

It was beautiful, the trees thick and green everywhere around him. There was a crystal-clear pool of water just down the hill from where he was trekking. *Hell of a lot better than the last time I was in a forest.* The sun gleamed bright as it just touched the tops of the trees as the day grew later.

It was summer but even still there was a coolness to the air in Norway. Unlike his time in the Forest of Dean not even six months prior, Harry wasn't hiding with no food, doing everything in his power to avoid Voldemort's sycophants. And his company was decidedly different too.

Luna was a little way ahead of him. Her dirty blond hair was in a ponytail and draped over her shoulder. She was wearing a pair of denim shorts that didn't even go to her mid-thigh, a powder-blue, long-sleeved shirt and a pair of well-worn hiking boots. Other than the Hogwarts uniform, it was the most conventional outfit he'd ever seen her in, and he'd be lying if he didn't admit he enjoyed the sight of her pale legs in those shorts.

Of course, it wouldn't be Luna if she wasn't wearing something uniquely hers. Attached to her ears were her Dirigible Plum earrings, and around her neck was a Butterbeer cork necklace. Her wand was tucked behind her ear, and no matter how bumpy the path through the woods, it didn't seem to budge. It was a new wand, made for her by Ollivander after the Battle at Hogwarts. Her first was taken by the Death Eaters during her imprisonment.

It was hard for him to believe that he was even there. After months of meetings and interviews and being pulled every which way by Shackbolt and his friends and every other well-meaning witch and wizard that he met, he finally had a moment to breathe. And it was entirely thanks to Luna.

She visited him at Grimmauld Place just a week earlier. The once shabby home had changed immensely with Kreacher's newfound purpose and it offered him a reprieve from everyone that needed his attention. Luna found him in the kitchen, nursing a cup of tea, "Hi Luna! Tea?" He asked.

She was one of the few people who still had unfettered access to the Black home, even Ron and Hermione needed to knock or ask for permission at the floo, because he just couldn't be assed with their constant pestering. *At least they're in Australia to get her parents sorted until Hogwarts starts up again.*

At first, Luna didn't say anything to him, just watching him with her big, silver eyes as she sat down across from him, "I'm going to Norway, next week I think. We tried to find the Snorkack in Sweden with no luck so, Norway seems like the best place to look next."

Blinking at her in surprise, Harry tilted his head, "That sounds nice. Is your father going with you?"

"Oh no," Luna said with a shake of her head, "daddy is still... recovering from his time in Azkaban. I think everyone is still trying to recover from something these last few months. But he wants me to go." She had a small, fond smile for her father.

Ignoring just how right she was about recovering, he was more concerned with something else, "So you're going alone?"

"I suppose so."

Harry didn't like the sound of that one bit, "You should probably take somebody with you, Luna." He knew firsthand that she was a capable witch, but that didn't change the fact he would prefer for someone to go with her.

"I thought I might ask Ginny, but between her family and Neville, I decided not to." Harry didn't like the reminder of the fact that Ginny and Neville had gotten together thanks to their shared experiences the last year at Hogwarts, but he couldn't really be angry about it either. *I was the one who broke up with her. It wouldn't have been fair to expect her to wait.*

"I'll go with you." Harry told her without really thinking, "I've never been out of Britain before. I wouldn't mind seeing Norway, and I'd sleep better knowing you had someone with you." *There'll be people who don't like it, but sod 'em. I've made enough decisions for the sake of people I don't even know. I'd much rather spend time with a friend than in another Ministry meeting anyway.*

Luna smiled airily at him, but her eyes lit up in excitement at his decision, "I'd like that, Harry."

"It'll be fun."

And so far, he'd been right. There'd been no sign of the Snorkack, and frankly he wasn't even sure how hard Luna was trying to find it. Mostly they'd just admired the natural beauty of the wilderness. The only time when they'd actively pursued the creature was when they found some scratching on the bark of a large pine. In the end they'd just stumbled upon a herd of muskox.

All he knew was that he was in better spirits than he'd been in months. *Since I watched Tom drop dead in Hogwarts, in fact.* Being around Luna was easy, and fun, and entirely unpredictable. And he loved every second of it. *The beauty of this place doesn't hurt either.*

As the sun dropped ever lower toward the horizon, Harry called out to his companion ahead, "Luna, do you think we should find a place to camp for the night?"

Luna stopped and turned to him, a small smile on her lips, "Probably, we need to eat some time." They found a small, level patch of ground about ten minutes later that was perfect to set up their tent. The trees were dense around them and some thirty meters to their east was a pond. There was a doe on the banks sipping water when Harry went down there to fill their canteens.

One thing that'd surprised him on their first day in the wilderness was that Luna used a muggle tent and sleeping bags. While not as comfortable as the wizarding tent he'd grown accustomed to in the previous year, he found that he'd preferred it at least in this limited capacity. *It certainly wouldn't have been as reasonable in the middle of the winter.*

When he got back to their camp, Luna had a fire going in the little clearing and was cooking a steak on a pan that levitated over it. "Smells good." He told her as he passed her a canteen. He'd learned that Luna was a pretty damn good cook in the last week.

Taking a sip of water, Luna smiled at him, "Thanks, I've had enough practice over the years with my dad. He's a miserable cook. So, since my mother passed..."

He hummed, not sure what to say. "I learned at the Dursely's." He'd helped her more often than not and found himself to be her equal at cooking.

"Learned seems a nice way of putting it." Luna said astutely. He would always admire her ability to speak such uncomfortable truths without a hint of hesitation.

Harry barked out a laugh, "That's true." They cooked in peaceful silence,, the crackling of the fire and the rustling of the leaves in the breeze the only noise. A bird started singing somewhere in the distance as they sat down to eat.

They were sitting side by side, on a magically cushioned log, "Thank you for this, Luna." Harry told her earnestly as he finished his meal. Luna looked at him with her pale eyebrows furrowed in a silent question, "For letting me come along."

"You insisted." She told him with a shrug, but the little smile on her lips gave her away.

"I suppose I did." He shook his head, "But I think you knew I would the second you told me no one was coming with you."

"Maybe you're right." She nudged his shoulder, "Maybe... I could see that everyone was getting time to deal with things, to grieve, to relax and just enjoy a world without Voldemort. Everybody except you. A seventeen-year-old who killed a monster and died in the process... well mostly."

"How do you mostly die?" He chuckled wetly.

"With a great deal of luck, and special circumstances." Luna told him sagely.

Tears formed at the corner of his eyes at the extraordinary thoughtfulness of his eccentric friend, "So you decided to help me out... again."

"It was nothing." She blushed a little at the way he was looking at her.

"No, it's never nothing," he insisted. "You got your father to publish that Skeeter article for me. You fought with me at the Ministry. You consoled me after Sirius' death. You went with me to Slughorn's party," And there was a part of him now that was wondering why they'd only gone as friends, "You fought with me every time I asked, because that's just who you are, and when it was over and all I needed was a moment's break from all the celebrations... you created a distraction for me because you understood that I needed some time alone when no one else did. Just like you did with this trip."

Luna wasn't looking at him, her silver eyes reflecting the dancing lights of the fire. When she spoke, her voice was quiet with none of its usual airiness, and it carried in the calm of the early night, "You're my friend... my best friend, honestly. Even when you barely knew me, you were kind to me. And you stand up for me. I think it's only fair I do the same thing for you."

Harry wrapped an arm around her shoulder and pulled her tight to his side. He wanted to say thank you again, but words didn't seem like they'd be enough, so he only squeezed her tighter as the silver light of the moon peeked through the trees and bathed the wood in a beautiful glow.

They talked softly, huddled close together, about everything and nothing. He asked her questions about magizoology and *The Quibbler*, and even got a full recounting of some of her father's most outlandish conspiracy theories, the one's that even Luna had a hard time believing.

It was growing late when Luna asked him, "Have you decided if you're going back to Hogwarts?"

"Kingsley wants me to join the Aurors, so does Ron because it's what he's planning on doing." Harry explained.

Luna cut him off before he continued, "That's nice, but what do you want to do?"

He could only shake his head, "I don't know. I never thought I'd get this far. For the last few years... I assumed I was living on borrowed time, that sooner or later Tom would catch up with me. Now I have a whole life in front of me, and expectations to go along with it, and I don't know what I really want to do."

"Well, it's just my opinion but, you shouldn't be living your life solely for the wants of everyone else around you. At a certain point, you have to do some things for yourself." Luna stood then and offered him a smile, "Just give it some thought. I'll see you in the morning." Harry nodded his head absently as she climbed into the tent.

She'd gone to bed before him every night and woken before him, too. But he wasn't giving that fact any thought as he was still stuck on what she'd said. *Do I want to spend my life chasing dark wizards and witches? Some people would say I've already done enough on that front to last a lifetime.* And if his experiences at the Ministry recently were anything to go by, then most of his life would be paperwork and meetings that went nowhere... and just general monotony and misery.

"No," he whispered to himself, "I don't think so." Harry sat there, staring at the fire a while longer, thinking of the future and what it might bring. When he could hear the faintest, cutest snoring from the tent, he stood and doused the fire with a casual wave of his wand. When he went into the tent, he was quiet, so as not to disturb his friend. He found that sleep came easily and that his dreams were filled with the moon and Luna.

The silver light of the moon and stars was still all that lit the world outside when Harry found himself stirring awake. He rubbed the sleep from his eyes and looked to his right to find that Luna wasn't in her sleeping bag beside him, and the tent flap was open. Groggily, he called out, "Luna?"

There was no response and he rose slowly, wearing only his boxers. He pushed his way out of the tent and found the air dry and no cooler than it had been during the day. For just a moment, Harry wondered if he was dreaming as he looked up into the trees. Quite unexpectedly, the trees all around him were shining with fairy lights, "Luna?" He called again, and still no response. But at the edge of the clearing, he thought he saw a hint of movement in the direction of the pond.

He chased after that bit of movement, but calmly. As he weaved slowly through the trees, he caught the barest glimpse of pale skin and he couldn't help the feeling that he was walking in an actual fairy tale. It was all that came to mind as the moon and the stars, and the fairy lights guided his pursuit of the just-out-of-reach maiden through the wood. It took him only a few minutes to reach the edge of the wood and the banks of the pond.

As he emerged, the sight that met him brought him up short. *I must still be dreaming. But I haven't had one this lucid since Tom's death... and they were never nearly so pleasant.* Standing there, water up to her ankles and naked as the day she was born was Luna. Her head was tilted up as she stared at the vast expanse of the night sky. The blue and purple and twinkling stars all reflected on the crystal-clear pool at her feet and she looked fae-like in the pale light.

Her dirty blonde hair fell loose down to the small of her back. Harry stared, transfixed by the sight of her lithe body. There was a lovely curve to her hips and her bum was perky and firm. *Has she... has she been*

sleeping naked in the tent all this time? He watched as she reached out and caught one of the fairy lights in her hand. He heard her giggle before shooing it away. That sound was so mesmerizing in its innocent delight that it brought a smile to his face. The entire scene spoke to his soul of something beautiful and ethereal.

Quietly, he walked toward her. The ground was soft and yielding beneath his bare feet. When he was no more than a meter from her, he stopped, his toes tickled by the water of the pond as he stood right at its edge, "Luna?"

His naked friend turned around and looked at him, not even slightly surprised by his presence there. Her eyes were the same striking silver as the moonbeam that lit the world around them, and he couldn't help but think that her name couldn't be any more appropriate. Though that thought was quickly replaced as he looked down at the rest of her body despite his best efforts.

Luna was slim all over, which wasn't surprising. He could see the barest hint of her ribs, though whether that was always the case or simply a result of her continued recovery from her captivity by the Death Eaters, he didn't know. What he did know was that she had beautiful breasts, bigger than he would have guessed but still no bigger than a handful. Her nipples were ghostly pale, even more so than the rest of her, pebbled and tiny. Her belly was tight and tapered down to her pussy, which was a small innie and pale pink. There was a neatly trimmed bush of hair on her mound.

He knew full-well that it was rude to stare, but he just couldn't stop. She was the most beautiful thing he'd ever seen, and he wanted nothing more than to stand there and admire her ethereal beauty. Any boy that ever teased her at Hogwarts would be struck silent at the sight of her, Harry was sure. *And most of the girls would be green with envy.*

Not the least bothered by his wandering eyes, Luna beamed at him, "It's beautiful, isn't it?"

Cliché as it was, he was staring right at his friend when he replied, "Yep, stunning." Purely on instinct, he leaned down to kiss her. Luna squeaked a bit in surprise and brought a hand up to rest against his chest, but she didn't push him away in the slightest. He pulled her close, one hand going to her neck, thumb brushing against her chin while the other went to the curve of her hip.

Without a hint of protest, she pressed against him. Her kisses were unpracticed and clumsy, but passionate. He didn't care one way or the other, kissing Cho had been horrid and with Ginny it was fun, but kissing Luna felt unequivocally right. Like his whole world just shifted slightly until it came into perfect alignment.

For a few wonderful minutes, they were just breathlessly caught up in one another's tender kisses. Harry moved from her mouth to her cheek and started kissing her neck. With every little nip and suck of her skin she mewled needily. The sounds he pulled from her sent a shot of pleasure right down his spine that made him feel warm all the way down to his toes.

Groaning deep, he felt a dainty hand grip his erect length through his boxers. Her voice was breathy and dreamy, though not in its usual way, "Harry..." He would give every galleon he had to hear her say his name in that way all the time.

Pulling back, he looked down at her, "Yes."

“You’re seeing all of me... I think it’s only fair I get to do the same.” Luna pushed at the waistband of his boxers and slid them down his thighs. They plopped down into the water at their feet. The tiny gasp of pleasure that escaped her lips as his cock slapped against her hip made him throb. She gripped his shaft and her fingers barely wrapped around his girth. There was a bit of excitement and fear in her voice when she told him, “I’m... quite small... I’m not sure if that will fit.”

“We... we don’t have to...” Appealing as the idea of being inside of this gorgeous little nymph was, he didn’t want to hurt her, especially if she was afraid.

“No... I want it.” He’d only heard that steely conviction in her voice a few times, usually when defending her friends or family, “I’ve wanted you for quite a long time now.”

That caught him off guard, “Really?”

Luna blushed crimson red in the silver light, “Since that Christmas party... I didn’t really think about it until after I was back in the common room though.” Hesitating a moment, what she said next took a great deal of courage, “I love you. And not just as my friend.”

“Oh,” He rubbed soft circles into her hip with his thumb, hoping the comforting stroke would calm her nerves at that admission, “I didn’t know.”

“Because I didn’t tell you.” Luna said with a little frown, “I knew how you felt about Ginny, and I knew that Ginny would be happier with you than Dean. And she’s my friend too, so I wasn’t going to say anything.” Her hand on his chest pressed more firmly, “I was happy to see you both happy, you especially. Considering everything else, you deserved it.”

“What was it you said to me earlier, ‘you shouldn’t live your life concerned only for the wants of others’?” Harry smirked slightly as she slapped his chest.

She ducked her head and didn’t meet his eye but nodded her head in agreement, “I did say that.” Shifting around so that she was facing him fully, her grip on his member became firmer as she stood up on tip-toes and place his glands against the small, wet lips of her pussy. He groaned as she dropped back on her heels and took the first couple inches of his cock, piercing her maidenhood in the process, “Consider that... a statement of intent... with regards to my wants.”

He never asked her what exactly the Death Eaters had done to her in the dungeons of Malfoy Manor. Guessing at his question, she told him, “A virgin pureblood witch has uses, Harry. If my father didn’t do as they demanded, they had plenty of plans for me.”

Harry swallowed and nodded his head, unwilling to imagine what could have happened. And incredibly grateful for what did. *Thank you, Dobby.* He thought about his dead friend regularly but had never been more thankful for the elf’s sacrifice than in that moment.

The middle of the wilderness, ankle deep in water, wasn’t the ideal first place to make love. It was odd and beautiful, and so perfectly Luna. Harry hunched slightly so he could get more of his length into her sheath. They both gasped as he sunk more and more of his impressive length into her tiny body. With every thrust of his hips, he expected her to reach her limit, but each time he was surprised.

Her grippy hole was wonderfully tight and warm around his cock, he leaned down and rested his forehead against the crown of her head, "You feel amazing... Luna." The fairy lights around them seemed to glow brighter, pulsing along with their ever-increasing pleasure.

"So do you!" her scream echoed through the trees as he felt her tense against him. His slender lover started shaking in his arms as she neared her peak. Her legs quivered and seemed to lose all their strength. He slid his hands from her hips to the curve of her bum and held her up as she started spasming around his cock. Her legs dangled uselessly as her stuffed tunnel tried to milk his cock.

Drips of her arousal spilled from where they were joined and rippled in the water at their feet. It took all of Harry's willpower to keep from joining her in rapture. He loved Luna, more and more all the time, and he wanted her first time to be something she remembered for all of the right reasons for the rest of her life.

"Oh...oh... oh... yes! Yes!" She kept humping against his cock as her orgasm petered out. Dropping his hand to the curve of her bum, he lifted her higher until he slipped all the way out of her tunnel. Luna groaned in disappointment, but he paid that no mind. He knew that she'd be pleased with what he had planned.

He slipped his hands between her legs and pushed outward so that her knees were hooked around his elbows. With her splayed lewdly, he dropped her back down until his jutting length nestled between her swollen lips again.

He sheathed himself in her depths in one fluid motion, and she was even tighter in her post-orgasmic state. Luna's already big eyes widened just a tiny bit more as he poked deep in her belly, "Merlin... and... Morgana... so good." He started bouncing her up and down his cock slowly, reveling in every little squeak and gasp that he pulled from her throat as he glided the slender girl along his cock.

He didn't want to manhandle this gentle girl, but he wanted her to feel just how much he wanted her. And he seemed to be doing a good job of it as she wrapped an arm around his neck and molded her body against his. Her nipples scraped against his hard chest with every bounce, and she groaned low and deep as he felt her legs shudder again.

She licked and sucked at the soft skin of his neck and whispered just loud enough that he could hear, "Please...please.... Harry... I love you... I want it..." She keened as she reached another mind-blowing peak.

There was a sheen of sweat on his brow, and there was no holding back that tension in his crotch any longer, "I love you, too." He said surprisingly softly given the harshness that he dropped her against his groin. With a growl he filled his new lover with rope after rope of his seed. Her small body couldn't take it all, and it started leaking down his bollocks and his legs.

"Oh!" Luna's fingers scratched against his neck and back, the pain of it mingling with his pleasure. Harry looked to the heavens and couldn't imagine a more perfect moment. For Luna, it was so good that she lost all sense, and went limp in his arms. His peak was monumental, stars and darkness mingling in his vision until he finished filling her. All the while he pressed his lips to the top of her head, as he shuddered and pulsed.

When he was finished, he tenderly placed her on the ground with the last of his own strength. He wrapped himself around her protectively, as they both fell asleep beneath the moon and stars.

When he awoke hours later, the sun was peaking over the horizon, and cute little snores were coming from near his chest. At some point, Luna turned in her sleep and was facing him. He felt better rested than he could ever remember. *Thank Merlin, it wasn't a dream.* The giddiest grin of his entire life bloomed on his lips, as he rested his head in her hair.

But then there was another noise nearby, something lapping at the pond. Harry's head popped up and he couldn't believe what he found, "Luna!" he whispered excitedly. She woke slowly and smiled brilliantly. She furrowed her brow when he held a finger to his lips for her to be silent and pointed to the edge of the pond.

Standing at that edge less than five meters from them, happily getting its morning drink, was an animal he'd never seen before. It was no bigger than a golden retriever with pink spots and short purple fur. It had a pig's nose and horns. Luna giggled slightly as she looked at it.

At Harry's furrowed brow, she explained, "Its horns aren't crumpled, they're smooth. My daddy was only half right." They both laughed for far longer than was probably necessary, but they were both far too happy to care. And it had very little to do with the Smooth-Horned Snorkack they'd just discovered