

The Eternal Purity

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Harry was ready to undress his shirt and jeans and go to bed. He was staring out at the lake, which was shining magnificently, calm and peaceful. Through the wind he could almost smell the green grass outside, only illuminated by the moonlight. But something was different, unnatural in that scenery, something that shouldn't be there. Someone was crossing the grass.

Harry almost hit the window trying to figure out who it was, though it was not a tough task. Luna was walking slowly, her hair waving in the cold breeze; her nightdress was dark blue, with some sparkles that shone with the beams from the moon.

“What is she doing at the middle of the night wandering around the grounds? She could get expelled!” Before he could think what he was doing, Harry grabbed his invisibility cloak and threw it over himself, disappearing in the weak light that illuminated the dormitory.

Dashing through corridors, Harry felt very lucky he didn't find someone along them. Or maybe he was so distracted by the thoughts of a Luna already caught that he didn't see anyone. As he reached the grounds Harry ran to Luna – who was playing with her bare feet in the water – and sat next to her, throwing the cloak over her too. She looked at him and threw him a smile.

“What are you doing here?” he asked, breathing heavily from his run. “You could get caught! Are you out of your mind?”

“I just wanted to think a little.” She stared at some distant point in the lake “During the day there are many girls here in the grounds, and they speak too loud, so I thought that at night it would be more peaceful.”

“Of course there's silence! We're over curfew!” he said, angrily, but unable to raise his voice.

“You're here too, Harry” she stated.

“But I'm under the cloak! And I only came here so you wouldn't get caught!” he answered, fighting back at the inevitable truth.

“Thank you.” She threw him a big smile and turned over her head to the same distant point in the lake, becoming very quiet.

Harry couldn't stop notice her blonde hair was different from usual. It looked smoother and with some highlights that were passing through the cloak. Her nightdress was above her knees and Harry couldn't help notice her legs were very pale but still beautiful and perhaps very soft too. His green eyes glanced a little at her breasts, and although they were not very big, Harry liked them enough to look a little longer.

“Do you like my nightdress Harry? I see you're looking at it.”

Harry couldn't help but blush hard. Fortunately it was dark enough so that Luna couldn't see. “Yes...yes it's very beautiful. I like the colour.”

“Thank you Harry. I chose the colours of my house, Ravenclaw.”

“It suits you. You look beautiful in it.” He then opened his eyes, realising what he’d just said. He had never thought of Luna like that. He had never flattered her.

There was a silence between them and the Luna stared at him straight in the eyes “*Her blue eyes look good with the dress...STOP thinking about what she looks like!*”

“Thank you Harry. You’re very kind; no one ever has ever said anything like that to me.” He couldn’t stop notice her cheekbones were a slightly different colour now.

“I’m sure that’s not true” Harry said “You’re a intelligent and very good looking girl, you were in the DA! That’s something people should be admiring you for!”

“Did you say I was a good-looking girl? Harry you must have some kind of disease. If you said I looked a little loony – like everyone says – you would sound healthier” She said this with an unreadable expression, still staring at the lake.

“I don’t think you’re lunatic...just kind of...different. I like that in you.” “*Oh my God I just said I like her! Or something similar to that...*”

She grabbed his hand and Harry felt himself warm up to her touch. Her soft skin was now caressing his fingers. “Thank you for understanding me, Harry. No one ever does. I understand you too. You have to stand others looking at you that way. I’d hate it.”

He suddenly felt a wave of gratitude to her; she understood him, she knew what was being looked at just because you were different, just because of something you couldn’t help, that other people commented on constantly. Harry was watching Luna like he’d never seen her before. Without her strange earrings, and with only her night dress, and her smooth blond hair she looked gorgeous. He’d never seen someone with that natural beauty. Then he remembered what she had done for him. She had fought against Voldemort too. She had risked her life in the Department of Mysteries with his friends and she had been the one waiting for a message in the coin. “*She is an extraordinary girl.*” Harry thought, sighing.

Harry didn’t know what he was doing; he just felt the need to do it. He hugged her under the cloak. To his relief she hugged him too and let her hands slide up and down his back, caressing him. Harry loved feeling her palms against his back and laid down a small kiss on her neck. She moved away from him and he was suddenly scared he’d done something wrong. It was impossible to read anything in her wide eyes, as they always held that expression. “Did I do something wrong?” he asked nervously.

“No.” She answered and leaned herself into him kissing softly his lips. After he overcame his surprise, he kissed her too. Her lips were small but very soft and delicate; like they’d never been kissed before “*Which is probably true,*” thought Harry and smiled inside. He continued to kiss Luna calmly; he didn’t want to do nothing against her will. Though a few seconds later he felt something warm press his lips and let her tongue touch his, and explored her mouth. Luna seemed to like to do things slowly, discovering every corner of Harry’s mouth with her soft tongue. . He decided to put his hands around her waist and push her forward, hearing the dress rub the grass. She accepted the invitation and crossed her arms above his shoulder, deepening the kiss.

Harry suddenly remembered that they were in the grounds, under the cloak and that made him excited. The only thing that could watch what they were doing was the nature surrounding their bodies.

They broke the kiss together, breathing harder than before, but still with their arms around each other. "I've always dreamed about this Harry. And it has been exactly as I imagined."

Harry didn't have response for that. He had never thought of Luna like that, but now... everything had changed. He wanted to touch her hair more than ever. He thought about her attractive breasts – that he didn't dare to at look now - and about the kiss, the wonderful kiss they just had. Now that he had discovered this new great feeling, he wanted to unleash it, and wanted Luna to want it too. He began to stroke her hair and caress her cheekbones, making her utter mewling sounds in the palm of his hand. His hand went down her arm, and held her hand, kissing the palm, which made her giggle.

"I love to see her smile like that. It's so pure and simple." She then turned over to him and approached him, wrapping her legs around his waist, leaving only a small space between their hipbones.

She began to kiss him again, this time more intensely than before. He broke the kiss and landed small kiss in her neck, to which she made no objection. He kissed her collarbone deeply and stroked her leg near her knee. He listened to her soft sighs while he touched her leg further and began to suck a little of her neck. He couldn't help that he was becoming a little hard in this situation. He wanted more of beautiful Luna, wanted to touch all her purity.

He felt her leaning forward to lick behind his ears, and moving down to his collarbone. He let out a soft moan that was stopped at the end by Luna who was now moving her full body towards Harry's crossed legs. Harry could felt her panties cross over his zipper, above the place that he could no longer control. He looked at Luna, gasping at her mouth, her lips red from kissing Harry's neck. He saw one her hands descend to his shirt and touching the hem of his shirt whilst tracing a finger around his waist. He understood the sign and kissed her again and removed his shirt letting her trace his back with her hands. She broke the kiss and observed him while she touched one of his nipples.

He let out a moan of pleasure and groaned more when he felt her wet tongue touch his nipple. "Oh Luna, that's so good!" he sighed to her, while she was licking one of her fingers to stroke the other nipple with it.

Harry was harder than ever. His body was shivering from the immense pleasure Luna was giving to him. *"I want to pleasure her too...but will she let me do it?"*

Lifting her head, he landed a small kiss on her lips, watching her sat in his lap. He began to pull both straps of the dress down a little so that only a little bit more of her breasts were seen. Then he continued to kiss her neck down to her collarbone, constantly kissing her silky skin until he reached her cleavage and stopped. He looked up at her and she grabbed both straps and pulled them now, revealing her small but perfectly shaped breasts to Harry. He licked one of her nipples gently to tease her and she let out a small moan. He began to caress one breast while licking and sucking the other one with fervour. "Please, Harry, don't stop." and then she began to rubbing

herself against his hardness and he felt himself almost come with all the noises she was making. He felt her shudder while penetrating her leg skin with her nails.

She looked dizzy but whispered in his ears with her eyes bigger as never. "I loved that Harry, and it's your entire fault you know?"

"I know, and don't worry; you won't leave until you have some more. I'll make sure of it." He said behind her ear.

Harry grabbed his wand and cast a spell to make a towel appear under them, and then, feeling that his cloak was much in the way, he made it stay in the air, covering the entire towel. "Now we're much more comfortable." He smiled at her and she returned it.

He could now watch her silently, and admire her beauty. Her lips were wet from their kisses and her nipples were much darker than before, now that he'd stroked them. He touched her legs above the knee and began to raise his hand until he found her dress and removed it above her head. He pushed her forward so he could feel her warm body against his and kissed her like the first time, soft and gentle.

Then he moved her to the side, making her lay down next to him, pressing himself tight against her arousal. He slide one hand inside Luna's panties and touched her clit to see her reaction. She moaned and into his neck and he continued to stroke it gently, watching her groan and bite his neck.

He slid one finger inside her and began to feel all her wetness "*She is so hot, and she is like this for me, I don't know if I can stand much longer*". He slid another finger and began to caress her inner walls whilst his thumb continued to caress her clit, making her breath heavily, and she grabbed the towel with much force as she could.

"Oh Harry!" she screamed into the calm night while she felt her release.

"That was the hottest thing I've ever heard Luna." He whispered, patting her hair, which was now all messy from her movements, and which looked quite sexy on her.

"I want to give you what you gave to me Harry." She unbuttoned his trousers without any shame, and grabbed the waist band of his boxers pulling them down. Harry felt the air around his completely hard cock, and saw that already some precome was on its tip. Luna grabbed it firmly and began to stroke it up and down making Harry have to hold himself to not come right then. He looked up at her eyes and saw nothing but innocence, and maybe a little lust. "Am I doing this right?" she asked.

"Yes. Please go faster..." She obeyed and began to quicken her pace making him grab her in the waist to feel her soft skin again. "Oh Luna!" he sighed loudly, before waves of pleasure spread through his body. He stayed laid down for some seconds, but then he got up and cast a cleaning spell on himself and Luna's hand.

She was still looking at that distant point in the lake, but now her eyes were sparkling. "Do you know what I see in there when I look?"

“What?” he asked softly.

“You and me and this moment.” She turned side to side to Harry and hugged him letting her head fall on his bare chest. He pushed her hair to the side and kissed her forehead feeling that, even after what they had done, she was still pure.