

Magically Marvelous

Chapter 3

That night, Harry went to sleep with a smile on his face while thinking about the road rage cab driver that he had taken on a ride. The following day was more of the same. He made his deliveries in the morning and worked until the late afternoon. It was around six when Natalie called him.

"This doesn't look too bad," Harry said as he looked it over. "Just the frame, sideboards, and headboard. I should get this done in no time," he told her confidently. She rewarded his confidence with a pretty smile.

"Then I'll just order our pizza," she told him as she walked out of the bedroom. Harry saw that some of her new furniture had come during the day. There was still plenty that she needed, but she would have enough to live comfortably until the rest was filled out. Opening the boxes, Harry got to work.

Magically Marvelous

"You're a handy man to have around," Natalie told him as she tossed her half-eaten piece of pizza into the box. They were both sitting on the floor in the living room since her couch or kitchen table hadn't been delivered yet. She lifted her arms behind her head and arched her back, moaning as she stretched. Harry's eyes glanced downward as the hem of her t-shirt lifted, exposing her smooth belly. She was wearing a short pair of shorts that offered a great view of her sexy legs.

"I live to serve," Harry replied, checking the time. "I need to head out. Gotta make my nightly run," he told her. He had explained about going out every night to search for stuff to fix. She had told him that she was a consultant for a security firm. Judging by the way that she carried herself, he believed it. She was in great physical shape. They both stood up, and she walked him to the door.

"Thanks for helping me out," she smiled at him when they stopped at the door.

"Thanks for the pizza," he smiled back.

"How about we hang out again sometime soon? It'll be nice to have a friend in the area," she tilted her head cutely.

"Sure thing. Just call or stop by whenever you want," he told her as she opened the door for him.

"Will do," he heard her say as he walked out of the apartment. "Goodnight, Harry."

"Goodnight, Natalie," he said as the door closed. He heard her lock the door before fixing the door chain. Harry didn't bother waiting around like some lovestruck teenager. As soon as the door was secured, he was on his way out. Even though he wasn't the type to develop crushes anymore, he still liked the girl well enough. And like she stated, it would be nice to have a friend nearby. It had been a long time since Harry considered anyone a real friend.

Later that night, his drive was interrupted when he spotted several men beating the shit out of another man. The victim was on the ground as the group repeatedly kicked him. "What the fuck is up with this town?" Harry asked as he pulled over. He didn't even get out of his van. Instead, he held out his hand and fired a Repelling Charm through the open passenger side window. The group of idiots were blasted back and slammed into the side of a building. Groaning, they picked themselves up and hobbled away. Sighing, Harry got out of the van to check if the guy was okay.

"You alright there?" Harry asked as he knelt down to check the man. Much to his surprise, the man shapeshifted into what he could only describe as the Devil. He smiled back wickedly.

"I certainly am," he said in a sing-song voice and swung his hand. Lights flashed behind Harry's eyes as the hand connected with his face. Harry flew backward and slammed into his van so hard that the entire side was caved in. He dropped to the ground like a sack of dirt. He was barely coming to when he was lifted up. Harry blinked away the daze.

"What the fuck are you?" he asked, clearly in pain.

"Mephisto, the Master of Magic. It's nice to finally meet you, Harry Potter," he said politely. He swung his mighty fist only for it to meet the side of Harry's van. Harry reappeared behind him. Holding out his hand, Harry shot golden flames at the red-skinned being's unprotected back. Harry was shocked when his back morphed into his front, and he was able to block the flames with a powerful shield. Once Harry stopped shooting flames at him, he had no time to react when Mephisto's arm stretched as if it was made of rubber. It closed the distance in the blink of an eye and slammed into Harry's face. Again, Harry was on his back in a daze.

"I've been fascinated by you, Harry. I've been watching you for a long time ... in both of your worlds," he happily dropped the bombshell on him. For Harry's part, he had other things to worry about. "However, lately, you've been a bit of a bore. That's why I've been ramping up the violent tendencies of the people around here. I've been trying to get you back into your old ways ... but you've been so resistant!" he cried out and stomped on Harry's leg, snapping the bone. Harry screamed in pain.

"I have so little fun in my life! Your life has been my favorite soap opera since my creation, and YOU'RE TAKING IT AWAY FROM ME!" his voice boomed as he picked Harry up and threw him against the wall. "What's it going to take to turn you back into the hero you once were? Perhaps I'll burn down an orphanage," he said smoothly as he grabbed Harry by the collar and picked him up to eye level. Mephisto shapeshifted into an exact replica of Harry's mother.

"Perhaps I'll travel to another reality and violate your mother over and over again," he giggled as Harry stiffened and clenched his hands into fists. He stopped giggling when several gunshots ripped into his back. Dropping a rage-induced Harry onto the ground, Mephisto turned and saw a pretty, redheaded human pointing a gun at him. "How cute."

Magically Marvelous

"Turn right," Natasha heard over her earpiece as she zipped along the road on her electric motorcycle. Staying silent was the key. She was being guided by a colleague that was tracking Harry's van. "Turn your lights off and turn left. He's parked just down the road."

Natasha did what she was told. Turning off her headlight, she turned left down a side street and spotted Harry's van. She saw several people running away and another man on the ground in pain. Parking some distance away so as to not get seen, she watched and waited. Harry walked up to the man only to get slammed into the side of his van. Natasha actually gasped in shock from the brutality of it. His body hit the side of the van so hard that it was rocking back and forth. The sound was as loud as a gunshot. In fact, she was so shocked that she didn't take action until Harry was already getting pummeled.

She had no idea what she was looking at as she got off her bike and ran at them. The being was tall and muscular with blood-red skin and a ragged black cape. She couldn't believe her eyes when his body morphed into that of a pretty woman. Deciding to shoot first and ask questions later, she pulled her gun and began firing into its back. She wasn't expecting him to turn around as if the gunshots didn't bother him. "How cute," he said in slight annoyance. Within the blink of an eye, he was back into his devilish form and was standing right in front of her. He snatched the gun from her hands with such force that Natasha fell back onto her bottom. She tried scooting back as fast as possible, but it was too late. He was already pointing her own gun at her. "Now it's my turn," he smiled wickedly.

Natasha shivered violently ... but it wasn't out of fear. She had been in life or death situations a hundred times over. No, she was shivering from the unworldly freeze that had just descended on them. Her skin goosebumped and her breath turned to fog. The ground beneath them began to freeze over. The red being turned to see a black-cloaked figure growing in front of him. It didn't stop until it was at least nine feet tall. She couldn't see what it looked like because of the hood it was wearing and the shadow covering its face. His long black cloak was tattered and torn and was billowing even though there was very little wind. Natasha trembled violently when it let out the unearthly clacking of a death rattle. It lifted up its hand and showed them its palm. It was a maelstrom of black energy somehow giving off white light.

"Impossible!" she heard the red being whisper. That was all he said before he was grabbed by the throat. Natasha winced when she heard the cracking of bones while the red man thrashed around, kicking his feet. When a lance made of the same black energy ripped through the red man's back, she came to her senses and scrambled backward before getting to her feet.

Suddenly, the devilish man disappeared, leaving only the cloaked figure. Natasha saw her gun hit the ground, and for a moment, she thought about diving for it. Sadly, it was right at the cloaked man's feet. As if her day wasn't strange enough, the cloaked figure began to shrink and morphed into none other than Harry Potter. Natasha wanted to kick herself for forgetting about him during the chaos. He was her prime objective after all. Once back in his human form, he dropped down to his knees, holding his arm. The black energy suddenly snuffed itself out, leaving his arm fried all the way up to the elbow. Harry cried out in severe pain as Natasha ran over to him. She nearly gagged when she saw that his flesh was bubbling in some places and completely crispy in others. Harry passed out from the pain.

Magically Marvelous

Harry's eyes fluttered open. It took a moment to remember what had happened. An ugly red guy ... threats to his mother ... and then blinding rage.

"Goddammit," he mumbled. Looking at his bandaged hand only verified it for him. He had changed again. Sighing, he closed his eyes for a moment to re-center himself. He only changed during periods of incredible anger or stress. Thankfully, those moments were few and far between. The last time he had changed was before he even came to this world. He looked around confused.

He was in Natalie's apartment ... but he didn't remember a hospital bed being in there. There definitely wasn't medical machinery used to keep track of a patient's vital signs. Pulling wires and tubes from his arms, he began ripping off the bandage on his arm.

"Hey! Stop!" someone cried out. He looked over and saw someone dressed in a doctor's coat coming toward him. "Your arm is in ... perfect shape?" he finished confused when Harry held up his arm and showed him perfectly smooth skin underneath the torn, medicated gauze.

"Who are you and where is Natalie?" Harry asked, getting to his feet unsteadily. He blinked rapidly as the blood rush made his head a bit dizzy. He also noticed that things were a bit breezy in the backyard. Looking down, he saw that he was wearing a hospital gown. "And where the fuck are my pants?" he glowered at the man.

"Well ... I ... um ..." the man stuttered.

"Nice ass," a voice from behind startled him. Harry jumped in surprise and turned around, only to see Natalie smirking at him.

"Thanks, but it has a crack in it," Harry replied, unable to stop himself despite the serious situation.

“For god’s sake!” she huffed and rolled her eyes. She grabbed Harry by the hand and began pulling him to her room. “That will be all, Doctor!” she called out over her shoulder. When the door shut behind him, she turned to face him.

“Would you mind telling me what the hell happened last night?” she raised an eyebrow at him while crossing her arms over her ample chest.

“Why don’t you first tell me who the hell you really are and what I’m doing here?” he countered, not in the mood for games.

“Her name is Natasha ... and she’s an operative of SHIELD. My name’s Fury, Director of SHIELD,” a voice rang out as the door opened. In came a dark-skinned man wearing a black, leather coat and an eyepatch. “We brought you back here to patch you up.”

Harry looked at Natasha who didn’t look even the slightest bit repentant that she had been duping him. “SHIELD?”

“Strategic Homeland Intervention, Enforcement, and Logistics Division,” he explained.

When Harry looked at Natasha and raised his own eyebrow, she said, “We catch bad guys.”

“And as Natasha said, you’ve got some explaining to do,” Fury said as he sat in a chair and crossed his leg.

“What exactly do I have to explain?” Harry asked, wondering how much they saw.

“For starters ... Who was the devil-looking guy that was fully intent on beating you senseless?”

“I honestly don’t know. He said that his name was Mephisto. This is the first I’ve ever seen or heard of him,” Harry answered truthfully. “Have you been looking for him or something?”

“We’ve never heard of him either,” Natasha told him.

“Now ... would you mind explaining how you turned into a giant ass grim reaper-looking mother-fucker?” Fury asked as he rested his hands on his knee. Harry sighed.

“You probably wouldn’t believe me if I told you.”

“I would if it’s the truth,” Fury replied. Harry decided to just lay it out. They had already seen everything anyway. If he really wanted or needed to in the future, he could always remove their memories of the entire situation. They both sat there and listened to Harry tell an abridged story of how he came to be there. He certainly wasn’t going to tell them about the tragic details of his life. The less they knew the better. But who knew? Maybe he could end up with people with whom he didn’t have to hide what he really was.

"So you can do magic?" Fury asked.

"Yes."

"And you're nearing three hundred years old?"

"Yes."

"And you came to this world through a gateway activated by a magic stone?"

"Yes."

"And the stone is also the reason why you sometimes change into the big reaper thing?"

"Dementor ... Yes," Harry corrected him.

"Is it also why your hand was glowing, and why your arm was injured?" Natasha asked.

"Yeah. It possesses a lot of power. Too much for my body to safely withstand. If I use too much ... Well, you've seen what it did to my arm," Harry explained.

"Can we see this stone?" Fury asked. Harry shrugged. They watched as he held up his hand, palm up. It began glowing with the same light as last night. Harry reached into his palm and pulled out the small, black stone. Once out, he nonchalantly tossed it to Fury. He caught it and held it up to his good eye. "These scratch marks ... Are they the symbol you were talking about?"

"Deathly Hallow. Yeah," Harry answered. "Frankly, I don't believe in those old children's tales. I'm not sure what the stone actually is, but I'm sure that it was never meant for humans to play with."

"Would you mind if we run some tests on it? Try and detect what kind of energy it's giving off and such?" Natasha asked.

"I'd have to be there," Harry told her. She smiled saucily at him.

"Afraid we might steal it?" she teased. Harry chuckled.

"It wouldn't matter if you did. It always appears back inside of my hand within a few hours of removing it. I can't count the number of times that I've thrown it into a lake or ocean. I even threw it into an active volcano once," Harry shook his head. The damn thing had caused him nothing but trouble.

"Interesting," Fury rubbed his chin. "How would you like a job?"

"I already have a job," Harry reminded him.

"Ah yes. Digging through garbage," Fury nodded. "As rewarding as that sounds, I'm offering you a better job."

"I happen to enjoy my job," Harry snorted. "What's so good about this one?"

"I'm sure it pays better for one. I can also get you some legal IDs and an actual citizenship," Fury went on.

"And what would I have to do?" Harry asked, crossing his arms.

"Right now? Not a whole lot. You're not trained to be an operative. I'm sure we can find some uses for you, and if you decide that you want to do something a bit more exciting ... well then, we can get you trained for that kind of stuff."

"What do you think about the job?" Harry asked Natasha who was standing there waiting.

"It has its ups and downs. Personally, I like the excitement," she told him truthfully. Harry sighed.

"Very well. I guess I can still do my normal work on the side."

In truth, Harry was actually more jazzed up than he looked. The fight with the crazy red guy brought back a whole lot of memories of more exciting times. He still wasn't sure about trying to be some kind of hero, but beating the shit out of bad guys was something that he had grown to enjoy. The thought of being paid to do it was enough to catch his attention. If he didn't like it, he could always tell them to fuck off.

"Excellent!" Fury said, standing up. "Got any questions?"

"Yeah," Harry replied. "Where are my pants?"