

Seasons Change

by Southern_Witch_69

Luna helps Harry see the bright side of things before the final battle. For Keladry_Lupin (Happy Christmas) who kindly left a request for me on my lj when I asked for prompts.

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Chapter 1 of 1

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Disclaimer: Not my characters of course.

SW Says: I wrote this for Keladry_Lupin, who was kind enough to respond to an LJ post in which I'd asked for story requests.

Her request was:

Pairing: Harry/Luna (friendship or romance)

Keyword: Snow

My Beta: **Wartcap** (Thanks, doll.)

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"You ever wish that things could be different?" Harry asked, looking out into the still darkened sky. "That Voldemort had never been born?" He hadn't expected anyone to answer, as everyone was either still half asleep or lost in thought, but when he heard her soft voice, he turned around in surprise.

"I could wish for that, yes," Luna said softly, "but I think we shouldn't dwell on things we can't change, no matter how much we'd like to."

"My parents would be alive—and Dumbledore, Sirius, and the others." He frowned. "I'm going to have to kill him, Luna. It's him or me. I don't know if I can do it. What if something goes wrong? What if I'm not strong enough or ready?" His words were barely audible, but she had moved to his side, listening attentively.

"I have faith in you, Harry. We all do. Yes, we've all lost people we care for, but life will move on, as it always does." She smiled wanly. "When my mother died, that was hard, but my father told me that beneath every fall of snow is life waiting to renew itself."

"Yeah, thanks, Luna," he quipped with a roll of his eyes, turning back towards the window. There was a deep purple layer of color lining the dark sky. The time was nearing—soon they would meet with the rest of the Order to finalize their plans for their secret attack on Voldemort. "It's almost over," he whispered.

A warm hand touched his cheek. "No, Harry, it's almost beginning. Winter is fading. The snow is melting. It's time to renew life, time to live." She grinned broadly and removed her hand. "Next will come the grass and the leaves... then the flowers." She began humming a soft tune as she looked into the sky.

As insane as it sounded—especially with that faraway look in her silvery eyes—he somehow felt that she was right. Why should he think negatively? Why should he spend his last hours before going to Voldemort’s hideaway dreading what would happen when he could be out appreciating things—life? “*Accio cloak*,” he said, flicking his wand.

“Where are you going?” she asked, placing a hand on his arm.

“I’m going for a walk,” he said with a lopsided grin.

“I’ll come with you.”

He waited as she pulled on her thick cloak and offered his hand to guide her out the doorway. Once outside, he’d loosened his fingers to release her hand, but she held on tightly, forcing him to tighten his grip again.

“Look, Harry,” she said, pointing at the snowman the twins had made earlier in the week. It was nearly melted. She stomped her feet. “It’s turning to slush more than anything. I suppose I was right. The days will continue to get warmer—according to the weather witch last night.” She happily gestured to a nearby tree. “Its leaves will return, green and full. All along this house will be plants, shrubbery, flowers, and weeds.”

He was about to remark that she should have asked Neville to take the stroll with her, as he shared her love for plants, but her next words stilled him.

“Isn’t the snow lovely?”

“I thought you didn’t care for snow,” he replied, enjoying the pink rays of light hitting the sky in the distance, the dark colors lifting finally. “Kills all the plants and such.”

“All part of life’s circle. Like a Dark Lord, winter breezes in, killing some things, stunning others, but it never lasts, never has complete victory. Someone chosen comes along like a warm sunray and helps to break his hold on the world. Those who were killed live on through the birth of others, and those who were only temporarily harmed become stronger, flourishing in the warm new reign.”

“Luna,” Harry began, unable to stop grinning, “that’s about the craziest thing I’ve ever heard, but it makes sense.” He smirked. “I hope you don’t think he’s beautiful,” he added, trying to make a joke and failing.

“He won’t win. His time has come,” she said simply, bending down to grab a handful of snow.

Watching her, he couldn’t help feeling a warmth flow through him. If there was still someone in the world who could think of things in such a manner, then there was hope that all would be right again. As she stood, she tossed her hair back from her face, its long, blonde locks fanning in one thick heap. The sun chose that moment to peek at them over the mountain in the distance—shades of orange and pink colors surrounded her, outlining her body radiantly. The reflection of the bright light on the white snow made her pale face and light eyes glow almost ethereally. “Snow meets spring,” he mumbled.

Without consciously realizing what he was doing, he stepped closer, cupped her face with his hands, and brushed his lips against hers softly. He dared not open his eyes when he began to pull away, finally comprehending what he was doing. “Luna, I didn’t mean—”

“Yes, you did,” she whispered, lifting a hand to his face to guide his lips back to hers.

They stood there for many minutes, lightly snogging and holding each other, until Hermione called out to tell them that the others had started arriving. Pulling apart, they smiled at each other happily. “Guess we should go in,” he said, squeezing her hand once. “Thanks, really. I—I needed this.”

“That’s what friends are for, Harry,” she replied and pulled him towards the house. “I do hope there’s some tea. I could go for a cup right about now. Do you know that heliopaths won’t come near someone who’s just had tea?” She nodded firmly. “That’s right. The scent puts them off for some reason.”

“Can fire spirits smell then?” Harry asked lightly, unable to help himself.

“Oh… well, I suppose they must have some way of sensing it.” She lowered her voice to a whisper once they neared the door. “I heard from a good source that Fudge used to keep his in line by threatening to douse them with Darjeeling!”

Harry simply grinned and followed her in, enjoying the crunch of snow under his heavy boots—the sound seemingly echoing the fate of Voldemort.

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SW’s Notes: This came out differently than I’d expected. I was trying to make Luna sound like she did in canon (her odd yet refreshing way of seeing things—holding strange beliefs dear), and I ventured into something other than I had planned. But anyway, I just thought a little sweetness mixed in with oddity never hurt anyone. *Psst* Harry’s going to kick arse by the way. Seasons change. :)