

Susan grinned as she stood up to slide her underwear off, settling back down over Theo, pulse racing as his fingers danced across her skin.

People didn't know *shit*.

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Past the lake, in the Forbidden Forest, Daphne watched her girlfriend feed chunks of bloody meat an invisible flying skeleton horse and wondered how this had become her life, that she wouldn't want to be anywhere else.

She didn't like Valentine's Day. It was overly-sappy, commercialised bullshit.

This wasn't a Valentine's date. It was just a regular date, a chance for the pair of them to get out of the castle, for Luna to surround herself with the wild magic of the forest. Hell, it was hardly even a date; Luna came out here most evenings, and Daphne often followed, the lovesick *disaster* that she was.

Her fourteen year-old self would be ashamed to see her now, so utterly gone on another human being.

But her fourteen year-old self didn't know how great sex was, so quite frankly, Daphne didn't care.

"Daphne, come here," Luna called, and like a devoted sap, Daphne obediently followed. Her girlfriend beamed at her, reaching out a hand. "Come, stand where I'm standing." She stepped aside, just enough to stand with her chest pressed to Daphne's back, her hands on Daphne's wrists. "Persephone had a foal, look."

"I can't see them, honey," Daphne reminded dryly. Luna giggled in her ear.

"Look with your *other* senses, silly," she urged, moving Daphne's hand out to the side. Suddenly, her fingertips hit something warm and velvet-soft and alive.

"Oh," Daphne breathed, letting Luna guide her into petting the thestral foal. It had to be a small thing — she could feel its wing tip brushing her calf, feel its spindly body and tiny ears. It wasn't like petting a regular horse — more like a horse-shaped snake, though there were little tufts of fur at its ears, and its nose felt just like any other horse's. She heard a quiet whinny, then a huff, and something nudged her shoulder.

"That's Hades," Luna informed her, giving another quiet giggle that slid over Daphne like silk. "He's very proud of his baby."

"As he should be," Daphne agreed, lips curving ever so slightly. Hades nudged her again, and Luna moved Daphne's hand over, setting it on a large, muscular shoulder.

"He likes getting scratches there most," she whispered, letting go of Daphne's wrists so the Slytherin girl could figure out the creatures for herself. Luna hugged her from behind, pressing a kiss to Daphne's neck. "They like you," she confided. "I think Hagrid and I are the only ones who visit them. But they like people."