both of hers. He inhaled sharply as she shyly turned, only to curl and snuggle into him, guiding and folding his arms around her to hold her tight.

"It's all right if you hold me."

"Is it?" he asked tersely as her buttocks pressed back on his all-too-obvious erection.

"Yes," she assured him softly.

They stayed like that for several seconds, Lucius' conscious warring with his impulse to ravish her in the here and now.

He hesitated and clenched his eyes tight, even as his grip held her tighter, wanting to relish this bliss of finally holding her.

"Luna," he murmured, struggling to control himself as a niggling issue haunted him.

"Yes?"

"That time, years ago, in Malfoy Manor, when... when Bellatrix brought you to my room..."

"Yes?"

"When you were taken from me..." He felt her still, waiting for him to continue. "You were naked, bruises covered your body..."

"Yes."

"You were clothed when you went to bed... I didn't do that to you, did I? Those bruises..."

"The Snatchers caused them." His hold on her had loosened, and she squiggled around in his arms. She looked up and explained placidly, "And I undressed myself."

"I don't understand...Why?"

"If I hadn't, Bellatrix would have doubted I had been...used by you, what she expected. I didn't think you would fare well at all. Either of us. As it was, it was enough to convince her that something had occurred. It didn't take much. The power of suggestion."

"You healed my lash wounds when you needn't have, and you protected me from Bella's further mad whims... sacrificing yourself, even then?"

"There were many ways you could have harmed me, but you chose not to..." she explained simply. "You chose to protect me as much as you could in that situation. Bellatrix would have tortured me in many other unspeakable ways if I had not been found in your bed like that... She was all that is vile and evil. Anything was possible."

Lucius slowly let go of her and stepped back.

"You were not to blame. You didn't bring me to your Manor. Voldemort did."

"Didn't I? I was one of them... I was a part of his cause..."

"A victim too."

"No. I was blinded by greed and avarice, at all cost...and paid the price. But you were an innocent... used as bait."

Lucius stepped further back, retreating from her. He plopped down on the sofa, not knowing what to do, for he found himself profoundly caring...caring what this witch thought of him, felt about him...

Inexplicably, he croaked out, "Forgive me."

"I already have."

"No. You don't understand still... I'm a selfish man, demanding, a creature of opportunity without much of a conscience. A born predator. Nothing has changed."

"I don't believe that's entirely true."

"Isn't it? My dearest Miss Lovegood, there is nothing more that I want to do at this moment than to take further advantage of you..." His features darkened. "After all you've done for me, I have this impulse to take advantage of you in every way I can...your goodwill and kindness, your naïve sexuality and vulnerability."

They held each other's gaze in silence as the fire crackled and its flame's light fluttered behind Luna. Then the unexpected happen.

As if in slow motion, Luna crossed directly in front of him, and his breath caught in his throat as she slowly lowered herself on his lap.

"What are you doing?" he hissed. "Haven't you heard a word I've said?" He had an indescribable feeling shoot through him as her bottom wriggled on his groin, and she turned her face, cupping her slender hands lightly around the nape of his neck, and pressed her lips against his.

He could not help himself and pressed back urgently, roughly, forcing her mouth to open while embracing her tightly to him as if he never would let go. With every ounce of his being, he drew back his head, gauging her response again. Her cheeks were flushed, her eyes dilated and sparkling, and her sweet, cupid lips formed a perfect 'O'. She was waiting for him to continue.

And so he did. But this time, more gently, whispering her name, nipping and discovering her sensitive areas on her soft neck that made her squirm and swirl on his lap, her bottom grinding around and on his erection. She moaned and was whispering encouraging words. His lips found hers again and were hungrily urging hers to open, to reciprocate his need, to explore each other orally, tactilely.

He pleasurably groaned as he felt her touching him... exploring him. She was unbuttoning his top. She was carefully stroking his chest, tracing his treasure trail, lower and lower. She was moaning softly as his hand slowly felt under her homespun skirt and trailed up her curled legs to her silky thighs. Past her thighs. In between her thighs. He was drawn to the velvety heat emanating between her legs. His fingertips feather lightly followed upward and inward to the beckoning core, her intense heat and essence, so wet and molten. She opened with longing and need.

He petted, stroked and pressed a finger slowly between her folds, inside her. Then another finger. He probed her, relishing her vaginal muscles tensing and contracting as he steadily set a rhythm, in and out of her tight, intense heat, her wetness mounting, muscles clenching, matching her body tensing and undulating with his ministrations.

It was to his awe and pleasure that she suddenly froze, grasping him for life, and came...so quickly, her body trembling and the expression of her face in exquisite ecstasy emblazoned his mind.

Fuck!

Her lips were parted in her deliciously wanton state, and he kissed her with all the urgency of a man in deep need. One of her hands clasped at his hip, only to hesitate about which action to take next. He directed it to his erection and encouraged her to touch him with more certainty, willing her to unleash her need further as well as his. Their teeth awkwardly hit as their need to taste and touch each other mutually grew more intense and irresistibly *necessary*. Something feral snapped within Lucius, and he pulled her off his lap, brusquely guiding her to lay back, frantically tugging her skirt down and off.

It was to his credit that he mustered enough control and paused, taking in her unique beauty and sex. He pulled his pyjama top off, his hawk-like gaze on her every second possible. His desire for her increasing uncontrollably by the second as she gave him her demure but inviting smile, he stiffly stood up, his erection throbbing in painful need by now, and clumsily pulled off his bottoms even as she undulated, taking off her blouse. She started to undo her brassiere, but he swiftly knelt on his knees, simultaneously positioning himself between her legs.

He slowly lifted one of her legs, placing it on his shoulder as he leaned forward slightly, whispering, "Let me look at you." For he wished to savour every second he was experiencing with her.

Her lips were parted, long hair splayed across the sofa's cushion, and she touched his face, encouraging him, in answer. He slowly peeled her knickers aside and felt again between her folds, slowly discovering her sensitive clit and began gently massaging it in circular motions.

He gasped and clenched his eyes momentarily as she likewise touched his cock's tip, teasing it with her fingertips, rubbing the pre-cum around and down his shaft

"Luna," he whispered fiercely. She smiled coyly, driving him utterly mad, and his need for her blazed intensely.

"Come to me," she beckoned, and he was crushing her mouth with his, pressing and melding into her, his weight heavy and pinning her down.

"Luna," he moaned into her ear.

She spread her legs wider, wrapping them up and around his waist, inviting him to position himself to enter her.

"Yes," she whispered in his ear. "Yes."

Lucius burrowed his head in her hair as he pressed his cock slowly into her. *Oh, fuck, yes!*

Becoming utterly undone by her soft mewling as he pushed deeply and fully inside her, he barely managed to pause momentarily to allow her to adjust to his length and width. Then he began to thrust... in and out, steadily, hard, harder... ramming rhythm, slower rhythm, swirling, thrusting again, quickly losing all sense of time and space, only knowing the searing heat and flowing wetness of her indescribably sweet cunt and undulating tight body and heated encouragements to fuck her, fuck her hard, come inside her, be one with her.

* L *

Gazing into a full-length mirror, Lucius adjusted the outfit and robe Luna had given him. He tugged them here and there, assessing his appearance, feeling as proud as a peacock.

Ravenclaw blues with a dash of midnight blue and silver, he mused. Hmm, not bad. It brings out my eyes.

He flicked his hair back and felt around his chin and the skin above his upper lip again for stubble *Smooth as a baby's bottom... Good.*

"Are you finished preening?" asked a lilting, teasing voice.

He smiled at Luna coyly.

But as the golden witch rose up on her toes and gave him a peck on the cheek, he turned to her with his hawk-like gaze and rasped, "Do you approve?"

Tilting her head, Luna gazed at him with those dreamy protuberant eyes of hers and smiled, saying, "I think I prefer you without any clothing at all."

He couldn't help but straighten up to his full height, flattered and momentarily speechless.

She giggled softly, then wrapped an arm in his.

"Shall we? Minister Shackbolt has his direct Floo open, ready and waiting for us."

He hesitated, speculating, "The Floo will muss my hair."

Apparently she felt him tense, for she added, "You look quite handsome, quite presentable." She gave him one of her secretive smiles. "Rumpled hair becomes you."

Lucius huffed. "Very well."

Within seconds, he was standing in none other than Minister Kingsley Shackbolt's office with Luna following and immediately standing by his side.

Shackbolt's voice boomed a greeting to Luna, and then Lucius found himself staring eye to eye with the Minister.

Shackbolt spoke at last. "Well, well, Lucius. Luna has given me nothing but a glowing review of your recovery and progress. More to the point, she informed me that you've accepted the position?"

Guarded, Lucius neutrally replied, "Yes."

"And all of the restrictions on your liberty?"

"Yesss."

"Excellent! Have a seat then, and we'll go over a few other items."

* L *

Caged doors pulled back, they exited the lift, and Lucius was relieved that Kingsley seemed to have let bygones be bygones enough and that he fully trusted and respected Luna's sponsorship and liability of him.

"I do hope you know how lucky you are, Malfoy," said Shackbolt.

Lucius could only give the Minister a terse nod and hoarse assent, "Yes." For his strategy now was to speak as little as possible, do as little as possible, analyzing and absorbing this strange, new world he needed to figure out how best to fit in, having been given a second chance.

He made to turn and follow Luna, eagerly looking forward to finally going to their own private office, a part of him urgently feeling a need to be alone with her.

But Shackbolt informed him as he motioned to a door on his right. "Your family is waiting for you."

Lucius froze. "My family?" His eyes fluttered and his heart started thumping hard; he tried not to give a look to Luna. But he did. Something unspoken was transmitted between them.

He felt the touch of her hand on his bicep. "Draco can bring you to me afterwards."

So this is it? So soon? He blinked hard, for he had envisioned wild scenes of confrontation, thought repeatedly about what would be said, waited with a fierce dread and urgent angst for this time. And now it was here.

He entered the room to find Narcissa as calm and collected as ever, not a hair out of place, neutrally gazing at him. Draco was more visibly anxious, and his very pregnant wife, Astoria, gave him a nervous smile.

There was an awkward silence in the air, and Kingsley was gracious enough to break the ice.

"As has been discussed with your family, on behalf of the Ministry, we apologize for any oversight and discomfort that may have occurred since your release. It seems the warden had put an undetectable charm on you...it allowed only Azkaban staff and guards to trace you, but not anyone else."

"What?" asked Lucius blinking, the information slowly sinking in.

"We tried to find you, father. But you were undetectable..."

"Apparently, they forgot to remove the spell when they released you," continued Kingsley.

"WHAT?" A cold fury erupted inside Lucius. *So that's why the Ministry is being so... gracious! Why the Manor was returned!*

He tried to control his voice. "I-I nearly died, left for dead." He paused. "I thought"...he clenched his teeth..."I thought you had abandoned me, deserted me..." He gave a darting glance to Narcissa and Draco. "You didn't try without magic? Couldn't search Wizarding London the Muggle way, on foot, eh? Or you hoped I was already dead, did you?"

"Lucius, how could you say that?" challenged Narcissa.

"How's your new life in Paris?" He couldn't help himself and spat, "You didn't lose anytime. What's his name?"

Lucius felt a sharp slap to his face.

"How dare you?" hissed Narcissa. "You seemed to have found quite an accommodating little caretaker."

"I didn't find her...she found me. She did what I had expected you to have done, search for me, inquire about me...not abandon me, wandless and forsaken, to traipse around France..."

"It was best for Mother to leave England for a spell!" explained Draco defensively. "She needed to get away from it all...from everything you had put her through." Everyone froze, only Astoria giving Minister Shackbolt an embarrassed look.

"You're not allowed to leave continental Britain. No other country will have you, Father!"

"How so?"

"That is true, Lucius. You'll find you're free to Disapparate and Apparate within England, Scotland and Wales," Kingsley sighed, "but not even Northern Ireland. Or Ireland, nor across the channel to the continent, or..."

"I understand, Minister," pointed out Lucius with gritted teeth.

"Excuse me," piped in Astoria abruptly.

"Yes, Mrs Malfoy?" asked Shackbolt briskly as Lucius gave his daughter-in-law an impatient look.

"I think..." Her eyes widened. "My water just broke."

* L *

*rara avis/ rarer aves: an unusual, uncommon, or exceptional person or thing

A/N: The greatest thanks and appreciation to the wonderful and patient mods of LBB...and to my beta, the fantastic, one and only, karelia! Thank you for helping me in my time of need. And a very special thank you to Clairvoyant for her wonderful admin expertise! All of you are what makes this wondrous fandom what it is: fun, love, and creativity!

Rarae Aves

Chapter 2 of 2

Released from Azkaban and outcast, a hypothermic Lucius is left to the elements in his final hours. A Wizarding naturalist discovers him; one who greatly cares for all Magical Creatures alike. But will his pride let him settle for being in the same category as a Crumple-Horned Snorkack? Written for Lucius Big Bang 2014.

* L *

Lucius sat in a departmental meeting; his attention to the others seated around the table discussing the strategies, quotas, and initiatives to be further taken regarding this and that slowly faded away. As he blinked, slightly staring left of the Minister, visions of Luna filled his mind's eye.

For the premise that he would work with Luna was quite short-lived. Astoria's water had broken; he was whisked away to St Mungo's with his family and immediately caught up in the whirlwind of a new arrival to the Malfoy lineage.

He had only been with Luna in her office, shared with several others, in his new position two days before Shackbolt informed him that he was needed more for heading the strategic planning and assessing of investigative teams.

In short, he was uncannily back to nearly where he was during the Dark Lord's regime: a lieutenant of sorts, recruiting and interrogating would-be candidates profiled to be considered appropriate for the Ministry's dark and dirty work in apprehending Dark objects, illegal magical creatures, and their smugglers. *Not quite the same, but Kingsley knows what my strengths are all too well...*

And so it was that he listened with an intense interest, several weeks later, when Luna had entered his newly assigned office and informed him that his obligatory field exercise for the department was nearing.

"It's to keep you in touch with the grass roots of our department. For you to experience some down to earth quality time with the actual and more pleasant side of our work."

Lucius gave her an appreciative look, up and down. "I see."

She smiled at him, and he froze, his features softened as he added, "I've missed being around you, Miss Lovegood."

"I've missed you too. Very much."

"Have you?"

He gave a look to the door. "Hasn't your Scamander been keeping you company?" He stepped closer to her. "Attending to your needs?"

"Perhaps." She smiled again. "But he's not you."

"I think of you." His voice grew husky and low. "All the time."

She tilted her head in her fashion with her enticing dreamy gaze.

"Whatever Scamander lacks that you may find I can give you, you need only say. I'm at your service, all yours. Your wish is my command, Miss Lovegood."

"You don't owe me anything."

"That's not what I mean, and you know it." He took step closer to her. "Even after you're married, I consider you a part of me, always."

For that same day of Scorpius' birth, when Lucius had been whisked away to St Mungo's then immediately returned to the Manor, reinstated in his hearth and home, Rolf Scamander had returned from his expedition with Luna's father.

Lucius was introduced to Scamander the very next day. The two wizards' forced handshake was as cold as the look they gave each other, each man sizing the other up quickly.

It had not come as a surprise that the widely considered unconventional Scamander had quickly and conventionally proposed to Luna very shortly after Lucius' meeting him.

"He's not a fool," replied Lucius quietly to Luna when she told him of her upcoming nuptial.

"He said it would make him happy." Luna beamed.

"And you? Will it make you happy?"

"I'm already happy. I don't need to be married for that." She gave him an impish look and then an affectionate kiss on his cheek and entwined her arm with his.

Lucius gazed at her intensely. He wanted to hoist her up on his office desk and take her in the here and now. Or grab her and Disapparate into the heart of Muggle London, lose himself between her legs in an unknown, rented room, find himself in her arms in the early morning's light, be caressed and needed and cherished as she and only she had made him feel. *Make her come, and come, and come...*

He sniffed and blinked hard, staring across the room, suddenly seeing the tall, dark-haired wizard who had claimed Luna to be his standing in the doorway.

* L *

Near a wheat field in the vicinity of Blandford Forum, Dorset

"It's nearly three in the morning. You expect me to *dowhat?*" snapped Lucius, staring at the tall, sinewy Rolf Scamander.

"Keep count of the congregation of Moon Frogs or keep count and document the movements of a herd of Mooncalves during the full moon, *AND* without magic," Scamander paused only to give Lucius a supercilious smirk, "shovel and pack Mooncalf dung. Mind you, the dung needs to be harvested before the sun rises." Lucius' temples began to pulse as Scamander looked him up and down, adding, "If you're not up to a wee bit of shovelling, Malfoy, take the easy route...assuming you can count. Can you, my good man?"

Lucius bit his inner cheeks and his eyes narrowed. "So, no picking up centaur droppings?"

"Don't be silly. We're near Dorset, not the Forbidden Forest," chided in Luna sweetly. She touched his arm and looked up at him, stating dreamily, "You'll be with me."

How long it had been since he had had a chance to be with her privately. Two months had passed, two agonizing months since he had been alone with Luna. He still burned with regret at not being able to return to her love shack of a cottage in Ottery St Catchpole, but having had to return to the manor. His old life had more or less resumed with barely a blink of an eye, and those days of being sequestered away in Luna's comfy convalescent nest were now distant memories.

His reality had swiftly flowed into events and obligations that rarely crossed paths with Luna's. For his life entailed Draco and Astoria, busy with the newborn Scorpius; Narcissa, who had become quite a social butterfly, fluttered back and forth between London and Paris. From time to time, she offered Lucius a perfunctory conjugal visit to her bedchamber, on her terms strictly, which only left him with an intense feeling that a part of his life was missing, unable to get back... a part of himself left back in a country cottage at Ottery St Catchpole.

Ultimately, the Malfoy family members lives had resumed, for all concerned, on a seemingly acceptable norm, and so on some level, he was pleased that they were slowly being fully accepted back into Ministerial and social circles... and power with open arms.

However, his nights were filled with thinking of Luna, of them, and the desire to be with her had not diminished but only grown. He reminded himself again and again that she was to be married, her act of kindness and mercy towards him long expired; she would find full fulfillment with the tedious Scamander, and what they had shared during the time she healed him was one of life's fleeting moments of brief passion and indulgence.

And yet, still he thought of her.

So that now, when he found himself on the obligatory departmental field exercise with her and her beloved Rolf, he could barely think rationally in between his desire to have some private time alone with Luna and wanting to throttle the shit out of the pedantic Scamander.

It was with a cool stare back to Scamander and clenching jaw that Lucius held his tongue and obligingly followed Luna in the damp night air.

Distant thunder rumbled, and he needn't be the renowned Wizarding naturalist Rolf Scamander to know that rain would soon fall, and by the sound of nearing thunder, it seemed the storm would be upon them very soon.

As they arrived in the thick of a wheat field, he sniffed, disapproving silently of the rural surrounding he found himself in. For he had hungrily devoured his life of luxury regained at the Manor and his cushy Ministerial position in London sans Dark Lord. *But having to rough it out in the wild, in this rustic setting, is the least I can do...I'll endure anything to have a chance to be with her...*

Luna was whispering, "No magic. The Mooncalf is very sensitive to wizard charms; they have an innate sensibility to our magic."

Lucius frowned, attempting to whisper as best he could, "So you are proposing that we stand here in the damp cold, a storm approaching, with only patches of moonlight as our aid, without a heating charm or any other comfort?"

"I have a blanket."

She proceeded to stretch it out, forming a wheat stalk cubby hole of sorts and crawled inside it.

Lucius still wasn't convinced and remained standing, staring around at the spottily harvested wheat field he could make out in the moonlight when not covered by clouds from the oncoming storm, assessing the situation. "What exactly do we do?"

"We wait."

"In a wheat field?"

"Naturally."

She tilted her head and smiled. "The blanket is thick. We have our cloaks... and we have each other." She patted the blanket. "Come." His eyes met hers. "Come to me."

He quickly obliged her. Eagerly. His pulse raced as he sat and she snuggled by his side. He immediately became aware of her body heat, her fragrance, her scent... He didn't resist her tucking her head under his chin, nor her arms wrapping around his torso, nor her thigh lying half-way on his leg. He found he had wrapped his arms around her, holding her gently, their cloaks cocooning them, and he even felt a trickle of sweat down his spine as his own body heat responded to the situation.

Luna was speaking quietly informing him of their watch's care. "The Mooncalf is a shy creature."

"Mhmm." *Her hair smells of sweet plums...*

"They only come out during a full moon, so with the clouds rolling in heavily, our chances are slim..."

"Right." *I've missed you... missed touching you...*

"Once the Mooncalf is in the moonlight, it will dance..."

"Lovely." *I want to fuck you, you to fuck me, come together...*

"It will dance standing on its hind legs."

"Fascinating."

"It will possibly perform the act of mating before us."

Lucius froze. His temples pulsed. "May I kiss you?"

Luna tilted her head and smiled her Mona Lisa smile at him.

"I know you belong to Scamander now, but..."

"I belong to myself." She touched his face; her touch made him melt with need, burn with expectation.

"I have missed you." Lucius cleared his throat. "I miss you." He touched her lips with his fingertips and gently traced over her cheeks, trailing lightly through her hair, down the silky skin of her neck.

Luna snapped her head around. "Oooh, look."

Lucius followed her gaze. He saw in the patchy moonlight several creatures with pale, greyish skin and four spindly legs.

"Mooncalves," sighed Luna, quite delighted. "Aren't they beautiful?"

Lucius watched as a few of the creatures slowly hoisted themselves on their hind legs and began to make motions and movements in irregular and erratic patterns in and around the wheat field space. The Mooncalves' bulging eyes seemed to be fixated on the lunar orb, and Lucius became oddly mesmerised by their nocturnal performance.

It was only when he felt Luna lay down on her side that he seemed to snap out of the hypnotic effect the creatures were having on him. But he found the hazy sensation had only transferred from the creatures doing their uncanny ritual to Luna.

She motioned to him to lay behind her and immediately spooned back, pressing into him, melding into him. He covered her with his cloak.

"Are you counting them?"

"Mmhmm." His hand slowly searched under her layers, brushing and outlining her form, her curves. He felt the heat emanating from her undulating lithe form.

"Aren't they beautiful?"

"Mmhmm."

A bright flash of lightning struck nearby.

"Oh, they've stopped, and they're leaving," announced Luna, sitting up, her voice full of disappointment.

The spell of seclusion broken, Lucius sat up beside her, hearing a closer noise of something moving in the wheat field toward them. He turned his head upwards to find none other than Rolf Scamander standing there.

Lucius waited for Scamander to act, to accuse him, them, of anything and everything, as Luna had nestled back against him.

But the magizoologist only gestured to a large shovel in his hand. "The dung, Malfoy. It's fresh, best make haste before the rain will be pouring down." He handed Lucius the tool for lifting and moving the natural fertilizing material. "Also, the dawn is upon us. The dung needs to be harvested before the sun rises, rain or no."

Lucius slowly and stiffly rose in the dim, pre-dawn light, the air heavy with moisture.

He saw Scamander lend his free hand to Luna, pulling her up, and give her a swift peck on the lips, asking, "Did either of you get a head count? Or were their pre-mating rituals too mesmerising?"

* L *

Inside the tent

Lucius looked impatiently around the inside of the small tent. "It would seem our little expedition has come to a necessary halt. Should we not return to civilisation?"

The thunder roared and the heavens poured down. Rolf Scamander was opening a bottle of what looked like wine and pouring drinks. Huffing, Lucius sat with his back against a large hiking rucksack propped against the tent's wall which separated them from a steep hillside's incline on the outside. Luna was lying near him in the cramped space on a Engorgioed thick sleeping blanket in a distractingly relaxed manner.

His eyes met hers as he continued to argue his point. "Positioned as we are, we'll be swept away in no time should the ground's water level be saturated and start flowing over." Luna's eyes shined, and she seemed to only watch him as Rolf spouted out his retort to Lucius.

"Don't change the subject, Malfoy. As I was saying, there are serpenty Selma in the nearby lake, devourers of human flesh and fish. Surely a Slytherin like you can not resist..."

"There is no possibility of me willingly going into muddy, dubious water, Scamander..."

"But you're missing out, my good man."

Lucius' jaw muscles clenched, despising Scamander more and more intensely each time he used the catch phrase of "my good man" on him. He snapped at the pretentious son of a bitch, "On what exactly?"

"The experience. The unknown, Malfoy."

"I've had enough *unknown* happen to me to last ten lifetimes. I'll await your scholarly findings, Scamander."

Rolf gave Lucius a challenging look. "You're known to be a sporting man. Perhaps I can entice you to search for Diricawls, or the mistrustful Porlocks..."

"Once again, there are no Diricawls, Porlocks, or Dukuwaqa's in Dorset, Scamander."

"You would need the brains of a Billywig not to foresee the possibility, Malfoy." Rolf huffed and rolled his eyes, then smiled at Luna. "Dilettantes."

With his temper and patience running out, Lucius said tersely, "Need I remind you, Scamander, that I am here and only here as required by the Ministry due to my probationary period. Don't provoke me..."

"And Luna."

"What?"

"You are here for Luna as well." Rolf gave Lucius a smug smile. "Who wouldn't be?"

The cat had caught his tongue, and Lucius' eyes fluttered, unable to retort back. It was true. He hadn't protested or tried to postpone this obligation; hearing from Kingsley that he would be with Luna had led to his quick agreement. The minor annoyance of Scamander tagging along he had accepted as a cool challenge. But now, it seemed, Scamander was leading him into a trap... or a full, set upon ambush.

Well, so be it. If the irksome Scamander dares to put me on the spot, presses me for the obvious, Mr Magizoologist better be prepared.

"Here, my good man, some thirty-year-old, elf-made Tokay from my travels studying the migration of the Hungarian Horntail." He held out his peace offering to Lucius, who took it begrudgingly. Handing a glass to his fiancée, Rolf toasted, "To Luna!"

Lucius sipped slowly, watching Scamander sit down directly across from him on Luna's other side.

Lucius made to move as Rolf's boot tips clumsily scraped against his leg when he twisted to kiss Luna slowly in front of him. He took a longer sip, then another, draining the glass, watching the pair in front of him. Several seconds went by before he pulled out his wand and quietly suggested, "Shall I Engorgio the tent? To give you two more space and privacy?"

Scamander raised his head and testily reminded, "We can't enlarge the tent by magic; the Fwooper will sense its presence and flee." He gave Lucius a smirk. "We'll have to go completely Muggle tonight, no magic. Don't want to scare away the birdies, do we?"

"Scamander, there are no Fwoopers in Dorset county nor all of England, I dare say," Lucius pointed out as conversationally as best he could in the situation, for he was keenly distracted by the lovely flush on Luna's cheek, her eyes shining at him invitingly, even though Scamander's hand stroked her abdomen lazily.

"Oh, several black market merchants would highly disagree with you, my good man. The number of Fwoopers gone missing from the Magical Menagerie's licensed stock has risen alarmingly. Quills made from their feathers are in high, elitist demand. A pretty amount of Galleons are paid to those who will procure them."

The thunder rumbled powerfully, and Scamander's voice seemed to grow quieter and softer in its resounding roar.

Lucius watched Luna leisurely sit up and slink to the centre of the tent-length thermal blanket. She took off her tracking boots while Scamander droned on, "Though Uric the Oddball insisted on the Fwooper's beneficial aspects to a Wizard's health, one can ne'er be careful enough lest the Fwooper's song entices one into listening to it...best be assured by having a licensed guarantee of it being sold with a Silencing Charm. Of course, if it's been smuggled around, then one can presume the original smuggler has gone insane by its seductive sound."

Lucius enjoyed her derrière sticking up and swaying around, back and forth, as she unrolled a large patchwork of sleeping bags seamed together, spreading them fully out on the designated sleeping space.

"Then what do we do, Scamander? Risk going insane by the Fwooper's siren call?" replied Lucius, attempting to keep a normal tone, but his voice hitched in his throat as Luna slowly unbuttoned her trousers and shimmied out of them in front of Scamander and him.

Her creamy white thighs seemed effervescent in the tent's soft sconced lighting. He could not help but give a fleeting glance to Scamander, who had fallen silent as well and whose gaze was also noting where her upper undergarment ended and where her thighs led to...a lovely pink triangle of cloth covering her Venus mound.

"I wasn't silly enough to not put a protection charm around our tent against Fwoopers when we first set up camp," commented Scamander slowly in a strained voice.

Luna bent over, and both men watched her as she pulled the thick patchwork back and languidly crawled into the centre and demurely commented, "We should rest and relax. The Fwooper will be in hiding with this fierce rainfall." She gave Rolf one of her secretive smiles. "But the weather's perfect for snuggling."

Scamander's jaw muscle clenched with what seemed as intense amusement, and then he jumped up abruptly, saying, "I'll just do a final quick check outside, check on the tent's stakes."

Luna turned to Lucius, tilting her head and patting beside her. "Come to bed. Come to me."

Hesitating, Lucius gave a furtive look to the flap opening of the tent. "Now? Together? With Scamander..."

"Absolutely." She smiled at him.

Lucius' eyes narrowed in thought, but he slowly slipped off his ankle boots only to hesitate whether to take off his trousers.

Apparently, Luna saw his hesitation as she sat up on her knees and tucked gently at his waistline. He froze, feeling her fingers trace over to his centre and slowly tug at his crotch's buttons, releasing them one by one. He felt his face grow flush as she determinedly grasped and pulled his trousers down to his ankles. Simultaneously embarrassed and excited that his half-erect cock tented dangerously close to her lips as she leaned forward and helped him step out of them, compounded by a rush of adrenaline when Rolf entered abruptly from outside.

Scamander took in the situation in an uncannily blasé way, for he sealed the tent door close and began undressing, saying, "Completely bloody wet from the downpour. Where's a towel for my hair?"

Lucius turned away from Luna and lowered himself down, pulling the covering up as he rolled over on his side, feeling bemused. He was even more bewildered as he felt her nestling up behind him, spooning him. He felt his body responding to her even as his mind was trying to deter being aroused.

"Lucius, my good man, excuse me a moment." Lucius looked up seeing a nude Scamander bending over digging into the rucksack nearest him, and he turned back over on his back, shifting closer to Luna. He could not help but take in the other man's tall, sinewy form leaning over and in front of him in the sconced lighting. *He has a build like Severus, but Rolf's skin is dark, muscular; he's ruddy and tanned, not pale... but his cock is as notable as Severus' ...*

"Ah, there we go," said Scamander, pulling a towel out of the rucksack. "Sorry if I'm dripping on you."

"I can handle it, Scamander."

"Yes, there's much more to you than meets the eye." The dark-haired wizard energetically dried his hair for several seconds, watching Lucius' reaction as Luna nestled onto his shoulder. "I must admit, you are a fascinating study."

"Curious, are you?" Lucius felt the air heavy with unspoken needs and arousal. He felt Luna's fingertips gently outlining his cock's shaft, strumming her fingers up and down his treasure trail leisurely. Her ministrations pushed him into an exquisite unknown, and he could not help himself and directly confronted Scamander, saying, "I understand

from Luna that you've an inquisitive nature... but how tolerant are you?"

"Ingenuously tolerant," stated Scamander frankly with a challenging look shining in his dark eyes.

"How so?"

"For one thing, I like to watch," Scamander admitted bluntly. He plopped down on Luna's other side and looked Lucius directly in the eyes. "For another, isn't she exquisite when she comes?"

By now, Luna's fingertips were gently stroking Lucius' shaft, up and down. The dark-haired wizard pressed him further. "Would you like to watch?"

Still letting what Scamander was proposing sink in, he became fully erect and hissed softly as he felt her head move lower down his abdomen and her lips gently begin to suck and nip on his shaft, her tongue's tip flick at the pre-cum on and around his cock's tip.

"Gorgeous, simply gorgeous, isn't she, my good man?" whispered Scamander appreciatively.

But Lucius had clenched his eyes shut, and his head was tilted back, huffing softly at her oral skills in full action. It was only after several seconds when Luna broke away, moaning her own sweet song, that his heavy-lidded eyes opened half-way to see her head swaying to being licked from behind by Scamander. Lucius watched with bated breath as Luna's mounting climax was building, building, building....

Suddenly, he lunged and sought Luna's mouth with his own. She broke away from Scamander and reciprocated his kiss. Lucius continued to claim her body for his own and slowly directed her backwards onto Scamander's torso. He whispered fiercely into her ear, "Do you want me? Here? Now? Like this?"

"Of course I do." She smiled her secretive smile at him.

So be it, he thought. If the only way I can have her, in front of Scamander, with Scamander...and I so desperately need her...

His fingertips stroked down her sensitive neck to her collarbones, and he nipped downward across her breasts, nipping lightly, rediscovering her pointed nipples. She moved and undulated, sinuating around and under him. She arched, moaning, and found Scamander's mouth waiting to catch hers with his. As Lucius pressed her into Scamander, he spread her legs open, lowered his head down between them, and continued lapping and sucking her where his competition had left off. Her body became arched in mounting tension, needing release, her toes piercing into his shoulder. He nibbled and licked her wet folds, his sharp tongue finding and teasing her most sensitive rosebud of a nub. His fingers grabbed and held her buttocks into place as she wriggled, moaning soft expletives, encouraging him to nuzzle her clitoris around and around. She froze, climaxing, her toes curling. *Yes, come and come and come...*

He licked and suckled her essence, then slowly kissed her body lightly as he rose upwards to claim her lips from Scamander. The feel of all three breaths, inches apart, warm and panting, made Lucius go giddy. He closed his eyes, only his erection seemed quite sure on what it wanted. As he placed his cock at her entrance, Luna kissed him, whispering, "Lucius, please." Her head leaned against his rival's face, and the other man kissed Luna on the cheek, then down lower, lower... Lucius and he held each other's glance until Luna stroked his face, guiding it to Scamander's. His lips met his contender's roughly, then urgently, and then he broke away, the intensity of what was happening surging him on to push his cock into Luna, deep, deep, deeper. He could not give a second thought to Scamander, as the only need he could understand was his need to be one with Luna. He only knew that he wanted to fuck Luna hard and deep, fuck her hard and deep up against Scamander.

Let him watch! And let me... let her know she will always be a need of mine... Lucius found her lips, plunging his tongue into her mouth, searching and demanding that she reciprocate his need as he probed her cunt in and out, her wetness flowing, her muscles clenching his cock tighter and tighter, faster and faster. Contracting. Squeezing his come out, squeezing again and again and again. He froze, relishing and lost in the exquisite sensation of Luna gasping so intensely, clenching him so tightly.

He felt it was over before it had truly begun and buried his head in her hair. He was breathing hard as he realized Luna's arms and legs were still clasping around him tightly. He could feel Scamander moving as she murmured in his ear, "Now, it's your turn to watch, and then, we'll see how you feel about other things..." She pressed her lips to his, guiding him to lie on his back; he felt her straddle him. Her cunt was wet and hot against his cock. It rose again, becoming more and more erect, his life force throbbing, pulsing strong and hard to unite with her inner core yet again.

He heard Scamander asking, "More Tokay, everyone?"

"Absolutely," chimed Luna.

"Absolutely," seconded Lucius, sitting up abruptly, grasping Luna by the hips urgently, forming a tight lotus position.

He moaned with delight as she raised herself on top of his cock and guided it inside her, sheathing it fully within her, echoing his moans as they began to rock gently, then tautly, softly, then fervently. He clenched her to him even as she pressed away from him, his body a fulcrum to support her and his slippery, desperate, mounting tension and friction as she moved up and down his cock, around and around, his thrusting varying from abrupt jerks to piercing rams. He clenched his eyes as he felt his balls tighten and ejaculated deep inside her as she shuddered and came, crying, "Oh, oh, oh yes, Crumple-Horned Snorkacks!"

He held on to her for life as they panted and grasped each other in coital bliss. Vaguely, slowly, he heard Scamander moving around them, scrounging around in a rucksack for something and then crossing over to them with another unopened Tokay bottle.

"Shall we?" offered Scamander, plopping down on his bare bum beside him and Luna.

Lucius saw that her eyes were sparkling, and her lips softly grazed his as they both simultaneously concurred, "Absolutely!"

With a wild rush of adrenaline released within him, Lucius felt himself embracing the unknown...as long as Luna was in the picture, he would endure. Resolving himself to his decision, something clicked, and he knew he was ready to experience what the future would entail with her and her eagerly open-minded, inquisitive Rolf.

Who would have thought it would be so... pleasurable?

* L *

Around the fountain in an elaborate garden of Malfoy Manor, Wiltshire

Each pushing a pram, Lucius and Luna strolled slowly across the lawn to the Manor's inner-garden courtyard.

"You and Rolf must stay for dinner. Draco and Astoria insist on it." Lucius gave a tight smile. "Narcissa too."

"She has accepted the unusual twinning fully? That Lysander is yours?"

"Yes. The mediwitch at St Mungo's explained it, quite thoroughly, to her."

A peacock called for its mate in the background. Lucius smiled a satisfied smile. "Of course, having Rolf add on his analytical version of how both he and I fertilized your eggs at different times with two or more acts of sexual intercourse put it in such a clinical way that he miraculously coerced Narcissa in agreeing that we all should embrace and celebrate this rare act of nature."

"She's quite taken with Rolf, isn't she? It's lovely how they're keeping each other company when not with us."

"Yesss, well, Cissy's always had a secret penchant for tall, dark, sinewy wizards..."

"And I for one particular blond one."

Lucius was strutting in full form. Luna led towards a cushioned bench near the running fountain and stopped the pram with a sleeping Lorcan inside.

Lucius pushed his pram gently beside the other one and gave the sleeping Lysander a careful look before crossing and joining Luna on the bench.

He sighed in contentment as she leaned her head on his shoulder and wrapped an arm across his waist, saying, "Yes, Lorcan and Lysander's twinning is exceedingly rare: they are truly *rarae aves**."

"How could they not be with a mother such as theirs?"

Lucius pressed his lips onto hers, tonguing her welcoming mouth, tasting with unhindered pleasure all that was Luna and further embracing everything she had to give and reciprocate, embracing what he certainly had never experienced before, embracing a freedom of expressing and participating in life as he never could have imagined before...for it was she who had opened the doors of possibility, she who had become a missing piece to his puzzle, she who had given him more than anyone could ever imagine possible, and most fantastically, she who had taught him a revelatory meaning of being a magical creature, of being a magical creature like none other.

* FIN *

* *rara avis/ rarae aves*: an unusual, uncommon, or exceptional person or thing.