All Fluff and No Puff

by uhhno

Summary

Harriet Potter is a marvel universe's Harry Potter, living her abnormal life as a teenage witch who gets caught up and stuck in Peter Parker's web of love. As Potter luck would have it, Harriet gathers unwanted attention. Fem!Harry

Notes

See the end of the work for notes
Chapter 1

Harriet Lily Potter let out a frustrated sigh as her dad ruffled her birds nest hair, laughing at her misery. It was her first day of high school in Midtown high school of science and technology, and she woke up too early to function.

"Oh, stop being so negative, sweetie. I'm sure you're gonna have a wonderful time at school," Harriet's mother said in a positive tone she always used to cheer up her brooding teenager of a daughter. She peered out from the open kitchen, lining up the dishes with the help of her wand.

"You ready to face your fate, Harry?"

Harriet groaned both at the nickname from her early years, and at the idea of the first day of school. "Yeah, let's get this over with."

James led Harriet out of the house and to the car parked outside. Harriet wasn't an expert on cars, but she knew this one had cost a hefty price; as luck would have it, her family had owned several bank accounts that could buy a piece of land. A large one at that.

They got to the car and James, being the chivalrous person he was, opened Harriet's door for her. He then hopped to the driver's side and they drove off, heading towards the school.

"I wouldn't have to wake up so early in the morning if you'd start teaching me apparition. I wish there were other people who could teach me." Harriet sighed, "I don't like how we're the only people on this planet that could use magic, otherwise I would just go learn it elsewhere without telling you."

James laughed, "You are definitely my kid alright. You know, back when I was your age, Sirius and I..." He went into a monologue about his childhood as a prankster that Harriet heard a million times, so she just tuned him out until he finished talking about his glory days.

When James finished, his doggish grin slowly faded to a more serious expression. He took his eyes off the road for a moment to look at Harriet.

"You're not ready yet, Harry, it's too dangerous for a 16 year old. You'll start your apparition lessons when you turn 17."

"But thats so annoying. Can't we push it a bit earlier?"

"You know, I think you should feel more grateful about the fact that you even have magic. Our kind has been slowly going extinct for over a century now, but we're fortunate enough that our family is the remaining ones with our magic still intact. I know for a fact that there are only a few families left in the world," James said, "but your mother would tell you —"

"Yeah, I know dad. Mum's been telling the whole world about it, hasn't she? Mutant genes taking over the magical genes, right? She won't stop going on about her thesis. I can't believe she used her own blood to prove it."

"Well, there aren't many like us. And the only ones left are mutants now."

"Yeah..." Harriet stared out of the window, feeling melancholy but her mood abruptly stopped when
she thought of her godfather, "when did Sirius say he'd visit?"

"He didn't exactly say, you know how busy he can be."

Harriet sighed. "… And Remus?"

Sirius and Remus were one of the few who had their magical genes turned into mutant genes. Meaning, they had one of their most prominent magical ability intact. While Sirius was able to turn into an enormous dog, Remus retained his werewolf transformation.

With the change in the mutant gene, Remus was somehow able to control his werewolf desires.

"He's gotten the job last week. *Professor Lupin*, how weird does that sound?" James smiled, though it was more of a habitual smirk, "he's sure he'll come over on Saturday."

"Cool." Harriet stared down at her phone after getting a text from her childhood friends, Ron and Hermione

Group chat: the golden trio

Invited: Ronaldo, Hermes

**Ronaldo**: r u guys at school yet?

~ I'm lonely and scared by myself

**Hermes**: Course, I'm at the library.

**Ronaldo**: why r u in the library?

~ it's the first day of classes!

**Hermes**: Because

**Harriet**: because she's Hermione.

**Ronaldo**: expected as much

~ alright, I'll meet you at the library

**Harriet**: I'll be arriving soon

~ 5 minutes tops?

**Hermes**: Alright, I'll be waiting

"Your friends?" James asked after taking a peek at his daughter's smartphone.

"Yeah."

"I don't get why you kids don't use magic mirrors anymore, your friends can still use magical things." That was when the car stopped, parked beside the sidewalk of the school.

Harriet reached for the handle as she gathered her bag. "Well, dad, for one Hermione has always been a muggle so if I show her the magic mirror, she'll start asking me a billion questions and nag me to tell her everything about the contraption like she's done with Quidditch and exploding snap. And
two, Ron won't be careful with a broken piece of glass. Also, magic mirrors are so last century."
"Ah… right. Quidditch. I remember. You don’t have to tell me twice. I wish she’d asked Lily instead."

"You’re the expert," Harriet laughed before opening the door.

"Touché." James rolled down the window when the door shut. "Have fun at school, Harry!" James knew Harriet was starting to dislike the shortened name, so it was his job as a dad to make his daughter's life miserable, and embarrass her as much as he can.

"Don't call me that! Have a nice day at work, dad."

The golden trio, as they were called ever since the time their parents decided to bring them together as playmates, sat around the wooden table inside the school library. There was no one there except the three freshmen because it was the first day of school, so they had the library to themselves. The only other person in the room was the librarian who was quietly going through the stock of books.

While Hermione was going on about going to the Smithsonian museum and visiting the Captain America Memorial during summer, Ron barely listened to a word she said, but Harriet listened and responded with what she knew about the man.

"Didn't your great-grandfather know him, Harry?"

"Ron, stop calling me that, people are going to think I'm either actually hairy or I'm a boy."

"No one's going to think either of those things, Harry. Besides, you're too pretty to be a boy," Hermione said in earnest.

Harriet could trust Hermione's words, but she was still self-conscious of herself being a teenager. She wasn't this self-conscious before, but with the modern world revolving around hot supermodels and perfection, Harriet couldn't help herself in wanting to be just that — perfect — as most girls would.

Hermione was different, she wasn't like any other girls. She wasn't confident though. She was just herself. Harriet wished she could be like that; not give a shit about what others may think.

"Yeah, no one will think that," Ron confirmed.

Harriet gave a small smile. "Thanks."

"No problem. Now, you were saying something about your great-grandfather knowing the Captain?" There were stars in Hermione's eyes. It seemed that she turned into a fangirl over summer break.

"My grandfather, I think. He used to make potions for the army according to what my dad told me. But he wasn't sure himself. We have a picture of grandfather with Captain America, but that's it, no other evidence."

"Can I come over and see it?!" Hermione asked with an awed gasp.

Chuckling, Harriet answered, "you don't have to ask every time, Hermione. Sirius and Remus are visiting over the weekend — well, if Sirius can make it — if you guys wanna come around then. They'll probably play Quidditch with us."

"Great! I was wondering what I was gonna do for the weekend!" Ron grinned, happy that he'd get a
chance to fly again. With the cheap rusty old broomstick that his family had, his magic-turned-mutant gene that allowed him to fly was weakened considerably.

"You know I'm not good with heights, Harry. I'll pass on Quidditch, thanks," Hermione said, a little queasy just thinking of flying.

The last time she did manage to fly above ten feet off the ground, (which was the maximum height the broomstick the Potters had would let her go) she barfed all over the turnips that Lily had planted the spring before.

"I knew you'd say that. Mum's had a blast cleaning the flower bed." Ron laughed at Harriet's words, remembering the good times of their junior high school days.

"You don't have to remind me. I still feel sorry for it."

That was exactly when the bell rang for the first class.

Ron groaned. "Great, school's starting for real."

"What classes do you guys have? Let's compare timetables," Harriet held hers out and waved it around a bit, to accentuate her question. All three of them compared timetables to see what classes they had together.

Chapter End Notes

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Chapter 2

Peter went to sit at the back of the classroom when the bell rang. He had literature as his first subject and no friend to sit with. Frankly, he didn't have many friends, in fact, he only had one, Edward Leeds, or just Ned. So it wasn't a surprise to Peter that he wouldn't share a lot of classes with his only friend.

So there he was, playing on his phone, waiting for the class to be filled up for the teacher to start teaching or give out the outline of what they'd be learning and then an icebreaker.

Peter was hoping for someone to sit down next to him, maybe he'd make a friend out of that encounter, but close to 8:45 AM and no potential friend. Class started at 8:50 AM so there was only five minutes until someone sat down next to him and hopefully they'd hit it off like he did with Ned.

The school year wasn't starting out so good for Peter as the clock ticked a little faster than he would've liked.

But just then, his eyes landed on the girl who just entered. She was really beautiful, almost enchanting. Her hair was a bit messy though, but it was just the color of the strands that made it look like a birds nest. Her green eyes though, they were something. Even from five rows of desks away, Peter could easily pick out the brightness of the emerald orbs.

He wasn't in love though. She was pretty and that was just a description that matched her.

But it just so happened that Peter's heart skipped a beat when she sat down next to him and she smiled and said something. He couldn't hear her due to the fact that his loud heartbeats were distracting him.

"… What?" He dumbly said. *Great, now she thinks I'm stupid.*

Her smile only widened, not confirming what Peter thought to himself. "I said I'm Harriet."

"Uh, Pete — Peter. Peter Parker." *Damn it, Peter, you said your name, like, a thousand times.*

Peter was sure he wasn't in love, but she was a lot more pretty when she smiled.

Chuckling, Harriet replied, "it's nice to meet you, Pete. Peter. Peter Parker."

Peter nervously laughed. The air was getting a little awkward when the two stopped talking.

"Are you British...?" Peter winced at the random question he suddenly blurted. In normal conversations, any other person would have responded with the usual 'it's nice to meet you too,' but Peter wasn't normal and neither was Harriet.

*Now, she's going to think I'm weird.*

Strangely enough, Harriet wasn't what Peter expected as she casually said, "could you tell? I thought my accent was gone."

Okay, Peter was beginning to fall.

"I have excellent hearing," he found himself replying, "I like your accent."

Harriet's smile widened into a grin. "I'm glad you like my accent."
"You must've been here for a long time to lose your accent."

"I moved to Brooklyn when I was little, and then to Queens after I finished junior high, so I can switch between English and American accents, but it's fun to make people guess. And you guessed correctly. What about you, Peter, have you lived here your whole life?"

Peter was happy that the pretty girl from Britain was taking interest in regular ol' Bob. "Born and raised. — The sandwiches at Delmar's Deli are really good if you hadn't tried them yet."

"I'll check it out with my friends."

After first and second periods were over, it was time for lunch. Peter had stopped by his locker to stuff in his heavy textbooks and got out his lunch bag. That was when his friend decided to drop in with his own food in hand.

"So how did classes go? Meet anyone?" Ned asked.

"I met a girl," Peter smiled a little, not wanting to show that he cared.


Peter shrugged, hiding his smile. They were heading to the cafeteria. "Her name's Harriet. Uh… Harriet Potter, I think her name was. Mr. Riddle was a little quiet when he was doing attendance." It was funny how their literature teacher's name was named Riddle.

"Wait, Harriet Potter? From The Potter family?" Ned stretched out the name as he did with his favorite characters from Star Wars. "Dude! Don't you know who she is?! She's the heiress to the Potter House! Her name was on the news as one of the youngest richest heiress in England, and her family donated a shit ton of money to a lot of charities and they're still the wealthiest in Britain!"

Peter blinked. Wow… So, totally out of my league. Ned confirmed his thought by saying the same exact thing.

"Sorry man, totally out of your league."

Peter's mood took on a more negative turn when he and Ned heard a familiar unwanted voice from the background.

It was Flash Thompson, along with his own gang of friends. "Well, well, look who it is. Penis Parker and his sidekick, Edward Leech."

"It's Leeds," Ned responded as if this wasn't a huge deal.

"You think I don't know that?" Flash growled.

Peter shook his head, "c'mon, Ned, let's get to the cafeteria before they run out of tables."

Harriet, Hermione, and Ron all walked into the cafeteria with their lunch bags in hand.

Harriet's mother had gone way beyond and packed her a buffet, which would be an exaggeration, but it felt like it when a lot of students either had ten dollars to spend or just a sandwich and a juice box. That was only because Harriey was a bit too skinny for her age and wasn't eating properly.

"Are you gonna eat that?" Ron asked, mouth full of the tuna sandwich. He was pointing to the apple
pie that was neatly packed in a container. Harriet pushed it toward Ron and he gladly took it with thanks.

Hermione rolled her eyes at Ron's table manners but paid no heed because she was (still) getting used to the behavior. She instead turned to Harriet. "How was literature without us?"

Harriet wasn't even amazed at how Hermione had remembered what subject she had. "I met an interesting fellow."

"Boy or guy?"

Piercing a piece of chicken into the greens with a plastic fork, Harriet replied, "I don't really know what the difference is, to be honest."

"At least give me his name?"

"Pete. Peter. Peter Parker," Harriet chuckled, she then shrugged her shoulders, "he's pretty cute."

"That means he classifies as a guy!"

Harriet rubbed her temple. "I just said he was cute. I didn't say I was in love with him."

"So you do know the difference between a boy and guy!"

"No, I— ugh. Forget it. I thought you'd be the last person to talk to me about my love life, Hermione."

Hermione was more of the strict bookworm kind of girl, but with the way she'd been acting lately, Harriet blamed teenage puberty.

Hermione giggled. "We are teenagers, we can do whatever we want and think whatever we want."

Out of the corner of her eyes, Harriet saw two boys — one she recognized — and they were looking at all the tables were taken, no doubt they were looking for an empty table to eat at. "That's him," she said to Hermione.

Hermione's gaze went straight to where Harriet was looking. "The guy?"

"Yes, the guy," Harriet rolled her eyes. "I'm going to tell them to join us, so you better behave."

Hermione sighed, "I promise not to do anything that'll embarrass you in the hopes that you date him." Harriet raised an eyebrow at her, to which she responded, "what? I finished reading a romance novel yesterday."

Harriet shook her head. She then waved to Peter, "Peter!"

"Holy shit. Two hot chicks are looking at us," Ned spoke. It looked as though he could drop his lunch bag any second now.

"What hot girls?" Peter asked curiously. He looked to where Ned's vision was mostly at and refrained a gasp when he saw Harriet. She wasn't looking at them when Peter decided to turn to the source of Ned's cursing, however. "… That's her."

"What?"
"That's her, she's the girl I met in first class."

"Dude, that's Harriet Potter? Holy mother of… Who's the other girl?"

"Don't know."

The world was likely to crash into him when Peter's eyes met Harriet's. She was smiling and waving at him, and he was sure she said a word but he wasn't able to hear. Again, stupid heart.

Peter was dumb when it came to social interactions, especially with girls. He was a stereotypical nerd. And so, he was dumb with what he did.

Therefore, he dumbly smiled and waved back at her.

Ned's nudge to his rib cage sent Peter back to reality. "What're you doing? She called your name. I'm a noob at talking to girls but I think that means 'come over and sit with us' or something."

"R-Right."

Peter and Ned stopped beside the table Harriet and her friends were sitting at. The two boys didn't really know what to do when they got there.

"You guys wanna sit…?" Ron was the one to ask. Harriet was a little busy laughing at their awkward behavior.

"Yeah, sure, if you guys don't mind," Peter responded.

The two were beginning to sit down when Flash interrupted, "what's up, Penis Parker?"

Peter closed his eyes in anger, his shoulders slumped. He didn't want Harriet to see him as a wimp that he was, always getting bullied by Thompson. He hoped that he would never see the bully after Junior high, but fate was a funny thing.

Flash shoved Peter and he fell to the ground. Luckily, Peter saved his lunch bag from spilling. "Was Penis Parker bothering you, ladies? Name's Flash Thompson by the way." He stretched the syllabus of his last name, no doubt hinting that his family was wealthy.

Peter saw the look on Harriet's face. He wasn't sure what emotion it was — anger? Confusion? Pity? — he just hoped it wasn't pity directed toward him. He wished he had the power to fight back. Peter was regretting not taking up that free trial at the gym when he had the chance.

Harriet stood up from her seat and faced Flash. Peter saw Flash's face becoming red from meeting her face to face, just a short distance away from her. What Harriet said surprised everyone listening in, especially Peter.

"Do you like dicks that much to call someone 'penis'?"

"What…?" Flash was lost for words. He thought that by showing a girl that he was tough that she'd fall in love with him. What an immature little A-hole.

Ned helped Peter up, smiling with amusement.

"Are you gay? — I mean, I have nothing against homosexuals. I think publicly announcing your sexuality is really great. Your confidence is really awesome!"

Flash felt everyone's eyes on him as he replied, "wh— No! I'm not gay! I-I only call him—"
"You only call Peter that because you're a bully." The look in Harriet's eyes was dark and
dangerous. "Stop bothering him and stop wasting everyone's time."

""""YOOOOOOOOOOO!"""

""""DAAAAAAAYYYYYUMMMM"""

""""SAVAGE!"""

The whole cafeteria was filled with students' shouts of encouragement, whether from the
entertainment or the way a teenage girl stopped a bully.

As Flash was in a hurry to leave from all the embarrassment, Harriet was sure to trip him as he was
running with a little bit of unnoticeable magic.

"Well, that was nice of her to stand up for you," Ned told Peter.

Peter rubbed the back of his neck, not showing his face, "yeah..." His ears were burning, half from
embarrassment and the half from something else.

Peter really have fallen deeply now, but he couldn't help feeling like the damsel in distress.
After the whole fiasco, the cafeteria had slowly calmed down. Everyone was looking at Harriet in a different light now. They all realized that Harriet wasn't just some girl. She was much more than that.

Peter was, however, blushing furiously, and trying to hide his embarrassment. He wasn't sure if he should be thankful or sad that a girl stood up for him. But either way, he thought he should give his thanks as Aunt May have always taught him good manners.

"Thanks, Harriet, but you really didn't need to."

Ned whispered, "dude, what're you saying? She stood up for you…!"

"Yeah, she didn't really need to," Ron said who was next to Peter, and Peter frowned at that, "it's just that, she wanted to. It's kind of like a habit of hers."

"A habit?" Peter asked.

Harriet blinked, "it's not a habit, Ron."

"Face it, it is a habit," Hermione was the one to say. She turned to Peter and Ned and explained, "there were a couple of mean girls back in our junior high school who kept bullying me, and Harry was the one who told them to back off."

"She also kind of came to my rescue when a bunch of guys bad mouthed my family," Ron said, "Harry sent one guy to the hospital with a broken nose." Ron hadn't specified how though. Peter and Ned thought Harriet caused a broken nose by using physical contact.


Harriet swept away her bangs. "It's really nothing."

Peter was beginning to think there was more to Harriet than a pretty girl.

"How was your first day at school, sweetie?"

Harriet's parents had finished work a bit early so Harriet wasn't alone for dinner tonight. It turned into a Pizza night since James had found an almost expired coupon on the living room floor and it was also his turn to "cook" dinner.

"It was fine… Just, um, expect my face to be on YouTube tomorrow." Harriet noted a couple of kids taking videos of her encounter with Flash Thompson. She could just imagine the title of the clip: "Teenager Defends a Boy from Bully at Midtown High."

Lily stopped cutting her pizza with her fork and knife and stared up at her daughter as her husband did as well. "What did you do?" Lily asked out of curiosity.

Harriet would be lying if she said she wasn't nervous. "Uh… well, there was this guy, Peter Parker. He was being bullied by Flash Thompson, like he shoved him away so hard that Peter fell down and called him Pe-" Harriet glanced at her parents and refrained from saying the male genital, "-something rude. But anyways, I told Thompson to stop bothering Peter and stop wasting everyone's time. And everyone just made a huge deal about it."
Harriet was, however, nervous for a reason other than getting in trouble. She was nervous because her parents would freak out. Lily would freak out in a bad way, and James would freak out in a good way. Her parents were very different from each other although they both shared a similar optimistic outlook on life.

Detective James Potter's head shook in laughter, "Melin! I'd thought our daughter was getting boring, but she's done it again, hasn't she, Lils? She's upholding justice just like me and her granddad!"

Lily palmed her forehead. She looked at Harriet with concern, "are you alright, Harry? You're not hurt?"

"Of course not!" James answered instead, "she's our daughter after all. How could a muggle best a witch? I say, she's done an excellent job putting down that bully!"

Harriet rolled her eyes. "I didn't put down anyone, dad. — Well, okay, yeah, I did put Flash Thompson in his place, but I did it because no was going to."

"Oh, and what about that boy, Peter?" Lily tried to look uninterested, but this young boy could be a potential start to her daughter's love life, she had to know! "Tell me about him? Is he cute?"

James stopped midway at the mention of a "cute boy" that could potentially be a threat to his well-being.

Harriet said, "there's nothing to tell, mum. He's Peter Parker, 16 years old, I think... He said he was born and raised here in Queens. We have Literature and Science together." And he has blue eyes.

"I don't need to tell you that you're too young to date, do I?"

Harriet giggled. "What kind of father would you be if you didn't?"

The next morning, Harriet could be found in the large driveway of the family's huge manor arguing with her father.

"Dad, it's fine. Walking's good for exercise. It'll take me fifteen minutes —"

"Thirty minutes if you walk," James shot back, "get in the car before I wingardium leviosa your arse in here. I'm not letting my daughter walk to her school on her second day."

Lily was at the living room window which she made the glass panes disappear briefly to reprimand James with a "language, James! Swearing in front of our daughter isn't healthy!"

"Right, sorry, dear!"

Harriet grumbled, though her moodiness was momentary. "Hey, wait, don't we have bicycles in the garage?"

"Come on, Harry, you haven't ridden a bicycle ever since you learned how to ride a broomstick!" By then, Harriet had already got inside and out with a bicycle which had been very small until Harriet transfigured it to fit her teenager body.

"Dear, just let her take the bicycle! You know how stubborn she is like her father!" Came the voice of Harriet's mother.

James sighed. Harriet was so much like her parents. Independent, stubborn, brave, smart. James wanted at least a couple more years until Harriet learned to mature. "Fine! But I'm following right
behind her!" But he was more worried that a young (cute) boy, Peter Parker, would mingle with
Harriet on her way to school.

"Don't stalk me, dad!" Harriet yelled back as she rode her bike to school.
Chapter 4

Harriet knew why her parents didn't want her to go alone. The reason was that New York was a dangerous place, hell, America was a dangerous country compared to their neighbor.

She understood their overprotectiveness as she was their only daughter, and yeah, New York was a scary place, but Harriet thought she could protect herself easily. She just needed to lift her hand and all would be well.

There was the "statute of secrecy," an ancient law which was still sort of relevant today. Harriet was told that wizards and witches preferred to keep to themselves in case they create fear from the endless possibilities that wizards and witches were capable of. The worst case scenario, if found out, would be death. Still, Harriet thought she'd be able to handle muggles, erase their minds, knock them out, or tell them they've gone mental if they accused her of being something entirely different than a normal human being.

Harriet was old enough, smart enough, talented enough to avoid those possibilities, and all in all, Harriet just wanted a time for herself away from her family. Some would call it a phase or puberty, others would say Harriet was maturing.

Before she knew it, Harriet had arrived at school in time.

"Hey, Peter," Harriet smiled as she greeted the boy.

Peter's face reddened from the memory of yesterday's embarrassment. It was hard for him to keep his focus in Science class yesterday as well since he found out that she was in the same class too, along with Hermione and Ned.

"Hi," he answered, pretending that he hadn't blushed at all. "What's up?"

"Nothing much. I'm a bit hungry though, I didn't eat breakfast today." She then explained further, "mum was busy finishing up her thesis, and my dad's a terrible cook."

"Uh, do you cook?" He stammered a bit by the excitement that Harriet was still talking to him. Yesterday must have been left him on auto-pilot after lunch time. He wasn't able to even focus on what Mr. Harrington said in Science.

"I can cook eggs… and ramen, but that's about it," Harriet smiled with a shrug. "How about you, do you cook?"

"Nah, my aunt though, she's… passable. I got used to her cooking though."

Peter beamed when Harriet laughed. "What about your mother?"

"Oh, uh," Peter scratched his head, "my parents passed away when I was young."

"Oh… I'm… I'm so sorry... I didn't mean to..."

"It's fine." Great going, Peter, you screwed up the conversation.

"It must be really depressing not having your mum and dad around… — It's so weird, I always had nightmares about my parents being killed. It got to the point where I was diagnosed with anxiety and
PTSD," Harriet shrugged as though this wasn't much of a deal.

"Do you have a therapist then, or…?"

Harriet smiled a little, "yeah, my parents took me to see a therapist and I got better. I still have those dreams though, but if I'm lucky, they turn lucid and I defeat the bad guy that killed them."

"Oh, so there is a happy ending," Peter said with a smile.

Harriet's smile widened. "Yeah."

Suddenly, the voice of Mr. Riddle was heard. "Class, please sit down and turn to the first page of Romeo and Juliet. Yesterday, we talked about the writing techniques and we'll be applying that knowledge to Shakespeare."

After Harriet shared lunch time with her two childhood friends and Ned and Peter who she was befriendning, it was time for Science class which she shared with everyone except for Ron. The teacher was Mr. Harrington and everyone in class could tell he was excited to teach the subject.

"Class, I want you all to pick a permanent partner for the whole semester for every experiment I will give you," Harrington announced. Soon enough, the class was hectic with girls and boys each tried to find their best friends.

Ned nudged Peter, "wouldn't it be so nice to have Harriet as your partner?"

"Yeah…"

They were both staring at the backs of the girls. They watched as boys and girls come and went to Harriet and Hermione's table to ask if Harriet wanted to partner up to which she replied "no thanks." After what happened in the cafeteria yesterday, everyone's been wanting to be her friend, or the Golden Trio's.

"We'll start the second day with a fun experiment I'm sure everyone will enjoy!"

Just like that, as Harriet continued her days in Midtown High, weeks passed and soon, the warm season of Summar turned into autumn. Within the duration of those few weeks, the beginning of a beautiful friendship between Harriet, Hermione, Ron, Peter, and Ned blossomed.

The two nerds, Peter and Ned, gotten along with Ron so well when they introduced Star Wars to Ron, resulting in Ron claiming that he was officially in the fandom the next day. On the other side, Ron had let them borrow his old comic books that he'd collected over the years.

Hermione also gotten along well with Peter and Ned considering how much of a geek they all were. Half the time, they were spending their times in the school libraries discussing everything science related. The three soon joined the Decathlon Team as it was their passion.

Harriet had gotten along spectacularly with the two as well. Ron would also join in sometimes. Their love for Iron Man was mutual, and they found themselves talking and admiring about the heroic things that the hero did or how cool Iron Man's "sidekick" was bad ass.

Soon, the table at the cafeteria which the Golden Trio had all to themselves was soon filled to the brim when Peter and Ned had their own permanent spot beside the three. And whenever lunch was over, Harriet and Hermione walked into their third period science class with Peter and Ned like a daily ritual.
Things were going smoothly.

Harriet was returning home from school, riding her bike at a faster speed than her ride in the mornings. It was getting considerably dark since the day during the fall and winter was cut short compared to spring and summer. At least the weather was considerably similar to any day, except for the minor wind.

Just then, however, Harriet took to the brakes when she heard a shout being muffled coming from deep within the narrow dark alleyway. Harriet noticed that there were few people that heard that sound as well, but ignored it. It was too dangerous for any defenceless person to go in and save the victim. It'd be better off if someone involved the police instead.

Harriet found herself walking into the alleyway. While wrapping around herself with the family's heirloom to make herself invisible, she cautiously approached the origin of the scream. Harriet thanked Merlin for reminding her morning-self to remember to take with her the invisibility cloak from her dad's office for Ron's prank on Thompson.

"P-Please, don't shoot, I-I don't have anything to give you…!"

"Shut up! Give me your fucking wedding ring then! All of your jewelry you have on you!"

A pistol was pointed at the female victim. A mad look was painted on the criminal's face. Harriet wondered if the criminal had done crime before from the confidence oozing off from his posture.

Without a second thought, Harriet whispered, "stupefy," as she reached out her hand in front of her.

The only two females at the scene of crime watched as the criminal flew back and hit the brick wall of the run-down apartment. Harriet was slightly surprised that the stunning spell send a man flying as if he was punched by a wrecking ball.

The woman looked around at the source of the bright light but found nothing. Wiping away her tears with shaky hands, she went to pick up her purse and quickly left the scene.
"Harriet Potter, where were you? You're late!"

Harriet closed her eyes as she knew what was coming. When she opened them back up, her mother was standing in front of her. Harriet realized just how angry and worried her mother was by expression that her mother wore.

"School, where else," Harriet easily answered.

"No you weren't. You took your father's cloak, haven't you?" Lily gasped then, "You fought a thief! You could've gotten hurt!"

Harriet groaned. "First of all, mum, I hate it when you do that, at least let me master my occlumency before you try and break into my mind, it's like you're reading my diary or something — there's such a thing as privacy! Second, I didn't fight him, I sent him flying with stupefy! And Third, I didn't get hurt, no scratch on me."

"Alright, fine, I am impressed that your stupefy is strong enough to send a six foot man flying, but that's besides the point. And also, yes, I did cast legilimency on you, but you're my daughter and I'm allowed to do that. Harriet, don't do something stupid like that ever again, you're just like your dad, always looking for trouble."

Harriet didn't have anything to say to contradict what her mother said, because they were all true.

"… You're impressed at my stunner spell?"

"Of course, it was brilliant."

"Does that mean… I can learn how to apparate…?"

Lily thought about the prospect of having Harriet learn apparition. The pros outweigh the cons so she told Harriet, "ask your father about that. … Actually, don't. He'll go on about how flying on a broomstick is the best transportation there is and he'll worry his heart over how you'll splint your spine trying to apparate."

Harriet nodded, "fair enough. Then, will you?"

"My thesis might finish at a month in the earliest… I'll ask Remus to teach you after I give you a demonstration. It's a good thing he lives near now."

The front door opened then revealing James back from work. He pecked Lily's and Harriet's cheeks, "How're my two gorgeous wife and daughter today? Anything exciting happen at school, sweetheart?"

"Not in school, dear, but you should ask what happened in the streets." Lily went into the open kitchen and began preparing dinner, it was her turn tonight.

"What? What happened in the streets?"

"Nothing!"

"Your daughter tried to fight a thief in the streets."
"Did you win?" Asked James. Lily slapped his arm. "I mean of course you did, you're my daughter after all. — Oh, a brilliant stunner spell with an amazing accuracy!" Lily rolled her eyes.

"Dad! Don't read my memory!"

The night left Harriet thinking back to the scene of the crime. She felt good — better than good actually — saving someone's life. It was like standing up against a bully, but it felt much more amazing.

Smiling, Harriet rolled over on her bed and reached out for her charging phone on her bedside table. She turned on the phone and checked to see if she had any text messages for her.

Hermes: Did you see the newspaper?
Harriet: I don't read the news often…
Hermes: Well, you should.
Because a witness report said
that a 'strange light' had saved her from a thief.
[Link: article]
Is it you?
Harriet: …
Yeah, I think so.
Hermes: Well, at least no one saw you
Harriet: I used my dad's invisibility cloak.
Hermes: I thought so.
Goodnight, I better go to sleep.
We have a quiz coming up
Harriet: for maths?
the quiz isn't for marks though
Hermes: Better safe than sorry,
see you tomorrow :P
Harriet: Yeah, see ya

It wasn't until a week later that déjà vu occurred. It was a similar experience to dealing with the small time criminal thief, but this was much bigger than that.

Harriet was going to the bank to deposit her monthly allowance that she'd been saving up since first year of junior high for her college tuition. Harriet was thinking whether or not she should get a part
time job to increase the fund.

Standing in the line to get to the banker, it was just when Harriet took out her phone to pass the time that trouble happened.

_BANG! BANG!_

Her good mood vanished when two gunshots rang through the marble walls. Everyone got down from the scare, including Harriet, holding to their ears from the deafening sound. "Everybody get down!" A group of four men wearing clown masks came barrelling in with a gun each in hand.

Harriet went to the huddled group of people who were all shaking in fear. _If only I had my dad's invisibility cloak._ Harriet guessed she had to do this the old fashion way.

She wished there was some kind of a spell to make her unnoticeable to others as she dialled James' number.

"What the fuck do you think you're doing, you little shit?"

Harriet gasped when the phone was ripped away from her hands. The phone was thrown into the marble tiles of the floor and was shattered to shreds from two pistol shots.

"If any of you do anything stupid like this young lady, you're gonna end up like that," the man announced, pointing to the broken phone.

The phone had been a gift from Sirius. It was old, but durable. She stared regrettably at it. Harriet then glared at the man.

"Hurry the fuck up! We don't got all day!"

The woman behind the counter quickened her pace with transferring money from the bank drawers to the duffle bags that the robbers came with.

The manager had pushed a security button under their desk, immediately sounding the alarm.

"What the fuck! Who the fuck was it that pulled the trigger!"

"Alright that's it, all of you get down!" Two men shoved the bankers to the group of innocent people, pointing their guns at their heads. "Raise your hands! All of you!"

Harriet did as everyone did as well. The other man closest to the doors was on standby in case police decided to show up. The last man was responsible for gathering up the money bags, handing two bats at one of two men watching the group.

"Shit! It's the police!"

The police officer shouted into the microphone, "Give up! You're surrounded!"

"The hell we are! Travis! Call them up!"

Travis, the one with the clown mask with a red nose, reached the phone behind the counter. "What should I say?"

"We have hostages. Tell them to back off and let us pass and we won't hurt them."

"I didn't sign up to kill someone," Travis said.
"We're not killing anyone, Travis," that was clearly a lie, "your brother need this money, doesn't he?" Harriet could sense that the man in the blue skinned clown mask was the leader. He seemed to have power and influence over the others.

Harriet notice Travis looking anxious, she'd figured it was the way his hand shook a little as he dialed the phone number of the police station.

"Transfer this line over to the police standing outside the bank. — You know which bank. — That's right. …" Travis handed the phone over to the leader.

The leader placed the phone to his ear. "We have hostages and if you're smart you'll do what I say."

Harriet, in the meantime, looked for a tactic out of there. She didn't have her phone, her wand, nor her invisibility cloak. What she did have was pure magic, and that was it. If only she had her wand with her, Harriet wasn't an expert in wandless silent magic, after all.

But lives were at stake, guns were pointed at her head, and Harriet, as her parents have told her a thousand times before, was a Gryffindor as all Potters before have been. Bravery and recklessness was the family motto.

Harriet got to thinking, but found no plan.

Damn it! What would Hermione tell me?
What would mum do?
What would dad do?

…!

Prongs, you're brilliant! Harriet refrained from grinning to prevent looking suspicious. The answer was so simple: Hexes! Harriet, due to her father's and Sirius' teachings, was able to wandlessly execute hexes without any difficulty at all! It had been how Harriet scared away bullies off of Hermione and Ron, which was also how she practiced.

Harriet stared at her first target. The first target got the good ol' bat-bogey hex, causing his bogeys to turn into bats and fly out of his nose. His scream filled the air as he panicked, making, causing him to stumble frantically.

"What's happening?!!"

Harriet smiled in amusement at the utter bewilderment displayed on the faces around her. Not only were the robbers perplexed, but also the hostages around her, and even bystanders looking through the window.

The next target had gotten the horn tongue hex. As the name suggested, the target's tongue turned into a large horn, causing the man to say incoherent things and lean forward from the unusual weight.

"Alright! Who's the fucking mutant?!" The leader spouted, looking at least bit terrified. He didn't know if he could take on a mutant, but with a gun in hand, he was confident that he could be able to kill it. The leader went to the hostages, standing before Harriet, looking at everyone else.

He was the next target for Harriet, he would get the worst hexes of all: the head shrinking hex and pepper breath hex! Harriet sent the latter hex to the other two when the first hexes were beginning to
The people by her side were beginning to calm their nerves and whisper among themselves of who it might be that were pulling these pranks and how these things were even possible.

The men were screaming. Travis watched as the scene unfold, not knowing what to do. Harriet wasn't sure if she could do a wandless and silent expelliarmus, but it didn't hurt to try. This would be practice for her, and Travis seemed to be dragged into the crime for his brother.

*Expelliarmus!* Harriet's mind shouted, lifting her hand, imagining the weapon that Travis was holding was disarmed. Travis was sent flying back, crashing into the wall, and now, evidently unconscious on the ground. Harriet hadn't realized her disarming spell was this powerful.

*Shite… I should really learn to control my magic.*

But since the disarming spell did the job either way, Harriet finally ended the three criminals' misery by sending the same spell at them. Lo and behold, the three were down the moment their bodies met with Harriet's powerful *expelliarmus*.

The door opened when the manager of the bank unlocked it. The team of policemen came in with their pistols pointed at the unconscious criminals. Realizing that the criminals would be knocked out for a long time, they lowered their guns.

Then, in came Harriet's dad. As soon as James had gotten word that Harriet was at the scene of the robbery, James hurried to the scene along with his co-workers.

"Harriet!"

"Argh—" It felt like James could break her spine only from the hug, "Dad, I'm okay." Harriet smiled and let go of James, showing him that she hadn't had a scar on her, except for her birthmark on her forehead hidden behind the curtain of her messy streaks of brunette.

"So, that was you pulling the hexes?" James said in a hushed tone. He'd be lying if he wasn't proud of what his daughter pulled there.

"Yeah. Wandless, no doubt. I didn't even say the spells," Harriet boasted.

They both exited the scene and that was when reporters bombarded them.

"Detective Potter! Please explain what happened—"

"Is that your daughter? Was she involved with the crime? —"

"Detective Potter! What're your thoughts on—"
Chapter 6

Harriet went home with her dad. As soon as she arrived, Harriet immediately went to the family library and searched for books that contained these concepts: Occlumency, Legilimency, Animagus, Wandless and Wordless Magic, Apparition. Anything that could help her in the near future.

Apparition was one thing where Harriet needed a demonstration, but her mother had shown her the night before, so she was all set.

If anything like what she faced today or worse happened again, Harriet would be ready. She doubted the damned Potter luck was finished with her yet. No - this was only the beginning of something much bigger.

The television blinked on. The news channel was depicting the scene of the bank Harriet had in for her first big crime a week prior. "New York police has given a statement of the arrest of four men who allegedly robbed several banks prior to their last stop on Park Avenue.

"It has been speculated that one criminal will be getting a less harsh punishment due to his testimony in court, giving the reason of his involvement, which was in order to pay for the expenses of his younger brother's hospital fees accumulated to a large amount as there were no other living relative to do so. The other three men involved will be getting 10 years in prison for robbery and hostage-taking. However, it is said that they will likely receive more jail time.

"As for the strange things that happened to the criminals, resulting in their unconscious forms when the police arrived, no one is certain as to who the hero was. It is suspected that the hero was either in the scene of the crime or one of the onlookers outside. Some witnesses presume it was a mutant with the ability to make imaginations turn into reality. Many others took to social media to debate whether it came from the powers of a recent up-and-coming superhero; Lady Phoenix. However, no one is certain."

Harriet switched the channel. She supposed that she was glad that Travis got a lesser punishment, believing that Travis was only dragged into a ghetto path because he had no choice.

The other channel she switched to was showing the recent interview Lily had about her studies in genetics. It was just starting.

"Ladies and gentlemen, please give a round of applause for Dr. Lily Evans!" The interviewer sat down as Lily did as well. "Dr. Evans, I must congratulate you in publishing the most successful research publication. Many scientists who study the field of biology are very impressed with your discovery."

"Yes. Genetics is an interesting topic of study, especially today," Lily answered, "but I must correct you. I didn't make the discovery. It was Dr. Severus Snape, a good friend of mine. I only expanded the doors to more research, is all."

The interviewer looked surprised, "Well, if he was the person to discover about the MM-gene, M1-gene, and whatnot, why isn't he included in your work?"

"I only said he made the discovery. He and I drifted apart, and he wasn't a part of my researches."

"So, you're saying you alone managed to -?"
"Yes," Lily smiled proudly.

"Wow. I - More than a few hundred pages of research dedicated by one powerful woman. Ladies and gentlemen, Dr. Lily Evans!" The crowd cheered. "I have no doubt you'll make it to the front of the 'Top Powerful Women' magazine."

Lily chuckled. "Well, I wouldn't mind the publicity."

"Now, I'm wondering, how long did this amount of work take? I'm assuming lots of notes, preparations, money, resources, went into making this."

Lily nodded, "Most of the money went into the amount of coffee I needed." The audience laughed on cue. "A lot of thinking and a lot of experimenting contributed as well."

"Okay, so tell us why we should buy your book." The interviewer raised a large book and showed the cameras the cover of it.

"Well, this book only covers the basics of my research and all the interesting things that some of us were capable of. It turns out that many of us have a little bit of magic inside us."

"Excuse me?"

"Magic can be described as some sort of abnormal energy that can alter natural law or something like it. Dr. Snape named it the M1-gene. Those who have the M1-gene have magical abilities, subtle or not. And then, there is the mutant gene. The kind that enhances a human in some way, shape or form. That's called the M2-gene.

"However, as human evolution goes, our genes must change in some way to adapt to the environment. This may result in an extinction of a species. It's the same thing with the MM-gene, the M1-turned-M2-gene if you will. Over the last century or so, I found evidence that in many cases, the M1-gene attacks and evades the M2-gene, and vice versa, in order to adapt to the changes in the human body. This turns the M1 or M2 genes into MM-genes, and their powers become more controlled."

"So, wait. You lost me when you said 'magic'. I was just nodding along to make everyone think I understood a word of what you said." The audience laughed at the Interviewer's remark. "So, if these people have the M1-gene, do they actually have powers?"

"So far, I came to the conclusion that, yes, all people who hold the M1-gene have powers and the ability to do things that no others can. If they're given the proper knowledge, and if they have the proper control, they have the potential to destroy a thirty-floor building or use their powers to heal the worst disease. It can either be a good thing or a bad thing. However, it all depends on how moral the person is."

"How come we don't see a lot of these people? There must be some of them left in the world, right?"

"There are only a few beings left on Earth who still have the M1-gene. I've studied a couple of people who have had the M1-gene, from children to young adults, and I found that people lose their M1-gene in their early teens.

"There are a few cases when children remember what they could do, and that could possibly lead to them becoming mentally disabled. Anxiety and depression are very common among those. Another case I've seen is where an individual kept hallucinating and hearing voices in their heads."

"There's one last thing I'd love to talk to you about the support you have from the mutant community."
Dr. Evans, with your work and all of your campaign, you've helped cancel the law that would take away the rights of every mutant and you also helped raise awareness that mutants aren't dangerous, evil men are." The audience cheered at that. "There are a few of those who disagree with your, uh, politics? Am I right in saying 'politics'?"

"It's not politics. I just said what was on my mind when that law was being considered and shared through word of mouth and the internet. I think everyone should be entitled to their own individual rights and freedom, and that includes mutants as well. I guess my researches helped people see that mutants are human just like us. But I don't speak for just the mutants, I also speak for gay people, people of color, and for women who don't get the same rights as men." A louder cheer erupted from the crowd.

The interviewer smiled, standing up, "ladies and gentlemen, this has been Science Daily, and I'm here with the wonderful Dr. Lily Evans! Please give a round of applause!" He shook Lily's hand. His voice faded in the background music as he said to her, "I hope to interview you again, Dr. It's been a pleasure."
Sure enough, over the last couple of weeks, Harriet had been very busy. Harriet had already been learning every subject she needed to learn with the help of her parents. It was only in due time that she would master the certain subjects that she thought she needed to learn.

Only after mastering Occlumency, Harriet began to fight crime. It helped to shield her mind from her prying parents if they were ever suspicious. Whether it was minor or major, whenever she came across something illegal going on or downright wrong, she was there. Harriet didn't know the reason why, but defeating the bad guys gave her a sense of adventure and excitement.

Harriet kept it all a secret. She was excellent at lying. She told her parents she had a study group after school so that she could patrol the streets during the afternoon and not have them worry. During the weekends, she would either stay in her room to study whatever she could find that would aid her in her adventurous life, or she'd go out to the streets looking for danger - mostly, however, danger found her.

It was all going well. Until, that is, Reddit exploded.

**r/heroestoday**

Tony Stark is Iron Man, Steve Rogers is Captain America, so what do we call this one? Hoodie Girl?

[Image: Harriet in an oversized hoodie, strings pulled and tied to hide most of her face, firing a *stupefy* at a man]

112k Likes

28.4k Comments

**MidnightRaineStorm:** Anyone notice the eyes? Green eyes?

— **Chikitax98:** I see it, not noticeable cause this is taken during night time

— **Nataly_SkyPot:** Wish the lighting was better, then we can tell who she really is

**GroovyDude4prez:** Damn she's fine

— **Meilinfan:** Perv

**AshesGleamandGlow:** Is she some kind of a mutant?

— **Captain_CV:** I think so. It does explain how she can knock people out without even lifting a
finger. Edit: I mean that in a figurative way; damn so many nit pickers.

**Padfootette:** She kinda looks familiar… I think she goes to my high school - I’ve seen someone wear that hoodie;;; I might be wrong though; don't hate

— **Shellzbells24:** that's a lie. She at least looks to be 20.

— **2Fab4U:** I'd tap that {Blocked}

— **SirFapsAlot:** yup, with that booty? Totally. {Blocked}

— **EmeraldMoonChaser:** Username checks out^

*Shite.*

Harriet didn't even think about the consequences if people really found out that she did in fact go to school and she was working as a hero as a side job. She needed a disguise, and she knew where to get one.

But, first things first, burn the hoodie.

---

**Harriet:** Sirius

**Siriusly:** ya

**Harriet:** can I trust you?

**Siriusly:** course

**Harriet:** do you trust me?

**Siriusly:** what did you do now

**Harriet:** well…

~ You know the article you told me about?

**Siriusly:** the one with the...

~ wait

~ is this

~ why does this girl look a bit familiar?

~ it's probs the lighting in this pic but

**Harriet:** that's me

~ …

~ Sirius?

**Siriusly:** I'm totally telling your dad
Harriet: PLEASE DON't

Siriusly: dialing

Harriet: you're not

~ you love me more than dad

Siriusly: true

Harriet: and you're a lot cooler than dad

Siriusly: okay, you successfully smooth talked your way

~ out of this, what do you need

Harriet: You work with goblins, right?

Siriusly: They are the few that came to me for jobs, yes

Harriet: and some are metalsmith?

Siriusly: only a handful

Harriet: I need an armour.

Siriusly: metalsmith produce silverware, not armour

Harriet: some metalsmith have studied making armours and weapons

~ for witches and wizards long ago.

Siriusly: I'll bring it up in conference

Sirius: Hey, Gropple

Gropple: Yes, boss?

Sirius: wanna do a side project for my goddaughter?

Gropple: No

Sirius: I'll give you a raise

Gropple: I'll do it

Sirius: Here's the blueprint for her armour

~ [Image sent]

~ Don't change anything

Gropple: sir, yes, sir
A week later

Sirius: How's the armour coming along?

gropple: [Image sent]

Sirius: merlin

~ I didn't tell you to make it skin tight as possible

gropple: You like it? ;)

Sirius: No! My goddaughter can't be seen in that

gropple: -_- I'll fix it

Another week later

gropple: sir

~ [Image sent]

Sirius: why did you make the pants so short?

~ she needs sleeves too! Long ones!

~ She'll be freezing with that on!

gropple: actually, sir,

~ We've run out of dragon-hide.

~ We needed to make the hood to cover her face.

~ so we made that out of the pants

~ Besides, this is the latest fashion.

Sirius: argh!

Harriet looked at the armour and scratched her head. This wasn't the type of armour she'd wanted. She'd expected something else, not something so eye-catching.

The dragon-hide armour was a flaming hot red with specks of gold lining it. Harriet knew she was in for some publicity as soon as she went out like that. But then again, when was she not?

At the very least, this was a very cheesy hero costume that looked like it came out from a comic book.

"Can't you make it a little less... showy?" Harriet pleaded.

Sirius looked down to the goblin who was proudly presenting his work. The goblin explained, "Well, we can change the color of the suit, if that makes you happy."
"I was talking about the shorts, but whatever. It's not like anyone's going to pinpoint who I am beneath that hood." Harriet shrugged.

Dragon skin armour was very hard to come by. It was said that dragons, along with other rare and powerful creatures, traveled to other realms when wizard genes started vanishing.

"The armour is also designed to vanish and reappear at your mind's command, so you don't have to put it on yourself. Try it."

Harriet replaced her outfit she had on with the dragon armour by imagining herself wearing the suit, and looked at the reflection of the long mirror to confirm Gropple's explanation. Surprisingly, the mind command thing really worked. The big hood shadowed half of her face, but Harriet could still see through it. Guess now she didn't need to drink polyjuice potion to hide her identity.

She then looked at the bright red and gold. Harriet had to admit, it looked beautiful. The red and gold dragon armour was enchanting and relatively easy on the eye. With the flaming colors and the cape, the outfit appeared to resemble a phoenix or a gryffin.

"I like it."

"You do?" Sirius asked.

"Yeah, I'll take it."

r/heroestoday

Alright, after much consideration, I think this hero really needs a name now

[Image: Harriet in full costume of fiery red made from ancient dragon skin, posing with a peace sign]

197k Likes

51.2k Comments

Derpeon: Teenage mutant girl

— ruinedsandwich: Teenage mutant woman

— mattcun: Teenage mutant female

— candinaru25: what if it's actually a man lol

— foxchick1: ^one word: boobs

— hyperactivity: TEENAGE MUTANT NINJA TURTLE!

— wutdafuq: ^ dude wut

cruciosirius: super something, idk

— Doodleyboo: Breaking news! Super Something have saved hundreds of lives from a terrorist attack!

— uhhno: Breaking news! Super Something have something super to say!
— Pingpongerpro: fuckin internet…

hotmamaindahouse: Queen Fire Bird

— itsmemeontheweb: Queen Hot Pants

— thefashionpoo: ^dafuq

— searchitupongoogle: She is wearing hot pants after all

— Heyimatter: their called shorts. Just skin tight is all

— Idontcare23: *they're

uhhnoimnotondrugs: how about Phoenix, or Lady Flames? Lady Fire? Lady Fire Flames? I don't know, I'm on drugs

— Wittybitty: Yeah, that username sure checks out.

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Side Story

"Sir, you wanted to see me?" Clint Barton inquired after arriving inside the director's office at the top of the building of the SHIELD headquarters. It was spacious with large windows overlooking the city.

"Yes," Fury placed a top secret folder on top of his desk, sliding it forward so that the agent could take a look inside, "we have an unknown, she could be linked to the crime solving 'flicker of lights' the past couple of weeks, though we can't be certain."

Clint stared at the profile curiously. "A kid?"

"A witch."

"Sir, from what I read in Agent 31's file, those beings have been extinct for—"

"A century, but there are still a handful leftover, but none are as powerful as this kid is."

"What makes you certain she's a witch?"

Fury pressed the screen of a monitor and within seconds a video feed popped up showing the footage of the bank robbery that happened only a few hours ago.

Clint's eyebrows stitched together when he noticed Harriet trying her hardest not to laugh when the hexing pranks started. It was when Harriet lifted her hand a tiny bit away that each men started to fly off to meet a hard wall and fainting from the impact.

"Okay… Definitely a witch. So, do you want me to bring her in?"

"Not yet. We'll see if she fits the bill."

Clint Barton, of course, knew what he meant by that. It meant he was going undercover in disguise.

"I think I'm too old to act as a student," Clint joked.

Fury's hard expression didn't change much, he was not amused. "You leave next week."
Chapter End Notes

Some usernames are taken from those who reviewed in Fanfiction.net
Chapter 8

Harriet sent a glare at Thompson when she heard the bully call Peter "Puny Parker." Thompson noticed the look she gave him and quickly excused himself. He was still feeling the horror of the first day of school.

She then continued the conversation she was having with Hermione and Ron at the lunch table. Looking over to Hermione, Harriet told her, "I just think Mr. Riddle's a bit... creepy."

Hermione glanced at Harriet as if she'd grown another limb, "creepy? I think he's so fine."

"You only think that because he answers all of your questions in and out of class, Hermione," Ron said. Was that jealousy Harriet heard?

"That, and he has the most dreamy eyes," Hermione responded, sighing happily. Ron pretended to barf, shaking his head at what he thought was the idiocy of teenage girls. Hermione wasn't even bothered by Ron as she continued, "I mean, who wouldn't like a handsome, smart teacher? — Except Harry of course, she's head over heels for Peter."

"I-I'm not!" She prefusedly denied. She stood up from her seat abruptly, gathering her school bag and staring down at Hermione with an unpleasant expression.

"It's time for class, I'd better go."

Harriet was halfway down the hallway when her literature teacher called out her name, "Ms. Potter!"

The young witch stopped in her steps and turned to face Mr. Riddle. "Can I help you with something?"

Mr. Riddle put on a charming smile and handed her a piece of paper. "I was wondering if you would like to join a club which I've been overlooking as a supervisor for a year now."

Harriet took the paper and scanned its contents. "Classical Language club?"

"It's a club that teaches Greek and Latin. We also have field trips to museums, and speakers come visit to give speeches. I thought you'd be interested, you said so in your icebreaker."

"I, um... I'm pretty busy as it is, Mr. Riddle."

"The reason I'm asking is because the school demands all tenth grade students to take up at least one club activity after school, and you still haven't applied for one."

"Oh... Well, then..." Harriet sighed. "I guess I'll think about it."

Tom Riddle Jr. wanted one thing: to change his MM-gene back to M1-gene.

He had read and followed every work of Lily Evans. Every study she'd ever done on the gene pertaining to magic, Tom read word for word. Due to studying genes, Tom knew he needed a M1-gene that would change his MM-gene back into M1, and he knew where to obtain it.

The first day Harriet stepped into his classroom, her magical energy was radiating, and what was more was that it was pure. Disgustingly so. He could just feel her energy in his bones, literally and figuratively.
Tom planned to use Harriet to experiment on her, extract the gene that made her so special, and implant it inside of him. That would be his partner's responsibility, as he was only a high school teacher for now.

He had been everything from being a politician to a janitor due to one of his powers that the dead M1-gene left him with as a parting gift in his childhood. He was always in disguise, all to secure a new M1-gene that would give power to his old one. When he'd gotten word of a student who had the M1-gene in Midtown high thanks to his previous job as a civil servant, Tom eagerly set out to become a literature teacher in that high school.

After the second day of class, Tom had tried using one of his powers on her. The one power he used on her that day was the ability to control the mind of the victim and make them behave and do what he wanted. But it hadn't worked.

_How peculiar._ She must be much more powerful than he'd believed, which was fine, but Tom was running out of patience after the tenth try.

He'd just have to do this the old fashion way.

It was in the middle of October that all first and second period teachers announced that the school was given the opportunity for a field trip to a public science exhibit. So that was where the students were headed on Friday morning.

"What happened to Ned?" Harriet asked Peter when Ned didn't show in front of the school bus.

"Sick. He said to take pictures of everything for him," Peter explained.

"I hope he gets better," Hermione supplied, "I read on the exhibit website that it'll contain science experiments from psychology all the way to bio-mechanical engineering. All the cool inventions will be there! I'm so excited!"

"Yeah, that's awesome! I heard there's also going to be discoveries there, especially in the insect section of the exhibit," Peter replied, going on to tell Hermione and Harriet what he was most interested in seeing.

As the students went to board the bus, Hermione nudged her childhood friend on the shoulder, "Sit with Peter."

"What? I thought I was going to sit with you."

"That was until we learned that Ned won't be coming. This is too good of a chance to miss, Harry."

Harriet scoffed, "I don't know what you're implying, but it's not what you're thinking, Hermione."

"You like him, Harry, I can tell."

"No, I don't."

"No, I don't." Harriet was telling the truth. "I don't see him that way." At least she thought so.

"Don't worry, I don't mind sitting with a stranger or I could drag Ron from his own class and make him sit with me! Actually, I'll go to his bus since he's already boarded. Good luck!" Hermione pushed Harriet in front, making her bump into Peter's back.

Peter turned and smiled when he saw that it was Harriet who pushed him. "Sorry," Harriet said to him. Realizing how close they were, she backed away and said, "Hermione, she, um, pushed me."
"No worries." Peter's voice was breathy, and he could swear his hands were getting sweaty from having been so close to Harriet.

When Harriet sat beside him on the bus, Peter was thankful that his weak body could handle the little cold that Ned gave him. But even if he did get severely sick, Peter would be damned if he didn't visit the science exhibit. Science was his passion, beautiful girl next to him or not.

"So, uh, not to be rude or anything, but why are you sitting next to me?"

"Wow, aren't you a charmer, Peter," Harriet joked, her accent was apparent when she called his name. She laughed when she heard Peter try to stammer out a response. "Hermione went to sit with Ron in the other class." Harriet was wondering how that was working out for the two.

"Yoooo! Weasley's got himself a girlfriend!"

"Shut up, Malfoy- I mean, Thompson."

---

Hermes: How's it going over there?

Harriet: Very awkward…

Hermes: Talk to him!

Harriet: why'd you leave me?!

Hermes: Face it, you want to be with Peter.

Harriet: I never said that!

Hermes: Just admit it.

~ Even Ron knows you're in love.

~ Ask him out!

~ Also, you owe me, Thompson's so loud, I can't even focus on my book!

Harriet: :(

---

Peter fidgeted with his sweaty hands and toyed with his phone, cursing Ned for not coming. There was a downside to that as much as there was an upside. An advantage of not having his friend around was that he was alone with Harriet. A disadvantage of not having his friend around was that he was alone with Harriet!

Peter: You did me a disservice today, my friend.

Neddard: :0

Peter: by not coming you really screwed me over.

Neddard: ?
Peter: Now I have to sit by Harriet flippin' Potter! And we have NOTHING to talk about!

Neddard: ;)

Five minutes felt like an hour on the bus ride. Both Peter and Harriet tried to come up with a conversation starter to make the awkwardness disappear.

"... So, uh, I like your dog." Peter took a minute to realize what he'd just said, mentally, and almost physically, face-palming. Way to go, genius. Despite having a ridiculously high IQ, I'm so stupid. 'I like your dog?' Seriously! Is that the only thing I can come up with. Stupid Peter Parker. Nice going.

Peter heaved a sigh of relief when he saw Harriet smile amusedly. "Dog?"

"I followed you. Uh, I mean, I followed you on Instagram." And now she probably thinks you're a stalker. "You, uh, had a picture of a black dog...?"

"Oh! I stopped using Instagram for a long time now."

Oh, so that's why she didn't follow me back! Great now it sounds even MORE stalkerish. You are really great at this aren't you! Peter sighed again in relief, and also in exasperation. He'd thought that she didn't follow him back because, well, she was cool and, well, he was not.

Harriet turned back to her phone. Peter scratched behind his ear and went back to his own phone, a little sad now that Harriet had her attention elsewhere. But his mellow sadness melted when Harriet told him, "there, now I'm following you back."

Peter glanced at Harriet and then back to his phone and checked his Instagram. Indeed, Harriet was following him. Was it pathetic that he only had twenty followers? But he was still happy that Harriet deemed him worthy to sign in to her Instagram and follow him back.

"You mean this dog, right?" Harriet inquired as she showed him her phone.

"Yeah."

"He's not my dog, but he visits my family every once in a while. I just captured him at his most photogenic time. Hey, wanna take a picture?"

"What?"

"A picture, or, uh, a selfie?" Harriet chuckled as she brought her phone out in front of her and Peter, leaning closer to him. Her heart started beating faster than normal which was unusual. She nervously smiled for the camera and pressed the shutter button.

Harriet felt Peter leaning in to peer over her shoulder to look at the photo, seeming to be completely fine with the closeness, which he wasn't at all.

"I look so stupid in that..." He murmured to himself.

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Posted November, 20XX

[Image]

hunitsharrypotter Off to the science exhibition with PterPker #friends
The exhibit was huge. Peter made it his duty to capture every moment of this place as possible for his best friend. He also captured Harriet on camera a few more times than he was proud of.

They were about to enter the section where all the insects were kept. Harriet got a look at the description board and stopped. "Ron, you should stay away from this part of the exhibit," Harriet told her friend.

Ron scrunched up his nose at the sign hanging in the doorway saying 'Arachnology - Study of Spiders'. In a weak voice, he said, "Yeah… I'm gonna go sit down on a bench."

From further in the insect section, someone shouted, "If someone finds a huge ass spider on the ground, send it to Doctor Spielburg!" Ron paled at that, and voiced something incoherent. "Come on, Ron, I'll go get you some water," Hermione said, only after sending a wink at Harriet.

Harriet shook her head in good nature as she caught up to Peter. "Hey, Pete!"

Peter smiled, "Hey."

Harriet wanted to test his genius, as he had proven his high IQ wasn't just for show. So she pointed to a spider, "So, um, what's that one called?"

Peter knew what Harriet was doing. She often tested intellect on certain subjects before and he didn't disappoint. "Funnel-web spiders," he answered easily.

"And that one?"

"I think that's a… Brazilian Wandering spider."
"Wow, you know your spiders. ... And this one?"

"Uh..." Peter frowned. "I don't know... Maybe it's a new subspecies." Peter only knew his spiders from the books that his dad had owned.

A arachnologist came by. "That isn't just a regular spider. I like to call him Arachnid No. 42. It was a subject to demonstrate the safety of the nuclear laboratory waste materials. It was a success as you can tell by its survival. Would you like to hold him? Go ahead if you'd like. Completely safe. Hey! You there, don't touch that one, it bites!"

The scientist went away as Peter reached into the glass cage and let the spider onto his hand, feeling brave. Peter turned to see if Harriet was watching, but she wasn't. Instead, she was raising an eyebrow at Flash Thompson making a joke out of all of this and pretending to eat one of the spiders.

"Ow," Peter hissed in pain and let go of the spider. The spider had bit him and the bite was evident by the color and mark on his hand.

"Peter, you alright?" Harriet asked, looking back.

"Yeah, it's just a bite."

"Let's see."

Peter hid his hand. He didn't want Harriet to see him weak. "I'm fine. I don't even feel it." It was true, he didn't feel it, maybe his hand had gone numb.

Harriet's eyes turned into a slight glare. She took out a bandaid and an ointment. "I don't know if these are any help, but here."

The band-aid had a Mickey Mouse on the back, it had been gifted to her from Hermione ever since she learned that Harriet got into all sorts of trouble and she was an accident magnet.
"Sirius!" She hugged her godfather who greeted her just as warmly. The man seemed to never age, so for him to show up with a mustache came as a shock to Harriet. He looked his age now.

"How's my favorite goddaughter?"

"I'm your only goddaughter, Sirius," Harriet laughed.

"True, doesn't change the fact that you're my favorite though," he patted her head, "how was school?"

"It was okay." Harriet peered at Sirius' grime covered outfit and said, "Let me guess, you had to shift into a dog to escape your secretary again."

"Not my secretary. Tony Stark," he corrected.

"Anthony Stark? How's he these days? I haven't met with him in a long time."

"I doubt he'll have a hard time remembering you. I remember you snuck a frog in his drink once. I recently made an investment in his company and he just couldn't let me go after I told him you're my goddaughter. But yes, I'm also playing hide and seek with my secretary."

"You promised you'd help me pick out a pair of heels for Remus' wedding. If the Tony Stark decides to help your secretary look for you, he'll find you in a heartbeat. I hear he has eyes and ears everywhere."

"I can go as a dog," Sirius insisted.

Harriet sighed, "fine."

Sirius chuckled, "come now. The only downside to that is that you can't talk to me or everyone will think you're weird, but the upside is I'm much cuter in my animagus form."

Sirius was a very large dog and it didn't take much for people to notice him. Almost every shop they visited happened to have a 'no dogs' policy and the two had to window shop for the duration of their walk.

"Harriet?"

A familiar voice made her heart skip a beat. The said girl turned around and saw Peter. She smiled at him. "Peter, what a surprise!"

Sirius looked between the two. His godfather senses were tingling, and what they were saying is that this boy was trouble. Peter may look like he was a goody-two-shoes, but he couldn't fool Sirius. All boys were trouble in his eyes.

"Yeah, I didn't expect to see you around." Peter nervously and habitually scratched his neck. She found that tendency of his absolutely adorable.

Harriet noticed just how tall Peter was and how there was something missing on his face. "Hey, is it
just me or did you grow a foot taller since I last saw you? And where are your glasses? It's so weird seeing you without glasses."

Peter blushed when Harriet's hand barely touched his hair as she was measuring his height to her's. "Uh, yeah, Aunt May says it's a growth spurt. As for the glasses… Uh, I got contacts."

"Growth spurt?" Harriet stared at Peter. He was wearing a plain white t-shirt, so she could see a few of his abs from the way he was facing the sun. She touched his arm to feel solid muscle, "wow, Pete. Do you work out?"

Sirius growled, he didn't like how close the two teenagers were to each other, but the two teens paid no heed to him.

Peter blushed. "Where are you headed?"

"Oh, I was just window shopping with Sirius."

"Sirius? Wait, that's the dog on your Instagram? Wow, he sure is big!" Peter smiled as he went closer to the dog. When he tried to pet him, Sirius bit his hand. "Oh, you don't like that, huh. Sorry big guy."

"Sirius! How could you? He's a friend!" Harriet went closer to Peter to grab his bitten hand, "are you hurt? Did he bite hard?"

Yes, Sirius thought gleefully, but he became confused as to why or how the kid didn't even flinch when he was bitten. He didn't seem phased at all! *Did I not bite hard enough?*

Peter nervously chuckled and did that adorable habit before answering, "no, not really. Don't worry about it."

"You sure?" She asked worriedly.

"Yeah, of course. I'm fine."

"Let me treat you to something as an apology," Harriet insisted.

*Damn it!* Sirius thought. Sirius was about to get Harriet's dad, but refrained. He needed to keep a close watch on these horny teenagers. Harriet was too kind for her own good.

The two ate facing each other outside of a nice vintage diner in the middle of Queens. The owners were kind enough to allow Sirius indoors and out the back after Harriet promised Sirius would behave.

"What were you shopping for?" Peter asked, continuing their talk on their walk to the diner.

"Heels," Harriet answered after gulping down a piece of a bite of her hamburger, "my family's friend is getting married, but so far, no luck because of Sirius here. No one's letting us in because of their 'no pets' policy, either that or Sirius is considered too big to fit the categories of dogs. So we've been window shopping. I'll have to come back to buy a pair though which isn't going to be fun alone."

This was Peter's chance to spend some time with Harriet. "Uh, I-I could go with— ow!"

Sirius bit much harder than the previous.

"Sirius! What's wrong with you!" Harriet ripped Sirius apart from Peter's hand. "That's the second
time today! — I'm so sorry, Peter. He's not usually like this," Harriet sent a glare at her godfather.

"It's fine. I didn't even feel it."

"No, you definitely felt that one." Harriet scooted close to where Peter was seated, wanting a closer look at the injury and see if she could do anything about it with the band-aid she always carried with her person, but Sirius pulled Harriet's chair back with his teeth.

Sirius thought he succeeded when he saw Harriet was falling to the ground. Fortunately, Peter was quick enough to grab Harriet's hand and wrap his other hand around her waist, stopping her from landing on her bum.

Peter's face was just an inch away from Harriet's when Harriet lifted her eyes to his blues. Peter quickly let go of her once he knew she was safe to stand. They didn't even hear Sirius growling in the background. "Sorry," he apologized to her, though Harriet didn't know what he was apologizing for.

You better be, pretty boy! It was time for plan B: get the actual father to stop these teenagers from being so lovey dovey with each other as soon as possible! Sirius quickly disappeared.

"What for? It's not your fault. It's Sirius who should apologize…!?” Harriet looked around and saw that Sirius was gone.

Peter in the meanwhile was blushing hard. His face was beet red and his heart was beating a thousand miles per second. He tried to laugh it off. He didn't even see that Sirius had disappeared. "Haha, how could a dog apologize…?"

He gulped when he saw Harriet laughing. She was an expert at making his heart go crazy. "You're right. Dogs can't apologize. What was I thinking? — Um, since, you know, my shopping partner ditched me, do you maybe wanna go shopping with me?"

"Y-Yeah, okay!"

Peter: Dude
Neddard: Yo
Peter: I'm with Harriet
Neddard: dudeee
Peter: I know.
~ Who's the man?
Neddard: you are
~ How though
Peter: They say dogs are a man's best friend
Neddard: so…
~ a dog helped you out?
Peter: Kinda
~ Gotta go, I'm helping her pick out shoes

Neddard: You should ask her out man

Peter: WHAT
~ HOW

Neddard: chill!
~ Just be yourself
~ Don't be weird

Peter: What do you want me to do?
~ I can't do both.

Peter gulped after seeing the texts. Shit... Should I really do what Ned told me to? But how do I even bring up the talk about a date? Google was fairly useful in that case.

It was almost the end of the day as Peter was rigidly walking Harriet home with a bag in hand as he thought of how to ask Harriet out to a date. Peter finally braved up to ask with the confidence that wikiHow gave him — or he was about to when someone interrupted by calling Harriet.

"Harriet!"

"Dad?"

The figure of a tall male came closer, Sirius following right behind.

Dad...? That's Harriet's dad?! … Shit. What the hell do I say?

"Who's this?" Harriet's dad looked as menacing as a lion in front of fresh meat when his eyes met Peter's.

"Peter, this is my dad, dad, this is Peter. He's a friend from school." All Harriet could think of then was: Please don't embarrass me, dad. "He was kind enough to walk me home."

"Well, that's awfully nice of him..." Peter could feel James' scrutinizing gaze analyzing every inch of him. He felt like a lab rat.

"It's very nice to meet you, sir," Peter greeted nervously.

"Mr. Parker. It's a pleasure. You can go home now, I'm sure you have other things to do."

Harriet rolled her eyes. "Don't be rude, dad. Peter's been nothing but nice to me. He even helped me pick out my shoes for Remus' wedding."

"Wait, wait, wait. That name sounds familiar... Was he the weakling who you protected from a bully?"

"Dad!"
"What?"

Peter didn’t know if it was because of the anger or because he was scared of what Harriet's father thought of him, but he was filled with adrenaline or something like it as he blurted, "sir, would a weakling like me be brave enough to ask your daughter out for a date?"

The father and daughter looked at Peter like he was nutters. Peter cursed himself. It was like for a moment there he had a split personality — a completely different Peter Parker who was courageous in the face of doom.

Harriet was blushing beside Peter and she didn't exactly know what to say. James, however, laughed out wholeheartedly as he slapped Peter's shoulder and said, "I like you, kid. You've got guts. You have my approval. Stop by for dinner sometimes."

Peter's eyes widened in utter disbelief. He was afraid he heard Mr. Potter wrong, perhaps this was all just a dream or some hallucination.

Sirius pawed James' leg in bewilderment, looking between James, Harriet, and Peter.

"Come on, Sirius, we're not needed here." James dragged Sirius by his fur when Sirius hadn't moved an inch, gazing intently at Peter. James and a very reluctant Sirius headed further into the pathway into the Potter Manor.

Peter let out the breath he didn't know he was holding. He realized this was actually real life and that this wasn't some dream, and he really did ask Harriet out by telling her father that he was going to ask her out. Peter carefully looked to his side to see Harriet was beet red in the face, no doubt his face was sporting the same look.

"Uh…” Peter faked an awkward cough into his hand. "Sorry… I…” He let out a frustrated sigh, "I didn't mean to—" Peter had stopped when her lips met his for a short time. It was just a short kiss, but to the two of them, it was a beginning to their budding relationship.

Harriet shyly smiled at him, tucking away her long bangs behind her ear. He noticed a visible scar underneath the hair. "Don't worry about it. So, a date, huh?"

"If- If you want to. There's a movie I wanted to see if you want to see it… with me. If you want," he kept stuttering as he failed to meet Harriet's eyes.

"Text me the time and location." Harriet gave one final kiss on his cheek before leaving.

Chapter End Notes

Thank you for those who commented and left kudos.
I love you.
Chapter 10

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Peter blinked a few times, lying on top of his bunk bed, staring at the ceiling and not paying attention to reality altogether. Then, he finally panicked, blushing bright red in the face. Peter quickly hid his face in his pillow and muffled a scream from the pure embarrassment he faced today from his stupidity, or perhaps bravery.

Peter blamed no one but himself for whatever he pulled today. But then again, the moment of embarrassment earned him a date with Harriet, and he was sure he was on Harriet's dad's good side which was a plus.

"Peter! Dinner's ready!" His aunt woke him out of his thoughts from downstairs.

"Yeah! I'm coming down right now, May!" Peter shouted back as he ditched his bed and large pillow, trudging through the piles of dirty clothes and discarded objects of the results of his dumpster divings.

When Peter arrived at the dining room, which was technically a part of the open-space kitchen, he already saw his uncle sipping on a cup of cold coffee while reading the Sunday newspaper.

After helping May set down dinner on the table, Peter took a seat next to Uncle Ben who seemed weary from working his daytime job. For a spry middle aged man, Ben's face was already riddled with wise wrinkles.

"Peter, do you have a cold? You're really red in the face!" Peter had been texting Harriet the time and place for the date. He wiped his sweaty hands on his jeans and by the time he looked up to his aunt with an unconscious smile, May had already come around the table to placed her warm hand on top of Peter's forehead. "Your temperature's fine."

"I-I'm fine. I'm not sick," Peter responded, backing away from her hand.

"No, you're definitely sick, Peter," Uncle Ben said with an all-knowing smirk. "Love-sick."

"What…?! No way, that's not true, Uncle Ben," Peter tried to laugh it off. If he didn't at least try, he'd be teased for the rest of his life.

"Who's the lucky girl?" His aunt inquired as she took her seat next to her husband, ignoring what Peter said to his uncle.

Peter finally gave in, sighing, and said, "her name's Harriet Potter."

"That's a very bold name," Ben offered, "it means ruler of a house. I'm sure she'll be very successful in life." May rolled her eyes at the small fortune telling all in good nature.

"I, uh, asked her out to the movies. I'm thinking of watching Skyfall with her tomorrow."

"Movies are nice for a first date, no matter what anyone says. Your uncle and I went to see Scream for our second date," May reminisced the good old times back in the mid 90's. Then, snapping from the nostalgia, she tried persuading, "show your date a rom-com instead. Girls love a good rom-com!"
"No, no, horror movies are the way to go for any date," Uncle Ben supplied, he then pointed to him and May, "look where that got us." That got Peter convinced, but he still wanted his date to have a good time during their first date.

"That was the 90's, Ben," May smiled, "this isn't the 21st century. Peter, if you want to show her a good time, go with a rom-com."

Uncle Ben shook his head. "Listen to me, Peter. Horror movies are the best for first and second dates. It reveals a person's true personality — also, cuddling," Ben shrugged, "your aunt and I went to see a horror film for our first few dates, look how we turned out."

"I only went to see horror films with you because you're a horror film Maniac, Ben."

Peter sighed as he thought of what movie to go for. He'd wanted to see Skyfall for a while, but then again, it was the first date and he didn't want to mess anything up. So, go with a movie which, stereotypically, all girls like? Or go with a movie that would get him the cuddles from the girl he loved?

He decided to ask his friends. He wasn't exactly best of friends with Harriet's friends, but they were still his friends nonetheless, and they got on together spectacularly over the past few months at school.

Group chat: SOS
Invited: Neddard, Hermione, Ron

Peter: hey guys, need a tip.

Neddard: Finally got a date?

Hermione: :O with who?

~ With harry?

Ron: Out of the friend zone, mate?

Peter: lol yeah.

Hermione: omg

~ I'm freaking out

~ the ship is sailing!

Neddard: what

Ron: Good on ya!

~ Who asked who?

Peter: I did hehe

Ron: YES
~ I win

_Hermione_: -_-;

_Peter_: Win what?

_Neddard_: A bet

~ Hermione, pay up

~ If you guys didn't forget

~ I was a part of the bet too

~ and I bet that Peter would be the one to ask her out

_Hermione_: D:

~ I don't get my allowance till next month though

_Ron_: You have a part time job

_Hermione_: You are cruel, Ronald.

_Neddard_: Don't forget to pay me!

_Peter_: guys, forget about the bet!

~ I'm in a real crisis here!

_Neddard_: right, I'm all ears man

_Ron_: ditto

_Peter_: Which movie genre should I watch with her?

~ Skyfall, rom com, or horror flick?

_Hermione_: Skyfall isn't a movie genre

~ I'd like to see it.

~ I think Harriet would like to see it too.

_Ron_: Horror.

~ Definitely horror.

_Neddard_: ^ same dude

_Hermione_: one vote for _Skyfall_

_Ron_: majority wins

_Peter_: thanks guys. Ttyl
Hermione: Fine, I'll go see it with Harry

Harriet didn't get a wink of sleep the prior night, she was so nervous and deciding what she should wear was on her mind ever since returning home. As it was a universal girl-problem, Harriet didn't have anything to wear, even though she had a total of hundreds of clothing.

In the midst of frustration, however, there was a solution.

Group chat: OMG guys

Invited Ned, Hermes, Ronaldo

Hermes: gurl

Harriet: heyyy

Ned: haha you too?

Harriet: what you mean?

Ned: nothing

Ronaldo: lol

Hermes: What you need, gurrrrl

Harriet: what's with your texting?

Hermes: this is how I normally text

~ What's wrong with it?

Harriet: …

~ Nothing I guess

~ Uh, I need help deciding on an outfit.

Ned: …

Ronaldo: Shouldn't this be a girls' convo?

Harriet: I just thought you guys should be included

~ Anyways,

~ Pick

~ option a

[image uploaded]

~ option b

[image uploaded]
Hermes: what's this for, Harriet ;)
Ronaldo: yeah, Harriet what's this for? ;)
Ned: lol :-) 
Harriet: it's nothing
~ ugh, never mind I said anythinG!
~ goodnight :(
Hermes: No!
~ Don’t go!
~ Option B!
Ronaldo: I honestly don't care
Ned: honestly I think he'll like you in any of these
Harriet: Ron, Ned… you guys are really
~ Unhelpful
~ wait , ned how do you
~ What do you mean 'he’?
Ned: k, I'm going to bed
~ night guys
~ good luck with your date, harry
Harriet: omg how did you know?
Ned: trade secret
Ronaldo: patented
Hermes: Tell me all about it after the date, Harry ;)
Harriet: -_-;;;

That was how Harriet was standing just outskirt of the Potter's manor wearing option b, which was a pair of skinny jeans, a shirt underneath a wool cardigan, and a warm scarf to cover her neck.

She waved to Peter when she saw him coming. "Hey, Pete."
"H-Hey." Peter was blushing, and Harriet doubted he was the only one with a bright tomato face. "Uh... Shall we?" He lent her his arm like a gentleman and Harriet took his offer.

They began walking until a familiar car was going slow beside them. The window rolled down and Harriet groaned. She'd half expected her father to do something weird to embarrass her in front of the boy she liked. "You two need a lift for your date?"

Harriet punctured the front tires with magic, making the vehicle stop.

"Harriet!" James called out, exasperated. And he'd just changed the tires...

"What?" Harriet innocently responded. "Did I do something wrong?"

"Uh, if you'd like, sir, I could help change the—"

Harriet interrupted Peter. "No can do, you're busy with the date you promised me, remember?"

Peter looked from Harriet to her father nervously.

"It's fine, Mr. Parker," James heaved a sigh, rubbing his temples, "just leave me be."

Harriet dragged Peter by his hand and once they were a distance away, she said to him, "sorry... He's such a weird dad."

"He's just being protective."

Harriet broke out into a light chuckle which made Peter smile, "no, he's just being weird."

"I'll go buy the tickets," Peter offered.

"Then I'll buy the popcorn," Harriet replied. Before he could stop her, Harriet vanished into the crowd. Peter smiled when his eyes met hers amongst the crowd for a brief moment.

This date was nerve-wracking, in a good way. Peter had never been on a date before, nonetheless with a gorgeous girl.

After purchasing the movie tickets, he went to find Harriet. She was pouring butter over the popcorn but was getting an unwanted attention from a someone who looked like a college student with gorgeous blond locks.

"Come on, don't lie, you came alone. I can tell from the one small bag of popcorn," the stranger said with an arrogant smirk. He was standing so close to Harriet that Peter wasn't sure to be angry or upset.

"I don't eat a lot, it's for my date," Harriet glared. If there was anything good that came out of this, it was the fact that Peter was witnessing Harriet not running off with someone else. He also set a reminder to google-search 'how to ask a girl to be his girlfriend.' He didn't exactly know the protocol for when 'my date' became 'my boyfriend'.

"Babe, stop playing hard to get. Come with me and we'll have a good time." The guy gripped Harriet's wrist and pulled her close to his chest, and that was when Peter intercepted as he grabbed onto the guy's skinny wrist.

Peter growled, "why don't you back off."
It turned out the college dude was a wimp as he said, "whoa, alright! Chill! Geez…"

Harriet turned to smile at him. "Thanks, Peter." I would've let out a stupefy if it weren't for you, she thought.

"No problem. Come on, the movie's gonna start at any minute now."

Peter handed her movie ticket and she looked perplexed. "Are you sure you wanna see this?"

"Uh… Y-Yeah?" Peter Benjamin Parker, you better brave up, man! Peter watched a horror movie once. It did not end well for him. Half a year of continuous nightmares. Peter shuddered involuntarily.

BAD IDEA! BAD IDEA! Abortabortabortabortabort!

Nonononononononononono! Don't go in the basement!

Ohmygodmygodohmygodmygodohmygodmygodmyfuckinggod.

"Peter, are you alright…?" Harriet asked Peter in a hushed voice, careful not to bother anyone else in the theatre. He almost yelped when Harriet touched his shoulder.

"Yeah, I'm fine," Peter cleared his throat to lower his tone of voice. "O-Of course I'm fine. Why wouldn't I be? Are you fine? Yup… You're fine."

Harriet held back her laughter. "Come here, Peter." She reached out to pull him closer to her. Peter had his head resting on her shoulder as he quickly shut his eyes when he knew a jump scare was coming.

They were cuddling as Uncle Ben had told him, but this wasn't the cuddling that Peter expected.

Peter cleared his hoarse throat. Him, along with the rest of the movie watchers, were screaming for every jump-scare. Harriet, however, hadn't let out a single scream.

When they both exited the theatre, Peter asked Harriet, "so… did you like the movie?"

"It was okay. I mean, it wasn't really that scary for me, but I guess it was for you, huh?" Harriet said with a chuckle.

Peter blushed, sighing in disappointment. He was a bit ashamed of himself. He'd wanted to look cool in front of Harriet for once. "It wasn't— … Okay, yeah, it was a little scary." Harriet raised an eyebrow, "okay, really scary."

Harriet smiled. "It takes a man to admit it."

Peter's lips slowly curved into a smile.

Group chat: we did it

Invited: Neddard, Hermione, Ron

Peter: Guys, we did it.
Neddard: congrats man

Hermione: I heard it was a success

Peter: what? From who?

~ Were you guys spying us?

Ron: no…

~ Harry texted us

Peter: you know Harriet doesn't like it when you call her that

Ron: she likes it

~ only her closest friends and family call her that

Neddard: yeah, she didn't get mad at me for calling her harry

Peter: when did you

~ how

~ when?

Neddard: last couple of weeks ago?

Peter: I'm gonna start calling her that.

Ron: good luck mate

~ u need it

Neddard: yup.

Hermione: wishing you luck, Peter

Peter: aren't you guys faithful

Hermione: sarcasm doesn't suit you, Peter

Peter: noted and ignored

Ron: congrats on the date btw

Peter: thank you!

~ You're a true friend you know that Ron?

Neddard: hey what about me?

~ I congratulated you

~ telepathically
Peter: meh

Neddard: \n
Hermione: Congrats, Peter,
  ~ and may many more dates
  ~ with Harry come your way

Peter: best friend no. 2

Ron: who's best friend no.1

Peter: u

Neddard: :0

Ron: :)
Chapter 11

Chapter Summary

Harriet's Arc is now beginning!

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

"Hey, Harry."
"It's a fine day, isn't it, Harry?"
"The weather's nice, right, Harry?"
"What's up, Harry?"
"Apple or Android, Harry?"
"Coke or Pepsi, Harry?"
"Me? I'm more of a Coke person myself... Harry."

Peter felt like an idiot in front of the bathroom mirror. He disheveled his hair in frustration. Today was going to be one hell of a school day as he tried to call Harriet, Harry. There was also the thing about asking her what kind of relationship they were in.

I'd better get ready for school, Peter thought as he turned the knobs on the sink — or tried to.

"Shit!" He cursed in surprise as the knobs were torn from the sink and let out a continuous explosions of water. He sighed as he deadpanned at the drenched state he was in.

It had only been a couple of days since the science exhibit, and since the day he'd gotten bit by a radioactive spider. He was still new to the powers he gained and his senses were going haywire.

He was only lucky that he didn't make a fool of himself on the date two days ago, but that was only because his spider powers were only just starting to develop at the time.

Harriet: Hey

Pete: Hi

~ r u at school?

Harriet: you bet I am

~ I'm in the library

~ studying for the science test :'(
Harriet never told him that he was awfully slow at texting that day out of courtesy, though she didn't know it was because Peter's fingers kept getting stuck on the touch screen and he had to keep prying his fingers away on each letter. He really needed to get these powers under control pronto.

As Peter was heading to the library, he was planning on how to bring up the conversation of their budding relationship. As he was walking through the open doors of the library, he spotted Harriet, along with their mutual friends, so he surmised the talk of their relationship was going to have to wait until they were alone.

Clint sighed for the umpteenth time that day. He'd wanted to go to an actual mission, not babysit a teenage girl, as a math teacher no less, the subject he hated the most in high school.

He opened the door after switching into his teacher persona. He stopped in front of the blackboard, facing the class. "Hello, class, my name is Clark Eastwood, your substitute until Mrs. Janet feels better."

"What happened to her?" One student was curious enough to ask.

"Bad hip, next question."

"Are you related to Clint East—"

"No. Next question." When the class was silent, he said, "Alright, let's start this hellish subject." A couple of kids laughed at that.

His target was easily spotted, sitting at the middle row beside her best friend, Hermione, who kept answering every single question Clint threw at the class.

"What is x in this case?" Clint knew this was a college level algebra, but this was a test. He was so sure that Hermione would keep her hand down for this one, but he was wrong. "Alright, how about the girl beside Ms. Little-Genius?"

Clint was slightly amused when Harriet mouthed 'shit.' "Um…" Harriet's eyes focused on Clint's eyes, instead of the blackboard, then she answered, "in this case …x=4…?" She was still learning to master legilimency so finding the answer was still a little difficult on her, she was more advanced in occlumency than legilimency.

"Huh, so that's what feels like to have someone read your mind?" Clint thought when he felt a tickle at the back of his brain. "That's correct." Clint wrote down the detailed solution to the question and explained how to solve it. "In this equation, in order to solve for x, you are multiplying variables with exponents. The rule for multiplying exponents, as we learned earlier, is that you add the exponents together. Since that is the rule, x in this case would equal-"

"Mr. Eastwood, isn't the answer 3?" There went Hermione again with her smart ass.

"What?" The answer, he was sure, was 4. He looked the problem up on google after all and a bunch of mathematicians had solved it and shared their same answers. He saw Harriet peering over at Hermione's notes and then glancing back at him with an odd look.

"The equation is wrong," then Hermione went on to explain in full detail of how one of the variables...
was in the wrong place.

Maybe SHIELD should watch out for Granger as well, Clint thought.

The week passed by and finally, Tom Riddle was able to get his partner out of the mental asylum with the help of his ability of mind controlling almost anyone. Getting through the nurses and the doctors in the asylum was easy and getting Bellatrix out was easier.

He had also given her the service of getting her a job as a doctor in order for them to get their hands on some technologies, resources, and money; though her job would only be temporary if his plans worked.

The only downside of having Bellatrix out of a supervised area without access to technology and any form of communication was that she kept sending meaningless text messages to him. He was starting to wish she was back in confinement.

Tom turned the notification alert off as he got to planning. He smirked. Everything was going smoothly now. All he had to do was kidnap Harriet and bring her to the mad scientist-turned-doctor. His road to becoming the only magic-wielder alive was becoming concrete. Now he just needed to find the right time to do it, which was proving to be a challenge.

Of course, Harriet had gotten away with not joining a club, a mandatory requirement, most likely because the school didn't want to upset the family that had given the largest donation in the past decades.

But that didn't matter because Halloween was looming over them and what came with Halloween in Midtown high school was a Halloween party. That was the perfect moment to strike. Soon, that Potter brat would be within his grasp, and he would be well on his way of being the only wizard on Earth.

Side Story

Clint refrained from doing anything stupid as he continued to write down formula after formula on the blackboard. Although he remained expressionless as he went on, trying very hard to stay in his persona, the vein on his forehead was popping out in full effect as he struggled to keep the anger inside. Hey, even a super spy had limits!

All that anger was directed at the one kid who wasn't paying attention, playing video games on his phone. No doubt the video game was a Pay-To-Win and Clint could tell he was spending all of his money, because Clint knew for a fact that a kid like that who doesn't pay attention in class wouldn't pay attention when his parents taught him how to manage his money well. And no he wasn't going on this stupid rant because he hated his life right now, not at all.

An alarm went off, but it wasn't the school alarm, in fact the sound came from the kid Clint was trying to ignore. Clint finally had enough. He turned around, briefly estimated his aim with his hawk-eyes (haha, get it?) and threw the chalk in his fingers. What made it so perfect was that the kid fell backwards in his chair after voicing incoherent words when the chalk hit the bullseye. The whole thing happened in less than two seconds. He turned back to the board as soon as he accomplished his mission.

Since the whole thing happened so fast, the entire class just stared at the downed kid, baffled as to why he fell. Clint continued to write down formulas and when he was done, he turned around and
continued to teach as if nothing happened.

Chapter End Notes

Thanks again for the reviews, kudos, and the bookmarks! I LOVE hearing from you guys!

Please note that even if I don't reply to your comments, I still read and gush over them! If you want replies on your comments, I have no problem with responding back. In fact, I would love to. I just don't want to annoy people with my constant replies...?

If you have any questions you'd like answered, I'll try my best to answer!

I'm not taking suggestions for this fic, since I've written a lot of chapters already and I have a rough drawing board of future plots, but I'm open to possible suggestions and I would love to hear what your ideas are!

I also take in considerations of any concerns you may have, such as grammar and spelling, but those are checked over by my lovely beta-chan.

Without beta-chan, I don't think this fic would even exist. For real.
Chapter 12

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Peter stood still like a statue. His lips quivered and all of his emotions that were bottled up stuck in his throat when he finally registered what had happened and what was about to happen now with Uncle Ben gone. Peter felt as if his body was in auto-pilot since Ben died until today, which was a day for Ben's funeral.

Peter felt a familiar touch on his backside, he knew May's gentle hand anywhere. She was trying to reassure him that everything was going to be fine; that she was fine. Peter doubted it. Nothing was going to be okay after what he did, or rather what he didn't do. Peter felt his face heat up from the fatal incident, his chest burned with feelings of angst, frustration, and sorrow. He narrowed his eyes, trying his best to remain collected.

Peter kept asking what-if questions that were filled with self-doubt and regret.

If only he'd been fast enough, smart enough, and strong enough… If only he could revert time. If only he listened to Ben… If only…

He felt salty tears glisten his red eyes, threatening to fall past the casings. Everything, he thought, was on him to blame. He was at fault. He was the cause of Uncle Ben's death, and nothing or no one was punishing him for his stupid mistakes.

"Peter, you've gotta talk to me," Aunt May insisted, the dark bags under her eyes hadn't suited her. It had been a few days since Uncle Ben's death; a few days of skipping school and ignoring Harriet's worried text messages, and finding just where the criminal who shot a bullet through Ben's heart was located.

Peter stood up from his seat and told her. "I need some time alone." He noticed that he and May were the only ones remaining at Ben's funeral.

May didn't say anything to stop him, nonetheless, she watched with pained eyes as Peter walked away.

Absentmindedly, Harriet poked her salad with a plastic fork as she gazed at her texts to Peter. She sighed, not listening to her friends' conversation. They were talking about the Halloween party and what they were dressing up as. Harriet found herself listening with mild interest.

"What're you dressing up as, Harry?" Ned asked suddenly which made Harriet jump slightly.

"Um…” Harriet sat up in her seat. She realized just how loud the cafeteria was. "I don't know if I'll even dress up this year."

"What? Why?" Ned inquired in pure shock. No one was cool enough or old enough to not dress up for Halloween. It was just blasphemy.

Ron chuckled and made an inside joke, "Harry's gonna dress up as a witch since she's always been one, right?" Harriet pursed her lips at Ron as Hermione jabbed Ron's ribcage to make him regret spouting those words.
Fortunately, Ned casually went on with the conversation, "you should totally dress up as a witch! I think it'll suit you!"

"Thanks, Ned," smiled Harriet. She then looked down at her phone to tell the time, "shoot, I should go now, I need to ask Mr. Harrington a question about the test."

Hermione lightly chuckled as she drank a bit of water. "I'm glad you're taking my advice to heart, Harry."

"Yeah, well, suck my butt."

Harriet refrained a groan as she tried so hard to listen to Mr. Harrington's explanation, or rather rambling. Science was a bore to Harriet and she was almost certain she had a D in the class. Mr. Harrington, however, was a kind-hearted soul and had told everyone in class that he would give extra marks to those who asked him a lot of questions in and out of class.

"Oh, before you go, Harriet," the said girl halted in her steps to exit out of the classroom and turned to see Mr. Harrington nearing her with a file, "could you do me a favor of giving this to Peter?"

"To Peter?" Harriet repeated, scanning through the first couple of pages which contained the homework that Peter missed.

"Peter's a good student and I wouldn't want him to fall behind."

Harriet glanced up and looked at the science teacher in confusion, "but why me?"

"Aren't you two close? That's what I heard from Ned…"

Harriet felt her cheeks redden at the thought of her and Peter having a 'close' relationship, though she doubted Mr. Harrington didn't really mean anything by it.

Mr. Harrington continued his explanation. "I was going to have Ned deliver these to Peter, but he said he had some extracurricular activities… But I swear he only has the Decathlon to worry about…" He then said with a chuckle, "he's such a weird kid."

Damn it, Ned… Harriet realized Ned was setting her up with Peter. It wasn't the fact that she didn't like the idea, but more of the fact that she was flustered and shocked from the surprise attack if she could even call it that.

"Harriet?" Mr. Harrington called out, "do you accept this quest?" It was blatantly obvious that Mr. Harrington was and always will be a massive Dungeons and Dragons diehard hardcore player.

Whenever Mr. Harrington acted this way, Harriet went along. It was part of the reason why he treated her as one of his favorite students. "I do accept this quest, Mr. Harrington."

"I trust that you will not fail me."

"Of course."

Harriet: What's Peter's address Ned

Ned: You mean you don't know?

I thought you knew by now
Receiving Peter's address, Harriet started toward a direction. Halfway to Peter's home, Harriet's mind registered how fast her heart was beating half in excitement and half in uneasiness.

During the few days Harriet hadn't seen Peter, she'd messaged him, and when those texts were ignored, Harriet wondered if she was acting clingy. She asked herself questions like what if Peter didn't like her anymore? It could've been anxiety planting those thoughts or something else entirely.

Breathing in and out to calm her nerves, Harriet lifted her fist to knock on the door of the small bungalow, however, she stopped herself midway when she heard Peter's voice call her name.

She turned and saw him within a few feet away. Instantly, Harriet saw a broken boy, as if he was worn down and beaten up, in both physical and psychological way. The look in his eyes matched the bruising of his cheek and the notable fresh scar on his neck.

Without a word, Harriet walked toward Peter and pulled him into her arms. She felt him tremble from her touch, breathing in her cozy scent that smelled strangely of home. She gradually felt her shoulder getting soaked by his unceasing tears. As Peter continued to cry, Harriet proceeded to caress his hair in a soothing motion.

Peter didn't want Harriet to see him so weak, so fragile. He wanted her to see him in his best moments. However, when she pulled him into her embrace, he broke down even further.

"It's okay. I'm here."

Peter believed he needed to hear those words.

"Sorry, am I interrupting something here?"

Harriet and Peter both pulled away immediately when they heard May's voice. They were both red in the face, flustered. Peter quickly wiped away the tears from his cheeks, but the tear stain on Harriet's shoulder was clearly evident.

May smiled at the two teenagers. She was glad Peter was finally getting all of his bottled emotions out of his system. This must be the girl Peter asked out to the movies, she thought in delight. May may have teased Peter about it, but she was still mourning the loss of her husband so she didn't have enough energy to do so. Instead, May asked, "why don't you both come inside?"

"Oh, no, I don't want to intrude. My parents would worry if I don't hurry back home," Harriet told May.

"Alright, well, it was nice to meet you…"

"Harriet Potter," Harriet responded.

"Harriet," May smiled, "I'm Peter's aunt, you can call me May." She then glanced at Peter and told him, "meatloaf will be ready in half an hour, Peter." before going back inside after sending a final friendly smile toward Harriet.

Harriet then turned to Peter and gave him the work Mr. Harrington gave her to deliver, "I just stopped by to give you what you missed out on."
"Thanks," Peter said with a small smile, grabbing the papers from her.

Harriet responded with a smile of her own. She touched Peter's arm before saying, "I'll see you in school."

Peter stopped her by her wrist before she could leave, "I-I'm sorry for not replying—"

"It's okay. No hard feelings." Harriet's expression gradually formed a slight frown, "I can understand if you, um… don't want to talk to me anymore."

"Wh-What're you talking about? Of course I want to talk to you!" Peter spouted, as though his thoughts didn't follow along with his speech at the same time. He watched as Harriet's eyes slightly widened in surprise. Peter sighed as he let go of her wrist and swept his bangs away in a nervous habit. "I… My uncle— he died."

"I'm… I'm so sorry, Peter. I didn't know…"

"It's really all my fault…” He didn't know why he was saying all these things. It was as if he couldn't help it but feel that Harriet was willing to listen to everything he had to say and not judge nor reprimand him. He honestly felt that Harriet had a strange aura that existed like an oasis in the middle of a desert.

Harriet frowned at his response. "I'm not the best person to talk to about this… I can't empathize with you, I don't know what it feels like to lose someone so precious to you, and I'm sorry for that. But, Peter, just know that I'm here for you whenever you need me."

Chapter End Notes

Sorry, forgot to upload.
Chapter 13

Chapter Notes

Please take a moment of your time to read:

I'm really unsure if you guys want a response from me for your comments and I don't want to bother people that don't so if you want an author's reply to your comments, please add a '@' symbol at the beginning or end of your reviews.

I appreciate your love and support by pressing the kudos button and commenting on chapters I spend hours coming up with. I also appreciate constructive criticism, positive or negative. Although I write these fics for fun and entertainment, your comments and kudos are another form of incentive for me.

As a side note, I haven't been in contact with my beta for a while now, she'd stated she was busy. So these few chapters, or possibly for all chapters if my beta doesn't want to edit for me, might have a few mistakes. I use grammarly to check for those mistakes and myself to proofread and edit, but I'm just one person and somethings may have been missed. So if that hinders(?) your reading, I apologize.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Over a couple of days of heroism, Spiderman and Lady Phoenix — yes, Reddit had finally decided on a hero name for her, were becoming a big deal in New York and possibly across the country.

But today, it wasn't about justice being served. It was about Halloween and everyone at Midtown High was getting into the holiday spirit. Hermione was in her Minnie Mouse costume, Ron was in his cardboard-made Iron man suit, Ned was a Darth Vader, and Peter was Spider-man without the mask, which was just a red hoodie with a spider marked in the front and regular blue jeans. Lastly, Harriet was, of course, dressed up as a witch.

"So, uh, I've been thinking," Peter began, leaning closer to Harriet's locker, "If it's okay with you, do you wanna go out on a date with me after school on Monday? I mean, since it's Halloween and there's no school."

"Can't. My family celebrates Halloween like it's Christmas. Sorry, Peter." Harriet sent an apologetic smile.

"Then, uh, are you going to the party after the school's over?"

"The one that's being held in the gym?" Peter nodded. Harriet smiled. "If you'll take me."

Peter smiled back in response, "I mean if that's alright with you."

"Of course that's alright, Pete. We've been dating for over a week now, aren't we?"

The party, Harriet had to admit, was pretty awesome despite it being held by the school. There was a DJ booth, a disco ball, a snack bar, and the music was chill.
"You wanna dance with me?" Peter asked shyly at Harriet who'd arrived with her childhood friends just a few minutes ago.

"Sure," answered Harriet, "but I gotta warn you. I'm not good at dancing."

"Me too," Peter chuckled softly, "I may not be as good as Kpop idols but I'm willing to give it a try if it's with you, Harry." Harriet raised a brow at the last part of his sentence. She almost broke out into a fit of laughter when she saw Peter nervously fidget, "is that alright, if I call you Harry?"

The end of Harriet's pink rosy lips tugged up at the sheer amusement of teasing Peter. "Yeah, I'm fine with that."

Confidence bubbled back inside of Peter's gut and he found himself leading Harriet out to the middle of the gym floor. The music stopped all of a sudden when Harriet and Peter stepped up to where students were dancing.

"Ladies and gentlemen," the student DJ volunteer announced over the microphone, "I want all of you to get with your partners because it's time for," he paused for the dramatic effect, "slow dance!"

Most of the students 'booed' while Peter glanced at Harriet to see what kind of face she was making. When his eyes met hers for a brief moment, he cleared his throat out of a nervous habit and looked away, noticing that they were both rooted to the floor, not changing their mind about the promised dance.

He observed as couples dragged their partners to the dance floor as his hands began to form cold sweat. Peter could hear the sound of his heart beating loudly at his ears as he waited for the song to be turned on.

However, to anyone's expectation, the music wasn't a genre that the two expected.

"We're no strangers to love
You know the rules and so do I~
A full commitment's what I'm thinking of
You wouldn't get this from any other guy~"

Peter inwardly groaned. He couldn't believe it, and neither did the other students.

"I just wanna tell you how I'm feeling
Gotta make you understand~"

When Peter saw and heard Harriet began to laugh, he too began to laugh as well. Harriet grabbed Peter's hand and led him further into the dance floor and started leading their dance.

"Never gonna give you up
Never gonna let you down
Never gonna run around and desert you
Never gonna make you cry
Never gonna say goodbye
At the end of the song, Peter and Harriet went to sit down on a bench and talk.

Riddle got into action while everyone was busy. Students were busy dancing with other students, sitting around on gym benches and talking to friends or their favorite teachers, or those who labeled themselves as rebels or hipsters drinking alcohol beverages inside washrooms. In the meanwhile, teachers were supervising the minors, or were too tired and went home for the day.

Riddle dropped in the few drops of chemical mixture Bellatrix had made for him into the fruit punch. The chemical was a substance in which anyone who consumed it would render their senses dull or almost useless in more or less an hour or so.

The chemical would result in Harriet's powers to fade briefly in order for Riddle to bring her to Bellatrix to extract her gene from inside her blood. During her intoxication, Harriet would act as if she was drunk and make others think that she had a few drinks in the school washroom, making people unaware of what would happen.

Clint watched the scene play out smoothly even though it didn't look like he was looking at one specific direction and even though it would seem like his attention was on someone else entirely.

The literature teacher had slipped in some kind of a liquid sneakily into the bowl of the pink fruit punch. Clint then saw Mr. Riddle making brief eye contact with Peter who was talking to Harriet. Suddenly, Peter stood up from the bench, asking Harriet: "are you thirsty? I'm really thirsty, I'm gonna get us some juice" and went over to the fruit punch, scooped a large spoonful into a plastic cup, and went over to where Harriet was and giving her the drink.

Clint was confused at what played out in front of him. He then peered over to where Riddle was standing and noted the creepy smirk forming on his lips as the man observed as Harriet took a drink of the punch after looking at Hermione strangely. When Harriet took the drink, Peter appeared as though he was released from some mind control and looked confused.

Clint sighed, predicting this day to be a long day, as he gathered his things which were only a wallet and phone.

"I'm not feeling so good," Clint heard Harriet say to Peter after a couple minutes later.

"Do you need water?" Peter asked, worried.

"No… I'm just gonna go home for now," Harriet answered, clutching her stomach, "thanks for the dance, Pete," she gave him a small smile and then gave him a kiss on his cheek.

As Clint was about to exit, Mr. Harrington stopped him. "Are you planning to leave already, Clark?"

Clint looked sideways to look at the science teacher and told him, "yeah. Got a long day tomorrow. I'm planning to finish up preparing the lessons for next week and spend the rest of my weekend with my wife and kids."

"Oh, awesome," Mr. Harrington offered, making small talk, "I didn't take you for a guy who had a family."

Clint smirked, "there's a lot you don't know about me."
Harriet's head banged, her vision was getting blurry, and it felt as though she couldn't feel anything at her fingertips. Harriet halted after flinging her witch costume hat into the garbage can, her hand gripping at a brick building on her way home. She barfed out the contents she consumed today from a crouched position as she didn't want to dirty her mother's black one piece.

*What was in that fruit punch? And why didn't Peter get sick like me?*

"Are you alright, Harriet?"

Harriet didn't have the strength to look at whoever it was, she only gripped the wall tighter from the ache and her senses beginning to dull. She didn't even feel the broad hand touching her shoulder.

"Do you want a ride home?"

"… Yes," she managed to say, and before she knew it she was sitting down and gazing outside, her mind going numb and her vision dimming, fading.

"You're waking."

Harriet's consciousness gradually formed in her senses. She gasped in sudden surprise when she realized that her wrists were bound by chains, and her body bound by a hospital bed.

The woman laughed eerily, and with a malicious tone in each word, the woman told Harriet, "how exciting. Now you get to see what I can do."

Harriet only managed to get one word out, "who…?"

The woman ignored Harriet's question and proceeded to gloat, "you must feel so helpless, so weak and fragile, with your powers gone — even if it is for a moment," she then tutted, "shouldn't have drunk too much."

"What…?" The word slurred in Harriet's mouth.

"Years of testing on mutants. It cost a hefty price. Lots of mind-controlling, torturing and burning away the bodies. Did you know that dead people smell like rotten milk and moldy cheese?"

Harriet's mind was gaining consciousness as the stranger spoke, the horror was also beginning to grow in her mind as well. "You killed people…?"

"Quite." Harriet could almost see a smirk from the lighting of the moon shining through the window that was a few good feet high. "I love high pitched screams, so if you would."

"… What are you talking about?"

Dark cloaks began to appear in thin air around them as the temperature dropped many degrees. Harriet saw smog that her warm breath created when it came into contact with the cold temperature.

"Dementors…" She whispered half in awe and half in terror. She'd only read about their existence in books.

"A what? … Dementors? These are my puppets!" Her scream was loud enough that Harriet was sure that it was the cause of the rugged building shaking. The woman laughed as the dark creatures flew toward Harriet, inhaling and sucking her happiness dry.

"Why… are you… doing this?" Harriet choked.
"The dementors are needed to drain away the rest of your energy... also," she sniggered, "the look on your face is rather fun to watch." After a few more minutes of agony, the pain stopped all of a sudden and Harriet found herself breathing heavily, wearily eyed. Harriet didn't even feel the needlepoint inject into her vein and the blood being drawn. "I'll come back once you recover. Wouldn't want to torture you to the point where you won't come back, now do we?"

With a hazy vision, Harriet gazed wearily at the direction the woman exited after the dementors faded. She needed to get out of the binds and out of this abandoned factory, but her mind was giving up on her again.

Harriet groaned as she woke once again, realizing that she wasn't alone. However, instead of the strange woman, she saw her substitute math teacher plunging an arrow onto the metal chain binds that immobilized her.

"Get up, we're getting out of here."

"Mr. East— uh, Barton?"

Clint halted in his movements and studied Harriet. It was useless pretending to be dumb when she found out his real name, instead he asked, "how did you know my name?"

When Clint went on to undo the chain from her left hand, she responded, "sorry, I didn't mean to look past your memories until I found the answer to your question — which was a really unfair question, by the way, how could you go and ask a college-level calculus to high schoolers? — Anyways, I'm still learning how to master legilimency and occlumency."

"And it took you, what, five years?"

"A month." Harriet made to stand, but her legs almost gave out on her.

"Can you get out of here with your teleportation or some weird voodoo magic?" Clint questioned as he readied his bow, in case things went south. Of course, Clint had called for back up after witnessing what Riddle could possibly do, but who knew when they would come.

Harriet tried as Clint asked, but nothing. "No... but we should get out of here before she comes back."

"Right. C'mon, we're going through the window."

Harriet reached the wall of the window and stared at it before saying, "I'm not tall enough to reach it." She felt completely useless without her magic.

Clint hurried to the window and climbed out, he then reached down for Harriet to grab his hand so that he could pull her up. As Harriet was climbing up with his help, he heard her gasp when she looked back. "The dementors," she shouted at him, "we have to get out of here — now!"

"What are they?!" Clint shouted as they ran through the path, chased by the dark flying creatures.

"They're creatures that feed on people's happiness. They create feelings of depression. The worst part about them is that they can also consume people's souls, turning them into empty shells, so don't get caught by them. And don't waste your arrows or bullets, physical attacks won't work."

"Goddamn it, I thought I was having a rough week as a math teacher... This just might be worse than Budapest. At least Nat was with me on that mission, not a 16 year old."
It wasn't long before the dementors got to them as their ability to fly without the need for energy made it impossible in the first place for humans to escape them. When snippets of happy memories were snatched away by the dementors for the first time for Clint, he felt pure agony. It was a combination of both physical, mental, and psychological torture. Every bone in his body was screaming.

When Harriet began to slow down, he too slowed down beside her, trying so hard to pick up the pace.

"Clint, get up!"

Clint didn't even realize that he fell to the ground. His mind was slowly losing consciousness. He'd never felt this kind of torture before even from years of serving as a spy under SHIELD.

Harriet took his arm around her shoulder and tried to carry him, but didn't get too far as she too slumped to the ground, breathing heavily and cold sweat drenching her hair. She turned to look at the scene of a small army of dementors. Harriet reached out her hand, her eyes blurry, trying to recall a certain memory. However, the dementors kept on coming and sucking the two of their positivity.

Her mind was slowing down, all of her senses numb. A light flickered at the palm of her hand as she mumbled, "expecto… Expecto…"

"Expecto Patronum!"

Before she knew it, she was falling to the ground. Her sights dimming as she saw the blinding glow of what looked like the back of a stag corporeal patronus dart about, scaring away the dementors.

Chapter End Notes

Never gonna give you up~~~

Never gonna let you down~~~

Never gonna run around and desert you~~~
Harriet woke up with a gasp.

"Harriet!"

Harriet felt the familiar calming sensation of her mother’s arms wrap around her. Harriet closed back her eyes in relaxation at the gentle touch. "Mum," her voice mumbled, "I'm alive…"

"Of course you're alive!" Lily scorned, "we were so worried about you!"

"What happened…?"

Lily sat down on a stool beside Harriet after pecking her daughter's forehead. She then told Harriet, "SHIELD tracked your location and your father saved you from the dementors. What were you doing in the middle of nowhere?"

Harriet gulped in fear, remembering the horrifying event at the mention of dementors. She tried to get it off her mind. "I didn't do anything," she answered her mother's worried question. Harriet didn't want to worry her parents. "... How did you know about SHIELD? And where's dad?"

Lily stood up from the stool, her expression morphs into a worried expression. She finally sighs and turns back to Harriet, "sweetheart, your father's been working alongside SHIELD all this time."

"So... he's not a detective…?" After everything that had happened, this was the least surprising.

Then, her father enters the room. "I am a detective, but I'm also an Agent of SHIELD when needed, though my use is beginning to become scarce." He went to his daughter and kissed her forehead just like Lily had done, "how're you, Harry?"

"I'm feeling better. I didn't expect… Dementors… Wait, what about the woman that was there? There was a woman with black curly hair and - She was the one controlling the dementors. A-And she said something about Mr. Riddle… my Literature teacher."

James sighed, rubbing his temples with his rough fingers. "I'm afraid she got away and Riddle wasn't there to begin with."

"He's not even on radar," Fury was the one to add when he entered the room.

Harriet raised an eyebrow at the dark man with an eyepatch wearing all leather. She only saw very short snippets of Clint's memories when using legilimency on him, and so she couldn't exactly tell who this man was. "… Who are you…?"

"Director Nicholas Fury," James answered instead, "head of SHIELD."

"W-Wait, hold on a minute, what do you mean he's not on radar?"

"We've been tracking him down for years now with the technology that we have. He did get captured once by Detective Potter, but he managed to escape. We were wondering where he was, only to find out he'd been hiding under our noses in disguise."
"Is he some kind of a mutant or something?"

"Or something.' He has the MM-gene." Lily had named it that as a subtle hint that it meant magic-mutant gene, not wanting regular human beings to find out in case she planted paranoia toward the idea of 'magical beings'. "Your mother was the one to have extracted the gene from him while he was detained."

James then further explained, "we were sure he didn't have any MM-gene ability… But he's working with Bellatrix Lestrange, a former renown doctor who specializes anything related to the human body, we can be certain that she'll be able to revive that MM-gene in him if he doesn't have it in his DNA."

Harriet frowned, looking between the two. "… Why're you guys telling me these things? I thought those who work for the government are supposed to be all hush hush about these kinds of things."

"We're giving you this case, whether you like it or not. There's no one else to capture Riddle and Lestrange and bring them in," Fury said. He didn't like giving any case to outsiders — even if they were potential Avenger material — but he couldn't help it, the fate of the world depended on Harriet now.

"... Why me?"

"You're the only one with the power to do so."

Upon seeing Harriet's confused face, Lily was the one to explain. "Your father's gene is changing, and…" Lily's voice trailed off.

"And what…?" Harriet looked at Lily expectantly.

"It's nothing. You'll find out soon, Harriet."

As if that explained everything.

"What your mother is trying to say," James talked, "is that you may be the only one capable of finding Riddle and bring him into custody."

Harriet was guided to where Clint was with the help of James. Entering the room, Harriet saw Clint in bedrest, though seeming to have woken up not long before Harriet had as well.

"Hey, kiddo."

"Hi, uh, Mr. Barton." It was a little weird that Clint's name wasn't Clark Eastwood, or Clint Eastwood - that would've been awesome.

Clint sat up with a groan, "just Clint's fine."

"I take it you're not teaching math anymore?"

Clint smirked in amusement. "Not exactly. I was assigned as your aid, as well as your handler until Riddle and Lestrange are caught and detained into SHIELD facility. Director Fury thinks they'll come back for you again, and if that happens, you'll be ready with or without your powers."

"So, when you say 'handler'— ?"

"I'm saying I'll be training you how to handle yourself even without the, um, hocus-pocus."
Harriet frowned, wanting to retort that she didn't need training. But thinking back to what happened to her, she concluded that she needed all the help she could get if she wanted payback for what those two criminals did to her.

"When do we start?"

"As soon as I get out of bedrest."

The next morning, Director Fury had summoned Harriet to a concrete room. Harriet felt uncomfortable from Fury's hard gaze, feeling as though he was scrutinizing her, which he was.

He finally slid a folder across the metal table that looked like it had been pulled straight out of a cop movie. Harriet peered at the folder and glanced up at the director who stared at her with a hard, unyielding gaze.

She grabbed the piece of file and opened it, and proceeded to skim through it. The papers comprised her profile and several photos of what she'd done in the past two months ever since she dealt with her first minor crime of street theft to the recent Riddle-Lestrange ordeal.

"Assessment of Harriet Potter: A lovesick teenager who tends to make sassy comebacks if tempted or provoked."

Harriet glanced back up at Fury. Her eyes went back to the profile when she saw Fury raise an eyebrow at her.

"That's… true enough. Was it Clint who wrote this?"

"Who else? He was there to gather relevant information on you, but it just so happens that Riddle had interfered, so that's all the description you get for now."

Harriet scratched her head. "So... what does this have to do with anything."

"You didn't read through all of it."

Harriet continued reading. "— Has a strong bias for justice, however, naive. Needs training in combat. Useless without her abilities. Makes smart decisions, but is easily provoked." Harriet's frown was deepening. She didn't know whether these were compliments or insults. "Harriet Lily Potter: Recommended. … Recommended for what?"

"It wasn't a highly voted subject for a kid to join the team, but even if we don't invite you along to save the world, you'll come anyway. So, welcome to The Avengers Initiative, Miss Potter."

Chapter End Notes

Even though I write this for my own entertainment, your kudos and comments (especially long comments) give me motivation to keep on writing!
Comments and kudos are appreciated.

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