

Magically Marvelous

Chapter 1

Even though it was late at night, there was still plenty of light on the affluent streets of New York City. As such, Harry Potter didn't need to use his magic to add any extra. He drove down the street slowly, looking for anything that caught his interest. An old table ... an antique, he corrected himself. Pulling over, he turned off the engine, removed the keys, and got out. Going to the table, he checked it over. It was in bad condition and had a leg missing. 'Easy enough for me,' he thought as he looked around. He could see people in the distance, but it was still dark enough that he wouldn't draw attention to himself. He held out his hand and levitated the heavy, oak table into the back of his nearly full van. Once secured, he closed the back and decided to call it a night.

"Whadya got there?" Harry heard as he placed his hands on the door. Closing his eyes, he sighed. There had been a string of robberies and carjackings in the area recently.

"None of your fucking business, mate. So fuck off," Harry told him, turning around to get a good look at him. It was then that he discovered that there were five of them. Each dressed in dark pants and hoodies with masks over their face. The only thing that he could definitively say was that they were male. One was holding a gun while others were holding baseball bats or pipes.

"Wanna say that again?" the thug asked, holding up the gun and aiming it at him.

"I said fuck off! I've got to get back to your mum's house. She must be missing me by now," Harry gladly told him. The other four burst out laughing at his friend's expense. They stopped laughing when a shot was fired and a spray of blood hit the side of Harry's van. Harry dropped down onto his back with a hole in his chest.

"Jesus Christ!" one of them shouted. "Are you out of your fucking mind?!" he panicked, not wanting to get charged with a first-degree murder charge. "Let's get out of here!"

"Not without the van," the leader said aggressively. "Check his pockets for his keys and money," he ordered. Not wanting to anger his friend who was still holding a gun, the man shakily went up to Harry and knelt down. He reached into his pocket and began feeling around. He didn't even have time to react before a knife pierced the side of his head. Letting out a choked gargle, he dropped to his side and spasmed a few times before he stopped moving. Harry pushed himself up to one knee before grabbing the baseball bat that the dead man had been carrying. Getting to his feet, Harry glared at the man with the gun.

"That wasn't very nice," Harry hissed before charging the man. Gunshots went off as Harry's chest was peppered with bullets. He swung the bat as hard as possible and connected with the would-be killer's skull. A sickening thunk, much like the sound of dropping a watermelon on pavement, filled the street as his head caved in and split open. The man dropped to the ground

where his head started to pour blood out all over the street. The other three freaked out and began running. Harry grabbed the gun and fired it at the escaping robbers. Only one was hit. Harry saw him fall to the ground while screaming for help from his friends. They didn't even bother looking back. Harry held grim satisfaction as he watched the man drag himself down the street. Judging from the way that his legs refused to move, Harry guessed that the bullet had hit his spine. Jumping into his van, he tossed the gun on the passenger seat and placed his key in the ignition. As the van started, the headlights illuminated the crawling thug. Putting the van in gear, he floored it. His last sight of the man was when he turned and screamed in terror right before Harry's wheels ran him over.

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A pained grunt left his lips as he gave the pair of needle-nosed pliers a tug. He felt his meat and skin stretch until finally, the last bullet had pulled free. He sighed and examined the mushroomed and bloody bullet tip before dropping it in an empty tea cup with its half dozen brethren. He could have waited, and his body would have expelled them naturally. Sadly, it was a relatively slow and painful process. Conjuring a full-length mirror, Harry got up and stood in front of it. "God damn!" he hissed, looking at the bullet holes in his chest and belly. "Bastard was a pretty good shot," he mumbled. Harry's fingertip lit up with magic, and he slowly and carefully massaged each hole until they were all closed. Feeling lightheaded from the blood loss, he wished that he had a Blood-Replenishing Potion. Unfortunately, it had been quite a while since he had access to any magical potion, so he grabbed the next best thing. Removing the cap, Harry tilted his head back and chugged down a decent portion of the whiskey in his bottle. Once done, he placed the cap back on and put it back in the cabinet.

When he had first left his world and appeared in this one, Harry had nothing to his name. Hell, even his name meant nothing. There wasn't even a record of it. Still, he had his magic, so he was easily able to travel to New York City where he could easily blend in. Besides, the large, American city was a good place to begin again. There were ample opportunities for those who were willing and able. Not giving a shit about living in luxury, Harry searched out a place that he could actually use to his advantage. He eventually found an old mechanic's shop that was owned by a guy that liked underaged boys a little too much. Harry didn't shed a tear when he used his magic to take possession of the shop along with the man's meager savings. Harry tossed him out onto the streets without a single memory left in his disgusting head. He would be surprised if the man could function at all. Whatever happened to him, Harry couldn't care less.

The shop was located in Manhattan, which was some very pricey real estate. Harry had no idea why the guy didn't just sell the shop and retire to a tropical paradise, but he was glad that he didn't. Because of that, Harry now owned the shop which covered the bottom floor of an eight-story building. He also owned the second floor which was an apartment. The shop was run down when he got it, with only a front door with chipped paint and a heavy-duty garage door that had to be opened by pulling down on a chain from the inside. Thankfully, he was able to use his magic to clean up and repair both the shop and the apartment.

Harry cleaned himself up and put on a t-shirt. Leaving his apartment, he used the stairwell to go down to his shop. He shook his head when he saw his white van covered in blood. Even using magic, it took nearly half an hour to get his blood off as well as the blood of the man he ran over. Nodding when it was sparkling clean, he opened the backdoors and began pulling his finds out. Chairs, tables, electronics, practically anything that was broken, Harry wanted. He made a very good living by repairing stuff that he found on the streets and reselling them. He even had people bringing him stuff to repair ... for a big, fat, juicy fee of course.

Harry opened the passenger door and grabbed the handgun from the seat. "Should have known. 45's always hurt the most," he said as he examined the high-caliber handgun. He closed the van door and walked over to the shop's small bathroom. Instead of opening the bathroom door, Harry reached up and touched a marking that was only a shade darker than the dark maroon paint on the walls. No one had ever noticed his blood rune before, and he hoped to keep it that way. Pumping magic into the rune, he waited for a second before opening the door. Instead of a bathroom, a spacious warehouse was open to him. Closing the door behind him, Harry walked straight over to what he called, "The Armoury" as a joke.

All the Armoury was, was a shelf where he kept the guns that he came across during his nightly activities. Sometimes he would take them from the gang members that he would inevitably come across, and sometimes he would find them tossed in dumpsters. There were a dozen or so handguns, a few shotguns, and even a couple of assault rifles. He released the clip and checked to make sure that it was empty. Once sure, he placed it with the others. The rest of the space was used for items that he had already repaired and was waiting to be sold or picked up. Still feeling dizzy from being shot so many times, Harry decided to call it a night and went to bed.

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While Harry slept, a report was delivered to a dark-skinned man with a black eyepatch. Using his one good eye, he read the report before tossing it onto his desk. He pressed a button on his intercom and waited.

"Yes, sir?" a voice crackled through.

"Get Barton down here," Director Fury ordered.

"Right away, sir," the voice replied.

Fury waited as patiently as possible for his operative to finally join him. When he did, Fury motioned for him to sit down. He tossed the report in front of Barton who picked it up and began reading it.

Another set of killings in New York City. That makes fourteen in the last three months," Fury told him.

"More gang members?" Barton asked as he finished the report.

"Most likely. Gangs have been getting out of control in the city over the last year."

"Looks like someone decided to take out the trash," Barton smirked.

"So it would seem," Fury replied, not showing any emotion. "I want to know who or what's causing this. It can't just be a coincidence that so many supposed criminals have been violently killed in such a short amount of time."

"What's causing this?" Barton raised an eyebrow, silently asking for clarification.

"We recovered a blood sample that doesn't belong to the dead men. It's human ... only different," Fury filled him in.

"Metahuman or a possible enhanced?" Clint asked, already forming a plan.

"That's what I'm sending you to find out. A jet is being gassed up as we speak. Go get ready," he ordered. Barton nodded and left the room without another word. Within half an hour, he had left the Helicarrier and was headed for NYC.

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Harry's eyes fluttered open. He laid there for a moment before yawning deeply and stretching his aching muscles. Getting shot always made him sore the following day. He winced at the achiness of his chest. Getting up, he hopped into the shower and turned the hot water up to its max. The hot water did wonders to soothe his sore muscles. After showering, he ate a quick breakfast before his early morning deliveries.

Using his magic, he pulled items from his secret warehouse and loaded them in the back of his van. Once full, he jumped in and drove out into the city. As always, he kept his eyes open for anything being thrown away. He would take anything that he could make money on.

Harry, of course, could use his magic and get whatever he wanted. He didn't need to work. Harry, however, had grown tired of the magical way of doing things. The magical world had caused him nothing but trouble. When he came to this world, he promised himself that he would only use his magic when needed or for convenience. He was done playing the hero. Heroes always suffer, as do the people they love, he thought. In his opinion, he was better off without it. Besides, even if it didn't sometimes seem like it, Harry liked his normal life. He felt as if he had some resemblance of control, even if he really didn't.

He spent the morning dropping off furniture that he had rescued from going into a landfill and turned it into cash. After getting back to the shop, he turned on the "OPEN" sign and went to

work. All of his stuff was listed and could be purchased from his website that he had paid an NYU student to create for him. That's where most of his business came from. He pulled out the table that he had scrounged the previous night and examined it closer. The top was pretty scratched up. Thankfully, he had learned how to repair furniture without damaging the patina. It just took a lot of patience and a mastery of magic. By then, though, he already had it down, so he could do it much faster than he used to. He went over the top multiple times until all of the major scratches and dings were repaired. Harry made sure to leave a few light scratches or scuffs so that people wouldn't question the authenticity of the piece. He then conjured a new leg and replaced the missing one. Nodding in satisfaction, he moved it into his warehouse, and he would add it to his website later that night. Harry then moved on to the next piece.

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Clint "Hawkeye" Barton was stooped on the edge of a fairly tall building. It wasn't so tall that he would have to use his night vision goggles just to see down onto the dark New York streets, but it was definitely high enough to avoid being seen. The info packet that he received for his mission said that most of the killings had happened at night. That was perfect for him. He did some of his best work at night ... at least that was what his wife claimed. He had already been in the city for four days, and he had found nothing. No dead bodies had shown up on his watch, so he couldn't be accused of sleeping on the job, which he was thankful for. He would just have to be patient and wait.

As Hawkeye looked down on the street, Harry went through his nightly routine of dumpster diving to look for anything valuable to him. Already he had found a heap of old copper wire that he could easily turn into ingots to be sold later. He had a pile of scrap copper in his warehouse waiting to be broken down. As he pulled up to the next dumpster, he was just about to use his magic to search through the pile of refuse when he heard a scream from further down the street. Clearly, it was a female crying in distress. His instincts were to immediately charge in like an idiotic hero, but his brain was telling him to stand pat and mind his business. Sadly, not even a second had gone by before he sighed and cursed softly. Apparating closer to the sound, Harry pulled out a creation of his. It was nearly an identical copy of something that his old Headmaster had invented so many years ago. He held it up and clicked the button.

Hawkeye slightly jumped when he heard a crack down on the street. At first, he rightfully thought that it was a gunshot, but he was proved wrong. When he looked down, he saw a man standing under a bright streetlight. He wasn't holding any type of firearm. Instead, it appeared that he was holding a cigarette lighter. Hawkeye pointed his recorder at him just as every light in a fifty-foot radius seemed to be pulled into the item that he was holding.

"What the fuck?" Hawkeye whispered to himself as he watched on, fascinated by what he was witnessing. Funnily enough, the would-be rapist said the same thing when the lights suddenly went out on him.

Now that he was in the dark, Harry pushed his magic into his eyes. He had learned this long ago. It was the reason why he never had to wear his old glasses anymore. Instantly, his eyes blazed green with a spooky light. He slowly walked up to the alley and looked around the corner. At the end, he found a foul-looking man holding a knife to a panicking girl's neck. The girl couldn't have been older than twenty.

"What the fuck is going on here?!" he cried out, panicking right along with his victim. The girl began hyperventilating and making so much noise that he pressed the knife blade harder against her throat. "Quiet! Shut the fuck up!" he hissed. He thought that he heard something. When a shadowy figure with burning green eyes stepped around the corner, he nearly shit himself. He opened his mouth to make a threat, but he suddenly found that no sound would come out. He tried to scream, but nothing. The crotch of his dirty jeans became wet and warm as piss ran down his legs. Through all of this, the figure continued to close in. When he was only a few steps away, his hand was trembling so badly that he could barely hang onto the knife.

Perhaps that was why Harry found it so easy to disarm him. The knife flew up into the air just before Harry summoned it. "Go home, girl," Harry hissed. She just stood there, too scared to even move. When he grabbed her by the arm and guided her away from the man, she seemed to come to her senses. She gasped and began running for the alley's entrance. After watching her go for a second, Harry wasn't in the mood to make any threats or clever quips. He just pushed the knife deep into the man's belly. Harry watched with satisfaction as his eyes bulged out when the blade went hilt deep. Giving him a violent shove, the man fell back and hit the hard ground. His quivering hand reached for the protruding blade, but he didn't dare pull it out.

High up above, Hawkeye was still waiting.