

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

A/N: Harry takes his time and finishes up with Luna first~

-x-X-x-

For a long moment, Harry is tempted to end the interview right then and there so he can hop over to Hogwarts and see it for himself. Argus Filch and Rubeus Hagrid... out of everyone in the wizarding world, those two were not who he thought would have survived a purge of all the males.

And yet... it did make a certain sense when he really thought about it. Hagrid was half-giant and that came with a slew of both benefits and downsides that would make him harder to kill and less worth the time of whoever was holding Magical Britain in a chokehold.

Argus Filch, meanwhile, was the kind of man even a mother wouldn't love. Harry could easily imagine a Magical World where he was the last man alive... and still not a single witch would touch him with a ten foot pole. In fact, whoever was behind this madness could very well have a sense of humor and had deliberately left him alive as a joke.

In the end, he stays where he is for a few reasons. First, if Filch and Hagrid had survived this long, they certainly weren't going to go anywhere in the next twenty four hours. Second, Harry didn't think Luna was a liar, and it would be foolish of her to lie about something so easily proven anyways so he had no great pressing need to see it for himself right this moment.

And third, it would be rude to promise Luna an interview and then cut it short just because she'd given him surprising information.

So, Harry sighs and shakes his head.

"I did not know that, Lady Lovegood. In fact, it's quite surprising to hear."

Luna smiles her signature vacant smile at that.

“Is it really that surprising? Hm, I suppose you’ve been busy with your own matters since arriving in Britian, haven’t you Lord Hallows?”

Harry huffs.

“Quite. Is there a further question there, perhaps?”

Her smile growing a bit wider, Luna nods.

“It’s only been a few days but you haven’t let that stop you. Meetings with the highest ranking members of the Ministry, visits to the Ministry itself that result in Wizengamot Sessions being called and a new business being opened. You say you’re here to save Magical Britain... would you say every step you’ve taken so far has been in pursuit of that goal?”

See, this is why Harry tended to prefer the Quibbler over the Daily Prophet in most universes he found himself in. It wasn’t just the way the Daily Prophet had maligned him in his first life; it wasn’t just that the likes of Rita Skeeter tended to exemplify what the Prophet was all about in most universe. And it wasn’t just that Luna was often a good friend in most universes as well.

No, it was also that she was quite the skilled journalist and always had been. Setting aside people believing her to be mad, Luna was very good at getting to the truth... even if they weren’t the truths that most would like to hear.

“I would not say that, no. After all, it would be a lie, Lady Lovegood. I am still a human being at the end of the day, one with my own desires and needs. I can assure you that figuring out who is behind the killings is a priority for me... but it’s not my only priority.”

Luna nods as she jots down further notes on her pad, humming all the while.

“I see. You’re certainly making waves, Lord Hallows. Are you worried about the way the Wizengamot Session a few days from now might go? Word on the

street is that Lady Malfoy is gathering as much support as possible to try and keep you from consolidating the Potter and Black Seats.”

Harry arches a brow in wry amusement at that.

“... Do you really care about my thoughts regarding the political landscape of the Wizengamot, Luna? I would think you would have other questions for me at this point, all things considered.”

Luna pauses, blinking at his use of her first name as well as his probing words. For a moment, she just stares at him... before starting to squirm a little under his knowing gaze. Her cheeks pink up as she looks down at her notepad.

“... It’s just me now ever since daddy died. I’m in charge of the whole entire Quibbler, so I have to be responsible and ask things like this...”

Harry’s smile turns a little sad at Luna’s quiet admission. She’s been putting on a brave front, or at least the Luna Lovegood equivalent of a brave front, but Harry has interacted with enough versions of her at this point to be able to tell.

It can take a while sometimes for him to see through her admittedly, and she always finds some way to surprise him in the end, but right here and now... he knows she couldn’t care a bit about his broader political machinations nor his plan for the Wizengamot Session in particular.

“Well... if it helps us move things along, I suppose I’ll just have to say ‘No Comment’. After all, it’s not like I want you publishing my plans for the Wizengamot in the Quibbler before I’m even able to implement them.”

His words run counter to his cheery tone a fair bit, even as Luna looks up at him with wide eyes... before beginning to smile again.

“W-Well... I suppose if that’s the case, there’s nothing to be done. We’ll just have to move on to another part of the interview.”

Harry nods sharply, making it clear he considers any discussion about the Wizengamot to be closed. Far from making Luna upset, this actually makes her come alive with visible excitement... as she turns to the thing she cares about the most.

“You mentioned Tri-Horned Snorkacks the other day. I assume since you’re so new to this world that you met them back on yours? You must have met all sorts of creatures if you somehow ran into a Tri-Horned Snorkack! Can you tell me about some of them?”

Smiling indulgently, Harry inclines his head.

“Of course, I’d be happy to.”

And with that, they begin discussing the various magical creatures and phenomena that Harry has encountered across his multiple lives and worlds. Luna’s eyes shine with wonder as she takes notes while soaking up every word he speaks. Harry, meanwhile, holds almost nothing back. The only thing he truly refrains from mentioning is the nature of his multiple lives and the fact that he’s the Master of Death.

Otherwise, he doesn’t bother holding anything back. Not because he doesn’t believe Luna won’t publish all of this in the Quibbler... she definitely will. However, every outlandish story he gives her is another nail in the coffin of public opinion. The vast majority of people are not going to believe what she publishes in the Quibbler anyways... so why not have some fun with it?

Its another hour or so before Luna finally stops writing and puts her quill and notepad away, nodding decisively as she rises from her seat.

“Thank you for your time and honesty, Lord Hallows. Such things can be in short supply these days as everyone jumps at shadows and tries their best to get ahead at the expense of others.”

Harry smiles at that, leaning back in his seat and lacing his hands over his chest.

"I imagine that many witches in Magical Britain don't see a future for our society. With the breakdown of the social contract, it isn't surprising that they're all rushing to climb over one another. Like crabs in a bucket, really."

Luna pauses.

"Crabs in a bucket... I like that."

Then, she looks directly at him, her gaze suddenly becoming rather intense.

"I like you as well, Harry Hallows. You're an interesting man. I wouldn't mind if you wished to stop by my offices or home sometime and inseminate me. For now... good luck with the Wizengamot."

... Harry blinks as Luna turns on her heel and skips out of his office without a care in the world. Honestly, it takes until she's fully gone to properly process that middle bit. 'Inseminate her'. Honestly, that woman was... well, she was unique if nothing else, wasn't she?

Still, with Luna's interview taken care of, Harry figures now is as good a time as any to go and get a look at what's happening with the Magical World's 'designated survivors'...

Rising from his own chair, he makes sure to check in with Fleur first and let her know he's going to be out. Then, he departs for Hogwarts, throwing on his Invisibility Cloak and making his way to an apparation point so he can zip over to Hogsmeade and then using a broom to get to Hogwarts from there.

Once there, still under the cover of his cloak, Harry quickly locates Hagrid in his hut. The half-giant's living situation hasn't changed even a little bit from the look of things, his hut on the edge of the castle grounds just as Harry remembers it across a few lifetimes.

Hagrid himself doesn't look much different either. Perhaps a little bit more withdrawn, a little bit more weathered... but it's still Hagrid. That much is made

clear by watching him for a bit as he interacts with Fang and stokes the fire in his hut to keep warm.

He does look... tired, if Harry had to put a word to it. The big, burly man seems like he's been through a lot, but then to be fair Harry can only imagine what he's experienced. Hagrid had always been an empathetic soul and Hogwarts hadn't exactly been spared from the Magical World's troubles over the past near-decade, at least from what Harry had heard.

Even if the killer hadn't ever made a direct attempt on Hagrid's life, the sheer number of dead wizards piling up around him would have certainly worn him down.

... On the other hand, knowing what Filch was like... Harry narrows his eyes and moves away from Hagrid's hit, making his way up to the castle. Still invisible, he slips into Hogwarts with nary a whisper and casts a quick locator spell so he can track down Filch.

He finds the Hogwarts Caretaker doing what he always did... roaming the halls of the school with Mrs. Norris at his side. The old squib doesn't look any better than Hagrid did... but the difference is, Filch was never a very happy person.

Of course, right now it's the middle of the day and there's nobody in the halls at the moment. Filch is all alone, giving Harry the chance to truly study the other man. He's not sure what he's expecting to find... some sort of lingering magic on him, perhaps? A curse of some sort, maybe?

But no... there's nothing. Whoever has killed off all the wizards in Magical Britain has completely and utterly left Filch alone. The foul-tempered, cantankerous old squib is completely untouched... in more ways than one.

All of the sudden, the halls do start to fill up. Doors open and witches of all ages stream out into the castle's corridors. It's just about time for lunch, so Harry isn't surprised to see them all heading unerringly for the Great Hall for their midday meal.

He IS surprised, however, to see how Filch interacts with all of them as they move. In all his lifetimes, every Argus Filch that Harry has ever known has taken every chance to throw his negligible weight as Hogwarts Caretaker around. He might not have magic, he might not even have much authority... but what he did have, he always used as much as possible.

Not now though. While the halls are far from full, a direct consequence of one gender being completely missing from the equation, there are still dozens of witches making their way past Filch and Mrs. Norris, heading for the Great Hall and chatting idly with one another as they go.

Besides giving the squib a wide berth, nobody pays him the slightest bit of attention... and in turn, Filch almost seems to take on the appearance of a statue, going still and watching them all like they're the dangerous ones. His eyes flick over them all, but even though Harry keeps expecting Filch to fabricate some sort of rule breaking and shout someone to tears... he never says a word.

Eventually, the halls empty out and Filch continues on his way. Instead of going to the Great Hall as well, he heads towards the dungeons. Interesting, because one thing Filch always liked to do was take his meals at the High Table in the Great Hall. He might not have been a Professor, but he was still Hogwarts Staff and he never missed an opportunity to show it.

And yet here he was, fully retreating to his office in the dungeons instead. No doubt, he would have the House Elves bring him some food there. Out of sight, out of mind...

He was afraid. To be fair, Filch had every right to be afraid. He was one of only two males left alive in the entire Wizarding World before Harry came along, and with seemingly no rhyme or reason behind his survival either. How long had Filch lived in suspense, wondering if he would be next?

Of course, given how quickly the killer tried to off Harry, he suspects Filch isn't even a target at this point. And yet... there might be a clue here of some sort. Was Filch's fear a more general fear, or was his fear more personal? Had he

perhaps been threatened by the killer? Did he know something about the killings?

On the one hand, Harry could interrogate the squib and find out. On the other hand, that would mean interacting with Argus Filch.

... Ugh. Maybe he could go talk to Hagrid instead? The lovable half-giant was far less likely to have a clue of what was really going on, but he would certainly be a better conversation partner, of that Harry had no doubt...

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