# Under The Stars

*by odogoddess*

Luna helps Harry get over his guilt one special night at Shell Cottage.

## 1 of 1

*Chapter 1 of 1*

Luna helps Harry get over his guilt one special night at Shell Cottage.

Author's note: There is a deplorable bastardisation of Latin. Harry and Luna are 17 and of age in the UK. This fic contains h/c and clothed frottage, for those who prefer to enter a story well-informed of content.

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Harry's bed was warm, and he knew he was safe here, yet he could not sleep. When he did, all he did was suffer dreams he could not be sure were even his. He did not know what was more disturbing, the thought that Voldemort was affecting even his dreams, or the thought that his mind was capable of making such horrific visions on its own.

His heart was heavy, and although his scar did not trouble him, his head ached nonetheless. Across from him, Ron began to softly snore.

Harry gave up trying to sleep and slipped out of bed. He pulled on his jeans and his jumper and trainers and snuck downstairs, thence outside.

After a long time spent staring blindly into the star-lit darkness and hearing the waves crashing down below, he turned back, feeling chilled and foolish. His feet took him to the side of the house, and he found himself staring at the tiny grave he had dug the day before. It seemed like a lifetime ago.

"I miss him, too."

Harry started, then turned to find Luna blinking owlishly at him.

"Luna. I... I couldn't sleep."

"Nor could I. Mr. Ollivander and I would keep watch in our cell, one of us asleep whilst the other stayed awake. He's asleep right now. It may take awhile before I can break of the habit," she said philosophically.

Harry nodded. "I can understand that. We did the same, Hermione, Ron and I."

"Safer that way."

He nodded again, unsure what to say. It suddenly occurred to him that Luna had been taken before starting winter hols and was rescued yesterday, which meant she had been imprisoned for months at Malfoy Manor. She had spent months as a prisoner, being interrogated and possibly not even fed well, all because of him. Harry felt his habitual weight of guilt increase.

"I'm sorry you were trapped there for so long, Luna. We would have rescued you earlier if we'd known."

She smiled.

"Don't be silly. You had more important things to do than rescue me, Harry. Besides, I was all right. I wasn't alone. I wasn't afraid because I knew I was more useful alive than dead to them, even if it was only to marry Draco."

"Marry Draco?" Harry was appalled.

Luna nodded. "Mrs. Malfoy said that if nothing else, my Pure-blood status was impeccable and I was clearly a virgin and, therefore, quite suitable for Draco, especially if Lord Thingy kept threatening them all. I think she wanted to make sure they had an heir from Draco if anything happened."

Harry was aghast and surprised at her matter-of-fact tone of voice. It seemed like the concept was a lesson in logic to Luna, instead of a disturbing summation of her worth to the Malfoys.

"That's disgusting!"

"No, just sound reasoning, although, I would have preferred, in that case, to be kept in a guest room and not a dank room in their cellar."

Harry gaped, still appalled.

"Of course, when I pointed that out, well, let's say Mrs. Malfoy did not appreciate being told her hospitality left a lot to be desired."

Harry stared at Luna. He knew very well how the Malfoys took slights, and he was sure Luna must have suffered. He felt the burden of guilt increase yet again.

Luna tilted her head at him. Then she sighed.

"Oh, Harry. That wasn't your fault. You couldn't have known. When you did, you got us all free. That's what matters."

His vision blurred as he glanced at the tiny grave by them, and he swallowed. His voice was thick.

"Yeah, but I got someone killed. He was... he was a kind and loyal friend. He came because I called for help, and look what he got."

Suddenly, the burden grew too much, and he found himself on his knees with it, beside Dobby's grave. Tears slipped down behind the lenses of his specs, and deeply ashamed, he dropped his face into his hands, covering his weakness.

He scarcely felt the gentle hands on his head, didn't hear what Luna said, but he found himself being tugged until he sat hard on the cold turf and was pulled into yielding warmth where he let himself cry against her as she slowly rocked him and softly crooned, stroking his hot head.

Harry could not say how long he stayed like that under the stars in the cold, nestled against Luna and hearing nothing at first, but the sounds of his own sobbing breaths and the crash of the surf far below. He only knew he did not want to move, did not want to leave the incredible warmth that held him close, did not want to think about why he was grieving. Instead, he slid his arms around her, sighed with relief as her arms held him closer still and slowly allowed his sobs to subside.

He had never felt like this before. His aunt certainly had never held him, and the one time Mrs. Weasley had attempted it, their embrace had been interrupted. Hermione had hugged him before, but he had always kept her at arms' length when he had been upset. Ginny was not the same because this was not the same. Ginny had never comforted him like this, held him so close he could hear her heart beating, made him feel *safe*.

This was silly, he knew, because this was Luna, and as long as Voldemort was alive he should not really feel safe, but somehow, he did. He felt safe in her arms, warmed and comforted and altogether cosy. He felt like burrowing even deeper into her embrace and found himself nuzzling her with his cheek. She was so warm and soft and...

...Harry suddenly realised his face was cushioned against one of her breasts!

He began to pull free even as warmth flooded to both face and crotch.

"God, Luna, I'm so sorry!"

A cool hand stroked his damp, heated face, calming him, and he trembled as he abruptly recalled he had been crying.

"Don't be silly, Harry. I was glad to help you."

He made himself meet her eyes then, and she smiled at him.

"I'm always glad to help you, Harry. You're my friend and I love you."

He swallowed, ashamed of the tightening he could feel below his waist, which had begun when he realised his mouth was near her nipple, and which grew at her words, a heavy heated pulse of blood.

"Luna..."

Her stroking hand gentled him, and he could only watch as she drew closer to him, her beguiling smile filling his view. Then she was kissing him, kissing his forehead and cheeks, and heat flared anew. She kissed his chin and then his mouth, a sweet, gentle caress that made him grow fully hard. His hands lifted to her arms, but he did not push her away.

Harry pulled her closer and as their kiss deepened, slipped his arms around her, groaning. This was nothing like Ginny or Cho. There were no monsters in his chest, no spectres of dead boyfriends. This was Luna kissing Harry, welcoming him and his desire, giving him surcease from trouble and grief.

"Luna..."

She held him close and did not hesitate when she felt him press himself against her, instead reaching to hold his hips tighter to her as they continued to kiss.

"Yes, Harry," she whispered as she felt his hands slide forward and cup her breasts. "That feels nice."

He groaned into her neck and massaged her breasts as his hips thrust against her. He was close, very close. Then he felt one of her hands slide down and over his bulging crotch, and his head whipped back.

Eyes rolling, Harry came hard, pulsing into his pants and shuddering in Luna's arms. When he finished, he could feel her hand still gently massaging him and swallowed, straightening up again.

"Crikey," he breathed, blinking.

He pulled back a little to see her smiling at him, even as she pulled her hand from him.

"That was interesting, Harry," she said with a bright smile. "I should like to do that again, but with you naked."

Harry groaned, feeling laughter and a flare of heat both wanting to surface.

"If you like," she continued softly, "we could both be naked. You could do something like that to me, too. I should like that. I haven't quite got the knack yet, but it feels nice when I touch myself."

He kissed her, not knowing what else to say or do. He did not think this was a good idea, but he also could not deny he had done it, that *they* had done it, and he could not take it back.

She moved back a little, saying, "Hang on, Harry."

Then she retrieved her wand from behind her ear and pointed it at his damp crotch. *Expurgarefacio!*"

Harry gasped as he felt a sensation akin to having his genitals wiped with a damp flannel, followed by a gust of warm air that fluffed his pubes and dried him, pouching out his trousers before spiriting away, leaving him clean and dry.

"Better?"

He nodded at her and smiled, amazed at his good fortune with clever friends.

"Good. And we don't have to do anything else, if you'd rather not," she said quietly. "That was quite nice all on its own."

Harry smiled, nodding.

He stood then, extending a hand to help her up. Then he gently stroked his hand over her hair before kissing her once more.

"You're wonderful, Luna."

"Oh, Harry," she giggled. The sound filled his heart with warmth and a flicker of joy that had been missing for far too long.

He kissed her once more, a gentle goodbye, before taking her hand and leading her back inside the cottage where they separated and headed to their separate rooms.

Harry stripped again, leaving on his shirt and underpants. He slipped into bed and sighed. Ron had not even stirred.

He turned on his side to gaze out the window at the starry night sky. Soon, Harry was nodding off.

He fell into a deep, peaceful sleep free of dreams.

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