

# Searching for Snorkacks

*by blue artemis*

Viktor helps Luna find what she is looking for.

## Searching for Snorkacks

*Chapter 1 of 1*

Viktor helps Luna find what she is looking for.

A/N: This was written for a prompt from niniakyria. The prompt: Viktor, Luna and a trip somewhere.

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"You know, the best way to search for Crumple-Horned Snorkacks is from the air," said Luna conversationally.

"Really?" asked Viktor from the seat next to her.

"Oh, yes!" replied Luna. "But I can't ever find someone to fly me around; unfortunately I can't handle a broom very well and look for Snorkacks at the same time."

Viktor was taken aback by the sad tone in the dreamy-eyed blonde's voice. They had been seated together on the train ride from Vienna to Prague, and he had enjoyed her odd conversation. She was as smart as Hermione but rather fragile and ethereal. He did sense a core strength from her, and the combination intrigued him.

"If you would like, I will take you searching," Viktor intoned gravely.

"Oh, thank you! You really are as dear as Hermione has said you are! I'm so happy!" Luna declared merrily.

Viktor was quite pleased to have put a smile on her face and joy in her voice.

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When they arrived in Prague, Viktor found that he and Luna were in the same hotel. He helped her check in, saw her to her room, then asked if she would like to meet him for dinner. Luna agreed, as she felt that searching for Snorkacks was done best on a full stomach.

"I'm qvite certain that full stomachs are best for our search," Viktor answered in amusement.

They enjoyed their dinner together, talking about all sorts of things. Both of them had rather eclectic interests, although Luna's were certainly more creatively eclectic, much like she was.

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After dinner, Viktor pulled out his broom, and asked Luna where she wanted to go. She directed him to a clearing in a forest a few miles out of town, saying that the weather and the moon were perfect for finding Snorkacks.

Viktor seated Luna in front of him and wrapped his strong arms around her, pulling her close. He flew low over the clearing she had directed him to, slowly sweeping the sky over the area, so that the little witch could search for her Snorkacks. He became lost in thought, enjoying the feel of the woman in his arms, when all of a sudden, she stiffened and pointed.

"Look, Viktor!" cried Luna. "Over by the pond, there's a herd of Crumple-Horned Snorkacks!"

Viktor looked, and sure enough, near the edge of the pond was a herd of the oddest animals he had ever seen. And every single one had a crumpled horn on the top of its fuzzy head.

"Zat is vonderful. I am very pleased zat you have found vhat you vhere looking for." said Viktor, looking down at Luna.

Luna looked up at him, pleasure infusing the very fiber of her being, and said, "Oh, yes. I think I most certainly have."

For many years afterwards, Viktor was never quite sure if she meant him or the Snorkacks, but he found he didn't care.

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