

Wonderful Miscellanea

by *WonderfulChild*

A collection of miscellaneous ficlets and drabbles starring a variety of HP characters in a variety of interesting situations. Ratings range from G to R.

Like Clue, but With Kissing

Chapter 1 of 2

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A/N: This collection of miscellaneous ficlets and drabbles starring a variety of HP characters in a variety of interesting situations, previously only posted in my LiveJournal. Ratings range from G to R.

Summary: Luna Lovegood is snogging Harry.

Ficlet: Like Clue, but With Kissing

(Written for falena for a LJ kiss meme. Harry/Luna (sort of). PG.)

Luna Lovegood is snogging Harry.

One minute Harry is innocently eating breakfast in the Great Hall, minding his own business, and the next he is being snogged by Luna Lovegood. And he means *snogged*. With tongue and teeth and this weird rolling thing that she does with her tongue that he thinks he'll have to try out later on Ginny. But no time to think about that now because he is being snogged within an inch of his life. By Luna Lovegood. In the Great Hall.

It's like Clue, but with kissing.

Then suddenly, Harry's brain kicks in, and he feels that monster in his chest squirming in panic because not only is everyone watching, but Ginny is sitting across the table from him, and Luna Lovegood is *snogging* him.

And then... Luna Lovegood is not snogging him. She's licking her lips and staring down at Harry with an analytical gleam in her eye. Harry stares at her in shock, his mouth open, his glasses askew. He feels hundreds of eyes on him, and he's fairly certain that the entire Great Hall is watching them now to see what will happen next, or more specifically, to see what Ginny was going to do to him next.

"You were right, Ginny," Luna says, looking past Harry. "He tastes just like pumpkin juice and chocolate."

Slowly, Harry turns, not entirely certain he understands what is happening. Everyone around him is staring at them in open shock; Hermione has a hand over her mouth as if to keep herself from laughing, Neville's jaw is nearly on the floor, and Ron is practically glowing his face is so red.

Ginny herself looks as if she is trying to disappear under the table. "Um, Luna, what I said about having to taste him yourself was rhetorical."

"Oh," Luna says and shrugs. "Still, he does taste nice." Then Luna leans forward and whispers in his ear, "But your technique is rubbish. Try kissing back next time. Girls like that."

Then she pats him on the head, gives him one of her weird, dreamy smiles, and drifts out of the Great Hall, oblivious to the whispers, catcalling, and smattering of applause now echoing around them.

Slowly, Harry turns back to Ginny. "Uh, what was that about?"

"Sorry," she says, looking like she wants the earth to open up and swallow her whole. "Next time I'll be more careful when I girl talk with Luna."

The Darkest Magic

Chapter 2 of 2

Ted predicts the future for Andromeda.

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Summary: Ted predicts the future for Andromeda.

The Darkest Magic

(Written for keladry_lupin for a LJ kiss meme. Andromeda/Ted. PG-13.)

"You're going to be my partner in Potions today."

Andromeda quirks an eyebrow at Ted Tonks as she attempts to turn a grasshopper into a gramophone. He's at the table next to her, leaning across the aisle while Professor McGonagall's back is turned. There is a green gramophone with antennae in front of him and a smug smile on his lips.

"I don't think I will be, Tonks," she says primly, ignoring the way that smile makes her flush with warmth.

"Oh," says Tonks, pulling back to his own side of the aisle. "You'll see."

Potions comes, and by some dark magic that isn't taught at Hogwarts or even sitting at her mother's feet, Merlin bless her black heart, Andromeda is partnered with Ted Tonks.

"You're going to go to Hogsmeade with me next month," he tells her when he should be crushing hemlock seeds.

Andromeda refuses to look at him as she shreds lavender into the healing potion they are brewing. "Even if I said yes, and mind you, I won't, it's too dangerous."

Out of the corner of her eye, she sees Ted smirk at her. "What, on account of my dirty blood?"

"Something like that."

"Right, well, you'll see," he says and finally gets on with brewing.

More black magic happens in the form of secretive glances and notes passed in Charms, and during the next Hogsmeade weekend, Andromeda finds herself hiding in the back of the bookstore with Ted Tonks, hoping Bella won't catch them.

Ted gives her that smug, little grin. "You're going to kiss me now."

Andromeda crosses her arms indignantly. "You are rather out of your mind, aren't you?"

"No, I just know what I want," he says. His hands find her hips, maneuvering her towards him, and she does not protest. He is leaning forward, his breath warm and sweet on her lips, and she does not protest. Then he is kissing her, and her whole body explodes with heat and fire, more dark magic, she is sure, and her own hands tangle in his hair. Her own body presses against his as closely as possible.

Seconds pass, or moments, or whole years or eons or millennia, but however long it is, he is drawing away, and it is far too soon.

"One day," he says, his eyes soft and liquid, "you're going to marry me."

"Mad, definitely mad," Andromeda says, and she doesn't know who she is talking about anymore because suddenly she can see it, a life with a Mudblood and a bevy of little half-blood children, and it doesn't bother her a bit.

Oh, it's definitely dark magic. The darkest sort of magic, if she has to guess.

Ted just gives her that little, smug grin. "You'll see."

A/N: Thank you to Sophi and her mad beta skills.