

Roses

by ArtemisofEphesus

After Luna's graduation from Hogwarts, there is someone she has to find, but has that someone been waiting?

This was originally written for the Happy Endings femslash exchange on Livejournal a few months ago. Enjoy!

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Chapter 1 of 1

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A/N: Both Luna and Fleur are of age in this story. I also have slightly changed their ages -- the age difference is more like one or two years than four.

At the end of a lane which runs through the French countryside is a small cottage overgrown with ivy and rosebushes, most likely inhabited by wild fairies or some other creature. A letterbox, whitewashed and perfect, stands at the front gate, which is pushed open after a moment's hesitation. Luna walks up the paved path, pale blonde wisps of hair falling over her shoulders - still down past her waist - and a bag over her shoulder, all patchworked together from little pieces of cloth she has gathered over the years. A pale blue piece in the centre is stitched in the shape of a heart, a reminder of her fourth year at Hogwarts. Of the first time Luna kissed someone, out near the lake one evening. She was fifteen then. Now she is eighteen, just graduated from Hogwarts. And this trip to France was her graduation treat for herself. And perhaps for someone else as well.

The brass nameplate on the door reads Delacour. Luna knows that this is the place.

In the last five years, the only contact she has had with Fleur Delacour, that girl she had first kissed by the lake at Hogwarts, has been per letter. Just plain words written on crisp parchment, void of any emotion. She hadn't known why Fleur hadn't written more often than once a month, perhaps once a fortnight, and only ever a few words at a time. She herself had written every day, always wishing for a reply the next. Luna knew she loved the French girl. But the French girl was scared. Scared of a relationship based on the charms of a Veela and not on love. And so she has stayed distant from Luna, even though she knows deep, deep down that she loves the eccentric young witch deeply.

Luna takes a deep breath and gathers her courage. She hadn't thought it would be this hard to knock on a door. But after a few, slow breaths, she does. The sound echoes through the air. Luna can hear clattering coming from inside, coming nearer.

The door opens.

Fleur stands there just as she has always been; silver hair and those oh-so-beautiful grey eyes. Luna feels her insides jump and jiggle. Fleur stares for a moment, as if she can't believe that Luna is standing in front of her. But there she is, nervously standing in the doorway. Then Fleur smiles and laughs and cries at the same time, reaching out to embrace the other girl with tears streaking her perfect cheeks.

"Luna... Ma chere Luna. You came."

And she leads Luna inside and gives her a tour of the cottage. Luna can smell the rich fragrance of Bouillabaisse coming from the kitchen, mixed with the perfume of the French countryside sneaking in through the windows. But overwhelming her is the smell of Fleur, who smells of roses and musk, and every time Fleur looks at her, she feels she is drowning in her.

* * *

That evening Luna and Fleur sit together in Fleur's cosy kitchen and dine like two lovers on their first date, catching up on every lost moment of each other's lives. Every so often Luna sees something which makes her insides squirm and shiver: the way that Fleur curls her delicate fingers seductively around her wine glass, the way she flicks her hair from her face. Through the window, Luna sees the sun setting, and she stands up and walks over to it. Fleur watches her, relishing the way her hair is lit up in red and gold by the setting sun, and joins her there. And Luna can't hold back the question she has been meaning to ask all evening.

"Why didn't you write, Fleur? Why were your letters so short and so cold?"

Fleur takes a moment before she replies, and when Luna turns to face her, she finds that there are tears trickling slowly down her face.

"I... I was scared. I thought that you... you only kissed me that night because I was half... half Veela."

And Luna understands.

All her life Fleur has been lusted over by the opposite sex, every second of her existence there was a boy who had fallen for her "charms". She has no control over it. Neither do they. And then, when Luna had kissed her, she thought that it was just another person under her spell. But Fleur doesn't know what Luna does. That a Veela's charm only works on the opposite sex.

Luna puts her arms around the other girl and holds her close. They stand in front of the window for what seems like eternity when it is only really a minute. Luna holds Fleur by the shoulders and brushes the silken strands of her hair from her face.

"Fleur... I love you. I love you."

And she leans forward and kisses her fully on the lips, at first gently and slowly, and then, as she feels Fleur respond to her kiss, more passionately. Luna feels Fleur's tongue slip gently into her mouth, exploring the warmth there, and the hair on Luna's neck stands on end. Their kiss becomes more desperate, and Luna feels Fleur's hands move down to her waist, slip under the fabric of her top and reach up to caress one breast through the satin of her bra. Luna arches her back at the other girl's touch and weaves her fingers into Fleur's silver hair. A groan escapes into the dusk. Finally what Luna has been longing for for years is being fulfilled. The French girl's fingers tracing patterns on her skin. Fleur's tongue doing wicked things with hers. And the smell of Fleur overwhelming her, the rose and the musk. And overpowering her senses, the intoxicating scent of a woman's arousal.

Fleur pulls away from Luna with reluctance. Her hair is tangled and her voice deeper than usual, breathy, sexy. Luna shivers with each syllable.

"Come... Not here. Come with me."

Fleur leads Luna up the stairs and into her bedroom, its airy decoration in ethereal whites and pale blues. A four poster bed is not overhung with the thick, heavy curtains of Hogwarts, but with floaty white material that shifts ever so slightly in the breeze coming in through the open window.

"Fleur... I just thought I'd tell you... I've never done this before," Luna manages to say. Fleur smiles to herself.

"Don't worry, ma chere, I will look after you."

Fleur walks over to the bed, pulling Luna behind her, and they fall in a tangle of limbs. Lying side by side, their tongues dance, entwining in each other, and Luna writhes as Fleur pulls off Luna's shirt with agonising slowness, tracing her deft fingers up her pale, bare skin. Inch by inch she uncovers Luna's skin, until she reaches the satiny fabric of her bra. Subtle fingers dip tantalisingly beneath its edges before Fleur rips both items of clothing over her head and throws them on the floor, not caring where they land. As Fleur's lips move down to caress her erect nipples and then move further still down to her waist and the edge of her jeans, Luna moans and frantically follows, pulling the straps of the other girl's sundress off her shoulders and unsnapping her bra with the deft motion only one so familiar with the task could have. Both girls lie there on the bed, now completely naked but for their panties.

Fleur's lips have reached the edge of Luna's silky underpants now, and she pries them off with precision. Her tongue creeps lower, lower... until Luna almost screams when Fleur flicks it over that wonderful sensitive spot, just there...

"Fleur... Oh, please, Fleur..." Luna begs, but Fleur does not give in. She kisses her again, and Luna can taste herself on Fleur's lips, sweet and sour at the same time.

Fleur's fingers are now taking over the role of her tongue, descending along Luna's milky skin, and Luna begins to echo Fleur's motions. Luna can hear Fleur moan slightly too now, and it sends shivers down her spine. Such a beautiful sound. Luna feels she is in heaven with her angel of silver hair and delicate fingers. Knowing just where to press -- just there, aa-aa-h.

Fleur positions a finger at Luna's entrance. Luna stiffens for a moment, but then relaxes again almost immediately. Fleur can sense the girl's need and her trust in her. She pushes her finger into Luna's wetness, slowly but firmly, and as she feels Luna's tight muscles gripping her, she feels herself convulse in tandem with her. Luna presses her lips together to keep from screaming, because it is uncomfortable and yet it feels so wonderfully good. Fleur pulls out again and pushes into Luna once more, again slowly, almost excruciatingly slowly, and then getting faster. She adds a second finger, and Luna bites her lip as she feels Fleur stretching her, probing her, getting faster and faster. Luna feels wave after wave rush over her, building up and up until one last, colossal wave washes over her, and she goes limp in Fleur's arms, breathing hard.

* * *

In the morning, Luna wakes up to find Fleur curled up next to her in the wide, white bed. Little rays of early morning sunshine flutter in through the window, dappling the room with specks of light. She feels Fleur shift slightly next to her and reaches over to place a soft kiss on her forehead. Luna walks out into the garden to greet the sun.

At breakfast, a single pink and yellow rose adorns their breakfast table.