

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

A/N: Harry takes the job and then gets another piece of mail~

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What it really came down to, at the end of the day, was just what sort of business Harry was running here. Was he a Private Eye or was he an Errand Boy? And yet... at the same time, if he wanted to convince the witches of Magical Britain that he was indeed available for hire to solve their problems, Harry needed his first jobs to go well.

So yes, he would be Tracey's Errand Boy a little while longer... however, that didn't mean he was just going to leave the investigation part completely to the wayside. Even as he graces the half-blood witch with a smile, Harry is already making plans.

"Of course I can do it, Ms. Davis. As for how quickly I can finish this list of yours off... well, that will depend entirely on circumstances outside of my control. Is there a deadline I need to have it to you by?"

Tracey doesn't hesitate to throw out a date and Harry's smile grows a tad. It looks like someone is planning quite the powerful ritual, seeing as the date she gives him is two days before one of the most mystically powerful nights of the entire year.

Not that he lets on that he knows that of course, simply dipping his head in acknowledgment.

"Doable. Certainly doable. I shall keep you updated on my progress in the meantime. Though, I assume you'll want to pick it all up at once rather than piecemeal?"

Tracey frowns considerably at that, as if she hadn't considered it. For the first time, she looks less than confident... clearly this wasn't the kind of thing that her mysterious mistress had prepared her for.

"... I will need to consult with my mistress on that. It is entirely possible that we might prefer to take whatever you are able to acquire as you're able to acquire it and pay you in parts... if that is acceptable."

Harry shrugs, not overly bothered either way. After all, whether it was one lump delivery or multiple deliveries, his plan remained the same... he would be putting his own special brand of magical tracker, one that should be undetectable to the average wizard or witch of this world, on every single type of blood that he was going to give to Tracey Davis.

And once she took said blood wherever it was going, Harry would be there to follow and find out exactly who her mistress was and what they were planning to do with such a variety of magical sanguis.

For now... Harry rises to his feet and holds out a hand.

"That's fine. Just send a message to my secretary once you know one way or another and we'll adjust as needed. Thank you for your patronage, Ms. Davis... and please do thank your mistress as well."

Tracey eyes him for a moment before rising as well and accepting the hand that Harry has stretched out in her direction. They shake and then she pulls away, giving him one final glance before turning to leave. Harry walks her out of course, not at all surprised when Tracey leaves the copy of *Crimson Sanguine* behind on his desk. It was never what she was really after anyways, after all.

Once he's seen her out and she's completely gone, Harry hums thoughtfully to himself and then returns to Fleur at her desk. He's mostly just aiming to check in with her and make sure nobody else walked in while he was meeting with Tracey, but to his surprise she actually has a letter for him.

"This arrived while you were in your meeting, sir."

“Hm, interesting.”

It's not from anyone he's expecting either... but rather, from one of the last names he would have thought to see.

Lady Pansy Parkinson has cordially invited Harry to visit her family home in his role as a Private Investigator... in order to deal with a haunting of all things. Strange to say the least, given hauntings for muggles and hauntings for magical folk were two very different things.

Fleur looks to him once he's done reading the letter and arches a brow.

“Shall I send back a reply stating that Lady Parkinson must come to the office if she wants to gain your services, sir?”

That would be the wise course of action, to be fair. Harry has never once said he does house calls, and by doing this one he could set a precedent he wouldn't soon escape from. As well, the office is warded now and therefore much safer for him to meet unknown entities with over going to their home turf.

If he was truly scared of death, Harry would certainly take more precautions and be a fair bit warier about things like this. As it stands however... well, he doesn't want to scare away his second ever customer, now does he? Especially since Pansy actually seems to have a proper case for him, rather than just resource retrieval!

“Actually... no. I'll go ahead and make my way over to the Parkinson Estate now and we'll see what's going on there. You'll keep things running for me here, Ms. Delacour. Feel free to take messages and make appointments with my authority, alright?”

Fleur frowns, not looking too pleased by his decision making.

“Are you sure that's safe, sir?”

Harry grins, his eyes twinkling as he shakes his head.

“Am I sure it’s safe? Of course not. Am I sure that it will at least be interesting? Of that, I’m far more certain. Now... hold down the fort.”

Fleur huffs but ultimately acquiesces to his demands. After all, they both know who’s in charge here. Whistling merrily to himself, Harry departs from his office with a pep in his step, making his way to the closest Apparation Point and turning on the spot to transport himself close to the Parkinson Estate.

Funny how multiple lives gives you a pretty good idea of where most things are. The Parkinson Estate in particular, Harry had raided as an Auror in his second life, when he’d still been trying to ‘perfect’ and ‘improve’ upon his first. He’d made an effort to crack down on all of the ‘dark’ and ‘evil’ magical folk that he felt got away with supporting Voldemort the first time around... only to eventually realize he’d gone too far and that not everyone he went after was actually worth it.

Of course, the Parkinsons were definitely Death Eaters. Specifically, Pansy’s parents were. Pansy herself hadn’t ever gotten a Dark Mark in any previous timeline, and he doubted she would have one here, but she’d still been raised in that environment.

As such, it’s with a curious mind that Harry approaches the doors of House Parkinson’s manor, wondering exactly what this ‘haunting’ entailed and if it was real or just a trap meant to lure him in. Could Pansy be involved in the deaths of all of Magical Britain’s Wizards? The Pansy Parkinsons that he’d known probably wouldn’t, but who could say about the one from this universe...

Before he can actually knock, the door is flung open right in front of him and a familiar dark-haired witch with wild eyes and a wide grin greets him.

“Lord Hallows! You came!”

Harry’s eyes can’t help but descend down the length of Pansy’s body... especially since the only thing she’s wearing is a robe... and said robe is open.

As such, he's given a full view of her front, her large breasts bare and swinging barely covered by her robe and her snatch on full display down between her legs.

He makes no effort not to look and shows no blush or embarrassment as he takes in the view before looking back up at her with a roguish smile.

"Please, call me Investigator Hallows when I'm on the job Lady Parkinson."

The way she pouts a bit at his completely embarrassment free reaction to her nudity is a dead giveaway that she's answered the door like this on purpose. Still, Pansy makes a show of pretending like she didn't, glancing down at herself and going 'oh!' as though just then realizing that she's giving him an eyeful.

Quick as a flash, the Slytherin Witch wraps her robe more tightly around herself and proceeds to tie the straps together around her waist so that it stays closed. Of course, this still gives an ample view of her ample bosom, specifically her cleavage, and the 'skirt' of the robes is so short that it hugs her thighs and ass. Still, it's at least a modicum more decent than she'd been before.

"Sorry about that!"

She definitely doesn't sound sorry.

"Right this way, Investigator!"

Hm, Harry is starting to suspect that Pansy has called for him for an entirely different reason than the two that he'd originally posited. At first he'd thought she either actually had an issue regarding a haunting that needed solving... or that she was luring him into a trap to try and kill him.

Now he's wondering if perhaps there was something else a hungry, ambitious noblewoman like Pansy Parkinson might desire.

Still, he follows her into the manor, noting that the place has definitely seen better days. The servants must be on extended holiday because the place is a

mess, with clothes strewn all over the foyer and staircase and all sorts of things just randomly tossed haphazardly this way and that without a care in the world.

If Harry didn't know any better, he'd say that Pansy has been living here alone for quite some time now... and living up the life of a bachelorette all the while. Then again, he didn't really know any better now did he? That could be exactly what had been happening here.

"Ignore the mess, it's hard to find good help these days, especially when the 'rents are being such irritants about things. Its fine though, once you handle my ghost problem, everything can go back to normal."

She sounds certain of that... in a manic sort of way that Harry has learned to associate with pure desperation. Pansy doesn't just think things will 'go back to normal'... she needs them to go back to normal. She's betting everything she has that things will go back to normal.

There's also the use of 'rents'. Is that supposed to be short for 'parents'? Before Harry can ask, they've apparently arrived before Pansy suddenly throws the doors open and turns to him while waving her hand.

"They're in there. You can deal with unwanted ghosts, right?"

Harry arches a brow at that last bit.

"Normally, a potential client would ask that sort of thing ahead of time, preferably by stopping by my office and having a free consultation with me first Lady Parkinson."

Pansy blinks... and then huffs, crossing her arms under her ample chest.

"Yeah, well... I made it clear what I needed help with in the letter, didn't I? Besides, I can't leave. If I leave the estate for too long, the ghosts can invoke Specter's Rights and try and kick me out onto the streets. I'm not going to let that happen, even if they are my mum and dad. So... get rid of them and I'll pay you, kay? Simple at that."

Specter's Rights... it'd been a long time since Harry had heard of those being invoked. And even longer since he'd seen it done successfully. Pansy was either actually worried enough about that sort of thing to have holed herself up here... or she was just using it as an excuse for living an indolent lifestyle.

Either way, Harry's curiosity ultimately gets the better of him and he steps forward into what turns out to be the Parkinson's dining room. He blinks in surprise at what he finds within... namely, two skeletons sat at the dining table, one in the Lord's seat and the other in the seat next to him, both of them wearing ostentatious clothing fit for a Magical Lord and Lady.

And atop those skeletons, seated as though they have not breathed their last already, are the ghosts of Lord and Lady Parkinson, Pansy's father and mother.

"Pansy! You're late to dinner yet again, my dear! And who is this boy you've brought with you?"

"Now, now, dear... let's cut our darling daughter some slack. And this fine young gentleman she's presenting to us certainly looks like a lovely specimen, doesn't he? Maybe let's not scare him away, hm?"

Harry stares at the two ghosts as they act like they're both still alive, neither of them giving any signs that they know they're specters, nor that they know they're literally sitting in the same chairs as their skeletons.

Slowly, he turns to regard Pansy in wordless silence, arching a brow to make it clear he has questions. In turn, Pansy blushes and tightens her crossed arms as she scowls.

"W-What? I said it was a haunting, didn't I? Can you help me or not 'Investigator Hallows'?"

Hm, the way she said his title so snidely made him less inclined to help her... but the challenge in her voice does make Harry feel the need to prove he can deal with this situation, prickling his pride.

On the third, ephemeral hand... he really probably should get some answers from her before he does anything else...

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