

Magically Marvelous

Chapter 2

Fury raised his one good eye as he watched the recording provided by Agent Barton. The part where the lights were suddenly sucked into a small device was what really caught his attention.

"I switched on the night vision mode, but they were hidden at the end of the alley. There was no way that I could get a good view without getting made," Barton defended himself when nothing more could be seen until a figure of a woman ran out of the alley and down the street. After that, the lights suddenly turned back on which immediately washed out the recording. The screen went white until the night vision mode was turned off. After a moment, the figure came out of the alley and walked toward a white van. The camera shook and Barton explained.

"I hit the van with one of our mini magnetic trackers." Fury nodded. Not long after, the recording stopped. Fury got up and began pacing back and forth through the SHIELD-owned apartment. Fury had moved the Helicarrier off of the east coast to be closer to the investigation. When Barton filled him in, Fury high-tailed it to the city to hear it for himself.

"One of our junior agents tracked the woman and picked her up. She wasn't much help," Barton told him.

"What about the guy in the alley? The one attacking her," Fury clarified.

"I got to him in time. He's facing several surgeries and a long, painful recovery."

"And a long prison sentence once that's done," Fury smiled to himself. Putting scum in prison always brightened his days. Before he could even ask, Barton held up a piece of paper. Fury snatched and read the address. Already knowing who's address it was, he instead asked, "Is someone keeping an eye on it?"

"Of course," Barton responded. "Agent Miller."

"Good. I'll contact him myself," Fury told him. Now that his job was done, Barton followed Fury back to the Helicarrier to await his next mission.

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Harry leaned over and grabbed his beer. He scowled when he felt that it wasn't ice cold anymore. He funneled his magic through his palm and smiled when the condensation on the outside of the glass bottle began to frost. He took a long pull from the half-empty bottle and burped when he placed it down. He then went back to work.

He had recently purchased the fastest motorcycle that he could find. His new Kawasaki ZX-14R had cost a pretty penny, but he really didn't have anything else to spend his savings on. Being fast was great and all, but Harry thought that the bike deserved so much more. Plus, Harry was a man that loved to fix things and tinker with stuff that didn't need fixing. Once he brought it home, he placed it in his warehouse and immediately began to add enchantments to it. The first thing he did was change the horrid Slytherin green color to jet black. After that, he began by adding everything that the old Knight Bus had had. That had taken a while. After all, Harry was just one man working from memory, and the Knight Bus had likely been created by a team of Masters over several years. When he had gotten those to work, Harry started adding the things that Sirius's old bike used to have. This was certainly tricky.

Harry tapped his wand and the Dragonfire Booster immediately let out a belch of billowing, putrid black smoke before sputtering dead. Harry waved his hand in front of his face as he coughed violently. This was going to take some time, he thought to himself. In his previous world, he took possession of his former godfather's motorcycle after it had been wrecked. Arthur Weasley had taught him a great deal about enchanting muggle artifacts. Harry often wondered why he didn't get a job with an enchanting firm. He could have made way more money than working at the Ministry. Harry guessed that he just really loved muggle junk. Some of that certainly rubbed off on Harry. He always tried to figure out if something he owned could be upgraded in some way. Over the years, he branched out and began making his own magical items, like his copy of Dumbledore's deluminator or Put-Outer if you will. Ron owned the original and even passed it down the line, turning it into a Weasley family heirloom, much like Harry's invisibility cloak. Sometimes he missed his old cloak. He had had some good times with that thing.

Shaking his head to snap himself out of the daze that he was in, he went back to work on his bike. He wanted it ready by the following month. It was just ending summer, and Harry wanted to take a drive up to Maine before winter hit. He was planning to stop at as many antique shops as possible to stock up on items that he could repair and resell. His stock was beginning to dwindle. That was both a blessing and a curse. It was bad because he had fewer things to sell, but it was good because that meant that he was selling stuff almost as fast as he put it online. People raved about his ability to find antiques that were in near-perfect shape. Of course, he charged a premium for such quality. If people only knew, he thought to himself as he drank the rest of his beer and began weaving more spells into the booster pack. Another hour had passed before he heard a loud knocking on his shop's door. This surprised him.

Since the shop was closed for the night, he didn't expect anyone to turn up. This had only happened a handful of times in the past. All of them were because someone needed something repaired right away. Thinking that this was what it was, Harry stepped out of the warehouse and touched the blood rune, turning it back into a bathroom. Walking up to the front door, he opened it and saw the face of a very pretty redheaded woman. Her eyes were big and beautiful, and her lips were full and very kissable in his opinion. She bore an innocent expression on her face. Still, Harry wasn't swayed by a pretty face. He was way too old for that. "Can I help you, miss?"

A slight smile played on her soft-looking lips. "I very much hope so," she replied in a voice that was somewhat deep for a female. Even so, it was smokey and pleasant to the ear. "I'm sorry to come knocking when you're closed, but I'm in a bit of a jam," she told him. She walked right past him and into his shop without even being invited in. Harry held back a snort of amusement. 'Perhaps she's a girl who always gets what she wants,' Harry thought as her heels clacked against the smooth concrete floor.

"I just moved into an apartment down the street earlier today, and the furniture store called at the last minute saying the mattress that I ordered won't be delivered until next week. Obviously, I can't sleep on the floor!" she declared.

"Obviously," Harry smiled and crossed his arms, waiting for her to finish.

"I saw online that you have a brand new king-sized mattress and box spring for sale," she said, walking up closer to him. He noticed that she smelled really good. Harry nodded.

"Still has the plastic on it." Harry had bought a selection of mattresses from a shop that went out of business down in Jersey. He got them for dirt cheap since he had to go down there and pick them up. It was nothing that a Confundus and a few Shrinking Charms didn't fix. He had one last King mattress set left.

"I was hoping that you could deliver it to my place tonight," she bit her lower lip sexily and gave him a sultry look. It was clear that she wasn't above using her good looks and raw sexuality to get what she wanted. Far be it from him to be the first to deny her. Besides, he wasn't busy and was glad to get rid of the last of the mattresses.

"I suppose I can," he smirked. She smiled and pulled her wallet from her expensive purse. She handed him the money along with a piece of paper with her address, name, and phone number.

"I'll deliver it within the hour, Miss ... Rushman," he said, reading the note.

"You can call me Natalie," she smiled saucily as she walked to the door. "I'll see you in a bit. Thanks a lot!" she called out happily and walked out of his shop. Harry wasn't too proud to admit that he checked her ass out as she walked to the door. She was wearing a tight, white blouse and a gray pencil skirt that ended right above the knee. The skirt was tight enough to accentuate her wide hips. The way that those hips swayed when she walked easily drew his attention. Her sheer sexiness reminded him that it had been a while since he had taken a woman to bed. He would need to remedy that soon, he deliberated as the door shut behind her. Once she was gone, Harry went back into his warehouse, pulled the mattress set out, and packed it in his van.

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She was correct when she said that it was just down the road. It was only two blocks until he pulled up to her building. He knew it well. It was a building that he had passed hundreds of times. He knew for a fact that the apartments there were priced higher than others in the area due to the building being more modern. He parked as close to the front entrance as he could and pulled out his smartphone. Dialing her number, he sat there and waited as it rang a few times before she answered.

"Hello?"

"Natalie? This is Harry Potter. I'm downstairs with your mattress," he told her.

"Wonderful! I'll be right down!"

"Thanks. Bye," Harry replied.

"Bye," she said before hanging up. Harry got out of the van and went around back. He opened the double doors and pulled out the pillow-top mattress. He added magic to it so that it was feather-light. There was no way that he'd be able to get it up to her apartment without the Lightening Charm. It was large, awkward-shaped, and weighed over one hundred and fifty pounds. Leaving the box spring inside of the van, he closed the door and locked it. He only had to wait another minute before she came down and met him.

"That's really big," she said, eyeing the size of the mattress. "It should fit in the elevator though," she told him.

"That's good," Harry grunted as if the mattress was heavy. "Lead the way!"

"Do you need help?" she asked, eyeing the size of it. Harry shook his head.

"Nope. Just point me in the right direction."

Natalie led the way and held the front door open for him. When they reached the large service elevator, Harry easily wrestled it in. Natalie joined him and pressed the button for the top floor. 'She definitely has money,' he told himself. Top floors were almost always the most expensive to stay on.

"You must be really strong," Natalie said, eyeing him up. "You barely even struggled to lift this thing," she said, giving the side a soft kick with her high-heeled foot.

"I work out," he teased playfully as she chuckled.

"That's good to know," she replied as the elevator pinged and stopped. The doors slid open, and Harry let her get out first. He walked after her, holding the large bed. She walked up to her door and inserted the key. As the door opened, she led him inside and to her bedroom. Just as she

said, there was barely anything in the apartment. It still had the smell of being industrially cleaned by a professional company. "You can put it on the floor right there," she pointed at the ground in the middle of the room. "The bed frame and headboard should arrive tomorrow."

Instead of placing it on the floor, he rested it against the wall and removed his magic from it. "I have to bring up the box spring," he told her.

"Oh, yeah! I almost forgot," she said smoothly. They went back outside, and he quickly brought it up like the other. Once inside, he removed the plastic protective covering and set it on the floor. He did the same with the mattress, placing it on top of the box spring. Natalie sat down on the mattress and bounced on her butt a few times to test the softness. She smiled at him. "Perfect!" she chirped happily.

"Glad you like it. Well ... I need to get going so ..."

Natalie stood up. "You know, if you came over tomorrow and helped me set up the frame, I'd be very grateful. I might even offer something that's hot and steamy," she seductively said while her fingers gently played with the side of her own neck.

"Oh? And what might that be, Miss Rushman?" Harry smiled, amused at her behavior.

"Pizza, of course," she smiled innocently. Harry chuckled.

"Give me a call when you need some help. I'll see what I can do," he told her while looking over his shoulder as he walked away. She gave him a little wave as he left her apartment and went home.

Natasha waited around ten minutes to make sure that he wouldn't be coming back. When he didn't, she used her second smartphone with layers of encryption to call her boss.

"Tell me something good," Fury said in place of a proper greeting.

"The plan worked perfectly. I bought the mattress and convinced him to deliver it," she explained. "I tried lifting it myself. It's very heavy, but he was able to move it with ease," Natasha reported.

"Enhanced strength?" Fury asked.

"Possibly. I'm not sure yet. He's pleasant enough to talk to. He didn't flirt or act overly sexual, and he didn't try to overstay his welcome."

"Description," Fury ordered.

“Six foot three ... give or take an inch. Dark black hair and piercing green eyes. In fact, they’re the greenest eyes that I’ve ever seen, almost like high-quality emeralds. He looked well built without being bulky ...”

“Like a fighter?” Fury asked her opinion. Natasha nodded even though he couldn’t see her gesture.

“Fighter or an athlete.”

“Anything else?”

“He has a British accent,” Natasha said. “I’m supposed to see him again tomorrow, so hopefully I’ll have more to report.”

“Very well. Keep me informed,” he said before the phone cut off. Natasha rolled her eyes, not even expecting a “goodnight” from him. She went to her bedroom and flopped back onto her new bed. She needed to plan for the next day.

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“Move it, Asshole!” Harry yelled as he stuck his head out of the window of his van. The cab in front of him was taking its sweet time after picking up a fare. He was probably juicing the meter without wasting gas to do so. Annoying cabbies were just one of the things that he had to deal with when going on his nightly drives while looking for discarded treasures.

“Make me, Cocksucker!” Harry heard the man yell out from his cab. This made Harry’s eye twitch. A younger man would have probably looked the other way and just laughed it off. Harry, however, was old and tired of dealing with other people’s shit. He was trying hard not to go over there to show him the error of his ways. Instead, Harry politely pressed his horn and let it blare loudly and annoyingly. When the cabbie got out of the car and began walking toward him, Harry actually felt excited.

“Listen here, assho...”

His insult was cut off as Harry reached through the window and grabbed him by the collar of his shirt. The cabbie’s shirt must have been too tight because instantly, his eyes began to bulge.

“GEEEUGGGGH!” he choked out.

“I’m sorry. I didn’t catch that. Did you say you’d like to go for a ride? Well, okay then,” Harry smiled and let his foot off of the break. The van began to roll. The man was choking and panicking as he walked along the side of the van. Harry swerved around the back of the cab and aimed right for the cab’s open door. He didn’t bother stopping as the front of his van hit the

door and began to bend it backward. A loud metallic ripping sound told him that the door had likely been torn clean off.

“GUUUUUGGGFF!” the unpleasant man forced out as his face turned redder and redder.

“Go faster? Strange request, but I’m nothing if not accommodating,” Harry chuckled and pressed the accelerator just a tad. The engine roared, and the van began to move faster. The cabbie was really panicking now. He reached up and tried to wrestle Harry’s hand away from his collar. His legs were struggling to keep up as Harry’s van accelerated. After another few seconds, he was running alongside the van. Harry could see the sweat beading on his semi-bald head.

“Have you learned your lesson yet?” Harry asked as he drove down the backstreet. The cabbie nodded furiously. “Good. Have a wonderful night,” Harry said as he stomped on the gas right before letting go of his collar. Harry smiled happily as he looked in his side mirror and saw the man rolling along the street. He sighed as he moved to another location to avoid the law. Harry knew himself all too well. Even though he didn’t act like a hero anymore, the want and need for excitement were still there. There were times when he would try and subtly pick a fight with some nasty person just to feel that thrill again. No matter how old or jaded he got, that need for adventure never went away. He just hoped that it wouldn’t lead to him doing something stupid in the future.