

Luna's Plan

A/N: I do not own Harry Potter, his image, likeness, or the piles of money he has made his creator. But you knew that.

Harry Potter and the Fine

Part One – A plan is hatched.

Luna Lovegood was an upset young lady.

You could tell by the pout. Lovegoods in general were renowned for being prodigious pouters, and when Luna combined the Lovegood pout with the lower lip quiver of the Malfoy family that she had inherited from her mother, Luna's pout contravened several Strategic Arms Limitation Treaties. However since the Lovegood family were not signatories to any of those treaties, Luna's father was rather unfairly immune to her pouts. In fact he often offered suggestions for improving her pouting action.

It was unfair. This unfairness of course caused Luna to pout even more, adding snuffles learned from Gran Ollivander to the lip quivers. This didn't work either, but it never hurt to practice one's craft.

Luna stomped her foot at her father, who cruelly ignored his only daughter, and continued to dress for his meeting. The part of Luna's mind not dedicated to the pouting, lip quivering, sniffing or foot stomping regarded her father's attire with a gimlet eye. He always dressed so conservatively and really did he have any sense of style? A red cummerbund with green camouflage cargo shorts? She shook her head ruefully. She loved her father dearly but all of his taste was in his mouth. Everyone knew that Purple was the color to wear with camo. And seriously, wearing white socks with his calf high Doc Martins? Seriously? At least his shirt was nicely pressed.

Oh, he was wearing the shotgun shell cufflinks she had gotten him for his birthday. How lovely.

Her father had absolutely no sense of style, but he was sweet about it.

Wait. She was mad at him, and he deviously distracted her with his lack of fashion sense. The Beast.

"I don't understand why I can't go." She whined attempting to achieve a new level of pout.

"You know full well why you can't go, my pretty moon girl." Xeno Lovegood said, checking his fine self in the mirror, while contemplating if his top hat would make a more forceful statement than his trademark pith helmet. No, definitely the helmet... "You sealed your own fate last year at the International Conference for Newspapers Without Fact Checkers. You committed the cardinal sin of the business."

"But Daddy, it wasn't my idea."

"None the less, you sat down and joined in on the most important discussion of the entire two week conference, and then you committed the most unforgivable act this conference has seen."

"I didn't mean to Daddy." She said piteously.

"I know Kumquat, I know. But you did it."

She nodded sadly her eyes downcast.

"Going all in with a pair of twos showing." Xeno shook his head. "You bet the Quibbler."

Luna hung her head even lower. "I know Daddy, I'm sorry."

Xeno shook his head. "The Pot was almost fifteen and a half million US Dollars."

"I know."

"Three other papers had been thrown into the pot, as well as that silly twenty four hour Cable News Channel." Xeno went on. "And then you did the unforgivable."

"It wasn't my fault." Luna whispered. "I was distracted. I was light headed from the cigar smoke. I never even looked at my hole cards."

"I've told you repeatedly not to smoke cigars when you gamble." Xeno said shaking his head dismissively. "You turned over the both the other twos. Do you remember the problems I had getting the Sun and the News of the World and the Inquirer up the Quibbler Standards? And Rupert, well, he still breaks into tears when ever he sees me."

He should have known better than to try to draw to that inside straight.” Luna pouted. “Besides what was he thinking when he named his news network after a fox?”

“Yes he should have, and I really don’t know.” Xeno admitted. “Personally I’m just happy that Bill was outside trying to scrape up the 500,000 dollar buy in from the change holders of his car. I have absolutely no idea what I would have done with a small soft company that makes windows of all things.”

“Daddy, I know how a company can be small, but how could it be soft?”

“That hardly matters Luna.” Xeno said, not willing to admit that he had wondered much the same things since last years Conference. “What matters is that you were banned from the conference for all time, plus five years.”

“Meanies.” Luna said sadly, forgetting to pout.

“Quite.” Xeno agreed. “So I’m going to the conference and try to lose those albatrosses back to their original owners, and you can either stay in the room or go to the mall.”

“Going to the mall isn’t going to get Harry Potter to notice me.” Luna huffed.

“If he hasn’t noticed you then he is an idiot, my sweet moon girl.” He leaned over to kiss his only child’s forehead. “And no idiot is good enough for my little girl. I probably won’t be back until late. You’ve got money, enjoy yourself.”

“Yes Daddy.” The blonde said as she watched the door close. Then she stomped her foot again. It was oddly satisfying, but didn’t really do anything useful. Just to be sure she stomped the other foot with similar results.

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Luna spent perhaps an hour exploring the halls of the hotel, checking each ice machine for clarity and flavor. After puzzling over what appeared to be a Muggle version of a Wizarding portrait in the lobby that displayed only a fireplace for another hour, she returned to the Lovegood’s suite.

Another twenty minutes was spent exploring the closet in her room. After an exhaustive search she confirmed that it was indeed empty other than the courtesy iron and ironing board. Just as she suspected, which only made sense, considering that she hadn’t actually unpacked yet.

Someone left a book in the table beside her bed. She wondered for a moment just who this Gideon was and why he left his book behind. She opened the book to the first page. “In the beginning...” Well, duh, of course it’s the beginning; it’s the first page of the story. Sheesh, some writers.

Next to the odd clock on the table (no hands, just lighted numbers. She wondered how it did that) she found a small plastic device with odd symbols and numbers on it.

Hesitating she pressed the button marked ‘On’.

The large plastic and glass box on the wall across from the bed suddenly lit up and started making sounds.

Luna bounced on the bed clapping in celebration for several moments. This must be the teevee thing daddy was always talking about since she had won that ‘Cable News Network’ (What ever that was.). She scrambled over to her trunk to get some parchment and a quill so as to record what she had discovered for an article for the Quibbler.

Experimenting found that pressing the up arrow labeled ‘volume’ caused the box to be louder and the down arrow made it quieter. The arrows labeled chan caused the box to show different things. How interesting.

“Ok Chan, show me what you have to say.”

She pushed the arrows for several minutes before settling on a single presentation. The first thing she learned from this presentation is that the proper spelling for the box was TV, and evidently it had a land somewhere. The second thing she learned was that every half hour or so the presentation changed, and this change was accompanied by some very interesting music and shorter programs that seem to be dedicated to commerce..

It was half way through the second half hour of watching the Land of TV that a very interesting idea dawned on the young woman. The more she thought about it the more she liked the idea. She abandoned the roll of parchment that held the notes for her article and began another roll with notes for a far more interesting project.

It was all she could do to contain her evil cackles. So she didn’t and cackled for the rest of the afternoon.

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Part Two – Luna Junction.

The Howarts Express pulled slowly into Hogsmeade station. Harry was returning from the Loo where he had changed into his school robes to find Hermione and Ginny crowded around the carriage window in open mouthed amazement.

“What’s going on?” Harry asked.

“Has there ever been a water tower for the Express before?” Hermione asked

"A water tower?" Ron asked as he entered the compartment. "What's a water tower?"

"It's a structure that Muggle steam locomotives used to top off their water tanks." Hermione said, still staring out the window. "But the Express has a magical engine, it doesn't use water."

"Well, I've never seen a water tower here." Harry said peering out the window himself. "For that matter, I've never seen a water tower anywhere. What's that on the tank?"

"It looks like a set of school robes." Ron said joining Harry at the window."

"It does." Harry agreed, "Is that... Luna?"

"What?" Hermione demanded elbowing Ron out of the way. "She's swimming in the water tank?"

"That girl can be strange sometimes." Ginny said shaking her head.

"I don't know why," Hermione said sitting back down, "but that seems somehow familiar."

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Part Three – I dream of Luna.

Harry Potter climbed the stairs to his dorm room reflecting on what an ass the Gryffindor Quidditch Captain was this year.

"You're looking rough mate." Ron Weasley said from where he was dressing after his shower. "Drills with the reserve Seeker run long?"

"Too right." The raven haired wizard said, pulling his sweat soaked jersey over his head. "You know what a control freak perfectionist the Captain is this year."

"Harry, mate," Ron said quietly. "You're the captain this year."

"Yeah." Harry agreed, trying to remove the singlet he wore under the jersey without raising his aching arms over his head. "What's your point?"

That was when he saw it.

A garish glass bottle lay on his pillow. Harry picked the bottle up with his brow furrowed. "What's this?" he asked the room.

"Looks like a bottle." Ron said helpfully.

"Thanks Ron." Harry replied, sarcasm dripping from his voice. "I don't know how I'd get along without you."

"I've often thought that myself Mate." Ron said with a grin. "What's in it?"

Harry held the bottle to the light. "Seems to be empty."

"Nothing sadder than an empty bottle." Seamus opined.

"I'll take your word for that Seamus." Harry said turning the bottle over in his hands. "Wait, what's this?"

"What?" Neville asked giving up on his Herbology homework until the conversation died down. He had observed years before that the more of his roommates that joined into a conversation the less intelligent the conversation seemed to be.

"Writing molded into the bottle." Harry explained. He held the bottle up to the light again, this time reading the small writing. "Rub the bottle."

"What?" Ron asked. "That's an odd thing to say. Is that another of your Muggle sayings?"

"No Ron, it's what is written on the bottle. 'Rub the bottle.'"

"Oh." The youngest male Weasley said. "What are you going to do?"

"Well," Harry said pulling his handkerchief from his back pocket. "I guess I'm going to rub the bottle." The-Man-Who-Defeated-He-Who-Must-Not-Be-Named said as he set to polishing the aforementioned bottle.

Smoke began pouring from the mouth of the container.

"Bloody hell!" Ron said as a haze filled the room. Haze of a consistency that the dorm hadn't seen since that horrible evening when the House Elves made the unwise decision to try a burrito night in the Great Hall. The effect of an even dozen of those aforementioned burritos on the digestive system of Ron Weasley was noted in amazing detail in not one but three medical journals. The result was that any further 'Burrito nights' were forbidden for all time, and Dean Thomas, the young man whose bed had been closest to Ron's that horrible night still burst into tears whenever he saw shredded cheddar cheese.

All light was lost to the dorm room for several moments until it cleared and revealed a scantily clad Luna Lovegood standing next to Harry. She wrapped herself around his left arm and rubbed her cheek against Harry's bare chest cooing.

How can I serve you Master?"

"Luna?" Harry gasped.

"Bloody Hell!" his four dorm mates chorused, their eyes bulging upon seeing her outfit.

"Call me Jeanie, Master." The blond purred.

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Part Four – Leave it to Luna.

Three days later Harry returned to the dorm following a rather unpleasant day of school. The new Potions Mistress, while not as bad as Snape still hated everyone and everything about the school. The only real difference was with Professor Bastich, the Slytherins also ended up with detentions

Harry trudged up the stairs cursing for the thirtieth time this year that having to climb seven stories for to the dorm sucked, and that the 7th years should get the first level of dorm rooms, leaving the upper floors for the youngsters with all the energy.

He turned the knob on the door and opened it to find Colin and Dennis Creevey in the dorm, both dressed in Muggle jeans and T-shirts. Dennis was also wearing a Muggle baseball cap and Colin a blue cardigan with a large capital M on the lower left side. Each of the brothers held a roll of parchment unrolled in his hand.

"Gosh Wally," Dennis said to his brother Colin. "Dad's gonna be sore isn't he Wally?"

"Well sure Beav." Colin said reading from his parchment, which Harry suddenly realized was a script. "Dad always gets sore when we foul up."

"You're right Wally. We fouled up."

"Boys." Harry looked for the new speaker. "Go get washed up for dinner while I speak with your father."

"Ok Mom." Colin said guiding Dennis past Harry out of the 7th year dorm room.

"Gosh Wally," Dennis said as the door closed, though the rest of his next line was lost when the door sealed.

Harry then found himself alone in the dorm with... Luna? The blond had her hair piled high on her head; she was wearing some sort of Muggle dress, high heels and a pearl necklace.

"Luna?" Harry asked, the memory of her insisting that he call her 'Jeanie' and her calling him 'Master' still fresh in his mind. "Luna, what's going on?"

"June, Harry, call me June. How was your day?" she asked pressing a highball glass into his hand.

Harry examined the drink in his hand, wondering what the hell was going on. "All right I suppose. How about yours?"

"The boys have been up to their usual mischief today, so I've got a favor to ask."

"What is it Luna?"

The blond witch came up close and kissed him on the cheek. "I was hoping tonight, you might find it in your heart to..."

"Yes Luna?" Harry was concerned about his friend.

"I was hoping that just this once, tonight, perhaps you could..."

"Yes?" he asked.

"Maybe tonight, you could be really hard on the Beaver."

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Part Five – Married with Luna.

After barely escaping from Luna with his virtue intact Harry had taken to avoiding situations where she might find him. Identification charms preceded him into any room he might want to enter, a liberal use of his invisibility cloak and Harry's recruiting of Hermione to run interference for him had kept him Luna free for most of a week.

Harry had ducked out on the Hogsmeade weekend, because, well, frankly the sleepy little town was boring. Upon entering the common room Harry felt compelled to stop and hang his jacket in a small closet that he was absolutely positive had never been there before.

As soon as this odd task was completed he turned to find that the common room was emptied of its furnishings, excepting one sofa and two of the smaller plush chairs. Lying on the sofa in a pair of disturbing mix of skin tight leopard print spandex and polyester was Luna; her hair was piled high upon her head, and red, but not a red that occurred in nature, nor even the drunken imaginings of Nymphadora Tonks.

"Hello Harry." Luna said as she popped what appeared to be a chocolate bon bon into her mouth. "Hard day?"

Um, no, not really.”

“Don’t care. Let’s go out Harry. Take me to dinner, and then make love to me the way that only you can. I mean the full thirty seconds baby!”

“Luna,” Harry began.

“Peggy.” Luna corrected. “I’m Peggy today.”

Harry shrugged. “Ok, fine. Peggy, what the hell is going on?”

“I just thought that we might have a little fun before the kids get home Harry.”

“Kids?”

“Come on Harry, do me like only you can, then you can tell me about the time you scored four times in a single game.”

“What?”

“Harry?” Ron called as he entered the common room. “Are you sure you don’t want to…” He sputtered to a stop when he spotted Luna in her outfit.

“Hello Ronald,” the Ravenclaw sighed getting up off the sofa.

“Luna, how do you keep getting into our common room?” Ron asked.

“Oh, I just ask the nice lady on your portrait.” Luna smiled. “She always lets me in after I talk to her for a while. I’d best be going. Bye Harry!”

“Bye Luna.” Harry said as he watched the younger girl skip out of the common room. When the portrait closed with Luna on the outside, Harry turned to Ron. “Have you got the slightest why she’s doing this?”

“Don’t look at me.”

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Part Six – Luna’s Heroes

“I’ve got somethin’ special fer yeh today.”

There was a low moan from the class. Even Harry joined in. He liked Hagrid, Liked him a whole lot, but if the half Giant described a creature as ‘something special’ that pretty much ensured that it would be huge, covered with poisonous spikes and would have a mouth full of teeth designed to eviscerate your average Hogwarts student.

Hagrid led the class back behind the Hogwarts stables to an outdoor enclosure. There in the middle of a corral like structure was a tall man like creature with huge batlike wings. Hagrid entered the corral and casually strolled up to the inhuman demon.

“This class is a Balrog. As yeh can see, they are taller than most people… not me o’ course. They have the ability to shroud ‘emselves in fire, darkness, an’ shadow. They frequently appear armed with fiery whips o’ many thongs, an’ occasionally use long swords. Its said tha’ they cannot not be killed. Only dragons rival their capacity fer friskiness an’ tomfoolery.”

The class was absolutely silent while nervously edging away from the corral and the demon it contained.

“Oh come on,” Hagrid called. “Yeh can’t possibly be a feared o’ this cute little feller. I mean look at him!”

The demon manifested its firewhip and moved to attack the Care of Magical Creatures Professor. The half giant scooped the demon up from the ground and cuddled him like a small child. “Look at him. Ain’t he cute? Wantin’ to play he does.”

Placing the writhing demon back onto its feet, Hagrid made his way out of the corral. “Alright, who wants to be first to pet the Balrog? Harry?”

Harry backed away from the enclosure shaking his head as he moved away.

“Psst! Harry!”

Harry stopped his retreat and began to look about trying to figure out who had called his name. Not ten paces away was a tree stump that Harry was absolutely positive hadn’t been there a few moments before. The top of the stump opened on a hidden hinge and Luna looked out.

“Hello Harry,” the blonde Ravenclaw whispered from the faux stump. “Don’t be afraid of the Balrog… Compared with a Flaming Tree Tipper, a Balrog is nothing to worry about.”

That being said, Luna reached up and pulled the top of the faux stump closed.

Harry stared open mouthed for a moment before trading looks with Hagrid.

The Half Giant shook his head. “I saw nothing! I heard nothing!”

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Part Seven – Hot and Spicy Luna.

Harry carefully worked the handle on the door to his dormitory, and then cautiously pushed the door open with his foot. No sign of any weirdness. Carefully he peeked into the room. No one was there. Finally.

Harry had remained at Hogwarts for the Christmas Break and was the only Gryffindor in residence, and despite that Luna had been ambushing him the entire week.

Harry entered the dorm and cast several locking charms on the door.

Safe at last. He grinned at himself. Voldemort had never had him this nervous.

Harry moved to his bed. The elves had delivered his clean laundry, and he spent a few moments putting everything away before he was interrupted by a knock at his door.

Harry froze. Terror gripping his soul for a moment... then he started laughing at himself again. "Who is it?"

"Pizza delivery!"

Harry knew that this was probably just Luna's latest insanity. Pizza delivery. As if... Still, he was hungry, and he did like pizza.

Oh, what the hell.

Harry opened the door to find Luna. She was dressed in neon green hotpants and an international orange tank top. On top of her head was a ball cap bearing the legend 'Pizza'

"Hello Mister, Pizza delivery." The blonde said with a dazzling smile.

The scent of hot pizza assaulted Harry's nose. "How much?"

"Fifteen Dollars Mister."

Thinking that fifteen dollars seemed to be an odd thing for Luna to ask for Harry shook his head. "I haven't got any dollars, only Galleons."

Suddenly from everywhere around him a guitar riff sounded

BOW CHIKKA BOW BOW !

"No money? Well, maybe there's another way you can pay me..."

BOW CHIKKA BOW BOW !

Luna handed Harry the box with the pie inside, then took hold of the front of her tank top and pulled it over her head, then reached out and took hold of the front of Harry's shirt. "Come on Mister, you've got to pay me for the pizza."

BOW CHIKKA BOW BOW !

Some time later... Actually several times later Harry and Luna were cuddled together in post coital bliss, eating pizza that was something less than hot, but still pretty good, and Harry breached a subject that had been bothering him since the first of the year.

"Luna?"

"Yes Harry?" she asked cuddling.

"I was just wondering, if this is what you wanted why didn't you just deliver some pizza to start with?"

"Oh, I'd done quite a bit of research on Muggle romance, since you were Muggle raised. So I found out all about the land of TV, and have been working my way through the various mating rituals."

"So, everything you've been doing comes from a Television program?"

"Oh yes Harry, TV was just so educational. But none of the normal mating rituals seemed to get through to you. It's fortunate that I quit pushing the Chan button and pushed the PPV button instead. That taught me all about the Pizza Delivery ritual."

BOW CHIKKA BOW BOW !

"And the sound track?"

Luna shrugged, causing her breasts to rub against his chest. "It's a catchy tune."

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A/N: I know, I know. Really dumb, but it made me smile.