

Metal and Magic

Chapter 10

Harry gave his hotel room the once-over to make sure he hadn't forgotten anything. He was just looking under the bed when someone knocked on his door. Since only one person knew where he was staying, he had a good guess who it was. He walked over and opened the door. Natasha's gorgeous face met his gaze, and he couldn't help but smile back at her.

"Hey, Harry!" she chirped and stepped into the room without waiting for an invitation. As soon as the door closed, her arms wrapped around the back of his neck, and she pulled his head down and kissed him. Harry rested his hands above her flared hips and kissed her back. Her full, pink lips opened, and she pressed her tongue against his. When his hands drifted lower and cupped her ass, Natasha kissed the tip of his nose and pulled away. She then looked around and raised an eyebrow. "Going somewhere?"

"Yep," Harry easily replied. "I'm going to stay with my friend Tony for a while. I'll invite you over once I'm settled in," he assured her. Even though she was a spy, he knew there was no way he could hide the fact that he was living with Tony Stark. Her group was already watching Tony's house nonstop. Natasha hid her surprise very well.

"That's good, but unfortunately, I'm going to be out of town for a few weeks. There's some family business back home that I need to take care of," she told him.

"Oh?" Harry asked. "I hope everything's okay." She waved away his concern.

"My family's fine. A cousin of mine is about to give birth, and I want to be there for it," she easily lied.

In reality, Natasha was being pulled away from her current mission and sent to Slovenia. Fury caught wind of a very large illegal arms sale, and she was just the woman for the job. Natasha hoped that it would only take a couple of weeks before she could come back. Clint would have to keep up surveillance until then. As soon as Fury, along with everyone else, discovered that Tony Stark was now the so-called "Iron Man", he immediately brought Tony in for a meeting. Natasha didn't know what was said during that meeting, but she did know that Stark outright refused to answer any questions about Harry Potter.

After the meeting, Fury was apparently convinced that Stark wasn't a threat to security, but that didn't mean he wasn't going to keep track of the man. Harry Potter was a completely different story. Fury desperately wanted to know anything about the man, and Natasha was his best shot. You could imagine that he wasn't pleased about having to take her off the mission and send her overseas, but he had his orders, and Natasha had hers.

“That’s great!” Harry said with a smile. “Send her my congratulations.” Natasha smiled sexily at him and moved her hands from his shoulders to the back of his neck. She gently played with his hair and tickled the back of his neck. She could feel the bulge in his trousers rubbing against her belly.

“I will,” she promised, even though it was a complete lie. Lying had never been a problem for her. After all her training, it was as easy as breathing, but for some reason, she didn’t particularly like lying to him. Maybe it was his carefree attitude or his boyishly handsome smile. Either way, she didn’t like it, but she did it anyway.

“So when are you leaving?” he asked, caressing the curves of her hips.

“In a few minutes. My flight leaves in three hours, and with LA traffic, it’ll probably take me an hour and a half just to get to the airport. I wanted to come and see you before I left, though,” she told him and kissed him again. He deepened the kiss, and when his tongue tickled the bottom of hers, she moaned into his mouth. With a bit of reluctance, she broke the kiss.

“I’ll be here when you get back. Have a safe trip,” he said, smiling handsomely at her. Before she left, Natasha kissed him one last time. She made sure to rub her breasts against his chest. She didn’t want him to forget about her during her absence after all.

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When Natasha walked out the door, he had to shake his head. ‘That girl is something else,’ he inwardly chuckled. He obviously knew she was lying, but even so, he almost believed her. He wondered how she had gotten so good at lying. That was a question for another day. He shrugged, grabbed his bag, and went down to the lobby, where he turned in his keycard. He then got into his rented car and drove down to Malibu. Jarvis opened up the gate as soon as he pulled in.

After getting out of the car, Jarvis’s smooth voice met him at the front door. “Good afternoon, sir. Mr. Stark has already prepared a room for you.”

“Good afternoon, Jarvis. You don’t need to call me sir. You can just call me Harry,” he said, greeting the artificial intelligence.

“I’ll try and remember that, Harry,” Jarvis responded smoothly. “May I show you to your room?”

“Lead the way,” Harry said, and grabbed a couple of bags from his car. The front door opened, and Harry stepped into the familiar house.

“Mr. Stark felt you would be most comfortable in the room you usually sleep in when staying here. If this is unacceptable, I can arrange for a different room,” Jarvis informed him.

"It would be lovely if you could lock Tony out of the house and assign me the master bedroom," Harry joked as he walked to his new room. Jarvis chuckled in response.

"I fear Mr. Stark would not find this very amusing."

"Probably not," Harry agreed. "This room is more than fine," he stated as he pushed the door open. The room he had always stayed in was very large and spacious. The bed was massive and had a walk-in closet larger than his previous hotel room. The bathroom was nearly as big as the bedroom itself, and one of the room's walls was a floor-to-ceiling glass window. The view out the window was spectacular. He could see the rocky shore stretching off into the distance, and the blue waters of the Pacific Ocean spanned as far as he could see. All in all, there was very little to complain about. "In fact, I would go so far as to say it's perfect. Thank you, Jarvis."

"My pleasure. One last thing needs to be done before you can officially move in," Jarvis told him. Harry tossed his bags onto the bed.

"What's that?" he asked.

"We need to upload your biometric data to the server so that you can have full access to the house," Jarvis told him.

"How do I do that?"

"Through your door, exit to the left. On the right hallway wall, there is a screen. Stand in front of it, and I'll do the rest," Jarvis told him. Harry easily found the screen he was talking about and stood in front of it.

"Scanning facial recognition ... Complete. Scanning retinal pattern ... Complete. Please press both palms against the screen and say your name."

Harry did as he was told. "Finger and palm print data stored ... Voice recognition ... Complete. Your biometric data is now stored in the local server."

"So I can now unlock any door?" Harry wondered.

"Most doors. Certain areas, like Mr. Stark's laboratory, are secured with a number-coded locking mechanism," Jarvis explained.

"Good to know," Harry said, walking back to his new room.

"If there's anything more you need, please feel free to call out for me," Jarvis pleasantly stated.

"I will. Thanks, Jarvis."

"My pleasure, Harry."

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"Hey! He's already here," Tony happily stated when he pulled up in his Audi and saw Harry's disgraceful rental car parked in the arching driveway.

"I can't believe you invited that reprobate to live with you," Pepper groaned in the passenger's seat. Truthfully, Pepper didn't actually mind. She felt it would be good for Tony to have a male friend around. As for Harry, she would never admit it, but she actually enjoyed his company. He could be annoyingly charming when he wanted.

"I had to, Pepper," he said, sadly shaking his head. "You should have seen him when he begged me to stay. It was a pitiful sight." They pulled up behind Harry's car and parked.

No sooner had he opened the door than a black bird came flying out, streaking through the air in Pepper's direction. Tony jumped aside as Pepper screeched. Tony watched in shock as Harry got tangled up in Pepper's strawberry blonde hair and violently flapped his wings. Both wings were loudly thumping against the sides of Pepper's head. "GET IT OFF! GET IT OFF! EEEEEEEK!" she squealed, spinning around wildly while trying to swipe the bird off her head. Harry cawed loudly and menacingly before finally breaking free. Pepper squealed again and ran down the driveway, still swiping her hands above her head. Harry flew back into the house and stepped out in his human form. He was trying very hard not to laugh.

"What the hell's going on out here?! I'm trying to have some peace and quiet for a change," he called out to Pepper, who was turning in every direction and peering into the sky. Pepper ran back toward the house, scared that the airborne menace would return. Pepper ran into the house, and Harry and Tony followed her. Once they were in, she slammed the door and rested her back against it, breathing heavily.

"I love what you've done with your hair. Very fetching," Harry said, staring at the tangled bird's nest that was once an elegant top bun.

"What the hell was that?!" Pepper cried out with wide eyes. Harry looked at Tony, who was biting his lip and trying to keep his shoulders from shaking.

"I didn't see anything," Harry shrugged and turned to Tony. "Did you?"

Tony couldn't help but chuckle. "I think a bird may have somehow gotten into the house, and it flew out in a panic when the door was opened."

"Was it rabid?!" Pepper panicked, touching the sides of her face and checking her palms. "Did I get bit?!"

"Birds can't contract or transmit the rabies virus, Pepper," Tony said, continuing to chuckle. "And no, you weren't scratched or pecked by it."

"Come on, Pepper. I think you could use a stiff drink right now," Harry said, shaking his head at her antics. He placed his hand on the small of her back and led her into the living room.

"Yeah ... That sounds good," she said, still breathing heavily.

Needless to say, Pepper had had enough excitement for one night, and after finishing her drink, she had Tony call a car for her.

"I wish I could turn into a bird," Tony said as the car drove off. "Imagine all the mischief I could get into."

"It does have its advantages," Harry relented, and they went back inside.

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"Wow!" Tony exclaimed in amazement as he watched Harry transfigure a pencil into various objects. "Is it permanent? The change, I mean," Tony asked.

"No," Harry answered, shaking his head. "The smaller stuff can last a long time, but the larger and more complex the transfiguration, the shorter it tends to last. Eventually, the magic will run out, and the object will change back into its original form."

"Change it into a piece of metal. I want to run some tests on it," Tony told him, and Harry complied. Tony scooped up the small bar of iron and put it inside one of his many machines. He pressed some buttons and left the machine to do its business. Tony then went back to designing his new suit. "Do you think magic can upgrade the new version of my armor?" he asked as he fooled around with the 3D light emitter. The holographic image of his armor was hovering above the emitter, and when he spread his fingers, the suit split apart into dozens of components.

"Yeah, probably," Harry answered as he worked on his own project. He was reading through one of Voldemort's books on runecraft and enchantments while taking notes. It was one of the thickest books he had ever seen, and it covered things like how to convert Muggle cars into magical ones, all the way to racing broom creation. Harry was reading up on cauldron creation. He guessed that this book was likely illegal in the magical world, but he had a sneaking suspicion that Arthur Weasley had referenced this book when creating his flying Ford Anglia.

"Off the top of my head, I can think of a few things that might be useful," Harry said while turning the page. "Weight reduction, magically hardening the metal, and heat dissipation are a few."

"You can do all that?" Tony asked, raising an eyebrow.

"I'll have to read up on it and practice a bit, but yeah ... I think I can," Harry told him while scribbling something down on his notes.

"Work on it when you have the time. I'd really like to test that out," Tony told him. He was examining the inner workings of his pulse cannons.

"I'll work on it after I finish this," Harry said, tapping his open book.

"What are you working on anyway?" Tony asked, looking over at his book.

"Our new business venture," Harry smiled.

Tony had their business registered, and he opened a business account at his bank with twenty million dollars added. Harry figured that that should be more than enough to find a suitable factory. Plenty still needed to be done, though. Harry had to fine-tune the production process and decide what kind of machinery was needed. The first step was to design an industrial-sized cauldron that could constantly absorb ambient magic from the environment. Of course, he would then need to create quite a few of them, and if what Tony had said was true, he might need to expand in order to meet demand.

The previous day, Tony had shared the results of his testing, and apparently, the Hangover Cure had passed with flying colors. He actually seemed very excited.

"You were right. The ingredients are all-natural. We'll have no problems selling it in any country. I even gave it to a few members of the board at Stark Industries to let them try it out," Tony told him.

"What's the verdict?" Harry had asked him.

"It worked like a charm. Believe me ... Some of those guys are heavy drinkers, and they were singing your praises like never before. It worked perfectly. When they found out I was investing in the company, they practically begged me to let them invest as well. That's how you know we have a hit on our hands," Tony smugly stated.

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It took a few days just to figure out the correct rune sequence. At first, he thought that maybe he could use the standard sequence used on regular cauldrons, but after a bit of testing, he quickly discovered that it wouldn't be able to pull enough ambient magic to produce at an industrial level. Harry then had to do some tinkering. The first attempt was an utter disaster that left a huge scorch mark on Tony's garage floor. Thankfully, a bit of magic was able to clean it right up. At the same time, Harry used a Repair Charm to fix the massive hole in his roof.

The second attempt was a little better. The scorch mark was much smaller, but he did have to deal with the pool of molten metal after the test cauldron went into full meltdown mode. Attempt after attempt were all failures, and Harry had to go back to the book to look for answers. As it turned out, the size of the carved runes was very important. He knew the runes that absorbed magic and the one that infused it into the potion needed to be large, so he just assumed that all the others needed to be of equal size. It turned out that it was catastrophically wrong and had led to several melted cauldrons.

Harry would be the first to admit that his rune-carving abilities were somewhat poor, and his sloppy work kept the sequence from reaching its full potential. To solve this, Harry learned how to use Tony's laser engraver, and that quickly sped up the process. After a few days of hard work, Harry had a working prototype. The "cauldron" was actually a very large metal pot that restaurants typically used. It was a bit cheap and wouldn't stand the test of time, but Harry was only using it as a proof of concept. He then brewed several large batches and handed them over to Tony for testing. He needed to make sure the quality was consistent.

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"You're grinding the gears, you dumbass!" Tony shouted over the rushing wind. He was teaching Harry how to drive stick in his brand new convertible Ferrari. It was, of course, painted red and gold. Tony had really gone hog wild with this whole Iron Man thing.

"I'm just working out the kinks!" Harry called back with a huge smile on his face. The warm, dry air whipped his already messy hair in all directions as they drove down the coast. Seeing a little extra room to maneuver, Harry stepped on the gas, and they were both forced back into their seats as the hypercar accelerated.

"This is way better than that piece of shit you're used to driving, isn't it?" Tony called out.

"It's definitely faster," Harry called back as he gunned it and passed a slow-moving grandma.

"Two blondes! The car in front of us!" Tony shouted. Sure enough, two women in a small, red convertible were driving up ahead. Harry could see their bleached blonde hair fanning out behind them. "Pull up beside them!"

"Alright ... Hold on!" Harry shouted back and pulled closer to them. He had to wait for a truck that was coming in the opposite direction. When the truck whizzed past them, Harry had a clear path and moved into the oncoming lane. He put the pedal to the metal and, engine roaring, he pulled up beside them. Both women turned and looked at them as though they were nuts. Then, they suddenly squealed when Tony looked at them smugly and slightly lowered his shades to get a better look at them.

"Hey, ladies!" he called out to them. "Nice day for a drive, isn't it?"

"Oh, my god! It's Tony Stark!" the hot driver squealed. Her equally hot passenger squealed as well.

"Iron Man!" she cried out, bouncing in her seat. Harry nearly drove off the road when he saw her big tits bouncing around in her tank top. "I love you, Iron Man!"

"Iron Man loves you too!" Tony smarmily said with a smile. Harry snorted in amusement beside him. "Howz about we go out tonight to celebrate my recent accomplishments? My friend Harry and I are looking for a couple of babes to take on a double date! What do you say?" Harry smiled and waved at them.

"That would be awesome!" the driver said, also bouncing in her seat while her friend cheered and clapped.

"Hey, Tony?" Harry suddenly called out to him. When he turned to him, Harry pointed at the car coming straight for them. It began to honk. He quickly turned back to the blonde bimbos.

"Meet us at Le Cirque tonight at eight!" Tony shouted.

"We'll be there!" they both shouted together.

Harry jammed on the brakes and slid back behind the ladies' small sports car just in time to avoid the oncoming traffic. The driver of the other car flipped Harry off as he passed. Tony appeared to be having the time of his life.

"WOOHOOO!" he shouted, punching the air. Harry rolled his eyes, but he couldn't help but smile. Living life in the fast lane was kind of fun. Unfortunately, their fun prematurely ended soon after.

Ten minutes later, after the red sports car turned down a side street, they were rounding a bend in the mountain when they saw a car losing control. The front tire was shredded down to the rim, and it banked hard to the left. Harry jammed on the brakes and came to a sudden and screeching halt. "It's going over the side!" Tony shouted and pointed at the fishtailing car. Harry immediately jumped into action.

Just as the car crashed through the guard rail, Harry found a rocky spot below the cliff and apparated there. As soon as he appeared, Harry looked up, and partially blinded by sunlight, he saw the car sailing overhead. Pulling out the Elder Wand, Harry gave it a flick, and the car groaned and stopped right before crashing headfirst into the jagged rocks of the shore. The car hovered a few feet in the air, and like a maestro, Harry swished his wand and slowly lowered the vehicle safely to the ground. The shocks squealed in protest as all four tires touched the ground. Not wanting his face to be seen, Harry turned around and transfigured his clothes into a long, black robe with a hood. He pointed his wand at his face and hid it under a thick layer of magical shadow. When he turned around, he saw that the front of the car was smashed in from the

contact with the guard rail. The engine was hissing and steaming, and coolant poured out of the bottom. Harry skipped along the rocks and made his way to the driver's side door. He yanked it open and found an older man with a bloody nose. He appeared to be quite dazed. It was easy to see why. When he went through the guard rail, the airbag had deployed, likely knocking him senseless. "Are you alright?" Harry asked, shaking his shoulder.

"Yeah," the older man groaned and shakily unbuckled his belt. "My nose hurts," he added, touching his bloody face.

"I'm not surprised," Harry said. When the man finally looked at him, he gasped and jerked back in surprise. Harry's strange appearance was obviously a shock to the man. "Do you have a phone?" Harry asked him. With wide, disbelieving eyes, he nodded his head and looked around for it. He finally found it under the seat. "You may want to get out of the car. I smell gas."

The man started moving faster and got out of his wrecked car in record time. "Hang on. This will feel unpleasant," Harry told him and grabbed his shoulder. Harry apparated them to the spot where he had jumped the cliff. The man cried out in shock and wobbled in place before falling onto his backside. He then rolled onto his hands and knees and heaved loudly. First time apparition was tough on the body. Harry used this moment to apparate back to the car. Tony was staring down over the cliff. Harry looked around and saw a car coming up from behind them, but it was far enough away that he wouldn't be properly seen. Harry changed his clothes back and whistled for Tony. Tony spun around and jogged over to him.

"That was pretty awesome!" Tony said, his eyes shining in wonder.

"Yeah ... Not too bad," Harry agreed, while walking to the passenger side of the car. "Let's get going. The guy will be fine. He's just a little banged up."

"You know ... Being a superhero team could be fun," he said while getting into the driver's seat. Harry's heroic actions had clearly inspired him.

"Superhero team?" Harry asked in amusement.

"Yeah," Tony smiled. "Iron Man and ... whatever the hell you call yourself."

"How about the Ass-Smasher 5000?" Harry joked.

"That's what I'm talking about!" he said with excitement. "Now that our good deed for the day is done, I say ... ON TO THE BABES!" Tony triumphantly cheered.

"Our good deed?" Harry asked with a raised eyebrow. Tony nodded with a smile.

"Yeah! We're a team. Your glory is my glory," he wisely stated. Harry snorted in response.

“Whatever you say, Tony,” Harry chuckled and jumped into the passenger seat. Tony cranked up the car and floored it, leaving everything in their dust.