

Find his opportunity, and take it. He could do that.

He hoped.

.-.-.

Technically, Luna wasn't supposed to be in the Ravenclaw dormitories. As an underage student, she was supposed to be down in Hufflepuff, safely tucked away in case of invasion.

But, much like Ginny, Luna wasn't going to listen to anyone telling her where she was *supposed* to be.

No one could keep Lady Ravenclaw out of her own damn tower.

She lay on her bed, in the dorm that she and Daphne shared with Susan, Hannah and the Patil twins, her eyes closed against the cloud of colours and shapes in her vision. Gentle hands massaged her temples, and while it felt very nice, it wasn't doing much to help the problem.

Nothing but time would help this particular headache. The future was so fraught, the paths ahead so numerous and so uncertain... Luna was usually pretty good at not getting overwhelmed by the wrackspurts, but right now she was drowning in them.

"Will a potion help?" Daphne fretted, kissing her brow. "Or, hell, a cup of tea? Burning some incense? What's all that stuff Trelawney uses to *clear her inner eye*?"

Luna giggled, letting her eyes flutter open to look at her girlfriend in the dim light of the room. Daphne had blacked out the windows for her, conjuring a ball of soft silver light overhead instead. Daphne was so sweet to her, so attentive. She didn't treat Luna's Seeing like it was some oddity or fun quirk.

"I don't need any of that," she assured softly. "Though I could go for some ice cream. Pistachio sounds nice."

Daphne's lips turned up at the corners. "Luna, honey, I don't think that's going to help your Sight."

"No, but it'll make me feel better," Luna said brightly. With the castle so in tune to her, the elves always listening, she barely had to think it before a bowl of pistachio ice cream was on the nightstand. "Thank you," she murmured, feeling the wards brighten in response. Hogwarts was such a friendly thing, so welcoming to its students, so eager to please. Now the wards had been cleared, the whole castle felt like one big hug.

She sat up carefully, reaching for her ice cream, shuffling over so Daphne could squeeze in beside her in the narrow bed. Daphne's chin tucked against her shoulder, her body a warm line against Luna's.

"I'm worried about you. About how clouded things are for you. I... what does that mean?" Daphne asked, voice barely louder than a whisper. "Does it mean we won't win?"