

his, but soon she was going to be the one pinning him down and making him scream, unravelling him from the inside out, and he would love every second of it. So she wrapped her legs around his waist, making an impatient noise, all the while wondering if Harry would hurry the fuck up a bit and kill a Dark Lord so she could get her Happily Ever After with this man. And a smaller part of her wondered how he could even be *real*, so perfect for her, so endlessly fucking *incredible*—

Then he kicked the bedroom door open, and Tonks had much more important things on her mind than the war.

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Two blonde girls walked through the woods; one with her hands in her skirt pockets and an indulgent smile on her face as she watched the second, who drifted between the trees like her feet barely even touched the ground.

“Finding anything good, honey?” Daphne asked, watching Luna peer up into the branches of a tall oak tree. Luna hummed, then huffed, the tiniest pout of frustration on her face. Daphne resisted the urge to kiss it away.

“There’s too many wrackspurts,” Luna declared in annoyance, shaking her head, making her dangling silver earrings jingle. “Even if I could find anything here, I wouldn’t see it through this *cloud*.”

Daphne had been with Luna long enough now to understand most of the things she said; at least when it came to her various creatures. Wrackspurts were the annoying little buggers that clouded her Sight, filling her brain with useless buzzing when the path ahead was unclear. It wasn’t a surprise — the current state of the wizarding world could definitely be described as *path unclear* — but she hated when Luna had that look on her face.

“How can I make them go away?”

Luna gave her a bright smile that made Daphne’s heart flutter, and danced closer, kissing her on the cheek. “Things will clear up soon,” she assured. “It’s just difficult, right now. But maybe the blibbering humdingers will make it easier. Come on.”

That was a new one to Daphne, but she didn’t protest when Luna grabbed her by the hand and pulled her along, leading her into a small clearing. Daphne had been staying with Luna and her father for four days now, and most of that time had been spent in the woods behind the house. Luna always said her head was clearer when she could feel nature’s magic.

The clearing they stopped in was pretty; just a circle of soft grass, about fifteen feet across, but even Daphne could feel the buzz of natural magic as soon as she stepped in. Perhaps it had once been a fairy circle, or it was a ley line crossing. She wouldn’t put it past Luna to find such things.

Luna let go of her hand and strode forward happily, lifting her dress over her head without a second of hesitation and tossing it aside, dropping down to lie on the grass in nothing more than a pair of pale yellow knickers printed with tiny smiling suns. Daphne’s eyes drank in the