

Passion that nudged at Daphne now, stirring inside her, watching her girlfriend lie there on the grass like some kind of fae temptation. Daphne's hand, still drifting over Luna's skin, swooped down to stroke across her stomach. Her hand holding Daphne's tightened ever so slightly, and Daphne smirked, watching two rosebud pink nipples swell at her touch. Luna's hips canted ever so slightly, and she blinked her eyes open. "I don't think the wrackspurts are going to let me see what they're hiding," she sighed. "There are too many possibilities right now." A brief, worried frown flickered across her lips. "I hope it's not to do with Harry."

If it was regarding the uncertainty of the future, it probably was at least somewhat to do with Harry Potter. Everything else was.

"They'll show you if there's something you can warn him about," Daphne assured confidently. "Best not to worry about it too much."

"I won't." Luna smiled, letting go of Daphne's hand and lifting her arms above her head, stretching out languidly, pushing up against Daphne's other hand still on her stomach. Daphne swallowed tightly. "The magic here is so *warm*, do you feel it? It tickles my skin." The Ravenclaw looked up at Daphne, a flirtatious tilt to her chin. "You should feel it on your skin properly, too."

Daphne laughed softly, hand sliding up to cup Luna's breast, flicking her fingers over the nipple. "Are you giving up on Seeing, for now, then?" she asked, like she didn't already know the answer. "Because you know what'll happen if we're both naked."

Luna smiled impishly. "There's only one thing I'm interested in seeing right now," she purred, squirming in the soft grass, the flush spreading down her chest all the way to her stomach. Merlin, she was beautiful.

Daphne could look at her like this for hours — but touching was far better. She pulled her blouse over her head, feeling Luna's gaze on her, feeling the magic dance across her skin as clearly as if her girlfriend was touching her. The sensation made her gasp, and Luna giggled. "I told you," she sing-songed, as Daphne unclasped her bra, gooseflesh prickling across her arms. The Slytherin smirked, leaving her skirt on and turning her attention back to her entirely too-smug girlfriend, peeling the sunshine-print knickers down her hips, exposing the thatch of soft, pale blonde hair. "Oh, that's not fair."

Daphne settled in between Luna's knees, skirt rucked up around her, teasing fingers sliding into Luna's wet heat. "Slytherins don't play fair, honey," she drawled, crooking her fingers and making Luna gasp. As she did, the magic around them flared, and both girls jerked at the sensation.

Luna's favourite place in the forest might not have helped with her Sight, but it wouldn't be a wasted trip.

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They had finally chased out their last customers, and Blaise flipped the sign on the door to show that Weasley's Wizard Wheezes was closed for the night. As he did, hands rested on his