

Argus Steps Out

by LivingTheDream

Argus Filch finally gets a break.

One Shot

Chapter 1 of 1

Argus Filch finally gets a break.

Argus Filch sank gratefully into the booth at the Three Broomsticks with a bottle of firewhiskey. It was seldom that he got away from the castle to have a drink, but the monsters had finally all left for the summer holiday and he could relax for a while.

He downed a shot of firewhiskey and contemplated his pathetic life.

I can't believe I'm still chasing brats around the school. Why didn't my parents leave me at a Muggle orphanage and let me be raised by non-Magical folk? It truly is a curse living around young people just discovering their magic.

He downed another drink, looking up as Lavender Brown flounced into the pub angrily, ordered a bottle of firewhiskey, and began looking for an empty table. The pub was very crowded, and it was difficult. Argus looked at the empty seat at his own table with a sense of dread.

"Mr. Filch?" she ventured politely.

"I suppose you want me to give up my table for you and your friends, being as you're a witch and I'm just a Squib," he said, unable to keep the bitterness out of his voice.

"No, sir. It's just me. I was wondering if I could join you?" she asked.

Argus looked startled. No witch or wizard had ever asked to join him at anything. They usually just shoved him out of the way. He peered at her suspiciously.

"Really, Mr. Filch. I just want to sit here and get drunk. I won't bother you or anything."

Argus nodded towards the empty chair.

As the evening went on, with the levels of firewhiskey in their respective bottles getting lower and lower, Argus finally drew up his courage.

"Why?"

"Why what?" Lavender looked at him blearily.

"Why're you here getting' drunk? Pretty girl like you should be out with her frienddsss," Argus slurred.

"Caught m'boyfriend, one Ronald Weasley, in bed with someone else t'day," she replied.

"Always thought he was a bit thick. Dono what 'es thinking, cheating on you with 'nother girl."

Lavender's brow furrowed as she remembered.

"Wasn't 'nother girl. Twas a boy. Goyle."

His eyes grew wide as he processed this. He patted her hand in sympathy.

"Tha's jes' not right, lass. I 'ope you hexed them both?"

Lavender looked at Argus with gratitude.

"Le's jes say neither will be sitting down for a good, long while," she said.

"Mus' be fantastic, 'avin' magic," he whispered forlornly.

Lavender leaned over and kissed Argus on the cheek. He really wasn't such a bad bloke, she decided. In fact, he was kind of cute when he wasn't running around chasing them with a mop. And it must be awful being around fully magical folk all day, not able to do any yourself.

"Mr. Filch, it's been lovely, really, but I'm 'fraid I'm a bit sleepy. I'm too drunk to Apparate, so I'm going to get a room."

"Ye'kin call me Argus, you know. You're all grown up now and not a student anymore."

Lavender smiled at him again.

"Thank you, Argus."

She left to go arrange for a room from Madam Rosmerta.

Argus, who'd not given a second thought when she walked away, looked up, surprised, when she returned a few minutes later.

She held up the key and said, "Coming?"

Argus' mouth dropped open. He quickly closed it and followed her upstairs.

A/N: After I met the lovely David Bradley in person several times, I decided I wanted to write a story where he gets the girl. Thanks to sunny33 who beta'd this for me.