The Idea

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Luna Lovegood gets an idea and it involves Neville Longbottom.

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Chapter 1 of 1

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Disclaimer: The sandbox belongs to J.K. Rowling, I only play here!

Luna was sitting in the Great Hall eating breakfast when the idea suddenly hit her in the head. If you had asked her later, she would have swore an invisible arrow from some invisible cupid hit her and planted the idea in her psyche. Because, after all, the skies were filled with all kinds of creatures great and small that could make themselves invisible at will. Anyone who read the Quibbler knew that.

Luna looked over at the Gyffindor table and could see Neville sitting and eating. He kept looking over some parchment and biting his lip. She smiled to herself and knew from the tips of her hair to the end of her pointed toed boots that her idea was perfect. Luna decided that gifts were needed first. She figured a little softening up was needed to implement her idea.

Neville started getting the gifts the next day: books, seeds, and nuts. Anything that Luna thought he might like and some that she thought would be perfect for someone interested in herbology. Though when he opened the supposedly empty box and while looking into it puzzled all the invisible boggabugs flew away. Luna sighed as Neville turned the box upside down.

When she sent the seed catalog she decided that maybe she should start including notes. Neville had yet to come over to thank her there by starting her idea off to a rousing beginning. But he seemed to be getting more confused and muddled than enchanted by the gifts. So she wrote a note.

It said, "To My Love...with all my love. ~L"

The note fell out of the catalog that came with the next owl post. He read the note and looked around the Great Hall. Luna sat up straight on the bench, persuaded he had to know that the gift and all the others came from her. Today was the day for the idea to be fulfilled. She couldn't wait. Luna was almost bouncing in her seat with excitement.

Neville tucked the catalog into his book bag and picking up a seedling he had brought down with him. Luna jumped up and raced out of the Great Hall before he even had a chance to say his goodbyes to those sitting at the table with him. She just knew that he would head to one of the green houses and she had been watching him closely since she got her grand idea and knew he always entered by the same door. She ducked in and hid behind the large groper tree and kept smacking the creeping branches while waiting for Neville. When he came in the greenhouse whistling she decided it was now or never and lunged at him. Neville screamed and went down under the flurry of skirts and hair that was Luna.

"My Love!" she cried. But Neville couldn't say answer her from his postion on the ground. When he finally managed to get out from underneath her, he looked at her with comprehension dawning.

"Luna? You are L? Well, of course your name starts with L but you sent all those gifts?" Neville asked sounding shocked.

"Well, of course I did Neville, love. You are my one, my one love and the only one I could ever want," Luna said.

She couldn't understand why he didn't know this and was a bit hurt that he never figured out it was her. She sat on the floor of the greenhouse knocking her boots together while she tried to figure out what now. She wanted Neville, now and maybe forever. He never made fun of her and seemed to listen to her ideas and thoughts. He was perfect for her, Luna knew that and now it seemed that her grand idea and dreams were for naught.

Electricity seemed to course through her entire being and with a sigh she wrapped her arms around Neville and pulled him down with her. They exchanged sighing sweet kisses and fumbles.

"Oh, Neville, please...well is it private here?" Luna asked. Neville was trying to unbutton her jumper and stopped cold with the question.

"I don't know. I didn't think for once. I mean, I loved all the gifts, though that empty box was a bit odd...but no one, I mean no girl ever seemed to show interest...." Neville was cut off from his rambling by Luna's lips.

"Neville, just make love to me," she told him.

He smiled at her and she smiled back. Luna pulled her jumper over her head. Her hair fell in a shaggy waterfall over her bare shoulders. Neville just looked at her bare breasts in shock and with shaky hands reached out to them. Luna giggled, and pulled him to her body. They started throwing their clothes off. Neville did have the presence of mind to throw a locking charm on the greenhouse door, and for once, he did not mess it up. He felt no nerves, only pleasure as Luna ran her hands up and down his bare chest.

Luna took his hands and placed them on her breasts arching up in pleasure when brushed his thumbs over her nipples. His hand trembled as his hand was guided down to her knickers.

"Take them off Neville," Luna said.

When they were and he could feel her wetness, she knew it was time. Now or never. Later there would be time for a longer exploration but now it was time to finish this. She laid down and pulled him over her.

He pushed his cock into her and she tensed up. Luna murmured reassurance and told him to keep going. He broke through her virginity and she could swear she saw stars. It was over much too soon and Neville was apologizing for the quickness of it all.

"Oh Neville, the first time is never perfect but this was everything I wanted it to be. Next time it will be better and then the time after that ever better," Luna gushed.

"Thank you Luna. Thank you for being you," Neville whispered to her.

Luna snuggled up to Neville's side, totally happy, and knew that there couldn't be a more perfect moment than this.