

(Every character depicted in the story below is a consenting legal adult over the age of 18)

A/N: Harry makes his choice and learns something intriguing.

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Digging his fingers into Death's plush white backside, driving his cock in and out of her gushing cunt over and over again... Harry decides that Narcissa Malfoy can wait.

If the woman is anything like he expects her to be, she'll be overbearing in the extreme and a total chore to handle. Of course, there's also the extenuating circumstances surrounding this particular universe he finds himself in.

What if Narcissa Malfoy is somehow involved in the mystery of all those wizard deaths? Harry doesn't think she would kill her own son... but if she's not working alone, he could see how Draco might have died against her wishes along with the rest.

Making her wait until the Wizengamot Meeting, making her stew in her initial failure to try and intimidate him into submission... well, that might just draw another attack on Harry's person. And the more that the true culprits behind the current state of the British Magical World tried to kill him, the more Harry would undoubtedly learn about them.

Besides, he really was curious to find out what Tracey Davis wanted with him. Sending him to hunt down a primer on blood magic that should have been relatively easy for even someone like her to get their hands on... well, he might not have been so interested if she hadn't promised more work if he proved himself capable.

It was the 'more work' part that had Harry's interest. Maybe it was nothing. Maybe Tracey was just dangling bait on a hook and Harry had been stupid enough to bite. But he wasn't going to find fun and new experiences by playing things safe and sticking to the status quo, now was he?

Reaching forward, he grabs a fistful of Morticia Addams' hair and pulls Death's head back, causing a throaty and sonorous moan to erupt from her full black lips as he fucks her from behind all the harder.

PLAP! PLAP! PLAP!

Yes, he would leave Narcissa to her own devices now to see if she proved a bit more fun with some time to come up with a new plan. And in the meantime, Harry himself would find out what the deal with Tracey Davis was, and why she was so interested in blood magic.

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The next day, Harry settles into his office over in Diagon Alley and has Fleur send off a message to Tracey letting her know that her request has been fulfilled. Then, he waits. With Fleur outside playing the role of receptionist and Death back home at the manor lounging about like a particularly lazy cat, Harry is left alone to his own thoughts, playing with this or that theory regarding the myriad of situations at hand.

He's just wondering if he should get up and do something else, like maybe contacting Lavender or Luna for their interview, or Padma to set up their date, when the knock finally comes at the door and Fleur pulls it open.

"Ms. Davis is here to see you, Lord Hallows."

As Tracey Davis steps into the office, looking around at what is now a fully furnished room with the bookshelves lining the place filled with tomes from home, Harry gives Fleur a smile.

"Remember Fleur, I'm not a Lord when we're at work. Just an Investigator."

Fleur bows her head demurely.

"Of course, sir."

Harry hides his grin at her noncommittal answer and waves her off to return to her own desk. Fleur shoots one last suspicious glance at Tracey, looking reluctant to leave them alone together... but in the end she bows out, stepping away and closing the door behind her as Tracey moves deeper into the room.

“... Nice place. Crazy to think this was an Ice Cream Parlour a week ago.”

Harry hums and sits back in his chair, steepling his hands in front of him.

“It was an abandoned building a week ago, Ms. Davis. It hasn’t been an Ice Cream Parlour since its previous owner died five years ago.”

Tracey mulls that over for a moment before nodding to make it clear she concedes the point. Moving closer to his desk, her eyes roam over it, clearly looking for the tome she asked him to procure.

“Your receptionist’s message said that you’d fulfilled my request already. I was quite surprised. Unless there was a miscommunication?”

Harry just shakes his head and flourishes his wand.

“Accio Crimson Sanguine.”

The tome in question comes flying off of one of the bookshelves where he’d put it, causing Tracey to whip her head around and follow its trajectory all the way to his waiting hand. Holding it aloft, he gestures with his wand hand for Tracey to take a seat.

She does so, watching him carefully as he puts the blood magic primer down on the desk between them... and slides it over. Moving slowly, Tracey takes the tome and flips it around to face her. She glances between it and him for a moment before flipping it open and perusing the first few pages. Then, she flips through a bit more, eyes sliding over different parts of the tome seemingly at random.

Finally, she seems satisfied as she nods and closes it back up.

“Very good. You’ve certainly earned your payment... and proved to be quite reliable at the same time, Investigator.”

Harry hums, his lips curling into a small yet highly amused smirk.

“And I suppose that was the whole point of this, wasn’t it? You never wanted Crimson Sanguine at all.”

Tracey stiffens up, her eyes narrowing as her lips thin out.

“... I’m not sure what you mean. Why would I send you to find a book I didn’t want?”

Huffing, Harry shakes his head.

“Please don’t insult my intelligence Ms. Davis. You hired an investigator... are you not surprised that I’m good at my job? Let me tell you what I think... I think this primer on blood magic is already well known to you. I think you’ve already read another copy of Crimson Sanguine back to back. And I think now that I’ve shown my reliability, we can move on to the work that you *really* need my help with.”

It was rather obvious, in the end. Even back when the original request had been made, Harry had his suspicions on why Tracey wanted the tome. Sure there was the world where she simply couldn’t get her hands on a copy because she didn’t have a magical noble house’s library to ransack like he did... but Harry had always suspected that wasn’t the case.

This interaction just now had proven it. Tracey wasn’t overly excited when he summoned the Crimson Sanguine to his hand. She wasn’t overly needy or yearning for it. Her eyes hadn’t lit up with hunger; her hands hadn’t trembled with anticipation.

... It was just another book to her. A book she clearly had familiarity with given her cursory check of its contents to verify it was the real deal.

Sitting in silence for a moment, Tracey lets out a short breath through her nose, her nostrils flaring as she seems to be trying to decide whether to be offended or impressed by his deductive reasoning. Finally, she just nods to him.

“Very well. You’re right. The point was never to get my hands on Crimson Sanguine, which I have indeed already read before. The point was always to ensure that you weren’t just some Wizard Lord playing games.”

Harry shrugs and chuckles.

“As far as tests go, this wasn’t a very good one. Completing this job for you was quite literally the work of a single summoning charm while standing at the entrance of my family library last night.”

But Tracey shakes her head.

“It’s not about how easy it was for you. It wasn’t just about seeing how quickly you would acquire the book or how long you would keep me waiting, though those were also factors. There are some who would have balked at giving someone like me even a primer on blood magic. After all, while blood magic itself is not a banned subject, much of its higher rituals and even some of its lower rituals are considered very dark.”

Reaching out, Tracey taps the front of Crimson Sanguine.

“Even this tome has some things the Ministry would not approve of in it. And yet, instead of being confronted with Aurors asking questions when I arrived here this morning, I find you ready and eager to complete your first ‘case’. That bodes well for a future business relationship... between you and my mistress.”

Oh? And there it was. Honestly, Harry didn’t want to admit it, but even with all of that monologuing just now, Tracey Davis had still been starting to bore him just a

little bit. It wasn't her fault, she was just a little too ordinary, especially compared to some of the other women in this world who he'd interacted with so far.

But now... now the half-blood has his interest again. By admitting that she has a mistress, Harry can't help but be intrigued. He wants to know more... and he suspects she anticipated that, of course.

"Mistress, hm? So I'm not doing work for you, am I? I'm doing work for whoever *you* work for."

Tracey nods, solemn faced.

"That is correct. You may consider me my mistress' representative. She has fully empowered me to act on her behalf... and that includes hiring you to find the things she seeks. However, her identity must remain a secret for now. People talk after all and if anyone caught wind of her hiring someone like you, it would be damaging to her reputation."

Tracey's eyes narrow again as she gazes at him sharply and pulls a bag of coins from her robes to set on the table next to the copy of *Crimson Sanguine*.

"If that is not acceptable, say so and we shall end our business relationship here and now with this successful transaction."

It's tempting to push. Even more tempting to peek with Legilimency. But if he starts reading minds in order to get spoilers now, where does he stop? What if he reads Tracey's mind and discovers not just her mysterious benefactor, but also that she's somehow involved in the greater murder mystery? That would be an unfortunate way to ruin his own fun.

Plus, there was no excitement to be had if he knew what was coming next. So ultimately...

"Your mystery mistress may keep her anonymity for now. I don't mind one bit, Ms. Davis. In fact, I'm happy to work with you. Though that does bring to mind... what is the next job now that I've proven myself reliable to your satisfaction?"

Tracey's eyes flash and she huffs.

"To be clear, it will take a lot more than one blood magic primer to prove yourself to my satisfaction. You have simply passed the easiest hurdle, Investigator."

Harry just smirks and inclines his head. He suspects Tracey Davis is enjoying being a bit haughty with him since he's technically a Lord but told her during their first conversation not to treat him like one while he was 'on the clock'. A half-blood like her probably doesn't get many opportunities to talk back or down to those of noble status, not even on behalf of her unknown mistress.

Seeming mollified by his simple nod, Tracey straightens up.

"... The next task will not be so easy. My Mistress requires blood... but not just any blood. She requires supernatural blood from a variety of magical creatures. Here is a list."

Harry blinks as Tracey produces a small scroll from her robes and holds it out to him. He takes it from her and opens it right then and there, his eyes sliding down the parchment. As she said, it is a list... quite the macabre grocery list in fact, with around a dozen different magical creatures named on it. Werewolf Blood, Giant Blood, Troll Blood... just to name a few.

"Interesting. And the quantities are right here as well, how enterprising."

Indeed, amounts of blood were written out next to each species. A liter of Werewolf, three of Giant... so on and so forth.

Across the desk, Tracey shifts in her seat, showing off the sort of antsy, nervous energy that Harry would have expected her to show earlier if she actually cared about the Crimson Sanguine. But while the tome meant nothing to her... she definitely did care about this. In this case, the blood was necessary for something that needed doing. It was something she very much wanted to obtain for her mystery mistress.

“Well? What say you, Investigator Hallows? Can you do it? And how quickly can you have the required amounts gathered by?”

You know, when Harry came up with this P.I. business idea, he hadn't expected to become a procurer of copious amounts of blood. He'd thought he would be hired to investigate things like missing persons or objects, or clandestine crimes that the Aurors couldn't be called in for.

Instead, his first 'case' had been book retrieval and now his second 'case' was turning out to be blood retrieval. And yet... Tracey and her shadowy mistress had definitely piqued Harry's curiosity. Setting this aside now felt like it would be such a mistake...

Then again, maybe this was the best time to wash his hands of all of this... before he wound up getting them bloody, pun intended.

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A/N: Remember to Vote, leave a Like, and let me know what you think!