

Divergent Paths

Author's Note: My first Harry/Luna fic. Sort of. Just a short idea I had. I don't think I'll be adding any more chapters, at least I don't have any planned, unless something additional occurs to me.

-oOo-

Harry Potter was feeling exceptionally tired when he walked into the Great Hall that Sunday morning, in mid March during his seventh and final year at Hogwarts. He had been up very late the previous night and had not gotten much sleep (something you'd think he would have gotten used to by now). It had been a night he would not soon forget, a night he would likely *never* forget, actually.

He had encountered better nights. He had also encountered worse nights. He had not yet, however, come across a night even a quarter as strange as this last one. Actually, considering the source of the problem, he should not say 'quarter' or anything else that had to do with the number four. The concept alone threatened to give him a headache.

Add to that the fact that he had woken up late, missing Ron, Hermione and most of the other Gryffindors on their way to breakfast, and his morning was looking dreary indeed. Fortunately he still had a couple of months before the N.E.W.T.s, but even one bad day would throw his entire study schedule off.

Trudging through the entrance into the hall he felt as if he had fought several battles, or maybe even the entire war, last night. Certainly it wasn't his lack of sleep that left him feeling so drained. He gradually became aware that the noise level in the Great Hall, which had been a bit louder than normal come to think of it, had abruptly dropped to almost nothing. In fact, it had dropped to exactly nothing. The room was suddenly as quiet as a graveyard at midnight.

The reason became readily apparent the moment he lifted his head up from its slouch, brushing his unruly hair out of his eyes as he did so. Everyone, and that was without exception, was staring at him as if he were an exhibit at a zoo. Or maybe the latest creature Hagrid had brought in for his students to study. All the students, as well as the teachers, were staring at him with looks on their faces that ranged through the entire gamut of expression

"Er..."

Harry was very seldom articulate when faced with an audience. Particularly such a large one. He stopped dead in his tracks and looked around uneasily. Every eye remained fixed on him. With a vain hope that it wasn't really him that everyone was staring at, he snuck a glance behind him, but no one was trailing him into the hall.

"Um..."

He looked to his friends, sitting at the Gryffindor table, hoping they might be able to explain why he was (once again) the centre of attention. This was also a vain hope, as Ron and Hermione were staring at him in exactly the same manner as everyone else. The only difference between the two was their expressions; Ron looked a mix of awed and horrified; Hermione looking at once scandalized and aghast.

"Well, Potter, sinking to new lows are you?"

Figures, Harry thought, turning away from the Gryffindor table to see who had broken the silence. He found himself looking into the sneering face of Draco Malfoy. Flanked, as always, by Crabbe and Goyle, Malfoy was standing with his arms crossed and a self-satisfied smirk that made Harry want to punch his lights out just on principle.

"What the devil are you talking about now, Malfoy?" he asked, crossing his own arms across his chest and glaring at the Slytherin boy.

"Loony Lovegood," replied Malfoy, his smirk widening.

Harry looked at him, nonplussed. It was too early (not really) and he was too tired (really) for something like this. Running a hand through his hair, which seemed messier than usual this morning, he asked, "Luna? What about her?"

Malfoy sneered, "Don't try and pretend you don't know, Potter."

Being called that was starting to get on Harry's nerves. He was *not* Potter.

"Everyone knows the two of you were shagging. Seems half of Ravenclaw heard the nutcase's wails all through last night and this morning. I can understand that; it must have been a terrible experience for her, even if she is crazy."

This caught Harry's attention.

"Say what?"

"It's true, Harry," said Ron, who had apparently recovered his voice. Harry looked over at his friend, who was still staring at him with wide eyes.

Harry blinked several times, not fully able to comprehend this. He was *really* too tired to deal with such a mess. Then a terrible suspicion blossomed inside him and Harry knew, *knew*, what had happened. He wondered briefly what punishment the Wizengamot would dole out for murdering himself. Maybe he would be lucky for once and they would call it assisted suicide.

"Potter," he muttered, drawing puzzled looks from those that heard him. He clenched his hands at his sides and raised his head to thunder angrily, "POTTER! GET YOUR BLEEDING ARSE IN HERE! NOW!"

Everyone was staring at Harry, or rather still staring at him, and looking somewhat more worried than anything else. Their gazes were suddenly broken when an oddly familiar voice spoke up from just outside the entrance Harry was standing at.

"You bellowed, Harry?"

The entire population of Hogwarts (at least those who were gathered in the Great Hall) gawked in dumbstruck disbelief as Harry Potter (another one) strode purposefully into the room.

He looked a good bit more alert and awake than Harry and perhaps a bit better groomed. Certainly his hair was not falling about in utter chaos, but rather what looked like tastefully arranged disarray. His features matched Harry's in every detail, save for a pleased smirk that rivalled anything Malfoy could manage.

Harry glared at his double and asked through a clenched jaw, "Did you sleep with Luna last night?"

"Of course not," replied Potter. He paused and grinned wickedly, "I *shagged* Luna last night. Several times."

"Oh God," groaned Harry, looking up at the hall's enchanted ceiling in despair.

Potter sighed contently and added, "Damn, but she's a wild thing in bed, Harry. You wouldn't believe it. She can do this thing with her..." He trailed off and looked around, raising one eyebrow in an imperious manner as he noticed the gawking students. "D'you mind?" he asked archly. "Can't you lot see I'm having a private conversation with myself?"

Harry dropped his head into his hands, "I'm doomed."

"A reasonable summation of the current state of affairs," agreed an even more oddly familiar voice, which drew all and sundry's attention to the opposite side of the hall. There, arriving through one of the other entrances, was a third Harry Potter. He had his glasses perched on the tip of his nose; a quill tucked behind one ear, and was carrying a copy of *Hogwarts, A History* in his hands. From the look of the bookmark, he was about halfway through reading it.

"Good morning, Harold. Nice of you to join us," Potter welcomed the latest arrival to breakfast.

"Good?" asked Harry, looking askance at Potter as Harold walked up to them. "There's nothing at all good about this morning. You actually went and slept with Luna? And the entire school knows it? And you say it's a *good* morning?"

Harold, coming to stand next to Harry, nodded, "I must admit that having such an event made public knowledge is a trifle embarrassing."

Harry turned his askance gaze from Potter to Harold. "A *trifle*?"

"Calm down, Harry," said Potter, not looking in the least bit perturbed. "It's not like this is worse than any of the other tabloid stories about us."

"Only this story happens to be *true*, Potter," Harry ground out.

"Not to mention," added Harold, "that such a significant encounter seems rather premature, especially considering our current circumstances."

Potter smirked, "Trust me, there was nothing premature about last night. All that Quidditch practice we've done over the years built up our stamina and self-control nicely."

Harry groaned for the umpteenth time, "But how could you sleep with her?"

"D'you need a diagram, Harry?"

"I assure you, Potter," replied Harold for both himself and Harry, as the other wizard was spluttering rather incoherently, "we are both fully cognisant of the dynamics involved in sexual intercourse. I believe what Harry was asking is *why* you slept with Luna?"

Harry was nodding in agitated agreement. His earlier lethargy had long since been dispersed and he was now radiating a palpable presence completely different to his two doubles. It was not unlike the crackle of expectation that filled the air an instant before lightning struck. He glared at Potter and waved his hands about, "We haven't even had a chance to ask to her out yet - and here you go jumping the gun and hopping into the sack with her!"

Potter looked at them both and declared, "You're just jealous because this means you two are still virgins and I'm not."

"How can we still be virgins?" argued Harry while rapidly pointing between the three of them, "we're the *same person*!"

"Then what are you complaining about?" asked Potter incredulously.

By now pretty much everyone in the Great Hall, aside from the three Boys-Who-Lived, was in the process of doubting their sanity. Heads were turning from one black haired young wizard to the next and the next and then back again. If any of the three had been paying attention to what was happening beyond their own conversation, they would have found the entire scene very amusing.

This was when another oddly familiar voice asked, "Excuse me?"

En masse every student and teacher in the Great Hall turned to stare at the latest arrival for breakfast. Strolling into the hall as if she didn't have a care in the world, which she probably didn't, was Luna Lovegood. Her hair was done up in an elaborately braided bun, held together by her wand and several battered looking peacock feather quills which served as hairpins.

Reaching the three Harry Potters, bypassing a shell-shocked and gibbering Malfoy on the way, she stared at the trio with wide eyes. Nobody had thought it possible for Luna to look more surprised than she usually did in her normal state, but this morning she proved them wrong. She looked from Harry to Potter to Harold and back several times.

Finally she blinked and, in her customary dreamy voice, stated, "Harry, there are three of you."

"Four, actually," corrected a polite, and damnably oddly familiar voice.

"Ah, Har, there you are. I was wondering where you had got to," acknowledged Potter, looking over his shoulder to where a fourth Harry Potter was coming into the Great Hall. This one appeared very laid back and amiable in comparison to the other three, which showed when he smiled easily as he joined them.

"Harry," repeated Luna as if this were an everyday occurrence, "there are four of you."

"That there are, Luna," Har nodded, looking almost as amused by the situation as Potter but with a far less sardonic manner of expressing his bemusement. He smiled winningly at her and asked politely, "How are you feeling today?"

Luna shrugged and replied, "A little sore. You're very big."

Harry and Harold blushed crimson at this admission, while Potter's smirk grew broader. Har, however, looked at her in confusion and asked, "Big? What's big?"

Luna was about to answer, clearly unconcerned with the fact that almost everyone at Hogwarts was listening in on their conversation. Fortunately she was cut off by Harry, who was just barely able to head her off by saying, "Potter decided to pay Luna a visit last night, Har."

"What's that got to do with it?" asked Har, still confused.

"She's talking about the size of our broomstick, Har," answered Potter with a drawl.

"Eh?" Har looked at the other boy. "Our Firebolt?"

Harold, who had recovered from his earlier blush, leaned forward and whispered in Har's ear for a few seconds. As he spoke Har's eyes grew wide and he stared from Potter to Luna and back several times in rapid succession. His mouth opened and closes as he tried to talk, but his brain was apparently still too busy processing what he had just learnt to speak properly.

"You - you slept with Luna?" he finally managed to sputter out.

"Mmmmm, it was wonderful," moaned Luna, catching the four young wizards' attention. Her eyes were half closed as she smiled blissfully in memory. Blinking her eyes open and looking at them she said matter-of-factly, "You're not just big, but very skilled as well."

Nobody could remember ever seeing Harry, who had always had a somewhat pale complexion, turn that particular shade of crimson before. Nor for that matter could they remember having ever seen Harold or Har looking just as flushed, though since they were apparently the same person (and had only turned up for the first time this morning) that might have explained that.

All three of the young wizards now knew that it was not possible to die from embarrassment. Otherwise they would have most certainly already been dead and buried after having Luna make such a statement in front of practically the entire school.

Potter, on the other hand, just grinned wickedly and quipped, "What can I say? We've got the meat *and* the motion."

Luna nodded sagely, "There was an article in *The Quibbler* a couple of years ago that said exactly the same thing. It also had a few suggestions we can try out tonight, if you're not too tired."

Har looked at her, his jaw hanging open, "Gayh hah..."

Harold blinked and stuttered, "W-well, I-I think... th-that is to, to say..."

Harry coughed and turned an even brighter shade of red, "Luna!"

Potter chuckled and leaned suggestively close to her, "I'm always open to suggestions."

"Since there are four of you now; there are some other things we can do as well. I've been interested in trying them for some time and now we can.

This is even better than if there had been only two or three of you," Luna added, seemingly undaunted by the thought of taking on four wizards at once. In fact she seemed almost eager about the idea, shivering slightly in anticipation. Even Potter had to look at her in amazement and some trepidation after this statement.

At this point everyone watching was either preparing to passing out (which would have been a blessing) or were trying to conjure up some popcorn (so that they might enjoy the show better).

"Ahem."

Naturally the entire thing was ruined by Dumbledore, who rose to his feet and cleared his throat. The four Boys-Who-Lived turned to the staff table, where the headmaster was standing, as did Luna and the rest of the school.

"Mister Potter," Dumbledore began, but came to an abrupt halt as all four wizards replied.

"Yes, Professor?"

"Sir?"

"Yeah?"

"What?"

It was a rare occasion that someone got to see the headmaster looking totally flummoxed. It was even rarer that the entire school and staff got to see such a sight. Dumbledore looked completely off-balance for a long moment, before gathering his composure. He stood straighter and said, "I think it best if the four of you accompanied me to my office."

Potter moaned unhappily, "Can't it wait till after breakfast? I'm starving!"

Luna nodded in agreement and said, "After eleven orgasms last night, I'm also hungry."

"Eleven?!" exclaimed Har, looking at Luna with wide eyes. At her nod of confirmation he turned to Potter and grinned with what could only be described as incredible self-satisfaction. "Damn, mate, we're good!"

"Of that there was never any doubt," declared Harold in staunch agreement, although just a hint of red tinted his cheeks.

"Oh God," groaned Harry, covering his eyes. "Somebody call Voldemort. Tell him I surrender."

Dumbledore, who was once again looking a tad off-balance, cleared his throat.

"Harry," he began, but paused - clearly unable to think of what to say next.

"Where should we sit?" asked Har of the other three. He was looking around the hall, at each of the four house tables. Suffice to say the students were becoming somewhat alarmed at the idea of sharing breakfast with not one, but four Harry Potters.

"The Ravenclaw table is always a good choice," suggested Harold. "The conversation is likely to be quite stimulating."

Potter arched a disdainful eyebrow and replied, "If I need stimulation, Harold, I go and see Luna. I vote we join the Slytherins."

Har shook his head, "Are you bonkers? We're the Boy-Who-Lived. Boys-Who-Lived. We'd be lucky to get halfway through breakfast without having a knife stuck in our collective backs."

Potter considered this and reluctantly admitted, "You might have a point."

"Let's sit where we normally sit. Gryffindor," supplied Harry authoritatively, as if taking charge were the most natural thing in the world. He normally shied away from the idea of assuming a position of leadership, but this morning he scarcely thought about it. "At least we know the people there."

"Sound suggestion," agreed Harold. He paused and glanced sidelong at Luna as he asked, "Would you like to join us, Luna? We really haven't had a chance to talk that much."

"Who needs to talk?" asked Potter as the five students moved to take places at Gryffindor table, the others quickly clearing out of their ways and making space. He smirked, "There's better things to do with our time. Especially with our mouths."

"That would be nice," Luna nodded at Harold first as Har indicated for her to sit down first. After she had done so she turned to Potter, on the other side of Harry, who was sitting next to her, and said, "You're very dexterous with your tongue."

Harry, who was trying to fill his plate, looked at her and pleaded, "Luna, can we not discuss Potter's... our... can we not discuss that here? There are people listening."

Luna looked about, as if seeing the other occupants of the Great Hall for the first time, and blinked in surprise before agreeing, "Of course."

"Spoilsport," whispered Potter in Harry's ear.

"Mister Potter..."

The four Boys-Who-Lived turned in unison to Dumbledore, who was by now looking a bit frazzled, and chorused, "Yes, Professor Dumbledore?"

Dumbledore raised a hand to his temple, as though trying to ward off a headache, and asked, "Could the four of you please come to my office after breakfast? I think there's a great deal we need to discuss."

"Yes sir," the four black-haired wizards chorused before turning back to their meals.

Listening to them speak in perfect unison like that was more than a little unnerving. Dumbledore briefly contemplated the idea of separating the four wizards should they have to attend classes before the situation was resolved. If they managed to pass a lesson without giving the teacher a severe case of the creeps, he would be surprised.

Giving in to a deep sigh, he reached for a crystal goblet filled with his favourite brandy. Not something he would normally consider having at breakfast, but the headmaster had a feeling that dealing with not just one, but four Harry Potters would be much easier on his nerves if he was suitably fortified. Perhaps one glass for each of them would be enough.

"Can I come too?" asked Luna, directing her question at once to both Dumbledore and the four boys that were sitting next to her.

Harry nodded, "I think that would be a good idea."

"Undoubtedly," agreed Harold, looking up from *Hogwarts, A History*, which he had settled on his lap to read whilst he ate.

"That's good," Luna said with an indolent smile. "We can discuss whether or not the four of you can move into my dormitory for as long as you're going to be here. And we can also arrange to have some Silencing Charms put up, so that we don't disturb the other Ravenclaws."

"We won't be the ones disturbing the rest of your house, Luna," said Potter, wolfishly. "If last night was any indication..."

It was a measure of the shock they were in that the students and staff still did not speak or make any attempt to do so. They simply remained perfectly still, save for periodically switching their attention from one Harry Potter to next and occasionally the bubbly Luna as well, and ogled the group which seemed to be acting as if it were nothing out of the ordinary.

Oddly enough it was Professor Snape which broke the silence.

"Four of him," he muttered, clearly unable to grasp what was happening. Truth be told, he wasn't the only one, but his animosity against the Boy-Who-Lived was legendary. Everyone knew how he could barely tolerate the seventh-year Gryffindor. It wasn't a surprise that the idea of having to deal with four Harry Potters, instead of just the one, was slightly more than he could take.

With a loud thump he collapsed to the floor in a dead faint.

The four Boys-Who-Lived were quick to react, each in their own way.

"Yes! Take that you greasy git!" exclaimed Harry, pumping a fist in the air.

"Woo-hoo!" hooted Har, clapping his hands happily.

"I've been waiting a long time to see that," noted Harold with a satisfied smile.

Potter smirked, "Payback's a bitch, isn't it, Snivellus?"

Luna, who had been staring at the unconscious potions master with unveiled curiosity, turned to look at him and asked innocently, "If you like the idea that much, would you like to use some Muggle toys I bought this summer? They're called handcuffs, I think. I only have two sets, unfortunately, but that's enough for you to tie my hands to the bedpost. Or my legs, if you'd prefer."

The four young wizards stared at her in amazement, not knowing how to react to such a bald query. They exchanged glances; each silently asking the others for some idea of what to say, but it seemed that Luna had left them speechless. In Potter's case that was an accomplishment.

"But if you want to tie me up completely," she continued obliviously, "I have some silk scarves that... oh, maybe you can gag me with one as well..."

"I think," Harry finally muttered, just loud enough for his three fellows to hear, "that we have definitely bitten off more than we can chew."

Fin.

Another Author's Note: In case anyone's still wondering, the premise for the story is that Harry has been split in four - each part representing a separate facet of his character. Harry is the manifestation of his Gryffindor self, Harold is the studious Ravenclaw, Har is the easy going Hufflepuff and Potter (as no doubt everyone's already guessed) is his inner Slytherin.