

Luna's Love

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Chapter 1 of 1

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A/N: This is the result of a rabid plot bunny and written on the spur of the moment.

Her crush started her third year and his fourth. Draco Malfoy was just so interesting. She would watch him saunter about the school as if he owned the place, and her heart would pound with a little thrill of excitement. It wasn't his looks that drew her to him; it was his aura—the essence that was him.

She began to have fantasies about him walking by her, like everyone else did and like he did several times a day, nose stuck up in the air. Then he would pause and turn around, his pale gray eyes completely focused on her. Then he would smile that smile that he had. The one he reserved for only those that were most important, most special. He would walk towards her and say something charming that would melt her heart. He would take her hand and lead her down to the lake and they would discuss things like Flobblewallies, which she knew were taking over the black lake and killing off the merpeople, and he would tell her that he had seen a Crumple-Horned Snorkack and that he would show them to her.

For almost two years, Luna Lovegood was in love with Draco Malfoy. However, all of that changed the day she went with Harry to the Department of Mysteries. There she saw Draco's father, Lucius. It was like seeing a drawing come to life. Lucius was Draco, only more, better. She fell in love with him, even as she battled him and his friends. She knew that there was absolutely no way that he was acting the way he was because he wanted to act that way. She was certain that he was being controlled by Frumples. They were horrible, invisible creatures that would crawl into your ear and nest in your brain causing all sorts of unusual behavior.

It broke her heart that he had been captured, but there was nothing to be done about it. No one ever believed her when she told them what was really going on. They acted like she was crazy and called her Loony. She had begged her father to write an article about it, but he had just patted her on the head and murmured that he would see what he could do. But, he never did anything, so her love was sitting in a prison cell, unjustly, while the Frumples were breeding inside his head. She would give anything to help him, but nothing could be done.

She had clipped his picture out of the *Daily Prophet* the day they had reported that he had been caught. It was pinned above her bed, and every night she would talk to it and kiss it before going to sleep. But a picture wasn't the same as being with him in person. She had tried to visit him once, but they wouldn't let her in. They said that only family or their attorneys were allowed to visit with the prisoners. So all Luna had was her picture, which she cherished above anything else.

She lay there on her bed staring at the picture above her, dreaming about her love. She had to do something; he had to know how she felt. That's when inspiration struck her. A letter; she would write him a letter. Then he would know that she understood what was wrong with him and that she would wait for him and help him get better when he was released.

She stood and crossed the room to her desk. Taking out a quill and parchment, Luna began to write.

Dear Lucius,

I have loved you since the first day I saw you. Perhaps you remember it? It was the day you were caught, and I was with Harry, which really is unfortunate, because I would much rather have been with you. Your hair was very long and shiny. I wonder if it still is? Do they let you use your normal shampoo in there?

I used to be in love with your son. Did you know? Now, I love you, though, so you don't have to worry that I'll run away with Draco. I mean, he is a nice boy and everything, but he can be a bit strange sometimes, and he doesn't like Harry much. I don't know why, because Harry can be very kind. He even took me to a party once. Just as friends! Harry and I are friends. Do you like Harry?

I know all about the Frumples, and I'll try to figure something out to save you. Then when you get released, we can be together. I have your picture on my wall. It was in the Daily Prophet, but you don't look too happy in it. Do the Frumples hurt? Only they're not supposed to hurt, but you look like they might be hurting you, so I thought they might.

I'll try to write to you again, and hopefully, I'll have some news on how to cure you. I love you very much and I'm sure you love me. Only, you don't know me, but when you do, you will love me, because we are meant to be together. Did you know that Liligiggles mate for life? You remind me of a Liligiggle because your eyes are gray and so are their tongues.

Love,

Luna Lovegood

Luna looked at the letter and smiled in satisfaction. This would definitely brighten Lucius' day. Plus, now he knew that someone cared about him and understood what he was going through. She left the room and ran down the stairs two at a time and landed in the kitchen. She slid across the floor in her stocking covered feet as she called to her owl, Midgwit, and attached the letter to her leg. Midgwit clicked and took off out the window.

Luna watched Midgwit fly off until she was nothing more than a speck in the sky. Her heart immediately felt lighter, and she smiled as she danced out of the kitchen and into her father's home office where he was sitting behind his desk working on a story.

"Daddy!" she exclaimed.

He looked up from his work and smiled fondly at her. "What is it, Pumpkin?" he asked.

Luna jumped up and down with glee. "I sent a letter to Lucius and now he will know how much I love him."

"Luna," he said sternly, "you know that he is being controlled by Frumples and there is no cure."

Luna frowned. Didn't he see that nothing would keep her from her love? Besides, there may not be a cure now, but surely, the Healers at St. Mungo's were working around the clock looking for one. Frumples were the most dangerous creatures around.

"Well, I'm sure there will be a cure any day now," she replied. Her father shook his head and went back to work.

Luna knew there would be a cure, and when that day came, Lucius would be free and they would be together. If those imbeciles at the Ministry didn't believe her when she told them, then she would just have to break Lucius out and cure him herself. She smiled to herself as she left the room, plans for freeing her love floating through her head. She and Lucius Malfoy would be together some day and that day was coming soon.