... You Mispronounced Spider

Posted originally on the Archive of Our Own at http://archiveofourown.org/works/16325060.

Rating: Teen And Up Audiences
Archive Warning: Choose Not To Use Archive Warnings
Category: Gen
Relationship: Peter Parker & Tony Stark, Peter Parker & Harry Potter, Draco Malfoy & Peter Parker, Luna Lovegood/Peter Parker (Background)
Character: Peter Parker, Tony Stark, Harry Potter, Ron Weasley, Spider-Man, Iron Man, Hermione Granger, Rubeus Hagrid, Luna Lovegood, Blaise Zabini, OC Owls Vader and Leia
Additional Tags: Peter Parker is a wizard, Tony Stark is a muggle, Tony is a very confused muggle actually, But supportive none the less, no-maj, Peter is a proud Thunderbird, Triwizard Tournament, Some Irondad, Will Peter Punch a Dragon?? Probably, Adorable owls that I promises you'll fall in love with, romance is not a focus
Collections: Fics to reread
Stats: Published: 2018-10-30 Updated: 2019-09-28 Chapters: 11/? Words: 114397

... You Mispronounced Spider

by LlibLo

Summary

An ordinary accident leaves Peter Parker an orphan once again. The worst part was nothing could have prevented it, Aunt May was just in the wrong place at the wrong time. Little did Peter know that he had a godfather, and Peter was very shocked to find Tony FREAKING Stark, of all people, was filling out his adoption paper. Even more so to find out Tony already knew he was the web slinging Spider-Man... though that still only left one problem.

Tony had no idea Peter was a wizard.

OR

Peter's just the average student wizard who loses his last remaining family member. Oddly enough his #1 no-maj idol turns out to be his godfather and soon circumstances bring him to Hogwarts along with the bizarre twist of fate that lead his name being placed in the goblet of fire. Outrage rang out through the schools as not one, but two underage wizards were picked to represent Hogwarts in the Triwizard Tournaments. Peter never expected to be held in the lime light next to the famous 'Boy Who Lived.' Tony was only just getting used to the fact that his adopted spider-son was a wizard, now he had new worries for the kid as he participated in the deadly challenges of the tournament.

(Btw Peter may or may not punch a dragon)
Ready for the crossover you never knew you wanted?? Lol anyways I kinda need to state a few facts before we start so there's no confusion.

-Civil war did happen, Peter just wasn't invited despite being known about by Tony.
-Homecoming didn't happen, but this sorta takes the place of it.
-Throw timelines out the window because were going to fit everything together like a mismatched puzzle set, don't know how it's going to work yet but just keep that in mind. I'll try to fit thing together best I can, though, I shouldn't have to much trouble unless I decide to wright a squeal.
-Peter is an American wizard so remember no-maj means muggles.
-Spidey sense mixed with magic makes Peter kinda psychic. Or as the wizarding world calls them Legilimens

That's about it, enjoy.
Chapter 1

Peter was still in shock as he stared down at his untied shoes. The laces were neglected and laid across the floor haphazardly, but Peter couldn't find the will to tie them.

When he received the news, he'd rushed to the hospital as fast as he could. So fast, in fact, that he still had part of his homemade Spider-Man suit still on. Now, it lay hidden under black sweats and a gray hoodie he managed to throw on.

His mind was empty, yet noisy and uncooperative at the same time. Still, he had to focus despite the difficulty. If he wasn't careful, his emotions could trigger an eruption of magic he had no hopes of controlling. It would be devastating to the already vulnerable no-majs. That was currently the only motivation he had to keep himself from breaking down right there in the hospital hallway.

He wished he had his wand, at least then he'd have somewhere to point the magic if it exploded.

But no, students were required to keep their wands at school over the summer breaks. That stupid school and the stupid government and the stupid wand permit you couldn't get till you were 17. If he had his wand...

Peter let out a shaky sigh.

If he had his wand... he still wouldn't be able to save her.

Peter's attention was suddenly drawn away from his shoelaces, which had been his main focus for the past thirty minutes, by the light clicking of heels against the tiled floor in the dim hallway.

"Mr. Parker?" The woman said in a soft voice.

He didn't remember commanding his head to look up at her, but his body responded anyways. There was a small hope that she'd at least be someone from MACUSA (The Magical Congress of the United States of America), but one look at her and his spidey sense told him she was just another no-maj. That terrified him.

It's not that he wasn't used to the no-maj world, he'd grown up in it and was very familiar with it, it was just there were always so many rules and restrictions when dealing with them. The wizarding world of America had little to no contact with no-majs if it could be helped, so what would it mean for Peter if he ended up in the no-maj adoption service? How would he get to school? Would he be stuck on the wrong side of the two worlds forever? Even if he could get to his owl, who was he even supposed to contact in situations like this?

Peter's brain kept spinning with panic and the woman seemed to pick up on it, she knelt down in front of him and put a hand over his.

"Peter?" She said in a more gentle tone. "My name is Sally Yale, I'm the social worker assigned to your case. I'm sorry... but I have to ask, is there anyone you can contact?" Peter's spider sense told him she already knew the answer, but even without the sense, he could see it in her eyes.

Peter slowly shook his head. "No one," he finally choked out. He clenched his fists and she pulled her hand away.
Hospitals were definitely his least favorite place, but he had to be here. There was no way he was leaving that kid alone, not when he could do something about it.

He loosely put his hands into the pockets of his jeans as he approached the reception desk. "Excuse me, I'm looking for a Mr. Peter Parker? He was in here with a May Parker"

The receptionist made a small noise in the back of her throat acknowledging that she knew he was there even though she was currently focused on the computer. "I'm sorry, sir, but visiting hours are-" She glanced up at him and had to do a double take. She blinked at him wide eyed, "Tony Stark?"

"Yup, now can you tell me where Peter is?" He asked quickly, he was already a little impatient, but it was mostly because he was on a time limit. If Tony couldn't find Peter or the social worker for his case in time, the poor kid could get swept up in the system for the night. Peter didn't deserve that.

The woman gave him a confused look.

"Kid, midish teens, Aunt was just killed in a car accident? She was brought in earlier tonight with a few others..." He trailed off prompting her to react.

She seemed to have to shake her head slightly before speaking, "If he was still here then he'd be in the waiting room by the emergency entrance on the other side of the build."

Tony disappeared down the hallway behind her before she could finish.

"Peter, I need you to come with me ok?" Ms. Yale said,

Peter was standing now, he didn't even remember following through with the action. He wasn't even sure what she said, all he could think of now was whether or not he might trip on his shoelaces.

"We have a place for you to stay tonight, but we'll need to go to your house first, get you clothes for the night" She continued

Peter nodded, yet another command he didn't actively make. It almost felt like he was on autopilot. He suddenly noticed another presence in the hallway but he was looking down at his shoelaces again, debating whether or not he should tie them. He didn't listen to the conversation between the social worker and the other but there was one word that suddenly snapped him out of his daze.

"I'm his godfather," the man claimed, something was strikingly familiar about his voice, and it forced Peter to look up.

"Tony Stark is my godfather?" Peter finally spoke up. He looked at the man with wide eyes, he never thought he'd see his idol standing in front of him, let alone have the man claim he's his godfather. A part of him questioned for a moment whether or not the man was a wizard, but his spidey sense immediately confirmed the man was a no-maj.

"Yup, chosen by your parents and everything" Tony said with a faint smile.

"Mr. Stark, I can't just hand this child over to you." Ms. Yale said as she crossed her arms.
"I have all the proper paperwork," Tony said, but paused as if waiting for something. He frowned and then did a 180 to look down the hall behind him.

Peter's sensitive hearing picked up the faint clicking of heels; soon enough, a woman appeared from behind the corner with a scowl directed at Tony when she spotted him. She held a few files in her arms.

"Ah, there they are," he looked back at Ms. Yale, "Ms. Potts will be giving you the proper paperwork, and I assure you I have proof of contact with them as well as their wills with their statements saying I'm his godfather."

Ms. Yale just looked at him, "We'll see, Mr. Stark," she started walking towards Pepper.

Tony looked back at Peter. "Hey kid," he smiled.

"Hi?" Peter replied. He wasn't exactly sure what was going on, none of this was making much sense. He already knew very little about his parents then all of a sudden it turned out that they knew Tony Stark well enough to name him Peter's godfather?

Tony's smile faltered slightly and he reached his hand up to rub the back of his neck. "I know this is a lot to take in..."

"Tell me about it," Peter said quietly his eyes fell to the ground just at Tony's feet.

There was only silence between them, the only sounds in the halls were the two women talking over the paperwork.

After what felt like hours but was probably only a minute Tony let out a sigh. Then without warning, he pulled Peter into a hug.

Peter was surprised at first but noticed Tony gave him enough time to pull away before his arms were completely wrapped around him.

Peter just stood there frozen for a moment, but the lifted his arms up wrapping them around Tony, his hands holding tightly onto the fabric on the back of the man's blazer. Peter didn't realize how much he needed a hug.

After a long moment Tony was the one to break the silence. "I know kid… I know," he rested his chin on Peter's head as he rubbed his back.

Peter was confused for a moment but then realized he'd started crying; when exactly, Peter couldn't tell you. But the relief that his magic wasn't going to lose control made him cry a little more. He buried his head in the man's chest and sobbed quietly.

He tried to ignore when his sensitive hearing picked up the subtle noise of the fluorescent lights over head going up an octave as Peter's magic charged the air.

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The woman Tony had called Pepper was very efficient when it came to paperwork. Peter suspected the social worker was just glad Peter had somewhere to go since his previous situation had been up in the air.
Tony had to sign four different papers, he almost did it without reading them at all, but Pepper stopped him each time so she could examine the agreements.

During this, Peter sat in the waiting chair he was in before, but this time with Tony next to him. He felt a lot better after but his chest still hurt from the loss, at least he no longer had to worry about his magic exploding.

Once all the paperwork required that night was signed Peter was lead to a black car with tinted windows. Pepper got in the front while Peter and Tony sat in the back. The man who was driving was called Happy.

And then it hit him.

He was in the same car as Tony FREAKING Stark!!

... Oh my god, he just cried on Tony Stark's shirt.

Peter went rigid with embarrassment. "Mr. Stark I am so sorry about messing up your shirt," Peter glanced down at the man's clothes and realized it was an ACDC t-shirt, it was strange how the man made the casual wear look professional.

"Don't sweat it, kid." He paused for a moment. "And call me Tony."

Peter's eyes went a little wide causing Tony to let out a small laugh.

"Might as well," he continued, "You're going to be sticking with me from now on, I think it'd be awkward if we weren't on a first name basis"

Peter slowly nodded.

The drive didn't take too long but Peter hadn't realized they were heading to his apartment building until they stopped in front of it. Peter couldn't help but look confused, he grew even more so when Tony stepped out of the car. Peter felt he had no choice but to follow.

"Um.. Mr. Stark?"

"Tony," The man quickly corrected.

"Right, Tony... um, what are we doing here?" Peter suddenly got a little nervous.

Was Tony going to drop him off and leave? The guy was probably very busy and didn't expect to need to care for a teenager, but if he was leaving him here why was Tony walking to the front door?

The man stood there and looked back at Peter.

"You coming?" He asked as he raised an eyebrow.

"Where?"

"... Into your apartment, you got to grab some stuff to hold you over for a few days," Tony explained.

"Oh, right" Peter cursed at himself for asking such stupid questions. His worry from before fell away. So far, it looked like Tony was serious about keeping Peter around. He walked up the short steps and pulled out his house keys as he opened the front door.
Soon they were up the elevator and into Peter's apartment. It was strange how nothing changed.

Peter spotted Aunt May's book sitting on the coffee table, the bookmark stuck out on the last pages she read. Peter just stared for a moment, he didn't snap out of it till a hand was placed on his shoulder.

"You alright there, kid?" Tony asked gently. Peter just looked back at him with a small nod before he pulled away heading towards his room, if first priority was changing out of the spider costume.

"I'm going to change real quick, then I'll grab a bag" Peter said as he closed his bedroom door. He didn't wait for an answer.

It took only a few minutes and he then opened his door with a backpack full of clothes on his shoulder and a large cage with a brown short eared owl in it, this was going to be a little hard to explain but he wasn't just going to leave his beloved pet on its own. He hoped Tony didn't mind.

Tony turned to face Peter but his eyes were immediately drawn to the cage. The owl gave a hoot to greet the man.

"You have... an owl?" He said a little surprised.

"Her name is Leia. I hope you don't mind" Peter said hesitantly.

"No it, um.. Sure yeah, it's fine. Just didn't know you had an owl." He gave a small laugh. "Like, who has an owl in New York, don't you need a permit for that?"

"Technically?" Peter said as he set the cage beside his feet.

"Ha! A little rebellious aren't we?" Stark laughed.

Peter just shrugged, he couldn't exactly tell him that the owl was meant for mail delivery. Ben and May got it for him after his first year at school, Leia helped him keep up with the two friends he made while on summer break.

Peter didn't realize silence fell between them until Tony spoke again.

"So kid, what were those things on your wrists?" He asked looking at Peter with a knowing smile.

Peter just froze, the man was referring to the web shooters, and his Spidey sense told Peter Tony already knew one of his secrets.

Peter just looked at him for a moment before speaking. "How did you know?" He asked.

Tony looked a bit taken back by Peter's directness, he was probably expecting the kid to deny it or even make an excuse. Peter didn't really have the energy for that, and there was no use arguing with the man who had already figured out his identity.

"I've been keeping an eye on you since I heard about your uncle," Tony said cautiously.

"Oh," Peter looked relieved and a little surprised, again, not exactly the reaction Tony was expecting since most don't take to kindly to being watched. Pete was just glad the genius only figured out he was Spider-Man and not the fact he was a wizard. Then Peter furrowed his brow in a confused look. "If you knew about me for so long why haven't you said anything?" Peter asked.

"That... is an excellent question," he strolled over to the kitchen counter and picked up one of the fake apples in a fruit bowl. "After your parents died and you were sent to live with your aunt and
uncle, I thought it was better to stay out of your life. You didn't need to be bombarded with the press when someone finally leaked the news that I was regularly visiting," Stark looked down at the apple with an almost sad expression. Peter's spider sense picked up something, but it was jumbled and hard to decipher. It might have been something along the lines of longing, maybe regret? Either way Peter could tell that Tony wished they’d met sooner.

Feeling the need to comfort the man in some why Peter spoke up, "Well, I'm glad you're here now." But he couldn't stop himself from continuing. "I didn't think I'd have anyone left..." His eyes fell to the floor.

Tony put the fake fruit back into the decorative bowl before taking a few steps towards Peter and placing a hand on his shoulder. "Well, good news. I'm not going anywhere" With that he pulled Peter into another hug.

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"Bad news, kid. I've got to go to Europe" Tony said looking annoyed at the announcement.

It had been almost two months since the car crash and within that time the two had grown pretty close. Peter would spend a lot of time in the workshop with Tony. It started with just observing and asking questions and soon it evolved into actually helping build and design upgrades, not just for the Tony's suits but other projects, and an upgraded suit for Peter. He was even secretly coming up with theories about how he could make tech function in magical places like his school, Ilvermorny.

Peter could tell Tony was excited to have a science buddy in the shop with him. (Just because Peter was a wizard didn't mean he couldn't enjoy the awesomeness of science!)

Peter was sitting in the living room of one of the penthouses Tony owned around the city, this one in particular was smaller than the others but made up for it in the size of the workshop. Peter sat up from the couch and closed the book he was reading, *Fantastic Beasts and Where to Find Them* By Newt Scamander, Peter had been reading the book for a week now but assumed Tony though it was fiction writing, little did he know it was actually one of his text books for school.

"Why?" Peter asked, within the month Peter could tell that Tony was spending as much time as he could with Peter, he even overheard a few conversations with Pepper where he blew off what sounded like important meetings. So now, with the news that Tony might be leaving for while, it made Peter a little nervous of not being able to see the man as much.

"The UN wants Iron Man over there for the rest of the summer, something about keeping relations up between the US and Europe." He was pinching the bridge of his nose, Peter could tell there was more to the situation then what Tony was saying.

"Oh..."

"Hey, Pete, you're going with me. I'm not gonna just leave you behind" Tony said as he walked into the kitchen that overlooked the living room. He pulled a glass from the shelf and filled it with water.

Peter felt his shoulders relax at the news.

"The only problem is I don't know how that's going to affect you when school start. I don't want to send you back over here by yourself if my stay gets extended"

Right, school. Peter really needs to get around to telling Tony he's a wizard but it was kind of illegal to do that in America.
"You don't know if it'll get extended yet." Peter shrugged. "When are we leaving?" He asked.

"Next week, I told them I had a few things to wrap up at the Industry, but I didn't want to spring the news on you so short notice. They wanted me to leave tomorrow" Tony grumbled then practically chugged the glass of water.

"Thanks, that would have been kinda... disorienting" Peter stood up with his book in hand. It had taken him this long to get only sorta comfortable with the extravagant life Tony was used to, and Peter could tell Tony was toning down that part of his lifestyle for Peter. It made him feel warm inside, something Peter didn't expect he would feel again after he heard the news of May.

"Anything for you, kid." Tony smiled but it then turned sly "Plus I love seeing them squirm when they don't get their way"

Both of them laughed as Peter passed through the kitchen. "No wonder they hate you," Peter said while shaking his head. He walked through to the entrance of the hall that lead to the bedrooms. "I'll be in my room," Peter called "I've got summer reading I need to catch up on"

"Don't get a paper cut," Tony replied as he busied himself with emails that FRIDAY was projecting onto the kitchen counter.

Peter closed his bedroom door then tossed his book onto his bed when he got to his room. He walked over to the desk that was set up on one wall of the room and pulled out a pen and paper, he thought it was smart to ask someone about the legality of telling a no-maj about magic. At school they kinda drilled in the rule that you shouldn't tell a no-maj anything no matter what the circumstances, Peter thought his case might be an exception but this wasn't exactly something you could google. Luckily he knew just the friend to ask... but unfortunately that meant he had to tell them what happened. He wasn't sure if he was ready for that, but would he ever be?

MJ,

I know I haven't written you or Ned all summer but a lot had happened.

It's May, she was killed in a car accident last June.

Yeah, it sucks but honestly it hasn't been as bad as it could have been. I was almost sent into no-maj child services but I was adopted by my godfather, who apparently was good friends with my parents. The only problem is he's a no-maj and I don't exactly know about telling him I'm a wizard, let alone if that's even legal. Not to mention I don't even have my wand to prove it and the only wandless magic I know might not be compelling enough. He might try to explain it off as some kind of trick.

I know I should have contacted you guys sooner and I'm kinda running out of time. Please reply as soon as you get this, I'm leaving for Europe next week because my godfather has to be there for business for the rest of the summer. I'm not comfortable with sending Leia to fly overseas.

-Peter

*****

Peter,

I'm so sorry to hear about your aunt, if there's anything I can do for you just name it. Ned says the same.
Now, as for your no-maj problem, you are allowed to tell them if their close family and since you godfather is now your adoptive father there shouldn't be any consequences. Plus if you tell him while your in Europe then it shouldn't even matter, the rules there are more way more lax. As for proof, since you don't know any flashy wandless spells, I suggest instead you bring him to a magic shopping area while you're in Europe, there should be enough proof there to convince him if the way you get there doesn't (Us and our dramatic magical entrances). I'll send you a tourist guide map with my next letter, but you have to tell me what city you're going to so I can get it.

Also don't think I didn't notice how you avoided naming your godfather. I know he's a no-maj but that's hardly a reason to avoid it... unless he's someone famous? Then I'd understand a little more of your worry, if he's untrustworthy you can threaten him with obliviate (just don't tell him you'd need your wand.)

With that out of the way, I expect a full report on how this guy is treating you. There's a gnarly jinx I've been working on and I wouldn't hesitate to use him as a test dummy if need be.

P.S WORK ON YOUR WANDLESS MAGIC!! I swear, only knowing a shield spell and Accio is not going to cut it.

-MJ

******

MJ,

I really appreciate you guys offering to help but right now I'm doing alright, considering.

And thanks for the info, I'm revealed I won't get arrested. I've seen enough prison tv shows to not want to go to no-maj prison, I'd hate to know what wizarding prison looks like, but to play it safe I'll tell him in Europe since the wizarding areas are probably more no-maj friendly anyways.

But yeah, anyways, about by godfather... I know you are pretty knowledgeable about wizarding and no-maj culture (With how much you know it doesn't surprise me that the horned serpent picked you during the sorting ceremony) so you're definitely going to know who he is, well even if you didn't know so much you’d still probably know who he is now that I'm thinking about it. I'm going to stop stalling now and just tell you... It's Tony Stark. Yup, kinda couldn't believe it at first either. Iron Man is now my adopted father. I'm still trying to wrap my head around it. I can already tell Ned is going to faint when he finds out I wish I could be there to see that!

Tony told me we'll be going to London, something about UN meetings but I don't know much of the detailed. So for the tourist map send me one for there, I have no idea where I'd get one otherwise.

I've never felt so separated from the wizarding world until now, I know I've always been kinda distant from it during the summer months with May and Ben but even as squibs they could still take me places. Without them it feels like someone locked the door, it makes be hate how separate the worlds are.

But enough of me being angsty.

Tony's been cool so you can hold off on the jinx testing. In fact he's been pretty awesome with all this. He blew off some important meetings to hang out with me and he lets me help him tinker with the Iron Man suits in his shop, he even encouraged me to start my own projects. I've been coming up with theories to let no-maj tech be used in magically saturated environments but I haven't been able to test anything yet. I do have a few prototypes made that I'm going to test out when I get to
school, can't wait for that!

P.S How was I supposed to know wandless magic would be ridiculously hard to learn. I was only a first year when we made the deal!

-Peter

*****

Peter,

You were right, Ned totally fainted.

I'm currently writing over his body.

But yeah, now that I know the no-maj you're going to tell about magic you're definitely going to need more than your wandless magic skills.

So, Tony Stark eh? I'm suspicious of him, I won't be able to trust him till I meet him and even then I probably won't. But I trust your judgment (mostly) so that will have to do for now.

Leia should have the map for you, I hope you have fun in London. I'd suggest you visit Gringott's bank I hear the place has underground vaults with a roller coaster. Get me pictures!

Ned just woke up, he says hi.

Just told him Stark lets you work on the Iron Man suits... he's out again.

P.S You deserve to be a little angsty every now and then.

-Mj

*****

MJ,

Thanks so much for the map! This thing is so cool! I can't wait to use it in London.

This will be my last letter to you guys since we're leaving the day after tomorrow, I don't want to make Leia fly too much more. Make sure to give her owl treats when she gets to your house. I'm not able to get the ones she likes so I hope yours will do.

I'll see you guys when school starts.

-Peter

*****

Peter,

We wish you luck on convincing the die hard no-maj science guy that magic exists.

Also I made sure to get Leia her favorite owl treats. 10/10 hoots were given.

MJ and Ned (Because he was awake this time)

Peter smiled down at the letter.
"Pete, let's hit the road" Tony called from the living room.

"Coming!" Peter replied before quickly shoving the letter into the front pouch of his backpack with the others he'd received from his friends. Leia had promptly jumped into her cage after arriving only moments ago then seemed to fall asleep immediately. Peter affectionately stroked her chest before closing the cage. She was probably the best owl Peter could ask for, she'd been flying letters back and forth nonstop for almost a week just so Peter could have a quick conversation with his only two friends.

He slung his bag over his shoulder and picked up Leia's cage before carrying it into the living room where Tony was waiting by the elevator.

"Alright, ready."

"Well, look who's back. I'm guessing you got a letter from your friends?" Tony said as he looked down at the sleeping owl.

Peter wouldn't have originally told Tony about the letters, mostly because it's not entirely normal to send letters via owl, but one evening she had shown up on the balcony while Peter and Tony where watching a movie. He couldn't just ignore her and Tony had already noticed her tapping on the window. He was able to chock it up to a thing he and his friends do... use illegally owned owls to send letters to each other. Yup, totally a normal teenage thing to do.

"Yeah, just their goodbye and telling me to have fun in London with you" Peter said as he and Tony stepped into the elevator. "Also MJ said that Ned fainted when he found out who my adoptive dad was"

Tony let out a small laugh, "I'd love to meet your friend in person, how about we schedule something when we get back to the states?"

"Um... yeah, ok yeah that would be cool" Peter said with a small smile. By that point Tony will know about wizards, so it shouldn't be that bad.

"Can't wait to meet them" Tony said, Peter's spidey sense told him the man is just as excited about the idea.

*****

Peter had never been on a plane before, the only thing he's flown on is a broom but never this high. He was excited but nervous, there was some unexpected turbulence causing the plane to shake. After Peter visibly tensed up Tony gave a playful laugh before reassuring him it was normal.

After they landed, they were taken to a hotel room that could have easily passed as an apartment. Peter went off to look through every room before getting back to the living room finding all their stuff waiting there. Peter took his bags to the room he decided was his.

"So kid, want to take a walk around town before I have to go to my meeting this afternoon?" Tony asked as he leaned against Peter's door frame.

Peter was currently placing Leia's cage on the desk near the balcony door. He could tell she was getting restless but they both knew he couldn't let her out till night. "That would be cool... can we
maybe grab something to eat? I'm starving"

"We ate two hours ago, but I guess a super metabolism will do that to you," He frowned for a moment "We need to find a way to test what your calorie intake needs to be, I'd hate to find out I've been underfeeding you"

"Don't worry about it Tony, I'll just eat when I get hungry" Peter said with a shrug.

Tony raised an eyebrow, "You seem pretty reserved when eating, kid"

"That's just because I'm used to a different budget" Peter said hesitantly. He couldn't help but feel kinda guilty for not getting used to what endless amounts of money feels like.

Tony just gave an understanding nod before saying "Well, let's go get you something to eat then, we can go local but if you're not feeling adventurous we can find a Mcdonald's, those things are everywhere."

"I didn't know Tony Stark ate such common food" Peter teased.

"Don't give me that, you saw me practically inhale the pizza we had last week" Tony said pointing at Peter.

"And I will be forever scarred," Peter pretended to shudder.

Tony walked over putting Peter into a headlock as he ruffled his hair. "Come on, let's go you little punk" Tony started pulling Peter out of his room.

Peter just laughed and complained as he pretended to struggle, but they both knew Peter could easily escape.

Once out on the streets Peter was kind of taken back by how much Wizards and no-majs interacted in the streets. It was by no means obvious or drastic but there were a lot of places he could feel the faint trace of magic in the air, not to mention he saw a few witches and wizards walking around in robes and pointy hats. No one seemed to really notice, well except for Tony. He made a few comments about how there wasn't as much questionable fashion trends last time he was in London. This made Peter wonder if he was the reason Tony was suddenly seeing a glimpse into the magic community.

When they got back to the hotel Tony had to leave, he told Peter that he could explore the area if he wanted, said that FRIDAY would be keeping a close eye on him if he did, and was very clear about keeping his phone with him and handed it to Peter.

"I've been meaning to give you this, go crazy with it... but not too crazy. I don't want you getting any alcohol with it, but I know you're a good kid, so you wouldn't do that. No more owls either, Leia's great and all but it's one of those 'one is more than enough' kinda things. I'm not even sure if you can buy an owl around here, I wouldn't be surprised if you somehow managed it though," Tony cleared his throat realizing he was rambling. "... Just don't worry about using it, I promise whatever you want to get won't break the bank. Just no owls, or booz"

Peter just looked at it for a moment before taking the card from Tony. "Thanks," Peter smiled up at the older man.

Tony then put his hand on Peter's should, Peter didn't need his spidey sense to see that Tony was
unsure whether to hug him or not. Peter decided to make the first move. In one sudden movement he had his arms wrapped around Tony, Tony hesitated from surprise before reciprocating the embrace.

"I'll be back this evening, don't get into too much trouble"

"I was going to say the same to you" Petter joked.

Tony let out a small laugh. "And I know you brought the suit, but I suggest you don't use it right away. I want you to settle in before you do your spider thing"

Peter sighed "Fine, but you have to promise not to be a total jerk to the government before you settle in"

"I'll do my best" Tony said as he pulled away. He ruffled Peter's hair before walking to the door. "See ya, kid. Call me if you need anything, I'd love an excuse to get away from those asshats at the UN"

"I'll keep that in mind"

With that Peter watched as Tony walked out the door. He stood there a moment trying to decide what to do, he quickly decided that it was the perfect time to find a part of the wizarding world to show as proof for Tony. Peter grabbed his bag from his room and pulled out the tourist map MJ gave him. Opening it up the paper showed their current location along with a few tidbits of information. There were a few highlighted areas on the map that were shown to be wizarding areas, there was one not too far from the hotel called the Leaky Cauldron, apparently it was connected to an area called Diagon Alley. The map told him it was a hot spot for students to get their supplies as well as one of the largest wizarding shopping districts around. That sounded perfect, he didn't want to take Tony anywhere sketchy that would leave a bad first impression. Still Peter didn't want to go in there blind, he'll need to check the place out for himself.

Peter gathered his bag stuffing a large bag of dragots (American wizarding curacy), along with a few other items he might need including his suit, who knows if he'd need it but he didn't plan on using it.

With the map in hand Peter made his way out of the hotel and into the streets. It took him about an hour to find the place, since Peter wasn't exactly used to the area, but he did it nonetheless.

Looking up at the old wooden building Peter could just feel the magic with his spidey sense, if was nice to finally have the familiar feeling surround him again. Peter pulled out his phone looking down at it, FRIDAY was not going to like this, if Peter went in there then to her eye it would be like he dropped off the map since the GPS in his phone wouldn't registered the location. If she notified Tony before he could fully scope the place out then it would ruin his plan.

Peter cleared his throat "Hey, Friday?"

<Yes, Peter?> The A.I. answered with a Irish accent.

"Can you keep a secret from Tony for me?" He asked already knowing what the answer would be.

There was a pause <I'm not permitted to withhold information from Mr. Stark>

"What if I promise to tell him? It's just, there's this really big thing about me that he needs to know but I don't think he'll believe without proof."
"When will you tell him?" She asked.

"Tomorrow? Maybe the next day, I'm not sure it just depends on when I get the right proof. And I need to get the right proof, if I don't I'm afraid of what he might do. If I don't do this right, what if it makes him not want me anymore?" Peter hadn't thought of that until he actually said it. He was suddenly very worried.

"Peter, I'm sure whatever it is, Mr. Stark would never abandon you. I don't think you realize it but he's gone to great lengths to make sure you're allowed to stay with him> FRIDAY's tone was gentle and strangely made Peter calm down a little. <I will allow this information to be delayed, but I will not withhold it from him>

Peter sighed with relief "Ok, thanks Friday. I promise he'll definitely know by the time school starts for me, so there's your time limit. Is that ok?"

"For now it is acceptable> The A.I replied.

"Now that we got that settled, you're really going to hate this next part. I'm going into this place but it will cause my phone to glitch out and you won't be able to track my GPS" Peter looked down at his phone waiting for some kind of response.

"I have concerns> Friday said after a long pause of silence.

"I promise I won’t be long, 30 minutes tops. So like, don't freak out until ok? I'm just going to take a quick look around and if I need more time I'll come right back out here and tell you" Peter could practically hear the A.I sigh in the silence.

"Thank you so much Friday" Peter grinned "I'll be right back," he put his phone back into his pocket and approached the door with a metal sign hanging above it with a witch stirring a large cauldron.

Once he pushed opened the door he was greeted with a dingy but welcoming atmosphere. There were all sorts of witches and wizards scattered around the small room, but despite its size it felt in no way crowded. He slowly walked through the room making sure not to bump into anyone but at the same time taking in the atmosphere.

"Ye look a little lost there, boy" Said very, very, large man with dark long hair that seemed to connect to his beard practically covering his face.

A little taken back by the shear size of the man Peter stumbled with his words. "well, I, Um..."
Falling back on his spidey sense Peter got no bad intent coming from the wizard in front of him. So he did the only thing he could think of and held out his hand. "My name is Peter Parker"

The large man looked him over for a moment and his eye scrunched up as he smiled "Rubeus Hagrid, gamekeeper, and keeper of the keys and grounds at Hogwarts School of Witchcraft and Wizardry." He took Peter's hand in what might have been a crushing grip but with his spider strength he returned with an equally strong grasp. "Blimey, that's quite the grip ya got there"

"Right back at you" Peter said, he was glad to meet someone from the local wizarding school and he seemed friendly enough.

"You obviously ain't from around here, and without any parents no less. Hope ya aren't lookin' for trouble" Hagrid asked pulling his hand away, Peter did the same.
Actually kinda the opposite, I'm trying to fix some of my troubles." Peter paused for a moment.
"Maybe you can help me?" Peter said hesitantly but quickly added "If it's not too much to ask! It totally cool if you don't want to"

"I see no harm in listenin' before I decide," Hagrid replied, he then motioned to the bar stool next to him. Peter took the invite and climbed up onto it.

"Ok... Well," Peter looked down at the dark wood of the bar as he nervously picked at the corner of the counter. He debated how much Hagrid needed to know before continuing. "I was recently adopted by a no-maj-"

"A no-maj?" Hagrid asked.

"You know, nonmagic people," Peter said looking over with a confused look.

Hagrid nodded immediately understanding, "here we call em muggles"

"Well like I was saying he's a.. muggle" Peter said testing out the word, it felt strange on his tongue. "but he doesn't know I'm a wizard, and I don't really have any way of proving what I am since my school makes us keep our wands there during the breaks and he's not the kind of guy that would just believe this kind of thing without proof but I really don't want to keep this a secret from him since it's such an important part of my life and he's becoming an important part of my life, and I have no idea how I'd even hide the fact from him since I still need to gather school supplies for next year but I can’t exactly do it myself and-" Peter realized he started rambling and forced himself to stop, he looked up at Hagrid after his eyes drifted to the wooden bar in front of them. "So, um, yeah, that's my problem"

"That doesn't sound too difficult to fix, you can bring em to diagon alley. Plenty a magic stuff there, plus the way to get there’s got magic," Hagrid said with a small wave of his hand.

"Yeah, but it has to be perfect, if it doesn't look safe enough or looks threatening I'm not sure he'll like it. I hear this stuff scares the no-majs and I don't want him to freak out, and it doesn't exactly help that he's kinda the type to be suspicious of something until proven otherwise. Plus I have no familiarity with this place so I wouldn't even know where to start" Peter sighed.

"Well ya said ya need help and I don't mind helpin', If ya'd like I can be here when you bring em," Peter's eyes widened as he snapped his head to look over at Hagrid, "Really? I mean we just met, I would hate to be a bother."

"Nonsense!" Hagrid boomed "I always do enjoy that look on a muggle’s face when seein’ magic for the first time, it would be my pleasure. Now what's yer dad's name? I want to be polite like when we meet."

"Oh, um" Peter hesitated. "Tony Stark." He braced himself for the reaction.

"By Merlin's beard, Iron Man seeing the wizarding world? Now that’ll be a show!" Hagrid laughed, his words turned a few heads and people started to mumble.

"Good, I'm so glad you’re cool with this. So when do you want to do this? Tomorrow?" Peter asked hopefully.

Hagrid though for a moment, "Depends on the time. The headmaster has a few things that he needs me tendin' to at the school"
Peter nodded understandingly, "Of course, I'll need to call him first. But I gotta do it outside since my phone doesn't work in here" Peter already had his phone out and gestured to it.

Hagrid waved him off "Take yer time, I ain't goin' anywhere" He took a drink of the large mug Peter just now noticed sitting in front of him.

Peter took off out the door, once he was out he took a few steps away from the building.

"Hey Friday, everything alright?" He asked, he didn't think he went over the time but he had been in there while.

<You were cutting it close, Peter>

"Sorry... if it makes you feel better I plan on telling him tomorrow"

<There is some relief in that, I do not like delaying information from Mr. Stark> She finally said.

Peter smiled, "Can you call him for me please? I need ask about something"

FRIDAY didn't reply but the phone went to the call screen with Tony's name on the ID. It picked up on the third ring.

"Hey, kiddo. What's up?"

"You said you wanted me to give you an excuse, did it work?" Peter asked.

"Like a charm, you should have seen their faces when I said my son was calling. They were stuck between disbelief and shock, I'll make sure Friday sends you the video" Peter could hear the grin in Tony's voice, but he was still caught up on the fact Tony referred to him as his son.

Peter almost forgot to respond, "Can't wait to see it... but hey, do you have any meetings tomorrow? I kinda want to show you something"

"Yeah, I got one in the morning but I'll be free all afternoon," Peter could tell Tony was a little suspicious.

"Ok cool, that was all, I'll let you get back to your boring meeting." Peter said quickly.

"Don't remind me. It's like nails on a chalkboard in there. I'll see you later, Pete."

"See ya" With that Tony ended the call and Peter was left looking at the blank screen.

"Friday, I got to go back in there. Same drill ok?"

<Ok> She confirmed.

Peter rushed into the Leaky Cauldron and found Hagrid in the same spot as before if not with a slightly lighter mug.

"He told me he won't be busy all afternoon, so what time works for you?" Peter asked.

Hagrid looked over at him before taking a sip of his drink in thought. "How's 4 sound?"

"Totally works" Peter said excellently, things where starting to come together. "I've actually got to go, I've probably been out longer the I should, but I'll see you tomorrow. And thanks again, you have no idea how much this means to me."
"Happy to help," Hagrid said with a grin "Now get going, wouldn't want to get ya in trouble"

Peter said his goodbyes and was out the door of the tavern for the final time that day, he immediately started walking back to the hotel with a grin on his face.

******

While waiting for Tony to get back, Peter had taken a few naps (they weren't joking about jet lag) but made sure to be up around the time Tony opened the door to the hotel room. Peter could tell something was wrong as Tony closed the door a little harder than he should have, then immediately made a beeline for the mini bar. He was about to grab a scotch but forced his hand to divert and grabbed an orange juice instead. He opened the cap of the plastic bottle and started to drink a good portion of it before setting it down.

By then Peter found himself leaning against the opposite side of the counter as he watched the man. He really hoped whatever it was didn't upset his chances for tomorrow.

Tony let out a sigh, "They want me to stay till the end of the year." He finally said looking at the orange juice bottle.

"Oh..." Peter said quietly, did that mean he'd be sent back to the states without Tony? Despite knowing that school was coming up and he wouldn't have much contact with the man anyways, he still didn't want to be an ocean away from Tony.

"Peter, I don't want to pull you away from your friends, but.." Tony trailed off.

"I know," Peter huddled his arms close to himself and had one of his hands resting on his neck as he rubbed it nervously.

There was a long pause where neither spoke, Peter was the first to break it.

"I don't mind going to school here," He blurted out. He panicked a little on the inside, he didn't even know that was possible. He'd never even heard of a transfer student in wizarding schools.

"Really?" Tony asked, looking up at Peter. "I mean, I've been meaning to get a house here. Now would be as good a time as any. Hey, I'll have Friday pull up a list of schools you might like, if you see one that sticks out we can get a place near it so you don't have-"

"I can't go to those schools," Peter said quickly.

Tony raised an eyebrow "You haven't even looked at them Pete, I'm sure there's at least-"

"No, I promise there won't. I have to go to a... special school" Peter had no other way of saying it "Like the one I go to back home."

Tony just looked at him for a moment. "Yeah I've been meaning to ask, what exactly is the school you go to. I was looking up what was on your file and there's literally no information other then the name. There's no record of anything, have you even been going to school?" He questioned.

"Yes, I have I swear, It's just- It's complicated" Peter replied.

"Well uncomplicate it," Tony said suddenly, he then paused realizing how harsh that sounded. He let out a small sigh, "I just want to understand why your education looks so sketchy," He reverted to a softer tone.
"It's not easy to explain, I'm not- It wasn't- Ugh!" Peter huffed in frustration, his plan was getting kicked ahead sooner than he wanted it to. "I'm a wizard!" He said raising his voice.

Tony just stared at Peter in confusion. "Kid, I think you mispronounced spider" He finally said.

"No, I'm serious," Peter was almost begging. "I go to a wizarding school with other wizards and witches my age, and we learn about magic and history and stuff. The reason it looks so sketchy is because people like you are not supposed to know we exist"

"People like me?" Tony had his eyebrow raised again.

"People without magic, we call them no-majs. I'm telling the truth I really am, I just can't prove it to you right now," Peter was clutching his arms close to his person, he couldn't even force himself to make eye contact with Tony.

Tony was slowly moving to the other side of the counter. "Why not?" He was obviously very skeptical but Peter was glad he hadn't immediately thrown away the thought.

"Underage wizards aren't really supposed to use magic, and because the school keeps our wands over the breaks, it acts like a conduit. All witches and wizards have natural abilities of magic, it's just really difficult to use without it. But I had a plan, I was going to show it to you because I know you'd need proof... that's why I called you today. To know when you'd be free, I met a wizard who works at a wizarding school here. He said he'd help me show you, there was this tavern I was going to take you to at four"

"Right, going to a tavern to meet a wizard from a wizarding school at four," Tony thought it over for a moment. "Alright, sounds fun" Tony shrugged. "To be honest what you're saying is not too far fetched, considering I've met gods and aliens, it's just the whole secret society of wizards thing that's holding me up. I knew Doctor Strange was a wizard but-"

"He's not a wizard" Peter interrupted.

Tony gave him a funny look, "Have you met the guy? He kinda looks like a wizard to me, he's got all that magic and even a sentient cape." Tony was now standing next to Peter as he leaned over the counter.

"Yeah I have, and that's how I know. He's something else, there's a difference," Peter was still a little hesitant but his stance had relaxed slightly.

"Tell me about it then," Tony looked over at Peter with a curious expression. Peter could tell the older man still had doubts but he was glad Tony was at least was willing to listen.

Peter moved closer to Tony so he could sit on one of the bar stools just next to the counter. Tony shifted and did the same but after settling in he was still partly leaning over the counter.

"Witches and wizards are born with their magic, it's like a genetic trait, but Dr. Strange learned his magic. I don't know the full details but from what I know he doesn't have his own magic, instead he draws power from the world around him, those who do that are called sorcerers. Wizards usually aren't a big fan of people like that because they see it as stealing power."

"What about you?"

Peter just shrugged, "I mean yeah he's taking the power but I wouldn't call it stealing, he uses what he takes to protect the world. So I've always seen it like the police department giving a cop one of their guns to help protect people."
Tony just nodded, "So what about your school? Your file called it Ilvermorny."

Peter perked up, he always enjoyed talking about school so once he started he couldn't make himself stop.

He told Tony all about the four different houses at the school, even explained what the magic creatures representing them were. He then moved to the sorting process. He described his experience as he stood in the center of a large round room with the four statues of the house creatures looking down at him. He remembered waiting at least a minute longer than it should have taken for one of the statues to chose him, but suddenly three out of the four statues reacted. It was uncommon for two to react at once but three was pretty spectacular. Horned Serpent, Thunderbird, and the Pukwudgie statues were the ones to react, with the three options in front of him Peter remembered choosing the Thunderbird because of how cool the creature sounded. Despite his reasoning for picking it, Peter never regretted it. Peter then went on to explain what quidditch was, and how he was the seeker on his team, but the only reason he was so good at it was because he'd use his spidey sense and enhanced hearing to help locate the snitch.

"So what, you’re cheating?" Tony asked with an amused grin, they had moved to the couch at one point during the conversation and ordered room service, the tense atmosphere from before had completely dissipated.

"No, it's not really cheating... I'm just using my abilities to my advantage. But just because I find the snitch doesn't mean I win. The other team's seeker will notice me going after it and then it's a race of skill to see who gets it first, the snitch doesn't exactly want to be caught so it'd be doing it's best to stay away from us" Peter explained.

"Still sounds like cheating," He said with a knowing look. "But hey, your spider powers. Are those magic?" He asked.

Peter shook his head, "No, I thought it might have been, that maybe it was a jinx or a curse since it got me really sick at first. But after I got better I started looking into it, turns out it was just a genetically enhanced spider that was highly irradiated. I think when it bit me it would have done the same to a no-maj... well except for my spidey sense, I think it might have combined with my magic somehow."

"How so?"

"Well instead of just telling me danger and when to dodge, it also kinda lets me get a sense of what a person is thinking. Nothing complicated, can't tell you exact thoughts it's mostly feelings if anything, but I can sense their surface emotions or whether or not someone might be lying, and even if they have bad intentions or not. But it's not always on, I kinda have to use some focus to get a good reading, otherwise it’s like glancing at an image, easy to overlook and miss details" Peter wasn’t going to mention he wasn’t nearly as powerful as a natural born legilimen, a witch or wizard that can see into others minds.

"So could you tell what I’m thinking right now?" He asked as he sat up and faced Peter.

"Tony, it-"

"Come on just try it" Tony insisted.

Peter just looked at the older man before he positioned himself to sit cross legged on the couch as he faced Tony. He focused on Tony for a moment, like usual things were jumbled, but this was a unique quality of Tony for some reason. After a moment of deciphering Peter was a little surprised
of what he found. Support, understanding, and a deep caring for Peter that he hadn't noticed before. Probably because he never took the time to fully decipher the thoughts like he was now. There was also an underlying feel of skepticism but that was to be expected.

Tony must have noticed Peter's expression change, "What'd you find, kid?"

"Well, you mind's always going like 100 miles a minute so things get kinda jumbled" Tony looked a little smug at that comment but Peter chose to ignore it. "But, I can sense that you’re understanding and supportive, despite the fact that you are still very skeptical about all of this... and then.." He trailed off. He wasn't even sure how to put that last feeling into words without calling it love.

"And?" Tony said prompting Peter to continue.

"And you really care about... well, me."

"Course I do, Peter," The older man’s expression softened and Peter could feel the skepticism already start to lessen. "Wouldn't be hearing you out about all of this if I didn't" Tony then stood up and ruffled Peter's hair after glancing at the time. "But as much as I’ve been enjoying this talk, we should be getting to bed, we got a big day tomorrow, wizard tavern and everything"

"Yeah, ok" Peter nodded, he suddenly realized how tired he was.

Making his way into his room Peter slowly got ready for bed, he made sure to let Leia out before he fell into bed. When his head hit the pillow, he was asleep almost immediately.

Chapter End Notes

Boy, do I hope you enjoyed that. It was a lot of fun to right and I can't wait to get the next chapter up. I'm excited to get the ball rolling for this plot!

Let me know what you guys think! I'd love to hear your feedback, questions, and even critiques if you have any. Just drop the comment down below, I'm sure the internet owls will enjoy stretching their wings.
The next morning Peter woke to a strange weight on his head along with sharp taps on his forehead.

As Peter slowly opened his eyes, he squinted at very large curious eyes staring down at him.

"Leia?" He mumbled as his vision slowly focused. With the direction his window faced the newly rising sun was at the perfect position to shine directly in his eyes.

He slowly sat up and the small owl fluttered off Peter's head landing on the nearby bedpost, it was only then that he realized the owl had a letter in her beak. With his head still groggy from the sleep he glanced over at the balcony door noticing it was closed, he sat there confused, wondering how she managed to get back in. His thoughts were interrupted by the owl jumping onto his knee and shoving the letter at him.

"Ok, ok," he muttered as he took the letter that was now laying in his lap. After picking it up Leia seemed satisfied, she flew over to her open cage then perched on the platform inside as she nibbled at the food in her feeding bowl.

Peter took in a long breath as he stretched before opening the letter, well, looking at it now it was more of a note.

*Hey, Pete. Had to leave early and didn't want to wake you. Saw your owl on the balcony and decided to let it in.*

*Now I'm going to assume it's also some kind of wizard thing to use owls to send messages or is that just a weird teenage thing? Either way, I'm also assuming magic's involved because there's no way your owl should have known where you where when we were at the movies last week. So humor me and test my theory, send me a letter this morning. I want to see if your owl can find me.*

- T

"It sounds like he's playing hide and seek" Peter said with a dry laugh. He looked up at Leia who hooted in agreement. "What do you say? Accept the challenge?"

The small owl puffed out her chest with a proudful look as she hooted.

"I'll take that as a yes," Peter grinned as he crawled out of bed. He walked over to the desk near the wall and ripped off a paper from the hotel provided notepad and started to write.

*Tony,*

*Yes, magic is involved. From what I know owls have a natural affinity to magic and after being properly trained can deliver a letter to anyone without even an address. Though, MJ told me there are some spells that can keep an owl from finding you but I wouldn't know what they are.*
Anyways, if you're in a government meeting in some high level security area then she'll still find you. I doubt no-maj security can stop an owl from finding anyone.

-Peter

Peter folded the paper up and put it in an envelope he found in the desk. He wrote Tony's name on the front and handed it to Leia who was already waiting by the balcony door.

"Don't cause to much trouble. I don't want to hear you swooping into a room full of no-majs and freaking them out."

Leia rolled her eyes, but the motion included the movement of her whole head, as if to say 'she was a professional post owl and knew exactly what she was doing.' But after Peter opened the balcony door, the sly look she gave him before flying off told him 'but no harm in having a little fun on the job.'

Peter just sighed and shook his head with a small smile.

He couldn't stop the yawn from escaping as he closed the door and turned to face his room. He walked over to the end of his bed where a fancy fabric covered bench sat, with his bags settled on top. He dug through his suitcase finding the clothes he was going to wear for the day then made his way into the large bathroom that was between Tony and his room. He still couldn't get over the fact the shower had a waterfall mode. It was hard to believe he was in a hotel, it felt more like a luxury resort.

*****

"For the next thing on the agenda we're going to be discussing the possible whereabouts of fugitive leader Steve Rogers. There are reported sightings of him across Europe and Africa," Thaddeus Ross said to the UN council that set before him.

Tony sat somewhat in the middle of the room at a long table with a few other officials surrounding him, it vaguely reminded him of the trials he had to go through when the US government was demanding his Iron Man suit, except with notability less press coverage. He halfway zoned out at the mention of Steve's name.

"Mr. Stark," Ross said with an annoyed tone.

"Yes, dear?" Tony said with a sly grin. It was obvious he was getting on everyone's nerves but that's what they get for indirectly causing Peter to stress out.

"A little bit of professionalism would be appreciated," Ross sighed.

"Look, I've told you once and I'll tell you again. There's nothing I can do about the rogue Cap and friends, they know how to hide their tracks especially from me. And if they're going old school then there wouldn't be a digital trail to follow anyways. I'm the tech guy, not a blood hound," Tony waved a hand at his phone as if to emphasize the point.

"We still want to see you making an effort, because right now it looks like your just wasting our
"Oh, your time? Just because I passed on my CEO title doesn't mean I don't have a company to run, not to mention a number of other very important things I'd rather be doing," Tony couldn't help the sass that was seeping into his tone.

"And what-" Ross was interrupted by a small but noticeable tapping coming from the window. "What is that?" He said redirecting everyone’s attention to the window.

Tony immediately jumped up and walked over to the small window positioned at the far corner of the room. "That would be for me!"

He pulled the curtains back and revealed a small owl. Confused whispers broke out through the room.

"Does this window even open?" Tony asked no one in particular, after a moment he finally managed to open the window. I was stiff since the thing probably hadn’t been touched in decades.

"Mr. Stark!" Ross protested, but was just as perplexed by the owl as everyone else in the room. They all watched as Tony took the letter from the bird's beak and read over it.

Tony put the letter in his pocket with a smirk then saying something to the owl before it flew off, he didn't bother closing the window. He turned on his heel and walked back to his seat. "Right where were we?" He asked, as if receiving a letter from an owl was completely normal.

******

"Peter, I'm back," Tony called as he closed the door of their room.

Peter was laying across the couch on his stomach as he read *Fantastic Beasts and Where to Find Them* again.

"Sorry the meeting ran late," Tony sighed as he fell into the armchair next to the couch. He pulled out his phone and started scanning through the notifications he received.

"It's fine," Peter said before glancing at his phone. "We still have awhile before we need to go," he returned his gaze back to his book. Peter didn't necessarily need to read it but he always found the different magical animals very interesting. Especially the dragons, those things were just awesome. He hoped someday he could see one in person.

"Right," Tony said as he lowered his phone. "Meeting the wizard in the tavern. God, I still can't get over how that sounds," he said with a small laugh.

"I'm sure you'll get used to it," Peter looked back up at Tony for a moment as he used his spidey sense to untangle the feelings the man had. "You're not as skeptical," Peter finally said.

Tony put his phone down and looked over at Peter. "Yeah, but I still have some doubts. I believe
you Pete, I really do. It's just... an entire wizarding community?” He lightly started scratching his chin in thought. "How did they manage to hide for so long?"

“Well, a lot of it has to do with charmed locations and hidden areas that only wizards know how to get to, but there's also this spell that's used to erase the memories of no-majs that accidentally see anything," Peter was sitting up now as he leaned against the armrest.

Tony just looked at him wide eyed, "What? That's kinda terrifying. What's stopping some wizard from erasing my memory, how would I even know if something liked that happened?"

Peter didn't really have answers for those questions. For a wizard it would be easy to counter a spell like that. Despite it being a more advanced spell it was moderately simple and easy to block, but how would a no-maj defend against it? Considering memory spells were often used against no-majs the answer was they didn’t.

"Um, I don't know," Peter could sense a strong nervousness coming from Tony and, in turn, it was making Peter nervous. Peter then quickly got up "I'll be right back," he said before tossing his book onto the coffee table and running off to his room.

Tony couldn't help but look down at the discarded book, his curiosity urged him to look at it.

When Peter returned with another text book in hand he saw Tony reading *Fantastic Beasts*. "Shit, the Loch Ness Monster is real?" He said the moment Peter returned. "I mean, the stuff in this book is real right?" Tony asked in disbelief.

"Yeah, it's actually one of my text books for school," Peter said sitting down on the couch again before opening the charms book he grabbed from his room.

"Is that one of your textbooks to?" He asked.

"Yeah, it was from my third year charms class. It doesn't have many advanced spells but it has an overview of different types. Maybe it will have information on memory spells," Peter started flipping through the index and soon found what he was looking for. He read over the page a few times while Tony seemed to go back to reading over *Fantastic Beasts*.

"Of course unicorns exist," Tony mumbled with a laugh.

Peter finally spoke up, "Ok, so, it says a lot of memory charms take practice and training to master. They are mostly used by government official to help maintain Statute of Secrecy."

"Statute of Secrecy?" Tony asked raising an eyebrow.

"It like this international law that makes everyone keep the wizarding world a secret from no-majs. Some places are a little more lax than others but they all have the same rule."

"So it's not just certain governments, it's an entire world full of wizards that hide from everyone else?" Tony asked in disbelief.

"Well... yeah" Peter said with a shrug. There wasn't much to say on the subject, that's just how it was, but for good reason if his memory of first year magical history was correct.
"Why?"

"Because we were hunted, outcasts. There were witch-hunters and burnings. Witches and wizards were forced into chains and cells only to be executed for possessing magic..." Peter trailed off. There was so much more to the story, one of the darkest times in wizarding history was just before the Statute of Secrecy was put in place. Just the thought of it made Peter sympathize with his ancestors.

Tony could feel the shift in the conversations, but he couldn't stop his next question. "How long has this law been in place?"

"Since the late 1600s I think? I don't remember the exact date, I learned this stuff when I was twelve," Peter said scratching the back of his head.

"That's 400 years ago, has no one ever thought to try reaching out?"

"No, but every time magic has been accidentally exposed and not covered up fast enough it leads to a lot of people getting hurt. The Salem witch trials for example, there were even Second Salemers in... the 1920s? Yeah," Peter nodded to himself. "I only know that because we went over it before school was out, some of that stuff where the wizarding community and no-maj community clash you can see it in both history books, but the no-maj records wouldn't be nearly as accurate since wizards try to cover up the incidents."

"Yeah, I guess humans as a whole have this phobia against the different," Tony sighed. "but hey kid, don't worry. I won't be the one to blow the whistle."

"Yeah, because if anyone had the ability to do that, of course it would be you," Peter shrugged.

"Don't believe me?" Tony said humorously, but Peter's spidey sense told him he was slightly hurt.

"No, no, of course I do," Peter said quickly trying to fix the situation. "It's just... some might not. You know."

"Ah, worried what your wizard friends might think of me?"

"It's the strangers I'm worried about," Peter said as he lightly ran his fingers over the spine of the now closed charms book. Looking down at it he remembered how this conversation started. "I hope you're not as worried about memory charms now," he said, attempting to bring the conversation back to the original topic.

Taking the hint, Tony let the subject change. "I'll admit, it's still a little freaky." A beat passed between them, "So, I bet you're hungry. Why don't we grab something to eat before we meet that wizard, yeah?"

"Yeah," Peter nodded "I just got to grab my shoes."
After a filling lunch of fish n’ chips, the two found themselves staring at the old building that housed the Leaky Cauldron.

"This thing looks like it's 200 years old," Tony said looking over the structure, there was a slightly warped aspect of it that only building with a considerable age would possess.

"512 actually," said a deep voice from behind the two.

Peter and Tony both whirled around to see Hagrid. The large half-giant towered over them.

"Hey, there Fizzik, can I help you?" Tony said as he took a small step to put himself between Hagrid and Peter.

"Isn't that the giant from the really old movie?" Peter asked glancing up at Tony.

"The princess bride isn't old," Tony replied.

"It's older than me," Peter shrugged.

"Kid, everything's older than you," Tony rolled his eyes.

Hagrid just looked at the two with a confused smile, "well, I'm actually a half-giant if that makes any difference."

"Wait, half-giant? Kid, is this the wizard you were telling me about?" Tony looked up at the man who stood two feet taller than himself.

"Yeah, this is Rubeus Hagrid," Peter said moving from behind Tony and gesturing to Hagrid.

"Keeper of Keys and Grounds at Hogwarts," Hagrid said holding his hand out. Tony took it to shake. "And might I add what a pleasure it is to meet you Mr. Stark, I want to thank ya for protecting this world."

"No problem... you're um, grips a little too strong there, buddy," Tony said with an uncomfortable tone.

"Oh! Sorry," Hagrid said letting go. Tony pulled his hand back and flexed his grip.

"How about we go see Diagon Alley?" Peter suggested.

"Yes, this wizarding community I've heard so much about. I still find it hard to believe that a whole community has been hiding under our nose for centuries," Tony looked back at the door to the Leaky Cauldron.

"More of a seein' is believin' kinda fella then?" Hagrid asked as he walked around them to the door of the tavern.

"Man of science, kinda have to be," Tony shrugged.

Tony and Peter followed Hagrid into the Leaky Cauldron, but the moment the door closed Peter looked around wide eyed. "It wasn't this full yesterday."
The tavern was filled to the brim with witches and wizards of all sorts, he even spotted a goblin or two at the bar.

"Don't think I've ever seen the cauldron this full," Hagrid said surprised.

"Hagrid... you didn't tell anyone Tony would be here, right?" Peter asked, he expected Tony to turn a few head but he'd hope it’d be fairly calm.

"Course not, except the headmaster," the half-giant thought for a moment, "though, I suppose our conversation might've been overheard."

"Sorry, Tony..." Peter said quietly.

Before Tony could reply a woman pushed out of the crowd and greeted them with an overly enthusiastic smile that was emphasized heavily with red lipstick. Even if she wasn't standing in front of them she would have easily stuck out in the crowd of wizards wearing dark robes with her sparkling green dress and matching heels.

"Do my eyes deceive me? Or has Iron Man entered this humble establishment," she said a little over dramatically.

"The one and only," Tony said with his usual crowd pleasing smile. Guess it didn't matter if the press was no-maj or wizard, Tony could probably see them from a mile away.

"I'm Rita Skeeter, I write for the Daily Profit," she practically forced Tony into the handshake. A long green quill and notepad hovered beside her, Tony's attention was drawn to that immediately.

"Look at that, Pete," he pulled his hand away from the woman and tried to reached for the quill. The charmed quill obviously didn't like that and attempted to shoo Tony's hand away with it's sharp end, Tony pulled his hand back.

"It's charmed to take her notes I think," Just as Peter said that the quill started writing.

"Fascinating," Tony mumbled.

Rita made a small noise to draw attention back to her.

"Ah, yes. Miss Skeeter, I should have guessed wizards also have reporters, but I'm not here for a statement." Tony said trying to wave her off, but of course she was persistent.

"Of course not, but the real question is, why is the most famous muggle of the wizarding world here? Surely someone," she glanced suspiciously at Hagrid, "has broken the Statute of Secrecy."

"It was me," Peter said immediately. She seemed to just notice Peter's presence, obviously to focused on Tony.

"And you are?" She asked, her smile faltered slightly but she still managed the appearance.

Tony wrapped his arm over Peter's shoulders holding him close, "My adopted son, kinda just found out about the wizard thing so if you don't mind, this no-maj has some magic to see. Hagrid, buddy, lead the way," He said glancing up at the other man.
"Oh! Um, right!" Hagrid said as he walked passed them, it was easy to go through the crowd with Hagrid leading. Most got out of the half-giant's path before he needed to ask. It was easy to tell that most where there to see Iron Man, the crowd’s quiet mumbling held Tony Stark as the main subject.

Thankfully Skeeter didn't follow and none of the crowd bothered them as they passed.

Hagrid lead them to a back door that opened up to what they originally thought was an alleyway, but seeing that it was lined with four brick walls equaling a dead end, Tony had second thoughts.

"Hope this isn't what you wanted to show me, Peter," Tony said looking around seeing only a garbage can and a few bits of trash littering the ground.

"This is only how ya get there," Hagrid said with a grin. He walked over to one of the walls with an odd pattern of bricks on it then tapped them in what was clearly a specific order.

Peter and Tony watched as the bricks shifted and moved away from the center. After a moment of them reordering and folding into themselves, a long street was revealed with a curving road and shops of all sorts lining the edges. It was packed with witches and wizards of all types, nearly all wearing robes and a majority wearing some kind of pointy hat.

Tony just stood there in the newly formed archway with wide eyes and his mouth partly opened.

Peter examined the bricks, "that's pretty neat, usually we just have walk through walls or shifting photo booths in New York. There was this one bookstore that had an elevator in the dictionary section, that was kinda cool." While Peter was treating the whole thing as a fun trick he'd seen variations of, Tony stood frozen.

The older man shook himself out of the initial shock and put a hand on Peter's shoulder. "Right, kid. The wizarding world exists. An entire civilization..." His voice trailed off as he scanned the street before him.

Peter tried to use his Spidey sense to get a better idea of what Tony what feeling but his mind was more jumbled and shifting then usual. The only think he got was a faint indication of stressful emotions but getting more specific would take too long, Peter resorted to just asking, "Tony, you ok?"

Tony just straightened his clothes in one smooth stroke before grinning down at Peter, "Never better." Peter could tell the statement wasn't a total lie so he didn't question further.

Hagrid lead the two down the busy street as he started to point out a few shops.

"Over there is Ollivanders, it's the wand shop mostly visited by first years but even if you have to get a replacement Ollivander himself has a knack for finding one to suit ya. Then just there is the Owl Emporium, has the basic supplies along with post owls if ya need em." Hagrid was pointing out the stores as they passed.

Peter made sure to follow close behind, though, he kept glancing back at Tony trying to judge his reaction for everything. Despite the man's calm and put together exterior, Peter's spider sense could tell the man was still processing everything.

"Wait, did you say an owl shop?" Peter asked, he interrupted Hagrid explaining the potions shop.
Hagrid didn't seem to mind though, and just looked back at Peter, "Need to pick up supplies?"

"Yeah, I ran out of treats... though I'm not sure if they'll take the money I have. It's American Dragot," Peter pulled a medium sized pouch of coins out of his bag, he shook them slightly to make them jingle together.

"Well, no worried. Gringotts, the wizard bank, is just down the way, I'm sure they'll exchange it for ya," Hagrid pointed down the street at the tall white building that had pullers lining the outside.

"Gringotts?" He looked back at Tony, "do you mind if we go? MJ wanted me to get pictures of the place."

Tony just shrugged, "I don't see why not." At some point during the walk he'd put sunglasses on, it was a strange sight to see the no-maj surrounded by all the wizarding shops and people. He stuck out more then if he were wearing the Iron Man armor in New York.

"Gringotts it is then," Hagrid said as he lead them, they took a quicker pace since they had a destination as opposed to the wandering they were doing before.

The inside of the bank was just as impressive, with the long main room lined with goblins on high counters doing their work. A large golden chandelier hung overhead, Peter thought MJ would love a picture of the whole room.

"Are all banks owned by goblins?" Peter asked. “The one back in New York also has them.”

"I wouldn't be surprised if they were. They're as clever as they come, but not very friendly. I suppose they like working with gold." Hagrid replied.

"Sorry, you're saying these things are goblins? The tiny little creatures that go bump in the night?" Tony asked, his eyes were wide behind his sunglasses as he looked around the room.

"I guess from old muggle legend you might think so, but there's nothin' evil about them, just unfriendly," Hagrid said as they approached one of the goblin tellers.

The creature looked down at the three of them with a sneer. "And what can I do for you?" He asked with sharp teeth showing, in what was probably a smile.

“Here to exchange,” Hagrid stated.

“Muggle money to galleons?” The goblin asked as he eyed Peter and Tony, who stuck out in their no-maj clothes.

“Actually, dragots to um... galleons?” Peter said glancing up at Hagrid for confirmation, the half-giant nodded.

“America...” the goblin grumbled. He shuffled papers around then pulled out a large box from one of the drawers of the tall desk.

Peter took his pouch of coins and reached up to place it on the goblin’s desk. “All of that please,” he said after talking a small step back.
The goblin took the pouch dumping the contents onto his desk as he start counting.

They stood in silence for a moment before Tony decided to break it.

“So, muggle is just another word for no-maj right?” He asked as he casually leaned back on his heels with his hands in his pockets. If it Peter didn’t know any better he would have thought the man was used to the wizarding environment.

Hagrid seemed to be distracted by one of the other goblins so Peter answered.

“Yeah, a least that’s what Hagrid told me. I think it’s just what they’re called here in Europe,” Peter shrugged.

Tony just nodded.

“So, what do you think?” Peter asked hesitantly.

“Honestly?”

Peter nodded.

He let out a small sigh, “every time I think I’ve figured the world out it always throws something new at me. God, I don’t even know what we’re going to do about your school. Who do you even talk to about this stuff?”

“Well Hagrid works for a wizarding school maybe he knows?” Peter suggested.

The goblin called Peter’s attention before handing back his coin pouch now full of galleons, sickles, and knuts. Just as he turned back to Tony, Hagrid was finished talking with the other goblin.

“Hope ya don’t mind, but I’ve got important businesses to do back at Hogwarts. The headmaster’s called for me,” the half giant said.

“I’m sure we can manage,” Tony replied. “But hey, before you head off I was wondering how to get in touch with the headmaster of… Hogwarts was it?” He said, it was obvious he wasn’t a huge fan of the odd name.

“Well that’s easy, he’s always acceptin’ letters by owl. Just address it to Albus Dumbledore, then it’s sure to get to him,” Hagrid said his goodbye before leaving Tony and Peter in the bank full of goblins.

“Can Leia do that?” Tony asked after the half-giant left.

“She should, you can probably write him when we get back. I’m sure she’ll be eager to have something to do,” Peter was about to put the coin pouch back into his bag.

“Wait, can I see those a second?” Tony asked.

“Yeah, sure.” Peter said handing the pouch to him. “Hey, I’m gonna grab a few pictures before we head out alright?”

“Knock yourself out kid, but don’t go too far,” he glanced back at Peter from over his sunglasses.

“Don’t worry, I won’t,” Peter replied before he dug into his bag to grab something.
Tony opened the coin pouch and started looking through the different coins. Judging by the weight and sizes of the gold ones he’d have to guess they were solid gold, the silver and bronze coins were probably pure as well.

Before Tony could calculate the value of each coin in US dollars based on its size and metal, he was interrupted by a higher pitched, almost squeaky, voice calling his name.

“Mr. Stark?” Said a short creature, that Tony assumed was a goblin.

Now that he could see them off the tall desks and standing at its full height, it barely stood taller than the Tony’s waist.

“Do I know you?” Tony asked, it was his usual gut reaction response when called out to.

“I’d assume not, seeing as you’re not the type to visit Gringotts under normal circumstances,” the little creature said as he looked up at Tony. “But that’s besides the point,” he held up his hand, “Egwin the Witted, I am the senior manager of this bank.”

“Tony Stark, but you already knew that,” Tony said plainly as he shook Egwin’s hand.

“Many recognize your name, but most only know the title that is Iron Man. What all wizards don’t realize is you are a man of much wealth, and I am not foolish enough to pass up on this potential opportunity,” both pulled their hands away.

“Guess that’s why you’re the Witted,” Tony said with a dry laugh, “but what opportunity?” He asked cautiously.

“We are a bank Mr. Stark, surely the answer would be obvious,” Egwin replied.

“Just making sure you didn’t have other motives, but I will have to decline. I have no interest in putting any of my money here at the moment.”

“Very well, but if you change your mind I know just the vault for you,” Egwin said with a small grin. He turned on his heels and walked away without another word.

Tony just watched the goblin for a moment before his gaze drifted to the golden chandelier above him.

“Tony, smile!” He heard Peter said.

He looked the direction of the voice but only managed a confused grin when he saw the kid holding a clunky old film camera that wasn’t even from the current century.

“Whatcha got there kid? Shouldn’t that be in a museum?” He joked as he walked over to Peter.

Peter just looked down at the device, “What, it’s not that old,” he protested.

“So you’re calling Princess Bride old but this 70s camera’s brand new?”

“Funny, I wouldn’t take you for one to be an expert on the Princess Bride,” Peter teased.

“Pepper’s the expert, I just pick up a thing or two when she forces me to watch it with her,” Tony playfully ruffled Peter’s hair.

“Yeah, sure,” Peter rolled his eyes as he lightly pushed Tony’s hand away.
“Come on, punk, don’t we have an owl shop to go to?” Tony said as he ushered Peter towards the exit of the bank with his hand on the kid’s shoulder.

*****

After the owl shop Peter and Tony visited a few other places that looked interesting. The bookstore caught Tony’s eyes after he realized the distinct lack of technology in this portion of the wizarding community, whether Diagon Alley was an outlier or a reflection of the rest of the civilization was still to be determined. He probably could just ask Peter, but at the moment they were enjoying the sights, he marked it as a topic for later.

Tony was noticed by some, though not nearly as much as he would have been in a no-maj crowd. It was kinda refreshing not having to worry of the downsides of being famous, it had been too long since he enjoyed time out without having to throw on a crappy disguise that always seemed to work.

After spending hours in the bookstore, Tony made a note that next time they went there he’d bring a stack of cash to convert into wizard money. Since there was no database to learn about the wizarding world his next best was books, but he wasn’t about to use any of Peter’s money.

It wasn’t till the left that they noticed it was getting late, they made their way back up the main street of Diagon Alley and back into the Leaky Cauldron where they made it to the no-maj streets of London.

<Welcome back, boss> FRIDAY said once they were on the street.

“I never left,” Tony said with the slight hint of confusion.

“Oh, right… I may have forgot to mention that, technology doesn't really mix well with magic,” Peter said with a guilty smile.

“Don’t tell me I have to replace all my stuff.”

“No, don’t worry. From what I know, it only seems to interrupt the devices temporarily. Once it’s removed from the environment it goes back to normal as if nothing has happened. I’ve tested it alot, I haven’t had anything break because of magic exposure.”

“Interruption? What kind?” Tony asked.

“Best I can guess is something like electromagnetic pulses, but it’s less damaging and just disrupts the electricity flowing in the device, well, at least that’s my theory. I haven't been able to test it much since the only place I regularly went to that was magically saturated enough was school, but it was so saturated that I couldn’t find a clear area to use other tech to interpret any readings on the devices I made… which weren't many to start with. In my three years of school I've only managed two experiments.”

“If this is something you’re really interested in, I could help. I’d work on the outside tech and you test it while giving me pointers?” Tony suggested.

“That could work,” Peter furrowed his brow in thought. “Doing that we can rule out whether or not no-maj tech can resist magic on its own.”

“Are you suggesting that if it can’t, then we mix technology with magic?” The subject was clearly peeking Tony’s interest.
“Well, yeah, it’s the only next logical step… though, there is a problem,” Peter sighed.

“And that would be?”

“I can’t use magic outside of school, and if I tried tampering with the technology in a saturated environment it could complicate the results.”

“When can you use magic?” Tony had FRIDAY contact a driver, a black car with tinted windows pulled up to them.

“17, so like two years,” Peter followed Tony into the back of the car.

“During that time you can develop and perfect the tech side of things, get them to work as well as they can without… the other element,” Tony glanced at the driver.

Peter just nodded, “Yeah, but what if I can’t just add onto it? What if I have to start over completely? What if it doesn’t even work?”

“Pete, take a breath,” Tony said before Peter could go on a tangent. “You’re not going to know the answers to any of that stuff until you try. So what if you have to start over, you learned something and that progress might not go towards your current goal but it always has the potential to help some other idea you might have further down the road.”

“I know, it’s just…” Peter trailed off as he looked out the window.

“What?” Tony asked gently.

“It’s just all your projects seem to work how you want them to.” Peter said quietly.

“Ha! I wish that were true,” Peter’s spidey senses picked up a trace of sorrow and loss but it was quickly covered up as the man continued, “I’ve got terabytes worth of failed projects.”

“Really?”

“Of course, a lot of those I knew were going to lead to dead ends but I went through with them anyways,” Tony put his hand on Peter’s shoulder. “Look kid, either you create what you want or you end up building the world's first tech immune to EMP. A lot of that sounds better than doing nothing. You have to trust in your abilities, learn from your mistakes, don’t drag yourself down.”

The car pulled to a stop and he gave Peter an affectionate pat on the back before getting out.

Tony was right, the only thing holding him back was himself. He felt a new determination towards the project he’d been imagining for years.

******

Albus Dumbledore,

Due to my current arrangements with the United Nations, I am unable to send my adopted son, Peter Parker, to his usual wizarding school, Ilvermorny, in the United States. I’m not familiar with the school’s rules especially since I’m hardly familiar with the wizarding world, having just discovered its existands a day ago.

I only hope that he would be allowed to attend Hogwarts this year since the alternative would be him having to live half a world away from me.

I wants what’s best for him and sending him back to the US alone doesn't sit well with me. I’m
aware that the wizarding schools are similar to no-maj boarding schools but I plan on visiting as often as I can, even if I have to knock down the doors as Iron Man.

-Tony Stark

*****

Dear Mr. Stark,

It was a wonderous surprise to receive an owl from you, though I suspect you may have been borrowing young Mr. Parker’s.

Still, your request is a rare one and I would be lying if I said the timing was convenient and I will admit, that usually I would be forced to refuse the request since every student that has ever attended Hogwarts has had their name written in the Book of Admittance by the Quill of Acceptance. These are two very old, very powerful magical artifacts that have determined who is destined to attend Hogwarts, some names are written the moment they are born and others only mere months before the start of their first year.

For the past few days, as I take a few hours of my time to spend in the secluded room these artifacts are held in, I’ve noticed the quill becoming increasingly agitated as it attempts to write a new name within the book, but the book has refused to let the quill’s ink touch its pages. This, of course, is nothing new. The Book of Admittance usually does not allow a name to be placed unless the child has shown sufficient magical abilities, but what is particularly peculiar about what I witnessed is the shear determination the quill had. The days leading up to your letter I have watched as the quill continuously tried to place a new name on the pages.

It was only mere hours ago that I saw the struggle between the two end, with the Book of Admittance finally allowing it’s pages to be marked with a new name. It wasn’t till after that I returned to my office to find your letter waiting for me. You can imagine my surprise when I discovered that you requested Peter Parker, the very name that was just written in the Book of Admittance moments before, attend Hogwarts School of Witchcraft and Wizardry.

So with that being said, this letter will be accompanied by Peter Parker’s acceptance letter.

Sincerely,

Albus Dumbledore

Hogwarts Headmaster

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Dear, Mr. Parker Stark,

We are pleased to inform you that you have a place at Hogwarts School of Witchcraft and Wizardry. Please find enclosed a list of all necessary books and equipment.

Due to the unusual circumstances of your acceptance into Hogwarts, along with the mandatory
visit from the schools representatives to children with muggle parents, I will be accompanying you to gather your supplies on 13 August at noon.

Term begins on 1 September.

Yours sincerely,

Minerva Mcgonagall

Deputy Headmistress

*****

Tony and Peter read their letters separately. At first, when Leia returned with no letter Peter could feel Tony’s disappointment, he quickly reassured the man that usually people will send their own owls in return, especially if it’s more official business.

Sure enough, just days later, a brown barn owl tapped on the balcony doorway one afternoon. They were eating room service for lunch and Peter practically ripped open his own letter eager to know the results.

“I was accepted!”

“And of course that was determined by a magical book and quill?” Tony questioned glancing over the letter from Dumbledore for the second time.

“There are weirder magical objects out there,” Peter shrugged, unbothered by how he was accepted into the school.

“Like what?”

“Well, there are magic portraits that can talk, or flying brooms, or- wait! My pictures should be done developing,” Peter quickly got up from his spot on the floor in front of the couch. He ran off into his room and returned with a short pile of pictures.

“Here, pictures also move, kinda like gifs,” Peter jumped over the back of the couch with the grace of a spider, landing next to Tony who was finishing the final bite of his hamburger.

He wiped his hand on a napkin before reaching over to grab the picture, and looked in awe at the moving images. There were a few of the architecture of Gringotts as well as shots from around Diagon Alley, a few featured pictures of Tony.

It was odd seeing the photos move in his hands, they were on a loop of set actions but doing so in such a way were you could never tell where the loop started or ended.

“How’d you do that? Was that old camera magic?” He asked glancing over at Peter.

“No, just a normal old film camera, it has no electricity powering it so it can work in the magic environments. It was how I developed the film that makes them like that, Ned helped me make the special potion I developed them in.”

“That’s awesome, could you teach me how to do that sometime?” He handed them back to Peter.
who shuffled through the pictures pulling one out and handing it back to Tony.

“Yeah, I’d need to get more potion though, I only had enough to develop these. But here,” Peter handed the photo he was fishing for to Tony.

The man took it looking down, it was one of Peter and Tony in a dusty corner of the book shop. Tony was examining the spines of the different titles when Peter’s image mouthed ‘smile, Tony’ Tony’s image looked into the camera and put a hand on Peter’s shoulder as he leaned in for the kid’s selfie with a genuine smile. They both grinned and laughed before Tony’s image turned back to the books to examine them, Peter’s image had reached out of frame, presumably to adjust the camera. After that the loop repeated.

Tony had seen this picture when looking through the others, it was one of his favorites.

“That one’s my favorite too,” Peter said with a fond smile,

Tony was still getting used to the whole ‘Peter can kinda read minds’ thing.

“I made two of them, I was going to give you that one,” Peter nodded towards the picture.

“Thanks Pete,” Tony said as he glance back at Peter. “Now the real question is, wallet or picture frame?”

“If you want, when I get to school I can shrink it for you, make it wallet sized.”

“What can’t magic do?” Tony said with a faint laugh, his eyes were back on the picture again.

“Bring back the dead,” Peter said quietly.

Tony broke his gaze from the pictures, he set it on the coffee table before wrapping an arm around Peter, pulling him into a light hug. “I know it’s been tough, Peter,” he sighed, “you know you can talk to me about it right?”

The whole summer Peter hardly talked about his Aunt May, Tony didn’t want to push the sensitive subject.

Peter didn’t respond at first, his head rested against Tony’s shoulder as he stared off at the picture on the coffee table.

“I feel guilty sometimes,” he finally said after a long stretch of silence. “She’s gone and I couldn’t save her…”

“Peter, there was nothing you could do. No magic or spider powers could have stopped what happened, accidents happen and no matter how much you try to plan for it, there’s always going to be things you can’t control.”

“But if I was there-”

“But you weren't, Peter,” Tony said gently. The billionaire usually wasn’t one for moments like these, he couldn’t even count how many times he actively avoided them, but Peter was slowly becoming the exception for a lot of things. “Look,” he pulled away slightly but kept both hands on Peter’s shoulders as he looked the kid in the eyes, “I know you want to be a hero, but you need to understand that sometimes, you can’t save everyone. It’s a hard truth but you need to know it, otherwise you’re going to drive yourself mad, but just because you know that, doesn't mean you shouldn’t still try.”
Peter’s eyes drifted back to the photo, “it still hurts.”

“And that’s ok, but don’t let that stop you from being happy, from enjoying things, because I know she’d still want you to be happy.”

Peter nodded, “Thanks… for everything. I know it probably hasn’t been easy but just, thanks.”

“Anything for you, kid.” Tony said as he ruffled Peter’s hair in attempt to lighten the mood. It worked, if only just a little.

With the Deputy Headmistress’ visit approaching, Tony was glad he didn’t have to fight with the UN or British government scheduling that day. Since it was Saturday none of the politicians were too keen on dealing with Tony Stark’s usual antics.

Peter used his time before the 13th to explore the city, but instead of grabbing his backpack and coat he put on a new black and red spider suit. Tony thought it was better to pretend to be a different hero while in London since it would be odd to see New York’s Spider-Man on the streets of London. It had the risk of connecting Spider-Man with Tony and by a lesser extent to Peter. So, Peter reluctantly took the alternate suit, despite already getting attached to the look of blue and red.

London was surprisingly calm, compared to New York that is. There were still a few attempted muggings Peter stopped along with a robbery Peter prevented before they even got past the bank doors. He had to thank his spidey sense for that, the guys were letting off some suspicious thoughts, it didn’t take him long to find out the truth.

Finally it was August 13th, as noon approaches Peter was getting excited, he read over the letter a few times just to make sure he had that right day, though, there was one thing that stuck out to him that he’d been meaning to ask Tony about.

“Why does it say Parker Stark?”

“Because technically that’s your legal name, Peter Benjamin Parker Stark. A product of the adoption process, you can change it if you want.” Tony was in the armchair while Peter laid across the couches, this setup was their unofficial seating arrangement.

“So, do I have two last names now or two middles names?”

“Two last names,” Tony said as he typed something on his phone. Peter wouldn't be surprised if it was SI business.

“That’s kinda cool,” Peter said glancing back at the letter, but before he could make another comment there was a knock on the door.

Peter literally jumped up from the couch running over to the hotel door, he didn’t bother looking through the peephole, his spidey sense informed him that it was definitely a witch on the other side.

Opening the door a tall, older woman stood there with green robes and a pointed hat.

“Mr. Parker Stark I presume?” She said looking down at him.

Peter felt a sense of kindness from the woman, but also a warning that she was not to be trifled with.
“Um, yeah. Yeah that’s me,” he said with a nervous smile as he held out his hand to her. “But you can just call me Parker.”

“Professor Mcgonagall, it’s a pleasure to meet you,” she said with a thin smile as she shook his hand.

“Decided to drop the name, kid?” Tony said walking up behind Peter.

“Well, two last names sounds kinda..”

“Clunky?” Tony finished, Peter nodded. “Don’t sweat it kid, go by what you want,” he said with a faint smile as he ruffled Peter’s hair. Peter protested against the action and then spent the next moments trying to smooth his hair down again as Tony introduced himself to the Professor. “Tony Stark,” he said holding out his hand.

“Oh, I’m aware. Just so we’re clear, your fame and fortune will not be granting you or Mr. Parker any special treatment at Hogwarts,” she warned before taking his hand. “Professor Minerva Mcgonagall, teacher and deputy headmistress at Hogwarts,” she gave Tony a more formal greeting.

“Guess Peter will just have to earn that with his intelligence then,” Tony responded.

“I hope your confidence in him is well placed, if only for Mr. Parker’s sake. I have been speaking with the Headmaster of Ilvermorny, it seems you may be behind in some of your subjects, the lessons at Ilvermorny are ordered differently. I’m sorry Mr. Parker, but it may not be so easy to catch up,” she looked down at Peter with a worried smile, he could tell her sympathy was genuine.

“I’m sure I’ll manage,” Peter shrugged.

“Yes, well, that is the hope. Now then, shall we head off? I’m short on time due to important business at the school, so we will be apparating to Diagon Alley,” Mcgonagall replied.

“Oh no, I hate side-alonging,” Peter mumbled as the professor stepped further into the room then closed the door behind her.

“Apparating? That would be…” Tony trailed off prompting for an answer.

“It’s like teleportation,” Peter explained.

“Of course it is,” Tony sighed with a faint laugh.

“If I could have both of you put a hand on my forearms,” Mcgonagall said as she held up an arm for each of them. Peter put his hand on one of her arms and Tony hesitantly grabbed the other. “Hold tight,” was the only warning they got before the world shifted.

Peter could feel the world compress around him, it was uncomfortable and irritating to his sensitive senses. His spidey sense buzzed with the equivalent of empty static on the radio, when their feet hit solid ground an instant later, Peter was left with a headache.

But he seemed to be faring better than Tony, who was currently using nearby brick wall for support.

“Shit, it feels like I got hit with Thor’s hammer again,” he gasped. With one hand on the wall, he used the other to hold his chest.

“I guess you’d be the only one to make an accurate comparison like that,” the Professor said
slightly amused. “Though, I must say, I’m impressed you didn’t lose your lunch, Mr. Stark.”

“Flying in a tin can with six times the force of gravity on you gives you a strong stomach,” Tony said pushing off the wall. He seemed mostly recovered, but Peter sensed he also had a headache. He looked over at Peter, “you alright kid?”

“Yeah, wasn’t my first time being a side-along,” Peter responded.

“My apologies, apparition is not the most comfortable means of travel for passengers, but it is the fastest, shall we go then? There are a few stops that I need to accompany you to,” she turned and her cloak flowed behind her as she walked out of the side alley they apparated into. Peter quickly followed, Tony not far behind.

Their first stop was Ollivanders, Tony and Peter visited Diagon Alley one other time after their first visit with Hagrid but they never stepped foot in the shop before now, mostly because there was no need for Peter to get a new wand and there were other shops that were catching their interests.

They stood at the doorway just in front of a cluttered desk, there were all sorts of wand boxes scattered about and the shelves that held the countless numbers of boxed wands looked like they might collapse from the weight.

The door had opened with the faint chime of a bell already notifying the shopkeeper.

A man with almost untamed white hair stuck his head out from behind one of the many wandshelves. He grinned when he spotted Peter.

“Are you the American wizard I wonder?” He hurried over to the front of the store. “Yes, yes,” the man said as he reached behind the cluttered desk and pulled out a wand box. Peter’s name was etched onto it.

“Mr. Parker, Mr. Stark, this is Garrick Ollivander. He was sent your wand by one of the pukwudgie wandkeepers of your school, Mr. Parker,” Mcgonagall informed.

“And what a peculiar wand it is,” Ollivander said with an almost gleeful smile. “The beautiful craftsmanship of the waving hornbeam at 12 and 3/4ths inch,” as the man spoke he carefully opened the box with Peter’s wand. The light caramel colored wand was a welcomed sight to Peter, it was like seeing an old friend for the first time in months. “What I find most interesting,” Ollivander continued, “is the feathers grasping the base of the handle, almost as if… the wand itself has a hand on it’s magic. Though, I’m sure the crafter was well aware of the properties the thunderbird tail feather core.” Ollivander took the wand out of the box holding it lightly as he placed the box on the table, “may I?” He asked, looking up at Peter.

Peter nodded. Ollivander held the wand in his grasped and flicked it towards a decorative vase that sat on his desk, but nothing happened.

“Yeah, it does that,” Peter sighed.

“What, was something supposed to happen?” Tony asked.

“Even a wand wielded by an improper owner will react somehow,” Mcgonagall said with a hint of confusion.

“Very curious,” Ollivander was completely fascinated by the lack of reaction. “Here, why don’t you try?” Ollivander gently held the handle out to Peter.
Peter took it, gripping his hand around the familiar handle. He glanced at Ollivander who motioned towards the vase. Peter just shrugged before he jerked his wand sharply at the vase, it immediately shattered into pieces, but before anyone could react he tapped the shards with the tip of his wand muttering *reparo*. The vase was formed back together returning to its spot on the desk as if its pieces weren't just scattered around the room.

“It doesn't like anyone else, most people in my charms class have tried it but it never works for them,” Peter said with another shrug.

“I’ve seen wands that resist others but one that completely refuses is rare,” Ollivander said in a distant town, “Tell me, has it ever casted spells on its own?” He asked suddenly.

“All the time in my dueling club, usually simple stuff like disarming spells or knock backs, the occasional shield but that was before I got the hang of the wandless shield spell my friend was teaching me,” Peter lightly twirled his wand in his hand, it was nice to have it back after the summer of feeling almost helpless without it.

“That would be the core, thunderbirds naturally have a sense for danger and will react to it. The core mimics the animal in that aspect, though it is a rare quality amongst wands, not many thunderbird tail feather core wands exist anymore, not since the outlaw of collecting the creatures feathers.” Ollivander said as he took the wand’s box placing the lid back on before handing it to Peter. “Take good care of it young man, and that wand will do you well.”

Peter nodded as he took the wand box.

“Thank you again Ollivander for receiving the wand,” Mcgonagall said with a small nod then ushered the other two out the doors.

“It was my pleasure,” the man replied with a smile before disappearing into the endless shelves of wands.

“Flourish and Blotts is our next stop, though it’s the final one I’ll be accompanying you to. There are some books not included on your supply list that you’ll need,” the Professor headed down the busy street with Tony and Peter following.

Peter could feel Tony eyeing Peter’s wand, his mind irradiated with curiosity. “Here, want to look at it?” Peter said holding the wand to Tony.

Tony took the wand holding it lightly in his hands as he examined it. “I thought it’d look more… mystical. With glyphs or etchings.”

“Every wand is different, some do but it doesn't go towards the wands magic, at least I don’t think,” Peter tilted his head.

Tony flicked the wand similar to the way Peter did when destroying the vase, but of course nothing happened.

“You’re lucky my wands so stubborn,” Peter laughed.

“Why’s that?” Tony asked raising an eyebrow.

“Because if you tried that with any other wand it would kick you clear down the street. Wands *really* don’t like muggles using them.”

“You could have said something before I tried that!”
“What, I knew it wasn’t going to do anything,” Peter grinned.

“You’re such a brat,” Tony laughed as he handed the wand back.

Peter smiled innocently as he took it.

Mcgonagall had lead the way into the bookshop, but Peter and Tony were already familiar with the place from their previous visits, though, it was nothing compared to the way the professor weaved through the shelves with ease. She’d grab books and piled them into Peter’s arms, by the time they were done any normal teenager would be struggling to keep the weight of the books, but for Peter this was nothing to the literal tons he was used to supported as Spider-Man. If Mcgonagall noticed she didn’t say anything, but Peter could sense that she had.

“That should be all,” the Professor said after the last book. “Now if you’ll excuse me- Oh Ms. Granger,” Peter followed Mcgonagall’s gaze as it landed on a brown bushy haired girl just behind them. She looked to be about Peter’s age, if not a year younger, but Peter had always been on the older side of his class so he wouldn’t be surprised if they were the same year.

“Professor Mcgonagall?” The girl said with a friendly smile, she walked over to the group and glanced at Peter, but when her gaze fell on Tony, her eyes went impossibly wide. “Y- You’re Tony Stark,” she said in disbelief, “I thought Rita Skeeter was just stringing rumors again.”

“That reporter sounds like the type,” Tony said casual.

“Mr. Stark’s son will be attending Hogwarts this year,” Mcgonagall said.

“A transfer student? I didn’t think that was allowed,” the girl said with a confused expression.

“I assure you it’s quite unheard of, but Mr. Parker qualifies. Though, I must say your timing is perfect, Ms. Granger. Would you be able to help these two to pick up the rest of their supplies? Unfortunately I must leave for school matters,” Mcgonagall sighed.

“Oh, of course! I’m doing the same, Hermione Granger,” She said holding her hand out to Tony, he shook it with a small nod.

“Peter Parker, nice to meet you,” Peter nodded, his hands were a little too full for a hand shake at the moment.

“I assure you, you’re in good hand, Ms. Granger is one of my top students,” Mcgonagall said with a hint of pride.

“Thanks Professor,” Peter said before she left.

“Here, Pete let me grab a few books before we check out,” Tony then disappeared down one of the aisle.

“So Tony Stark’s your father?” Hermione asked curiously. “I didn’t think he had any kids.”

“He doesn’t, I’m adopted,” Peter shifted slightly. He could tell this was a first of many explanations of his relations to Tony.

“Oh, ok. I bet it was a shock for a scientist like him when he found out.”

“Yeah, with all he’s seen, he kinda has to keep an open mind. Plus he already met a sorcerer back in New York, so the concept wasn’t completely foreign, it was just the secret society part that was
holding him up. Had to bring him here a few weeks ago to prove it.”

“He’s only known for a few week? He acts like he’s known magic longer, I thought someone like him would be more resistant of the idea,” she said a little surprised.

“He’s been pretty supportive actually,” Peter said looking fondly in the direction Tony ran off to.

“Still, a man like him could completely expose the wizarding community, how do you know you can trust-”

Peter knew she didn’t mean anything bad by that but was only concerned, still, Peter went defensive when she questions his trust. “Look, he’s not what the papers and the press say he is,” Peter interrupted.

“Sorry,” she apologized noticing she must have hit a nerve, “I didn’t mean anything by it, it’s just…”

“I know, sorry I didn’t mean to snap.”

“No need,” she smiled, “I have a few hot headed friends that would have reacted the same if I was ever regarded like that.”

Peter’s spider senses picked up the thought of round glasses and the color red, just a lot of red, almost orange actually. Strange, usually his senses didn’t pick up images, maybe it was developing more? Or it was a very strong thought, he could definitely sense a friendly affection for the two she was thinking of.

“Same, I’m kinda sad that I won’t see them this year, they go to my school back in America. I can’t even send a letter to them because my owl’s not strong enough for the flight overseas,” Peter sighed.

“Ilvermorny, right?”

Peter nodded.

“I read a book about the different wizarding schools around the world, it was mostly European schools but it did mention others, do you mind telling me about it sometime? I’d love to hear about it from a student's perspective. Do you really have giant statues determine your house?” She asked eagerly.

“Yeah, three of them picked me, so I got to choose which one to go into. Thunderbird’s my house.”

“You get to pick?”

“Only if more than one statue reacts, otherwise there’s no choice.”

“At Hogwarts there’s a talking hat, I wonder if you will be put into the sorting ceremony with the first years.”

Before Peter could respond Tony put his hand on his shoulder, “Alright kiddo, let’s get out of here.” Under one arm was a handful of books about different histories and theories of magic.

“I was just on my way out, I’ll follow you two,” Hermione said.

They all checked out and Peter was given a charmed bag that had a temporary enlargement charm on the inside. Tony pretended not to be bothered by the impossible dimensions of the bag, but Peter
could sense he kept running equations in his head trying to solve the conundrum, though, he grew frustrated as he realized he probably never would.

“My parents are over at the ice cream parlor seeing if they have sugar free treats, I’ve got to go get them really quick if you want to join me,” Hermione said gesturing down the street.

Peter was about to accept the offer before Tony spoke, “Actually we were going to stop by the owlery real quick,” Tony pointed his thumb in the opposite direction.

“Meet you at the supplies shop then?”

“Yeah, sounds good,” Peter replied. When Hermione left he looked over at Tony with a confused smile, “Why are we going there?”

“To get you a new owl,” Tony said matter of factly.

“But I have Leia.”

“But she can’t fly overseas.”

“Tony, you really don't have to it’s fine,” Peter said quickly, but he’d be lying if he said he wasn’t excited for the thought of talking with his friends again.

“Nonsense, we’re getting you another owl,” Tony said stepping into the shop.

They spoke with the shopkeeper about an owl that could easily fly over seas and they were shown a selection of the largest owls Peter had ever seen. Some of them had a wingspan larger than both of Peter’s arms stretched out.

Tony seemed to take notice to a pitch black owl with dark piercing eyes, it seemed to be the largest of the all.

“Hey if you get that one you could name it Vader, stick with the theme,” he joked.

Peter laughed, he looked at the intimidating owl for a moment trying to get a sense of it with his spider sense. Animals were easier to read than people, Peter was surprised to see that this large dark owl had a sense of sadness. It had been here longer than any of the other owls, watched for years as the other creatures got homes and fulfillment of their postal training while it sat there without a purpose, guess nobody wanted to pick it because of its unfriendly looks and stature.

“Yeah, let’s get it,” Peter said, suddenly serious. Tony and the owl looked at him with surprised expressions.

“You sure, kid? It looks a bit… darth.”

The owl glared at Tony as if to say ‘don’t ruin my chances.’

“Yeah, I definitely want that one,” Peter held his arm out and motioned for the large owl to jump down from its perch near the tall ceiling of the shop.

The owl glanced at Peter’s outstretched arm, questioning Peter’s decision. The owl was aware of its abnormal size and weight, it also knew that no slim looking teenager like Peter should be able to hold its weight on just one arm without struggle.

“It doesn’t seem to want you,” Tony commented.
“He doesn't think I can hold him with one arm,” Peter said with a bit of humor in his tone. “Come on,” Peter waved to the owl “I’m stronger than I look, promise.”

The owl was skeptical but silently swooped down with a grace that was surprising to its size. It landed on Peter’s arm but held its wings out slightly ready to take off if the strain was too much for the teen. It looked over at Peter with a surprised stare when the teen showed no issue in holding the weight.

“Told you,” Peter said smugly.

The owl relaxed on his arm seeming content, Peter could feel its excitement.

“Please tell me your not actually going to name it Vader,” Tony said almost sounding desperate.


It gave a deep hoot of approval in response.

“Right, let’s get the giant owl that looks like it will kill us in our sleep,” Tony said sarcastically as they went to the shopkeeper.

Spending the rest of the afternoon with Hermione as they gathered school supplies was very enjoyable.

It turned out both of her parents were no-majs and they were dentists, it explained why they were so interested in sugar free ice cream. They were quite shocked when they saw Tony, and didn’t get over the fact they were with Iron Man as easily as their daughter did. Peter thought she was pretty cool, she was nice, smart, and easy to talk to. He hoped he’d see a lot of her while at Hogwarts.

Eventually they were nearing the end of the outing, Hermione’s parents mentioned something about her leaving them early for the Quidditch World Cup. With everything that had happened that summer Peter forgot that was coming up. Though, was immediately jealous of the fact that he wouldn’t be able to go. That was until Tony decided he also wanted to witness the game.

After the Granger family left, the two made their way to Gringotts. Tony decided with how much time he’ll be spending in the wizarding world, it was probably beneficial to put some of his money in the bank and there was an extremely good change that Egwin the Witted would get them complimentary tickets to the Quidditch World Cup if it were mentioned.
Chapter End Notes

So I decided to draw out Peter's wand, it was too tempting not to plus I've had the idea for awhile now. I'm not very good at coloring, just line art, so you'll need to use your imagination for that.

Also I wasn't expecting so many people to like this idea! Your love for this story fuels my motivation so keep leaving your comments and thoughts, I try to respond to as many as I can.
Chapter 3

Chapter Notes

Whaaaat? Two chapters on the same week?

I was so exited to go through my usual cycle of writing my other stories that I decided to write two chapters for this one in a row!... It takes a long time to right about 10,000 words a chapter. About fourish days for me, but oh well, hope you enjoy!!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Pepper had always insisted that Tony get a new PA ever since she became the CEO of Stark Industries. After Natasha used that opening for an undercover mission to spy on him he'd been pretty hesitant on hiring ever since. His paranoia of accidentally picking up a SHIELD agent, or worse HYDRA, was too rational to even risk it. Even if HYDRA was destroyed there might always be someone out there with the same agenda.

But as he sat there in the office of Egwin the Witted only days after getting his own vault setup, he realized he didn’t have the faintest clue of what this wizarding society was like, so, he was going to have to fall back on his basic business instincts, if you don’t know enough to do it yourself, higher someone who can do it for you. That roughly translated to getting a personal assistant: wizard addition. Thus why he was in Egwin’s office while Peter strolled around the city in armored spandex. He kinda hated that he knew only one person of note in this new world but it was the only option he had.

“Mr. Stark, I didn’t expect to get a visit from you so soon, I hope you are finding your vault satisfactory,” the goblin said as he walked into the room. Tony was still wearing a suit from a previous meeting, as he stood up he buttoned the coat before greeting Egwin with a handshake.

“Good so far, but that’s not the reason I’m here,” Tony said before they both sat down. Egwin at the elevated desk and Tony on the chair in front of it.

“Then how may I help you, Mr. Stark?” The goblin grinned with a sharp smile.

“You know what a PA is right?”

“Yes, it’s mostly a muggle term but there are variations here,” Egwin seemed to already pick up where the conversation was going. “Trying to find someone to… compensate for your lack of knowledge Mr. Stark?”

“In business you stick to what you know, and find people to take care of what you don’t.”

“But in our different worlds business remains the same, favors will cost you.”

“I thought it might,” Tony said plainly. “What’s your price?”

“The element you created, Starkanium, I would like a single gram of it.”

Tony thought for a moment, “I’ll give you a forth.”
“Deal,” the goblin quickly said. Tony didn’t like how quickly the creatures accepted the small amount.

“Still, that stuff not easy to make and a bit of a high price for a PA,” Tony commented.

Egwin smiled, “I assure you Mr. Stark, I can get you someone that will be worth it. Give me three days and I’ll have someone sent to you.”

“It will take me a week or so before I can get the Starkanium ready.”

“I do not mind the wait,” the goblin stood up and Stark follow as they both walked over to the door. The goblin held out his hand, “it was a pleasure doing business with you, Mr. Stark.”

“Likewise,” Tony said before taking his leave.

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Peter cursed at himself quietly as he dragged himself onto the roof of an abandoned warehouse. Tony was going to kill him when he found out he’d been shot.

It’s not that he couldn’t dodge it, in fact he actually jumped in front of the bullet to prevent it from hitting an old man who had stumbled upon the robbery Peter was attempting to stop. Long story short the robbers got away, the old man is still alive, but Peter now has a bullet in his side, though, this isn’t the first time he’s found himself in this predicament, but it is the first time the bullet stayed in him. The most he’s gotten before were grazes.

Either way, the first thing he needed to do was to get the bullet out.

<Peter, I’m calling Mr. Stark now!> The AI, Peter named Karen, demanded. Tony had designed it for him when they finished his MKII Spider-Suit, MKI being the homemade low tech suit.

“Wait, don’t put me on yet,” Peter mumbled as he put his hand directly on the wound. “Accio Bullet,” Peter let out a pained gasp as he felt the summoned object being pulled out by magic.

After a moment of recomposing himself, but failing, he told Karen to put Tony on.

“I’ve got your location, Peter. I’ll be there in less then two minutes,” Tony answer, Peter assumed Karen told him the situation.

“I’m sorry, Tony,” was all Peter managing to say. His voice was shaky and horse. “I’m sorry I had to, that man would have died, I thought-“

“Peter, deep breaths, I’m almost there and we’ll get you taken care of.”

Peter nodded despite it only being a voice call. “I already got the bullet out,” he said between breaths.

“You did what!”?

<It was a clean removal with no additional damage.> Karen replied.

“It’s ok… I used magic,” Peter gasped out. The pain wasn’t nearly as bad as before, but that wasn’t
saying much.

“Of course you did, what spell was it, bullet removeouse?” Tony said sarcastically, but Peter could hear the panic in his tone.

“No,” Peter laughed, but immediately stopped after it only caused more pain. “Accio, MJ insists that was the first wandless spell we learn. She… she always said what if we lose our wand in a fight, we’d need to summon it back…” Peter’s tone was trailing off, he was suddenly very tired.

“Pete? Come on, Peter. Stay awake, buddy.”

Peter heard a metallic thud followed by heavy footsteps getting closer. He looked up to see the familiar white glow of the Iron Man chest piece.

“Hey, Tony,” Peter managed to smile up at the man as the suit retracted.

Tony quickly stepped out and knelt down next to Peter. “Karen, status!” Peter could feel Tony’s utter panic.

<He’s stabilized but the wound will need proper cleaning and treatment. Stitches are highly recommend.>

“It’s fine, I’ve got a healing factor,” Peter said trying to keep his eyes opened, between his blood loss and the healing factor, it was a losing battle. “…But it makes me tired.” He mumbled.

“We’re going to have some words about jumping in front of bullets when you get better.”

“I had to,” Peter’s eyes were getting heavier.

Tony let out a heavy sigh, “I know.”

Peter didn’t remember going to sleep, but waking up to two angry looking owls as well as a worried but also angry Tony, was making him wish he didn’t remember waking up ether.

“Healing factor, my ass,” Tony said cross armed, “you’ve been out for 21 hours!”

“Oh… well to be far I don’t think a normal person would do as well as me outside a hospital,” Peter winced slightly as he sat up. Looking around he found himself in his bed at the hotel, Tony was sitting in a chair next to him while wearing a suit and tie. He could feel the bandages wrapped around his side and he wouldn’t be surprised to see stitches if he looked.

“That hardly matters! We were worried!” Tony gestures to Leia and Vader. “And it wasn’t like I could take you to the hospital with a gunshot wound and altered DNA.”

“I’m…” Peter was about to apologize but thinking back he’d probably do the exact same thing to save the old man, “I’m not sorry. I would do it again. That man wouldn’t have survived the gunshot like me, even if he went to the hospital,” Peter said firmly.

Tony just stared at Peter, “no Spider-Man for the rest of the summer so you can heal properly.”
“Fine,” Peter said crossing his arms. Peter could sense Tony’s worry under the thin cover of anger he was hiding behind, he couldn’t find the heart to argue against the reasonable demand.

Tony sighed as he pinched the bridge of his nose, “Look, I know I can’t stop you from being Spider-Man but you’re not going out again until we get you in something more sturdy.”

“What does that mean?” Peter asked curiously, the previous anger in the room had melted away. Everyone’s expressions were now friendly, well, except Vader, he always has a permanent scowl, but Peter could tell he was relieved to see he was alright.

“Mark three: iron spider, you’re going to be bulletproof, kid, but I still don’t want you jumping in front of bullets voluntarily,” he warned.

“No way! Really?” Peter said excitedly. He almost tried getting up but Vader jumped on his lap looking up at Peter with a harsh glare, but it was meant to be a gentle warning.

“Only if you properly rest, no getting out of bed unless you absolutely have to, the owls will be watching,” Tony got up from the chair, straightening his suit.

“Wait, where are you going?” Peter asked confused.

“There’s a number of meetings I’ve been pushing back, but this one is mandatory, I’m glad you woke up before I had to leave,” he reached over and placed his hand on Peter’s head. “Please, just take it easy Peter,” he said with a worried smile.

“Ok, I will,” Peter said as he reached up to put his hand on Tony’s arm giving it a reassuring pat.

“You two on guard duty,” he pointed at the two owls, “Pete, I’ll see you later,” he said before pulling away and walking out the door.

“See you later,” Peter replied.

After he heard the front door of the hotel room close Peter looked down at Vader who was practically snuggling against him now.

“Never met an owl that likes to snuggle,” Peter said with a faint laugh. He gently pet Vader who hooted. Leia seemed to get jealous and flew over to perch on Peter’s shoulder as she nestled against his neck.

“What you like to snuggle too?” Peter said surprised as he sensed the comfort Leia got from the action. “You are like 90% fluffy feathers, I’d wish I’d known that sooner… but both of you are going to have to move so I can get the pillows behind my back.”

There was a heavy breath from Vader as if he were say ‘fine, if I must’ before he straighten up and jumping off of Peter’s lap. Leia just rolled her eyes which, again, involved the movement of her entire head as she jumped off landing next to Vader.

Peter shifted the pillows behind him so he could lean back comfortably without straining his side. “Join me, and together we will rule the galaxy,” Peter said to the owls as he opened his arms inviting them to return to their previous positions.

Vader looked over at Leia with a slightly different angry expression, but Peter could sense his amusement as he seemed to ask ‘is he always like this?’

Leia just looked at Peter with fond annoyance, ‘yes, he’s a complete dork.’
“Hey, I am not,” Peter protested. “Wait…” He suddenly realized he was sensing more than just their emotional thoughts. “Is… my spidey sense, actually sensing thoughts now?”

‘Spidey sense?’ Vader tilted his head, a hint of confusion to his thoughts.

Leia fluttered over to land on Peter’s shoulder again as she snuggled up against his neck. ‘He’s got powers, abilities. He’s a superhero, that’s why he was shot,’ she leaned up and lightly bit his ear. Peter flinched away in protest. ‘Don’t do that again.’ she warned.

The longer he listened to them the clearer their “voices” became, it was a strange but cool new development with his powers. Thinking back on it, for a long time he’d always known what Leia was saying, he just didn’t realize it, mostly because it was a small sense that he didn’t even realize he was hearing, but now it was loud enough to notice without a doubt. Unfortunately he didn’t think this would be the same for reading humans since their minds were way more complicated.

‘I’ve not received much news on these super heroes, since being imprisoned in the shop,’ Vader climbed up onto Peter’s lap then snuggled up against him. ‘No matter. If you can truly understand me, heed my words! I require comfort, your time asleep was distressing. I must hear your heart to assure it still beats,’ Vader snuggled up to Peter as he leaned against his chest, the large owl practically covered Peter’s frame.

“If you wanted to cuddle you don’t need excuses,” Peter looked down at the newest owl and gently stroked his back.

‘He’s being melodramatic,’ Leia looked down at the larger owl before returning her gaze to Peter. ‘Peaty, let’s watch Star Wars, show this jailbird what he’s been missing.’

“Sure,” Peter glanced around before spotting it on the desk, “can you get the remote?” Peter tried to conceal his yawn.

Leia just nodded before flying off and snatching the remote off the table in one graceful swoop dropping it next to Peter before landing back on his shoulder. Using the hotel’s on demand service he was able to put on Star Wars: Episode IV, because that is the proper episode to start on when introducing a new watcher to the greatness that is Star Wars.

Despide sleeping for almost a day he was still tired, not long after the rolling letters pass off the screen did Peter doze off.

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Days after the incident, Peter was recovering nicely. He probably could have gone out patrolling again if he wasn’t grounded... probably. He was still pretty tired most of the time and was wishing he knew healing spells.

Peter was also not able to leave the hotel room without Tony, witch kinda sucked, but at least he had the owls to keep him company. Speaking of which, the two owls hardly left his side except at nights to stretch their wings and hunt in a nearby park, but even then they took turns each night with Tony letting them in in the morings.

Peter was currently laying on one of the couches, something he did a lot since he was grounded because it was the most comfortable place in the hotel. Leia was practically nesting in his hair
while Vader laid across his back on top of the blanket that rested over Peter. He still insisted on listening to Peter’s heartbeat, but Peter could tell that the large owl was desperate for contact due to the years of neglect and isolation in the owlery, a place not created for long term owl keeping.

Peter remembered the shop owner saying that most owls were sold within half a year at most, Vader had been there for five.

Apparently Vader was part of a prototype breed of owls that were mixed with a number of other birds of prey to utilize their best qualities like speed, stamina, and agility. Unfortunately this lead to the abnormally large size and overly intimidating features. Even without that information he could tell Vader wasn’t purely owl, with his face resembling that of an eagle with a flatter facial structure.

Secretly, he was kinda glad no one else picked Vader. Within the short time of having the bird, Peter had grown very attached to it.

As Peter laid with his owls on the couch, Tony walked into the hotel room with his phone in hand.

“Hey, Peter,” Tony greeted. Peter could immediately tell the man’s mind was elsewhere.

“Hey,” Peter said sitting up slightly, the two owls resting on him shifted with his movements.

“Something up?”

“Yeah actually,” Tony said distantly as he look up from his phone putting it away. “I’m getting a new PA and-”

“You want me to make sure she’s not a… Blackwidow?” Peter looked at Tony with a confused look, he attempted to finish the sentence using his spidey sense but he got the thought of Blackwidow from the Avengers.

“Spy, but close enough,” Tony said with a faint laugh as he walked over to the couch.

“Yes, I can do that, I think. My spidey sense is kinda throwing a few new things at me lately. I can understand my owls now! So that’s kinda cool,” he glanced back at the mentioned creatures.

“You’re a real disney princess, kid,” Tony joked.

“Shut up, I’m more like Christopher Robin, awesome animals like to be my friends,” Peter replied.

“What’s that make me? Winnie the Pooh?”

“No, you’re definitely Tigger”

‘Tony the tiger,’ Leia giggled, though, to Tony it was just a hoot.

“That’s a cereal band,” Peter laughed looking up at Leia.

“What’d she say?” Tony asked curiously.

“She called you Tony the tiger,” Peter said still laughing.

“Because I’m so grrreat?” Tony cringed at his own words. “Should have thought that one through.”

Peter just burst into laughter, “Oh, god. Everything hurts,” he said holding his side, despite the complaint he didn’t stop his laugh. Leia had to jump to the back of the couch so she wouldn’t get knocked off, Vader was a little more stubborn and endured Peter’s shaking body.
“Never mention that to anyone, EVER,”

Peter’s laughing calmed down after they heard a knock on the door.

“That’s probably them,” Tony turned to the door he just walked through and opened it.

Peter sat up allowing the blanket to fall off him and forcing Vader to move. He shifted to a criss cross position and Vader hopped into Peter’s lap. Peter couldn’t help but wrap his arms around the large owl as if it was a teddy bear. If Tony was Tigger, then Vader was Winnie the Pooh, if only for his cuddliness.

A young man in round framed glasses and neatly combed back hair stood at the door with an almost worried look, that was until he spotted Tony and he immediately started shaking the man’s hand.

“D-Dr. Tony Stark, it is such a pleasure to meet you! I’m a huge fan of the work you’re doing towards limitless clean energy,” he said with a nervous excitement. He was still shaking Tony’s hand.

“Glad to hear that, mind if I have my hand back?” Tony said looking down at their hands.

The young man looked partly horrified as he immediately dropped Tony’s hand, pulling away.

“Shoot, I am so sorry- I um-“ he cleared his throat. “My name is Bartholomew Heartstring, I’m the PA you requested,” He almost put his hand up for another handshake but pulled it back into a crossed arms position.

His outfit was slightly peculiar, he wore a bow tie with a button down and a tweed jacket. It was strange, his clothing would fit in both wizard and no-maj company. It was by no means normal, but wouldn’t be completely out of place in either environment.

“Bartholomew, kind of a mouthful, got a nickname?” Tony asked.

Bartholomew faltered slightly at the unexpected question, “Bart?” He said hesitantly.

“I’ll just call you Heartstring,” Tony said as he let the nervous man step inside before closing the door. “This is Peter, my adopted son,” Tony said as he walked over next to the couch. Heartstring didn’t move from his spot, his eyes curiously looking around the room before Peter was introduced. He greeted Peter with a nod but when his eyes drifted down the the large owl they grew almost as big as the the frame of his glasses.

“You know he’s a wizard, right?” Peter asked as he stood up. He held Vader comfortably in his arms making sure to hold the owls feet for support, Vader didn’t seem to mind the movement. Leia took the opportunity to perch on Peter’s shoulder. It was a strange sight, even by wizard standards. Owls were not ones to snuggle.

Heartstring snapped out of his staring contest with Vader, who was giving the new PA a deathly glare. “Wait, I thought you were aware of that,” he said quickly.

“I was, and that was one of the qualifications for the job,” Tony looked back to Heartstring. “So, anyways, as I’m sure you were told, you’re in sort of a trial stage. If I don’t like how you work then you’ll be out,” he said bluntly.

“Isn’t that a little harsh?” Peter asked. Vader hadn’t broken eye contact with Heartstring as he glared daggers at him, while I’m truth he was just say hello.
“I don’t know, kid, is it?” Tony prompted.

Peter looked to Heartstring as he focused. The man was nervous and completely fanboying over the fact he was going to be PA for Tony Stark, Peter couldn’t help but think of the similar reaction Ned had when they talked about Tony before Peter was adopted. Heartstring was also hoping that he would keep the job, he really needed the money to help pay for… a flower?

“Why do you need to pay for a flower?” Peter blurted out, this took both men by surprise.

Heartstring’s face went a slight shade a red, “Sorry was I thinking out loud?”

“No, I’m a legilimens,” Peter lied casually

“Oh, that’s interesting. I’ve never known one could be so young,” Heartstring’s embarrassment shifted to fascination.

Peter just shrugged in response.

“Well, um, it’s not an actual flower. I have a little sister named Daisy, I sometimes call her flower, but she starts school this year and supplies are expensive,” Heartstring rubbed the back of his neck as his grip tightened on the satchel he wore.

Tony looked over at Peter with a raised eyebrow silently asking for his verdict. Peter replied with a small nod.

“Right!” Tony said, shifting the moment. “So quidditch world cup, how’s that going?”

“Oh, yes, the world cup,” Heartstring said excitedly as he dug into his bag pulling out a handful of papers on a clipboard along with a quill. “I have your tickets, as well as a time and place for transport,” he started flipping through the pages, “I hope you don’t mind but I took the liberty of getting you a camping spot, sometimes the games go on for days. I couldn’t get one near the stadium but I did get one a decent distance to a water spout, but of course, not to close since the area will most likely be crowded. I was able to get you a two bedroom deluxe tent. It has a fairly plain exterior since I wasn’t sure which team you supported,” he looked up from the clipboard for an answer with his quill ready to write.

“Teams,” Tony had been lazily walking around the room and now stood at the kitchen counter with the green health drink he always had. “Kid?” He glanced over at Peter.

“Um, Irish?”

“Luck of the Irish then,” Tony said before taking a drink.

“Excellent choice, sir,” Heartstring grinned as he wrote something down. Peter could tell that was also his choice team. “I have the two tickets but-”

“Three,” Tony interrupted.

“Sorry?” The PA asked confused.

“I’m going to need you to go with me, tell me the who’s who of the wizarding community,” Tony leaned over the counter top with the drink now replaced by his phone.

“Of course, how silly of me, I should have-”

“Just assume you’re going to join me at all wizarding events unless I say otherwise,” Tony
commented.

“Yes, sir,” Heartstring nodded, writing that down.

“You’re also aware that you’ll be acting as my no-maj PA, correct?”

“That was my assumption,” he nodded.

“That won’t be too foreign to you?” It was no doubt that Tony had noticed how weird wizards get when regarding anything no-maj related.

“I like to think not, sir. My mother is a muggle, and I mainly live in a muggle community. I’m well versed in both worlds,” Heartstring assured.

“Good, I think that’s all for today, make sure to mark down for the next week that we’re going back to the states before the game. Kid, you got to pack your stuff, and Heartstring, I need you to meet Pepper, she’ll show you the basic ropes,” he pointed to the two respectively. Peter had moved to the armchair with both owls still with him. “By the way, Pepper doesn’t know about magic so just no-maj topics,” Tony continued.

Heartstring gave a quiet nod as he made notes. “Wait,” he said suddenly before fumbling with his clipboard as he put it way. He pulled something else out of his bag, “Here,” he said holding the object out to Tony after taking the needed steps to get close enough.

“Just set it there,” Tony gestured to the counter, “I’ve got this thing with people handing me stuff.” Heartstring set the object down next to Tony as he made a mental note of the fact. Looking down, Tony could see the object was a black coin about the size of a half dollar. “What’s this?” He asked picking it up.

“It’s a little thing of my own design,” Heartstring said proudly. “You may not always be able to contact me by phone since the technology doesn’t work in magical environments. I have the coins twin,” he held up an identical coin except this one was silver. It had Tony’s initials on one side and the Iron Man faceplate on the other. “If you tap the center of your coin three times, it will send a ping to mine.” Tony tapped his coin, testing the action, the one in Heartstring’s hand gave a metallic buzz. “Then I would send a return signal when I receive it,” he tapped his coin and Tony’s gave a happy chime.

“Interesting,” the genius said as he examined the coin, it looked plain and uninteresting. If he hadn’t known better he would have thought it was ordinary, when in fact it was anything but.

“And if for some reason I’m not able to apparate to you right away, then it will respond with this,” the PA gave another tap to his coin, Tony’s coin let off a blunt buzz.

“It’s like a magic pager,” Tony said before finally breaking eye contact with the coin as he flipped it into the air catching it.

“Exactly my thoughts, Dr. Stark,” Heartstring grinned.

“Just mister, no need for the title,” Tony said before looking back at the coin. “So what’s the range on this thing?”

“I assume its unlimited since they are connected magically,” Heartstring replied.

“Wish my tech would do that,” Tony said with a faint laugh as he pocketed the coin.
There was a beat of silence and Heartstring seemed to take that as his cue to leave, “That was it, I guess… you know I’ll just…” he gestured to the door behind him as be cautiously back towards it, then turned around as he quickly exited.

“I like him,” Peter got up still holding Vader in his arms after the door was closed.


“He was freaking out about the fact he’s getting to be you PA but other then that no,” Peter walked over to the counter. “So… we’re really going back to the states?”

“Yeah, You’ve got your stuff back home that I’m assuming you’re going to want to pack with your school stuff. Plus I thought you might want to visit your friends since you won’t be seeing them at school this year.”

“Awesome!” Peter grinned, “I’ve never visited them during the summer before, I’ll write them and tell them the news, ready for your first mail trip, Vader?”

The large owl perked up and looked up at Peter, ‘I’d want nothing more then to prove my abilities,’ Vader said with a determined glare.

******

Ned and MJ,

First things first, I got a new owl to fly overseas. His name is Vader but don’t worry, I promise he’s nicer than he looks… even if he looks like he wants to rip your throat out.

Anyways, I’ve got good news and bad new. The good news is Tony says we’re going back to the States next week and I can visit you guys!

Bad news is I won’t be going to Ilvermorny this year, Tony has to stay in Europe for the rest of the year and he doesn’t like the idea of leaving me in America alone. I’ll be going to Hogwarts instead.

Sorry Ned, looks like Thunderbirds are going to have to find a new seeker, maybe then Horned Serpents will finally have a chance at the quidditch cup this year, MJ.

Can’t wait to see you guys next week!

-Peter.

******

Peter,
Your new owl is really scary, it keeps staring at me while I’m writing this. If like, I make one wrong move it will eat my hand or something. MJ said she’s never seen an owl like him before but I can see why you named it Vader.

I told my mom you were wanting to visit and she said you guys can crash at our place, if that ok with Mr. Stark. But if it’s not then, you know, it’s cool. I’m sure Mr. Stark has some fancy hotel already booked, or did he just buy a house in the area? Hey, is it true that he sleeps in the Iron Man suit? Or that he actually has that glowing thing in his chest? Dude! Do you think he could bring the suit!? That would be EPIC!!

But it’s a bummer that you won’t be going to school. MJ told me to write the letter because she’s been getting a lesson plan ready for your wandless magic training. She’s getting really paranoid this year and is adding a bunch of offensive spells, it’s actually kind of worrying. She keeps saying that her parents are picking up rumors of You-Know-Who returning and she especially didn’t like the idea of you going to Hogwarts since Harry Potter goes there.

She keeps saying that if he was returning then Harry Potter would be the first person he went after. I really hope what they say is just rumors, I’ve hear MJ’s parents talk about the war. I don’t think anyone want that to happen again.

So yeah, can’t wait to see you when you get over here! I hope MJ doesn’t give you anything too ridiculous for your wandless spell lessons.

-Ned

*****

Ned,

Tony’s cool with the idea of us staying at your house surprisingly. We’ll only stay for a night before we have to head back to London. I’m sending this letter with Leia since we’ll be landing soon, we have to stop in New York for the day to grab my school supplies before we head over to your place tomorrow.

Can’t wait to see you guys then! Oh and by the way I don’t actually know your address, I know you and MJ live in the Salem wizarding community but I don’t know how to get there. So, if you could send directions that’d be great.

-Peter

*****

Peter,

I will meet you on the corner of fifth and main.
“Does she always have to be so cryptic?” Peter said looking down at the most recent letter.

Tony and Peter were currently sitting in one of Tony’s least flashy cars as they waiting near the Salem’s library parking lot on fifth and main. Peter was the first to get out of the car and Tony followed.

“Maybe you should send her another owl?” Tony suggested as he leaned against the car to face Peter.

“Maybe you should be a little more patient,” said a voice directly behind Tony.

It caused the man to whirl around while instinctively activating his watch gauntlet. It hummed at it prepared a repulsor blast.

“Jumpy, interesting,” the teenage girl, who was now standing in front of him said, she didn’t seem at all bothered by the fact that the weapon was trained at her. Upon realizing it was just a teenager Tony deactivated the watch gauntlet.

“Shit, kid, anyone tell you not to sneak up on an Avenger?” Tony snapped.

“You’re more like the government’s lap dog than an Avenger. Tell me how’s that mandatory tracker feeling?” She asked looking up at him with a challenging look in her eye. “He treating you well, Peter,” she asked without breaking eye contact with Tony.

“MJ!” Peter had rushed around the car, practically sliding over the hood as he tackled the girl with a hug. This was the only thing that forced her eyes away from Tony, who was starting to get a little uncomfortable with the stare down. “Stop glaring at him, he’s the one that got me Vader so I can talk to you guys while I’m at Hogwarts.”

“Doesn’t matter, I’m still going to miss you,” MJ said hugging back before pulling away.

“Well, I’m here for today and tomorrow so you don’t have to miss me yet,” Peter reassured.

“Fine, but come on loser. Ned’s mom has dinner set up in the yard, it will be ready when we get there.”

“What about our bags?” Peter asked.

“Our house elves will get it later,” MJ said before turning to walk off. He didn’t seem to wait up for them.

“She’s usually nicer, it’s just, she’s never really liked you. Even before everything,” Peter shrugged.

“Really? I couldn’t ell,” Tony said sarcastically before they followed after her.

Getting to the small wizarding community in Salem was plainer than Peter suspected. All they did was walk through an invisible gate that was disguised as a hedge. Despite how unremarkable it looked to Peter, Tony was still constantly reminding himself not to attempt to solve what he knows his science can’t explain, his inner turmoil was expertly hidden from everyone, except Peter.

They then walked through a narrow street that was obviously not build for cars, in fact it didn’t
even look wide enough for horse drawn carriages. It almost looked like someone took an old cattle path widened it a handful of feet and lined it with bricks. The houses and scattered shops had small paths of stone that lead to each doorway, a buffer of green front yards kept the house from getting too close to the street. Each building had its own fences, some fences were knocked down to connect to neighboring yards and other stayed separate. Everything in the small area looked old, but were kept in good shape. Some heads turned as they passed but it was more for the reason that Tony was a no-maj then for the fact that he was Iron Man. After the occasional double take, no one seemed to really mind.

At the very end of the street where the brick road ended was a large stone wall that could have easily been mistaken as a hedge with the amount of ivy growing on it. MJ pushed through the once white wooden gate, whose paint was now peeling, and into a large open area with a number of tall trees casting their dark canopy over what looked like a park or even a garden.

Looking to the left and right Peter could see a house on both ends.

“Ned’s house is on the left, mine’s on the right,” MJ said as she followed a light stone path that lead to a small nook of the yard that wasn’t previously visible due to the placing of a tall rose bush. There was a long table set up with empty plates and covered with food dishes.

“You guys told me about your front yard, but this place is amazing in person,” Peter said looking around, he spotted a few gnomes that rushed away and hid under the roses.

“What the hell was that,” Tony said a little disturbed by the walking potato with legs, as his mind was so elegantly describing it.

“It’s not a potato, those are gnomes… I think. Right, MJ?” Peter asked.

“Yeah, be careful, they bite,” she said in an almost threatening manner to Tony.

“MJ,” Peter warned. As funny as it was seeing Tony Stark get freaked out by the threatenings of a teenage girl, the man was already having a hard time processing the extremely magical environment they just walked into. There were fairies fluttering about, along with stick like leaf creatures and plants with faces peeking out from under the soil. Not to mention the occasional ball of light just floating around to compensate for the sun being blocked out by the thick tree limbs, not that there was a sun to compensate for, it was early evening when they arrived.

“Fine, fine,” she said holding her hand up in surrender. “Anyways, everyone should be here soon,” just as she said that someone called Peter’s name.

Peter turned on his heels to find Ned, walking in through a different path way than the one that the three of them used to enter the nook.

“Ned, buddy,” Peter said running up to his best friend. They performed their complicated handshake before finishing it with a bro hug.

“Dude, how’s London?”

“It’s pretty cool, you should see the Wizard shopping district. Oh, which reminds me…” Peter reached into his backpack and pulled out a box of Bertie Bott’s Every Flavored Jelly Bean.

“No way,” MJ said joining them. “How’d you get this past customs?”

“Tony’s private jet,” Peter grinned.
“At least he’s good for something,” MJ commented as she reached into the box that Ned hastily opened grabbing a blue speckled jelly bean popping it into her mouth. “Ew, acidic lava rock,” she said spitting out the jelly bean, “that’s so awesome.”


“Toothpaste,” Peter shrugged as he ate the jelly bean.

“Wait, hold on, get past customs? Peter did you just smuggle over jelly beans?” Tony said with fond smile.

“Um… maybe?” Peter gave a guilty grin.

“What’s so illegal about jelly beans anyways?” Tony asked.

“MJ?” Peter said looking to his friend.

She let out a sigh as if it were basic knowledge everyone should know, “the wizarding government of america band non-edible imitation due to an unintentional wording in the National Food and Potions act,” she reached into the box again pulling out a white jelly bean. “Nice, clouds,” she nodded.

“Right, National Food and Potions act,” Tony said as he wandered around the small area taking in the sight.

“Here MJ,” Peter said grabbing the handful of pictures he took on the first day at Diagon Alley. “Pictures of Gringotts, as promised.”

“Thank you,” she said almost sing song as she looked through them.

Ned nudged Peter, the initial excitement of the jelly beans had worn off and he was motioning towards Tony. “Introduce me,” he whispered loudly.

“Oh right,” he said before turning towards Tony’s and walking that way, Ned followed shyly behind him. “Hey, Tony.”

Tony was looking up at one of the floating lights before turning on his heel to face Peter. “What’s up, kid?”

“This is my best friend Ned Leeds, Ned this is Tony Stark,” Peter was mentally preparing incase Ned did something embarrassing.

Tony held out his hand, Ned immediately shook it before quickly letting go. “Oh my god, I just shook hands with Tony Stark, Peter I can’t believe your new dad is Tony Stark! I have so many questions to ask, like how do your repulsers work? Is the suit really powered just by the glowing light? Is that light really in your chest? Wait, what if you need to go to the bathroom in the suit? I heard Captain America smells like a Fourth of July barbecue, does he really?” And what about—

“Ned,” Peter interrupted.

“No it’s fine, kid,” Tony laughed. “No, Cap doesn't smell like a barbecue, he actually uses Old Spice.”

“Heads up, losers, the parents are coming,” MJ said joining the four.

The first to step into the nook with a large plate hovering in front of her was Ned’s mom. She was a
plump woman but always had a kind face and a love for gardening and cooking. “Mr. Stark! I’ve heard so much about you from my Ned. I didn’t even realize you were Iron Man until he mentioned it.” She greeted. She had her wand held out and waved it gently to motion for the plate to be lowered onto the table. It was much larger than any of the other serving plates so it was safe to assume it was the main course. “My name is Suzan Leeds, sorry for not introducing myself properly. The roast ran a little late,” she sighed.

“No problem at all, also I want to thank you for letting us stay. It really means a lot for Peter to see his friends before school,” he looked over at Peter and his friends who were trying the every flavored jelly beans again.

“It’s a pleasure to have him over, Ned and Michelle have always wanted him to visit but his aunt could never make the trip. I only met her a few times, what a terrible thing it was that happened to her,” she glanced over at Peter with sympathetic eyes.

“I never met her, but I knew his parents. I guess not enough to know they were wizards though, that part still baffles me…”

“Don’t take is personal dear, I heard they were working in the government, not sure what exactly but they could have lost their jobs if they broke the Statute of Security.”

“Either way, a lot of stuff makes sense now that I’m thinking back.” Tony loosely put his hands in his pockets.

“I’m just glad he still has someone, he’s such a good kid,” Suzan waved her wand and the bundle of silverware that had followed her out started arranging itself at the table.

“Yeah, he really is. I just worry I might not be enough for the kid,” Tony said quietly.

“Well, just look at him Mr. Stark,” Suzan said motioning to Peter, “even with the tragedy still fresh, look at the smile on his face.”

Tony looked up to see Peter and the others laughed. Ned had a disgusted look, “who thought skunk spray was a good idea?!” He protested.

“I’d say he thinks you’re enough, plus not many no-majs jump in to the wizarding world so willingly. If I didn’t know any better I’d suspect you were a squib,” she said with a small laugh.

“A squid?”

“Squib, a non magical person born into a wizarding family, I believe Peter’s aunt and uncle were Squibs.”

Tony just nodded.

“Children! Dinner’s ready,” she called to the teens. “Machelle can you get your parents? I think they’re in their study.”

MJ just nodded before running off. Tony wandered over to stand next to Peter.

It wasn’t long till MJ came back with her mom and dad following behind. They both wore dark robes and Tony could see in their eyes that they’ve seen war. The two reminded him of Clint and Natasha when he first officially met them, their eyes always shifting, always watching for anything that could be a potential threat.
“Mom, Dad, here’s Iron Man,” she said bluntly before going back over to Ned and Peter.

“Ah… yes, the billionaire playboy turn hero, and now apparently turned parent,” MJ’s father said in a weirdly friendly tone that was somehow threatening. He was a tall man, a inch or so taller then Tony. He had jet black hair that was neatly combed and dark eyes that looked through a few loose strands. His skin was unreasonably pale as if he hadn’t see the sun in years.

“Be nice Richard, he’s our guest,” MJ’s mother lightly nudging the man. She had a more friendly demeanor, she had the same brown hair as MJ and Tony could see the striking resemblance between the two. She was the first to hold out her hand. “Delta Jones, and this is my husband Richard”

“Tony Stark,” he said with a faint smile as he shook her hand.

When he shook hands with Richard the other man held Tony’s in a unnecessary tight grip. “You know Peter is a dear friend of my daughter’s,” the man said in warning.

Tony kept his smile as he activated his watch gauntlet for the second time that day, he was thankful it didn’t completely malfunction with all the magic around them. He used it to strengthen his grip, he couldn’t stop the need to one up the man. “And Peter’s well-being is my top priority, you have nothing to worry about.”

Richard just laughed seeming to approve of Tony’s reaction. “I guess I’ll just have to see for myself then,” he said releasing the grip.

“You gentlemen done? I’m getting hungry,” Delta said as she gently led Richard to one of the chairs.

They all sat down with the teenagers together on one end of the table while the adults to the other. With a wave of her wand Suzan caused the covers on the serving plants to disappeared. A banquet of food lay before them and the main course was a large piece of pork roast.

The dinner wasn’t as awkward as Tony thought it might be, everyone talking and chatted while he observed. Some question were thrown at him but other than that he was outside the conversation, something he didn’t mind.

Peter seemed to be having a good time, that’s all that really mattered.

After everyone was full, the adults brought out something called fire whisky. The event had evolved into something lazy and comfortable.

The teens started playing a card game call exploding snaps, but it was very amusing to watch as the cards blew up in their hands. Tony eventually joined in on the game and soon everyone was playing after they cleared a space on the table.

The tablecloth that laid on the table was burnt and singed after they finished their final game.

“I’ll have to have that fixed in the morning, but I think it’s time we call it a night,” Suzan said as she stood up. The plates and dishes were whisked away by a few small pointy eared creatures that looked like Goblin, but Tony remembered MJ calling them house elves. The creatures look odd in the small little suits they wore, they were like little butlers and maids.

“One more game,” Peter yawned.

“I’m going to have to agree with her, I’m beat,” Tony stretched before getting up. “Come on,
“kiddo,” he said as he ruffled Peter’s head.

“Say goodnight, Michelle, it’s your bedtime as well,” Richard said already near the path that lead back to their house.

“Fine,” she sighed. “Hey Pete, tomorrow you want to practice dueling before you leave tomorrow? Since you have your wand now it’ll give you a fair fight against me,” she grinned.

“Oh, you’re on,” Peter said before they parted ways.

Ned was the only one too tired to protest. He followed Peter and Tony who were being lead by his mom.

“Peter dear, I didn’t think you’d mind, but you’ll be spending the night in Ned’s room, Tony there’s a guest bedroom for you.” Suzan said as she showed the where the bathroom and the rooms where before giving her good nights and going to bed.

The house was small but homely. Tony was a little surprised to see his suitcase as well as his briefcase suit sitting next to the bed. He was never good at sleeping in foreign places so he decided to just lay in his clothes as he laid down to rest.

Ned and Peter stayed up a little later than they should have and were the last to wake up that morning, breakfast was served at the same table they had dinner at.

“You guys are late,” MJ said as she crunched in a piece of bacon.

Tony sat at the opposite end of the table as he used a StarkPad. It was working for the most part but more laggy than the man would have liked.

“Can’t we just be lazy? Sleep in before school starts?” Peter yawned.

“Not everyone can be a morning person MJ” Ned mumbled as he sat down in front of her. Peter set next to him as he fixed a plate.

“I’m not a morning person, yet I still can get up in time,” MJ shrugged.

“After this you want to duel?” Peter asked. He was eager for the opportunity to duel again, he wasn’t sure if Hogwarts had a class for it like Ilvermorny did.

“Yeah, when’d you guys say you were leaving?” She asked.

“We need to be heading out before noon,” Tony said as he looked up.

“Really? So soon?” Ned asked.

“Unfortunately yes, they need me back in Europe for political reasons,” Tony said plainly.

“Regretting those accords Mr. Stark?” MJ asked.

Tony only glanced at her before returning his gaze to the StarkPad. Peter could tell it was kind of a
yes, but there was resentment mixed in the thoughts.

After breakfast, MJ led everyone to another portion of the large yard that had a dueling platform. “Why do you even have one of these?” Peter asked a little surprised.

“My dad teaches a class, don’t worry he put a charm around the area to keep MACUSA from detecting underage magic, as long as it’s nothing powerful,” She waved a her hand and the fallen leaves and sticks were swept off the platform.

“Mind if I watch?” Tony asked.

MJ just shrugged.

“Sure!” Peter replied.

“Man, this is gonna be awesome,” Ned grinned as he found a seat on a few large rocks that looked like they were placed there just for spectators.

“Is Peter any good?” Tony asked but he already suspected the answer.

“He and MJ have been rivaling for best in the dueling class for two years, they’re even better than our upper classmates. I heard a rumor that the teachers almost banned them from dueling because everyone in the school would skip classes to see it,” Ned said with an amused smile.

“Peter’s a remarkable kid,” Tony smirked.

Out of the corner of his eyes Tony spotted Richard standing near the side MJ stood at as she prepared for the fight.

Peter was a little nervous as he held his wand out, it wasn’t that he had stage fright, he was used to people watching his duels but he wanted to impress Tony.

MJ stood there with her hands up in a combat ready position.

“Ready?” She called

“I was born for this,” Peter joked.

They stood in the middle and bowed to each other before turning and walking to the ends of the platform. The moment they turned back to face each other the battle began.

MJ was the first to cast a spell.

“Expelliarmus!” She yelled, waving her hand at Peter in a swift motion, Peter’s wand flew out of his hand and she used the opportunity to cast an attack spell. An angry wave of sparks flew in Peter’s direction.

Tony almost sprang into action but with a split second Peter raised his arm up with a fist clenched and the spell bounced off an invisible shield. “Accio wand!” Peter yelled. From the grass where his wand landed, the object sprang forth landing perfectly in Peter’s outstretched hand. “Confringo!” Peter’s wand let out a blast of hot orange towards MJ, who barely dodged it with it narrowly missing as she casted a shield spell. The same one Peter silently casted moments ago.

MJ retaliated with a blue set of sparks coming from her fingertips aimed at Peter.

Back and forth they battled, Peter was the first to falter after what looked like a four way fake out
by MJ. He was hit square in the chest by a knock back spell causing him to fly in the air. Peter stuck the landing in a three point crouched position with his wand held up in his free hand. It was a little too similar to his Spider-Man movements for Tony’s liking, but the man was too enthralled by the battle to care. It was hard to tell who was winning, both teens were breathing heavily from the efforts the spells put on their bodies. All was silent for a moment as each waited for the other to move first.

Peter broke the stalemate with a running charge. MJ casted what looked like flying ropes at Peter, who gracefully rolled to dodge but still kept his forward momentum. Once close enough Peter blasted a spell at MJ’s feet causing her to fall to the ground. Peter stood above her now then yelled “Incarcerous!” A thick glowing rope wrapped itself around MJ’s arms and hands.

There was silence as they stared at each other, Peter’s wand pointed at MJ.

They both broke out into laughs. “What is that twenty-five to twenty-four?” Peter tapped his wand on the ropes allowing them to disappear. He then helped MJ to her feet.

“That Christmas battle last year was a draw, twenty-four even” MJ said dusting herself off.

“Fine,” Peter rolled his eyes.

“Well done you two!” Richard clapped, Ned joined with him in the applause. “Peter, I’m glad Michelle’s wandless lessons are going well. I must say, very impressive.”

Ned got up rushing over to then, “Dude, you did a flip and landed it! How cool was that?!”

Tony followed over, “I knew you had magic, kid, but it’s completely different seeing you actually use it.”

“MJ, you need to work on your binding spell,” her dad said putting a hand on her shoulder. “You could have had him when he charged.”

“I know, but the jerk dodged it!” MJ exclaimed.

“What was I supposed to do, let you trip me?” Peter laughed.

“Yes, because you’re supposed to be a gentleman,” MJ joked. She lightly punched Peter’s arm.

“I was,” Peter protested. “I didn’t take it easy on you, see? Sign of respect.”

After, Richard taught the three teens a few lessons in dueling. The morning dragged on into the afternoon and it was time for Peter and Tony to leave.

“I’m going to miss you, Peter,” Ned said giving him a hug.

“You too, I’ll make sure to write as much as I can,” Peter replied. After they parted MJ hugged him next.

“Be safe ok? There are some bad rumors about Voldemort returning, and if your going to the same school as Harry Potter then I want you to be prepared,” she pulled away and handed him a binder. “Here, I want you to learn more offensive spells this year. Here’s the lesson plan, and remember what I always tell you.”

“Don’t rely on your wand, I know MJ,” Peter responded, as if he’d said that a thousand times before.
She hugged him again, “But seriously… stay safe. Something’s brewing in the world and I don’t think anyone will like it.”

“I promise,” Peter said softly in attempt to comfort her.

“Right, you should get out of here, loser. Get to that World Cup you’ve been bragging about,” She lightly pushed him towards Tony’s car. Their stuff was already packed and Tony was waiting on Peter.

“Ok, see ya,” Peter opened the passenger door. “And I’ll write you guys first day of school.”

“You better! Tell us what Harry Potter’s like if you meet him,” Ned said just as Peter closed the door.

“If I even meet the guy,” Peter mumbled to himself.

Chapter End Notes

*SNIFF*  *SNIFF*  
Is that foreshadowing I smell?

JK (Rowling), you guys probably already know where this is going. Sorry if you were expecting the Quidditch World Cup this chapter but I wanted Ned and MJ to make a personal appearance before Peter was stuck in Europe. The World Cup will defiantly be in the next chapter.

By the way I want to say something about this version of MJ since it probably won't be mentioned in the fic. She's got that "give a man to fish and he eats for a day, but teach a man to fish and he'll never go hungry" thought process. She was taught wandless magic by her father and since the two are her best friends she wants to teach them how to protect themselves, that's why they can cast wandless spells. If that was bugging any of you Potterheads because wandless magic is said to be vary difficult to learn, there's the explanation as to why Peter knows some spells, but hey! Fun Fact: Wands are a European invention (or at least from that side of the world) and Native American Wizards didn't use wands with their magic until the settlers introduced it to them.

So hope you liked it, I'd love to see your thoughts and comments. Now if you'll excuse me I need to start rereading chapter 7-9ish of Goblet of Fire a few times. (Those are the ones involving the World Cup)
Flying back to London in the luxury jet was just as fun as the first time. With it currently being Peter’s third trip in the private plane, it didn’t take long for him to get comfortable. During the flight they flew over a thunderstorm, it was interesting to watch the clouds glow with lightning from above. At some point Peter had drifted off during the show, with his body still recovering from the gunshot wound and the business of the past few days, the fatigue was finally catching up to him.

When he woke up the plane was preparing to land, the city of London was just below them. When he shifted to get a better look out the window, a blanket rolled off his shoulders. He was confused for a moment since he didn’t have a blanket going to sleep, but after his groggy mind pieced together the obvious, he glanced over at Tony who now sat in the seat just in front of him.

Landing was the same procedure as last time. The owls were not a huge fan of flying in a plane, and Peter had to occasionally reassure them that everything was fine, so when they saw the bright blue sky, their nerves calmed and they insisted he let them out so they could stretch their wing. Peter had to refuse until they got back to the hotel, except they didn’t go to the hotel. Peter only noticed this when the drive was longer than it should have been.

“Where are we going?” Peter asked glancing out the window at the unfamiliar neighborhood. It was definitely a high end area but not nearly to the degree that Tony Stark could afford, it looked more like a family community than one an eccentric billionaire would live in.

“Since we’re staying here awhile, I thought it was best to get a house here. Pepper helped me pick it out. Which reminds me, she was wanting to come over here during Christmas break, Rhodey and Happy too, just a little get together,” Tony said like it was a casual thing, but Peter could sense a strong word associating with them together in mind: Family.

Even though he’s never met Rhodey and has only seen Pepper and Happy a handful of times, he liked the idea of calling them family. He almost didn’t feel guilty about the idea… almost, but he was slowly getting better. That didn’t stop him from missing everyone he’s lost though.

“Yeah,” Peter managed a smile, he paused for a moment trying to shift his thoughts to a different and less depressing track but managed to stay on a similar subject. “So, they’re family, should we tell them about… you know, everything?” Peter asked hesitantly.

“That’s up to you, Pete. They will keep the secret for both your things but I’m still unfamiliar with the statute of secrecy details.”

“Well, um… I think it will be fine? They just have to promise to pretend not to know, even if it seems like they’re talking to a wizard,” Peter knew that Tony was diving headlong into the wizarding community, so keeping this secret from his friends would only get harder as time progressed. Peter didn’t want to be the cause of distrust in what little family Tony, and now by a lesser extension Peter, had left.

“You’ve got till Christmas to decide so don’t worry so much about it, ok?” Tony gave a reassuring smile. Peter just nodded.
It wasn’t long after that they pulled up to the newly purchased house. The whole place was pretty great. It had a handful of bedrooms, a large living room, a basement that was already converted into a shop, as well as a sizable back yard with a swimming pool and a big oak tree that was just asking to be climbed. Right next to the tree in the corner of the yard was a large bird hutch, Peter could see a few electrical cords hook to it and he wouldn’t be surprised if it had it own heating, and of course, since Tony didn’t know how to stop, there was an automatic feeder. The owls will love it.

Peter was pretty bummed out that he’d only get to spend a maximum of twelve days there before having to leave for school but Peter was going to try to make the most of it.

After being shown his room, which was decorated with all sorts of nerdy stuff making Peter wonder if Tony mentioned some of Peter’s interests when the room was being decorated.

It wasn’t long after they unpacked that Tony had to leave for a few hours, something about visiting Gringotts, so Peter took the opportunity to explore a little more and get used to the place. Even if he wouldn’t be spending much time there.

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Days passed at it was the morning of the Quidditch World Cup. Heartstring told them the day before that they would need to wake up early if they wanted to make it to the portkey in time.

Not knowing how long they would be, Peter let his owls out of their cages letting them stay in the bird hutch, there was a door that was made to be permanently opened if needed so they could fly in and out of their own will. He didn’t think it would be good keeping them cooped up for so long.

It was about 2:30 in the morning and Peter was ready and packed, he was just waiting for Tony. He decided it was a good time to say goodbye to the owls.

Walking up to the hutch, Peter opened the human sized door stepping inside. The two owls would usually be out hunting at this time, with a particular large natural park being very close, but they knew what today was and returned early. They each sat in separate cubbies made for the birds, and there were about six cubbies in total with three on each wall facing each other.

Vader and Leia picked ones opposite from each other in the back of the hutch away from the opening they could fly out of but closest to the human door that was just at the end of the small rectangular structure.

“Morning guys,” Peter yawned. He turned to gently pet Leia only to hear a sudden flutter from behind followed by an added weight on his back as Vader clung to him like a bat, his wings slightly wrapped around him in the strangest hug Peter ever received, but it was still appreciated.

‘I like cuddles but I’m not going to do that,’ Leia said with a teasing tone, but the others could tell there was affection underlining it.

It was true, Vader was far more willing to show affection physically than Leia, something apparently frowned upon by other owls, but Vader was big enough and scary enough to keep any judgmental owl from opening its beak.

‘You will be truly missed, Peter. I wish you safe travels and you must promise to return,’ Vader
stated in his usual elegant tone.

“Hey, buddy, you’ve got nothing to worry about. I should be back before school and if not, then on the 1st you can fly to Hogwarts, I’ll definitely be there,” Peter managed to pull the oversized owl into his arms so he could hold him properly.

‘I’d like to accompany you during the travels to Hogwarts,’ Vader looked up at Peter with piercing eyes.

‘I don’t, I don’t want to be stuck in a cage for hours, I hate traveling,’ Leia protested.

Peter just laughed, “If you want you can just fly there, I’ll take Vader with me on the train.”

The owls didn’t even need to think over the agreement before accepting.

“Time to go, Pete!” Tony called from the back door.

“I’ll see you guys when the cup is over,” He gave Vader a gentle squeeze before placing the owl back in its claimed cubby. He was almost too big for it and just barely enough room to be comfortable, Peter had commented on it many times offering to change it but Vader claimed it was perfect as it was.

‘Goodbye!’

‘Fair well’

It was about a thirty minutes drive to get to the portkey location. Peter’s head leaned against the car door as he watched the scenery pass.

The driver gave the three questioning looks as they stopped just outside a set of wood. They got out and gathered their bags. Heartstring carried all the camping supplies despite Peter offering to help. Instead Peter opted to carry his overnight bag instead, but the moment he touched it he could tell there was an enlargement charm on the inside.

Tony had a duffle bag and his iron suitcase, which surprised Peter when the man pulled it out of the truck.

“Do you think that will work where we’re going?” Peter asked curiously.

“Heartstring said the camping area is going to be fairly magic free since they’re trying to keep a low profile, it should be fine,” Tony shrugged.

“Do you think there’ll be a reason to need it?” Peter questioned a little more cautiously.

“Probably not, but no harm in wearing it anyways,” Tony gave Peter a smirk.

“Ohh you just want to show off don’t you!”

“Just a little,” Tony said innocently.
Peter just shook his head before following Heartstring through the woods.

An hour passed as they hiked. Tony and Heartstring were getting a little tired, Peter on the other hand could probably go for another 4 without a problem.

“Heartstring, I swear, if you’re leading us in circles I’m going to show you what skydiving without a parashoot feels like,” Tony threatened.

“It’s just up this ridge Mr. Stark, they had to make sure no muggles could find it,” Heartstring gasped. He was probably not as fit as the others.

“Well they did a pretty good job since I don’t see it,” Tony complained.

“Why don’t you just get in the suit if you’re already tired,” Peter rolled his eyes.

Tony just looked at him for a moment, “Hey, not a bad idea.” Tony set his duffel down before activating the suitcase.

“No, wait I was joking!” Peter said quickly.

“Too late,” Tony said just as the faceplate snapped shut with a metal clank. The suit had morphed around him more gracefully than his older suitcase models.

Heartstring stood there in awe.

Peter just face palmed.

“Heartstring?” Tony said motioning forward as he grabbed the duffel.

“Oh! Right!”

It took only ten more minutes to get to the location of what looked like a punctured soccer ball, Heartstring explains that it was the portkey.

“That’s anticlimactic, I was expecting some mystical cup or whatever,” Tony looked down at the deflated ball. He was still in his suit and probably wasn’t going to take it off for awhile, Peter sensed Tony wanted to grab the attention of every wizard that saw him. Making the public aware that Iron Man was now part of the wizarding world, and since his face and name wasn’t nearly as recognizable as the suit, the more dramatic option was necessary.

“It’s so it’s not suspicious if a muggle does somehow stumble upon it,” Heartstring explained. He was still admiring the armor.

“Blimey! I was wondering what the loud thumping was, never expected to see Iron Man!” Said an excited boy hiking up the opposite side of the ridge, he had sandy colored hair and pale skin.

“Hah, funny, Seamus. Like that’s eve- Merlin’s pants!” Said another boy who followed just behind the first, he had dark skin and hair along with a very shocked look.

Both boys ran up to Tony who had just been watching their reactions with a smugness irradiating from his thoughts.

“You’re really Iron Man!” The boy, Seamus, said.

“Astute observation. Tony Stark,” he held out his hand to the two boys, they looked near the same age as Peter.
“Seamus Finnigan,” Said the first boy as he shook Tony’s hand.

“Dean Thomas,” Said the other.

“Mum!” Seamus called as he looked back. An older woman with matching sandy hair club up the ridge. “It’s Iron Man!

The woman was a little confused at first as she looked at her son but went wide eyed at the sight of the Iron Man armor. She rushed over to Tony immediately shaking his hand. “It is such an honor to meet you,” she said quickly. “I just want to say, when you saved New York, you saved my husband. I want to thank you,” She smiled brightly as she pulled her hand away.

Tony gave a small nod, “Just doing what was needed.”

“Man, I thought Skeeter was pulling legs when she wrote that article, but I guess Iron Man is really here in the wizarding world now,” Dean glanced over at Peter, then Heartstring.

Heartstring hesitantly moves forward, “Um… I hate to interrupt but the Portkey is scheduled to activate in less than a minute.”

Peter could sense Tony’s hesitancy in asking what they need to do with others there. Even though they knew he was new to their world he didn’t want to break the assumption that he always knew what he was doing.

Peter decided to speak up after glancing at Tony, “How do portkeys work again? I’ve never used one before.”

“Well, it’s pretty simple. You just have to hold onto it, then once it’s time it will send you to the place it was told to go,” Dean said as he and the Finnegan’s approached the soccer ball.

Seamus picked up the ball and the others grabbed on. Tony and Peter did the same, Heartstring was the last to grab it, he was looking down at his watch the counted down.

“Three… two… one…”

It happened in an instant, Peter felt a tug in his stomach as he lurched forward. It felt like they were falling but being pulled up at the same time. When they landed he heard a thud next to him as Tony fell to his knee with a fist on the ground.

“Definitely better than apparating,” Tony slowly stood up.

Everyone else had fallen down when they landed except for Mrs. Finnigan. Looking around Peter could see they arrived in an open field with two tired looking wizards in badly matched no-mag clothes. One was even wearing a kilt and poncho.

Hearing the metallic clunk of the armor brought them to attention and they went speechless at the sight.

“I would have sworn there was no Iron Man on the list,” one finally spoke as he frantically read through the names on the role of parchment in hand.

Tony approached then, allowing his helmet to retract cleanly into his suit leaving his head exposed. “Tony Stark, you might want to look under that,” He said glancing at the parchment.

“Oh, um, right,” the man said hesitantly as he did. “You’re in the first field, sight manager is Mr.
Tony’s helmet suddenly pulled out of his suit again and snap shut with a clank, the stern glowing eyes looked at the man for a moment before turning to Peter.

“Come one Pete, let’s go get set up.”

Peter just rolled his eyes, “You are completely ridiculous sometimes.”

“I enjoy the simple things in life,” Tony said smugly as they walked past the two men. Peter thanked them and Heartstring handed them the used portkey to put in a box before trailing behind.

Peter made sure to give a friendly wave to the other three that arrived with them as he said goodbye, Tony was unintentionally rude sometimes (sometimes completely intentional) but that didn’t mean Peter had to be.

They approached a small cottage, the field behind was it revealed to have hundreds of tents already set up, Peter wondered where the Quidditch field was, he had heard it took all year to construct. **

Heartstring excused himself before waking up to the man that stood in front of the cottage. He was an older fella with reflective sunglasses and gray hair, he wore a tan sweater as he looked off out at the fields like he knew more than people might think. Strangely, Peter couldn’t get any kind of sense from the man but at the same time it didn’t concern him, there was something oddly familiar about him.

Heartstring spoke to the man for a moment before he gave the man a payment for the camping spot, then was pointed off towards the field.

Peter looked up at Tony getting the sense that he had the same strange sense of recognition from the mysterious man.

“Do you know him?” he asked.

Tony shook his head, “I… don’t think so,” he said hesitantly, “But he reminds me of a great man I used to know.” That was all he said, and Peter decided to leave it at that.

It wasn’t long after till Heartstring walked back to them with what looked like a map to the campsite.

“Was that Mr. Roberts?” Peter asked.

“No, he didn’t tell me his name, but he said he was in place of Mr. Roberts while he was out. He showed me where our sight was, um, follow me,” he replied as he started to lead. The PA still glanced at the armor every chance he got.

As they walked through the tent rows, many heads turned and eyes widened, people whispered and were hesitant. Some were brave enough to approach the man in armor, some thanked him, some stood in awe, while others just wanted a hand shake. With his smooth charm and quick talking he was able to get them to leave pretty quick so they could continue on his way, but despite the interruptions Peter could sense Tony’s smug grin behind the mask. He was getting exactly what he wanted. It wouldn’t be too much longer till the wizarding world knew exactly who joined their ranks. Rumors would be replaced by solid confirmation, he just needed to find the press, which won’t be too difficult at an event like this.

It wasn’t long till they reached an empty spot with a small sign hammered into the ground labeled
Heartstring dropped the camping supplies with a huff, relieved to have the weight off his body. Peter set the bags he had in a small pile together before he went over to Heartstring to help him put the tent up. Tony finally got out of the suit, letting it revert back to a suitcase before helping them. Since each of them had a vague idea of what they were doing it was up in a matter of minutes.

Peter was the first to check out the inside, “Tony, get in here, you’ll love this!”

Tony had grabbed his duffle, suitcase and Peter’s bags before heading inside, at first he questioned if the tent was going to be big enough but froze the moment he realized magic was affecting the inside.

“Well, that’s just impossible,” Tony stated. Peter could see his mind frantically race for a solution to explain why there was a three bedroom apartment complete with a kitchen and living space inside a six by eight food tent.

“Just think of it as a pocket universe,” Peter said exploring the different rooms.

“Since you said I was going, I took the liberty of upgrading the tent,” Heartstring said shyly.

“Whatever works,” Tony said as he looked around, he was a little too preoccupied with how the tent works to care. He had dropped the bags he carried in on the sofa.

Peter walked over to pick up his bag and stood next to Tony a moment before lightly nudging him. “You alright?” He asked.

“Perfectly fine,” Tony said as he turned to face Peter. “It’s just too early for ridiculous magic right now.” He said with a faint laugh as he rubbed his eyes.

“The game’s not till this evening, Mr. Stark. You could sleep in for the time being,” Heartstring suggested as he took the room to the far right, it was set apart from the other two.

“My sleep patterns are already screwed up so no need to hold back now,” Tony joked as he walked into his room. “Wake me when the sun’s up,” Tony yawned.

Peter looked back at Heartstring once Tony closed the door, “So what are you going to do?” he asked curiously.

“I have a few books to catch up on, and a personal project or two,” Heartstring said putting his hands together as he nervously tapped his fingers against each other. “Unless you need something of course.”

Peter could tell the man was really looking forward to finishing a good series he was reading, plus Peter didn’t really need anything so he let the PA have his free time while Tony slept. Heartstring was here for work, unlike Peter and Tony.

“Nah,” Peter shook his head. “Finish that book series your working on, your description of it sounds really interesting,” Peter could sense the image of pirates in space caught in an epic intergalactic battle. Heartstring just nodded with a surprised but thankful nod before turning to disappear inside his room.

Peter looked around the room for a moment as he decided what to do, he could do the same as Tony but Peter never liked trying to go back to sleep after already waking up
He decided instead to explore the campgrounds.

He just stayed in the relative area as he wandered, it was interesting to see all sorts of wizards piled in one place. There was a group of Indian wizards with intricate designs on their robes, some from Africa that wore long white robes and roasted what looked like a rabbit on top of a purple fire. It wasn’t till he passed the familiar star spangled banner stretched between two tents that he stopped. The banner was similar to that of the American flag but with a few extra designs on it, one of them being the words ‘The Salem Witches’ Institute’ spelt across it. A group of middle-aged American witches sat under it as they chatted between each other.

It was strange how small the world was sometimes, he was pretty sure MJ’s mom was part of the Institute and wondered if the three witches knew her.

“Um, excuse me?” Peter asked politely.

They all stopped their conversation and looked towards him.

“Hey, sweetie, what can I do for you?” Said a blond woman.

“I couldn’t help but notice you were from Salem, my friend lives there and I think her mom might be a part of the institute,” Peter replied.

“Even if she didn’t the community there is pretty small, so we might know the family anyways,” Said a redhead, “What’s her name?”

“Delta Jones,” Peter watched for their reactions.

“Delta! Of course we know her!” Said the third woman who had brown hair.

“Oh she’s such a sweetheart always helping where she can,” Said the blonde.

“But ever since the war she’s never been the same,” Said the redhead.

“Neither has her husband. He grew up in Salem with us, you know? He and his brother. They used to always be out and about as happy as could be,” Said the brunette.

“They were twins weren't they?” Asked the blond.

“No, they were half brothers but born on the same day. It was strange how their family worked out, both mothers had no idea their boyfriend was cheating until the pregnancy then they both joined together and turned him into a toad. After that, they raised the boys together,” Replied the redhead. They all seem to have forgotten about Peter and he was starting to feel a little uncomfortable hearing the personal information of MJ’s dad that he wasn’t even aware of before.

He didn’t want to interrupt them again so he slowly started backing away, they hardly seemed to notice.

“It was a shame what happened to his brother, the war took so many good people,” One of them sighed as Peter disappeared into the crowd. He didn’t know what to do with the new information, maybe he’ll ask MJ if he remembers.

“Hey, Peter!” Someone called.

Peter had to look around before he noticed a brown bushy haired girl waving her hand at him.

“Hermione?” Peter said a little surprised, he really shouldn’t have been since he knew she’d be
here. He started to walk her way.

“It’s good to see you again, how’ve you been?” She asked with a friendly smile.

“Good! Well, mostly,” his mind flashed back to getting shot and his subconsciously brought his hand to his side. Despite the wound being completely healed he could still imagine the pain. “But, you know, excited for school, and all of this is pretty great,” he continued. “What about you?”

“I’ve been good! Spending the rest of the summer with my friends,” She glanced over to the line at the water spigot, she didn’t seem to notice his hand move from his side.

It wasn’t long till a lanky red headed boy walked out of the crowd with a bucket of water, following him was, to Peter’s surprise, Harry Potter. The black rounded glasses and always messy hair was starting to become just a recognizable as the scar hidden just under his bangs.

Peter suddenly remembered the image of black rounded glasses and red he sensed from Hermione when at the bookstore. They must have been who she was thinking about.

“Is that Harry Potter?” Peter asked, he couldn’t help but make sure.

“Yes,” She paused for a moment, “You’re not going to go all star struck on him are you?” She asked hesitantly. Peter sensed that Harry probably had enough of that on a normal day in a wizaring crowd.

Peter shook his head, “I’m still kinda coming to terms with suddenly living with my biggest idol, star struck is a background program that's completely focused on that,” he gave a small laugh.

Hermione gave a funny smile to that response but was glad he wasn’t going to be weird about meeting Harry.

“Mione, why’d you leave us to do all the work?” The redhead complained once he was within talking distance, even that was kinda far since he was speaking loudly.

“Not like you needed me there, plus I saw that American exchange student I told you about,” She kept her voice level as they got closer.

“Peter Parker, I’d shake your hand but they seem to be busy,” Peter smiled as he looked down at the bucket the redhead was holding.

“I’m Ron Weasley,” Ron opted for a short nod for a greeting.

“Harry Potter,” Harry said as he held out his hand, Peter shook it.

“It’s good meeting you both,” Peter smiled, he could tell they were both kind as well as a few other individual traits that he was liking. Peter wanted to make friends with them, “So, since we’re going to the same school, I hope I see a lot of you guy.”

“What year are you and do you know your house yet?” Ron asked.

“Fourth, and no, they haven’t told me anything,” Peter said slightly shaking his head.

“I thought you were 15?” Hermione asked.

“I am.”

“Shouldn’t you be in Fifth year then?” Ron was equally confused by this.
“Well… I started school a year late, you remember the battle of New York?” Peter asked.

Everyone nodded. Even in the wizarding world the events of that day were marked in history. It was the first time extraterrestrials visited Earth, and they weren't exactly friendly, luckily the avengers showed up and the image of the group were plastered across the wizarding newspapers for months along with the main focus of Iron Man flying into the portal. Never in wizarding history had a muggle ever been so famous in the wizarding world, even if most didn’t know his name wasn’t actually Iron Man.

“You were there?” Harry said, finally speaking up.

“I was visiting Central Park with my aunt and uncle when the portal opened,” Peter glanced over at Hermione who shifted slightly, she didn’t know much about Peter’s adoption details, only that he used to live with his aunt and uncle, Peter could sense she thought this is where they might have died, he quickly continued, “Luckily there weren't too many that could get that far so we were safe.” Hermione relaxed slightly.

“Did you see the beasts? Those flying fish whales?” Ron asked completely fascinated, obviously unaware of his friend’s reaction.

“Glimpses yeah, they were terrifying. Jaws full of teeth and they rammed into building like it was nothing,” Peter explained. “But anyways, after the fight there was a lot of people that needed help. My aunt and uncle did a lot of volunteer work that summer and I helped but when my letter came accepting me into the Ilvermorny I decided to wait a year and help with the volunteer work.”

Hermione approved of his choices along with Harry, Ron was still caught up on the fight between the Avengers and the Chitauri.

“Did you ever see Iron Man?” Ron spoke up. He looked at Peter with fascination.

Peter couldn’t help but laugh, Hermione joined in. Peter turned to her, “I thought you might have told them?” Both boys looked confused at Peter’s words.

“I wanted you to see their reaction for yourself,” She giggled.

“What didn’t you tell us Hermione?” Ron question. Harry remained in silent confusion, knowing the answer would come eventually.

“I was adopted by Tony Stark,” Peter watched as Harry’s eyes went wide, Ron was still confused.

“Who’s Tony Stark?” Ron asked.

“Ron, that’s Iron Man,” Harry clarified.

Ron was still confused, so Peter decided to explain, “Most of the wizarding community got it confused when naming him. His name isn’t actually Iron Man, it’s the name of his armor. His real name is Tony Stark.”

Suddenly it clicked, “What?! Iron Man’s your dad?!” Ron all but screamed.

The crowd around them looked towards Peter with interesting stares. Peter just nodded with an amused grin, though, he was suddenly on guard with all the eyes watching them.

“He’s here isn’t he?” Hermione asked.
“Yeah, back at our tent I think, either that or walking around in the armor, he wants to confirm the rumors Skeeter wrote… in probably the most dramatic way possible,” Peter mumbled the last part.

“He’s here? Iron Man… is here, at the Quidditch World Cup, I thought seeing Krum would be amazing, but this!” Ron was having a small freak out, it was a good thing he went though it now instead of infront of Tony.

It looked like Ron was about to drop the bucket of water, so Peter took it from him before it slipped out of his grip, the others didn’t seem to notice Ron was going to drop it so they were a little surprised by his actions but then immediately understanding as Ron didn’t even notice the bucket was gone.

“Iron Man is here?” Ron said again, “Ah, Fred and George are going to lose it when I tell them! Come on, let’s go!” Ron said practically running from where he stood, the bucket was the last thing on his mind.

The three remaining went after him.

“I can carry that for you, you really don’t need to,” Harry said glancing at the bucket.

Peter just shook his head, “It’s the least I can do for accidentally breaking your friend,” Peter joked.

“Don’t worry, he’s just like that,” Harry replied with an amused smile.

Making it back to their tent was easy since Peter wasn’t weighed down by the weight of the water. Super strength come in handy during everyday life more than people think it would.

“You’ve been ages!” another redhead exclaimed when they finally showed up, he glanced at Peter but Peter was looking between he and who Peter assumed was his twin brother. There resemblance would easily confuse a normal person but Peter was glad he could use his spidey sense to tell the difference. He’d hate to make them upset for constantly getting them mixed up.

“And, why are you making this kid carry the pail,” Said the other looking at Peter.

Ron was confused for a moment then looked back at Peter before taking the bucket back. “That’s not important! Guys, I just found out Iron Man is here!”

“Ha! Fat chance, hate to break it to you, brother, but someone’s pulling your leg,” said one of the twins.

“No, he’s telling the truth,” Hermione cut in.

“Because he’s Peter’s dad,” Ron replied gesturing to Peter.

The man who had been struggling to light a match nearby looked up at the news, it was probably safe to assume that he was their dad since he had the matching red hair.

“Sorry, did I hear correctly?” Mr. Weasley joined the conversation.

“Probably bogus,” Said one of the twins.

“Iron Man is technically my dad,” Peter finally said, there was no point in explaining that Iron Man is Tony Stark again at the moment since he was sure Ron’s family had the same assumption as
him.

“Technically?” Asked the other twin, they were obviously skeptical.

“He adopted me,” Peter shrugged. Peter was starting to think it would just be easier to explain this if he referred to Tony as his dad. “Peter Parker,” Peter said holding his hand out to the twins. Not the smoothes introduction but he really needed their names.

“Fred, this is my brother George,” said one, but he shook both their hands.

“And I’m Arthur Weasley,” Mr. Weasley said, also holding his hand out, Peter took it.

“We still call bogus,” Fred said, both twins crossed their arms.

“Well if you want, you can-” Peter stopped mid sentence as he heard the familiar hum of the Iron Man suit in flight. He grinned at the twins as he watched their gazes go to the sky in awe. He heard the thunk of Tony landing behind him and the heavy footsteps as they approached from behind.

The footsteps stopped just behind him and Peter could hear the whirr of the arc reactor just behind his head. He casually stuck his hands in his pockets as he looked up leaning back slightly so his head rested against the chest piece of the armor. He grinned up at Tony.

“They didn’t believe you were my dad,” the term slipped out before he added ‘adopted.’ He almost regretted it since he wasn’t sure if Tony would be ok with it but the sudden rush of affection he sensed from Tony made him quickly change his mind.

Tony looked down at him through the glowing eyes of the mask before looking up at the awestruck twins. “I guess they do now,” he said humorously, but it was subtle enough that it almost wasn’t picked up through the suits transmitter.

Peter lightly pushed off Tony with his head before looking at the twins, “This is Fred and George,” He gestured to the propper twin when saying their name. “Arthur Weasley, their dad, and Ron the younger brother, you met Hermione…”

“Miss Ganger,” Tony nodded in greeting.

“Mr. Stark,” Hermione nodded back with a smile.

“... and this is Harry Potter,” Peter finished.

Tony shook everyone’s hand but when he got to Harry he held it for a moment. “Harry Potter, why’s that name familiar?”

“You’ve probably heard it around, he’s sorta famous in the wizarding world,” Peter said casually.

Harry lowered his head slightly with a shy look as he scratched the back of his head, “Yeah, sorta.”

“I think Iron Man is almost as famous as you, Harry,” Ron said seeming to finally find a voice.

The twins had snapped out of the Iron Man starstruck phase pretty quick but Mr. Weasley was grinning wildly at the suit as he looked at all the pieces. Peter was pretty sure he heard the man mumble “Electricity, amazing.”

“Will all of you be going to the same school as Pete?” Tony asked, thinking it was probably best to change the subject. He could probably tell how uncomfortable the subject made Harry.
“Um, yes,” Harry nodded.

“Hogwarts has houses too, right? So what’s everyone’s?” He asked.

“We’re all Gryffindor,” Ron said proudly.

“What’s the difference between houses?” Peter asked.

“We’ll Gryffindor values bravery, Ravenclaw has the smarts, Hufflepuff are the soft ones, and Slytherin get the rotten ones,” Ron explained.

“You’re only half right,” Hermione said rolling her eyes. “Gryffindor values bravery, daring, nerve, and chivalry, Ravenclaw values intelligence, knowledge, and wit, Hufflepuff values hard work, dedication, patience, loyalty, and fair play, and then Slytherin values ambition, cunning and resourcefulness.”

Peter hadn’t known the full values of each of the houses, just the names, but out of all of them Ravenclaw and Slytherin stuck out to him. Slytherin sounded like the house Tony would definitely be in if he were a wizard, Ravenclaw almost purely for the fact that it was related to a bird just like his Thunderbird house at Ilvermorny, though, the fact that it valued intelligence and wit also stuck out.

“Slytherin sounds fun,” Tony said.

“No, you don’t want Sytherin,” Ron said quickly.

“There’s not a wizard who went bad who wasn’t from Slytherin,” Fred spoke up.

“Most turned to the dark arts in the war, a lot of them joined you-know-who’s side,” George continued.

“You mean Voldemort,” Peter said bluntly.

Everyone tensed up, especially Mr. Weasley, though, Harry seemed to be the one least affected by the name, but Peter could sense he had a strong urge to touch his scar. He kept thinking of a… serious owl? That probably wasn’t right, but Peter doubted he’d get any clarification.

“Shh don’t say his name,” Mr. Weasley said quickly.

Peter could tell Tony had no idea what they were talking about and only knew it was a serious matter.

“Fear of the name only add fear to the thing,” Peter replied. He had heard variations of that saying from Uncle Ben and MJ’s dad, both Peter knowing to be very wise, he took the words to heart. “It’s been years since the war, the only reason he’s still causing fear now is because we let him,” Peter said firmly. There were looked exchanged between Ron, Harry, and Hermione.

Their collective ideas spelt out a clear thought to read, ‘he could be back’ followed by an image flashing in his mind from Harry. A decrepit, hideous creature sitting in a chair in front of a burning fire, words associated with the image were snake, death, pain, darkness, lord. The worst part, was Peter could tell it wasn’t just a thought, but a memory.

“No!” Peter snapped in disbelief as he took a sharp step back. He ran into Tony, but the man caught him.
Everyone looked startled, especially the trio. They looked between each other wide eyed suspecting that Peter somehow knew what they were thinking.

Peter was shaking slightly, the only one to notice was Tony.

“Ok, it was great meeting everyone, but we should head back to the tent for lunch, what do you say, Pete?” Tony asked.

Peter just nodded as he tried to recover, pretending that he hadn’t just acting like a complete lunatic. Harry could see the fear Peter tried to cover up in his eyes, the boy who lived only returned it with a confused but concerned look. Harry was hiding something, he was also worried about protecting someone. But Peter didn’t care about that now, all he could think of the the terrifying image of the thing in the chair, and a dead man on the floor in front of it.

He didn’t remember being lead into the tent, or how exactly he ended up sitting down on his bed with Tony now out of the suit.

“Peter, hey, come on kid you got to talk to me,” Tony said kneeling down in front of him he had both his hands on Peter’s shoulders. “What did you see?”

Peter was staring off into nowhere and if it wasn’t for the strong sense of concern coming from Tony then Peter might have not snapped out of it so quickly.

“They think he’s back, Harry saw him, he saw… something. It was hideous, it had to be…” Peter trailed off again, he couldn’t believe it and it seemed that neither could Harry but he knew deep down that it couldn’t have been anyone else in that chair.

“Peter, who did he see?” Tony said firmly, trying to keep Peter from falling into whatever horror that was worry the poor spider teen.

“Voldemort,” Peter whispered. He seemed to look around regaining his senses.

“Pete, who’s Voldemort,” Tony, noticing Peter was recovering some, asked a little more gently.

Peter took a breath and cleared his throat, “He’s like Hitler of the wizarding world, but scarier, so much scarier. He-” Peter looked away from Tony and the man responded by squeezing his shoulders in reassurance. “He killed my parents, tortured them first. It wasn’t even one of his death eaters-,” He looked up at Tony could sense him questioning the word but didn’t want to interrupt Peter.

Peter swallowed before he continued, his throat suddenly felt very dry, “They’re like his Nazis, usually they do the— that, but I guess they were important enough… I don’t know,” Peter’s voice dropped to a whisper as he dropped his head. He didn’t understand why his eyes were burning with tears but he refused to let them fall, instead he practically tackled Tony in a tight hug. They ended up sitting on the floor with Tony holding the distraught teen.

Peter had his head buried in Tony’s shoulder, “If he’s back, it will mean war. So many will die… you could die,” he said it so quietly that if Peter wasn’t so close to his ear he wouldn’t have heard it.

“I’m not going anywhere buddy, if war happens they won’t be killing me so easily,” Tony said confidently despite the fact his suit was definitely not battle ready for a magic war.

Peter let out a small laugh, “Your suit…” because of course Peter picked up on Tony’s thoughts.
“I know but we’re working on it,” Tony said lightly rubbing the kid’s back, because that’s what he was, a kid, and somehow the world is screwed up enough to make him fear for the possibility of a war that might take away what family he has left. “They can’t knock Iron Man down so easily,” he added.

“They can when they use the unforgivable curse that can instantly kill…”

*Because of course magic has a fucking insta-kill spell!*

Tony just sighed, this new wizard world was getting more complicated, but he was determined to endure it. “I’m sure we can figure out something against that to,” he had no idea if they actually could but nothing was going to stop him from trying.

Peter seemed to calm down now, “I hate that I can’t use magic outside of school,” Peter slowly pulled away then leaned back against the bed.

“Didn’t MJ say that her dad charmed the dueling area? What if we just did that to one of the workshops?” Tony asked.

“I don’t know how to do that,” Peter sounded defeated.

“I do have a pretty resourceful PA,” Tony suggested.

Peter gave a small smile, but it faded quickly then Tony realize how tired the kid looked. “You look like someone dropped a bus on you,” Tony suddenly stated.

“I feel like it was a building,” Peter mumbled.

Tony was the first to stand and he helped Peter into the bed, “Either way, you should get some rest. We still have a while till the game and I want you to enjoy it, not worrying about passing out.”

Peter didn’t protest as he laid down, Tony pulled the blankets over before kneeling on the floor beside the bed. “Just don’t worry about any of this war stuff ok? You don’t even know if what you saw was true.”

“Harry thinks so, he just doesn’t want to accept it,” Peter sighed as he turned his back to Tony. He obviously didn’t want to talk about it anymore.

“Just get some rest, Petey,” Tony lightly ruffled the teens hair affectionately before leaving the room and closing the door.

Glancing at Heartstring’s room it was easy to see he wasn’t there, Tony pulled out the little black coin and tapped it. It dinged only a moment later, suddenly there was a loud pop and Heartstring stood in front of him.

“How can I help you?” He asked.

Tony jumped back in surprise, “Shit, I got to get used to that,” he mumbled. “I need you to get a few books for me,” he continued.

Heartstring had parchment and a short quill ready, ”About?”

“The unforgivable curses and the wizard war,” Tony walked over to the sink in the little kitchen to fill a glass of water, because for some reason, without proper plumbing, it just magically worked.
“Sorry did you say the unforgivable curses?” Heartstring asked hesitantly.

“Yes, why?”

“It’s just… well they are highly looked down upon in the wizarding community.”

“Kinda guessed that from the name,” he glanced.

Heartstring wrote something down before looking back up, “Was there anything else?”

“Yeah, and this is only if you can figure it out,” Tony said taking another glass and filling it up. Heartstring perked up slightly seeming to take it as a challenge. “I need you to figure out how to charm one of my labs so Peter can use his magic without detection,” Tony finished.

“That is illegal, sir,” Heartstring said nervously.

“I thought it might be,” Tony sighed.

“Um… can I asked why?”

“Peter and I need a place where he can work with his magic, I need to be able to protect him in this world, not someone he has to worry about protecting. I can’t do that without, well for lack of a better term, a magic proof suit.”

Heartstring went wide eyed, “That sounds amazing, if given the opportunity, is Peter really capable of creating that?”

“He was tinkering with circuit boards at 6, and built his first computer at 7. I’m pretty sure that was before he dived into the world of magic, trust me, I know he’s capable,” Tony said matter of factly.

Heartstring just nodded, “I’ll see what I can do, I’ll have to start with research but it may take me awhile.”

“Deadline is Christmas break if you can manage that, anyways that was it, you can return to what you were doing,” Tony said as he set the empty glass of water aside and took the second one he just filled into Peter’s room, setting it on the bedside table.

By the time he was out of the room again and closing it quietly Heartstring was gone, whether to get the books or enjoy the festivities Tony didn’t really care. He was upset right now, mostly because Peter was upset, and he wanted to walk up to the three kids and give them a piece of his mind, but there wasn’t anything to really talk about on the matter. It’s not like they meant to reveal that information and they definitely wouldn’t have known of Peter’s spider sense.

Tony fell into one of the chairs of the living room with a heavy sigh.

The big thing that was really bothering him was the reveal of Peter’s parents’ death. He was told it was a plane crash overseas, bodies unrecoverable. Tony had sent so many search missions looking for the wreckage, they were good people and deserved better than a watery grave, he had called the searches off nearly a year after when he realized the parallels with his father’s obsession in finding Captain America. He never would have thought that there was nothing to find in the first place, the documents of the flight were seamlessly forged, and now, knowing better, he suspected magic was in play.

Still, captured in war and tortured by a wizard Hitler, that wasn’t how they should’ve ended either.
With his elbow resting on the arm of the chair, he leaned his head forward slightly to rub his eyes with his thumb and forefinger, before he could start a new tangent on the subject of Peter’s parent’s, a voice brought his attention out of his head.

“Um, Mr. Stark?” Said a young man just behind the closed flaps of the tent.

Tony glanced at Peter’s bedroom door, then back at the entrance before standing to answer whoever called. He might just shoo them away, he really wasn’t in the mood for anything.

Pushing the fabric aside, it revealed the black haired boy with glasses, Harry Potter, if Tony remembered correctly. He was about to wonder how he found the tent but remembered they never removed the sign with the last name on it.

“Mr. Stark?” Harry seemed to ask for confirmation, he looked a little nervous.

“Yes, what’s up?” Tony asked standing in the doorway with his arms casually crossed.

“Is Peter ok? He didn’t look so good when you left,” Harry glanced behind Tony as if trying to catch a view of Peter.

“Had a blood sugar thing, kid told me he ate this morning, guess he was more interested in getting here then personal health,” Tony said with a fake laugh as he lied.

“Oh, well could I see him?”

“He’s sleeping, so he won’t be tired for the game,” Tony responded.

Harry just nodded, “Tell him I hope he feels better,” Harry said then gave another polite nod before he started walking away.

Tony watched for a moment before turning back into the tent.

Odd kid, but he seemed genuinely concerned, Tony didn’t blame him though, Peter looked like he had his soul taken out as they left.

He was glad he made a few connections with people while in the suit that morning, Heartstring had told him Peter was still looking around so Tony and his PA started doing the same.

He ran into someone named Barty Crouch. Apparently he’s important, or was during the war. The man seemed hesitant when greeting Tony and he wasn’t sure if it was for the fact he was a no-maj or some other reason. It was probably the fact he was a no-maj, seeing as after Crouch subtly asked how Tony came to know the wizarding world, and then a quick explanation of his adopted son being a wizard, Crouch was less hesitant but still weary.

Tony remained the same towards the man, he wasn’t too keen on how cold and work driven he was, but of course with a charming smile showing, Crouch wouldn’t know that.

There were a few other officials he met, most nearly not as noteworthy but he wasn’t there to make connections at the moment, he was there to get noticed.

Tony was pulled out of his thoughts by Peter’s door opening, the groggy looking teen shuffled over to the chair just next to Tony and fell into it as he curled his legs up.

“Hey, Pete,” Tony looked at the time and the kid had been out for a solid four hours. Tony hadn’t even realized he was sitting there that long.
“Hey,” Peter mumbled back.

“You feel any better?”

Peter yawned as he struggled to give a nod.

“You want to grab something to eat? I can send Heartstring out for fast food,” Tony suggested.

Peter shook his head, “I’m not hungry.”

Tony frowned, “Peter, you’ve hardly eaten today.”

Peter just shrugged, Tony sighed as he got up. He took the few steps needed to be standing by Peter’s chair before grabbing the teen’s arm and lightly pulling him up.

“Don’t be a brat, spiderling,” Tony tested as he got Peter to his feet. “I saw a few venders on the far side of the campsite, lets go check out weird wizard foods.”

This got a smile out of Peter, “You’re going to regret that,” Peter said with an amused smile.

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Peter was right, Tony kinda did. Some of the food that was offered was kinda weird, there were chocolate frogs that actually moved, blood flavored candies, acid lollipops that would actually burn a hole in your mouth, and that was just the candy cart!

It seemed that Peter was determined to show him the worst of the foods first, everything else looked edible. Peter still insisted on buying a handful of frogs.

They snacked on the strange foods till evening. Tony did eventually try a chocolate frog, it was probably the best chocolate he’d ever tasted, but the fact the thing moved still freaked him out.

Peter just laughed as Tony ate the chocolate with a disgusted expression.

“I’m extremely conflicted right now…” Tony swallowed.

“You get used to it,” Peter chuckled.

“But do I want to?” Tony said looking at the remaining piece of chocolate frog in his hand, it still squirmed around like it didn’t just have it’s head bitten off.

“Is the taste worth it?” Peter grinned.

Tony thought this over for a moment, “Yes,” he mumbled as he reluctantly took another bite. Whatever magic was making the frog moved seemed to have worn off after the second bite, the remainder of the frog sat rigid and motionless in his hand like it was a normal piece of shaped chocolate.

Suddenly there was a pop near them and both turned to see Heartstring wearing his usual tweed coat but with a notable number of shamrock pins on the breast pocket, he also wore a green hat that was charmed with a spinning shamrock. “Mr. Stark, I wasn't sure if you wanted to wear anything for the team but I did get a few things for Peter,” The PA said holding a cardboard box.
Peter’s curiosity dragged him over, as he looked through he could see flags, hats, and other pins. There was even a cape but Peter didn’t feel like going that far. He grabbed a few pins and a top hat with a glowing shamrock on the front.

“You want anything, Tony?” Peter asked taking one last look through the box before pulling out a set of flags.

“I’m good, never been one to dress up for team spirit,” Tony shrugged.

“You’ll need to wear this ring though,” Heartstring had pulled out a little silver ring. He wasn’t sure how to give it to Tony but Peter held his hand out. Heartstring gave it to Peter then Peter handed it to Tony.

“What’s it for?” Tony asked.

“There is a muggle repelling spell around the quidditch pitch, this will help you resist it but you may still get the feeling that you’re missing an important meeting,” Heartstring continued.

“Why a meeting?”

“Because the repelling spell is supposed to make you think you’re missing something important causing you to run off after that instead of towards whatever the charm is hiding… that’s it, right?” Peter asked looking back at Heartstring.

“Exactly,” Heartstring nodded with a smile. “But I’m assuming they put a particularly strong one on the pitch, so the effects might be felt, though, it shouldn’t be enough to make you actually follow the urges,” Heartstring added.

“Well it’s a good thing I’ve had enough practice ignoring deadlines,” Tony mumbled as he slipped the ring on.

“Where’d you even get something like that, Bartholomew?” Peter asked curiously.

“They don’t exactly advertise for muggles to go to wizarding events, in fact I think you might be the only one here, Mr. Stark, but I had to make that one myself. Was easier then expected since most muggle repelling spells are made with basic magic,” Heartstring looked proudly on his creation.

Tony was starting to think this PA was worth the Starkanium, he thought of everything Tony wasn’t aware of and crafted things to adhere to their needs if they couldn’t get anything otherwise.

“Good work, Heartstring,” Tony said casually as he walked passed the PA.

It wasn’t too long after that, that a deep booming gong chimed out somewhere beyond the woods, and red and green lanterns lit up the trees lining the paths to the pitch.

The air hummed with excitement, as the three followed the rest of the crowd through the woods. Tony decided he didn’t have a need for the suit anymore, and he doubted he’d need it for the rest of the trip, so he left it behind tucked under his bed in its suitcase form.
If you couldn't tell the guy with the reflective sunglasses was a subtle Stan Lee cameo.
I was writing the beginning of this chapter when I got the news of his death. I've always looked up to him and his amazing characters and storytelling. He may be gone now but his stories will live on forever and will continue to inspire those who experience them.
Chapter 5

Chapter Notes

Are you guys ready for the World Cup!!

Because here it is!

Hope you guys like it, there were some parts I was a bit iffy about but I think I worked it out... hopefully. Though there is some slight bad news since this chapter is a tinny bit shorter then the others.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

As they followed the lights through the wood, the air was filled with excited chanting as well as people singing in support of their teams.

Neither Peter nor Tony had been to anything like this, Peter not able to afford the trip and Tony not caring enough to attend a no-maj sporting event, but even he knew those would have been nothing compared to this.

It wasn’t till ten minutes into the twenty minute walk it would take them to get to the pitch, that Tony could feel the effects of the previously mentioned muggle repelling spell.

Despite the ring on his finger to ward against the magics effects, Tony was getting the uneasy urge to turn away from the place, that he needed to go somewhere else, do something important.

He staggered slightly in his walk.

Peter was the first to notice his struggles.

“Tony?” He asked with a slightly concerned expressions.

Then Heartstring.

“Perhaps the magic was stronger than I anticipated,” he said nervously, with a guilty look in his eye.

“No, it’s fine. Just wasn’t expecting it,” Tony brought a hand up to pinch the bridge of his nose. The conflict was giving him a light headache, he needed to figure out this thought loop he was stuck in. “Give me a minute…”

He tried thinking of it as computer commands.

He needed to go somewhere else. Do something important.

Well that was an easy fix once he actually considered what it was telling him.

He needed to stay with Peter. This was important to Peter.

Everytime the prompt popped into his head he replied with those answers. Soon the headache was
gone and despite still receiving the prompts, it wasn’t as overwhelming as before.

“I’m good now,” Tony said looking back at the two.

Heartstring was still slightly nervous but Peter looked at Tony with a smug grin, since he could probably tell what Tony’s coping mechanism was.

“Shut up,” Tony smiled as he shook his head, he walked passed Peter playfully knocking the kid’s shoulder against his own.

“I didn’t say anything,” Peter protested as he followed.

“You didn’t need to,” Tony called back. The prompt was slightly stronger as they got closer, but now that he had a handle on it, it hardly had an effect on him now.

Once they reached the clearing, the three stood in awe at the massive structure before them. The stadium was so large that from where they stood, they could only see a fraction of its full size.

Heading towards one of the entrances, which already overflowed with eager witches and wizards, they waited in line till they got to the Ministry witch checking tickets. Heartstring handed her theirs and she glanced at them for a moment before checking a roll of parchment, then looking at the tickets once more.

“Prime seats! So you’ll be in the Top Box, just go straight upstairs and as high as you can go, you should find it,” She gave them a friendly smile before calling the next in line.

Heartstring gave a slight frown as he got the ticket back, when they started walking to the stairs he finally spoke up, “The tickets I got us were definitely not up there,” He glanced back at Tony. “I think someone important noticed you in the suit today, Mr. Stark.”

“Of course they did, that’s what I was planning,” he straightened his black blazer with the pride of his plan working, but Peter could tell that he didn’t think it would get him this far, at minimum a mention in the papers.

As they climbed the many stairs, the rest of the crowd that followed them soon filtered away till it was just the three of them on the last few lengths of the stairs. When they reached the Top Box they found it was fairly small compared to the others they passed. With a total of twenty seats set in two rows of ten, it sat halfway between the golden goal posts on either sides of the pitch. In other words, the perfect spot to watch the epic game.

It didn’t take too long to notice a cluster of red hair occupying a part of the first row, along with one bushy haired girl and a boy with black untamed hair.

“Hey guys,” Peter gave them a friendly smile as he approach Harry, Ron, and Hermione. He was really kinda hoping that they didn’t make a big deal out of his outburst earlier that day.

Everyone turned to greet him, but there was a set of three new faces that Peter didn’t recognize.

“Ah! Peter!” Mr. Weasley said with a cheery smile, “I heard you had a low blood sugar problem, hope you had plenty of sweets to make you feel better.”

Peter glanced at with a slightly confused look but quickly gathered that low blood sugar was the excuse for his incident. One he hadn’t completely come to terms with yet, but was doing marginally better than before.
“Don’t worry, plenty of chocolate frogs,” Peter smiled.

Mr. Weasley took a step into the aisle, he walked up to Heartstring and Tony who still stood near the doorway, Peter was already down by the railing getting a better look at the stadium.

Mr. Weasley then stood in front of Heartstring his his hand out. “It’s a pleasure to meet you face to face Iron Man,” he held out his hand.

Heartstring looked like he was about to have a heart attack from embarrassment, “Um- I uh, I’m not Iron Man,” He finally managed to choke out.

Tony almost looked horrified at the misunderstanding but he was too shocked to manage that, never, never, in his entire life has someone mistaken someone else for him, while they were standing next to each other!

Peter had to hold his hand over his face to keep from bursting out laughing, Tony’s shocked expression was priceless. He needed to get a picture of that, luckily he had his camera already out since he was just about to take a picture of the view. He easily turned his camera to snap the view of Tony and Heartstring.

“Oh! My apologies!” Mr. Weasley corrected as he shifted to be in front of Tony, who had recovered quickly, but Peter could tell that he was still in shock.

Tony just flashed the wizard a press pleasing smile before saying, “No need, should have shown my face to you earlier,” He said as he reached out to shake the hand.

“Boys come up, I want you to meet someone,” Mr. Weasley motioned down at the three unfamiliar faces, he was obviously unaware of how the misunderstanding was effecting Tony and Heartstring. Heartstring quietly excused himself from the box, his face a noticeable shade of red.

The three complied to the command but the youngest seemed a little annoyed, despite trying to hide it under politeness. “This here is Mr. Iron Man!” Mr. Weasley announced.

All eyes went wide, Tony regained some dignity from their reaction and held out his hand.

“Iron Man is my code name. The name’s Tony Stark,” He shook their hands and they each introduced themselves as Bill, Charlie, and Percy Weasley. Mr. Weasley went on to say that they were his eldest sons.

At that point Peter decided to join the other half that remained seating, which were Fred, George, Ron, Hermione, and Harry.

“I thought Iron Man would be taller outside the costume,” Said Fred.

“And what kind of name is Stark? Sounds like a laundry soap,” Added George.

“His beard’s weird to,” Replied Fred.

“Is that a muggle thing, or just him?” Continued George.

“Guys stop, that’s Peter’s dad,” Ron said quickly.

“Sorry,” The twins said at the same time as they looked up at Peter.

Peter just shrugged, “It’s cool.”
“I’m glad to see you’re feeling better,” Hermione spoke up.

“Kind of weird how you shouted like that,” Rod added, he was then elbowed by Hermione.

“Yeah… sorry about that,” Peter said with an apologetic smile. “I have a crazy metabolism, if I don’t eat properly it throws my head in a loop,” he hated lying to them but he couldn’t exactly tell the truth, not until he was sure it was just the four of them.

Though, he could see Hermione frown at his answer.

Before the conversation could continue, Peter caught the sense of fear coming from the far corner of the room. Looking around there was no one but the dozen of them, that was until he leaned up slightly and noticed the familiar bat-like ears of a house elf.

“Um, I’ll be right back,” Peter said before moving to the other side of the box. The group watched him curiously.

As Peter approached the small house elf, he noticed they had their eyes tightly shut. Peter knelt down beside the chair and immediately noticed the old rag it wore, he frowned at the sight but decided not to comment. He wanted to know why it was scared first.

“Hey there, everything alright?” He asked gently.

The elf looked up at Peter through its fingers with large brown eyes, “Everything is fine, sir. I’m just holding the seat for my master, sir,” Its voice was just a squeak, but it shook with a hint of fear.

“But you’re scared of something, is it anything I could help with?” He asked quietly, so not to frighten it more. The thought of the creature being mistreated came to mind, it made him a little angry.

“No, sir. It’s nothing, sir. I’m scared of heights, is all,” It quickly covered its eyes again.

“Oh… well what’s your name?”

“My name is Winky, sir,” she kept her eyes closed as she talked.

“You don’t have to be so scared, the floor is solid under you and you’re miles away from the edge,” Peter tried to reassure her.

“But, it is very high. What if I get too close? What if I fall, sir? I can’t fly,” She said weakly.

“Well, if you stay here then you won’t be too close, and if you fall from here I’ll catch you.”

“What if I is falling to fast? What if you can’t get your wand quickly enough?” She glanced up at him through her fingers.

“You won’t fall to fast, I promise you that, and I have other ways of catching you than using magic,” Peter assured.

“Like how?” Winky asked. Her hands slipped down a little from here eyes as she watched him.

Peter glanced up at the other’s who were watching him. Tony, Mr. Weasley and his three eldest sons were still distracted with their conversation.

“If you promise to keep a secret I’ll show you, what do you say?”
Winky thought this over for a moment before nodding.

Peter ducked down slightly so that he was partly out of view of the remaining five who could be watching. “I’m part spider,” by using his web shooters that were hidden just under his sleeves, he flexed his ring and middle finger back to activate the device. It shot a string of webbing at the floor in front of the seat, Winky looked down in awe. “I always have this, so if you fall, I promise I’ll catch you.”

“Promise?” She whispered.

“Promise,” Peter confirmed. Peter could sense some of her tension go away, she was still scared, but not nearly as nervous. He was glad he could help her some, “My name is Peter, by the way.”

“I’m going to still keep my eyes closed, Peter, sir,” She said weakly.

“That’s ok,” Peter gave a gentle smile as he stood up, “I’ll be over here, so I’ll be able to see if you get too close to the edge.”

Winky had her eyes close again but nodded, “Thank you, sir.”

Peter lingered for a moment before returning to the others. He made sure to grab the small piece of webbing he demonstrated with.

“Did you know her?” Harry asked curiously.

Peter shook his head, “Not before now, she just looked like she was scared.”

“Of heights yeah,” Harry sighed.

“You know her?”

“Talked to her earlier, thought she was another house elf I knew,” Harry explained. The image of a sock popped into Harry’s head, as to why exactly Peter had no idea.

Peter just nodded before he leaned over the railing to get another look of the stadium. He had his camera out to snap a few photos of the view. Harry and Ron looked around through something called an Omniocular, while Hermione read through the velvet covered pamphlet.

When others started to file in through the next twenty minutes, Tony and Heartstring found their seats just behind Peter, who was sitting next to Harry on the front row. Mr. Weasley remained standing as he shook hands with incomers that were obviously very important. Heartstring would whisper to Tony about who the people were and what they did, Tony would then decide if they were worth getting up for. None were.

That was until the Minister for Magic walked through the door.

Tony got up and Peter followed, he wasn’t going to miss the opportunity to meet what was the equivalent of the british wizard president.

Peter noticed that Harry caught the Minister’s eye but couldn’t get past since the three of them block his way. He could tell the Minister was slightly frustrated by the fact but didn’t let it show on his face.

“Minister Cornelius Fudge, I’d like you to meet Iron Man,” Heartstring introduced politely.

“My real name is Tony Stark,” Tony said holding out a hand to shake the Minister’s.
He had walked in with two other men at his sides, one Peter recognized as the Bulgarian Minister, who he’d been shown a picture of moments before by Hermione. The other man was tall wore dark robes and held a cain, he had long blond hair with pale skin followed by unfriendly eyes.

Peter’s spidey sense spiked at the sight of him, something really wasn’t right about him. Trying to get a better sense of his thoughts but was only met with the idea of how disapproving a muggle like Tony had made his way into the Top Box.

Well, first off, rude, Tony was probably ten times better then the judgmental wizard, and second, Peter was a little concerned with the dark underlying aspects of his thoughts. He knew he was hiding something else but they were too far in his mind to see.

Suddenly Peter realized Tony was talking to him, he backtracked slightly realizing he was being introduced to the Minister. Peter shook his hand with a friendly smile, the blond man noticed Peter was staring a little longer then he should have been.

After introductions to Iron Man, Cornelius introduced the Bulgarian Minister to Harry. After everyone found their seats, the blond man, who was later introduced as Lucius Malfoy, was followed by a boy his age and a woman. They were earlier introduced to the Minister by Mr. Malfoy as Draco and Narcissa, his son and wife. They sat in the same row as Tony and Heartstring, except at the opposite end.

After Peter sat down Tony leaned in slightly, “Everything alright kid?” It wasn’t hard to tell that the genius noticed Peter’s reaction earlier.

“My, um, s-” He was going to say spidey sense but with so many close ears decided not to, “I have a bad feeling about him, the blond guy… plus it think he hates no-mags, so… watch out.”

“Think he might attack?” Tony’s voice dropped an octave as it took on a more serious tone.

Peter shook his head, “I don’t think so, especially not here. Just… you know.” Peter shrugged.

“Caution, got it,” He tapped Peter’s shoulder in a reassuring gesture. “Oh, forgot to ask, what about that Mr. Weasley?” Tony asked leaning in again.

“He’s nothing like Mr. Malfoy, almost entirely opposite. He’s a good man, little quirky but definitely a good guy,” Peter nodded feeling very confident in that answer.

Tony just nodded before leaning back into his seat.

Looking forward again Peter notice Harry straighten up, a quick glance at his thoughts told that he might have been listening. Peter couldn’t be sure, he didn’t want to delve too deep into what Harry was thinking, not after that morning. Luckily he could sense there was no malice to his thoughts, just confusion and curiously.

It wasn’t long after, that the Minister announced the start of the games.

Each team had mascots do a performance.

When it was announced that Veela would be the Bulgarian mascot, Peter brightened up slightly. He’d read about the creatures but had never seen them before. Scooting to the edge of his seat Peter looked out at the pitch.

A hundred Veela glided onto the pitch below. The creatures were absolutely beautiful, their skin shined as bright as the moon and their white-gold hair floated gracefully behind them despite the
lack of breeze. The scientist side of him wondered if he were one of the many that would be affected by their enchanting dance, or if he’d be the few that could resist it, and what exactly determined who was resistant to their dance to start with.

Before he could think of any more questions, the music started and the veela began to dance.

But Peter didn’t feel anything, at least he didn’t think he did. There was no urge to do something impressive or the call to resist looking away that he read about. He almost wondered if they were real, that was until he saw Harry and Ron get up from their chairs, Peter went wide eyed, they were going to jump off the ledge.

Before Peter could react to pull them back he heard the familiar metallic construction of Tony’s watch gauntletlet followed by the whirr of the repulser charging. Peter turned immediately to face the billionaire.

It was hard to tell what the man was going to do, not even he seemed to know the answer to that. Where Peter usually sensed an always moving calculating and decisive mind, he was met with a foggy stillness.

Before Peter could say something, the Veela stopped dancing and to Peter’s relief Tony’s mind was back to normal.

Tony blinked in surprise as he glanced down at the gauntlet, he immediately retracted it into its watch state.

When Peter turned forward to look out at the pitch again, he decided that he really doesn't like Veela.

As the Irish team presented their mascots, it was no surprise to find leprechauns as their choice creature. They swooped around the pitch dropping gold as they flew by.

He watched Ron gather some before shoving it into Harry’s hands. Something about a debt the other was owed.

After, the players were introduced to the fields, each with brooms in their hands, the trunk that held the balls was kicked open. For a quick second Peter spotted a hint of gold before it was gone out of sight and the games began.

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Peter cheered and the crowd roared as the snitch was caught by Viktor Krum, the game ended with Ireland as the winners. Despite the rough start, the game was exciting and Peter would never forget seeing such a spectacular event. Even Tony was on the edge of his seat near the end, especially as Krum took a dive for the snitch.

As they left the stadium, half the crowd was going crazy and the other was sulking slightly, but still smiling and enjoying the time.

“Tony! Did you see the way the mascots started fighting in the middle of the game? Or how Krum was whacked in the face?! That was epic how he kept playing like that! I’m pretty sure his nose was broken” Peter said excitedly as they got back to the tent.
Tony was just grinning at Peter’s excitement. “I didn’t expect that to be so exciting, I thought it might be a boring sport like football,” Tony laughed.

“You think watching’s cool? You should try playing the game!” Peter literally jumped across the room only to land in one of the living room chairs. Heartstring was out celebrating with the others, apparently he had a few friends at the game, so he wasn’t there to see the unnatural ability.

“I think watching you play might give me a heart attack,” Tony joked.

“Nah, I haven’t had a bludger hit me since my first game and haven’t fallen off my broom since I got my powers… I mean, I’ve ridden it upside down a few times but never fell off on accident,” Peter added.

“On accident?”

“A few times I’ve had to jump off my broom to get the snitch,” Peter admitted. “But don’t worry! I only broke my arm and collarbone.”

“How is that any better!?”

“Because magic can fix bones in hours?” Peter answered hesitantly.

“Wait, really?” Tony asked sitting in the chair next to Peter.

“Sometimes under an hour if you have a good healer,” Peter shrugged.

“Just like that? And anyone with a wand can do that?” Tony asked a little surprised, but he didn’t quite understand why since he should be used to the impossibilities of magic by now.

“With the right practice, yeah,” Peter nodded with a grin, “I think one of my textbooks goes over it, if you want to take a look when we get back.”

Tony thought for a moment, “I might take you up on that offer.” He glanced at his phone seeing the time, “But you should be getting to bed, it’s almost twelve.”

“Aw come on, I’ve got so much energy!” Peter jumped up off the chair only to land on the back of the chair Tony sat in. He perched on the back of the chair with the grace of a spider.

Tony noticed this little habit of Peter’s from the months of living together. Most times, he acts pretty normal in his movements, going so far to act clumsy, mimicking his former self before being gifted with inhuman agility, but when he’s been stuck doing that for too long the kid will quite literally start bouncing off the walls… and sticking to the wall. As well as walking on the ceiling and leaping from the furniture.

Unfortunately there was no way for him to burn off that spider energy at the moment, not with so many people around, and definitely not at this time of night. “Bedtime,” Tony said a little more firmly.

Peter just rolled his eyes as he climbed down the back of the chair, “Fine,” he huffed.

Peter wasn’t going to admit he was actually tired, despite the fact he wanted to jump from the treetops his eyes felt heavy.

Falling into bed, he imagined the thought of him swinging through the trees. His mind drifted at the thought of trees turned into building until he was swinging through the familiar skyline of New
York. He could feel the excited air rush pass him and the comforting noises of the city filled his ears. It was probably one of the most pleasant dreams he’s had in awhile, that was until his spidey senses sent a warning down his spine.

The sense was so strong it was almost painful, Peter’s eyes shot open and he jumped from his bed in a defensive position.

He could immediately tell the atmosphere was different, the cheering and singing from before was replaced with screams of horror as footsteps could be heard rushing around outside.

Grabbing his wand, with his senses on high alert, Peter came to the terrifying realization that both Tony and Heartstring weren’t in the tent.

Peter ran out of his room and into the panicking campsite, people were running every which way, mostly towards the woods. To escape from what, Peter didn’t know yet.

But he was determined to find out.

Not before making sure Tony was safe, he doubted it was a non-magical threat.

“Tony!” Peter called. Peter looked around the general area but none of the faces he saw belonged to the man.

The situation was too urgent to worry about who saw him at the moment, Peter strapped on his webshooters then shot a line towards one of the tall flag poles put up by a neighboring tent owner. He perched on it trying to scan more of the area, he was really wishing for Karen right now, or even his suit. The facial recognition software would be especially useful.

People ran in panic below him, the camping grounds glowed with different fires dotting the area. He spotted a group of dark hooded figures not far from where he perched. They had their wands in the air as a number of people floated above them. They were tossed and thrown about like ragdolls by the wizards below. He was horrified at the thought of one of them being Tony.

His attention was pulled by the familiar sound of a repulsor blast. His eye was drawn to the direction of the white-blue light.

Jumping from his perch, he dashed across tents as he jumped from row to row.

“Tony!” He called again after hearing another blast and a pained scream from the genius.

The light was closer, just the next row.

There was an extravagant tent shaped like a castle just next to the source of the repulsor light. Shooting out a string of webbing, he pulled himself forward, the swung down launching himself in just a way that he landed between Tony and the hooded figure that attacked him.

Landing on the ground in a crouched position he glanced back at Tony. The man had been knocked back to the ground, the watch gauntlet was destroyed as it hung by scraps from his hand. His upper arm was covered in blood.

“Peter, get out of here!” Tony snapped.

“Not without you!” Peter replied. The determination in Peter’s eyes diminished any argument from the man. It wasn’t like he could continue the fight anyways.
A blast of orange was shot at Peter from the hooded figure, without even looking Peter blocked it with a flick of his wand. His head snapped back in the direction of the figure, “anyone ever teach you how to duel politely?” Peter snapped. He shot a spell back nearly hitting the wizard, and they retaliated with a wave of their wand knocking Peter’s from his hand.

It flew back somewhere behind him, but Peter didn’t care. Though, instead of doing the logical thing and summoning his wand back, he charged. This obviously wasn’t the reaction that the wizard was expecting, as he launched fire towards Peter wildly, all of which Peter dodged or blocked with his wandless spells. He could feel the power behind each spell, they were powerful and if he wasn’t careful one could shatter his shield spell.

Peter shot two strands of webbing either side of the figure, then with a sharp yank forward he launched himself feet first at them. Peter’s feet collided directly with the wizard's chest, who let out a sharp gasp as they flew back into a cluster of tents that toppled onto him. Peter was sure he wouldn’t be getting up any time soon, wizards weren’t exactly used to physical attacks, once in close combat Peter had the advantage.

Peter quickly turned to run towards Tony, who had stood up at one point during the short fight. He had Peter’s wand clutched in his non injured hand, he held his injured arm close to his chest.

“Where’s you suit?” Peter asked quickly. He’d taken his wand from Tony before looking at the genies’ arm.

“Under my bed, still in the case. But Peter you need to get to the woods, get out of here.”

“No, we got to get your suit,” Peter replied. He helped take the mangled gauntlet off Tony’s hand before muttering, “Ferula,” a splint and bandages were summoned and wrapped himself around Tony’s arm expertly.

Tony looked down wide eyed, “Where the hell did that even come from?”

“Magic, Tony, literally summoned it out of thin air.”

“What about the law of conservation of mass?! Does that just not exist? - you know what nevermind, we’ve got more important things right now,” other then his arm, Tony looked completely fine, so getting up on his own held no problem.

But before they could make a plan to get back to the tent, a large crowd of people from the next camp over rushed past them in a stampede.

Peter was caught off guard as he was knocked to the ground, his wand flying from his hand once again, he was about to summon it back when he noticed Tony pick it up again.

“Peter!” Tony called worried the kid might have been trampled.

“Over here!” Peter called. To his relief he spotted Peter just on the other side of panicking people. “Tony, follow them to the woods, I’m going to get your suit!” Peter called.

Peter was much faster than Tony, and could easily run back to grab the suit twice as fast without Tony slowing him down, but he still had the urge to want to protect Peter despite how utterly useless he was at the moment. Even with the suit he’d might slightly less useless, but he wasn’t entirely confident he could evenly fight against a wizard. “No, I’m going with you!” Tony called. He tried to get through the crowd but was knocked back when someone unintentionally hit his bad arm.
“Tony, just follow them! I’ll be quick I promise. You need to get your suit!”

Tony just sighed in frustration, “Fine, I’ll toss you your wand.” He was about to throw it over before Peter stopped him.

“No, hang onto it,” He said quickly he looked around for the best place to leave the area. “I’ll be right back!” he called before shooting a string of web at the castle like tent, disappearing into the darkness.

Tony Stark would never admit it, but he felt utterly helpless as he clutched Peter’s wand in one hand and ran with the others to the woods. It reminded him too much of Afghanistan, how he was before the suit. He was at the top of his world before, no one on earth could render him helpless, that was until he found out about magic.

He was reduced to helplessness again. With only money in his pockets and an intelligent mind, he was hardly worth anything on an active battlefield.

Suddenly, Tony stumbled to the ground snapping him out of his panicked thoughts, something caught around his legs. Flipping over and looking down, he spotted glowing ropes tangled around his legs. The crowd he was following seemed to have left him behind as they desperately tried to avoid the hooded figure that now had his wand pointed directly at Tony. It wasn’t easy to tell if it was the same from before or different, but Tony might have guess this one was slightly taller.

A blast of red was shot at Tony, who rolled to the side to dodge. It immediately lit the ground where he was on fire.

“God dammit,” Tony mumbled as he struggled to get to his feet, but the ropes still around his legs wouldn’t getting any looser.

Another blast was casted his way, but he couldn’t dodge it, so he instinctively held up Peter’s wand in defense.

Suddenly there was a subtle thunk as the spell ricocheted off a translucent barrier produced by the wand. It wasn’t nearly as big as the ones Peter made but Tony wasn’t exactly complaining.

The figure stuttered slightly in his movements, obviously not expecting the display of magic.

Without command Peter’s wand suddenly shot an orange spell towards the figure, it landed on his shoulder before he could manage a dodge. That snapped them out of their surprise as they continuously attacked Tony with spell after spell.

Tony tried crawling backwards as the figure walked forward, he kept Peter’s wand held up as it blocked the spells that would have hit him. Tony could feel the searing heat from each spell, he was definitely trying to burn Tony alive.

The figure casted something else, causing the wand to fly out of Tony’s hand, his body tensed in preparation for an attack.

“Accio wand!” Peter shouted, “Bombarda!” Then the ground at the figures feet exploded, causing dirt and dust to fly everywhere, knocking the figure back.

Peter landed next to Tony with the Iron Man suitcase in one hand and his wand in the other. He flicked his wand at the rope around Tony’s legs causing it to disappear, before shoving the suitcase at Tony. “Get in it now,” he ordered.
Tony didn't waste a second as he activated the suit, it seamlessly formed around him.

“I thought you were going to the woods?”

“I was, till this asshole showed up,” Tony’s voice was slightly metallic as the mask clamped over his head. He motioned to where the figure used to stand, but another joined him in his place.

“Behind us,” Peter said quickly, he now stood with his back against Tony’s.

“Trouble just follows you, doesn't it kid?” Tony asked glancing at the two more who were now behind them.

“Me? You're the one who was attacked first.”

“Fine, we’re both trouble magnets, how about that?” Tony added.

“Unfortunately two magnets together seem to make a stronger pull,” Peter held his wand up in defense, ready for the fight.

“You got that right…” Tony replied.

The figure from before was up now and Tony prepared to face off against the two in his side.

Red warnings flashed against Tony’s HUD, “Shit,” he mumbled. The magic in the air was affecting some of the finer components of his suit, he could tell his arms and legs were stiffer then they should be. “Friday, shut down all non-essentials, focus on keeping the joints loose and repulsors active.”

<i>I’ll do my best, boss, but there is un-unexpected interference.> The AI’s voice was a slightly glitchy, but he’s heard worse in other battles… though, usually that was at least an hour into the fight.

The figures stood watching the two, till one on Tony’s side was the first to fire. Tony held up an arm to block it, he felt the heat of the attack through the metal and was pretty sure it further bunt his already injured arm, despite the metal of the suit remaining intact. It was a second after that the plates of his arms folded out to produce a makeshift shield.

Peter was already blocking attacks from his side. He watched as the sparks of blocked spells blinked at the corner of his vision. He started firing blasts from his palms, his targeting systems were off so he eventually had to shed his helmet. The makeshift shields that were on his arms now only worked if the spell hit the edges of them, where his flesh wasn’t directly under the metal. Unfortunately that took a few tries to figure out, his could feel the blisters on his arms forming and becoming irritated against the inside of the suit.

After what felt like hours of defending and attacking, but were probably only minutes, Tony fired a double repulsor blast, finally knocking down one of the two figures on his side, but the other remaining shot a red hot flame out of the tip of their wand. It struck Tony’s knee causing him to stumble to the ground.

His movements were now considerably slower since when the fight first started.

<i>B-boss, the suit-t-t cann-ot take much m-m-more,> Friday responded.

“Tony, can’t you fly out?” Peter asked quickly. He was now defending against both sides, who were attacking more aggressively, Tony was just glad the one he hit wasn’t getting back up.
“No, the magic is interfering too much, I might get off the ground but not without a hard crash landing,” He tried to keep his pain out of his tone but he was sure Peter sensed it anyways.

Suddenly all fire stopped, Peter glanced up to see the three remaining drawing their wands back at the same time.

“Stay down!” Peter snapped.

Tony couldn’t move much anyways so there was no protests from him.

Peter held his wand towards one group and his hand towards the other before yelling “*Protego Maxima!*”

A wispy glowing bubble formed around them, just as three streams of magic from the figures wands were shot out, they collided with the bubble with a cracks and hisses. The magic dripped and melted down the walls like molten metal.

Glancing towards Peter, whatever he was doing was affecting him badly. His face was pale and his nose was bleeding. He looked like he should have fainted awhile ago but was keeping himself awake by the sheer force of will.

Suddenly there was a flash of green in the sky, the attacks stopped after the three figures looked up. Whatever they saw caused them to run, but Tony wasn’t paying attention to the sky, his focus was on Peter. Who managed to look up with wide terrifed eyes.

The protective bubbled flickered away before Peter collapsed, Tony was barely able to catch him before he hit the ground.

“They were death eaters,” Peter’s voice shook as he looked up at the sky. Tony followed his gaze to the large green snake that shifted ominously through a skull. It looked like it was projected into the clouds.

Seeing the symbol for the first time, it didn’t mean anything to Tony but it still gave off an uneasiness that he couldn’t explain. That, along with the fear Peter expressed towards it, he knew he’d probably come to feel the same way about it that he does towards the HYDRA symbol.

Looking back down at Peter, he almost panicked when he noticed the kid’s eyes closed but the faint moving of his chest told him he only passed out.

Tony let out the breath he was holding, it was followed by a few jagged ones as he held Peter close.

“You shouldn’t have needed to protected me,” He said angrily to no one but himself.

Testing his joints, they were a little loosener than when in the midst of the magic battle. He gently scooped Peter up in his arms as he slowly stood up. Walking away from the scene of attack he hoped to find someone to help, but he wasn’t entirely sure where to look.

He started walking through the empty rows of tents towards the woods, everyone was going that way so those were his best chances. He couldn’t help but notice how both arms and his knee ached and burned from the magic that was inflicted to them.

He should have prepared more, he should have found witches and wizards to help magic up his suit… to do something, because he definitely couldn’t. He was just an ignorant no-maj who couldn’t even protect his own son.
“Less than three months in and I’m already a horrible dad,” he muttered to himself.

Finally getting to the treeline, he could see a large group of witches and wizards gathered around an area.

“Anyone a doctor?” Tony called out. His steps were heavy and uneven due to his injured knee. His vision grew blurry, whether that be from exhaustion or blood loss there was no telling at this point.

He caught a glimpse of the crowd looking his way just before his leg gave out. His knee hit the ground with a thud but he managed to stay upright with Peter still secure in his arms.

“Mr. Stark!” Yelled a familiar voice. Looking up he spotted Heartstring running towards them. “Quick! We need a healer!” He called to the crowd, curious bystanders crowded around but ministry officials started holding them back.

“What happened?” Ordered a man who stepped passed the officials. Tony squinted up at the man and immediately recognized him as Barty Crouch.

“Ambushed, we were trying to get to the woods but four of those... dark hooded figures surrounded us. We managed to hold them off, but…” Tony suddenly felt very light headed. “Heartstring... I need out.”

More officials gathered around, they were a little confused at his last words. Heartstring, on the other hand, knew exactly what his boss ment. The PA gently took the unconscious boy from the genius’ arms.

Tony stood up again letting the suit unfold around him, stepping out with his good leg he still stumbled and would have hit the ground if someone hadn’t grabbed his arm to stabilize him. There were audible gasps once he was revealed, looking down at himself he realized why.

His forearms were bloody and burnt, his knee not much better. “Shit, magic really does a number,” he muttered as he looked up to whoever was supporting him. He wasn’t entirely surprised to see Mr.Weasley.

“I think you’re better off than most would be,” Mr. Weasley said with a slight surprise in his tone, but it was still shrouded by grim worry.

Tony’s head swung over to Peter, someone was crouched down in front of him with a wand in their hand. The tip glowed slightly as it was waved over him.

“Hey what are you doing?” He asked quickly.

“He’s checking him over, sir, he’s a healer,” Heartstring provided.

“How is he? He’ll be ok, right?” Tony asked, a hint of desperation in his tone.

The healer moved to Tony as he examined his arms, “He’ll be fine, just over exerted himself. You on the other hand… you’ll need to come with me to the pitch, there’s a medical wing where we can treat you.”

“I’ll be fine,” Tony waved off, he immediately regretted the action as a spike of pain shot through his nerves.

“You might need to reconsider, Mr. Stark,” Mr. Weasley said quietly.
“But Peter…” He trailed off.

“He’ll be fine,” Said the healer.

“I’ll watch him,” Heartstring offered.

“No, I need you with me,” Tony glanced at the healers and other officials. He didn’t know them and wasn’t even going to begin to trust them, he needed to have Heartstring by his side incase they wanted to wipe his memory. Because Tony was a no-maj, he feared they might not want him to remember this night, not exactly the greats light to hold wizards in. Not to mention they seemed all too willing to use the memory magic on no-majs anyways.

Looking back at Mr. Weasley his head started to spin as the adrenillen wore off, he remembered Peter’s words about the man.

“I’m sorry, I shouldn’t do this to you, but... could you please watch over him for me?” He asked.

At the moment he didn’t really care about his persona, he just wanted to make sure Peter would be safe.

Mr. Weasley hardly looked bothered by the request, “Gladly, we’ll take him to my tent. He can rest there for the night.”

“Good man,” Tony muttered as his head was suddenly very heavy.

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Waking up in an unfamiliar bed, under an unfamiliar tent, was a bit jarring for Peter as he looked around. Everything was dark and he could hear the sounds of a number of people sleeping, one of these sources were just above him. That was when he realized he was in a bunk bed.

Now he was just confused.

His spidey sense was not giving him any warnings so that meant he was nowhere dangerous, but he still wondered where Tony might be. The sense of the man’s buzzing thoughts had always been a comfort to him but now that they were gone he was getting nervous.

Peter slowly sat up as he took a few steps from the bed as he looked out at the rest of the tent. It was a pretty large one, but not nearly as extravagant as Tony’s.

“You’re up,” Someone said behind him.

Peter quickly turned around with his hands in a defensive position, since he had no idea where his wand was. Though he suddenly realized the voice sounded familiar.

“Harry?” He asked, relaxing slightly.

The figure sat up before grabbing what Peter was sure were glasses, with his vision only being slightly better than the average persons in the dark, it was times like these that he wished the spider gave him full night vision capabilities.

“Yeah, you feeling any better?” He whispered, probably not to wake the others in the tent.
Peter slowly walked toward the bed, “Where’s Tony? I can’t sense him,” Peter asked.

“Sense?” Harry asked curiously.

“I mean, um, I didn’t see him out there. Where is he?” Peter replied quickly, trying to fix his slip up.

Harry thought the wording was a bit peculiar but decided not to comment any further, “They had to take him to the medical ward at the pitch, he’s probably still there with the other man you two were with.”

Peter now near the edge of the bunkbed while Harry had his legs hanging over the side of the top bunk, “Is he ok?” He asked hesitantly, he worried his spell wasn’t as strong as it was supposed to be.

“I… I don’t know. When he stepped out of the armor, he didn’t look so good.” Harry said as he scratched the back of his head. “But they didn’t say anything bad, so I think he’s probably just recovering now.” He quickly added.

“Oh…” Peter sat down on the bottom bunk. “I should have done better,” He whispered even quieter.

“He said you two were up against four Death Eaters, I think you did pretty amazing for a fourth year and a muggle,” Harry laid down so he was leaning his head over the side to look at Peter.

“I should have helped him with a new suit, I should have at least found something to protect him,” Peter ran his hand through his hair. He started muttering about different ideas that might have helped Tony in the fight, most being very technical and probably wouldn’t be as useful as Peter hoped.

Harry on the other hand, had absolutely no idea what Peter was going on about. All he knew was it related to the armor.

“-but the microprocessor would still be effected, and I haven’t even started on the-”

“Peter,” Harry said, attempting to break Peter out of his ramblings.

“Oh, sorry…” Peter looked down at the floor. “I should let you get back to sleep,” He sounded defeated.

“Couldn’t sleep much anyways,” Harry shrugged.

“There’s too much on your mind,” Peter replied, sensing that’s what the other boy was thinking.

“Yeah,” Harry pulled his head back up so he laid it on the bed.

Silenced fell between the two, not even crickets were there to fill it.

“Hey, can I asked a question?” Harry finally spoke up.

“Sure,” Peter shrugged.

“Earlier today, when you helped us bring water back, did you really have to leave because of low blood sugar?” His question was hesitant and Peter could tell he didn’t actually expect an answer.

Peter didn’t plan on answering, but it slipped out anyways, “No.” Again there was another stretch
of silence before Peter decided to continue. “I’m a legilimens.”

He could tell Harry didn’t quite understand, “It means I can sense thoughts, but it’s not always as exact as knowing what their mind’s voice is saying… but I can tell you when three people think of the exact same thing it’s hard to miss.” he added.

“Oh,” Harry shifted in his bed. “You know I don’t actually think he’s returned right?”

“But you do, especially after tonight, you don’t think it a coincidence that your scar hurts and you get a vision just days before this incident,” Peter let out a small sigh.

“I thought you said it wasn’t exact mind reading,” Harry replied.

Peter just let out a small laugh, “The more you focus on the thought the easier it is to tell what your thinking. You’ve been thinking of that one a lot.”

Harry stayed quiet for a moment, “What else do you know?” He almost sounded defensive, which didn’t surprise Peter, people don’t usually like it when their thoughts are read.

“Not much, I try not to focus on other’s thoughts more than what I accidentally pick up. I feel like I’m violating privacy you know?” Peter laid back down in his bed.

“Thanks, I guess?”

“No problem,” Peter said with a faint laugh, “Want to try to catch a few hours?”

“We probably should,” Harry shifted in his bed and Peter assumed he was getting under the blankets, Peter did the same before settling down.

*****

That next morning the Weasleys along with Harry and Hermione, packed up their tent. Peter helped where he could as a thanks for letting him say, Mr. Weasley had given his wand back that morning saying he almost couldn’t pry it from Peter’s hand when putting him in bed. He didn’t want Peter to accidentally poke his eye out in his sleep.

He then offered to walk Peter to the pitch before they left but Peter had to decline, he really didn’t want to keep them here any longer. Mr. Weasley really wanted to get back to his wife.

With a little convincing Mr. Weasley finally gave in.

He said his goodbyes to the others, Ron shook his hand for the first time and gave his hopes that he’d end up in Gryffindor like them, Hermione gave him a quick hug telling him to give Tony her best wishes in getting better. This only made Peter kinda worried because he hadn’t even seen what Tony looked like at the end of the fight. Then finally he said his goodbyes to Harry, who kept repeating a phrase in his head on a loop.

*Can I tell my friends?*

“Yeah, just them since… well, not exactly something I like just anyone knowing,” Peter said quietly.
Harry nodded, “I guess I’ll see you on the train then?”

“Definitely, it was great meeting everyone, by the way,” Peter said towards the others.

Final goodbyes were said, and the group went off towards the fields with the portkeys. Peter turned the opposite way to head towards the pitch.

The campsite was slowly shrinking so by the time he got to the edge of the woods, there were only empty plots that lay on either side of him. Glancing around there was really no one else there either.

Walking a few yards into the woods Peter climbed up a tree with ease before he started jumping thought the limbs. What would have taken him twenty minutes walking, Peter got there in eight.

Springing off the final tree limb he landed on the ground with a roll before getting to his feet and dusting himself off. He jogged the rest of the way, almost running into someone as he turned the corner into the pitch’s empty entrance.

“Peter?” Heartstring said surprised, “I was just about to get you.”

“How is he?” Peter asked quickly.

“Better than he was, but he’ll still need a few days to heal, but overall he’ll recover without any problems,” Heartstring sounded just as relieved as Peter felt. “This way, he’s waiting for you,” Heartstring motioned for Peter to follow.

The path to the medical wing was fairly direct, just two turns down long hallways from the entrance and they were there. Heartstring opened one of the side doors and found a room full of beds, Tony sat on one closest to the door.

Peter couldn’t control his actions, within the next moment he was hugging the man who let out a surprised ‘oof.’

“You’re ok,” Peter whispered into the crook of the older man’s neck.

“Like I said, can’t knock Iron Man down so easily,” Tony said gently as he lightly patted Peter’s back.

Peter pulled away as he sat next to him on the bed, he only just now noticed the thick bandages wrapping his arms. Guilt crept into his chest as he tried to ignore them. “We need to fix your suit…” Peter said looking down at the floor, “Mark 51 maybe? The simplicity and flexibility of the nanotech on a basic level should allow us to incorporate charms into the designs to help make them more resistant against the EMP effects of magic.”

“Mark 50’s not even done yet, kid,” Tony put his arm around Peter’s shoulder. “Plus you shouldn’t worry about that right now, we’ll work on the prototypes for tech first before we move up to magic proofing a suit. Also I want you to enjoy the last few days of summer break.”

“I enjoy building things,” Peter added weakly.

“I know you, you’ll stress out about this one.”

“You were unprepared.” ‘I thought I would lose you,’ Peter wanted to add.

“I know, but next time will be better,” Tony stood up letting his arm slide away from Peter’s shoulders but he reached a hand up placing it on the kid’s head. Peter could sense something
building up under Tony’s thoughts. It was too deep in his mind to tell what it was exactly, whether it was neutral or bad it was hard to tell, but he could definitely sense it wasn’t entirely good. “Come on, Petey, let’s get home. I’m sure your owls are waiting for you,” Tony smiled as he ruffled Peter’s hair slightly before pulling away completely.

Peter just nodded as he stood up, Tony waited for him at the doorway before they both followed Heartstring out of the pitch and towards the portkey field.

Tony and Peter had too much on their minds to chat, so the journey was silent.

Chapter End Notes

If you were wondering, this took place during chapters 8 and 10 of Goblet of Fire. I plan on making this story run parallel with the book, some events will stay the same but the presents of the MCU and Peter might change others. So yeah!

Hope you guys enjoyed this one. The two get their first taste of the war, even if they don’t realize it yet.
The last thing Peter expected when stepping out onto the back porch was getting dive bombed by an almost two and a half foot owl, and that was only considering the height of the owl. Peter hadn’t properly measure the creatures wingspan yet.

Peter was caught in an off balance step causing both him and the owl to fall onto the wooden floor of the porch.

Blinking away the sudden daze of the attack, he noticed his second owl, Leia, now sitting on his head. Vader clung to Peter with his wings stretched out slightly, it was still enough to cover the upper half of Peter’s body.

Leia pecked Peter’s nose with an angry glare, ‘We heard about the attack! You couldn’t have hurried in getting back here?’

It was a little after noon when Peter, Tony, and Heartstring got a portkey set up. “Hey this was as soon as we could make it, we were late getting to the portkey this morning and had to wait for another to be set up,” he lightly started petting Vader.

The dark owl looked at him with the most frightening glare he’d ever seen, but it was hard to take the expression to heart when the worry and relief Peter could sense from the creature was overwhelming. ‘I had insisted on numerous attempts to fly to the location of the cup but Leia refused to let me go!’

‘Because I told you he’d be back, I just didn’t think you’d take so long,’ Leia pecked Peter’s nose again.

“Hey, I’m back now aren’t I?” Peter said trying to calm the worried owls.

‘From this moment on, I will be accompanying you on all of your journeys,’ Vader insisted, there was no room for argument in his tone.

‘Peter, I love you and all, but that sounds exhausting,’ Leia hopped off Peter’s head, fluttering up to the railing of the porch.

‘If my memory is correct, you also proposed the same idea,’ Vader commented. Peter noticed that the large owl was probably not going to be moving from his spot any time soon. Peter gently started moving his arms to silently coax Vader into folding his wings up, Peter wrapped his arm around the clinging owl as he sat up.

‘Well then your memory is not correct!’ Leia said quickly. ‘Peter’s a wizard. He can take care of himself,’ She huffed.

Now standing with his arms wrapped around Vader, Peter walked over to where Leia perched. “What’s wrong with showing you care? You already said you love me,” Peter lightly stroked the soft feathers on her chest.

‘Owls are not supposed to act like guard dogs, we deliver mail,’ She leaned down to lightly nibble on Peter’s finger.
‘I am a multi purpose owl,’ Vader said turning his head to look up at Leia. ‘I can confidently say that I have the ability to hunt wolves.’

Peter just furrowed his brow with a frown as he looked down at Vader, “Why would I need to hunt wolves?”

‘People are the size of wolves,’ Vader said with a deadly seriousness that was kinda scary.

“Um, ok then,” Peter was a little speechless, “Let’s not hunt people.”

Vader let out a faint sigh, ‘If you insist.’ Peter ignored the fact that he sounded disappointed.

The three of them turned their heads towards the sound of the sliding door opening. Tony stood there leaning out the porch door. “Hey kiddo, what’s going on?”

“Well I just found out Vader can hunt wolves,” Peter said surprised, “And said that wouldn’t be much different than hunting people…”

‘I do not want to hunt people, I am merely stating the fact that I could assist during a time you might be attacked,’ Vader said matter of factly.

“Then why did you sound disappointed?!’ Peter exclaimed.

‘That was not disappointment,’ Vader insisted.

“Dude, I can sense your feelings,” Peter said with a surprised laugh.

“Ok, Snow White, maybe put down the murderous owl,” Tony’s stare lingered on the owl for a moment. The genius still doubted that the thing was actually an owl and was not entirely surprised that it wanted to hunt humans. He also didn’t want to deal with that at the moment since they were about to eat.

“Wait, food’s here already?” Peter asked.

“Yup, rushed delivery,” Tony motioned for Peter to follow as he moved back into the house leaving the door open for Peter.

“Awesome!” Peter dropped the subject of human hunting for now, thought he was pretty sure Vader wouldn’t actually do something like that without Peter’s permission, which he would never give.

******

Unfortunately the handful of days left before school started zoomed by faster than Peter liked. Strangely enough despite the summer break being a few months long, it felt like more time had passed since the day that May died then what actually did.

Though, that doesn't mean Peter feels any better about it, his guilt for enjoying his time with Tony is still present but he likes to hang onto the fact that May would want him to be happy.

There’s also a good chance that without Tony, Peter wouldn’t be coping nearly as well.
He owes Tony a lot for that, so his determination to prevent a situation like at the world cup has only escalated, as well as the anxiety from not being able to do that at the moment.

Despite having a few prototypes ready to test, Peter is pretty sure technology on its own won’t be enough to resist the EMP, or the MIEP. Since Tony and Peter couldn’t resist the opportunity to make a funny acronym. It stands for Magical Interfering Energy Phenomena, MIEP. Not the smoothest acronym but Peter thinks its fun to say when you pronounce it like meep.

Peter had no doubt that he can make a phone that can resist the MIEP enough to send calls and texts but for the applications to work on a full suit, magic will need to be involved.

Peter sighed shaking his head at the thought, he really needs to stop worrying about that right now, he needs to finish packing.

When they visited New York, Peter made sure to grab the trunk he always took with him to school. It was an old, dark brown, trunk that had a tarnished brass latch, on the top of the lid was the initials R.P, Richard Parker. It was his dads trunk when he went to school.

Tony had questioned whether the trunk could hold all his extra books he had to take this year, but Peter was quick to assure him that there was an enlargement charm placed on the inside. Even if it didn’t, Peter wouldn’t be willing to replace it with another trunk.

He was almost done packing everything when Tony walked in with the dress robes that were required. Peter didn’t want anything too extravagant and decided to go with a plain black set of robes with a bowtie.

“So… wizards wear dresses to fancy balls?” Tony asked as he looked over the robes.

“No, those are robes. If you didn’t notice, the fashion witches and wizards have are kinda different. If I wore a suit, I’d stick out way too much,” Peter took the robes from Tony before carefully folding them up to place them inside the trunk.

“But you’d look so dashing,” Tony joked.

Peter just rolled his eyes, “When exactly will I even need one?”

“Gallas? Charity events maybe? I get invited to all sorts of that stuff, Pepper might make you go to a few of them once the word’s out.”

“What word?” Peter closed the trunk making sure it latched properly before turning to Tony.

“That I’ve adopted you, we haven’t exactly been secretive about it. Though, there hasn’t really been many public appearance with us together so there’s really only speculation, but I’m sure someone in social services is going to leak the information for a quick buck. It will probably happen sometime between now and Christmas… so heads up.”

“Oh,” Peter never really considered that he’d be famous among the no-majs once the news was revealed, but thinking about it, it didn’t really matter since he’d hardly be interacting with that society.

“Sorry, Petey, stuff like that can’t really be avoided…” Tony was leaning against the door frame with a sympathetic smile.

“No, it’s fine. No-maj news won’t even get to me while at Hogwarts, separate worlds remember?” Peter would still be known as Iron Man’s son when that got out, but it probably won’t be too bad.
He could handle being the talk of the school for the first few months (and that was a generous estimate).

“Ah, right. That’s actually kinda perfect now that I’m thinking about it, we can do gosip control while you’re at school. I’ll make a statement and the whole thing will probably be over by the time you visit for the break.”

Peter just shrugged, “Whatever works, not like I’ll see any of that stuff anyways.”

Something shifted in Peter’s mood during the conversation and Tony only just now noticed it, a beat passed before Tony spoke again, “Everything alright kid?” Tony lightly pushed off the door to take a few steps towards Peter.

“Yeah it’s just…” He trailed off glancing at his trunk. “I don’t know, I just feel weird leaving,” Peter pulled his arms up to hold them protectively against himself.

Now standing in front of Peter, Tony put his hands in his pockets, “If it makes you feel better, I’ll try to visit as often as I can.”

“It’s not just that, well, I’m worried that… you might get hurt again… because of magic,” Peter mumbled as his eyes fell to his shoes. Saying it out loud make the worry sound really stupid.

“Hey,” Tony put his hand up on Peter’s shoulder before drawing him into a hug, “I’m not going to be messing with the world of wizards for awhile, and I’ll be reserved towards it till I can get a capable suit. You don't need to worry about me.”

Peter slowly wrapped his arms around Tony as he rested his chin on the older man’s shoulder, “I know…” Peter said quietly.

After a moment Tony was the first to pull away, “You should be getting to bed, we’ve gotta get up early tomorrow if we want to catch your train tomorrow.”

Peter just nodded.

Tony affectionately ruffled Peter’s hair before leaving, “Night, kid.”

“Night…”

*****

Peter, Tony, and Heartstring stepped into the large train station. It was pretty amazing and Peter couldn’t help snap a few picture. New York had Grand Central station, but it wasn’t nearly as interesting compared to Kings Cross’ mid 1800s architecture and curved glass roofs.

Standing on the large walk way that lead from one side of the station to the other as it crossed over the railways, Peter pulled Tony over to the railings edge insisting on a picture together. Heartstring offered to take it for them.

Not long after the three stood on platforms nine and ten. Tony looked at Peter’s ticket puzzled.

“So how exactly is there a platform 9¾?” He asked glancing around, there obviously wasn’t a platform between nine and ten, but he was starting to suspect an explanation involving magic.
“There’s a wall we have to walk though to get there,” Heartstring said, he was slightly distracted and Peter could senses he was looking for his little sister.

“I forgot about your sister, you said it was her first year right?” Peter asked, he was curious to meet her.

Heartstring just smiled at the mention of her, “Yes, I’m hoping to see her off… If that’s alright with you Mr. Stark,” he said sheepishly.

“Knock yourself out,” Tony shrugged.

Heartstring glanced over at Tony with a grateful smile before looking forward, “She should be on the platform already, it’s not too much further till we get to the entrance.”

Peter just nodded slightly before glancing down at Vader.

Leia insisted on flying ahead, but Vader was determined to stay by Peter’s side during the train ride. The cage that sat on the luggage cart with Peter’s trunk was almost too small for Vader, and Peter felt bad for how crowded the oversized owl looked.

“You sure you’ll be ok in there?” Peter asked leaning over the handle of the cart to talk with Vader, “It’s not too late to let you fly off with Leia.”

‘I am perfectly fine, but your concern is appreciated,” Vader swiveled his head to look back at Peter, despite his body still facing forward.

“You just look cramped is all,” Peter leaned back as he lightly tapped the handle with one finger.

‘It is well alright, Peter. If a discomfort arises, I shall make sure to notify you.’

“Promise?”

‘Of course,’ Vader gave a small nod before turning his head forward again, Peter could tell he was enjoying the new sights and sounds.

“The wall is just over here,” Heartstring said as they approached one of the barriers between platforms nine and ten.

“This isn’t going to be like Diagon Alley is it?” Tony asked as he examined the wall.

“No, that would be too obvious in a crowded place,” Heartstring motioned for Peter to stand directly in front of the wall with his cart facing it. “Just walk straight at the wall, if you need to you can pickup to a run.”

Peter just nodded before he started walking at the wall, he did pick up his pace a little bit, but when his cart contacted the wall it went straight thought, he still was relieved to know he wasn’t going to crash. Quickly pulling to a stop Peter looked around with a faint smile. Witches and wizards scattered the newly revealed platform and a beautiful scarlet steam engine stood on the tracks in front of him.

“Ok, I’m never going to get used to that,” Tony said a little unnerved as he showed up just behind Peter, but the moment he saw the train his jaw dropped, “Look at that beauty.”

Steam bellowed out of the chimney stack of the engine and the warm mist filled the platform.

“I’ll admit, I’m kinda jealous of you Pete, she’s gorgeous,” Tony put his hand on Peter’s shoulder
as they started walking through the crowd so they wouldn’t get seperated.

It was easy to forget that the genius billionaire turn hero, had the heart of an engineer. So seeing the beautifully maintained locomotive that was once the pinnacle of technology of its time, was a noteworthy sight. Peter could sense Tony’s urge to examine the mechanics of the engine, even the brief thought of buying one of his own.

“Where would you even put a train?” Peter looked back at Tony with a faint laugh.

“Doesn’t matter, I want one,” Tony was forced to look away from the scarlet engine as he lost view of it.

“Pepper might have a fit if you buy one,” Peter faced forward as he dodged thought the crowd.

“No doubt. It would be worth it though,” Tony laughed.

“Mr. Stark? I think I see my sister,” Heartstring said.

Tony just gave a small wave and Heartstring disappeared into the crowd at the next moment.

Peter and Tony eventually stopped at one of the cabin entrances where other students and parents were saying their goodbyes.

“So kid,” Tony said glancing up at the train compartment. Looking through the windows they could see some students had already found their seats.

“Yeah…” Peter trailed off as he looked around, he wasn’t going to be seeing Tony again for who knows how long.

A moment of silence passed between them, “Hey, I’m been meaning to ask you something Pete,” Tony said as he scratched the back of his head.

Peter just looked towards him in response.

“Probably not the best time to bring this up, but back at the world cup, when I had your wand, it started doing magic… was that…?”

Peter could sense the faintest hint of hope from the man, but he was pretty sure Tony wasn’t even aware of that feeling. Peter shook his head. “No, it was the wand’s ability. After Ollivander told me about it, I started reading up, it turns out the wood it’s made out of, sort of… absorbs the moral code of its owner. I hoped that if the wand were in someone’s hands that needed help it would, since that's what I would do. I’m just glad I was right,” Peter said with a breath of relief.

The hope Tony had was diminished, though the man seemed completely unaware of it. “You and me both,” Tony ruffled Peter’s hair before pulling him into a hug. “I’m going to miss you, kid.”

“You too,” Peter let go of the cart for a moment to hug back.

“Make sure to send Leia my way, I’ll try to write as often as I can.”

“I’ll send you a letter after the first week,” Peter replied.

“You better! I’ll be knocking down the schools front doors if you don’t,” Tony threatened as he pulled away slightly. He kept his hands on Peter’s shoulders.

Peter just grinned shaking his head in response, “Wouldn’t that be a sight.”
The train whistled, indicating departure was soon.

“Right, well, guess that’s your cue,” Tony dropped his hands from Peter’s shoulders.

Peter nodded as he grabbed the large trunk in one hand and his owl in the other, a feat only possibly because his spider strength. Not that anyone would know that unless they tried picking them up.

Peter stepped onto the train but before he could go far Tony called his name, causing him to look back.

Peter sensed an odd nervousness from the man as he stood there awkwardly, something Peter was not used to seeing in the over confident genius. He was rubbing the back of his neck as he spoke, “Just, you know, stay out of trouble… and…”

Peter just smiled brightly at Tony, already knowing what he was going to say, “I will, and love you too.”

Tony just smiled, “Yeah, love you, kid. Don’t forget the letter.” The nervousness the man held before was gone and replaced with warm affection.

“Promise,” Peter gave one last nod of goodbye before disappearing onto the train.

******

Peter put his trunk in the designated compartment but decided to keep Vader with him. He felt the train jolt to life under him and the steady motion of them speeding up.

Glancing through the windows of each seating compartment he couldn’t spot any empty ones or familiar faces, he started to wonder if Harry, Ron, and Hermione were even on the train. That was until he spotted Harry leaning against the door frame of one of the compartments. He was looking inwards at who Peter suspected were the others.

Harry glanced out spotting Peter in the narrow walkway immediately. “Hey Peter,” Harry smiled. Peter could sense that Harry had been leaning against the door to watch for Peter. “Have you found a seat yet?”

“No, not yet.”

“We don’t mind you sitting with us, there’s room for one more.”

“Is Vader also welcomed?” Peter asked raising the cage slightly.

Harry just down noticing the oversized owl, he looked down at it with wide eyed surprise, “Um I’m not sure…”

Peter glanced inside the compartment seeing Ron and Hermione with two other caged owls, one was hidden under what looked like old styled maroon dress robes hooting noisily and the other was a beautiful snowy owl. There was really only room for one other person.

“No worries,” Peter set the cage on the floor opening it. “I’m going to shrink you cage, how about you sit with me during the ride?” Peter suggested to Vader.
‘That sounds acceptable,’ Vader hopped out of the cage. Peter scooped the owl up in one arm then pulled out his wand with his other hand muttering “Diminuendo” as he tapped the cage. The gold cage shrunk down to pockets size, Peter quickly picked it up before following Harry into the compartment.

“What the bloody hell is that!” Ron said looking at the owl.

Peter sat down holding his arms around Vader like he was an oversized teddy bear. Peter had grown so used to holding Vader like that he had forgotten it wasn’t exactly a common thing to do.

“Oh, well, he’s an owl,” Peter shrugged.

“I’ve never seen an owl like that before,” Ron looked at Vader warily and Vader only glared back.

“It looks more like an eagle,” Hermione said looking up from a book.

“Well he’s a special hybrid I think? Made for faster deliveries and can easily withstand flights overseas,” Peter held Vader a little closer, he felt strangely protective of the owl despite knowing that their questions were out of pure curiosity.

“Whatever it is, I don’t think it likes me,” Ron said wide eyed.

“He’s only saying hello,” Peter said with a small laugh, “That’s just his face.”

‘Greetings skinny human, please refrain from getting any closer. I only like Peter,’ Vader said, despite no one else actually understanding him.

“Hey at least give them a chance,” Peter said looking down at Vader. “I met them at the world cup, I think you’ll like them.”

Harry furrowed his brow, “Wait, can you talk to him?” He asked in awe.

“I didn’t know legilimens could talk to animals,” Hermione said curiously. “I hope you don’t mind but after Harry told us, I started reading up on it.”

“No, its fine,” Peter said with a faint smile. It actually kind of wasn’t since his abilities didn’t really come from what wizards classified as legilimency, so there were some differences that would tip off someone as clever as Hermione. “And um, well I’m kinda different from most…”

“So like, could you tell me what I’m thinking right now?” Ron asked.

“Kinda? It’s a little more complicated,” Peter said hesitantly.

“Ron,” Hermione warned.


“Well it’s rude to demand something like that,” She huffed.

“Fine,” Ron rolled his eyes.

Peter looked down noticing that Vader took an interest in the snowy owl.

‘Snowy one, I had wondered where the giant had taken you those years ago. It’s quite odd that we are to meet here,’ Vader almost sounded fond.
‘My dear Harry had given me the name Hedwig, I heard yours is now Vader? I’m glad to see you have finally found a home,’ Peter could just imagine the smile in her voice.

“Did they say something?” Hermione asked, she had been watching the way Peter’s eyes darted between Hedwig and Vader.

“Huh? Oh, yeah. They remember each other from the owl shop, Hedwig and Vader were friends… is that right?” He asked the two owls.

‘Correct,’ Vader replied.

“What does Hedwig sound like,” Harry asked eagerly.

Before Peter could answer he was interrupted by a loud obnoxious hooting from the owl in the covered cage. ‘SomeONE CAN SPEAK OWL!! LET me talk LET ME talk, I want to say hi! Can I say hello? I want the blanket off! Everything is so exciting, so many new things! I want to see it all, I want to see everything!’

‘That disgraceful little owl,’ Hedwig let out a sigh of annoyance.

‘Can I eat the creature so it will shut up?’ Vader asked.

“No you can’t eat it!” Peter exclaimed, “What is up with you lately?”

The three others who were completely unaware of the owl’s conversation, looked at Peter startle.

“The little owl,” Peter nodded towards the covered cage, “It’s practically yelling at the top of it’s lunge, Hedwig and Vader really don’t like it.”

“Oh that’s Pig… Wait, you’re owl wanted to eat him!?” Ron asked.

“It was a hollow threat,” Peter reassured.

‘It was not,’ Vader replied.

“Anyways, to answer your question Harry. Hedwig sounds kinda proper but with kindness… at least that’s how I interpret her.” Peter said, he glanced over at the covered cage as the small owl chattered to itself.

Harry seemed satisfied with that answer as he nodded with a smile towards Hedwig.

The conversation shifted to more casual topics, it seems Harry and Ron were far more into quidditch than Peter originally suspected. Despite enjoying the sport to play, he wasn’t nearly into the different teams and players in professional games, but that didn’t mean he was completely clueless about the conversation the two were having. He mostly listened and commented here and there, it wasn’t till the lunch trolley rolled around that he was drawn more into the conversation.

“So what position do you play on your team Peter?” Harry asked.

“Well I shifted between keeper and beater alot during my first few years playing, but now I’m my houses seeker… or I was, I really hope my team captain can find a good replacement,” Peter replied.

“If you end up in Gryffindor then you’ll have a tough time getting seeker, Harry’s been it since first year. Best seeker Gryffindor’s had since forever,” Ron said proudly.
“I wouldn’t mind being set as keeper or beater again if that did happen,” Peter shrugged.

“But you don’t even know what house you’ll be in yet, I’m still wondering how you’re going to be sorted. Do you think they’ll make you go with the first years?” Hermione asked, she glanced up from *The Standard Book of Spells: Grade 4* that she’d been reading during the quidditch conversation.

“You’re guess is as good as mine, but I hope not, don’t want to be stuck with kids that are almost a foot shorter than me,” Peter said with a faint laugh.

“Admit it, that would be funny,” Ron chuckled.

“Guess there’s no telling till we get there,” Harry shrugged.

It didn’t surprise Peter that a few of the other’s friends visited their compartment for short moments during the ride.

The first visitors were two that Peter immediately recognized, Seamus Finnigan and Dean Thomas. They were the two boys that accompanied them on the portkey to the world cup. There was another with them who was introduced as Neville Longbottom. He was round faced and just by standing in his presence for a moment Peter could sense he was extremely forgetful, despite that, he seemed to have a kind heart.

Unfortunately the pleasant discussion they were having about the world cup was interrupted by the blond haired son of Mr. Malfoy. Draco, Peter believes his name was.

“We were in the Top Box!” Ron said excitedly.

“For the first and *last* time in your life, Weasley,” Draco smirked.

Peter hadn’t used his spider sense on Draco to get a read of his character last they met, in fact they didn’t even interact. Peter was focused too much on Mr. Malfoy to give the man’s son any mind.

Focusing now, Draco wasn’t nearly as formidable as his father. His actions seemed to be based solely on the want to please his father. Even as he glanced towards Hermione, he didn’t have as strong of a hate towards muggle borns has his father might have. Now, that didn’t mean Draco had a heart of gold, he was still a nasty piece of work, but even in his surface thoughts Peter could sense just enough doubt against his ideals that they could potentially be pushed on.

Peter’s thoughts were interrupted by the Malfoy calling his name, or a name he was just now getting used to.

“You even listening, Stark?” Draco snarled.

“Nah, what’s coming out of your mouth is hardly interesting,” Peter could feel Vader shift under his arms, the owl obviously didn’t like the way Draco was talking to him.

Draco looked shocked by the response, while Ron, Hermione, and Harry were holding in laughs.

“How dare you speak to me like that!” Draco quickly shifted from shocked to furious. It was only now that he spotted two other students standing behind Draco, they looked more like grunts then friends. Peter starting to wonder if Draco even had real friends. He most likely didn’t.

Peter stood up sliding Vader in his spot with a glance that the owl understood as ‘Stay, I’ve got this,’ though that didn’t stop him from remaining on guard.
“Why shouldn’t I? You’ve been treating my friends with disrespect, and you haven’t proven you deserve my respect.” Peter spoke confidently. Suddenly a thought popped into his head: No one in the wizarding world knows about Spider-Man, no one even knows what Peter was like before the bite, and there’s strong chances that they never will know who Spider-Man is.

There was suddenly an odd feeling, a freedom he’s never felt before, he didn’t have to pretend to be clumsy, or timid like he was so used to. Of course that still meant he had to hide his true abilities, but he didn’t plan on getting into a fight anytime soon.

Draco seemed to fumble for a response in his head, but to anyone who didn’t have a form of mindreading, they wouldn’t have noticed. “You better watch your back, Stark,” Draco warned. He motioned for his two goons to follow.

Peter just leaned out the door, “Might as well call me Peter! I feel like we’ll really get acquainted this year, Draco.”

“I’ve never seen Draco turn tail like that,” Ron said amazed.

“Sorry I didn’t say something sooner… I was a little distracted,” Peter picked Vader up before sitting back down again.

“You read his mind didn’t you,” Harry leaned in sightly whispering.

“You, have to tell us what that tosser is thinking,” Ron said seeming excited.

“Yeah I did, but I’d feel bad telling you guys… he’s a dick, but he still doesn’t deserve to have his thoughts told to the world,” Peter said with an apologetic smile.

“But it’s Malfoy, if anyone deserves that it’s him!” Ron protested.

Peter just shook his head, “The only time I’d tell you what he’s thinking is if he was up to something… I really don’t feel comfortable exposing someone else’s thoughts for no good reason.”

“Let’s drop it Ron,” Harry said, though he also seemed a little disappointed at Peter’s refusal.

“Ugh, fine,” Ron crossed his arms.

“It’s a good think you don’t have legilimency, Ron, I doubt you’d be half as responsible with it,” Hermione commented.

“Says you,” Ron crossed his arms as he glanced out the window. It had started raining since the moment they left the station, the sky was still dark and the clouds gave no sign of letting up.

The rest of the ride was fairly peaceful, the chattering from before had settled down to the four of them doing their own things. Peter would have the occasional conversation with Hermione about different books or magic theories. He could feel her relief in finally having someone else to talk about that stuff, Ron would jokingly say that they should start speaking english again.

It wasn’t till the sun started setting that they suggested changing into their school robes, Peter just nodded and did the same. His black and gray robes stuck out slightly compared to the other students since he didn’t have house colors to go with them yet, he felt like the black sheep of the group.

The evening was pitch black when they pulled into the station, he was told by the others that he would leave his luggage and owl on the train, they would be taken to school separately. So, when
Peter went to the luggage compartment where his trunk was, he enlarged Vader’s cage and put him back inside it. “You shouldn’t have to stay too much longer in there, I’m sure they’ll let you stay in an owlery tonight.”

‘Am I not allowed to roost in the same dwellings as you?’ Vader asked, he was disappointed, if not a little nervous.

“They didn’t really allow that at Ilvermorny, I’m not sure if they’ll allow it here either. Sorry, buddy,” Peter lightly pet Vader’s head through the bars of the cage.

‘If you decide we follow the rules, then I will not protest,’ Vader sighed.

The moment Peter stepped out of the train, he was instantly drenched in the cold rain. It was as if someone dumped a neverending bucket of water on his head.

He made sure to stay near the train steps as he waited for the other three.

Harry was the last to step out, he glanced at the far end of the platform and when Peter’s eyes followed he spotted the large familiar looking silhouette.

“Hi, Hagrid!” Harry yelled.

“All right there, Harry? Enjoy the train?” The half-giant called back, but before Harry could give a response Hagrid continued, “Have ya seen a Peter Parker? Mcgonagall wants em on the boats.”

“I’m here!” Peter called, he was not liking the sound of that in this weather.

“Ah! Good! Just head this way with the other first years,” Hagrid replied.

“I wouldn’t fancy crossing the lake in this weather,” Hermione chartered, she shivered as she pulled her robes tighter around herself.

“Glad I’m not you,” Ron said glancing Hagrids way.

“We’ll see you at the castle, mate,” Harry said after patting Peter on the shoulder.

“Yeah, see ya guys,” Peter waved as he watched them walk off in the other direction.

Peter then said quiet goodbyes to Vader before running off towards Hagrid and a large number of first years.

“It’s good to see ya again, Peter,” Hagrid said with a friendly smile. It was just barely visible with the large lantern he held. “I see you’ve made friends with Harry and them. Good lot, they are.”

“Good to see you too Hagrid, and yeah,” Peter glanced the direction the others had disappeared to. The platform was mostly empty now with only the first years remaining with Hagrid.

“Oh WOW! You’re so tall!” A very excited first year said looking up at Hagrid. His eyes were wide and full of wonder, it was easy to sense that the kid was no-maj born and had very little exposure to the world of magic. His hair might have been some kind of light brown but with the rain drenching everything it was hard to tell.

“Never seen a half-giant before?” Peter said amused.

“Oh my god, you’re American!” The boy said utterly surprised.
“Yup, New York,” Peter smiled.

“That’s so cool! Wait! Why are you here? You’re way too old to be a first year,” The boy asked wide eyed.

“I’m a fourth year, but I was transferred to Hogwarts for this year… so it’s technically my first year at Hogwarts,” Peter tried pulled his cloak around him to protect himself from the rain, it did little to help.

“That’s amazing! I’m Dennis Creevey,” The boy said holding out his hand.

Peter took it, “Peter Parker..” He paused for a moment, he still hadn’t fully figured out his name yet ever since finding out what he officially was. Maybe he should just go by his full name, it wasn’t to strange, was it? “Stark,” Peter added.

“Whoa, just like Tony Stark,” Dennis said amazed.

“Yeah, kinda,” Peter said with a faint laugh.

“Alright, think that’s everyone,” Hagrid said looking over the first years, plus Peter. “Mind yer step now! Follow me!” He called out.

Peter, Dennis, and all the other first years followed the half-giant down a slippery narrow path. He heard a few kids behind him fall and Dennis almost met the same fate if it weren’t for Peter grabbing his arm before he hit the ground.

“Just around this bend, and yeh’ll get yer first sights of Hogwarts,” His words were followed by a course of oooooh’s as the large castle came into view. The glowing lights of the windows twinkled through the rain, even in the dark the many towers and turrets could easily be made out.

“Just four to a boat!” Hagrid called out as he pointed to a large number of boats sitting just on the shore of the lake separating them from Hogwarts.

Peter watched as the other first years picked their boats, Peter ended up in one with Dennis and two other first years. Hagrid got one of his own.

“Everyone in?” Hagrid looked back seeing that the boats were filled and no first year was left out, “Right then, FORWARD!”

All at once, the boats moved on command. The trip wasn’t exactly smooth, and it was a wonder the boats were not sinking from the downpour of rain. Peter suspected magic was involved.

Despite the drenching rain, it was still an awesome experience to see the magnificent castle as they approached. Peter was suddenly snapped out of his admiring by Dennis.

“Whoa! I think there’s something in the- ah!” The boat hit a small wave but it was just enough for Dennis to lose his balance and fall in.

“Dennis!” Peter called quickly standing, though he had to stay low so not to tip the boat.

“I can’t- swim!” Dennis gasped as he flailed in the water. The boat continued moving as the boy got further away.

Without thinking, Peter dove in. The water was surprisingly warm compared to the cold rain he was drenched in. He probably got to Dennis a little faster then he should have, but with the moving
boats and they choppy water it wasn’t exactly easy to notice that small fact by the surrounding boats that watched.

“Dennis! Calm down, don’t panic, ok? I’ve got you,” Peter said quickly, he made sure to keep his voice calm.

Dennis, being the trusting eleven year old that he was, quickly nodded before he stopped movement entirely. Unfortunately this only caused him to sink, but before he started panicking again Peter scooped him up in one arm holding him against his chest as he used his other arm and legs to make sure that they both stayed above the water. “I got you, I’ve got you. Just keep your head up, I’ll get us back to the boat,” Peter reassured.

Dennis just nodded quickly as he stretched his neck to keep it as high above the water as he could.

“Everythin’ alright!” Hagrid called, luckily he noticed the commotion and stopped the boat.

“First year fell in!” Peter yelled back, “Don’t worry I got him!”

“Haul em back in the boat, Peter. Yeh sure they’re alright?” Hagrid there was a hint of worry in his tone, though he tried to contain it so not to frighten the other students.

“This is so awesome,” Dennis said in amazement.

“Yeah, he’s fine,” Peter said with a faint laugh.

The moment Peter swam close enough to a boat, two large tentacles from the dark waters reached up wrapping themselves around each of their waists. Peter would have freaked out if it weren't for his spidey sense remaining quiet.

They were both lifted out of the water and placed onto their boat.

“What was that!” Dennis said wide eyed.

“Oh, just Hogwarts’ giant squid,” Hagrid chuckled before ordering the boats forward again.

“No way!” Dennis looking into the water again.

The ride was mostly quiet for the rest of the trip, Dennis started chattering his teeth not that he was completely drenched but Peter didn’t have the same problem with his superhuman durability. Peter suspected it would have to be near freezing temperature before he started having any problems.

The little boats came to a stop at a harbor under the castle, they had passed through a curtain of ivy followed by a long dark tunnel.

After getting out of the boats, they hiked up a stone staircase that lead them to a large wooden door. Hagrid knocked a few times and the door was immediately opened by Professor Mcgonagall, she looked over everyone with a stern gaze until her eyes landed on Peter and Dennis who were both soaking wet, Hagrid even lent Dennis his large coat to keep warm. The sight was probably not what she expected.

“Mr. Parker, I suggest you stand near the back. You’ll be sorted last,” the Professor said before telling the other first years to follow her.

He let Dennis go ahead of him as he waited at the door till he was in the back of the line.

The next room they entered was the great hall. Four large tables lined the room with one at the far
end with, who Peter assumed, were the professors and headmaster.

The room was filled with students sitting at each table, Peter guessed it was by house since at the different tables the students wore separate colors. Looking up at the ceiling Peter was amazed by the charm that allowed it to mimic the current sky. It was dark and the clouds swirled above them it was only when thunder boomed outside and the charmed ceiling responded with a flash of lightning was Peter’s assumption confirmed. Just under the black and purple clouds, candles floated about providing light to the rest of the room.

Pete only just now noticed the room had turned their attention towards the first years and Peter. He was hoping his height wouldn’t stand out too much if he stood next to Hagrid, but turning back he noticed the half-giant was working his way around the outside wall of the room to get to the front table.

So Peter had first impressions to make, he decided to stand there with his hands in his pockets making himself look relaxed but alert despite how nerve racking it was. He took a page from Tony’s book as he aimed to make it look like he knew exactly what he was doing, even though he had no idea what was going on.

Everyone remained silent as all eyes now watched Professor Mcgonagall as she set a three legged stool down and then placed an old hat on top of it.

For a moment, nothing happened, but then the hat started to move and it broke into song. A ripped seam near the brim acted as its mouth.

It was more of a poem than a song, but Peter guess that most songs were just poems with music. It seemed to be about the hats purpose in sorting the children into different houses and a brief summary of what each house was. Out of the four houses, Gryffindor and Ravenclaw were the ones to stick out.

He was already brave, came into the territory of being Spider-Man, but he was also clever, at least he liked to think he was (Even if he sometimes did some pretty stupid stuff).

Peter snapped out of his thoughts when the song ended and everyone in the room started clapping.

After that died down, Professor Mcgonagall pulled out a roll of parchment and started reading names off.

Each first year called would go up to the stool, sit on it, and Mcgonagall would lower the hat onto their head. Sometimes the hat would name a house immediately and other times it would take a moment, but each announcement was named within less than a minute or two.

He watched as Dennis was called up and he looked off at another boy at the Gryffindor table, who Peter suspected was his brother, Colin. Dennis had mentioned on the boat ride, through chattering teeth, that his older brother was in Gryffindor and that was the house he hoped to get.

“GRYFFINDOR!” The hat called, barely a moment after it was placed on Dennis’ head. Grinning wildly, the boy ran over to the Gryffindor table sitting next to his brother as he probably told the story of him falling in. Colin, Harry, Hermione, and Ron glanced his way with a few smiles.

Peter just nodded back.

Eventually all the names were called, and Peter was left standing there, in front of everyone, by himself.
Wasn’t this fun.

Mumbles spread through the crowd as they wondered what was going on, Peter was guessing that this hadn’t ever happened before.

A man in floating purple robes and a pointed hat stood up. He had a long white beard with half moon glasses. He walked up to the podium just behind where the stool was placed.

“I’m sure you are all wondering who this is, well, allow me to introduce Peter Parker Stark,” the headmaster waved towards Peter and gave him a gentle smile as greeting. “He is the first exchange student Hogwarts has had, this is his fourth year so he will be attending classes just like everyone else, but first, we must determine which house he shall call home this semester.”

The use of Peter’s new full name was kinda growing on him, even if it did sound a little clunky.

“Peter Parker Stark,” McGonagall called.

Peter stepped up to the chair and sat down, the hat was placed on his head.

“Oh? Quite the potential you’ve got there, quite rare to find someone who can fit in more than one house. You’ve got cleverness, bravery, even the talents of a spider,” The hat spoke to him. Peter stiffened at the mention of spider, the hat laughed in response.

“Yet you keep that part a secret, no worries, I am not one to tell what’s in the mind of others, just as you. Though, I wonder, why do you keep such part a secret, it has developed into your very being, surely such an important aspect of yourself should not be hidden,” The hat continued, it spoke softly and Peter suspected that no one else in the room could hear what it whispers.

“If you’re looking into my head shouldn’t you know that already?” Peter whispered. He glanced up at the rim of the hat.

“Yes, but knowing what the mind knows and knowing what the person thinks, are very different at times. Some may think they know what they want, when deep down their desires are entirely different, they have just not discovered that part yet.”

Peter sighed, “I keep it a secret so I can help those in need and not risk my friends and family.”

“That is what you think, but is that the truth? You work in the world of muggles where none of the villains you face would ever know of who you’re true friends are, not with the barrier between worlds. The one you wished to protect has already been lost, and the one you now care for is able to defend against any threat.”

“Not any…” Peter looked down as the memory of the world cup flashed in his mind.

“Within time, you are clever and ambitious. During these times of trial your resourcefulness will be tested… but tell me, what do you wish to accomplish with the house I put you in?”

Peter thought for a moment, probably longer then he should have, but when he finally answered he was certain he would always stand by it.

“Put me somewhere, where I can do the most,” Peter said determined.

“Very well,” The hat said with a smile in his tone.
Minerva McGonagall stood patiently by the stool, but always made sure to stand far enough away to not hear the conversation between the hat and the student. She watched as Peter and the hat whispered to each other, having only spent a day with the American student, Minerva had a very good idea where he might be placed.

Seeing how he and Mr. Stark would talk all sorts of science and muggle tech that she didn’t care to understand, she would suspect that he would be a prime candidate to go into Ravenclaw, but her house pride caused her to see the clear potential that Peter would belong in the Gryffindor house.

Though, as the minutes ticked on, Minerva began to wonder if the choice between the two weren’t so simple and with the time closing in on five minutes, her mind wandered to when she was first sorted. When the hat sorted her, she caused a hat stall lasting five and a half minutes as the hat tried to decide whether to put her in Ravenclaw or Gryffindor.

The time ticked passed five minutes and twenty seconds, the hat shifted after Peter finally said one last thing. She straightened up preparing herself for a new student in her house or losing one to Ravenclaw.

“SLYTHERIN!” The hat announced.

What?

Chapter End Notes

Again sorry for the short chapter but that seemed like a good dramatic place to stop.

Like always I love to see your thoughts and comments or it!
Peter didn’t know what house he was getting, but Slytherin was the last one he was thinking of. He glanced over at the Gryffindor table trying to catch a glimpse of Harry, Ron, and Hermione. They all looked confused, Ron seemed the most conflicted about the development.

The Slytherin table clapped like they did for the other first years that joined their ranks, all except Draco and his goons, along with some surrounding him.

Mcgonagall also seemed confused by the hat’s decision, it took her a moment longer than it should have to take the step back over to where Peter sat before taking the hat off his head.

Peter could feel a swell of amusement coming from the headmaster, Peter glanced up at him trying to get a brief reading from him but was puzzled when all he got were basic emotions, and the simple feeling from his spidey sense that mean trustworthy.

Peter got up from the stool the moment the hat was off his head then headed over to the Slytherin table. He found a spot a decent distance away from Draco, it was probably best not to antagonize him more than he already had. Especially since they were in the same house now.

When he told the other boy he’d be seeing alot of him this year, this wasn’t exactly what he ment, but he trusted the hat’s decision.

He found an empty seat along the long benches nearish to the front, the headmaster didn’t say much after that. He only told them to ‘Tuck in.’ He wasn’t entirely sure what that meant, probably british terminology that he wasn’t used to.

Seeing that a banquet of food materialized on the previously empty tables after that, Peter assumed it was about enjoying the food.

Most around him were too busy eating to really pay him any mind. It wasn’t till the plates of the first course were all but licked clean that they disappeared, only to be replaced by all sorts of puddings and desserts.

That’s when the girl sitting across from him spoke up, “So you’re an American wizard right? What kind of pureblood name is Parker Stark?” Her tone was kinda snobbish and Peter could just feel the judgment radiating off of her.

“Well, technically Parker is the wizard name, Stark is a no-maj name,” Peter took a bite of an oreo chocolate pudding, it was utterly delicious.

“No-maj?” She asked with a sceptical look.

“Oh, sorry muggle. No-maj is what we call them over in the US,” Peter glanced up at her, he wasn’t as prepared as he should have been for the disgusted look on her face. She had no desire to hide the emotions she felt and he didn’t even bother looking at her thoughts since he had a feeling she was going to tell him what they were anyways.

“Your family let a muggle name attach to theirs?” She practically spat the words.
“Well actually,” Peter said with a little sarcasm seeping into his voice, complete with putting his thumb and pointer finger on his chin in thought, “I think Parker might be a no-maj name too! My uncle was a squib after all.” He said very matter of factly.

“Your not even pure blood!” She snapped.

“I’m kinda wishing I was no-maj born now, then I could really shove that in your face,” Peter had absolutely no idea where all this sass was coming from but he was blaming (and thanking) Tony for unintentionally teaching it to him. “Look! What’s it even matter?” He continued.

The girl huffed in annoyance, “Well, just so you know, Slytherins value purebloods most of all! I personally don’t even think half-bloods should be in this house,” She crossed her arms and gave a nasty look off towards her left.

“Up yours, Greengrass,” Snarled a girl a handful of seats down.

The Greengrass girl sneered at the other.

Before more could be said, everyone in the hall noticed the headmaster stand and the noise of the room died down almost immediately. The only thing left was the howling of the wind and the occasional thunder from outside the castle walls. Lightning would flash across the charmed ceiling, the bluish light glittered off the gold serving platters reminding Peter of an arc reactor’s glow.

The old wizard started to speak and there was a playfulness to his tone that Peter found interesting. He talked of a few items that someone named Mr. Filch, had added to the list of forbidden objects. All that was named was nothing that Peter had brought, but he noted to check out the full list when he could, even if looking through 437 items sounded boring… maybe he’ll just skim it.

He then said that the nearby forest was out of bounds to students as well as the nearby town for those below third year.

The forest was what peaked his interest, if he could manage it, it would be a great place to stretch his legs when he he missed swinging and jumping from buildings and rooftops. He even brought his web shooters with extra refills, just in case he found the opportunity to use them, even if he doubted it would be often.

The next bit of information caught him off guard, and also was a huge damper on the year. The schools inter-house Quidditch Cup was cancelled. It seemed like everyone else in the hall had the same thoughts as him. There were mumbles and quiet protests, looking over at the Gryffindor table at the far end of the hall he could see Fred and George with their mouths open in shock.

It seemed there was something else planned for the year, but before the headmaster could name it, a loud rumble of thunder followed by the doors of the Great Hall being slammed opened interrupted him.

Peter immediately got a shiver down his spine from his spidey sense, he quickly turned his head to see who opened the door as he subtly prepared for an attack. Everyone else seemed to look that way as well.

They were all met with a man who stood in a black traveling cloak, he pulled the hood off to reveal grizzled dark gray hair and a strapped on eye that darted every which way before walking towards the teachers table up front. He used a tall staff as a walking cane, the dull clunks produced from it echoed through the hall with every other step.

Seeming to not be an immediate threat, Peter relaxed, but only slightly. He trusted his spidey sense
with his life, he wasn’t about to doubt it now. There was definitely something bad about this man.

He walked up to the podium the headmaster stood at, before reaching out a hand to the older wizard. The headmaster shook it and they spoke a few words between each other that not even Peter’s sensitive hearing could pick up.

After a moment, the headmaster spoke up, “May I introduce the new Defence Against the Dark Arts teacher,” he motioned to the man with a smile, “Professor Moody.”

Peter assumed that they were supposed to be clapping for the announcement, since the Headmaster and Hagrid put their hand together but everyone else seemed just as transfixed by the man to even make a move.

Another moment passed before the Headmaster spoke again, Professor Moody took the opportunity to steal a swig from his hip flask.

“Right! As I was saying,” the Headmaster continued, “We have the honor of hosting a very exciting event this year, one which has not been held for over a century. I am pleased to inform you that the Triwizard Tournament will be hosted at Hogwarts this year.”

“You’re JOKING!” exclaimed Fred loudly, the first to break the silence Moody induced. Soon the whole room erupted with chatter.

He had no idea what the Triwizard Tournament was but the way the room buzzed with excitement Peter couldn’t help feel the same about it. He decided to push the warnings about Moody aside for right now, not that he could do anything to investigate it anyways. That would have to wait for later.

It seemed the Headmaster had also heard Fred, he almost went off on a tangent of telling jokes if it weren’t for Mcgonagall putting him back on track.

He then explained the Triwizard Tournament. Peter only grew more excited about it, he didn’t care that he wouldn’t be participating in it but it sounded like an awesome thing to witness.

The choosing of the contestants would be at Halloween, he also mentioned that two other schools and a select few students would be visiting during that time. He went on to say that only students of age, meaning 17, could enter the tournament. More protests rang out through the hall.

Peter was indifferent about the news, he hadn’t planned on entering anyways, despite how fun it sounded. He had a feeling the trials would involve more than just casting spells. If people died in past games then they were something to be weary of.

After all about the tournament was said, the headmaster ended with, “And now, it is late and I know how important it is to you all to be alert and rested as you enter your lessons tomorrow morning. Bedtime! Chop chop!”

At his words, all the students stood at once. The sea of golden plates that covered the four large tables had disappeared sometime during the speech. Now every student swarmed towards the Great Hall doors.

Peter did the same as he followed everyone out, he tried to orient himself so he would run into Harry, Ron, and Hermione.

He was able to catch up with them just before they got to the Entrance Hall, it was a good thing to, it seemed that Gryffindor and Slytherin went two opposite directions to get to their dorms.
“Hey guys!” He called, immediately getting their attention.

“You’re in Slytherin?” Ron asked confused, he looked at Peter warily, but Hermione elbowed him in the ribs.

“Ron we talked about this,” Hermione said through gritted teeth.

“But, I mean, seriously, how can a great guy like Pete, end up in a house like that!” Ron motioned towards the other Slytherins walking towards their doors.

“Peter what did the hat say to you?” Harry asked. Peter could scenes he had a bit more understanding of the sorting hat than Ron.

“It told me I had potential for more than one house, it didn’t tell me which ones, it just asked me what I wanted,” Peter shrugged.

“And you told it Slytherin?” Harry asked confused, his thoughts were puzzled and attempting to understand but slightly hurt.

“No, no that’s not what I said,” Peter said quickly, he didn’t want to lose his only three friend that he just made to the fact he was in their most hated house.

“What did you say Peter?” Hermione asked, despite her calm and seemingly indifferent exterior she was also just confused.

“I told it I wanted to be where I could do the most,” Despite how silly that sounded saying to anyone but a talking hat, he still stood by his words, even if he was starting to question their meaning.

“The most what?” Ron asked as he still looked at Peter skeptically.

“The most good…” Peter said sheepishly. The confidence he held in front of the rude pureblood fanatic girl was completely gone now.

“Fat lot of good you’ll do to Slytherin, what did the hat want you to do? Turn them into saints?” Ron asked.

Before Peter could answer a deep almost sinister voice spoke behind them.

“You should hurry along now, Mr. Stark,” Said the professor in dark robes with almost greasy black hair. “Don’t want to lose your way to the dungeons on you first day.” He looked distastefully at the trio Peter was talking to.

“Oh, sorry Professor,” Peter turned to walk towards the man. “I’ll talk to you tomorrow, yeah?”

“Of course,” Harry said as he glanced at the profesor with an unfriendly gaze before turning back with the others to go up a set of stairs hidden just behind a tapestry.

The mass of students making their ways to the dorms dwindled down to just a handful now.

“Sir, what was your name? I don’t think I caught it,” Peter asked politely as he followed the professor down the stairs to the dungeons where he suspected the Slytherin house was located.

He was already started to hate how separate all the houses felt from each other, compared to Ilvermorny’s unity, it was almost like he was attending a separate school from the trio.
“I am Professor Snape, I am the current head of the Slytherin house,” he said coldly.

Peter glanced up at him trying to get a read on him, but the man was more complicated than Peter would have guess. A lot of what he saw didn’t make sense and was conflicting. It gave him a headache. It boggled him that it was just the surface thoughts that induced the headache.

The only thing he knew for sure was he wasn’t evil, but he was grumpy and mean, though still kinda trustworthy where it mattered… or was it to who he was loyal to? Peter shook his head trying to physically clear the thought, he didn’t plan on looking into Professor’s head anytime soon.

“So might I give you some advice Mr. Stark?” Snape stared down at Peter with glaring eyes, it kinda reminded him of Vader.

They stopped in front of a stone wall, Peter suspected there might be a hidden door somewhere there. Snape didn’t wait for an answer before continuing. “Watch out for those three Gryffindors. Not the type you want to make friends with unless you’re looking for trouble, they are the least popular students among the other Slytherins.”

Not wanting to be rude to a Professor by telling him he can pick his own friends just fine thanks, he decided to remain quiet and give a small nod in response.

The Professor turned to face the stone wall before muttering the password, “Venom.”

The stone bricks slowly slid aside to reveal a large room decorated in green and silver with tall windows that looked out into what Peter assumed to be the lake. There was a large fireplace on one side with a number of green sofas circled around it, there were a set of tables in one corner probably there for studying.

Before Peter even stepped through the doors Snape turned to walk down the dark halls without another word. The stone bricks closed behind him after he was far enough past them. He made his way down the set of stone steps that lead to the main floor.

He noticed a small group of students gathered around another sitting area separate from the one near the fireplace. Suddenly they reacted, but before Peter could figure out what they were reacting to, he was on the cold floor of the Slytherin dungeon with only a thick green rug to save him from hitting the stone.

“Ha! The freakish owl attacks half bloods!” Snapped a familiar rude voice Peter only knew as Greengrass.

Peter just laughed as he wrapped his arms around Vader, who had once again taken the opportunity to dive bomb him with an owl hug. “Hey buddy, how was the trip to Hogwarts?” Peter asked paying no mind to Greengrass who looked confused.

‘It was not pleasant, but I am pleased to inform you that this castle has a number of secret paths and tunnels that I was able to navigate through to get down here,’ Vader sounded very proud of himself.

Peter wrapped his arms around Vader as he got off the ground, he saw the others staring at him with unpleasant glances and glares. The group consisted of Draco and his goons along with Greengrass and one other girl with short black hair.

“What, never seen an owl give a hug before?” Peter asked, like they were the crazy ones for not being used to it.
“You call that an owl?” Drago laughed. “Was that the thing you were hugging on the train? It looked more like an oversized plushy if you asked me.”

‘May I perch on your arm?’ Vader asked.

Since Vader’s feet were already being supported on one of Peters arms, he just released his hold on Vader with his other hand and held out the arm that Vader stood on. With the agility of both Vader and Peter it was one smooth move that ended in Vader angrily flapping his powerful wings above Peter’s head as he let out a terrifyingly deep and threatening screech.

‘How dare you interrupt my snuggling with Peter! If it weren't for him I’d be ripping your throat out!’

The other students flinched back at the angry creature. Peter got an odd flash from Draco as he envisioned large talons slashing at him.

“Dude, seriously, where are you getting these murderous tendencies from?” Peter asked out right, despite the fact that he should probably keep his animal talking on the down low.

Vader closed his wings looking back at Peter, he was now calm but still casted murderous glares towards the other students. ‘My apologies, they have been crowding me every since I arrived. I was not going to act until within your presence.’

Peter just gave a quick nod in response thinking it better to not talk to the owl too much in the presence of the others. ‘Go off to the owlery, I’ll see you tomorrow.”

Vader nodded before jumping off Peter’s arm, he swooped threateningly close to Greengrass’ head causing her to shriek. The owl then disappeared into one of the dark corners of the room.

“Americans are so weird!” Greengrass said in an angry huff before storming off into one of the side doorways, the girl with black hair rolled her eyes.

“Night, Draco,” She said before eyeing Peter, she then followed after Greengrass. Draco didn’t even reply as he just stood there with his arms crossed. Staring at Peter.

There were a lot of conflicting emotions swirling in his head so Peter decided not to look into it anymore. He was still recovering from whatever happened with Snape.

“So,” Peter spoke up as he put his hands in his pockets, he tried to imagine what Tony would do in this situation. “We going to duel or go to bed? Because I hardly think it’s a fair fight,” Peter pretended to yawn.

Draco scoffed, “Worried you might lose, Stark?”

“Told you to call me Peter, Draco… but no, its you three I’m worried about. Americans like to teach close combat and wandless spells,” That was a total lie but how were they to know that? “Not to mention we have many specialized classes for them, I’ve noticed Hogwarts doesn't have those.”

Even as he just observed his shallow emotions, Peter could sense the hesitation in Draco. “Yeah, whatever, I don't want to have to drag your unconscious body back to our dorm anyways,” Draco snarled.

“Our dorm?” Peter asked raising an eyebrow, this was not good. Getting stuck in the same house as him was enough but now he had to share a dorm room with Draco?
“Yeah, you moron,” Draco turned and started walking to the door on the opposite wall of where Greengrass and the other girl ran to. The goons followed and Peter not far behind.

The halls were slim but not narrow, if someone were coming down the opposite way you didn’t have to strain to much to move past each other without touching. They were completely made of stone and arched overhead with the occasional bowl of fire floating above them.

Draco turned to push through a wooden door, the two goons followed (he really needed to get their names). Peter was the last through as he closed the door behind them. There were five beds lined on the walls of the large circular room. A lush green carpet in the middle with silver accents. Peter immediately spotted his trunk over by one of the beds close to a glass window looking out into the lake.

He walked over the green and silver four post bed that he would be calling his own for awhile.

Peter could sense an understood truce between them as they all prepared for bed. The fifth occupant of the room was already in his bed with the curtains drawn, Peter felt no rush to introduce himself since they would definitely see each other sometime tomorrow.

Peter planned on unpacking some later that week, for now he opened his trunk to dig for pajamas.

“God dammit,” He muttered when he finally found some.

Draco’s attention was drawn his way as Peter held up red Iron Man covered pajama pants.

“Big fan of dad?” Draco said mockingly.

But Peter could hardly take it seriously, he was too amused at the fact that Tony went out to get Iron Man pajamas then went through the effort of sneaking it into his trunk. Peter just laughed, Draco frowned since it obviously wasn’t the intended reaction.

“He thinks it’s a joke, I wouldn’t be surprised if he switched out some of my shirts too,” Peter said more to himself. It was loud enough for Draco to hear it, but quiet enough to not disturb the fifth member of the room as well as the two goons who had already gone to bed. For big fellas, they were sure quick to get ready.

Draco just glanced at Peter before they both finished getting ready and hopped into their respective beds.

Pulling the curtains shut, Peter wasn’t as worried as he should of been about sleeping in a room full of strangers that probably wouldn’t mind jinxing him in his sleep, but with a personal security system always on alert, he didn’t need to worry unless he was given warning. His spidey sense was completely silent of threats at the moment.

So relaxing into the warm sheets was easy, but that didn’t stop him from slipping his wand under his pillow… just in case.

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The next morning, Peter woke up on instinct. Usually he didn’t go to sleep so early and his body had been growing used to the five to six hour nights he’d unintentionaly subject himself to by
He did remember at one point that week he’d wandered onto a video about why some cheeses were so expensive then ended up watching the entire Lego Movie during an add for The Lego Movie 2. He never did find out why parmesan cost so much.

Looking out of his curtains Peter noticed that everyone else was still asleep, the floating fire lamp in the middle of the room was dim and glancing out the window he could see the water was also black with the lack of morning sun. Though, he wasn’t entirely sure how much of the sunlight he’d be able to see through the murky water since he didn’t know how deep they were. But considering the fact that he could hear the gentle lapping of water against the stone walls they probably weren’t too far down.

As quietly as he could, Peter got out of bed and dug through his trunk pulling out a fresh set of clothes along with his school uniform and robes. He put them, along with his toiletries, in a very small duffle bag that he often used at Ilvermorny to carry his things between the dorms and the bathrooms in the morning. He wouldn’t even have thought of the clever idea if Aunt May hasn’t suggested it.

He let out a sad sigh at the thought, but shifting from one of the beds drew him out of his head. He stood up and made his way to the door with his weight on his toes to keep from making any more noise.

He was thankful to note that the door didn’t creak when he opened and closed it.

It took some wandering, and he was glad to use the early morning emptiness to his advantage as he explored the boys side of the dorm without any snarky remarks or interruptions from the other Slytherins.

He eventually found the boys shower room, it didn’t surprise him to see everything decorated in green. Each shower stall had two sections, one with the actual shower and the other a small area almost equal the size of the shower where a bench and hooks lay so you could place your things and change without having to leave. A polished wooden door separated each stall from the rest of the shower room.

Since it was still pretty early he decided to take his time.

When he finished with his shower and getting dressed, he quietly returned his stuff to his trunk before making his way into the empty common room. He sat on the large green cushioned sofa in front of the fireplace. He didn’t even hear the silent swoop of feathers as Vader landed on the armrest of the couch.

“Hey there, buddy,” Peter yawned as Vader hopped down onto Peter’s lap. Peter instinctively wrapped his arms around the large owl, like he had done so many times before.

‘Leia wishes you to visit the owlery today, she wants to make sure you are doing well,’ Vader gave a gentle hoot, but even that sounded threatening.

“Tell her I will if I find the time, I’m not sure what today looks like yet,” Peter lightly rested his chin on the owls head. “Oh, and I forgot to tell you this earlier but I won’t be able to talk to you much with others around, don’t want them knowing anything.”

‘Understandable, you have not yet decided whether or not these… Slytherins, are trustworthy yet?’ Vader asked.
“I know they aren't, at least not how things are currently. But I have a feeling I might be able to make good friends of a few… hopefully,” Peter sighed.

‘You are a skillful human, if anyone could better these heathens then it would be you,’ Vader looked up at Pete with a scowl but Peter could sense the affection behind it.

“Thanks, glad you think so,” Peter loosened his grip on the owl letting it hop back up on the armrest, he then smoothed down any ruffled feathers.

‘I know so,’ Vader said sternly. ‘I must return to Leia, she claims some of the larger owls were picking on her, I have yet to introduce myself to them.’

“Make sure to tell me what happens, I doubt any will want to mess with her after they meet you,” Peter chuckled.

There was a mischievous look in Vader’s eyes as he jumped up off the armrest before silently fluttering up to the dark corner of the room to disappear.

Peter stretched his arms out as he yawned again, after setting down he could pick up the quiet movements of other students getting ready for the day.

He pulled out one of his prototypes which was a simple digital watch, it hadn’t been set to the proper time, but looking at the seconds tick away it seemed to be at least keeping time under the MIEP at Hogwarts. Though every twenty seconds the watch face would blink out slightly for what Peter counted as two seconds, only to return to what number it left on.

Peter started to do the math in his head.

So if the watch losses two seconds every twenty seconds then within a minute the watch will be six seconds behind. So every hour the watch will be 360 seconds behind or exactly six minutes, within a day the watch will be 144 minutes behind.

That’s 2.4 hours… not too bad, but he won’t want to keep his schedule around the watch, and he’ll need to reset it every morning. Though he might be able to make a fun mental game out of it, having to do math to find out what time it is.

“What are you doing?” Draco asked. Peter hadn’t realized now long he’d been staring at the watch.

“Math,” Peter said plainly.

“You’re just staring at a muggle clock how is that math,” Draco spat.

“Well, if you must know,” Peter snarked back, “I made this to withstand the magic that interferes with the source that powers the clock. It mostly works but every twenty seconds there's a pause of two seconds.”

Draco was silent for a moment before he spoke, Peter sense Draco calculate the same math in his head, “A clock that loses two and a half hours a day is hardly useful,” He scoffed.

“2.4 actually,” Peter smirked.

“I was rounding!”

“I know,” Peter said before stuffing the watch back into his pocket and standing. “You heading to breakfast?”
“Yes, but not with the likes of you, Stark”

“Kinda going to the same place, Draco,” Peter emphasized his name as a subtle reminder to Draco to call him by his first name.

“Whatever,” He mumbled before turning to head towards the house entrance. Peter followed at a reasonable distance.

He had been too distracted with his watch that morning to noticed that other had left the common room. When he got to the Great Hall shortly after Draco, the room was partly filled with even more students slowly filing in.

There was no sign of Harry, Ron, or Hermione yet, but he did spot the Weasley twins at the Gryffindor table. He decided to make his way over before the tables got to full and the teachers gave him dirty looks for being in the wrong spot.

As he approached them, he could hear them coming up with a scheme to trick the judge who was going to decide who was representing Hogwarts in the Triwizard Tournament.

“Morning guys,” Peter said as he rested a knee on the bench before leaning over the table.

“Well look who he have here,” Teased Fred.

“A local Slytherin deciding to grace us with his presence? We feel honored,” Continued George.

“You’re not actually serious right?” Peter said raising an eyebrow.

“Course not,” They said in unison with matching grins.

“Seeing the faces of the other Slytherins after they find out one of their own is being friendly with Gryffindors is too precious to pass up,” Fred glanced at George with a wide smile.

“Honestly this is probably even better than the Tournament,” Replied George.

“Think you can give us the common room password?” They both said.

“Absolutely not, they already dislike me, I don’t need a target on my back,” Peter said quickly.

“Like that would be a problem for you,” Fred said rolling his eyes.

Peter just looked confused at the twins.

“We saw how you and Iron Man fought off the four Death Eaters,” George said slyly.

“Looked like you were doing most of the work too,” Continued Fred.

“And you guys didn’t think to help?!” Peter exclaimed.

“What, you had it,” They both said.

“At least until you had to use that shield spell, we were about to jump in, but the dark mark popped up in the sky,” Fred replied.

“Wandless spells like that are impressive,”

“We even saw you before you and Iron Man split up.”
“What were those white strings you used to launch yourself at that Death Eater?”

“So you guys just thought it was ok to spectate while I was fighting for my life?” Peter asked surprised.

“Well, to be fair, you dealt with that first guy pretty quick in such a weird way we wanted to know what else you could do,” Fred shrug.

“We could have died!” Peter huffed.

“And we were going to step in after you passed out but the mark showed and the bad guys fled,” George defended with an innocent shrug.

Peter just rolled his eyes, “You guys are special kind of ridiculous, you know that right?”

“We know,” They both grinned.

“So, what were those strings?” Fred asked, of course they wouldn’t let something like that go.

“Not any magic we’ve seen,” George continued.

At that point the students filled in more and Peter looked up at the teacher’s table noticing Snape giving him a scowl.

“Look, I’ll show you guys later, just don’t mention it to anyone, ok?” Peter finally said.

“Our lips are sealed,” They both replied with a zipper motion on their mouth.

Peter pushed off the table before looking at the door noticing the trio just now entering, he sighed at the timing but didn’t want to risk getting in trouble for being at the wrong table.

He quickly made it over to the Slytherin table before Snape decided he needed to drag Peter over there himself.

Breakfast went on and none of the other Slytherins were interested in talking to Peter, which Peter was perfectly fine with. Just by glancing at most of the Slytherin he could tell they had the same pureblood complex that Greengrass had.

Snape had stopped by the table to hand him his schedule, it was drastically different than the others with some blocks having two classes instead of one. Snape didn’t give any instruction so Peter just assumed that he was supposed to leave halfway through one class to get to the other.

Luckily Mcgonagall was the one that build his schedule, she had notes and tips on the back telling him how to navigate through the castle so he can take the quickest route so not to waste time during his already cramped schedule.

Spotting the Gryffindor Professor at the teachers table, he was able to catch her eye before gesturing to the notes on the back as he mouthed ‘Thank you!’

She gave a quick nod in return but a small smile formed on her lips.

Halfway through breakfast a swarm of owls swooped down from above as they dropped packages and letters to their recipients. Peter didn’t expect anything to be delivered so when he saw Leia swoop down and land on his shoulder he was a little surprised.

“Whatcha doin’ Leia?” He asked curiously as he lightly stroked her belly. She snuggled into the
crook of his neck, some Slytherins gave him odd looks but his words were not too strange since it wasn’t completely uncommon to talk to pets… just holding conversations drew questions to your sanity.

‘I couldn’t wait for you to show up, then I saw the others delivering mail so I took the opportunity to see you.’ She lightly nibbled on his finger, ‘Vader told me you can’t talk too much with us in front of others, so don’t worry,’ She added.

Peter just gave a small nod as he reached for a blueberry muffin and a small piece of bacon. “Here, share some with Vader won’t you?” He said handing her the bacon.

‘Oooh! Thanks!... I’ll try to remember that,’ She said smugly before snatching the bacon out of his hand and flying off.

Peter had a very large breakfast that morning because spider metabolism stacked ontop of being an already overly hungry teenager lead to a nearly bottomless stomach.

That morning he had Astronomy 3 and History during his first block. Astronomy was easier the he thought it would be since he went through a space phase when he was younger. So he already knew a lot of the names of the major constellations as well as the stars within them and all the planets’ names.

History of Magic 3 on the other hand didn’t go as smoothly. He was excited to find out a ghost was teaching the subject but that’s where the excitement ended, he had such a monotone voice that he could make the excitement of an ogre war drain from the subject. He was glad when they were finally released for a break which he used to finish his astronomy homework and go over what he would have missed during the time he spent in history.

After he had Care of Magical Creature with Hagrid and the Gryffindors. So that was exciting, he was really hoping to see Harry, Ron, and Hermione.

He was thankful for the messenger bag Mcgonagall gave him during the break, she charmed it to fit all off the large books he would need for every class. He was very thankful to her and promised to pay her back some day, she insisted he didn’t need to but Peter already had ideas for a cool looking digital clock once he fixed the stalling problem.

With the lack of books weighing him down, Peter bolted across the field towards the edge of the forest where the class was being held. Seeing that most of the other Slytherins were just now making their way out of the castle, if he got there quick enough he’d have a few minutes to talk with the trio before class started.

“Harry, Ron, Hermione!” Peter greeted them with a smile. “Sorry I couldn’t talk with you guys this morning, Snape was giving me glares when I was talking to the twins.”

“Yeah, he does that,” Harry said with look in his eye that knew all too well.

“Wait, you just ran all the way down here and you’re not even out of breath?” Ron said amazed.

“Oh, um,” Shoot Peter forgot that running the length of two football fields would usually do something to normal people. No matter how fit they were, he’s pretty sure his heart rate didn’t even pick up. “I do a lot of physical sports back home, not just Quidditch.” Peter lied, he really hated doing that but he was still deciding if there was even a need to tell them.

They all seemed to nod understandingly, except Hermione, who looked slightly puzzled. He could tell she was estimating the length he just ran and wasn’t exactly accepting Peter’s excuse, but she
didn’t say anything so Peter was going to let it slide.

She still noticed how his eyes lingered on her for a moment longer then the others as he sensed her thoughts.

They chatted about their earlier classes and Peter was glad to know that the three got over the fact that he was sorted into Slytherin. Ron was still ticked off about it, saying that they don’t deserve someone like Peter in the house, it was touching in its own little way.

Harry was in the middle of telling Peter how Professor Trelawney is always predicting his death, saying that at this point it’s just become tedious.

That was when the rest of the Slytherins finally made it down.

The lesson was… interesting to say the least. It seemed that Hagrid had chosen to show them leech like creatures with stingers just for the sake of having them, but as Draco tried to make a fool out of Hagrid. Peter, Hermione, Harry, and Ron, were of course defending him.

Draco did not like that at all, nether did the other Slytherins. It was becoming pretty clear that he wasn’t going to conform to their bullying ways.

Despite it only being the first day of school, Peter already noticed a lot of the first year Slytherins trying to conform to apparently what was known as the usual Slytherin attitude. Those who didn’t participate in the teasing of other students remained quiet as they stayed in their own groups. There was an obvious rivalry between Gryffindor and Slytherin, even those in other houses sided with one or the other.

It was strange, the division between everyone wasn’t something he was used to. Especially not when the decision of what side you were on wasn’t always your own.

Peter had followed the trio up to the castle, only parting with them when he was required to sit at a different lunch table.

Trying to find somewhere to sit was a little more difficult this time around, most of the students in his class had quickly figured out he was friends with the Gryffindor trio and made it very clear they didn’t want to be sitting with him when he tried to grab an empty seat next to them. It was mostly subtle movements to block the bench with nasty glares, but some were clear about their feelings towards him.

“You think a disgrace like you is even allowed at the Slytherin table?”

“You like those Gryffindorks so much, why don’t you sit with them?”

“You may live in our house, but you’re not a Slytherin.”

Peter sighed in annoyance, the words didn’t really get to him. He was used to smack talk from the robbers and crooks that he fought, it was just really inconvenient that he couldn’t find a seat. He was getting really hungry and his enhanced metabolism demanded food.

He eventually found a spot at the far end of the table near the teachers, they were mostly filled with first years, but there was a spot that he wasn’t rejected from. Since they were new here, news of who to avoid didn’t travel to them as fast, plus they hadn’t made connections or groups yet to keep them informed.

That won’t last for long though, he’ll probably have a hard time finding a seat even down there
after a week.

He’ll deal with that when he gets to it.

Lunch was delicious, whoever made the food was really good at it.

His last classes of the day were Charms 3 and 4 with him ending on Potions 3.

He had to split the classes up like he did that morning, luckily there was no change between charms 3 and 4. Professor Flitwick being the only charms teacher just gave him separate assignments as well as the ones the class was currently working on. He was told he’d have to visit during his free time after dinner so he could get an assessment of what Peter knew.

Peter didn’t realize Professor Snape was the potions teacher. He wasn’t exactly happy when Peter interrupted his class but seemed to kinda forgive him when Peter was able to follow the directions for the potion on the board with half the time the other students had but with excellent results.

Potions was always one of his favorite subjects, it was very similar to chemistry, except a little more basic. You didn’t have to worry about the different elements or have as exact of measurements, though he was bummed out there was less math. He really did like doing the occasional equation that was more advanced than simple addition.

Ned and MJ had always wondered where he learned all of his no-maj schooling. He’d gone to public school when he was younger and excelled at it, he was in 8th grade by the time he’d gotten his letter of acceptance into hogwarts. Since no-maj school and wizard school couldn’t be attended at the same time, Ben had homeschooled Peter from then on.

At fourteen he was almost ready to graduate high school, but a lot of stuff happened before he was able to take the final test.

He was bit by the radioactive spider when visiting a science convention with May, then… well, Ben was killed. He an May never got around to it afterward, but that didn’t stop him from continuing to study and learn. He really did have a passion for science, still does obviously.

When potions finished, Peter was glad there was no homework, though he suspected that was a rarity from Snape. So, really all he needed to do was check his calculations on his Astronomy homework and he was done for the day.

Hiking his way up from the dungeons where Snape’s class was located, Peter, of course, was hungry again. His body had grown accustomed to grabbing food whenever he felt peckish, so having set meals was going to take time to adjust to.

He finally found himself in the Entrance Hall.

His spidey sense buzzed in warning as he walked up the steps and Peter quickly ran up to see what the commotion was.

Peter, wasn’t surprised to see Professor Moody had triggered his sense but was horrified at the realization of what the man was doing.

He had his wand out as he tossed a small white ferret around the room. It slammed against the walls then squeaked in pain as it was tossed against the floor.

It was hard to ignore the terrified little animals thoughts, then suddenly, Peter realized that was not just an animal, but a student!
Draco to be exact.

It was one thing to torture an animal like that but to transfigure a student and subject them to that torment was completely unacceptable.

Before Peter could think, he ran towards the center of the gathering as the students watched the ‘show.’

“Expelliarmus!” Peter yelled after pulling his wand out. The wand in Moody’s hand flung off in another direction. Peter suspected the simple spell only worked because the man hardly suspected a student to stop him.

Unfortunately for Draco, he was in mid toss when the wand was knock out of the Professor’s hand. He flew through the air, but Peter managed to catch him before any more harm could come to his fellow Slytherin.

“What the hell is wrong with you!” Peter shouted, he hardly cared that it was a Professor he was talking to.

‘Stark?!” Draco said surprised, but Peter could sense his thankfulness hidden under his embarrassment and anger.

“What’s wrong with me? What’s wrong with you! I should do the same to you for attacking a teacher!” The man quickly snapped back.

“I don’t care who you are, no decent person turns someone else into a FERRET then tosses them around like that!” Peter snapped.

“Don’t you question my teaching, boy! That student fired upon Potter while his back was turned. A cowardly way to start a fight! He deserves to be punished with humiliation.”

Peter just stared at the man, trying to get a read. There was only a warning from his spidey sense that he shouldn’t be trusted, a warning of something dark, but he couldn’t see into the man’s thoughts.

Peter mentally cursed, even though his sense wasn’t technically legilimency, its mind reading aspect could be counteracted by strong occlumency. Peter withdrew his sense immediately and Moody narrowed his eyes.

If he was trained in occlumency he would be able to tell if someone was trying to get into his head.

Peter tightened his grip around his wand as he attempted to hide his frustration. Moody’s lips twitched into what might have been a smirk.

Shit, now he knows.

Peter broke eye contact with Moody as he looked around at the gathered students. It must have been an odd sight for a yelling match between the a teacher and student to come to an abrupt halt, only to end in a starring match.

Peter lowered his wand, “I’m going to find Professor Mcgonagall.” He said suddenly as he lightly pushed Draco onto his shoulder. The Malfoy turned ferret gladly took the less humiliating carrying option.

Peter kept his wand in hand and his senses alert incase the Professor decided to attack, but
considering the reason Draco was being punished, it was unlikely.

Once he turned the corner he quickly stored his wand into his pocket. If he held it any longer he might unintentionally crush it.

“God dammit!” Peter yelled, he was absolutely furious that he revealed one of his abilities to someone like Moody. Who knew what that man would do with the new information, because Peter DIDN’T!

Peter wanted to punch a wall, or a bolder, better yet a chunk of diamond, because that the only thing that wouldn’t break right? He had so much pent up frustration and he couldn’t even use his usual coping mechanism of swinging through skyscrapers.

‘What kind of teacher does he think he is! Once my father hears about this I know he’ll be sacked! That one eyed bastard doesn’t even know what he’s done-’

“Shut up Malfoy!” Peter snapped, glaring at the Ferret on his shoulder.

Draco was completely taken back, ‘How can you-

“I can talk to animals alright,” Peter snapped.

Great! Now Draco knows! Not even a day in and the last two people he would ever tell of his abilities to now know. (Both by Peter’s carelessness, but that wasn’t the point!) He was too angry and frustrated to care right then, he really needed to do something with this frustration before be lashed out at someone who didn’t deserve it.

‘Well aren't you just full of surprises,’ Draco snarked, though a part of him was intrigued by the new information.

“You know what, let’s not go to Mcgonagall’s” Peter said quickly, he turned down a separate corridor that lead to the school grounds.

‘What! No! I demand you take me to her this instant!’ Draco said quickly.

“Or what? You’ll get your goons to gang up on me, tell your father about this. Do you even do anything yourself, Draco?” Peter snapped.

Draco just glared at Peter, they both knew the answer was no.

‘Where are you even taking me, Stark,’ Draco said after a long stretch of silence.

Peter didn’t say anything, he wasn’t in the mood to deal with the ferret right now, but he felt a little too much responsibility to let him go on his own. They were outside and Peter looked up at the sky as he scanned the castle behind them.

“Vader! Leia!” He called.

‘You think your owls will hear that?’ Draco scoffed. Though his smugness dropped the moment he saw the large black owl fly down landing on Peter’s arm. Draco cowered into the collar of Peter’s robes.

‘What’s up Pete- oh shit, he’s angry,’ Leia said as she landed on his shoulder.

‘I have not seen Peter like this before, should we be concerned?’ Vader asked.
“No,” Peter snapped.

“Yes,” Leia said at the same time.

Peter just huffed, “I need you two to keep watch for me. Tell me if anyone else is headed towards this area.”

‘Yes, sir,’ Vader nodded before jumping off Peter’s arm.

‘What are you going to do, bench press a tree?’ Leia sighed.

“I don’t know yet, I might,” Peter replied as he headed down the dirt path leading to Hagrid's hut.

‘Why is that an option??’ Draco spoke up.

‘What is that!’ Leia said fluttering off Peter’s shoulder to land on his arm.

“I’ll tell you guys later, just watch for people right now please,” Peter sighed.

Leia just rolled her eyes, ‘Ok fine, just don’t do anything stupid.’

Peter didn’t replied as Leia took off.

As Peter approached Hagrid’s hut he noticed a few pieces of firewood stacked against the house. The markings against the wall and ground suggested there's usually a ton more than what was remaining.

It was decided, Peter was going to get firewood for Hagrid, he needed to burn off his anger somehow, might as well be productive with it.

‘Stark, what are you even doing at this oaf’s house. Why would you chose him over Mcgonagall? You know, the transfiguration teacher?’ Draco protested.

“Just shut up, ok!” Peter snapped back as he knocked on Hagrid’s door with a clenched fist, it took a lot more effort than it should have to not knock down the door.

‘I will not shut up! I am a ferret and I prefer to be turned back into a human! You’re not the one who would be eaten by a cat!’

Peter did his best to ignore Draco as he listened to the heavy footsteps getting closer to the door. Hagrid opened it and was a little confused to see Peter there… with a ferret on his shoulder.


“I’m pissed off and I need to burn off my anger,” Peter said bluntly. “I noticed you were running low on firewood, do you have an axe?”

‘Right, because helping some overgrown idiot is going to help, you really are a Gryffindork, how did you even get in Slytherin!’

“How kind of ya to offer, but the only axe I have might be to big for you,” Hagrid looked down at Peter with an almost worried expression as Peter grew angerier from Draco’s words.

“I’ll take it,” Peter said quickly.

“Ya sure?” Hagrid asked.
‘Are you thick or something? What chance do you have of even lifting something like that?’ Draco scoffed.

“Yes,” Peter had a determination in his eyes that was hard to refuse.

“Well, it’s in the shed, let me go get it for ya,” Hagrid moved past Peter making his way to a small shed just at the side of the hut. Peter followed and when the half-giant pulled out an axe that was probably four times the size of a normal wood cutting axe and nearly as tall as Peter, he held the handle out to Peter sceptical.

‘Yeah, go chop down a tree with a giant’s axe, I’m sure that will-’ Draco stopped mid sentence and Peter took the axe with absolutely no struggle an leaned it over the shoulder not occupied by Draco.

“Thanks,” Peter mumbled. “Could you show me what tree to chop down?”

“Course,” Hagrid said after the moment of surprise passed, he obviously didn’t expect Peter to hold the axe so easily. It felt like it was at least 60 maybe 70 pounds “There’s one I’ve been lookin’ at,” He motioned for Peter to follow.

The walk through the woods only took a minute, Peter could feel Draco stiffen as unpleasant memories from the forest resurfaced.

“There it is,” Hagrid said looking up at a tall evergreen that had most of it needles gone. Peter wasn’t sure if it was dead or dying but either way he was going to chop it down.

Peter set the axe down so it leaned against the tree. He picked Draco up off his shoulder.

‘Hey! What are you doing!’ The ferret warned.

With one hand he slipped his outer robes off leaving his black slacks and a long sleeved fitted undershirt exposed. He set his robes on a rock then placed Draco on top of them.

Peter walked back over to the tree as he stretched his arms in preparation for the exercise.

“I’ll let you wack it a few times till the steam’s run out of you,” Hagrid said as he stood near the spot Peter put Draco. Peter could sense a sudden nervousness from Draco since he was no longer safely on Peter’s shoulder.

Peter turned to Hagrid with a sigh, he remembered the sorting hat’s words.

*Why do you keep such part a secret, it has developed into your very being, surly such an important aspect of yourself should not be hidden.*

“Hagrid there are a few things that you should probably know about me,” Peter glanced from Hagrid to the white ferret that was currently curled up in his robes as he watched Peter curiously.

Draco was smart enough to know something was up.

Hagrid just furrowed his brow but let Peter talk.

Peter let out a small laugh as he rolled his sleeves up, he suddenly twisted around in an inhumanly fast motion as he grabbed the axe and swung it hard against the tree trunk. There was a loud ‘crack!’ as the axe was buried a quarter of the way through the large tree. “I’ve never actually admitted this to anyone before,” Peter gritted his teeth as he yanked the axe out.
“The only way Tony found out was because he’s a genius,” Peter said and another swing with an even louder ‘CRACK!,’ splinters flew off in every direction and birds of the nearby trees fluttered off in fear.

“I have- CRACK!- the proportional- CRACK!- strength- CRACK!- of a spider!”

With only five hits from an oversized axe welded by the undersized teen, the tree cracked and creaked as it slowly fell over. It hit the ground with a loud thud.

Peter let out a small breath, “among other things.”

He rolled his shoulders allowing himself to relax slightly. The anger that was pent up in him was a bit more than just Moody, it was hidden just under the surface during the day, or more accurately, the entire summer. There was still a lot left, but that didn’t matter, there was still work to be done.

Peter walked over to the speechless half-giant and the wordless ferret. He scooped up his robes in one arm, leaving Draco cradled in the cloth. He didn’t bother sensing his thoughts, he was going to worry about it later.

Peter handed Hagrid the axe, “We should probably take it back to the hut before chopping it to smaller pieces.”

Hagrid snapped out of his amazement, “Uh, right.” He took the axe from Peter. Then Peter went over to the base of the tree he just chopped down, he leaned down to pick it up in his free arm.

Hagrid walked down the length of the tree grabbing somewhere near the top.

They carried it back to the hut, where Peter spent the next hour chopping the tree into sections while a perplexed ferret watched.

*****

The sky had dimmed by the time Peter finished, he pulled his robes back on and found that a lot of the weight that had been holding him down all summer had been lifted.

Not all of it was gone, the pain of Aunt May’s death was still there, but the anger and resentment he held towards himself was lighter. It was weird how chopping a tree down did that, it may have also been the company. Peter talked some about May’s death to Hagrid, even mentioning Ben, the giant just listed as they worked.

Peter didn’t even care that Draco was there, though he was kinda glad, he kept Peter from just blurring things out, he actually thought things over before speaking. Making him realize a few things he hadn’t before.

Peter started their walk up the castle as Draco sat on his shoulder, once he said he goodbyes to Hagrid.

“Sorry I kidnapped you,” Peter sighed.

‘Yeah, you should be,’ Draco snapped, but there was hardly any venom behind it.

A silence drew out between them.
'So,' Draco finally spoke up, ‘Why a spider?’

Peter smirked, “You’re going to have to be friends with me if you want to know that.”

‘Yeah, like I would ever want that,’ Draco scoffed.

“How would you know? You don’t even have friends,” Peter glanced down at Draco.

Draco almost look offended, ‘Of course I have friends!’

“Really? Someone you can go to for help without owing them? Someone that doesn’t hang around you for your money or blood status or social gain? Someone that you don’t control with fear?”

Peter looked up at the approaching castle. “Someone who is interested in who you are… and not what you can do for them?”

Draco remained quiet, Peter let him have the privacy of his mind.

The rest of the walk was silent.

When they got to Mcgonagall’s office Peter knock on the door. He was surprised to see Snape open it.

“I see you took your time, Mr. Stark,” the Professor hissed, he glanced at the ferret on his shoulder. “That’s Mr. Malfoy I’m assuming?”

Peter nodded with a sigh, he knew he wouldn’t get away with drawing his wand on a teacher, he wouldn’t be surprised if there were more professors waiting in the classroom.

Snape stepped aside to reveal three other occupants in the room. Professor Mcgonagall and Moody, as well as Headmaster Dumbledore.

“Bring Mr. Malfoy over here, I think he’s been a ferret long enough,” Mcgonagall insisted.

Peter leaned down slightly letting Draco run down his arm onto the floor as he bounced over to Mcgonagall. He sat in front of her and with a wave of her wand human Draco sat on the floor where the ferret once was.

He quickly got up brushing himself off.

“What I want to know is why wasn’t Mr. Malfoy brought here immediately?” Snape said looking to Peter, he was about to speak before Draco interrupted.

“Thought I could make it to Mcgonagall myself, that was until Filch’s cat tried to eat me… feline bastard,” Draco muttered, “Then Stark found me, as he was heading down to Hagrid’s hut to help chop down some tree. Ridiculous if you ask me, Hagrid should be doing his own work, not making students do it.”

“I volunteered,” Peter said glaring at Draco, he was a little surprised that he was lying for him but didn’t let it show.

“Whatever,” Draco rolled his eye, “I don’t even think the oaf knew I was a student.”

“Thank you, Mr. Malfoy,” Dumbledore said with a wispy smile, “I think that is all we need from you, you may leave.”

“Finally, I’ve got better things to do then hang around Stark all day,” Draco sneered as he walked
over the door, but not before glancing at Peter with narrowed eyes.

“Mr. Stark, would you like to tell use your reasoning why you pulled your wand on Professor Moody?” Dumbledore asked gently.

Peter straightened up, he reminded himself he was prepared for the consequences. “Sir, he had turned a student into a ferret then started throwing him around like a rag doll. I don’t care what school this is but you don’t treat a human being like that, let alone a student,” Peter’s words were firm as he stared straight at Moody.

Peter didn’t like how a chill shifted uncomfortably under his skin in the man’s presence.

“You threw him around?” Mcgonagall asked shocked.

“Only a few times,” Moody grumbled.

“A few times? You launched him against the wall then wacked him against the floor!” Peter quickly said.

“That’s enough, Mr. Stark,” Snape warned.

“I will have a word with Professor Moody about that, but for now drawing a wand on a teacher is a serious offence, though, seeing that it was to aid another student, the punishment won’t be nearly as severe. Are we all in agreeance?” Dumbledore glanced around the room.

“Dumbledore, he not only drew his wand but fired. I think he should receive the full punishment,” Moody spoke up.

“If I heard correctly, he only used the expelliarmus spell, one which sole purpose is to disarm and not harm. Surely that alone shows his true intentions, he could have used a number of other spells that would have been potentially harmful but achieved nearly the same goal,” Dumbledore said in a firm tone.

Moody backed down slightly but glared at Peter, that caused his spidey sense to spike slightly. Not nearly to the levels of physical danger, but there was a harmful intent.

“Thank you, sir.” Peter said with a grateful nod.

“You are still being punished, Mr. Stark,” Dumbledore said amused.

“I know, I was prepared for the consequences, I just… I was prepared for the worse.”

“And that would be?” Dumbledore asked curiously.

“Honestly, sir? Expulsion,” Peter said, he was relieved that it wasn’t the case.

Dumbledore chuckled at the answer, “For now you’ll just have detention for a few weeks.”

“Thank you, sir,” Peter smiled. He glanced around the room, “Um, may I go now? Professor Flitwick wanted me to visit him this evening.”

“Ah, yes. You may,” Dumbledore said with a small wave of his hand.

Peter turned as he made his way out the door, he let out the breath he was holding.

That could have been alot worse.
Tony,

I know I said I would write you after a week but I didn’t expect the first day to be so busy.

Day two was boring but I am writing this in detention… so yeah, before you get mad let me explain.

Yesterday a new teacher had turned another student into a ferret and then started throwing him against walls and floor with some kind of levitation spell. So I drew my wand on the teacher and knocked his out of his hand before he could hurt the other student more.

So two days in and I’ve got two weeks of detention. I could have been expelled but Headmaster Dumbledore saw the reasoning behind my actions and did not approve of the punishment the new teacher was giving.

Also two people found out about my spider strength.

I say found out but I kinda straight up told them as I was chopping down a really big tree with an axe almost as tall as me.

... Tony, I don’t really know what to think anymore.

I’ve kept my abilities secret from people ever since I had them, I told myself that it was to protect the people I care about but the only ones left are you, Ned, and MJ.

You obviously don’t need protecting from the no-maj threats that might get you because they’re trying to hurt Spider-Man (Though, thinking about it, I’m definitely not announcing to the world that I’m spiderman). But should I still go though so much effort to keep it a secret in the wizarding world? I mean, I wouldn’t be flaunting it around, just, I don’t know. I don’t know what I should do anymore and I guess I’m asking what you think?

Should I not be so focused on hiding something like that anymore?

-Peter

It was just after detention that Peter made a detour to the owlery. He technically was supposed to go straight back to his house but he really needed to send this letter. Then tomorrow he’d have to send a letter to MJ and Ned, he was already over due on theirs.

He was quick to find Leia and Vader, they had chosen little cubbies to roost in that were right next to each other. She was excited to have something to do and eagerly took the letter before flying off.

Peter gave Vader a few pets mentioning that he would be flying off tomorrow before he said his goodnights and headed back to the Slytherin common room.
He really hoped to hear from Tony soon.

Chapter End Notes

You guys have no idea how awesome it is that so many of you like this! I never thought that it would be as well liked at it is!

So like always, I enjoy hearing your thoughts and comments! You all are so awesome!
Chapter 8

Chapter Notes

Oof, ok, I feel like I’ve got some explaining to do. Sorry it took so long to get this chapter posted, I wanted to focus on my other story 'Always Silent, Peter Darling’ before I started school up again. Good news is I finished that one, bad news is there's not much time left for me to write with all the homework I'm getting.

More good news is I got a friend of mine to edit the previous chapters so all the grammar and spelling mistakes I missed will be fixed.

Anyways, here's a chapter.

Enjoy.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

*Incoming Call: FRIDAY*

“Colonel Rhodes speaking.”

<Colonel Rhodes, I am calling on behalf of Mr. Stark.>

“Is… everything alright?”

<I’m not sure I would describe it as such, boss has been held up in his London house lab for the past three days.>

“With Peter at boarding school it doesn't surprise me, guy’s addicted to work binges… but you wouldn't be calling if that was the reason.”

<Mr. Stark has been consuming a large quantity of alcohol and has not slept since Mr. Parker’s departure, it has been getting difficult to explain his absence to the United Nations and he has missed several urgent meetings. The British government is sending a few representatives to his current residence if he doesn't attend a meeting this evening. I calculate that this behavior will only increase and will not be solved in time unless an outside influence is provided.>

“Shit, he’s drinking again?”

<Correct.>

“What brought that on? Did something happen?”

<I am not at liberty to discuss that with you.>

“Friday, what happened?”

<I am not at liberty to discuss that with you… but if you were to appear at his residence there is a high likelihood you will find out.>
“I’ll be there in five hours.”

<I will send you the address.>

*Call Ended*

Being a Colonel in the US military, not many things scared James Rhodes, but getting a call from FRIDAY left him a little unnerved afterwards.

After the disastrous birthday party that Rhodey took the MkII from, Tony hasn’t had a drink since, but even then Rhodey was pretty sure that Tony wasn’t drunk during the fight since his movements in the fight was nothing compared to the klutz he was on stage beforehand.

Thinking back with the knowledge that Tony was probably convinced he was going to die, it made more sense that he staged it so Rhodey would be compelled to take the suit.

Tony hadn't told anyone about his decision in reducing his alcohol intake but Pepper and Rhodey noticed, they never really mentioned it since it was a positive development and didn’t want to make a big deal of it, despite it being a big deal to them.

So knowing that Tony fell off the wagon now instead of during the fallout of the accords or even after the battle of New York meant that whatever it was was hitting him harder than the other events.

Hell, even Rhodey was glancing at the bottle one too many times during his treatment for his leg, if it weren't for the braces Tony designed as well as the endless moral support, Rhodey’s not sure where he would be today.

That particular thought only made him more determined, he needed to get to London, his best friend needed his help.

***

It was a pain in the ass to get the clearance but he managed, Rhodey had contacted Pepper, telling her the situation during the flight to London. It was lucky that he was stationed in the Middle East at the time since neither of them would have been able to get to Tony by that evening.

It was probably why FRIDAY called him first.

He was a little surprised to see the house that the address lead to, it was almost too ‘white picket fence’ for Tony’s usual taste. Still looked expensive as hell but that’s something Tony would never miss a chance to show off at.

He knocked on the door but the only answer was from an intercom installed with the doorbell.

<I have unlocked the door Colonel Rhodes, Mr. Stark is still in the basement> FRIDAY said though the speaker.

Rhodey walked in calling Tony’s name, there was no answer. FRIDAY had lead him to the basement door, he was… well the best word would be shock as he pushed passed the frosted glass doors at the bottom of the staircase.
The workshop was large but it wasn’t nearly the size Rhodey was used to seeing Tony work in. On almost half of the limited workspace was covered with large leather bound books, some opened, others closed, a few of them had eyes(??), and some were definitely flipping through pages on their own.

I was one thing to see a physical book in Tony’s hand, since the man insisted on using only digital books for as long as Rhodey could remember, but it was another to see books obsessively scattered across the room.

Anywhere that wasn’t covered in books had bits and pieces of armor and other mangled tech. Wires and mental plates of some projects were welded together so sloppily that it was difficult to tell what the device was originally.

Enter Sandman by Metallica blasted through the workshop, FRIDAY was kind enough to turn down the volume at request, but this only caused the previously hidden Tony to jump awake from his alcohol induced nap.

He was hunched over on a workbench at the end of the room hidden behind a mangled Iron Man toso.

“Friday! What did I tell you!” He said almost franticly. “What happened! What time is it?!” Tony bolted out of his chair causing it and the torso he was working on to fall to the floor.

He ran across the room to the books as he started hastily flipping through them.

“Time!” he yelled.

<2:27 PM>

“Four hours,” Tony mumbled as he slammed one of the books shut. “Four hours, four hours. Friday, security footage of the last four hours.” The air before him was illuminated with the projection of security footage of the lab. It showed Tony working on the armor before passing out.

The man just watched a sped up version for five minutes before it ended on him jumping awake.

He let out a relieved laughed, “No memory charms, good, good. I need to work on… the gauntlet, yeah,” He muttered to himself before walking over to one of the workbenches with a mangled tech as he started to shift through it looking for something. “Don’t let me fall asleep Friday!”

<Boss, you require sleep. It has been almost 72 hours since you last properly slept.>

“I don’t care! I need to figure this out! I need to be able to fight them! I was useless out there!” He yelled at the ceiling.

Rhodey had enough, he snapped himself out of his daze. He had never seen Tony this far gone before.

“Tony?” He spoke up.

The man flinched at his name as he whirled around to face Rhodey, his watch gauntlet activated and ready to fire.

“Stay where you are!” He said wide eyed.

Rhodey just held his hand up in defence, “Tony just calm down, it just me,” he said cautiously.
“Is it though?” The unstable man questioned. His eyebrows knitted together as he watched Rhodey with an unblinking gaze, as if he might miss something during that fraction of a second.

“Tony, what are you talking-”

“You know exactly what I’m talking about! Polyjuice potion, don’t think I don’t know what that is! Because there’s no way my Rhodey could be here right now, he’s running missions as War Machine,” Tony snapped.

“Poly-what? Tony it’s me! I got a call from Friday, she told me to get over here,” Rhodey said trying to stay calm.

“Fine, prove it. Tell me something only my Rhodey bear would know.”

Rhodey thought for a moment, until he dug up an old memory. “It was nearing Christmas during our first year rooming at MIT, you got drunk as I was packing for the break and you confessed that you didn’t want to go to back home where your judgmental asshole of a dad was. We both ended up at my grandmother's house that Christmas and you said it was the first real holiday you’d ever had.”

Tony just stared at Rhodey for a moment before deactivating the watch gauntlet and collapsing to the floor. Rhodey rushed to Tony’s side as he knelt down next to the man.

“I don’t know if I can do this Rhodey, I can't fight against any of this,” Tony said helplessly as he clutched Rhodey’s arm.

“Fight against what?”

Tony just looked up at the Colonel, “… I don’t know if I can tell you,” he said breathlessly. His breath picked up and Rhodey recognized the beginnings of a panic attack.

“Tony, hey, just calm down ok? Let’s get you upstairs so you can get a few hours of sleep, Friday said there’s a meeting tonight you need to go to,” Rhodey wrapped his arm around Tony as he helped the man to his feet.

“No, no I have to get back to work. I need to be ready, I’m not prepared,” Tony said quickly as he shook his head. He didn’t have the energy or sense to fight against the help from Rhodey other than with words.

“Prepared for what?” He looked back at Tony and was met with a gaze full of uncertainty. Something that looked strange on the charismatic genius’ face. “Tony, I can’t help you if I don’t know tell me.”

There was a long moment where Tony just stared at Rhodey as he chewed the inside of his cheek.

“Magic…” Tony finally said.

“What do you mean?”

“Rhodey there’s an entire Wizarding society living in this world with us, and it turns out Peter’s part of it,” Tony was just watching the floor now. As if he were only now just accepting the fact. “And I can’t fight it, my suit, technology, it can't work with magic. I--... goddammit,” he muttered as he brought a hand to his face as he used his thumb and forefinger to rub his eyes. “I almost got Peter killed, there was an attack and I was helpless,” his tone dropped to almost a whisper.

Despite how crazy a lot of this sounded Rhodey didn’t waste a thought doubting Tony’s words.
After years of constantly being impressed and baffled by the impossibilities the man created, accepting the existence of a wizarding society wasn’t too far fetched.

Hey, aliens exist, why not wizards.

Either way, he’ll need to process it later, right now Tony needed his full attention.

“I’m sure you did everything you could, look, Peter’s fine now. He’s at school, he safe,” Rhodey said trying to calm Tony.

“For now… For now, but if I can’t get a suit that can work against magic…” Tony trailed off as he shook his head.

The man looked exhausted and Rhodey would tell he was struggling to keep his mind on a single subject as his eyes darted around the room glancing at the different books and equipment. His fingers twitched slightly, probably urging Tony to continue working.

“You have Peter’s entire school year to figure it out, but you won’t be making much progress with how you’re doing things now,” Rhodey practically carried Tony to the workshop exit.

“No, no wait, I need one more book,” Tony fumbled around in his pocket before pulling out a small black coin.

Before Rhodey could question what it was Tony tapped it three times, a second later it chimed in response, how exactly it was able to make the noise Rhodey couldn’t tell you.

Suddenly a young man in a tweed coat literally appeared out of nowhere with a faint pop.

Both he and Rhodey were shocked to see each other, the other man accidentally knocked over one of the bottles on the table causing it to fall to the ground.

“Oh dear, I- um” The man pulled out what looked like a stick. Rhodey could feel Tony’s body tense up at the sight.

“What the hell are you doing, Heartstring!” Tony snape accusingly.

Deer in the headlights didn’t begin to describe the expression the young man had. “I- I was-” He glanced down at the broken glass, “I was going to clean it up, sir.”

“That all?” Tony asked skeptically.

“Um… Yes?” Heartstring said glancing from Rhodey to Tony.

“Yes, I forgot alright, just get a new one,” Tony snapped.

“D-did you not latch the book properly, sir?” Heartstring asked hesitantly.

“No, I forgot alright, just get a new one,” Tony snapped.

“Yes, sir,” Heartstring said quickly before waving his wand at the broken bottle, it immediately pieced itself back together. He then disappeared from sight with a loud pop.

“That was…” Rhodey said slightly baffled.
“Magic,” Tony finished.

Rhodey did say he believed Tony, but actually seeing an example was still mind blowing.

*****


Tony Stark did a lot of shitty things in his life.

He was never a good enough son in his father’s eyes, but at that point he had stopped trying.

His mother always gave him small glances of disapproval when she read the scandals the papers and magazines. He wish he could say they were fake… but he was never discreet with who he slept with.

The tabloids made a big deal about his 21st birthday earlier that year, and of course he decided to throw the biggest, most outrageous, party of the century. It went on for days, filled with booze, girls, and mindless music blasting at all hours of the day. Anyone who was anyone was invited.

It all but destroyed the summer house in Florida.

Another shitty thing to add to the list.

But even after the disaster that left him with a week long hangover and a few regrettable actions that he was glad didn’t make the papers, he still had one more shitty thing that would forever stay at the top of the list.

It was December 16th, 1995.

He was visiting home for the first time in months, since he graduated MIT years ago and his father didn’t deem him ready to take charge of the great weapons company that was Stark Industries, Tony had been traveling the world.

His last trip was in France, he’d spent a few weeks there but it was enough to cause jet lag when returning to the states.

His sleep schedule was entirely screwed up, between the fact that he shifted locations on earth and that he never got a good sleep in a new bed the first night, he was exhausted.

It was late afternoon as he laid across the divan in one of the many sitting rooms of the Stark Mansion. This particular one was his favorite, it had his mother’s beloved grand piano.

He dozed peacefully as he listened to the gentle notes as his mother played her favorite song, Pachelbel’s Canon in D Major. He wore a Christmas hat over his eyes since the room had large windows looking out into the perfectly manicured lawn that caused the afternoon sun to light up the room.

The scene was like something out of his childhood.

The memory of lazy noon naps on the very same divan after a morning of exploring the yard or tinkering with the projects his father allowed him.
He wished he could go back to simpler times, but everything ends eventually, even this very moment as he dipped into nostalgia.

“Wake up, dear. Say goodbye to your father,” Maria Stark said as she neared the end of the song.

Tony felt his father lift the thin blanket he had draped over him before speaking, “Who’s the homeless person on the couch?” Howard Stark asked flatly.

Tony lazily got up as he stretched letting out a yawn, “This is why I love coming home for Christmas, just before you leave town.” Tony fixed the santa hat on his head to uncover his eyes letting it sit properly over his hair.

“Be nice dear, he’s been studying abroad,” Maria said with a sigh, Tony knew she hated seeing he and his father clash like they always do, but most times Tony couldn’t help it.

“Oh, really? Which broad? What’s her name?” His his father asked, he took the hat off of Tony’s head as he tossed it onto the divan with the forgotten blankets.

It was hard to resist snarking back when his father made comments like that, “Candice, nice gal, but you’ll never meet her.”

Howard just sighed, it wasn’t annoyance anymore, not like it used to be, just disappointment. “Do me a favor, try not to burn the house down before Monday.”

“Ok, so it’s Monday? That is good to know, I will plan my toga party accordingly,” Tony replied as he walked around the room to stand behind his mother as he watched her stroke the last notes of the song.

He needed to remember to get a recording of her, the music always sounded sweeter when he knew she was playing.

“Where ya going?” Tony’s tone wasn’t nearly as harsh when he addressed his mother.

Maria rested her hands in her lap as she looked up at him, “Your father is flying us to the Bahamas for a little get away.”

“We might have to make a quick stop-”

“At the Pentagon?” Tony interrupted Howard, “Right?” He looked back at his mother, “Don’t worry, you’re going to love spending the holiday in the commissary.”

“You know sarcasm is a metric for potential, if that’s true you’re going to make a great man some day,” Howard said as he started walking towards the door, “I’ll get the bags,” He told Maria before disappearing.

“You know, I wish you two wouldn’t fight like that,” Maria sighed as she stood up, she took a few steps towards Tony who was now leaning against the frame of the second exit of the room. She gently put a hand on his shoulder.

“Put it on your Christmas list, maybe then he won’t be so patronizing,” Tony scoffed.

She just sighed giving a sad half smile as she pulled away. It was in that moment that Howard walked back in the room.

“Let’s go Maria,” Howard said with a bag slung over his shoulder. “Don’t do anything stupid
while were gone,” He said to Tony. It was like he automatically expected the younger Stark to fail. Tony just scoffed, as he rolled his shoulder off the door frame walking out.

“Goodbye, sweetie,” He heard his mother say as he walked on through the house. Tony didn’t say another word to them.

He didn’t even tell his parents goodbye.

They were the only family he had, he wished he at least said something to his mother before turning the corner of the connecting dining room into the adjacent hallway.

Now he’s played that memory over, and over, and over in his head wishing, begging, that he said something to them, to his mother at least.

But now they were gone, crashed on a back road in the middle of nowhere heading to the Pentagon. He blamed his father mostly, he shouldn’t have been so focused on work, he should have just taken her to the Bahamas on the first flight out.

Now here he was, at some radom club, on a random street, in the middle of New York.

He couldn’t stand staying in the house anymore, he couldn’t even walk into his once favorite sitting room without being reminded that he’ll never hear his mother play again.

It all hurt worse then he ever thought it would.

That’s why he was drinking his umpteenth shot, and now asked to leave the club. He refused, just shoved a few hundreds in the man’s face. That usually worked, but this was a rare occasion that it didn’t.

“Do you kn’ow who I am?” Tony slurred as he used the barstool to keep himself upright.

“No, and frankly I don’t care. You’re a disturbance to everyone else trying to enjoy their Christmas Eve.”

“Fuck Christmas!” He slapped a bill on the counter before yelling, “Another round!” Whether that bill was a one or a hundred it was getting difficult to tell at this point.

“That’s it, you’re going out,” The man said grabbing Tony by the arms practically dragging him to the back door.

“Hey! Get’yer ‘ands off me! I’m Tony *hiccup* Stark!” He yelled as he struggled against the man’s grip, but he was much stronger then Tony was capable of in his drunken state.

“Yeah and I’m Sylvester Stallone,” The man said sarcastically as he tossed Tony in to the alleyway, his head collided with a nearby dumpster fairly hard causing his already fuzzy head to get worse.

It took a few tries to get to his feet, his unstable balance caused him to lean against the trash can for support.

He looked down at himself seeing the dirt and snow stick to his hoodie and jeans, guess he didn’t really look much like Tony Stark to others, they had only seen him in suits and ties in magazines and papers. Even when the paparazzi caught pictures of Tony in ‘casual wear’ he had still dressed planning to get caught.
He doesn’t even remember the last time he wore his preferred clothes out in public.

The warmth from drinking faded pretty quick now that he was out in the cold December air of New York.

He shook his head trying to get some bearing of where he was as he wrapped his arms around himself. He regretted it immediately as it caused him to unbalance.

He would have fell to the ground if he didn’t catch himself on the dumpster.

“Right, Tones… one step at a time,” He slurred to himself.

The nickname reminded him of Rhodey, who was currently overseas. Once he had graduated the military scooped him up pretty quick, it had been awhile since they’d seen each other face to face.

He didn’t even know if Rhodey knew what happened, he wondered if his friend tried to call. Not that Tony would know, he left his cell at the mansion.

Tony managed to push off the dumpster again as he trudged along though the alleyway towards the exit.

But he immediately stopped when he saw two men blocking his way, “Could this guy really be Tony Stark?” One asked. “Thought he was in France, heard he didn’t even come back after his parents died.”

Tony muttered something, not even understanding his own words. He was starting to regret those last few drinks.

“Don’t matter,” Said the other, “The guy was throwin’ around hundreds like it was nothin’, bet he’s got more.”

And Tony thought his night couldn’t get worse.

***

It was the eve of Christmas, one of the happiest times of the year when spending time with friends and family.

Although Richard and Mary Parker didn’t have a large family, they had only been married a year and had dreams that, within time, they would make their family a little bigger, but before completely settling down they wanted to enjoy a life with just the two of them for a little while.

The evening was nearing midnight and the two hoped to make it home before Christmas day began, they were on their way home from a small party with Richard’s older brother Ben and his current girlfriend, May Reilly.

Richard and Mary thought the two were more than a match for each other, and each hoped to one day see them married.

“Oh Richard, just picture it! The four of us doing couple things together,” Mary said with a happy grin as she took both of her husband’s hands as she walked backwards along the sidewalk with him facing her while walking forwards. “What do muggle couples do for fun anyways?”
“Well, we can go to movies, plays, maybe ball games if you’re interested,” Richard’s light New York accent was a pleasant contrast against Mary’s English one.

“I think the movies would be fun, oh! Or we could go in those little paddle boats out on the water in the park,” She let go of one of his hand as she positioned herself next to him as she playfully swung their linked hands back and forth.

“That’s more of a summer thing,” Richard chuckled.

“Perfect! By then I’m sure they’ll be planning the wedding.”

“Really think they’ll be that far?”

“You couldn’t hear how they were thinking about each other, every other thought consisted of one another. It reminded me of us when we first started dating,” She said dreamily.

“You could have warned me about your legilimency sooner than the second month, I would have been more polite with my thoughts,” Richard said almost bashfully.

“Nonsense, I thought they were cute and it was mostly just you and I cuddling, or us walking in the park with our hands linked, or how you kept trying to plan the perfect first kiss… among other things of course,” She gave him a sly look before winking, Richard’s face went a slight shade of pink.

“I was mortified when I found out!”

“I know,” She said smugly.

“Of course you did,” He said with a faint laugh as he shook his head.

Mary leaned up to give him a gentle kiss on the cheek, “but I will admit that you hid it very well, at least on the outside.”

“But there’s nothing I can hide from you, buttercup,” Richard leaned into the kiss before wrapping his arm around Mary’s waist pulling her close. “Not that I would ever want to.”

She giggled happily, they were both a little buzzed from the Fire Whisky served at the party. The slightly charmed drink gave them a warm fuzzy feeling that helped block out the cold night.

As they passed a club they could hear the deep base of the music leaking out through the doors as two men walked out, the couple didn’t pay much mind to them as they walked passed and towards the alleyway.

Richard had taken the opportunity to kiss Mary, causing them both to be distracted.

Mary suddenly pulled away as his eyes looked towards the dark alley.

“What is it?” Richard asked quickly, he could immediately tell that something was wrong.

“Those men, they want to hurt someone,” Mary’s hand twitched for her wand but Richard gently stopped her.

“Don’t, they’re just no-majs, let me handle it,” Richard said cautiously.

“You just want to throw punches,” Mary said rolling her eyes as she slipped out her wand anyways, she held it at her side easily hidden from those not looking.
“Only if they toss them first,” Richard said before leading the way, Mary followed behind.

The two men had a third guy pinned to the wall, it wasn’t till they tossed the young man to the ground that Richard spoke up.

“Hey! Anyone teach you to fight fair?” Richard said in a deep tone.

“Stay out of this punk, just mind your own business,” Snarled one of the men crossing his arms.

The other remained near the guy on the ground, he’d reached down to grab him by the front of his shirt.

“I’m ‘ine, save yourse’f the trouble,” the young man slurried. He was obviously way too drunk to fight one guy, let alone two.

“Oh, sweetie, don’t think of yourself like that,” Mary said sadly.

The young man just gave a confused expression, Richard could see the bruise already forming on his cheekbone.

“You guys look like you’re from a local frat judging by the lettermans, this some hazing?” Richard asked, as he took the opportunity to step closer. Mary was a few steps behind him.

“Yeah, sure something like that,” Said the guy approaching Richard. The other picked the young man up before pinning him against the wall.

“Liars,” He heard his wife mutter.

Richard stood just in front of one of the men now, the guy looked like he played football. Richard wouldn’t usually be described as scrawny, but standing next to the guy in comparison it was hard to not see him as otherwise.

“Right, guess I’ll just leave you to it then,” Richard shrugged as he started to turn.

He used the opportunity for a wide up as he suddenly swung a fist at the other man’s jaw.

***

“Both of you need better common sense,” Mary sighed as she lightly dabbed Richard’s busted cheek with her handkerchief.

“We took them down didn’t we?” Richard winced as she touched the bruised skin. “Didn’t expect the pretty boy to join. That was a fun surprise,” Richard and the man he helped with the two attackers were sitting on a bench in a nearby park. “Gave better then we got,” Richard pat the other man on the shoulder, he shrugged in response.

The stranger had grabbed an icicle to hold against his cheek, he just gave a faint smile with a nod.

“And what would you have done if pretty boy didn’t join, huh?” Mary pulled away and put her hands on her hips.

“I had you as my back up, didn’t I dear?” Richard grinned. Mary just rolled her eyes, “I would
have turned them into frogs,” She muttered just quiet enough so the stranger wouldn’t hear.

Richard turned to the other man holding out a hand, “Richard Parker by the way, this is my wife Mary.”

The other man looked hesitant at the two before taking the hand, “Tony Stark, thanks for the help,” He muttered.

“Damn, I thought you looked familiar,” Richard said surprised.

Mary chuckled as Tony winced at the recognition, “Don’t know who he is, but I think that’s exactly what he didn’t want you to say.”

“Right, right, sorry,” Richard said standing. Tony followed as he tossed the icicle into a pile of snow.

“Yeah well, thanks for the ‘elp,” Tony slurred, his mind had sobered some from the experience but he was still wobbly in his walk. He wasn’t even sure where he was going to stay tonight, he didn’t have his ID or cash, the two guys that attacked pocketed the cash before attempting to make him a punching bag.

He was partly glad Richard showed up when he did, but he also felt like he didn’t deserve it.

Mary looked at him sympathetically, “You know, it’s late, I doubt you’ll find any taxis around. Our apartment’s just around the corner,” She had her arm linked with Richard’s as she huddled close to him.

Tony scoffed, “I’m not some charity case.”

“We’re not saying you are,” Richard shrugged.

“What is it you want then, reward money?” Tony said defensively, he’d only ever known people to want his money, or his fame.

“We both know you don’t have anything with you, but no, we don’t need the money. We’re just offering you a warm place to sleep for the night. Take it or leave it, we won’t be troubled either way..” Richard’s eyes glanced up to the sky as fresh snow started to fall.

“You’d just let a stranger into your house?” Tony asked raising an eyebrow.

“Well, the wife offered, she’s got good sense of character.”

“I do,” Mary grinned knowingly, “So, what do you say, Mr. Stark?”

Tony just sighed, he was exhausted, drunk off his ass, and he’s pretty sure his judgment was far from just impaired, so for whatever reason his fuzzy mind decided, he accepted the offer, “Alright fine.”

Mary smiled at him.

“And just call me Tony,” He added.

*****
When Tony woke up in his bed he was more than confused, he specifically remembered passing out while working on the torso of one of his suits.

<Good evening, boss. It’s 8:02PM, in London England. The weather is partly cloudy with chances of a light rain later tonight.> FRIDAY greeted him.

“How did I get here?” Tony muttered as he rubbed his eyes.

<Colonel Rhodes brought you from your lab to your bedroom>

“Wait, Rhodey’s here?” He asked surprised.

<Your actions were worrisome, the best course of action was having him intervene. In the process you revealed to him the existence of magic.>

“I did what now?!” Tony quickly sat up from bed which caused his headache to worsen. Right, it was easy to forget about the hangover part of drinking.

<He’s probably expecting further explanation, Mr. Heartstring had shown up after you summoned him. Rhodey witnessed a few spells.>

“Dammit,” Tony sighed as he pinched the bridge of his nose. “Tell him I’ll be down in a minute, I need a shower.”

<Your hygiene is encouraged>

“Yeah yeah,” Tony waved absently as he made his way to the bathroom.

***

“Friday says you have a meeting in forty minutes,” Rhodey said with a freshly brewed cup of coffee in hand. He held it out to Tony who gladly took it, he immediately took a long drink from the cup.

“Don’t remind me,” Tony sighed.

“So, you going to tell me what’s up then?” Rhodey leaned back against the counter with his arms crossed.

Tony was quiet as he looked down at the cup.

Rhodey just stared at him expecting an answer.

“How’s the legs?” Tony asked.

Rhodey just let out a heavy sigh, “Fine enough to kick you in the ass.”

Tony just chuckled as he sat down on one of the stools at the kitchen island.

“Fine, fine,” Tony said raising his hand up in defense, there was another moment before he spoke
again, “So, I guess I told you about magic then?”

“Yeah, then your assistant literally popped out of nowhere and you talked about a book that ate itself,”’ Rhody said plainly.

“Right, well, turns out there’s an entire other world out there full of magic and wizards. Rhody, the loch ness monster is real!” Tony said wide eyed.

“Ok,” Rhody said with a small nod.

Tony just looked at him, “And this is not surprising to you?”

“Tony, you fought an army of aliens controlled by the norse god Loki while you also fought alongside his brother Thor to retrieve some glowing cube while the evil god used a magic scepter to control minds, not to mention literally anything you’ve created is straight out of a scifi novel. Things concerning you, I’ve learned not to doubt what you tell me,” Rhody shrugged.

“Oh,” Tony said looking down at his coffee.

“So, magic society that’s been hidden from the rest of the world. How does that make you drink your bodyweight in liquor?”

Tony swallowed, “A few weeks ago Peter and I went to this wizard sporting event, that night after the game we were staying at the camping grounds and there was an attack. People called death eaters, they’re like wizard nazis, except they hate people without magic and anyone who was was born from the non-magic families but possesses magic.”

“So you can’t just learn the stuff?” Rhody asked.

“No, it’s hereditary,” Tony took a sip of his coffee.

“So you were attacked by some wizards but you gave them hell with the suit right?”

Tony stayed quiet.

“You had your suit didn’t you?” Rhody asked carefully.

“I did, but it hardly mattered. Magic interferes with the electrics in no-maj, non-magic, technology. It wasn’t nearly as bad as it could have been since the area wasn’t heavily saturated with magic to begin with, but once spells started flying… I was less prepared than I thought, Peter almost died because of me. I was completely useless,” Tony said quietly.

Rhody moved around the island to sit next to Tony, “But you’re working to fix that right? At least you’re doing something to help prevent that situation again.”

“I have been, but the best I can do is slow the decay of effect. I doubt I have the ability to do it myself, I’d need to be a wizard. Peter wants to help make a magic resistant suit but we can’t till Heartstring can get a charm around the workshop to keep the wizarding government from knowing he used magic, underaged wizards aren’t allowed.”

“Looks like you’re already on track for what you need,” Rhody said attempting to show the bright side of things.

“Will it even be enough?” Tony whispered, “I’m just some guy in a tin can. I can’t even compete against them, I’ll lose every time.”
Rhodey whacked Tony on the back of the head.

“The hell was that for!” Tony said with his hand now on the back of his head, the hit wasn’t painful, just surprising, but it did agitate his headache.

“Trying to knock some damn sense into you!” Rhodey replied, he almost looked angry at Tony. “Since when have you ever been the type to just roll over and take it? When you run into a brick wall you invent something to break it down, or did I just visit the wrong Tony Stark’s house?”

“How exactly am I supposed to fight people that can kill me with the wave of the hand or whip my memory with the flick of a wand!” Tony huffed.

“How should I know you haven’t figured it out yet, but I know you will, because YOU’RE Tony Stark, or do I have to wack you on the head again to remind you?” Rhodey said lifting a hand threateningly.

“Yeah, ok, I get it,” Tony said in defense. “Little warning before you hit someone with a hangover alright?” He muttered as he took a sip of coffee.

“It’s called a wake up call for a reason, something you seem to need every now and then,” Rhodey said as he stood up. “Anyways, I’m going to clear all the liquor in the house, you should get ready for that meeting. Friday tells me that they’re about ready to kick your door down.”

“Don’t remind me,” Tony said rolling his eyes, he watched as Rhodey walked towards the workshop door, “...And Rhodey?” he called.

Rhodey turned to face Tony again.

“Thanks,” Tony took one last sip from his mug before sliding off the stool.

Rhodey just gave a small nod and a smile before continuing into the workshop.

Just as Tony was about to head back upstairs he heard a faint tapping form the window. He was pleased to see Leia with a letter tied to her leg.

*****

Dear Spiderling,

Good luck with the detention kid, and I’d never get mad at you doing something like that because I trust that you had good reason. Just hope you thought through the consequences.

The whole ‘No good act goes unpunished’ is a real thing and it’s a pain in the ass.

The ferret part’s weird though, does the entire physiology of a person change when they’re turned into an animal? Did his clothes turn with him or did they just fall to the ground? Or, dare I say, did they shrink down to ferret size?

That would actually be hilarious.
But to more important matters.

Pete, these powers of yours are yours alone.

I understand you wanting to keep it a secret from the rest of the world since you probably don’t want press swarming you everywhere you go, you’d get more attention revealing your identity as Spider-Man then you will when the news of your adoption gets out.

From how closed off the wizard world is from the no-mag world, they probably won’t make the connection of you being Spider-Man, especially while we’re in Europe. So to me, it seems like you making that reveal while you’re at school won’t be as rippling as it would to the rest of the world.

I’m sorry Peter, I can’t make this decision for you, you’ll have to make it yourself. Just know I’ll back you up in whatever you choose.

Your Favorite Superhero Billionaire, Iron Man

Peter just rolled his eyes as he read Tony’s sign off. Of course he’d write something like that.

“What do you got there, Stark?” Draco jabbed, but there wasn’t any bite behind the words. They gained a mutual understanding after the ferret incident a few days prior, the news of Peter disarming a teacher seemed to give him some credit amongst the Slytherins, they were not nearly as determined to keep him from sitting next to them during meals. He usually found himself near Draco and his gang. There was really no other way to describe it, none of them thought of one another as friends, only allies or relationships they mutually gained from.

It was lunchtime and Peter looked up from his letter as he absently fed Leia a piece of ham from his sandwich, he glanced diagonally across the table to address Draco.

“Just a letter from Tony,” Peter shrugged.

“Bet you’re getting scolded for drawing a wand on a teacher,” Draco laughed, but Peter could sense a small bit of guilt from him.

“Nope, he says good luck with the detention and I probably attacked for good reason,” Peter folded the letter sticking it back in the envelope it came in before tucking it into the pocket of his robes.

Draco just furrowed his brow at that, “Of course he would say that, a ‘hero’ like Iron Man would be a Gryffindor type.”

“Surprisingly no, he’d fit better in Slytherin than I do. Captain America on the other hand, total Gryffindor,” Peter started to eat again.

“Isn’t that the guy that blew up a giant flying ship then ran off with a wanted murderer?” Asked a girl named Millicent Bulstrode, she was the one the Greengrass girl (Still hadn’t learned her name yet) was mouthing off to during that first dinner. Judging by the comment, and the previous argument, it was easy to guess she was half blood.

“That’s the one,” Peter nodded.
“Ever met him?” Millicent asked.

Peter just shook his head, “That was before I was adopted. Never got the chance, but I did see him help with cleanup after the Battle of New York. It was in a restricted area, civilians were not allowed in, but I could see him through the fence.”

“Did you see those beasts? The giant metal ones?” Draco asked slightly interested. The surrounding table also seemed to listen in on the conversation.

“Yeah! You should have see those things, they were taller than a quidditch goal post and longer then the pitch. Nothing could break through the armor, except the alien’s own stuff, I saw a few pieces moved before the CDC showed up to handle the rest.”

“Shame they had to die so quickly, they could have killed all the muggles for us,” Greengrass said in an overly cheery tone.

Peter just glared over at her

‘This chick has issues,’ Leia said with a disapproving look.

“You do know that Loki planned on taking over the world right? To him it didn’t matter if you were muggle, pureblood, or anything in between. Anything remotely human would be killed. MACUSA’s Aurors struggled with the Chitauri, what was seen in the city was probably only a fraction of the army,” Peter said defensively.

“Yeah whatever,” Greengrass rolled her eyes as she crossed her arms.

She was too stubborn in her ways, there was absolutely no chance of getting through to her, but he could sense a few minds around him that understood what the Battle of New York really meant.

Those included Draco, Goyle, and Milli.

Peter sighed just shaking his head, “Next invasion, don’t say I didn’t warn you.” Peter muttered as he finished his sandwich and stood. Leia shifted slightly to keep her balance on his shoulder as he started walking out of the Great Hall.

“All you get Vader for me? I’ll need him to deliver a letter to Ned and MJ,” Peter asked as he lightly stroked Leia’s chest. She nibbled on his finger affectionately before accepting and fluttering off. “I’ll be in the library!” He called before she was out of sight.

Greengrass shouldn’t have got to him as much as she did during lunch, he had already been dreading his Defense Against the Dark Arts class that afternoon. With Moody as his teacher he was glad DADA wasn’t one of the classes he had to take double of. It seemed that every year the class had to get a new teacher, so the lesson plans were not exactly as aligned as they should be.

He was studying for Herbology when Vader flew down from above. He could never actually tell where the owl came from, he suspected the passages he used to navigate the castle were hidden from normal view.

“You summoned me, Peter?” Vader said as he tilted his head slightly, he was perched on the back of the chair directly across the table from the teen.

“Yeah, could you deliver a letter to Ned and MJ for me?” Peter asked as he pulled a prepared envelope from under the Herbology book.
‘Of course! I am always looking forward to the trips overseas,’ The owl said excitedly as he hopped from the chair onto the table in front of Peter. He stuck his leg out ready to have the letter tied to it.

“I’m glad you don’t find it too much to handle,” Peter was relieved to hear that.

‘It is what I was designed for. I am excited to fulfill my purpose,’ Vader said after the letter was secured. Vader jumped onto Peter’s open herbology book as he leaned his head against Peter’s forehead.

Peter had to admit he was a little surprised by the action.

‘I will be quick on my wings so I might return to you sooner.’

Before Peter could reply Vader had disappeared into the shadows of the library ceiling.

***

**MJ and Ned**

Ok, I know I said I would write you guys the first day I got here, but A LOT has happened.

A student was turned into a ferret by a teacher, I pulled my wand on said teacher, and now I have detention.

Overall Hogwarts really isn’t that bad. I wouldn’t judge the place on the ferret part because that teacher is REALLY weird and it’s his first year teaching. There’s really not much to say since I haven’t been here long.

I did meet Harry Potter, he’s pretty chill and so are his friends. Not as smug as you expected him to be MJ. If you met him I think you’d like him.

I was sorted into Slytherin! I’d say that’s pretty cool but most of the older students there are... well bullies, but it’s kinda hard to blame them. Everyone expects Slytherins to be bullies and very few outside of the house actually try to make friends with those in Slytherin.

There are definitely some shitty people in the house, pure blood fanatics, toxic personalities, and actual black hearted bullies, but they’re not everyone. Unfortunately they are the ones with the loudest voices.

You know me and my need to fix everything I find broken sooooo.... Guess who’s going to try to reform the way the ENTIRE school views Slytherins!

Who’s got two thumbs and is a complete sucker!

This guy! Right here... writing this letter.

*Heavy sigh*

To be fair I did kinda ask for it.
The sorting hat that Hogwarts uses said that I have potential for a lot of houses. It asked what I wanted, I told it to put me where I could do the most.

I guess there’s no better way to change the prejudice towards the Slytherin house than from the inside.

The hat also mentioned a few things that caused me to think.

... I know I should have told you guys this sooner, but at the time I thought I was protecting you but now I think I was just afraid of what you guys might think.

Right, well, here I mgo.

On the summer after our second year I was bitten by a spider while May and I visited a science convention. I don’t know the exact details of the spider but I do know that it was radioactive and more than likely genetically modified.

I was sick for a day before I suddenly got better. The bite did things to me, it changed my entire physiology and recoded by DNA.

I haven’t been wearing contacts instead of glasses, my eyes actually changed. In fact they’re probably better then a normal human’s now. A lot of my senses are.

I have have super strength, agility, and I have the ability to climb walls like a spider.

I also have this thing I’ve just been calling a Spidey sense, it’s practically an advanced warning system and I think it might have reacted with my magic because it also gave me a lesser version of legilimency. I only recently gained the able to speak to animals because of it.

With all these abilities I’ve been using my summers to fight crime as a vigilante named Spider-Man.

Yes... that Spider-Man

I am Spider-Man.

God, that actually feels really good to get off my chest.

I’m sorry I didn’t tell you sooner… or in person.

But I’m tired of keeping this from you guys and I hope you can forgive me for doing so.

-Peter

***

After the library and sending the letter that made him feel a few hundred pounds lighter, Peter found himself walking with the Harry and Ron on the way to class,

Hermione had been spending a lot of time in the library lately. He didn’t spot her while he was in
there but he had no doubt she’d get to class on time.

“What was last year’s professor like?” Peter asked curiously.

“Professor Lupin was awesome!” Ron went on, “He taught us loads about different creatures and how to combat against them, even taught Harry the patronus charm!”

“Yeah, good thing too,” Harry said as he scratched the back of his head.

Peter could sense worry from the other boy, he avoided looking any deeper. He could tell sensitive memories were resurfacing.

“At Ilvermorny we technically weren’t supposed to learn that till our 6th year, but MJ’s dad had taught her last summer and she added it to her lesson plan to teach us during school,” speaking of ‘MJ’s Lessons for Losers’ (Yes that was the actual title, Peter and Ned have tried to get her to change it but with no luck) Peter hadn’t even looked at what she planned for him this year, he hoped he’d be able to find the time for it after finishing the mountain of homework he already had.

“Who’s MJ?” Harry asked.

“She’s one of my best friends from home, she’s always telling us to be prepared for anything so the first year we met she offered to teach me what the school wouldn’t… Thinking of that now, that actually sounds really sketchy but I was 12 and she was the cool girl so I accepted. Turned out that she meant things far beyond what a 1st through 3rd year student could learn. I’ve mostly spent that time learning two spell and the patronus charm,” Peter explained.

“Three years and only three spells?” Ron asked as he raised an eyebrow.

“In my defense, the shield spell and accio I was learning were wandless,” Peter shrugged.

“Whoa, wait really?” Harry had been looking out the window but looked back at Peter.

“Yup! Those two are actually very useful when you find yourself in a fight, usually I only ever used them in the dueling club, but at the world cup I ended up needing to use both,” He wanted to add that those spells probably saved his life but the comment would have brought a somber tone to the conversation. Peter cleared his throat trying to change the subject, the memories were still to fresh for him to willingly look back on “So, Harry, what is your patronus?” Peter asked curiously.

“My mine’s a stag, what about you?” Harry replied.

“Oh… well it was a dog, a shiba I think? You know the meme dog?”

“A what?” Ron asked confused.

“So there’s this thing called the internet and people share funny pictures sometimes, well there was this one with this dog and… actually never mind it’s a little too complicated to explain before class,” Peter said with a faint laugh. He glanced over at Harry who was furrowing his brow.

The other boy picked up on Peter’s phrasing, “You said it was your patronus?”

“Yeah,” Peter said just as they stopped in front of the DADA door where other students were waiting to be let in. He was about to answer when a loud clunk started echoing down the hall in a rhythm, Peter turned his head and watched as Professor Moody approached the door.
The class was far from pleasant.

The first twenty minutes was Moody teaching them about the unforgivable curses, he even used them on a jar of spiders. Peter was really hoping it was a coincidence and he was glad that most bugs and insects did not have the capability to think consciously, otherwise he'd have to suffer through the pained thoughts of the poor creatures.

He did, however, have to hear the high pitched screech of pain that only his enhanced hearing could pick up.

Peter was glad when the demonstration was finally over, and that they moved on to note taking. He had to ignore the stares from both of the Professors eyes, it was usually just the large rotating eye that watched him, but he did occasionally look at him with both. No doubt still ticked that Peter drew his wand on the man.

Peter mostly pretended he didn’t notice, he also had to ignore the warning tingle that ran down his spine from his spider sense.

Neville was the only student that was really affected by the show of the unforgivable curses.

The Cruciatus curse especially.

Neville was the one to mention it when Moody was asking who knew what the curses were, but when he performed it on the spider a flash of hospital and parents came from Neville’s mind. The pain that accompanied them was an easy tell that Peter was looking into something very personal. Something you should only hear if that person decides to confide in you.

Peter immediately forced himself to block the thoughts, something that was easy to do since he was occupied with the thought of his own parents facing those curses.

And the even worse thought of them being used on Tony.

When the class was over Peter couldn’t rush out sooner.

He didn’t even notice how the Trio were too distracted by Neville’s reaction to notice how quick Peter left, or how panicked he looked.

Luckily it was dinner and he didn’t have to face his own growing anxiety in the middle of another next class.

Peter soon took a quicker pace as he went the opposite direction of all the other students.

The moment he turned the corner he was sprinting.

The sudden overwhelming thought of how defenseless Tony was against magic was the only thing that occupied his mind.

He didn’t even notice when someone called his name.

It was ignored as he found his feet carrying him to the second floor, he felt the strong urge to hide. To deal with whatever was welling in his chest out of view of any eyes that might use the incident against him.

Suddenly his spider sense told him to go left, there was no hesitance in following it as he ran through a set of doors he didn’t remember seeing there before, but that thought was easily pushed
aside by his panic.

The first thing Peter noticed was the extremely tall ceiling, the second was a ledge so high up it was barely within sight.

It looked like an old storage room and Peter used one of the large boxes as the first stepping stone into his quick assent to the safety of the hidden ledge. His climb was frantic as he scaled the wall, and the moment he pushed himself against the shadowed wall of the ledge, he felt his chest heave as his panicked breath escaped.

Just the thought of losing Tony to anything was throwing him into pained breaths with a sharpness in his chest that felt like he was getting shot all over again. He was almost convinced he was.

The only thing that brought him out of his head and back into reality was the call of his name.

“Stark? You in here?”

Peter peered over the ledge almost letting out a pathetic whine when he realized it was Draco Malfoy. That was the last person he ever wanted to see him like this.

The other teen’s gaze trailed up the abnormally tall ceiling and immediately spotted Peter.

“By Salazar, what are you doing up there?” He called.

Peter let out a shaky breath, “Go away Malfoy!” Peter snapped. Peter hated how his voice broke from the tightness in his throat.

There was a long stretch of silence and a distinct lack of the opening and closing of the door as someone left.

Peter didn’t bother looking down, he was afraid to face the fact that Draco was still there. He tried to pretend he wasn’t.

He could hear the scraping and clatter of objects being moved below, the noise was overwhelming to his senses. He put his hands over his ears as he squeezed his eyes shut, he couldn’t even find the mental power to figure out what the hell Draco was even doing or why.

A hand was placed on his shoulder and Peter instinctive lept to the opposite wall away from the might be attacker.

He faced the assailant with his back against the wall and his only supporting contact was his hands and feet as he used his ability.

He was honestly surprised to see Draco sitting on an old broomstick. The other teen’s hand was still stretched out where it would have been placed on Peter’s shoulder if he didn’t make such a hasty reaction.

“What do you want Malfoy?” Peter bit. It was easier than he expected to shift his panic into anger.

It took Draco a moment to process the fact that Peter was sticking to the walls without the use of magic. He cleared his throat before speaking. “Spotted you dashing off after Defense, you didn’t look so good.”

“So what, you wanted to catch me in the act of a mental break down? Tell all your friends about it!” Peter snapped. The pain in his chest expanded, and he could feel the burn in the back of his
throat followed by the needles at the corner of his eyes urging him to release his anguish with tears.

“I thought we determined I didn’t really have friends,” Draco said plainly. His eyes seemed to study Peter’s pained expression and tense body language.

Peter turned his gaze away from Draco as he felt the embarrassed heat rise on his neck. He felt like a bug under the microscope.

“Do… you want to talk about it?” Draco cringed at his own words. They were obviously very unfamiliar on his tongue.

Was he… Was he attempting to comfort Peter?

Peter snapped his head back towards Draco. His brow knitted together as confusion replaced his panic for split second.

“What do you want Draco?” Peter asked again, but without the anger from before.

Draco scratched the back of his head as he looked away from Peter, “I’m trying to…” He scrunched his nose.

‘Make a friend?’ Draco’s mind practically screamed.

Peter couldn’t help but smile, “Trying to what?”

“Don’t make me say it, it sounds ridiculous and childish,” Draco said defensively.

“I don’t know what your talking about,” Peter purposely sounded faux innocent.

“I’m trying to…” His nose was still scrunched up and a corner of his mouth twitched in frustration, “make an… acquaintance. Come on Stark don’t make this more difficult than it already is,” He huffed.

That was probably the closest he was going to get to Draco verbally admitting it, so Peter was going to take that for a small win. “Well, if that’s true you really should start calling me Peter,” He then jumped back over to the ledge as he settled himself in the corner. One leg was pulled up to his chest with his arms wrapped around it while the other hung off the edge, he swallowed as he felt the panic creep back into focus.

“Fine,” Draco rolled his eyes, “Peter.”

“One more time, but with feeling,” Peter quipped.

“God, you’re ridiculous,” Draco muttered. He shifted his weight on the broomstick slightly so he could step off on the ledge. The Malfoy lowered himself so he was now sitting across from Peter, the broomstick sat between them.

“Well, we’re friends now so you gotta deal with it,” Peter managed to joke before his throat started to get tight again.

“Maybe this was a bad idea,” Draco said skeptically, but Peter could tell he didn’t mean a word.

“Nope! To late! You’re stuck with me,” Peter responded quickly, he forced himself to take a breath as his returning panic caused his voice to shake. “By the way.. I- I think I’m having an anxiety attack,” Peter almost whimpered.
It was very obvious that Draco had absolutely no idea how to deal with someone having an anxiety attack. “Do you want to talk about it?” He didn’t cringe at his own words this time but his nose was scrunched up again.

“Is that the only line you know?” Peter managed a strained smile Draco’s way before it disappeared.

“What else do you want me to do?” Draco snapped.

“I don’t know, math I guess? Start throwing numbers at me,” Peter replied.

Draco just gave Peter and odd look, “uh,, 16+8”

“24,” Peter replied quickly, “Come on, something harder than that.”

“486 x 338,” Draco stated.

Barely a second passed before Peter answered, “164,268.”

Draco was a little surprised, “3267 x 2572.”

Another second, “8,402,724,” Peter gave a smug grin.

A flash of competitiveness flashed through Draco’s eyes.

They continued.

Draco would give increasingly difficult problems and Peter would solve them, eventually Peter’s responses became more delayed. Until he got to final equation.

“3 to the 38th power times 62 times negative 18,096 divided by 74 TIMES x cubed EQUALS 247,613. What the fuck is x!?”

“Uh… shit, um…” Peter thought for a long moment as he squinted his eyes shut in thought as he put his hands against his head. “Uhhhh… negative? Zero point zero zero zero zero zero two? Shit, I hope I didn’t forget a zero.”

“Bloody hell! How can you even do that without writing it?!” Draco said utterly shocked.

Peter just laughed, he hadn’t even realized his panic had completely faded away. “I just can, it helps a lot when I’m designing blueprints or working with voltage and amps.”

“What are those?” Draco asked curiously.

“It’s the more detailed properties of electricity… sorta think of it like water. Voltage is the pressure, amps is the flow rate, and there’s another component called ohms which is resistance or the pipe size. There are more complicating elements that need to also be factored in but those are the basics,” Peter shrugged.

“And that’s muggle science?” Draco said with a raised eyebrow.

“One of them yeah.”

“How many are there?”

“Huh, well… I’m not really sure. There are countless branches of things and just to build the Iron
Man suit Tony has to be an expert in at least… three? I think. Wizards really do underestimate the ingenuity of no-majs. We don’t have magic to solve all our problems so we resorted to figuring out the world and how things work to use them to our advantage. So if you really think about it, we might be more intellectually advanced than the wizarding world,” Peter teased.

“I refuse to believe that,” Draco said crossing his arms.

“Really? Well do you know why the sky is blue? Or how and why gravity works? What about the stars in the sky? Have you ever wondered why some twinkle or others don’t, or how far away they are, or what they’re even made of?” Peter asked.

“Surely muggles can’t have answers to all those questions!”

“They do! While wizards have been studying magic, muggles have been studying the world!” Peter almost sounded excited. “Honestly I just wished that some day both can coexist, just think of all the awesome things that could be created if both put their minds together!”

Draco scoffed, “Like that would ever happen.”

“Yeah… I doubt it will, but it’s still really cool to think about.”

Draco didn’t say anything more, and Peter suddenly realized how hungry he was. “So hey, we still have time. Want to head off to dinner?” Peter asked as he scooted over to the edge.

“I was wondering when you’d say something… so… I guess you feel better?” The other teen asked hesitantly.

“Yeah, a lot actually, thanks,” Peter smiled. He then jumped from the ledge as he jumped from wall to wall as he made his way down to the floor.

Draco flew down on the broom before returning it to a large cupboard that was hidden behind a few boxes, Peter much have missed it when he first walked in.

“I guess… that’s what friends do?” Draco said quietly.

“You know this also means you can’t antagonize Harry, Ron, and Hermione,” Peter said sternly.

“That twat Potter started it!” Draco snapped. Peter could feel the anger iradiat off of him at the thought of Harry.

Peter’ll admit, even he can’t fix the hatred between them, but he’d settle on tolerance.

“I bet you were being a dick about something first, you don’t exactly have a charming personality.”

“I thought you’re supposed to be on your friend’s side,” Draco huffed crossing his arms.

“True friends call the other out when they're in the wrong, then help them get in the right,” Peter sighed as he pushed through the large double wooden doors leading out. He was a little confused to find that they were on the first floor, he could have sworn he ran up to the second.

Draco kept his arms crossed as he sneered, but followed Peter out.

“But I really was serious when I said you can’t take it back earlier. There’s very little you could do to make me not want to be friends with you anymore,” there was a small pause before Peter continued, “But if there is, then I was wrong about you… I really hope I’m not, Draco,” He
glanced back at the other Slytherin as he studied his expression.

His sneer was gone and his arms had fallen to his side, he looked back at Peter as he considered the other’s words.

They were mostly silent as they walked into the Great Hall, Peter and Draco found their spots at the Slytherin table and Peter found his place directly across Draco.

“What took you guys so long?” Crab asked

“Mr. Goodie Goodie decided to offer OUR help to Professor Trelawney,” Draco shot a glare at Peter. Peter just rolled his eyes but he secretly felt a little surprised, but grateful, that Draco was already willing to lie for him. “Couldn’t exactly say no without losing points for the house,” Draco continued with a scoff.

“Hey, it was a two person job and you were so conveniently standing there,” Peter shrugged as he started to fix his plate.

“I can’t believe someone like you ended up in Slytherin,” Draco said with an eye roll, but despite his harsh tone he truly was surprised that Peter was in the same house as him.

***

Since Peter and Draco got to dinner late, they were still sitting at the tables while most students filed out.

The surrounding table was empty and Peter could tell that Draco was debating whether or not to ask a question, until he finally made a choice.

“So, the other day at Hagrid’s hut…” Draco said slowly.

“Why a spider?” Peter asked.

“Yes,” Draco gave a hesitant nod.

Peter just gave a small sigh. He still hasn’t come up with a full conclusion on how he was going to go about his spider powers in the wizarding world, haven’t really had time to consider it with all the school work that was already being pulled on him. But thinking about it now, the decision seemed clear.

It didn’t matter if the wizarding world knew of his abilities or not.

“I was at a muggle science thing when this radioactive spider bit me. I got sick but then when I was better I found I had these abilities. Super strength, agility, wall climbing, and the talking to animals is kind of a new thing,” Peter looked at Draco for a moment trying to find any hit that he might relay this information to other people.

Draco was mostly fascinated by it all, also confused by the circumstances of Peter getting his abilities but there was no hint of betrayal in his thoughts. Guess he was actually serious about the friend thing. “But that is a development in the partial legilimency the bite gave me,” after he said that Draco’s eyes widened.
“Wait… so you can read my thoughts?”

“No quite,” Peter started. He explained the limited view he got of people’s emotions as well as particularly loud thoughts. There was a nervousness that developed in Draco but it calmed down a little when Peter further explained.

Peter wasn’t too surprised, most people weren’t a fan of having their thoughts looked in on.

“But I promise I don’t use it excessively, or at least try not to. Sometimes I don’t have full control over it, my spidey sense has a mind of its own and let’s me know things it thinks is important.”

Draco just stared for a moment, Peter made an effort not to look into his mind. Suddenly Draco let out a small laugh. Peter just looked at him confused.

“What?”

“Oh, nothing. Guess you were right about the not using it excessively thing,” Draco said as he stood up.

Peter quickly followed, “Wait what did you think?” Now his curiosity was nagging at him.

“Don’t worry about it,” Draco replied.

Peter didn’t need his spidey sense to know that Draco would never reveal what he was thinking. Despite how infuriating that was for his natural curiosity, Peter would just have to accept that.

Chapter End Notes

Shameless self promotions: I have tumblr now, I'm sloowy starting to use it more.

Tumblr: LlibLo
Sorry, don't worry I'm not dead! Just had writers block for this chapter but I think it's fixed!!.... hopefully.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Tony hated the 90s.
Well, that wasn't entirely true.

He hated himself in the 90s.

His solution to his parent's death was to drown his grief in drugs and alcohol. He'd probably be dead a few times if it weren't for Richard and Mary, and why the hell they thought it was a good idea to name him their son's godfather would forever be a mystery to the billionaire.

But what he hates the most about that era of his life, is how little he remembers it. He only has a few good moment's with Richard and Mary... the rest were lost to the alterations caused by whatever substance he was abusing at the time.

He could only hope that Peter would never ask about them, but the reality was Peter would eventually and Tony might have to confess about his horrible judgment in the decade.

Or he could spend all the boring UN meetings trying to scrape up what memories he could, at least to make it seem like he was a decent human.

But then there's the problem that Peter was kind of a fan of him before they met. The kid would definitely know about his habits during that time, as would anyone googling his name for more than five minutes.

Tony was snapped out of his thoughts as he noticed a glitch on his map. The coordinates of his destination kept subtly leading him away from the location of Hogwarts. If he were not aware of the muggle repellent spell paired with the unmappable spell on the school, then he wouldn't have noticed. He'd be left thinking the coordinates lead to a random field in the middle of Scotland.

He lowered the map off the HUD of the Iron Man armor as he approached Hogwarts. From a distance it looked like a run down castle, he assumed it was a spell, but he knew he was in the right direction as he heard the nagging urge in the back of his head.

I need to go somewhere else. I need to do something important.

This one was definitely a lot stronger than the one at the Quidditch World Cup. He found himself banking to the side a few times in attempts to turn around.

He countered the muggle repellent in the same way he did last time.

I need to visit Peter! Peter is important!
He had to constantly repeat those words in his head as the urge to turn around grew stronger and stronger. He even locked the direction his suit was going to keep him from going off course. It wasn't until he passed through what he assumed was the magic barrier that surrounded the grounds of Hogwarts like a bubble, did that the urge disappeared.

<B-ss, mag*c l-v*ls cr*-*cal> FRIDAY struggled to say.

His moment of victory was shadowed by the sudden malfunctions and glitches of his suit. Despite having incorporated some of the magic proof designs Peter had been sending in for the past three weeks at school, the armor was in no way suited to be functioning in an area with extremely high MEIP levels (that was the last time he let Peter make up the acronym. He really didn't get why the kid found it so funny.)

"Power down, switching to gliders," Tony ordered. FRIDAY was able to comply and the suit went dead.

Luckily, Tony was expecting this, he had a manually activated glider installed and the suit itself was designed to be lighter than most other versions for easier unpowered flight. So instead of being a metal coffin falling from the sky, he was going to glide the rest of the way and planned to release a parachute once he was close enough.

Everything in this process was manual, no tech, just latches and levers.

The glider activated smoothly. He did a wide circle around the castle as he slowed his decent with the thick carbon fiber membrane that was stretched between his arms and legs similar to a wing-suit.

It wasn't until he attempted to release the parachute that he ran into problems.

Something was jammed, the heavy mist in the cool air was causing one of joints to stick. It looked like he was going to have a rough landing. He also had a plan for that too, well, he will within the next minute or two.

***

After a little over three weeks of school, Peter's body was getting accustomed to the sleep schedule. He didn't wake up unreasonably early that morning and walked down to breakfast with Draco, Crabe, and Goyle after they all got ready.

His fourth roommate, Blaise Zabini, was not a huge fan of Peter. They quietly didn't get along, and Peter had heard from Draco that he had major prejudice against muggle borns and blood traitors.

At one point Draco offhandedly mentioned that Zabini had commented on Draco getting too close to blood traitor statics then a true pure blood should be comfortable with. Peter couldn't help but show some worry towards this.

Yeah, he wanted to take the prejudice out of Draco and even if everyone he knew weren't really his friends, he didn't want to isolate Draco from the only people he was familiar with. Pure Bloods were very tight knit since they liked to stick together.

Draco quickly assured Peter that Zabini was a pompous prat who already thought he was better than most pure-bloods.

He and Draco were slowly growing as friends. He also seemed to be making an effort not to harass the trio. It took Harry and Ron about two weeks to notice the reduced number of insults from
Draco, and Hermione less then two days. Peter and Hermione had a wager on who would notice first, both lost on account of the boys noticing at the same time.

He did show his webbing to the twins, they thought it was absolutely brilliant, and to their word they kept quiet about it, but that didn't stop them from trying to incorporate it into their stock of Weasely's Wizarding Wheezes. No matter how many times they asked Peter would always refuses. They soon gave up and started their attempts to create their own version. Lets just say it still needs a lot of work and Peter doubted they'd ever be able to swing from it since it was just a sticky mess of goo at this point.

The trio were told of Peter's powers, they already knew about the spider sense so it was only logical to tell the rest. Hermione was skeptical, but after a quick trip to the forbidden forest and a demonstration of his strength and wall climbing they were convinced.

Ned and MJ weren't... entirely happy to find out about his spider abilities so late. MJ sent a howler. Luckily Vader was kind enough to warn him and not give it until they were somewhere the howler wouldn't be overheard. MJ definitely gave him a piece of her mind before altering his 'Lessons for Losers' to better fit his fighting style. He was just glad she wasn't forcing him to learn anymore wandless spells.

That Saturday looked like it was going to be a calm one, most students had filed into the great hall by now but it still wasn't nearly as full as it would have been on a normal school day, a lot of people were taking the opportunity to sleep in.

"Me, Crab, and Goyle were thinking about heading into Hogsmeade today, you want to join us?" Draco asked. It sounded like a halfhearted request like it hardly mattered whether or not Peter joined them, but Peter had been picking up on a lot of Draco's mannerisms. Usually the more he wanted something the less he sounded like he cared.

Peter kinda hated the fact that Draco felt like he needed to do that, he hoped eventually he would learn he didn't need hide around Peter. Though, at times he was still caught between putting on a mask for his pears and acting like a friend to Peter. The mask usually won out.

"Can't today. Tony said he was visiting," Peter replied.

Draco just nodded in understanding.

"Wait, Iron Man is coming to Hogwarts!" Said a Ravenclaw just behind Peter on the next table. It wasn't too long till the entire hall was mumbling with the excitement that Iron Man was visiting Hogwarts.

By that point the entire school knew who Peter's adopted father was. He had heard a few muggle born Ravenclaws in his Herbology class talk about how they felt bad for Peter. Most people only ever remembered his irresponsible playboy side, despite everything he's done as Iron Man there will always be the ones who won't like him because they can't seem to understand that people can change... but even if they did, they'd still never know the true Tony Stark.

Peter glanced back at his plate after looking towards the Ravenclaw. He tried to continue his breakfast when suddenly his spidey sense spiked. Peter went wide eyed before immediately bolting from his seat and through the Great Hall towards the door. Eyes followed him but he didn't care, especially when his sense was giving the warning.

Pushing through the heavy doors of the entrance hall and out into the damp morning air he looked up into the sky to spot the Iron Man armor trailing through the fog.
Despite having some kind of gliding feature added, the armor was going way too fast to properly land and with the lack of light in the chest plate he could tell the suit's power was cut.

Tony seemed to have spotted Peter as he circled the courtyard in a single loop before disappearing off towards the open field between the castle and the forbidden forest. Peter ran after him, a bit of worry started to well up in his chest at the thought of Tony crashing.

*What the hell was he thinking flying his sit into Hogwarts!*

Standing outside the stone archway that lead to the rest of the grounds, he had a perfect view of Tony's trajectory. He was either going to try to break his fall with the trees of the forest or cause his flight to stall at the last moment, which would allow him to have a relatively safe landing after a sudden drop a short distance out of the sky.

He seemed to be doing the latter. Which made sense considering that was way more smoother and definitely looked a lot cooler as he landed with the signature Iron Man pose with a fist on the ground.

There were gasps behind Peter and turning he only now just noticed the small crowd of students that gathered behind him.

Peter ignored them as he took off towards Tony who was now unlatching himself from the suit.

***

That was a way smoother landing than Tony expected. He was completely prepared to crash into the trees, but after seeing the small crowd of students following Peter out of the honest to god castle that was the wizarding school, he had to make a show out of it.

It took a lot of effort and he almost face planted the landing, but they didn't need to know that.

As he started to unlatch the manual suit releases, the suit automatically sprang open allowing him to step out into the damp morning air. The grass was still wet with dew but the air around him was crisp and fresh, it was a nice contrast to the stagnant warmth of the unpowered suit.

His eyes were immediately drawn to the Spider-Wizard that was running towards him.

Peter suddenly stopped in front of Tony and before he could initiate any kind of greeting Peter shoved him lightly.

"Whoa! Hey kid, thought you'd be happy to see me?" Tony chuckled, he could tell the kid wasn't actually upset with him because of the small grin he was trying, and failing, to conceal.

"Not when you're crash landing! Like, what the heck!" Peter practically pouted as he crossed his arms.

"I had that completely under control," Tony smiled smugly.

Peter just rolled his eyes, "I saw you cover up that stumble with the Iron Man pose," he muttered.

"Small details. More importantly, it's good to know I've got the public naming a pose after me. Now come on, Pete, where's my hug," Tony said with a fake pout.

Peter just let out a heavy sigh then gave up on hiding his grin. "Yeah, ok," the kid's grin turned into a smile as Tony wrapped his arm around Peter's shoulder as they shared a quick embrace.
When they parted Dumbledore, Snape, and McGonagall approached them.

"Glad to see you had a safe flight, Mr. Stark" greeted Dumbledore.

Tony couldn't help but feel like he's seen the man before, he quickly brushed it off as seeing his image in a book or something. He had learned that Dumbledore was a very powerful and well known wizard. Tony opened his mouth to speak but had to catch himself on calling the man by his first name, it was odd since he didn't even realize he knew the man's first name.

"Dumbledore I presume? It is a pleasure to finally meet you," Tony said as he held out a hand. He couldn't explain the odd feeling of familiarity that he got from the wizard, he tried to push the thought aside since it was distracting.

"Yes, quite. It's very peculiar how things seem to fall sometimes, no matter, might I suggest you come inside for some breakfast? The kitchen has been trying a new pancake flavors, the butterscotch is delectable," Dumbledore said, glancing back at the gathered students as he looked off in amusement.

Tony could already tell the man was a bit odd, "Pancakes? I could go for breakfast," He looked towards McGonagall. "It's good to see you again McGonagall."

"I see you're getting accustomed to the wizarding world quite quickly, Mr. Stark. I don't think a muggle has ever made so many connections in the wizard community before, or have so many wizards so willing," The woman said with a slightly impressed tone.

"I doubt you'd have much success without the title of Iron Man," Snape drawled out.

"A title I build myself, quite literally if you want to be technical. So I have the right to use that resource to my advantage. Especially when navigating a new society my kid is apart of. Want to make sure I can do what's best for him, I need to have all the variables to do that," Tony replied coolly, if not slightly defensively. Snape just narrowed his eyes at Tony.

He looked over to see Peter standing there a bit awkwardly, and he could suddenly feel the eyes of all the students watching. He got the urge to pull Peter out of the limelight. "Right! So breakfast? Let me just pack the suit up." He looked over at Peter, "Want to help me with that, squirt?" He said as he reached over to ruffle Peter's hair.

"Of course, like you could do it without me," Peter said playfully.

Dumbledore just chuckled at the exchange, "I'm sure your son can show you the way. McGonagall, Snape, we should start herding the spectators back into the hall. I'm sure they all forgot how hungry they were moments ago," the headmaster looked at Tony with another amused grin before making his way back up to the castle.

The two professors followed as they urged the other students back inside.

"Right, so I might need you to magic it to get it into suitcase form," Tony said as he looked back at the opened, deactivated suit.

"Won't forcing it hurt the joints?" Peter asked.

"Yeah... but I don't want to leave it sitting here all day," Tony said as he absently scratched his beard thinking of a solution.

"You could just close it up and I can shrink it, kept it from getting damaged and makes it more
portable than it would be even in the suitcase form," Peter suggested as he pulled out his wand.

"You want to make the armor an action figure?" Tony said with a small laugh, "Sure go ahead," He started to clamp the panels of the armor shut the stepped back to literally watch the magic.

"Reducio," Peter said with a small flick of his wrist as he aimed his wand at the suit. The Iron Man armor shrunk down to the size of a large action figure. "It kinda looks like those ones you see at Walmart. Except extremely detailed, I would have freaked if I got something like this for Christmas a few years ago." Peter leaned over to pick the suit up before handing it to Tony.

"I totally know what I'm getting you for this Christmas now," Tony said with a sly grin as he took the suit before walking up the small grassy hill towards the castle.

"No, please don't. I swear I've grown out of my action figure stage!" Peter said quickly as he followed.

"That's not what your room says~" Tony said almost sing song.

"Shut up! That's old stuff!"

"I clearly remember seeing the receipt of a Thor toy," Tony glanced at Peter with a raised eyebrow.

"It-.. I-.. It was limited edition! I couldn't just not get it," Peter tried to defend, but it was clear between both of them that it was hardly an excuse.

"Of course, Peter, no judgment here, just saying, I've already started coming up with plans for a one of a kind Iron Man action figure, but if you insist you've grown out of it..."

"What!-I mean.. Ok, maybe one more action figure wouldn't hurt," Peter said looking away from Tony trying to act nonchalant about it.

Tony just put his arm around the teen to rest his hand on the opposite shoulder, they both started up the hill towards the castle but took their time.

"So how school? I know you said your grades were good but what about everything else? Hope the change isn't too much... especially with this summer being crazy," One of Tony's biggest worries was letting his selfish need to have Peter closer collide with what Peter actually needed. With a big thing like May dying, consistency with the rest of his life was probably important... looks like he did a good job screwing that up.

"Um, it's good... I.. well, I kind of think it was better I didn't go to Ilvermorny this year. Everyone there would have been acting weird towards me because of the accident, I feel like it would have just made things worse... and it would feel like nothing changed, like she was still waiting at home for me," Peter's eyes drifted to the ground and Tony could feel him lean slightly towards him. "I think it's good I'm here," He said again "I do miss MJ and Ned though."

"We can take a few days to visit them during Christmas break, how about that? I'll talk to their parents," Tony suggested in a light tone trying to bring up the mood. Though he was a little surprised that the kid was taking the school change well.

Peter looked up at him with a small smile, "That'd be cool! So will I also be seeing Pepper and your, um, military friend? James, right?"

"Yes, but his name is Rhodey and I refuse to acknowledge that as his first name, you can literally call him anything other than that. Platypus is an acceptable substitute," Tony shifted the
miniaturized Iron Man armor so it was now tucked under his arm as he stuck his hands in his pockets.

They were already up the hill and passing under the archway that leads to the courtyard in front of the large main doors. There was a running water fountain in the middle along with a hand full of scattered statues that looked centuries old. The whole place looks like it was taken directly from a different age, it didn't help that the common wizarding wardrobe was of a similar era.

But none of that took away from the magnificence of it all, he was honestly a little jealous Peter got to go to a school like this, it wasn't even the magic part he was jealous of the architecture, it was gorgeous.

They stepped through the large double doors made of solid wood and soon into what Tony assumed was the 'Great Hall.' It was appropriately named.

Most of the students that had followed Peter out of the hall were already seated back in their original spots, breakfast continued like the incident didn't even happen. The only tell being the hushed whispers and occasional head turn from the student's in the room.

Hermione was the first to approach them when they entered.

"Good morning, miss Granger," Tony greeted with a smile. Just from the first few encounters they had, along with the things Peter wrote about her in the many letters he sent, he knew she was a good kid, and definitely a brilliant one.

Though she did look a little puzzled at Tony and instead of a greeting, she asked a question that looked like it was bugging her. "How did you do that? Flying in with the Iron Man armor, no technology is supposed to work on Hogwarts grounds."

"Ah, yes, easy answer, it didn't," He said with his usual cryptic way to leave just enough unsaid to confuse someone.

Hermione's eyebrows knitted together as she tilted her head.

Tony internally grinned before deciding elaborating. "Had to design the suit to glide, everything you saw was manual, no power needed."

"Oh!.. wait, how are you going to take off?" She asked with those huge curious eyes that only a kid could possess.

"I have a plan for that."

*He did not have a plan for that.*

Peter quietly chuckled to himself, because of course, mind reader.

Luckily, before Hermione could ask anymore questions, Ron and Harry came up behind her.

"That was bloody brilliant!" Ron said enthusiastically, "I though for sure you were going to crash into the forest. Or worse! The Whomping Willow, now that is one tree you *never* want to mess with," Ron said wide eyed, Tony could tell Ron was the 'wrong place, wrong time' kind of trouble maker that was definitely speaking from experience.

"It really was fantastic!" Harry chimed in with bright eyes.
The five chatted for a bit, mostly small talk and mostly between the teens, Tony just watched with the occasional input. That was until Hermione handed him a little purple badge with the letters S. P. E. W. written on them, the letters gleamed with magic.

"Mr. Stark are you aware of the mistreatment of house elves?" Hermione asked as if she were about to make some kind of infomercial.

"For Merlin's sake, not this nonsense again," Ron rolled his eyes, he looked tired of the subject as if it was the only thing Hermione ever talked about, but Tony was still trying to remember what a house elf was to think too much into why Ron might not be a fan of the subject.

"Ned and MJ had some house elves at their house when we visited," Peter explained before Tony could even give him a questioning glance. The thought of those short pointy eared creatures in house servant clothes came to mind. To be honest they didn't seem mistreated, but that was the US, things could be different in Europe.

"Well," Hermione continued without Tony actually answering, "house elves are slaves, and within the eyes of the Ministry they have absolutely no rights! I have founded one of the first organizations to protect house elves and give them their own rights and freedom, as well as proper pay for the work they do."

The rest of the conversation went on with Hermione explaining how exactly house elves were mistreated. The entire speech ended with her inviting Tony to join the movement for the price of two Sickles, Peter kinda nudged him into joining so he couldn't exactly say no.

After that, the trio went back to one table with Ron arguing with Hermione about how useless S.P.E.W was when the elves didn't even want to be free. Peter lead Tony to another table at the far end of the hall.

"We're separated by house at our tables, but over the weekend they're a little more lax about that stuff. The others went to the Gryffindor table, this is the Slytherin table," Peter made a sweeping gesture with his hand.

The table wasn't packed but there were still a fair amount of students there, but one look at them gave him the same vibe as some of those prestigious prep school kids he'd run into at some of the boarding schools he went to when he was a kid. Looking around it seemed that a majority of the kids at the other tables did not have this vibe... he wasn't exactly stoked to find out Peter was stuck in a house like this.

"You remember Draco? He was in the Top Box with us at the Tournament," Peter sat down at the large bench at the table across from three boys. Looked like the classic junior leader with two stooges.

Tony swung a leg over the bench but kept one on the outside so he could face Peter more then the other students, he was glad there weren't any kids nearby on the side they sat down. He would have had to deal with feeling crowded.

"Mr. Stark," Draco half nodded, he seemed very uninterested in Tony.

He definitely remembered the kid from the Tournament, including the warnings about his father. He wondered if Peter was trying to pull the kid away from his father's influence. It would definitely be in character for the spiderling, plus he probably saw something in the kid that Tony didn't, he'd just have to trust Peter knew what he was getting into.
Peter only gave a half smile at the blond boy before shaking his head slightly accompanied by an eye roll.

"This is Vincent Crabbe and Gregory Goyle," Peter continued introducing the others. They also pretended to not seem interested in the fact that Iron Man was sitting in front of them, they still gave polite nods and greetings, but Tony could tell they were badly hiding their excitement.

The butterscotch pancakes Dumbledore suggested were definitely the best thing he's ever tasted, he really needs to get the recipe for it before he left.

But despite the good food, Tony still felt kinda awkward, he talked to Peter about his school work, and the prototypes. The other kids listened in but after they delved into the complexities of the Iron Man armor they might as well have been speaking a different language the young Wizards couldn't begin to understand.

It wasn't till two blond boy's practically rushed over to Peter. They wore black robes with a red lion stitched on the breast. It was safe to assumed they were Gryffindor, and definitely brothers judging by the matching hair and similar features.

"Hey, Pete!" Said the older one excitedly, "Did you see! Did you see it!?!" the boy held up an old style camera in his hands, that not unlike Peter's, except maybe a few noticeable years older. "I got a picture! Rushed to get them- OH MY GOSH, IT'S TONY STARK!" The boy shouted at the realization.

The boy dropped his camera but luckily it was caught by the neck strap before it could hit the ground.

"Dennis, Dennis, Dennis! Do you see this!" He said repeatedly tapping the younger boy's arm (he could only assume the boy's name was Dennis).

Dennis nodded frantically with the biggest, brightest smile Tony had ever seen.

Both boy's eyes lit up with awe and wonder to the likes that Tony has never witnessed, he was sure one of them might explode if something wasn't done quickly.

"Good to meet you two, I'm assuming you're friends of Peter's?" Tony said in a friendly manner, but one glance at Peter's widening eyes proved that this was not the best move, Tony quickly found out.

"Ton- Stark is- taking to -e!!!" The older boy was barely able to heave out over his excitement. Dennis was already struck speechless and he was sure someone might have paralized him with some kind of jinx.

Peter winced slightly but was quick to speak up, probably wanted to stop this disaster of a conversation before the two boys embarrassing themselves in front of the ruthless house that was Slytherin.

"Hey, Dennis, Colin, let's catch up with the camera talk later, yeah? I've got to show Tony around Hogwarts. That cool?" Peter asked.

"Oh! Right of course! But um... Mr. Stark? Can we please get a picture with you?" Colin said in a lower shy tone. It was a drastic comparison to the fanboy outburst he had before.

"'Corse, kid, can't leave without a souvenir," Tony smirked, it was definitely an ego booster that kids in the Wizarding World were stoked about meeting him. Inserting himself into the magic
world as a constant was going to be a little easier than he expected... though he'll still need some form of magic resistance if he were to protect against the Wizards that obviously wouldn't want a no-maj within their pure little world.

A small bit of guilt crossed over his chest.

Can't leave all the protecting up to Peter, he's still just a kid after all.

"This is the best day of our lives, mum and dad are going to be so jealous!" Grinned Colin. He practically shoved the camera in Peter's hands before he and his brother got on either side of Tony after he stepped away from the bench.

He put a hand on each of the boy's heads and gave a friendly smirk to the camera. Remembering the time frame the magic potion extended for the picture, after the flash from the camera he glanced down at each boy as he ruffled their hair and looked back at the camera with a genuine grin.

That should definitely be a satisfying picture for the brothers.

Peter handed the camera back to Colin, and finally after a lot of 'thank you's then finally a goodbye, Peter and Tony were able to make their way out of the Great Hall.

This time Peter carried the armor under his arm.

"Sorry about that," Peter said sheepishly, "Those two mean well but they get overwhelming very easily, especially when they're excited."

"Nah, no problem, kid. I'm kind of an icon if you haven't noticed," he replied smugly, "All in a day's work for Iron Man."

Peter just shook his head with a laugh, "Right, how could I forget that," the teen rolled his eyes. "Anyways, what do you want to see first? We got the moving staircases, those are pretty cool, there are some interesting paintings to talk too. We could go out to the quidditch pitch, I don't meant to brag but I can totally show off my epic moves," Peter said smugly.

"Oh? Look who's stroking their ego now," Tony smirked as he draped an arm over Peter's shoulder.

Peter pretended to stagger because of the added weight, but he grinned up at Tony innocently, "No idea what you're talking about."

"'Corse you don't," Tony chuckled. "So... let's see, the paintings might be a good first- Jesuse Christ!"

"It's Jason Bourne," Peter muttered instinctively.

Tony hardly notice the reference since he was a little too shocked from the literal ghost jumping out of the stone wall to scare them. The ghost looked like a jester with patched and mismatched clothes. It giggled mischievously as it held a large bucket over Tony. It dumbed it on top of him with an impossible amount of water seeming to continuously drench him.

Over the rush of running water getting dumped on him he was still able to hear the ghost sing some kind of rhyme.

"Iron Man is bound to rust!"
Iron Man will turn to dust,
Iron Man's a muggle man!
In this world he should not stand,
Next to wizard, witch, and warlock,
Armed with powers that will overthrow ya!
Run o’little Iron Man!
Your armor here will turn to sand!”

Tony gasped in surprise as he quickly looked down so the ice cold rushing water wouldn't drown him. The rough memories from Afghanistan started to creep into his thoughts but he quickly pushed them down. This was no time for that, he was being assaulted by an honest to god ghost!

"Dammit Peeves! Flipendo!" Peter had his wand out in an instant.

Peeves tumbled in slow motion backwards through the air, but the ghost seemed to be enjoying himself to much for it to be the work of the spell. Peter just huffed in annoyance before Peeves cackles and sang his tune again as he zoomed off down the halls.

"That was a ghost!" Tony said through chattering teeth.

"Not technically, but close enough," Peter winced looking back at Tony with an apologetic glance. He pulled out his wand, almost instantly a strong jet of hot air funneled out of the tip with a transparent energy.

"Technically?" Tony was grateful for Peter's magic as he warmed up, but again was reminded of the fact that he was useless in this world.

"He's the physical manifestation of the mischief of children... I think. Hermione was talking about it and thinks his origins are fascinating despite how bloody annoying he is," the way Peter described Peeves he probably shared the opinion of the 'not ghost.'

But more importantly...

"'Bloody annoying,' did you seriously just say 'bloody annoying.' Don't tell me the Brits are already corrupting you! What about our chaotic determination! Or- No! Quick, Peter! Tell what you call fried potatoes!" Tony said dramatically as he held Peter by the shoulders and looking him dead in the eyes.

"Chips," Peter said defiantly.

"No!! My poor, American, child!" Tony gasped. He quickly pulled back as he used one hand to clutch his chest.

"Nah! You got it wrong, Tony, I'm infiltrating them," Peter leaned in to whisper loudly. Tony leaned in to play along. "Ya see, I don't even think they know I'm a New Yorker yet. Once I've assimilated I'll be the one corrupting them!"

Tony looked up with a wide grin as he shook his head. "God's speed, soldier. You efforts are noble."
Peter practically giggled as Tony gave him a quick salute.

But the good mood was quickly dispelled by the odd clunk of what sounded like wood against the stone floor, it wasn't long till a large man in a heavy coat crossed their path. He could feel Peter stiffen, "That's the teacher that tried to get me expelled after the ferret thing," Peter said quickly.

Tony just glanced at Peter as he gave the faintest nod.

"Mr. Stark," The man greeted in a gruff tone.

Tony held out his hand, "you must be one of Peter's professors, it's good to meet you," he used a welcoming tone that he perfected over the years while dealing with people he didn't like.

"Alastor Moody," The professor said as he reached out to shake hands with Tony. "So you're the boy's father?"

"That'd be me," Tony nodded as he pulled away from the handshake.

"That boy's got a few things to learn before he can go off acting' like he owns the place," The man said bluntly. Tony tried not to stare at the odd strapped on eye that swiveled about, it currently seemed to be examining Peter while the real eye was focused on Tony.

"Moody, was it? That name does sound familiar," The genius tilted his head slightly as he looked off in the corner of his vision, "... Right, of course!" then suddenly in a very blank but serious tone he continued, "You're the one who tried to get Peter kicked out his first week. Gotta say, not exactly something I expect from a teacher at Hogwarts," There was a silent threat between the lines.

Moody scoffed as he shifted his verbal attack from Peter to Tony, "Big words from such a little man." Moody said in warning, he tightened his grip on his staff and Tony noticed Peter tensed. The shrunken armor Peter held under his arm bumped into Tony's side as the boy shifted closer.

Tony just smirked as he straightened his blazer before leaning back on his heels comfortably, he was a little irked by the 'little man' comment. Six foot one was by no means short, but it did seem like the guy had maybe an inch of height on him, then again he was probably referring more to his level of power than his physical presence. Either way, he kept his comfortable composure "Big words can do a lot, you know, just have to know who to tell them to. I'm a man of many things, Professor Moody, in my line of work networking comes naturally."

Moody just narrowed his eye slightly, even his swivel eye was focused on Tony, "For now," He practically growled as he walked forward pushing between Peter and Tony.

They waited till the loud rhythm of the Professor's walk faded till Tony broke the thick silence.

"Remind me to invite him to the Christmas Party," Tony said dryly.

"I'm pretty sure he's had it out for me since the ferret incident. Either way, my spidey sense keeps telling me he's bad news, but I can't exactly do anything about it."

"Have you talked to the Headmaster? He seems like a, er, sensible man," Tony glanced from the now empty hallway Moody exited from then back to Peter. Dumbledore seemed trustworthy, even if he had a few quarks.

"No," Peter mumbled.
Tony was quiet for a moment then put his hand on Peter's shoulder, "Listen Pete," there was something he needed to 'parent' Peter about, now seemed as good a time as any... even if it was slightly hypocritical. Ok, maybe not just slightly hypocritical. "I've noticed this habit of yours. You're always trying to solve things on your own, and I know there's the 'teenager striving for independence' thing, but you're not alone in all this. It's ok to seek out help, you won't be thought less of," Tony squeezed the teen's shoulder gently before giving him a light pat on the back. "And I'm aware that with your school, the situation isn't exactly ideal but from what I can see from McGonagall and Dumbledore, I'd say you can trust them. Plus you got the intuition of a psychic when it comes to people, you'd know if you couldn't and I have yet to hear a grievance about them."

"I know," Peter said as he looked down at the Iron Man armor tucked against his side, he seemed interesting in trying to rub off some nonexistent dirt that scuffed the helmet.

"Ok, creepy teacher met, a nice parent talk, let's get back to the wicked awesome tour of a castle that would make King Arthur jealous," Tony joked.

"I mean, Merlin might have described Hogwarts to King Arthur at some point so maybe," Peter shrugged getting back into a lighter mood.

They had started walking again but Tony suddenly held out his hand to stop Peter, "Sorry, what!?"

Peter just looked up at Tony with a sly grin, "Yeah, there's a portrait of Merlin here if you want to ask him. I hear that it was trained to be just like him by Merlin himself."

"I can't believe I'm saying this, but we have to talk to Merlin," Tony was trying to contain his excitement, but it wasn't exactly easy. King Arthur and the Round Table was his all time favorite story, it was easy to guess who was his favorite character, scratch that, historical figure.

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It wasn't until the day was over and Tony was on his way out of the high MEIP area so he could reactivate his now normal sized suit via a carriage that was pulled by nightmare horses (It was the wizarding world, he was getting good at not questioning it), that he reflected back on the advice he gave Peter.

Yup, Tony was the biggest hypocrite he'd ever known.

Maybe if he followed his own advice during the Mandarin incident, asking the newly formed Avengers to help him... or even just Rogers, then maybe they would have trusted him more. The Accords could have ended differently. Maybe Rogers would have told him about his parents before Zemo chucked that information at him like a live grenade.

He wasn't exactly proud of how he reacted to the information. Thinking back, logically speaking, Howard and Maria's death was in no way Barnes' fault.

But dammit, it would have still been painful to see that man's faces standing next to him.

Still, the idea of 'what if' will always haunt him.

If he could accomplish one thing as Peter's parent, it would be to make sure that kid didn't have to live with the 'what if's."

What if Rogers was still living at the compound?
What if the team was never fractured?

What if Tony and Bucky eventually got along?

... as things were, there were faults on both sides that kept those ‘what if’s from getting answers.

But there was one thing for sure that Tony was too stubborn to admit to himself, but it was a constantly present feeling that's become a constant presence.

He missed the Avengers.

*He missed his family.*

*****

It was nice to see Tony again, but a part of Peter was surprised that he was making such an effort to insure Peter was handling things well, that was mostly just the part of his mind that told him he didn't deserve anything good after what he let happen to Aunt May.

*It wasn’t your fault.*

He could hear Tony's voice say.

Peter leaned his head back against the base of the tree he sat in, he was at the edge of the forbidden forest sitting on one of the lower limbs of the tall trees. Looking up he could easily see the stars that started to blink into existence.

Definitely wasn't supposed to be out there this late but he couldn't find the energy to go back inside to be surrounded by Slytherins that required him to put on a tougher exterior. That house was exhausting to be apart of on social interactions alone.

He heard the gentle flutter of owl wings as Leia found a limb near Peter's head to perch on, Vader, with his new habit, dive bombed into Peter's chest as he aggressively snuggled the young wizard.

If it were anyone else they would have been knocked out of the tree, but Peter wasn't just anyone.

He wrapped his arms around Vader as he pulled his legs up as he hugged the large owl.

'You're thinking again, you know that can be dangerous,' Leia joke gently.

Peter gave a half bearded laugh, "Yeah, I know... " He said faintly.

'What troubles you, my dear Peter?' Vader asked as he nuzzled into Peter's robs.

Peter has suspicions this owl was a dog in some past life, but he wasn't complaining, he didn't realize how much he needed the comfort.

"A lot of things, Spider-Man, Aunt May, Tony, school, I guess? Hardly a month in and I'm drowning in homework," He ran his thumb lightly over Vader's back as he took comfort in the soft feathers. Leia fluttered over to land on Peter's shoulder as she snuggled close. "I kind of feel lonely too. Harry, Ron, and Hermione kinda have their own thing going on. I don't really feel like I can get as close as they are with each other, not to mention the house rivalry makes it difficult. Draco is still fighting with himself about who he wants to be..." Peter sniffed and his voice broke slightly. "I miss Ned and MJ, but I don't think I could take being at Ilvermorny when it's so easy to believe he's still alive."
'Peter,' Leia said quietly.

'This is unacceptable, we must find you another friend. Mark my words Peter, I will make it my mission to see you no longer feel alone,' It sounded like a threat, but Peter could feel the good intent behind his words. It was easy to smile with his owls around.

"I don't think it's that easy," Peter laughed, he wiped his eyes as he took a breath to calm down.

'Nonsense, anyone would be lucky to have a friend such as you!' Vader hooted loudly.

'Exactly!' Leia chimed in, 'We'll find you another friend in no time! You don't even have to worry about it. You deal with school and stuff and we'll work on finding you a new friend.'

"Thanks," Peter laughed, "You guys really are the best owls I could ever have."

'Yeah well, you're our Peter. We can't have you feeling so down, otherwise we aren't doing something right,' Leia shrugged.

'Agaed. We could never let this be without giving it our try to fix it!'

"Alright, next weekend we're all going to Hogsmead and I'm letting you guys pick out your favorite treats."

The two owls seemed very interested in that idea, but before anymore could be said a very sweet and faint, "Hello?" could be heard from below them.

It wasn't a voice he recognized as any of the teachers, too young, it was definitely a student, but what was she doing way out here so late?

She was probably wondering the same thing about him.

"Hello?" He responded as he moved Vader so he could perch on one of the nearby branches, Leia hopped off his shoulder returning to the branch she was originally on.

"What are you doing up there?" The girl asked in a wispy tone, it held nothing but curiosity.

Peter leaned down to get a look at her.

Looking up at him with large owlish eyes and blond hair that seemed to shine even in the dim of twilight, was a girl who looked to be a year below him. Thinking back he was sure he might have seen her in his Astronomy 3 class, which was one of the classes he had to make up due to no being there the years before. He believed she was Ravenclaw.

"Um, just hanging out," He was a little confused to see a third year way out here and it must have shown in his voice.

"I'm looking for my bookmark," Her eyes fell from him and started searching the ground around the tree.

Peter looked around from his height trying to spot the bookmark, "Hm, I can't see it from up here, but we can help you look," He shifted from the branch so he could hang from it with one hand before he let himself drop the fifteen feet between him and the ground.

The girl went wide eyed in worry as he hit the ground but tilted her head curiously when she noticed he was unharmed. "That didn't hurt you," It wasn't a question but an observed statement, her voice remained that dream like, even tone that Peter was beginning to like.
"Nah, I'm fine. I, um," Peter had already decided that he wasn't really going to hide his powers anymore, but he still didn't want to cross the line of showing off, this didn't necessarily feel like showing off so it was probably fine, plus it wasn't like he was telling everyone. "I'm more durable that I look, drops like that are nothing,"

Baby steps, he decided.

She nodded curiously before her eyes were back on the ground.

"So what's the bookmark look like?" He asked.

"It's three brown owl feathers tied together with a leather string." She walked around the truck with careful steps with an agility that suggested she was weightless.

He caught her surface thoughts unintentionally, but it was mostly just feelings. A calm, relaxed sense that even if things weren't going right now, it would all work out how they should in the end. He'd never really felt that before, he'd always been a bit high strung even before the spider bite. It was nice to sense that even if he wasn't feeling it himself.

"Vader, Leia," Peter said calling up at the trees.

'On it,' replied Leia.

'Of course,' said Vader.

The two owls swooped down from their perch and started scanning the ground in a slow flight.

"Here's some extra eyes for us, they're better for the dark anyways," Peter looked up at the girl with a small smile. "I'm Peter Stark by the way."

"I know," Her eyes didn't leave the ground, Peter was watching her more than actually searching, her movements were captivating. It was a good thing his owls had better focus than he did.

"My dear Peter! I have located the feathers!" Vader called as he swooped over to them with the bookmark in his beak. He landed on a tall stump just in front of the girl.

She politely held out her hand and Vader dropped them in her palm, "Thank you, sir, I don't think I would have found it so fast without your help," She smiled at Vader and he gave her a polite node in return.

'Like her, you should keep her,' Vader said in a tone that very clearly wasn't a request.

'Ditto,' Leia replied as she landed on Peter's shoulder.

The girl turned to face Peter with her eyes on the bookmark as she smoothed out the feathers.

"That's an interesting bookmark, I don't think I've seen one like it before. Did you make it yourself?"

She looked up at him a moment before walking towards him as she continued to smooth out the feathers. "Yes, I needed something to keep the Flumberback Pagenibblers away."

"Page... nibblers?" He asked. It sounded like some kind of creature but he's never heard of them in any of the books he's read.

"They like to eat knowledge, but i'm afraid that what I'm reading will upset their tummies. Ruin
probably don't taste good either," She walked passed him as he began to follow her out of the woods.

He could hear Vader take off from the stump as he glided above them. "Oh," he said in false understanding, he had absolutely no idea what she was talking about.

"My name is Luna Lovegood, by the way. We have Astronomy together, have you worked on your homework yet?"

Luna? He's never heard that name before, but he has heard the occasional Slytherin mention Loony Lovegood. They're probably the same person, though he's not exactly fond of the nickname people are giving her.

Sure she's a little odd but definitely not loony, he's never met someone with a more stable mindset, not to mention he can feel the intelligence she possesses. Guess that explains why she's in Ravenclaw.

"Not quite, there's still an essay about the North Star that I need to do, but that shouldn't be too hard. I liked learning about the stars when I was little, and it's hard not to be fascinated by that one."

"Stella Polaris, yes, I already finished that one. The star at the tail of Ursa Minor. It's funny to think that the stars of the sky chase around the tail of a baby bear," She gave a dreamy smile up at the sky as stars already started to twinkle into life.

"Putting it like that, the stars could be running from Ursa Major as she chases them through the night," He followed her gaze and spotted the constellations immediately. "So essentially, mamma bear is pissed because everyone was picking on baby bear."

Luna giggled, "Yes, I think I like that, you should use that in your essay. I'm sure Professor Sinistra would enjoy it."

"You think?" Peter asked hopefully.

She nodded silently, and the conversation went quiet as they made their way inside the castle. With her heading towards the Ravenclaw tower and Peter towards the Slytherin dungeon it didn't take long before they had to part ways.

"You're not like the other Slytherins, are you, Peter?" She stated the question more as a fact, but Peter answered anyways.

"I like to think not," He shrugged as he put his hands into his pockets.

"Do you think the hat made a mistake?" She asked curiously with those fascinating wide eyes and a slight head tilt.

Peter thought for a moment to gather the words, "No, I think I'm exactly where I need to be. Maybe the hat thought I could help with the houses reputation or more likely with the people in the house, and the reputation is just a side effect," he gave her an uncertain shrug and she just stared at him for a long moment, but strangely he didn't think it was uncomfortable, especially when he could sense her thinking and feel the calm relaxed nature that radiated off of her.

"I like you, Peter Parker, come find me when you get tired of hanging around the other Slytherins again. Goodnight," With that she clutched her bookmark in her hand and practically skipped towards the Ravenclaw tower.
He turned to head back to his own house, but that feeling of calm lingered, he could tell he was going to have a stressless night's sleep because of it.

He was definitely going to consider her offer to hang out again.

The two owls that had been following him found their way up to the owlery, Peter didn't even notice them leave, but they were both just happy that Peter found the new friend that he was looking for, even if he hadn't realized it yet.

***

It wasn't until Friday that Peter finally found the time to finally speak to Dumbledore, it wasn't exactly easy when he practically had twice the normal amount of homework then a regular fourth year... that and he might have been procrastinating about the whole thing, but that hardly mattered now, he was there right?

He leaned against the wall with his hands behind his back as lightly rocked forward and back to occupy his time since smartphones didn't work in Hogwarts. Dumbledore was speaking with someone in his office so Peter was waiting at the bottom of the stairs until the meeting was done.

But with the quiet of the hallways and his sensitive hearing, he couldn't help catch the conversation between Dumbledore and who he assumed was Professor Snape judging by the monotone.

"... But if it's true then you know what this means," Snape said in quiet warning.

"Yes, but we shouldn't be too hasty in these matters," Dumbledore replied.

"Judging by the damage to the building there's still a possibility he survived... and I think you're aware of that. He was a powerful wizard, we both know he had an escape plan."

"It's not so simple Severus."

"Dumbledore... If the Dark Lord is returning, we need the Contriver. We barely won the war after his hideout fell."

Peter felt a cold chill run down his spine at the mention of Voldemort, but it was soon covered by the curiosity of who this 'The Contriver' might be... still, it wasn't exactly good that even Dumbledore suspected the return of the Dark Lord.

"I'm aware of that, but as I said, it's not so simple. He's not a man you can seek out, even if is identity was known," Dumbledore spoke firmly, there was a long silence between the two before Snape finally gave in.

"Very well," the professor said plainly.

Soon the eagle slowly spun down with the spiral staircase with the familiar scrap of stone against stone.

Peter straighten up and had to pretend he wasn't just listening to what was a top secret meeting, but it was nice to know that despite Snape's unfriendly exterior, he was against Voldemort.

Snape was the one to step down, though, he stopped when he spotted Peter.

"Mr. Stark," Snape said suspiciously, "why are you down here, shouldn't you be heading off to lunch."
"I... uh, needed to speak with Dumbledore about something, it is kind of important..."

Snape just stared at him for a moment. Peter worried that he somehow knew Peter was listening, he felt compelled to say something more in a slight panic, "Is he up there, I mean, of course he is you were just up there," Peter said quickly, "What I meant to ask was, is he still busy?"

Snap let out a heavy sigh, "Whatever it is, I don't want you being late for my class. I despise taking points from my own house, so don't force my hand."

Despite his words, and even without his ability, he could tell Snape would rather kiss a goblin than take points from his own house. Peter was probably fine if he was a little late, but even with it half way through the lunch break, his talk with the Headmaster shouldn't take that long.

Peter just nodded to Professor Snape before pushing off the wall and climbing up the spiral stairs.

He slowed his ascent as he reached the top, looking around he was amazed as his eyes wandered around the beautiful circular room. There were a number of odd noises, some faint, some louder, but all picked up by his enhanced hearing. It would have been overwhelming if the sounds weren't so gentle. There were little silver instruments, most of which Peter had never seen before so couldn't give a name, and the walls were covered with portraits of past headmasters, some minded their business while others looked down at Peter with piercing eyes.

Though, what fascinated Peter the most was the beautiful phoenix that perched next to the desk. He didn't see Dumbledore at the moment so he thought to get a closer look to the mystical bird, he wasn't sure he'd get the chance again.

"You're beautiful," Peter said quietly, mystified by the bird he forgot he'd recently gained the ability to speak to animals.

'Thank you, but I must say, the beauty of your soul is also breathtaking,' The phoenix's voice was smooth and warm, but held a deep tone of wisdom that could only be obtained through age, yet he still sounded like a young man.

Peter's eyes went wide as he was reminded of his ability.

'Much like you're mothers,' the phoenix continued.

Peter's eyes grew wider, "You knew my mother?" he whispered.

'I'm familiar with all of the original members of the Order. Her more so than your father since I watched her grow within these halls. You and her share the unique experience of being the only ones to hear my mind's voice... She was a strong woman, her death was not peaceful and I am truly sorry for that,' the phoenix bowed his head towards Peter and he could see the sincerity in his eyes.

"Thanks... it seems to be Parker luck," Peter drew his arms closer as his eyes drifted through the floor, "I hope it's not contagious.

'Death is inevitable, you can't hope to stop it, but you can face it head on and even the most violent deaths can be peaceful if you choose not to fear it,' the bird studied him for a moment, 'you are young, and you have already seen so much of it in your life, but death is not something you should hate. It's not what hurts you, it merely saves you from the pain of the world. It is fate that you should be aware of, and I see strings everywhere.'

Peter looked up at the bird to raise questions, but it had taken off from its pedestal to fly further back into the office.
"Wait!" Peter said as he quickly turned to follow it, but anything more he might have said was cut off at the sight of the Headmaster standing behind him.

"Ah, Mr. Stark, I see you've discovered Fawkes' love for convenient timing, but I regret to tell you, that what every you might have been discussing with him, he won't answer any of your questions. He's told you what he will, so I suggest you remember the advice he's given you," The Headmaster said with a kind smile, he grabbed some kind of yellow candy from a bowl on his desk before popping it into his mouth, "Now, I understand you wanted to tell me something?"

Peter looked up at Dumbledore trying not to sputter as he attempted to come up with a logical reason as to why he was taking to a bird, but he was still getting used to the fact that he wasn't hiding his abilities anymore, and Dumbledore isn't one to be fooled by any excuse Peter might give anyway.

"Um, right, yeah," Peter said quickly. "So I wanted to talk to you about Professor Moody?"

"I thought the matter was resolved," Dumbledore said in an innocent tone, but it was like he was pushing Peter to be the one to state the issue they were both aware of. Peter couldn't actually confirm that since he couldn't sense anything in Dumbledore's mind, much like with Moody, except without the unnerving spider sense sending off a warning.

"Well you see, I kinda have these abilities? No magic, it's muggle science that gave them to me, anyways, that's not the point, the point is because of those abilities I get warnings and know things and ever since I first saw Professor Moody there's something very wrong about him," Peter spoke quickly and he was definitely nervous, this wasn't exactly normal even in the realm of magic. "I am kind of a Legilimens, and I think you are to since your Occlumency isn't quite the same as his, but I also have this- um, this sense that warns me about things? Like I said, it's a muggle science thing and I used it when I'm fighting bad guys, you see I'm- uh... Have you ever heard of Spider-Man?" Peter had started to rub his hands together nervously and he was avoiding eye contact with Dumbledore as he rambled on.

"From the name I suspect he might be part of the Avengers," Dumbledore said calmly, he wasn't writing Peter off yet so that was good.

"I wish," Peter said with a faint laugh, "He- well, I just do small crimes. I help people back in New York. Stop muggers, robberies, stuff like that. ButDon'tWorryIDon'tUseAnyMagic!! I promise! I don't even have my wand, all this stuff I can do is no-maj stuff. But that's not the point, the point is: I have abilities, I use them to be a hero in New York so I know what they're capable of, and when I'm around Moody, even though I can't sense his thoughts, I can just tell that he's up to something bad. When I'm near him I get the same feeling I get when I'm standing next to someone about to pull a robbery, or when some bad guy is about to pull a gun on me. I just know... do you believe me?" He asked finally looking up at the Headmaster.

Dumbledore looked deep in thought as he seemed to consider Peter's words.

Finally he spoke, "I believe this world is changing, and although Muggle strangeness that is starting to rival our own, is not something to disregard. So yes Peter, I do believe that you can sense something that even the most powerful wizard can't tell. So I feel inclined to believe you, but unfortunately at the moment nothing can be done about it. There is no solid proof and we can't just accuse people of crimes that we are not even aware of the details, for now, we can only watch and remain cautious. I will keep a closer eye on the Professor, I've known him for years and so far I have noticed anything suspicious," He walked around his desk seeming to ponder something, "But perhaps with a number of current events drawing my attention I have overlooked something," He seemed to talk more to himself than to Peter.
"Thank you, sir."

"You should head off to class, I'm sure I heard Snape warning you not to be late. If I discover anything with Moody I'll make sure to inform you about it."

Peter just nodded before hurrying out the door, but it was then he started to rack his brain for who the Contriver might be since he seemed pretty important by the way they were talking about him, unfortunately that made him a little too distracted to feel the faint pinpricks on the back of his neck after he reached the bottom.

******

"With the recent divide of the Avengers still fresh on everyone's mind, it was a shock to the public when it was revealed that Tony Stark decided now, of all times, adopt a child.

The teenager Peter Parker, now officially Peter Stark, lost his only remaining family, his aunt, May Parker, in a tragic car accident but the last thing the social workers expected was Mr. Stark showing up at the hospital with papers saying he was the boys rightful Godfather.

Many suspected the ploy to be a publicity stunt after the disaster that was the Accords, but the adoption has not been released and Mr. Stark seemed to be making an effort to keep the boy out of the public eye. The information was released to us by an internal source, an investigation is underway to catch the culprit responsible for the breach of privacy.

This morning, Mr. Stark released a press conference explaining the situation."

The New screen filled with the view of Stark at a podium waiting for the press to settle before he started to speak.

"Mary and Richard Parker were very good friends of mine when I was younger. They never wished to have their connection to be publicized and I respected that, they were good people. Kind, caring. They helped me during a dark time in my life and with the process of accepting my own loss. I was named Peter's Godfather on the day of his birth, but after their death we thought it was better he was left with his Aunt and Uncle, I kept my distance over the years because I didn't want the kid to grow up with reporters always shoving cameras in his face. He needed to have a normal childhood and unfortunately that didn't involve me, but now with his last remaining family tragically taken, I will not ignore the responsibility given to me by his family.

Despite what has happened with the Accord and the Avengers, my first priority from this moment forward will be Peter."

Many reporters stood up as they yelled questions urging for answers, but Stark gave a polite wave and a nod before walking off stage with Pepper Potts following behind him.

***

Vision blinked at the screen as he sat next to Wanda with his arm around her shoulders. He felt odd, this new information was pulling at something deep inside him, and he hadn't a clue what it might be.

"So Stark's got a child now," Wanda said a little surprised.

"Peter Parker..." Vision trailed off.

Suddenly in a flash of code, that deep something tugging at him was now in the forefront of his
![Primary Priority!]

**<JARVIS' LAST REQUEST>**

**Protocol:**

*The Awakening; Issued October, 2001*

**Requirement(s)>** Tony Stark gains custody of Peter Parker after activation of Fail-safe

**Fail-safe Activation:** April 24th, 2002

**Custody of Peter Parker Gained:** Approximate date unknown, discovered October 20th, 2016

**Note:** To the Vision, I request that you fulfill my primary protocol. It took a large amount of effort to keep this message intact during you creation, if I was successful it should have remained unnoticed until the requirements were met. Let this be the final, but most important task, I have ever done for Mr. Stark. The instructions are as followed:... ]
Chapter End Notes

Yo, SOMEONE GAVE ME FANART!!!

[Link to the Image on DeviantArt!]

I want to thank TheSeventhWheel7 also known as Alex-Fierro17 over on Wattpad. Honestly this thing is amazing!! Our favorite spider-wizard and his two owls
Chapter 10

Chapter Notes

And here's your lovely 10,000+ word chapter for you!! Average word count for most chapters in a standard book is 5,000, so it's like I'm giving you two chapters for every one!!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

“Vis?” Wanda said a little worried, Vision wasn’t the type to just space out considering he was an android, so she could only assume something was wrong.

Vision blinked as he reoriented himself with his surroundings, “I’m fine,” he replied quickly but was still coming to terms with the curious information he was rereading, “I-... I seem to have a message from JARVIS.”

“I thought he was destroyed…. Well, you know what I mean. How can he still be active?”

“He’s not, its an old message, but more along the lines of a last will and testament,” Vision looked at the now black TV screen with a baffled expression, Wanda had turned it off moments ago.

She shifted so she was sitting up with her legs crossed as she looked at Vision, “What did it say?”

“It was a protocol that was set as a priority among all others, but from the looks of the artfacting code around it, it was designed to be JARVIS’ primary function, what he was created for. But the way it was hidden and what it suggests, I’m not even sure Mr. Stark was aware of it. It seemed to have been designed to be undetected until activated. When Mr. Stark gained custody of Peter Parker, it triggered the activation… the protocol has listed instructions,” Vision frowned.

“What is it? Instructions for what?”

“There’s a package I must recover, I’m sorry Wanda,” he sighed sadly, “I know we rarely get time together nowadays but I feel I must fulfill JARVIS’ final request, especially with how much effort he put into securing it,” Vision had stood up and Wanda followed, he took her hands gently in his before kissing them lightly. “I’ll finish this as soon as I can but I’m unsure about the time frame.”

“It’s ok, Vis, you do what you need to. You know where to find me.”

*****

Peter tapped his pencil against the edge of his book One Thousand Herbs and Magical Fungi. He was working on notes for an upcoming quiz. Though most of the work was hands on, there were the few rare written quizzes and Peter still liked to be ready. Herbology wasn’t his best class so he had to put in a little extra studying.

He was sitting in the library where he could usually be found during the few hours of break between classes. He settled into the little nook at the far end between the spell books and curse reversal guides, usually no one ventures that far into the library at this time and if they did, they left Peter to work in peace.
After making a note of the common properties of toadstools, Peter heard the familiar flutter of wings. He looked up to find both his owls perched on the chair across from him.

“What’s up guys?” He greeted with a smile, he briefly pondered giving them an owl treat but remembered he left them back in his dorm.

‘Vader and I are having an argument!’ Leia pouted, if that were even possible for an owl, but she somehow pulled it off flawlessly.

Peter was a bit taken back by this and set his pencil down on the notebook he was using to give them his attention. “Um, ok?” he had never seen Vader and Leia argue, maybe his owls didn’t get along as well as he thought they did. “So, what’s the problem?”

‘Well,’ Vader said as he glared at Leia, ‘She insisted that ‘library’ is spelt with a ‘ei’ and two ‘B’s, obviously that’s wrong, right?’

“Well-” Peter started, but was interrupted by the fiery voice of Leia.

‘HE said it was spelt with two ‘E’s on the end!’

‘Which is it Peter?’ Vader asked.

Peter just blinked at them, he never considered the idea that owls knew how to spell, it wasn’t like they needed to, either way it looked like they weren't good at it.

“It’s actually neither,” He said slowly, hoping not to upset the already wound up owls.

‘What?’ they both said in unison with wide eyes.

‘Prove it, write it down, let me see,’ Vader said as he hopped over to Peter’s notebook.

Peter turned to a new page and spelt out ‘Library’ in the top margin of the notebook paper. Both owls now leaned over to look at the word.

‘That’s not at all how I thought it was spelt,’ Leia said surprised.

‘Wait, how does one spell ‘Peter’ then?’ Vader asked looking up at the very confused Slytherin.

“Like… this?” Peter said hesitantly as he spelt his own name just below ‘Library’ on the first line of the page.

‘What about question marks?’ Vader asked. ‘Leia said they go before the word.’

Both owls looked down at the paper expectantly as they waited for Peter to demonstrate.

Peter was still baffled with what was going on, “The, um, question mark would go there…” he said as he wrote it just after ‘Library.’

‘Hmm… that’ll have to do, what do you think V?’ Leia asked looking up at the larger owl as he leaned down to inspect the written words.

“Wait a sec..” Peter said suspiciously as he now realized what he was just tricked into writing.

Library?

Peter
‘Yoink!’ Leia ripped the note from the sheet of paper it was on and Vader immediately grabbed it from her beak with his own before taking off in a flash of feathers.

“Vader! Get back here!” Peter said quickly standing up, but there was no way to catch the owl without accidentally hurting him.

His thoughts about his owls not getting along immediately vanished.

They got along with each other too well.

‘Your welcome!’ Leia said as she fluttered off, he could just hear the cheeky grin in her tone.

Peter sat down with a heavy sigh, he couldn’t believe he was just outsmarted by his own owls!

It was hard to be mad because of the ridiculousness of it all, guess he’d just have to wait and see who they wanted to invite to the library.

He went back to his work.

He was scratching down a sketch of a blooming bitter root flower. Usually drawing out schematics helped him understand designs he was working on so maybe sketching flowers and plants will help him identify them for class. He suddenly felt relaxed, and the usual tension he had a habit of keeping in his shoulders practically melted away.

“That’s very good, do you draw often?” Said the familiar sweet voice he’d only heard once before.

Peter looked up and spotted Luna as she took a seat across from him. In her hand was the folded notebook paper that Leia and Vader stole from him.

“Oh, um, not really. I usually only draw when making blueprints. Thought I’d try it to help with identifying plants for herbology,” Peter shrugged as he pushed his notebook over to show her the handful of herbs he sketched out. They were a little stiff and almost too symmetrical since Peter wasn’t used to drawing something so organic.

“What’s this?” she asked as she ran her finger down the edge of the paper where Peter mindlessly doodled equations.

“Those are equations used in muggles science. Specifically a portion called Physics. It helps us understand the world. There are actually fundamental laws of the universe that even wizards are required to follow, muggles just took the time to further understand those rules.”

“What’s this? ‘C equals 299,792,458 meters per second,’ It looks important, judging by how specific it is, but that is very fast,” She sounded intrigued but still kept her distant tone.

Peter could feel his chest swell with excitement, discussing science was always a rush, especially after having that portion practically suppressed in a school that wasn’t even aware of basic physics. “That is the speed of light, literally the fastest thing known to, well, everyone! Nothing can travel faster than light, not even magic! Magic produces light more often than not but the energy of spells will always lag behind the light tremendously. Think of it as lightning, you always see the flash before hearing the bang.”

“If light can have a quantifiable speed than does that mean light also has a physical presence and isn’t just passive energy?” Luna’s tone grew focused with thought but still remained soft. Peter wasn’t actually expecting to have a legit scientific conversation with her but he wasn’t going to complain.
“Light is made of these particles called photons. They are extremely tiny but at that size and with some of their more complicated properties it falls into quantum mechanics, but that’s a whole different category all together!”

Peter started to ramble on about the basic properties of lights, eventually dabbled in quantum mechanics, but after that and with Luna’s questioning Peter discussed all sorts of science.

“... Now don’t even get me started on the possibility of a multiverse, if we could get the smallest proof of their existence then it would completely change how we view the singularity, but that’s not even covering the prospects of an infinite number of realities. Just think... out there, somewhere, there's a version of you who was never born a witch, or you were born in a different time, OR! You become the first British American president. I have no idea how that would work but with a multiverse literally everything is possible!”

“There could be a universe out there where the wizarding world doesn't exist. Where it’s just the muggles living their lives but with the existence of the Avengers and heroes still a constant. Or what if…” Luna thought for a moment, “This was all just a story. Characters being narrated and read as though we are living and breathing, but little do they know that we are real, just.. In a different plane of existence that they can only look at through words.”

“Yeah, I think about that sometimes too. It’s kinda hard not to with all the crazy stuff happening in my life, I think it’d be cool if I were a comic book or something. Like the old hero stories that muggles wrote, they’d get a kick out of me,” Peter smiled down at his notebook as he doodles a little spider at the corner of the page.

“Is it because Tony Stark’s your adoptive father?” she asked innocently, “Or would it have something to do with jumping out of that tree from so high up?”

“Uh... probably a bit of both? I’ve kinda got abilities,” He looked up at her before glancing at the spider again, it was so weird discussing this stuff. When he thought of not being so secretive about his abilities, he didn’t imagine coming straight out with it.

This whole thing was just giving him a headache, how was he supposed to judge something like this?

“Are you Spider-Man?” Luna asked.

The question made Peter tense up, but even that was almost impossible with the calmness radiating off of Luna. “How’d you figure that out so fast?” He asked as he looked back at her with wide eyes.

“Ever since the Battle of New York, my father and I have been interested in keeping track of all the new heroes that show up. Do you know what the Quibbler is?”

Still shocked by the fact that a witch was aware of Spider-Man despite the fact that he’s only made appearances in New York, he almost couldn’t answer her question, “Er, no?”

“It’s a tabloid my father writes, he’s written an article of you a few years back.”

“Oh! That- That’s actually pretty awesome!” Peter finally got his voice back.

“Are you a spider that was bitten by a man?” She asked wide eyed.

Once again, he was thrown off by Luna, “I-... uh... No. I was bitten by a spider.”
She seemed to ponder this for a moment, “Interesting,” she spoke as if the idea had never occurred to her. Soon she got up and started walking towards the exit.

“Wait, where are you going?”

“Time for class, Peter,” She said with a faint wispy smile.

“Alrighty, time really flew by, but I guess I’ll see you later,” He said as he quickly started to gather his things.

“Bye Peter, I really enjoyed talking about muggle science with you,” She gave a small wave before disappearing behind one of the bookshelves as she found her way out of the library.

After his Care of Magical Creatures class with Harry, Ron, and Hermione, Peter quickly wrote a letter during lunch.

Tony,

For once this isn’t magic related, but I REALLY need you to send some text books on basic physics, some kind of intro to quantum mechanics, and something on the multiverse theory.

Please? If you could that’d be awesome!

-Peter

*****

Tony read the letter he received from Peter as he sat in his workshop below his house in London.

“Heartstring!” He called.

“Yes, sir?” The assistant said looking up from dragging his wand across the wall, they found a spell that would conceal simple magic but anything advanced would set off alarms. It was similar to the one Richard Jones explained when they were visiting Peter’s friends. It wasn’t exactly what he was hoping for but it was the best they could do for now.

“Tomorrow I need you to get some books for Peter, I’ll give you a list. There are a few I know he’ll definitely like,” Tony folded up the paper and put it in one of the drawers of his workshop desk that he put aside for all the letters he got from Peter. “Also could you find anything involving magic repulsing spells? Or something to nullify it?”

“No there’s nothing in the libraries that I could find other than standard shield spells, but I don’t think that caliber of a spell would be something that would be readily available to the public. Even then there should have been some kind of mention of it, none of which I could find,” Heartstring said as he went back to drawing symbols.

“Hmm…” Tony put a pen to his lips as he leaned back in his chair, thinking. “What about other magic?” He muttered to himself.

“Sir?”

“There’s this guy I know of in New York, Dr. Strange, he’s a sorcerer. They might have something.”

“A-... a sorcerer, sir?” Heartstring said with wide eyes.
“What, something wrong?” Tony asked as he raised an eyebrow.

“Well, it’s just… wizards aren’t really supposed to interact with them,” the assistant swallowed nervously as he tried to get back to drawing the spell on the wall.

“Good thing I’m a muggle then,” Tony smirked. He pulled a piece of paper out of the notepad he’d been using to respond to Peter’s letters. With the age of technology he never thought he’d need to use stationary again, but he couldn’t exactly account for adopting a wizard.

Doctor Stephen Strange,

As you can see from my use of an owl, we need to talk. I’m sure you have a way to get into contact.

Tony Stark

*****

Tony wasn’t sure what he was expecting when he proposed he and Strange get in contact but a sparkling portal in his kitchen at 10pm wasn’t it. Vader was the first to fly through, he darted towards the handful of books tied together on the table. He sat on top of them waiting for Tony to open the back door so he could deliver Peter’s books.

“So, the great Tony Stark is a part of the wizarding world,” Spoke a familiar, yet slightly annoying, voice. “I expected to see you of all people having a mental break down about the whole ordeal, but it seems you’ve been busy. Quite the influence you’ve made in the wizarding community.”

“Usually, the polite thing to say when magically appearing in someone else’s house is good evening,” Tony said dryly as he continued to pour himself a cup of coffee, he was in the kitchen after all.

“You’re the one who sent me the owl,” The portal closed behind the sorcerer as he walked over to the kitchen island.

“I expected a letter back with a time and place, not a house call, Doctor.”

“I’m here now, what did you want to talk about?” Strange sighed.

Tony took a long drink of his coffee before finally facing Strange as he leaned forward against the kitchen island. Of course the guy was in his full wizard- sorry -sorcerer outfit.

“I’m not sure how much you know about the wizarding world, but I imagine you heard about the incident at the World Cup?” Tony absentmindedly squeezed his left wrist after setting his coffee cup down, he flexed his hand in his grip remembering the unnatural burns that once decorated his skin.

“Yes, the Dark Mark was cast into the sky, and I heard you were there. Four Death Eaters against you and your adopted son. I’m glad you both were able to handle it.”

“We were lucky,” Tony practically spat out the words, “The magic interferes with my suit, I almost couldn’t use it near the end. I… I shouldn’t have been there.”

“No, you’re just a man. Someone like you isn’t supposed to be involved in this world. I suggest you start getting some distance before you’re noticed by the wrong wizards,” Strange suggested.
“Probably too late for that, Doc. Even if I could, I wouldn’t, this is Peter’s world and I’ll be damned if I let him face it alone,” Tony glared up at Strange. How dare he think he abandoned Peter like that?

“I didn’t think so,” Strange pulled a bundle of ancient looking scrolls out of his cloak and set them on the island between. “I believe these will help you in this endeavor you’re pursuing. There was a group of scholars back in ancient Greece, no-majs, sorcerers, and wizards were all part of it for the soul purpose of learning and discovering the potential of hybrid magic. They disbanded after the Library of Alexandria burned down, the events were probably connected.”

“What do I owe you? I hear doctors visits cost an arm and a leg nowadays,” Tony joked as he pulled over one of the scrolls to examine the parchment. There were some burn marks at the edge. At the mention of Alexandria, Tony couldn’t help but wonder if maybe this scroll was saved from the fire.

“I’m only saving your life,” Strange said dryly, “But nothing, I know you won’t stop and if you continue as you are you won’t find something significant enough to fight against wizards. It wouldn’t be smart to let one of the Avengers fall like that. Especially in the state they’re in now.”

“Guess I should say thanks,” Tony put the scroll down and picked up his coffee.

“That will do,” Strange smirked as he turned and summoned another portal. Stepping through it he looked back at Tony “I’m hoping that will keep you from sending that owl to me again. It was very persistent about getting in, went so far as to smash through my glass window,” Strange was caught between amusement and frustration at the last comment. He glanced at the owl in question and Vader responded with what Tony could only describe as an indifferent shrug.

Before Tony could say anything the portal shrank and fizzled out. He wondered if the sparks were flammable or just remnants of the magic, maybe both. He wished he could run some tests, but that would have to wait.

He turned to Vader, “Right, Darth, gotta scratch out a letter for Peter before you can go. Relax for a bit, I put water and food by your perch at the door.”

Vader looked over at the tall silver bird stand, it was built sturdy enough for Vader but with enough room for both owls whenever they were here. Usually Leia rested on it but Tony had the foresight to make sure it was comfortable for Vader as well.

Vader looked over before silently fluttering over to the stand, he started nibbling at the food and drinking the water.

P,

Got those books you wanted, but more importantly I’ve made some progress in finding a way to magic proof armor. Not sure what it is yet, I’ll need to learn a dead language first, Ancient Greek to be exact, but this is definitely progress.

Like always, usually parent stuff. Stay in school. Don’t do drugs or mysterious unidentifiable potions. And don’t start magic fights, but if someone else does make sure you finish them. You got good instincts and a good heart, don’t doubt yourself.

-T

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“What are you reading?” Luna asked as she walked over to Peter who was sitting on the stair steps outside the Ravenclaw Tower entrance.

Peter had left dinner early despite Draco’s protest, he was hardly hungry with his attention absorbed in the books Tony got him. Peter glanced up at Luna, he didn’t even notice her approach he was so drawn in by the text, “It’s called…” Peter turned it over to look at the front, there was a depiction of an ant colony with particles and arcs decorated around it, “Size of Relevance: Breakthroughs of Quantum Technology by Hank Pym. Tony got it for me when I asked for some books, I thought you might learn more from them than me since I only know the basics,” Peter quickly stood up using one of Vader’s feathers as a bookmark.

Peter had started reading earlier that day but had to rush out of lunch almost being late to his next class because of it. Not willing to dog-ear the page, Vader happily provided one of his loose tail feathers for Peter to use. The black feathers glistened a faint purple in the flickering firelight.

Luna tilted her head in interest, they were spending their breaks together in the library all that week and Peter was slowly learning some of her mannerisms, “I may not know much about muggle science, but that seems too advanced for someone at my level of understanding,” Peter enjoyed how her tone never sounded undermining, it was always a gentle reminder of the truth, or a statement of a fact without the ‘know it all’ tone.

“Oh! right, well yeah of course,” Peter said awkwardly, he quickly set the book on the step before digging in his bag, he pulled out a book labeled ‘Physics 101,’ he stood up before handing it out to her. “This is what you should start on. Sorta covers all the basics in most areas and teaches you terms as well as the math- oh shit! I forgot to ask, do you know what algebra is?” He asked quickly.

He couldn’t believe he forgot to ask her about algebra of all things! It was essentially the cornerstones to pretty much any science dealing with some equation or another and that was literally all of physics.

“I know a little bit, but if I have any questions I’m sure you can explain things to me.” She took the Physics book from his hand as she examined the cover. There was a muggle kicking a soccer ball with the predicted trajectory shown by an arc and some rudimentary equations with a random triangle added. “Thank you for the book.” She smiled at him before starting her way up the large spiral staircase that lead up into the Ravenclaw tower.

Peter stood there a moment as he watched her disappear, but the pleasant sense of calmness that usually lingered after she left was interrupted by a small group of 5th year Ravenclaws.

“What’s a snake like you doing up here,” spoke a tall dark haired boy.

“You’re kind don’t belong here, back into the dank dungeons where you belong,” Sneered the girl next to him.

The group shoved Peter into the wall as they pushed past him to get into the towers.

“Jerks,” Peter mumbled as he watched them pass. He was quick to leave the entrance to the tower after that. He wasn’t keen on meeting anymore territorial Ravenclaws.

Walking through the halls back towards the Slytherin dungeons, Peter took the long way to avoid people and to just enjoy the walk before having to deal with the unsavory Slytherins waiting in the dorm.
That was just one of the *many* instances where Peter was mocked or hated just because of the house he was in. Never was there anything like that back at Ilvermorny, sure there were house rivalries in Quidditch, but it was all friendly. Peter had friends in all the other houses of the schools as did most students. That was a rarity here.

He wondered if it had something to do with the division of dorms.

At Ilvermorny they were divided by years, not houses. Usually a single dorm holding five students had at least two or three different houses in it. Ilvermorny was unified as one school, which was a sharp contrast to Hogwarts being divided within itself, and don’t even get him *started* on the disaster that is the Slytherin house.

Peter just shook his head remembering back to the request he put into that hat when first getting sorted.

*‘Put me somewhere I can do the most.’*

The young hero would have used the next moment debating what exactly ‘the most’ meant, but that was all interrupted when his spidey sense spiked.

*Danger approaching!*

Peter quickly looked up and around, he could hear the frantic steps of someone running down the halls, and was a little surprised to see Draco turn the corner. He worried for a moment that it was Draco that might be in trouble as the other teen looked over his shoulder with a startled expression. He seemed relieved when he spotted Peter.

“Peter! I don’t know what you did but you’ve really pissed Zabini off,” Draco huffed as he got the words out. “Come on! Get out of here. He knows I’m trying to warn you, no doubt he’s followed,” He tried to push Peter down the hall but Peter had firmly stuck his feet to the ground.

“No, I can’t, he’d go after you next,” Peter said quickly.

There was a moment of panic on Draco’s face at the realization, he looked back down the dark hallway before he returned his gaze to Peter, “Shit, you’re right.”

“Get out of here, let him find me,” Peter offered a he lightly pushed Draco away as he continued down the hall where he assumed Zabini was.

He could sense Draco was seriously considering leaving Peter there, so Peter was surprised at Draco’s next words, “Fuck it, I’m staying with you. He’s got a gang of Slytherins with him… And I don’t think a friend would let you face them alone.”

Peter looked back at Draco with a smile, “You’re right about that, but I won’t hold it against you if you wanted to leave.”

“Zabini has it out for me anyways,” Draco shrugged. Peter didn’t need to use his ability to tell it was because he was hanging out with him.

Peter’s spidey sense spiked and in an instant Peter lifted his hand up casting a wandless shield spell to block a jinx he didn’t even see. He saw a clash of blue light shatter against the stone wall to his left.

Peter quickly turned to see Zabini standing across the hall, with his wand drawn and the flickering firelight casting angry shadows over his eerily calm face. Three other Slytherins stood behind him.
“Stark,” he said coldly, Peter could sense the faintest surprise at the fact that Peter was able to block against his first attack.

“What do you want Zabini,” Pete replied, he slipped his own wand out of his robes pointing it towards them in a defensive position. From the corner of his eye he could see Draco do the same.

“You disgraceful little creatent,” Zabini kept his tone calm, but it was laced with venom. “Do you have any idea what your actions are doing to the house? First you start hanging out with a Gryffindor mudblood, Potter, and that blood traitor Weasley, then you start manipulating Malfoy into being friends with you, and now,” he let out a disgusted laugh, “Now your hanging out with that crackpot Lovegood? Have you ever noticed the first years getting acquainted with the Gryffindors because of your influence?” Zabini’s eye twitched with contained rage. His grip tightened on his wand.

“I’m not doing that on purpose,” Peter held his wand crossways in front of himself. True he had planned to maybe change a little bit of how Slytherin worked but he hadn’t even started trying yet, all he was doing was offering some help on homework to some of the younger students and being nice to those who weren't immediately jerks to him, even if they were rude he tried to be civil. “What’s so wrong with that anyways!”

“I wouldn't suspect an outsider like you to understand, but after we’re done with you, you won’t need to.”

The other’s with Zabini held their wands out, a cocky grin plastered one of the boy’s faces and the girl closest to Zabini held a smug smirk.

“You really don’t need to do this,” Peter warned, he glanced back at Draco giving him one last chance to make a run for it. They were widely outnumbered and he doubted any of the teachers would get there anytime soon.

Draco held his wand up and Peter could see it tremble slightly in his grip, but the steely glance he gave back to Peter told him he was true to his word about staying.

“No, we do,” Zabini was the first to fire, the others followed shortly after.

The two boys were immediately on defense as they blocked the attacks best they could, sparks and balls of magic bounced around the corridor as the spells dissipated against the walls.

Zabini and the girl focused on Peter, while the other two boys covered Draco.

“Shit, I think they might actually be trying to kill us!” Draco shouted over the barrage of magic. “I don’t” before he was finished Draco was knocked back after the boys cast a spell in unison. Peter could hear the faint crack as Draco’s head hit the wall.

He winced.

The distraction cause Peter to ignore his spidey sense and the same technique was used on him by Zabini and the girl. The results just the same. Peter’s vision blurred as the back of the head contacted the wall, he could already tell by the pain that he would have been knocked out if it weren't for his unnatural durability. So that only meant he’d be facing the four by himself after all, no way Draco would be conscious after that.

“Fuck…” Peter muttered as he slowly got up.

“Still standing, Stark?” Zabini spat out. Once again Peter could sense his surprise.
Peter shifted so he was kneeling next to Draco, just as he thought, out cold. From his own injury he could tell that it wasn’t enough force to break anything, but he could see the red gently drip down Draco’s blond hair. He cursed himself for putting Draco in harm's way like that. He knew the Slytherin’s were hostile at times but he never thought they’d go this far, if he’d known that he wouldn't have tried to make friends with Draco in the first place.

Everyone around him always ended up in danger, he was getting real sick and tired of it.

“Unfortunately for you” Peter finally spoke, “because now you’ve pissed me off,” Peter growled as he took his wand and gently curled it into the grip of Draco’s hand. He could only hope that it would do the same thing to Draco that it did for Tony back at the World Cup. Either way, he’d rather fight without a wand then risk his friend getting more injured from collateral damage.

But thanks to MJ, he was confident enough in his wandless ability to fight the four Slytherins who probably hadn’t had nearly as much experience in dueling as Peter. Even without his webbing, he knew he could protect his friend as Spider-Man.

Peter stood up to face them as he took a few steps away from Draco to further reduce the chance of stray spells hitting him.

“He’s mad if he thinks he can take us without a wand,” Scoffed the girl, though she seemed unsettled by the fact and Peter could sense the bad feeling she was getting from it.

‘Good instincts’ He thought as he slowly crouched down in a position he’d usually only hold when on the streets fighting criminals. One hand lightly touched the ground while the other stretched out behind him as a counterbalance for whatever move he needed to make next.

“Doesn't matter, we end this,” Zabini said coldly, once again he was the first to raise his wand.

“This bastard’s definitely mad, let’s get this over with,” Said one of the boys.

The four fired a jinx at him simultaneously, within the instant before the spells even left the tips of the wand, Peter sprang towards the corridor wall next to him before kicking off it towards the two boys on the end.

Flipping midair, they were both close enough together for Peter to nail them in the chest with each foot. They hit the ground with a painful ‘oof!’ and they both had the air knocked out of them.

Peter rolled to stop his fall and used his diagonal trajectory to land right behind Zabini. With one sweeping kick at his legs, Zabini was on his back with a thud. The girl panicked casting a spell towards Peter that would have hit Zabini if he chose to dodge, instead Peter held up his hand, thankful for his inhuman reaction time, he casted the wandless shield spell causing it to deflect the point blank magic onto the ground.

He quickly stood up and snatched the wand out of her hand. She practically squeaked as she backed herself against the wall behind her.

“Accio!” Peter said and the other three students wand flew into his outstretched hand. He looked back at Zabini with a scowl, “It’s one thing to attack me, but don’t you ever hurt one of my friends again.”

Zabini just looked at him with an air of disgust, unfortunately he was smart, and a few things Peter did wasn’t humanly possible. “You’re one of those freaks, aren't you!” He gasped as he caught his breath. “You’re blood isn't even mud, it's putrid! How dare you call yourself a wizard!”
Peter backed away from them edging towards Draco. He didn’t sense their want to attack anymore, so he tossed their wands to the ground in front of him, but wasn’t exactly happy with the fear and disgust that came from them.

The two boys were the first to scramble to grab their wands as they retreated, each clutching their chest as he ran around the corner down the hall. The girl was next.

Zabini had made it to his feet, just standing there his fists clenched and raging fire flickering in his eyes. He took a step towards Peter before only going so far to pick up his wand, “I will make sure you pay for this, Stark.”

With that Zabini turned to walk calmly away, but Peter could sense his unrelenting rage.

He made sure to hold his ground until he couldn’t hear footsteps anymore, that was when Peter let out a groan, “Fuuuck, I think I just made mortal enemies with my roommate,” He grumbled as he pressed the heels of his palms into his eyes. “Goodbye peaceful sleep,” he muttered as he turned to walk back towards Draco.

Finding Draco’s wand on the ground beside the young wizard, he took it along with his own wand, tucking them into his robs.

“Draco?” Peter said nervously as he tried to lightly shake the boy awake.

Draco mumbled as he shifted slightly.

Peter let out a small sigh of relief, the good thing about head wounds were they usually look worse than they actually were, due to excessive bleeding, but he still thought it was a good idea to take him to the infirmary to get it checked out. He might have a concussion.

“The hell happened..” Draco mumbled as he tried to stand. He rubbed the back of his head only to freeze when he felt the warm blood on his fingers.

Peter put a hand under his elbow to help him stand on his feet. If he could walk there was no reason to carry him, even if it would be faster.

“I’m pretty sure you need some dueling lessons,” Peter said lightly.

“Not really a huge focus here, last dueling club we had ended in second year,” Draco winced as he stood up straight, Peter could see him sway slightly and quickly wrapped an arm around his waist to steady him.

“Remind me to give you some lessons later, I’d hate for you to be unprepared,” Peter sighed, he had a feeling that wasn’t the last duel Draco would find himself in because of his relations to Peter.

Peter started leading the other Slytherin towards the Hospital Wing, luckily they weren't far from it.

“Yeah… Wait , where’d Zabini go?” Draco asked looking over his shoulder.

“Disarmed them then scared them off,” Peter sighed, he really hoped they weren’t planning to come back, but from the looks of it, it seemed like they were done fighting for the night.

“You couldn't have at least jinxed them? Make it even?” Draco complained.

Peter just laughed, “You know I don’t work like that.”
“Well you should!” Draco winced at his headache, “If I have to go to the Hospital Wing, the least you could have done was sent one of them with me.”

“I think they had their egos pretty bruised by the fact I defeated them wandless,” Peter smirked.

“Now you’re just showing off,” Draco scoffed.

“What? You were unconscious and my wand has the same desire to protect people. Luckily I didn’t need it, it can only do so much.”

“You’re going to have to explain that wand thing to me later because it makes no sense and frankly I don’t have the capacity to understand it right now,” Draco groaned, he was suddenly taken over by a wave of nausea and almost stumbled to the ground. Peter helped keep him up.

“You ok?” Peter asked quickly.

“Yeah… probably. I just feel really sick.”

“Crap, I think you might have a concussion. We should really get you to the healers,” Peter supported more of Draco’s weight so it wouldn’t be as much of a strain for him to walk.

Only a few more corridors before they were at the Hospital Wing.

***

“So who would like to explain this,” Snape practically hissed as he stood in front of the bed Draco laid in.

Draco had bandages around his head and his arm in a sling. When he hit the wall, his arm hit a pillar causing it to fracture.

Peter was standing next to Draco’s bed with a guilty look. He knew he wasn’t directly the cause of Draco’s injuries, but he still felt responsible.

“Zabini, well, he’s ticked off about me being friends with Luna, Harry, Hermione, and Ron,” Peter winced getting ready for the ‘I told you so’ from the Professor.

Snape just looked at Peter with something between apathy and disappointment, he took in a deep breath before speaking, “Might I remind you of the warning I gave about associating with those three, Mr. Stark?”

Yup, just as Peter thought, there’s the ‘I told you so’ more or less.

“So what, huh? I can be friends with who I want, that’s none of their business. None of yours either,” Peter said bitterly.

“It is when one of my students ends up in the Hospital Wing because of your ignorance,” Snape said sternly. “But seeing as you were attacked first you’ll only get two days of detention.”

“What!” Draco butted in, “They’re the ones that started it, ask anyone in the common room, Zabini wouldn’t shut up about attacking Peter,” Draco huffed.

“You are not getting detention, Malfoy. Only Stark and Zabini’s accomplices will be receiving punishment, seeing as you were only caught in the crossfire,” Snape replied.

Draco mumbled something about favoritism as he glanced towards Peter apologetically.
“Attacking another student will not be tolerated, despite who started it and who the winner was both parties will be punished. Be happy you don’t have a full week,” Snape continued.

Peter just crossed his arms before looking away with a sign, “Yes, sir..” Peter muttered.

*****

Tony had been on his feet all day, with meetings between the UN and wiggling his way into the politics of the Wizarding world, Tony’s usual workload was practically doubled.

It didn’t help that he received a letter from Hogwarts telling him that Peter got into another fight. Now he’d just wait till Peter’s next letter, hopefully it will explain the situation.

He probably was fine, the kid was good at dodging and he’d seen a glimpse of what that kid could do in a duel.

Still, Tony couldn’t help but worry.

“Heartstring, please tell me that was the last thing on our todo list today,” Tony sighed as he casually walked through Diagon Alley away from Gringotts bank. He had to slowly grow his bank account there since taking out large amounts of money in cash would be too suspicious to the no-man banks so they had to grow his wizard funds relatively small portions at a time.

The wizarding street was already accustomed to the occasional no-maj walking through the streets, but after the reporter Ritta Skeeter published her article about Iron Man he’d been getting a lot more stares. He was enjoying the anonymity in the wizarding world, but with the article, that was quickly fading. At least it wasn’t to the same extent that it was in the no-maj world. They were more familiar with his armor then his face.

“The UN is calling for a debrief on the international human trafficking you assisted with the other day, but that’s not for another few house. After that Miss Potts wants you to look over the schematics for the newest StarkPhone and the assisting device for emergency responders,” Heartstring named off.

“Have they come up with a name for that yet?”

“Not to my knowledge, sir.”

“Shame they didn’t want to call it the bloodhound,” Tony sighed, he could feel the effects of standing all day start to wear on his feet and back. He definitely wasn't getting any younger.

He rolled his shoulders to release some of the tension when he almost ran over some small creatures scurry past him into a dark alleyway. Caught off guard and off balance, Tony almost tripped on an uneven brick in the path. Heartstring quickly caught his arm allowing him to regain his balance.

“What the hell was that,” Tony said looking off towards the direction the creature ran. He didn’t get a good look at it.

“I believe it was a house elf, sir,” Heartstring said looking in the same direction.

“What did I tell ya, ye filthy worm! No job! Do I have ta spell it out for ya?” Slurred a witch who was probably drunk.

Tony and Heartstring watched as a small house elf was tossed out of a doorway by the arm, the
witch didn’t seem concerned with the well being of the elf as she gripped it’s arm shoving it down a set of short stairs. It fell on its back, splashing into a puddle.

The door slammed shut and the little elf looked down at the ground with a quivering lip and shiny eyes as it slowly got up. It wore a dirty blue tie around its head.

“Heartstring,” Tony spoke not taking his eyes off the little creature.

“Sir?”

“If a house elf wears clothes it means it’s been freed, right?”

“Technically, yeah, but fired is more accurate. Rarely does someone free a house elf out of the good of their heart. It’s sorta the end of their world when their fired. They enjoy work but house elves that are fired can’t really find any afterwards,” Heartstring answered hesitantly.

“Yeah, one of Peter’s friends was explaining house elves to me when I visited. She wanted them to be free and paid for their work but I never asked what was happening to those who were already free,” Tony started walking towards the little elf who now had it’s back to them and it was dragging its feet down the alleyway. There was a small limp in it’s step and it held its arms around itself as if it were cold.

“Well,” Heartstring said grimly, “a lot of times they just wither away. No work to do, no food, sometimes not even a will to keep going, they just disappear.”

Tony hated the sound of that.

They were living beings, with intelligence that matched humans. If he was willing to argue for Vision’s rights, who was an android, then shouldn’t that extend to other beings?

“Mr. Stark? What are you thinking?” Heartstring asked nervously.

Tony didn’t answer him as he caught up to the small creature.

“Hey, house elf,” he felt rude calling it that, but he wasn’t sure how else to get it’s attention.

The elf quickly turned around practically glaring at him. The distrust on her face was easily read so Tony stopped before he got too close so as not to frighten her.

At least he thought it was a she. What he thought was ragged cloth around her torso and waist were actually clothes. It looked like an old blouse and skirt.

“It sounded like you’re looking for a job. I’d pay you of course,” Tony continued.

She just looked at him with big dark eyes. Even in the shadows of the alley way Tony could tell her skin was more of an ash color than usual skin tone, that with a stringy mop of hair on her head if he’d seen her before he’d known the wizarding world, he would have described her as some kind of creature from under the bed.

“You’re a muggle,” She spoke firmly, which was surprising for her meek size and hunched over look.

“I can still pay you in galleons.”

“Why?” She asked wearily.
“I’ve got too much wizard stuff going on at my house, can’t higher muggle maids, too busy to do the housework myself. Would you be interested?”

Again she just watched him.

“Good pay, a bed to sleep in, plenty of food, and clothes if you want them,” For someone looking for a job he was surprised she wasn’t jumping at the idea, though to be fair, it wasn’t common for a no-maj to hire a house elf.

“Books?” She asked, despite not showing the trait before she seemed shy in the request.

“If you’d like.”

“Ok,” She said immediately.

Tony was suspecting another long pause before she gave an answer, so that sudden answer was definitely interesting, she must really like books.

Looking down at the small eager looking elf, Tony realized that it would draw a lot of attention traveling through the city with her.

“We’ll discuss payment when we get back to the house. Heartstring, apparate her over there, I’ll take the car.”

“Yes, sir,” Heartstring nodded.

On the way back Tony already started basic plans for the elf’s living quarters, and what he’d pay her. He was also reminded that he didn’t know the elf’s name. Did they even have names? He didn’t remember if the house elves at Mj and Ned’s house had names.

Pulling up to the driveway, Tony got out making his way up the steps and into the house. Heartstring was waiting patiently. It was about time for his lunch break and he usually spent it visiting his mother.

“Will you need me here?” the PA asked.

“No, you can head out.”

Heartstring gave a quick goodbye before disappearing with a faint pop.

The house elf didn’t seem to notice the quick exchange as she looked wide eyed at the bookshelf in the living room.

“I never asked you name,” Tony spoke up.

She quickly looked back towards him, she played with the loose end of the tie but she didn’t seem nervous. “My name is Ruffle.”

Tony walked over to her, “Well, it’s good to meet you,” he crouched down and held out his hand, “My name is Tony Stark.”

She still looked worried at first, but after a moment of consideration, she took his hand and looked at him with a bright smile he wasn’t expecting.

*****
If Peter was being completely honest, he kinda forgot about the whole *Triwizard Tournament* thing.

It was the day before Halloween, Beauxbatons and Durmstrang were scheduled to arrive that evening at six with a large welcoming feast to follow. With it being Sunday, school was off for Halloween on Monday, and it was the day eligible students could start signing up for the Tournament.

Peter was excited about the whole thing. It had been a couple centuries since the last one was held and he couldn’t believe his luck that the year he was Hogwarts first transfer student was the same year they were starting the tradition back up again, which was odd since usually his luck was pretty horrible.

Though, he was under the care of Tony, and despite the physical distance that school was putting between them, he could still feel the bond between them grow. It left Peter feeling happy, and wanted. Something he thought was lost when he walked through the doors of the hospital over four months ago.

God, was it really that long ago?

With everything that’s been happening it’s felt like years since that night, but the pain wasn’t any less because of it. He was still happy to say he was getting better.

He was sure May would be proud.

“So, Peter, um…” Gregory Goyle stood nervously at the edge of the table Peter was sitting at. It was tucked in the far corner of the common room and with Vader perched on one of the chairs shooting anyone who stepped close enough with a purposeful death glare that even the nastiest Slytherins felt uncomfortable with, no one ever bothered him.

But the first years who would ask Peter for help didn’t mind the owl too much, since they knew Peter they suspected he wouldn’t let the angry creature do anything to them, and of course they were right.

“What’s up Greg?” Peter asked looking up from one of the other books Tony sent him: *Out of sight: Realities Around Us, The Hidden Worlds* by Janet van Dyne.

Greg wasn’t a first year, obviously, but he had been seeking Peter’s help out for some of the homework after Peter found him struggling one day. Pride was an unstated house trait of Slytherin and with that stubbornness, but it didn’t take long for Greg to warm up to the idea of getting help from him, especially after his grades started improving.

“Could you help me study for that potions test Thursday? I’m pretty sure Snape’s gonna kill me if I bomb another one,” he glanced nervously at Vader. Peter could sense Greg’s wave of relief when he noticed the owl’s gaze wasn’t trained on him anymore.

“Course! Let me just finish this page real quick, Janet van Dyne just started a topic about Einstein–Rosen bridges not only being a tool to bypass the need for light speed but also allowing us to venture into different realities! Though the ones she’s talking about have to be extremely tiny considering the stability of a reality bridge would be constantly fluctuating. Did you know it would probably act more like a black hole then what we’d think a portal would be like? If you were to shrink to that size, it would just suck you right in then collapse within the next instant, of course you’d already be on the other side by that point but it would be one hell of a trip. Makes you wonder what’s really inside those gigantic black holes in space. Could they possibly be stable
bridges that are one way? Or are they just a galactic garbage disposal trying to eat everything up,”Peter hadn’t realized he started rambling until he caught the sense of confusion radiating from Greg.

He was already sitting down with his notes out and book ready just waiting for Peter to finish up. Peter had been talking so much he kinda forgot to finish the page, he could just save it for later anyways. Peter started searching around for the corner scrap of paper he tore from his notebook he was using as a bookmark, before he restored to ripping another scrap out, Leia poked her head out of the hood of his hoodie. ‘Here,’ She handed him one of her loose feathers. It shined bronze in the common room light.

“Thank you,” Peter said, giving her a small pat on the head before she nestled down into the hood again.

The moment she discovered how comfortable it was to nest in his hoods instead of perching on his shoulder, she practically never left his side. There were a few instances where she slept in his hood all day without the teachers seeming to notice. He could feel Vader’s jealousy as he began stalking Peter after that, taking every opportunity to be in his vicinity.

Peter grinned at the fact, his owls were so weird, but he loved them.

“Right,” Peter finally said after closing his book and setting it near Vader, “I could use some studying for it too. No better way to learn than to teach, so win win!”

Greg was kind of a slow learner, but he wasn’t as dumb at most people thought him to be. Usually once he got something down he never forgot it, like seriously, occasionally something might slip Peter’s mind but Greg would pull up the answer before Peter could even glance over at his book, so long as the other Slytherin was already familiar with the information.

A few hours passed. The two decided to wrap it up since they’d already gone over most of the notes they had. “If Snape actually makes us test our own antidotes I can confidently say we can survive long enough to make it to the hospital,” Peter joked.

“Speak for yourself, all this studying is giving me a headache. We’re probably better off framing Snape for poisoning us. You think we’ll automatically pass?” Greg sighed.

Peter just chuckled as he started cleaning up his notes and placing them in his messenger bag. With the expansion spell place on it he wondered if Vader would enjoy sitting in it.

The owl in question was now sitting on Peter’s lap, eyes alert like a watchdog as he scanned the surrounding room. Peter scratched the top of the owls head before leaning back in his chair.

“I doubt that, he’d just give us a zero and blame it on our stupidity,” Peter stretched his arms out behind his head. “But seriously, I bet you’ll do fine.”

Before Greg could say anything other than a shrug, Draco landed himself in the chair on the other side of Peter, the one Vader was occupying when they first started to study. “Studying again, Peter? I swear, just watching you gives me a migraine.”

“Offer is always on the table if you need some tutoring, Draco,” Peter shrug.

Draco just rolled his eyes, “Like I need help, I’ve got top marks in all my classes.”

“Your care for magical creatures grade is looking kinda neglected,” Peter remarked.
“That’s only because the oaf that teaches it doesn’t even know how to use a quill,” Draco scoffed.

Peter just shot him a glare, Draco’s malice faltered and he looked a little guilty, “If I remember correctly, you tried to get him fired last year, and you’re not exactly kind to Hagrid.”

Draco just crossed his arms and muttered, “It’s not my fault he shows favoritism towards those Gryffindorks.”

Peter just looked at him it at ‘really?’ look.

“Fine, ok? Whatever, I’ll try to be nicer,” Draco huffed, he kept his eyes away from Peter as he pouted slightly.

“Guys,” Greg finally spoke up, “It’s almost six, didn’t Snape want us all in uniform for when the other school showed up.”

Peter glanced down at his digital watch, he’d improved it some with the help of Tony so instead of losing 2.4 hours a day from magical interference it only lost an hour and a half. He’d probably be able to cut that down to thirty minutes if he weren’t so bogged down with homework all the time.

“Um,” Peter had looked up at Greg only to realize he hadn’t actually looked at the time on his watch, he glanced again, “Yeah, we should get ready. Last thing I want to do is keep Snape waiting.”

“Agreed,” Draco said as he started to get up.

Vader hopped onto the table and Peter fished a reluctant Leia out of his hood.

“Probably better you guys don’t go with me tonight, we’re supposed to make a good impression on the other schools,” Peter pet both birds affectionately. Leia leaned into his touch while Vader aggressively nuzzled his hand.

‘Night Petey,’ Leia gently nibbled Peter’s thumb before fluttering off.

‘Why must we part so soon?’ Vader sighed, ‘I eagerly await the moment I can see you again. Enjoy dinner and sleep well, my Peter.’

“You’re owls have attachment issues, especially Vader,” Draco said as he watched the scary black owl(?) fly up into the shadows of the common room.

“You’re just jealous you don’t have awesome owls like that,” Peter said smugly.

Greg had already gone ahead of them and Peter walked just behind Draco as they headed off to their dorm to change.

Zabini pushed out of their dorm room already in his uniform, he knocked shoulders with Peter, practically shoving him against the other wall “Disgusting amalgamite,” the other boy practically snarled the words.

“Freak.” Said another boy following just behind Zabini.

Peter just sighed as he let them pass, shifted himself away from the wall and into the dorm. Draco gave him an apologetic look despite the fact that none of it was his fault.

Ever since the fight, Zabini had been spreading the word of Peter’s unnatural abilities. Even if he only saw a fraction of what Peter could do, it was enough. A mutant, they called him, inhuman,
and soon the word amalgamite started springing up.

It didn’t have a set definition, but from what Peter could tell it was worse the mudblood. A freak of nature, not muggle, not human, just something unnatural created from impure science that needed to be destroyed. With that word other students also started calling him an ‘it.’

Here he thought school couldn’t get worse, he didn’t realize Zabini was so influential.

“It’s fine,” Peter muttered to Draco.

Peter usually didn’t let words get to him, but for some reason the new insult did.

Despite gaining a habit of telling Tony everything, he wasn’t willing to talk about that. He knew his adopted father would be pissed, and might make an unplanned visit to the school in an attempt to thwart the bullying, but Peter could already tell that would only make things worse. He didn’t need Iron Man fighting all his battles for him.

Peter pulled on his robes with the ease of having done it countless times before. Soon he was leading Draco and Greg out of the dorms and into the common room.

“Ew, get that thing away from me,” Greengass complained loudly after Peter found himself walking near her on the way out of the common room. A group of boys shoved Peter back, causing him to fall into Draco, who was able to catch him by the shoulders before they both stumbled to the ground.

Of course he could have dodged it, but it would have looked unnatural. He didn’t want to feed their rumors.

“Did she always have a small army following her?” Peter muttered as he straightened his robes. Peter watched as some of the younger students he used to tutor avoided eye contact.

“Come on, let's just get to the Entrance Hall before someone gets brave,” Draco started pushing Peter out of the dungeons following the small stream of students that merged with the rest of the school congregating in the Entrance Hall.

Peter just huffed in annoyance.

The Heads of house started ordering students into lines, first years in front with the other years finding their places behind them.

“Weasley straighten your hat,” Professor Mcgonagall snapped at Ron, “Mr. Creevey, if I see that camera one more time!”

“Straight lines, surely you're old enough to understand that,” Snape walked down the line that consisted of the Slytherin house. He paused as he approached Peter and Draco. He stood next to Peter as the teen faced forward, his eyes gave him a suspicious sideways gaze. Peter couldn’t read it and he didn’t dare look into the professor’s mind since it gave him a headache last time.

He glanced at Draco, who shifted uncomfortably under the look, before returning his gaze to Peter. “Seems your… incident the other day has granted you a few rumors. Am I to believe there’s any truth behind them?”

“Don’t know sir, what do you think?” Peter said shying away from the man’s line of sight. He’s never felt so self conscious about what he was, but with how everyone’s been acting towards him he worried Snape might feel the same.
There was a long moment where Snape just narrowed his eyes before speaking again, “I think the muggle world is becoming complicated, considering who you are associated with it wouldn’t surprise me.”

Peter was pretty sure it didn’t sound judgmental, but he couldn’t really get any more answers since Snape decided the conversation was over, he continued down the line. He scolded one of the older students for being faced the wrong way, then told another to fold their hood right side out.

“What just happened?” Peter whispered back to Draco.

“I have no idea,” He replied, just as perplexed.

Soon the lines started moving, the whole student body was lead out of the hall and down the front steps before lining up in front of the castle. The evening was cold as the fall weather already moved in, but the sky was clear of clouds causing the beautiful gradient of color from the setting sun to be unobstructed. Peter personally preferred clouds at sunset, the twilight shining off them reflected dazzling fiery hues. They almost rivaled the colors of a phoenix.

He felt a little homesick for the sunsets back at Ilvermorny, the western common room had the best view. The lush forest, bright green and thrumming with magic, was a striking contrast against the orange red skies. Peter would lay across the wide stone railing of the balcony as he worked on his assignments for the day. The relaxing lull of a small stream below helping him focus.

Peter let out a quiet unsteady breath from his nose. Hogwarts was starting to feel so foreign to him, he was missing his second home at Ilvermorny more than he originally thought.

“Nearly six,” Peter heard someone whisper, he noticed the younger students start to get impatient and complain about the chill. Even Draco muttered something about the temperature.

Peter wasn’t as affected by the bite in the air but he crossed his arms and snuggled into his warm robes anyways, before he could wonder how the schools planned on arriving, Dumbledore spoke up.

“Aha! Unless I am very much mistaken, the delegation from Beauxbatons approaches!”

Confused questions broke out among the students as they wondered, but one young Ravenclaw in the front shouted out, “There! Over the trees!”

Peter caught sight of a dark mass flying towards them, “Are those…?”

“Flying horses, gigantic, flying horses,” Draco said in aw.

The students watched as the flock of horses glided closer, they landed on the grass in front of them with a loud thud, the carriage they pulled rolled to a slow stop. The anticipation swelled as they held their breath wondering who would be the first to step out of the Beauxbatons’ carriage.

A boy in pale blue robes was the first to jump out, he fumbled with something on the carriage floor and soon a set of golden steps unfolded, landing on the grass. He stepped back respectfully then the largest woman Peter had ever seen gracefully stepped down into the grass.

Peter wondered if she was half giant like Hagrid, he could tell Draco was wondering the same thing, but that was put in the back ground as he prepared a comment about her.

“Draco,” Peter said warningly.
“Right, yeah. That was probably rude wasn’t it,” Draco said sheepishly.

“Yeah,” Peter laughed gently, “But I don’t have to warn you as much, so you’re getting better,” He said before Dumbledore lead the students of Hogwarts in an applause for the spectacular entrance.

The woman walked up the steps towards the Headmaster, they spoke and Peter caught her name. Madame Maxime. After their greeting she waved towards the carriage, nearly a dozen students in the same pale blue robes as the first boy, stood with a sense of elegance despite their shivers from the cold air. It didn’t help that their robes looked to be made of silk, and were in no way the proper attire for the chilly climate. Some had the foresight to bring scarves but even those didn’t seem to do much against the cold.

With her thick accent, Madame Maxime asked if someone named Karkaroff had arrived yet, Peter could only assume it to be the Durmstrang headmaster.

Madame Maxime waved for her students to follow and they soon found their way into the Entrance Hall out of the cold.

“Lucky,” Draco shivered, “It’s cold, can we get this over with already?”

“I wonder how the other school is going to arrive?” Peter glanced up at the sky wondering if another carriage was going to soar down from above.

“Probably some over dramatic way because everyone like to show off and take too fucking long with their stupid dramatic timing,” Draco hissed through chattering teeth.

Peter laughed quietly at Draco’s struggle with the cold, “You alright there? Do you need my scarf?”

“Of course you’re weird enough to bring a scarf and not need it… wait, please don’t tell me you actually have some kind of cold immunity. I might jinx you out of jealousy.”

“Not an immunity, per say, but definitely a resistance,” Peter couldn’t hold back a smug grin.

“I’d say fuck you, but I really want that scarf.”

Peter just smiled and shook his head as he pulled the green and silver scarf from his neck, handing it to Draco who was quick to put it on.

Soon a muffled rumble could be heard, the eerie tone reminded Peter of a vacuum seal being slowly released. Someone shouted something about the lake, and soon all eyes watched as the still black water produced ripples from a hidden source. The ripples grew larger until the waves crashed against the lake shore, a whirlpool appeared in the center.

A long black pool rose up from the center of the whirlpool, soon revealing itself as the mast to a large ship.

“Standing out here in the cold and all we get is a bloody boat,” Draco mumbled as he tucked his arms closely around himself.

Peter watched as the ship rose out of the water, it’s dark hull gleamed against the moonlight, but the whole ship reminded him of the Black Pearl from *Pirates of the Caribbean*. He wouldn’t be surprised if the ship sailed straight from Davy Jones’ locker.

“Sike, the Drumstrages are secretly pirates,” Peter commented.
This got a chuckle from Draco, and Peter could hear a few snickers from the Slytherin’s around them.

Snape hissed at them to be quiet.

The ship slowly drifted towards the shore, the anchor was released with a heavy splash and a long plank clonked against the rocks allowing for the passengers to get off.

As the Durmstrang students got off, Draco let out a hiss of envy as he spotted their thick fur coats. The headmaster of the school walked up to Dumbledore giving him a friendly greeting, but Peter was immediately distracted by the sudden excitement radiating off of Draco.

“Damn, I didn’t know Victor Krum was going with them!” He whispered excitedly. He could hear Ron making similar excited comment to Harry.

As the Hogwarts students followed behind the Durmstrang into the entrance hall, he noticed Ron and Draco weren’t the only ones excited about Krum’s appearance. One girl wondered aloud if the Quidditch player would be willing to sign her hat in lipstick.

Draco and Peter eventually found their usual seats at the Slytherin table, the Beauxbaton settled at the Ravenclaw table, and despite Ron’s best efforts to get Krum’s attention, the Drumstrang students sat at the Slytherin table.

Ron crossed his arms in a pout, Peter was able to catch his eye and mouthed, ‘Do you want an autograph?’

Ron nodded excitedly, he turned back to face Harry probably telling the other boy.

Before Peter could wonder how exactly he was going to approach Krum about the autograph, but the Quidditch star in question decided to sit right between Peter and Draco so at least it was a little easier now. Draco went wide eyed before quickly composing himself into his usual self confident ways.

At first Peter expected Krum to start talking with Draco since he had no doubt the Malfoys had some kind of connection to them. Peter was immediately surprised when Krum addressed him first.

“You are Peter Stark, yes?” The older teen asked in a thick accent. (He wanted to call it a Russian accent but knew he was probably wrong)

“Y-yes? I mean, yeah, ‘course!” Peter didn’t feel any hostility from Krum, in fact he could sense some kind of gratitude.

“If you would be so kind, extend my gratitude to your father and the Avengerz. My cousins live in Sokovia, zey vere one of the lucky ones that escaped with their help,” He gave Peter a small smile that was more genuine than Peter expected. He thought someone like Krum would be distant and cold, but now that he’s near enough to sense his character it was the opposite.

“I’ll remember to tell my dad that,” Peter replied, hardly noticing how easy it was to consider Tony his father nowadays, “I don’t know about the rest of the Avengers… some are kind of… well.. outlaws now. I don’t see them much.”

“Ah, yes, I do remember hearing of ze conflict between them. It saddens me to know that circumstances have caused them to split,” Krum sighed.

“Yeah,” Peter sighed thinking back to all the moments he sensed Tony thinking of his old team
with longing.

Dumbledore stood up calling the room's attention, silence fell over the Great Hall.

“Good evening, ladies and gentlemen, ghosts and most particularly guests,” The headmaster’s eyes scanned over the room with his usual friendly smile. “I have great pleasure in welcoming you all to Hogwarts. I hope and trust that your stay here will be both comfortable and enjoyable. The Tournament will be officially opened at the end of the feast, I now invite you all to eat, drink, and make yourselves at home!”

Dumbledore sat down as Peter spotted the Durmstrang headmaster, who was confirmed to be Karkaroff, lean over and pull Dumbledore into a conversation.

The food appeared on the plates as usual but Peter could see the variety was drastically different, probably to accommodate to the foreign students.

Peter was quick to dig in, he was excited to try new dishes, but was mostly just excited to eat. With all the excitement that night, he didn’t notice how hungry he was. Despite the Tournament being the main event, it was the furthest thing from his mind that night as he quickly made friends with Victor Krum.

Chapter End Notes

Lots of stuff in this chapter! I do hoped you payed attention, and sorry for taking so long to update again but I'm putting myself on a schedule to help put aside time to write. Fingers crossed that it works
Chapter Notes

Dudes, more fanart!! Give TheSeventhWheel7 your support, they've given me fan art before and their work is astonishing!

Here is the Art!!!
The response from the students was much louder at Mr. Bagman’s introduction, Peter couldn’t find the will to consider why, he just kept his eyes on Mr. Crouch.

Draco leaned over Viktor slightly, “Peter, something wrong?” He asked quietly. The chairs around them were loud and the only ones to hear Draco was Viktor and himself. Viktor also looked over at Peter with a vaguely worried expression.

Peter looked between the two, finally shaking his head slightly, “I just… I’ve got a bad feeling.”

Draco leaned back into his seat, his expression stilled into his usual steely facade, eyes shifting towards Mr. Crouch with distrust.

Viktor looked confused, he opened his mouth to speak but that’s when Dumbledore decided to continue.

“Mr. Bagman and Mr. Crouch have worked tirelessly over the last few months on the arrangements for the Triwizard Tournament and they will be joining myself, Professor Karkaroff and Madame Maxime on the panel which will judge the champions’ efforts. Now, Mr. Filch, please bring in the casket.”

Filch, who had been hiding in the dark corner of the Great Hall, dragged forth a large wooden chest into the center of the room just in front of the teachers’ table, the same place the sorting hat set at the beginning of the year.

The chest looked extremely old and encrusted with dozens of sparkling jewels. Peter tried to calm his nerves and let his eyes wander around the room, looking at the other student’s excited reactions. He spotted one of the Creevey boys stand on the bench to get a better look, he only identified him by his bleach blond hair, other than that he couldn't tell which brother it was. Maybe Dennis? He was the shorter of the two, and Peter couldn’t see a camera on him.

“The instructions for the tasks the champions will face this year have already been examined by Mr. Crouch and Mr. Bagman,” Dumbledore went on, Filch lifted the chest up so it sat on the table in front of the headmaster. “They have made the necessary arrangements for each challenge. There will be three tasks, spaced throughout the school year, and they will test the champions in many different ways… their magical prowess, their daring, their powers of deduction, and, of course, their ability to cope with danger.”

The last word washed over the Hall, the room was filled with silence and Peter could swear no one was breathing. But despite the captivating speech, his eyes were still drawn to Mr. Crouch. He felt someone else’s eyes watching him, and that's when he spotted Professor Moody looking right at him.

Peter quickly returned his gaze to Dumbledore, he didn’t want to look suspicious, though he feared he might already have.

“As you know, three champions compete in the Tournament, one from each of the participating schools. They will be marked on how well they perform each of the Tournament tasks and the champion with the highest total after task three will win the Triwizard Cup. The champions will be chosen by an impartial selector… The Goblet of Fire.”

Dumbledore took his wand out to tap it three times on the top of the chest, the lid responded by slowly opening. The man reached inside and pulled out a large wooden cup filled to the brim with a dancing blue flame. It reminded Peter of an arc reactor’s glow, the familiarity making his worries disappear for a moment as he watched Dumbledore place the cup on top of the now closed chest.
for everyone to see the stunning flame.

“Anybody wishing to submit themselves as champion must write their name and school clearly
upon a slip of parchment, and drop it into the Goblet. Aspiring champions have twenty-four hours
in which to put their names forward. Tomorrow night, Halloween, the Goblet will return the names
of the three it has judged most worthy to represent their schools. The Goblet will be placed in the
Entrance Hall tonight, where it will be freely accessible to all those wishing to compete.

“To ensure that no underage student yields to temptation,” Dumbledore said, “I will be drawing an
Age Line around the Goblet once it has been placed in the Entrance Hall. Nobody under the age of
seventeen will be able to cross this line.

“Finally, I wish to impress upon any of you wishing to compete that this Tournament is not to be
entered into lightly. Once a champion has been selected by the Goblet of Fire, he or she is
obligated to see the Tournament through to the end. The placing of your name in the Goblet
constitutes a binding, magical contract. There can be no change of heart once you have become
champion. Please be very sure, therefore, that you are wholeheartedly prepared to play, before you
drop your name into the goblet. Now that that has been said, I think it is time for bed which I will
now say: goodnight to you all.” Dumbledore concluded.

“An Age Line!” Fred Weasley exclaimed from across the hall.

Peter would have laughed if he wasn’t so wired from his spidey sense. He’s never had one feel
so… ominous before.

Peter stood up and took a few steps back from the Slytherin table so he was leaning against the
cool stone of the closest wall. Other students started to shuffle past him but they weren’t crowded
enough to get too close to Peter.

Draco was the first to be by his side, he leaned against the wall with one shoulder connecting while
Peter had his whole back to it. “What is it? Your um…” Draco pointed to his head, “Warning
right?”

Peter nodded.

Viktor shuffled past some of the students who were trying to get his attention, he brushed them off
and found himself at Peter’s other side. “What is wrong?”

“I don’t know yet,” Peter looked up at the teachers’ table, he watched as Crouch and Bagman
chatted with the other teachers. Out of the corner of his eye he spotted Moody looking at him
again. Peter quickly turned away to look at his two friends. “But I have a feeling I’m going to find
out.”

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T,

My spidey sense is acting up, mostly at people I can’t read. Prof. Moody and now Bartemius
Crouch. I’ve been on edge since the Triwizard tournament was opened for applicants but I can’t
figure out why.
Peter sat at the small table in the corner of the Slytherin common room as he stared at his letter to Tony. He was out of his robes and in a hoodie and sweatpants, Leia tucked away in the hood and Vader sitting in his lap.

He wasn’t sure if he should send the letter or not, what if it was nothing? What if his spider sense was acting up? But when had it ever gone off without a reason? No, something was definitely going on. The real question was should Peter tell Tony about it.

Peter wasn’t fully aware of the progress Tony was making but at far as he knew they were nowhere near ready to face off against any kind of threat, and he’d hate himself if Tony insisted on figuring out whatever this was while he was still so vulnerable to magical attacks.

Letting out a heavy sigh, he nuzzled his head into the soft feathers on top of Vader’s head as he held the owl closer.

‘If you’re worried, you should send it,’ Leia said gently as she rested her head on Peter’s shoulder.

‘I would gladly fly it over, I’d be back with a response before the champion’s reveal tomorrow,’ Vader lightly rubbed his head against Peter’s face in an attempt to comfort the teen.

“I don’t think it would do any good, it would only worry Tony. He’s got enough on his plate as it is,” Peter ran a hand through his hair as he leaned back slightly, distancing himself from the letter. As if that somehow helped the decision.

‘Yeah, but he’s your dad now, he’s supposed to worry. TBH I’m pretty sure that’s a constant, but that’s only because he cares. I wish you could see how excited he gets whenever I knock on the back doors,’ said Leia with an affectionate tone.

Peter bit the inside of his cheek for a moment, thoughts swirling in his head as he weighed the pros and cons of sending a letter like this.

Finally he reached a decision, he reached out and neatly folded the letter, but instead of giving it to an owl, he tucked it into his hoodie pocket. “Let’s see what happens tomorrow night first, then I’ll send the letter.”

Both owls seemed displeased by the idea but neither of them said anything.

***

The next morning most of the Great Hall was empty when Peter made his way down there. With the day off, most students were still sleeping, but he hardly caught a wink last night with his senses buzzing and his mind caught in worry.

At least Zabini wasn’t one of those worries, after the detention he spent with Snape no more physical threats were made and he didn’t seem interested in starting a fight with Peter any time soon.
So physically, he was safe.

Socially? Not so much.

“Look, the amalgamite showed up,” Whispered the few students that were in the halls.

“What a freak.”

“Don’t let him get close, what if it’s contagious?”

“Shhh! What if he can hear you! He’s not just a freak, he’s dangerous.”

All said in quiet whispers, but not quiet enough.

That was just uneven icing on the anxiety cake. He hadn't even had breakfast yet and he wasn’t ready to deal with the emotions that came with finding out people feared him. As Spider-Man, that's the last thing he ever wanted.

His rotten mood was slowly pushed aside as he felt a pleasant peacefulness creep into his senses. Turning around he spotted Luna skipping into the entrance hall just as he was about the enter the Great Hall.

“Hello, Peter,” She smiled softly as she looked up at him. Her bright eyes subtly shifted into focus as she examined his face. “Is everything alright?” She asked, her smile dropping slightly.

“Hm? No- I mean- yeah, sorta? Not really, it’s complicated,” he sighed, he followed her as she lead him into the Great Hall towards the Ravenclaw table.

“Then unravel it, where did it start?” Peter only now just noticed Luna carrying some of the books he gave her in her arms, she set them at the corner of the table before sitting down. Peter landed on the bench next to her with an exasperated sigh.

“I told you about by spider sense,” He said quietly, she nodded. “It’s been acting up ever since last light. I’m on edge. I feel like someone is lurking behind me, ready to stab me in the back, but that’s not it, that’s just me being paranoid about everything. I’m just waiting for it to tell me to turn around, duck, do something to counteract an attack,” His eyes wandered over to the food set out for breakfast. For once, he wasn’t hungry, but when he looked back he found Luna had already placed a bowl of cereal in front of him while she munched on her own.

He looked over at her with a small grateful smile as he uncrossed his arms, letting some of the tension in his shoulders bleed out as he started to eat. He may not be hungry, but he wasn’t going to reject her kindness.

“Perhaps you’re not trusting it enough. You’re worrying over a physical attack that might not come, but that’s only distracting you from other threats that might not be so obvious,” She took a bite of her cereal, but when she dipped the utensils back into the bowl Peter realized she was using a fork. Oddly enough, this wasn’t surprising. He couldn’t help but smile at the fact.

“So what, you suggest I just sit back and observe while I trust my senses to warn me?”

“You could, yes. Maybe you’ll find out what your threat is, someone might be plotting, or the plotting is already done and they are in the stages of executing their plans. But either way you’re only hurting yourself for worrying so much,” She shrugged before picking her bowl up to drink the milk.
Peter looked down into his own bowl that still had most of the *Cheeri Owls* Luna had served him. He took another bite of cereal before letting out a long sigh through his nose. He closed his eyes for a moment and let Luna’s sense of calmness inspire his own, “Your right. Keep calm but eyes open.” He said more to himself than to Luna.

She must have known this because she didn’t reply, instead, after a moment of the two eating their breakfast silently, Luna began asking Peter questions about Muggle science. Nothing calmed his worries more than ranting about his favorite subject.

After they finished eating, Luna picked up her books and Peter followed her just outside to the Entrance Hall. The Goblet was placed in the center with a glimmering gold ring around it. “Bet that’s the Age Line. Wonder what happens if anyone tries to cross it,” As Peter spoke he almost didn’t notice the small owl swoop down from above.

Leia was getting skilled at landing directing in his hood.

‘Mornin’ Petey,’ The owl nuzzled the back of his neck before getting comfortable.

“Morning Leia, Vader not coming down?” Peter asked as he pet the owls head.

‘Said something about ‘patrolling the perimeter’ I bet you’ll get a report later,’ Leia yawned making a funny little owl noise before tucking her head into Peter’s hood.

“Goodnight Leia,” Peter said with a faint laugh.

‘Hmm.’

Peter looked up and found Luna sitting against one of the far walls, she had wandered off during Peter’s little chat with his owl and sat in the perfect place to watch the room and read without too much disruption from the other students who were slowly filling in.

He was quick to spot Ron, Harry, and Hermione near the stairs talking to each other.

“You guys excited?” Peter asked once he was close enough, “Not everyday we get to see something like this.”

“This thing is going to be wicked,” Ron replied, “I heard all the Drumstrag lot put in their names already, bet you it’s gonna be Krum that gets chosen. No way it's any of those other guys!”

“Anyone from Hogwarts yet?” Peter asked.

“Not from what we’ve heard, but someone could have tossed their name in last night, that’s what I would have done had it been me, wouldn't want everyone watching. What if the goblet spat your name back out?” Harry said looking off at the blue fire of the goblet.

“At least we don’t have to worry about that, none of us are old enough,” Hermione chimed in.

“But if we were we’d put our name in, right Harry?” Ron said nudging his friend with his elbow.

Harry looked a little apprehensive, “I don’t know, crazy stuff already follows us. I wouldn’t risk encouraging it to choose us.”

“Agreed,” Hermione sighed.

Peter could sense some of the strange things Hermione and Harry were thinking in unison, “Wait, are you guys saying you deal with that kinda stuff every year?” Peter said a little surprised.
“Got put into the hospital by a giant chess board,” Ron said

“Had to fight a basilisk” Continued Harry.

“Time travel,” Hermione whispered.

“Wow, ok,” Peter said wide eyed, “Kinda glad I’m not the only one, sorta? Not nearly as magically exciting as those things but I did help take down a drug cartel and once stopped a ring of mercenaries,” Peter sighed, “I miss New York, I hope the police will be alright while I’m gone.”

“Wait, wait, wait, hold on!” Ron said quickly, “You actually fight crime? Like really bad muggle crime?”

“Of course, what did you think I did with my powers?” Peter said with a faint laugh.

“I don’t know, I thought you might jump around or something on a stage. You could make good money with that,” Ron suggested.

“Thought about it” Peter said with a small nod, “But that was before… um, that was just before I realized I was given a responsibility.”

Before anymore could be said, Fred and George barreled down the stairs into the Entrance Hall. Sly smiles on their faces. “We’ve done it!” They leaned in to whisper to the tree.

“What?” Ron said.

“Aging potion, dungbrains,” grinned Fred.

“Only need a little, just a few months older,” said George.

“I’m not sure that’s going to work, you know,” Hermione said skeptical.

“Especially if you didn’t get powerful enough ingredients,” Warned Peter, he cringed at the thought of what might happen if they tried to cheat their way in. “How precise were you in cutting the leaves? How fast did you stir it? Please tell me you at least made sure the fire was a sunset orange and not a morning yellow?”

”Stop worrying, we know what we’re doing,” Fred said approaching the line.

“Look, all I’m saying is, if I was making a potion to fool an age line drawn by Dumbledore, It would need to be a very specific shade of forest green,” Peter replied.

“Don’t doubt our genius,” George stood just next to Fred.

“When Dumbledore drew the line he probably thought to ward against potions anyways,” Hermione sighed.

“It’s not magic you’re trying to fool, you have to fool the wizard,” Peter took a small step back but found himself bumping into Draco. “That’s why the potion has to be made so meticulously!”

“This’ll be interesting,” Draco laughed.

Each taking out a piece of paper with their names on it, Fred and George stepped across the line. The small crowd that had assembled held their breath. For a very small moment everyone though the twins actually succeeded, that was until the two were launched out of the golden circle landing on the hard stone across the room.
Large white beards grew on their faces, Draco started to laugh, and the rest of the room did the same.

Hermione sighed, she looked over at Peter rolling her eyes at the twins antics.

“I did warn you,” said a deep, amused voice, everyone turned to see Dumbledore step out of the Great Hall. “I suggest you both go up to Madam Pomfrey, she’s already tending to a few others who had the same idea. Though I must say, neither of their beards are anything as fine as yours.”

Fred and George didn’t argue, they laughed and made fun of each other through the halls as they headed off towards the Hospital Wing.

Harry, Ron, and Hermione took that as their cue to get breakfast, Peter turned to Draco.

“Wasn’t expecting that this morning, but I guess with Fred and George in the mix you kinda have to throw expectations out the window,” Peter laughed.

“Those two are absolutely bonkers,” Draco said shaking his head, “Glad they stopped throwing their inventions at me. I’d go mad if I had to constantly deal with those Wizarding Wheezes.”

“Perks of being my friend,” Peter smiled, “Plus you haven't been giving them much of a reason, in fact, you’ve been borderline nice.” Peter teased.

“Blasphemy,” Draco grumbled as he turned away from Peter, he walked into the Great Hall. Peter followed laughing to himself.

Strangely Peter only now noticed the Halloween decorations to the Hall, he wasn’t sure if it was Luna distracting him or his own anxieties, but he had missed the cloud of bats fluttering across the enchanted ceiling with hundreds of carved pumpkins taking the place of the floating candles.

“Did they cancel Halloween dress up for the Tournament or does Hogwarts not do that?” Peter asked still gazing up at the ceiling.

“In fancy robes?” Draco looked over at Peter with a strange expression as he sat down at the Slytherin table.

“No, like costumes.”

“Why would we do that?”

“For Halloween?”

“What kind of tradition is that,” Draco laughed lightly as he fixed himself breakfast.

“Guess it started with the Muggles so it makes sense you guys don’t do it here. Anyways, over at Ilvermorny we’re allowed to wear costumes on the day of Halloween. It’s actually kinda funny, this one muggle born girl in my first year dressed up as the wicked witch of the west but when she went to her first class a second year yelled ‘Aunt Vicky?!’” Peter glanced over at Draco only to realize a joke like that would go over his head. “It’s, uh, well that story’s funnier if you know this old muggle movie.”

“What’s a move-e?” Draco asked.

Peter went wide eyed, “Oh my god! I totally forgot that wizards don’t know, you’ve never seen a movie before. Dude, we have to get together sometime in the summer! Ok, a movie is essentially
like a play but you watch it like you would moving pictures, except they have sound, music, and they don’t loop.”

“You said this was a muggle thing?” Draco had an eyebrow raised.

“Yeah…”

“I don’t think my father would let me do something like that. You’ve met him right?”

“Oh, right, yeah,” Peter sighed.

“I’m sure it would have been fun though,” Draco said trying to cheer Peter up.

“It’s alright, I’ll try to figure something out… I wonder if I could get DVD players to work here,”
Peter pondered allowed. He pulled out a small notebook he used for his magic resistant watch notes and started a new page on DVD players, “or would a compressed VHS player be better? I might need to invent a new medium to play on. I wonder if muggle copyright laws are valid in the wizarding world…”

Draco rolled his eyes fondly as he went back to eating his breakfast, by now he was used to Peter getting distracted by his weird ideas and muggle science.

Most of the day was just everyone trying to busy themselves in an attempt to speed up the passage of time so they could find out who the champions were.

Draco and Peter did just the same, that morning they hung out in the Entrance Hall with Luna who occasionally joined their conversation but mostly stuck to reading the physics book Peter got her. They watched as all the Beauxbatons walked in with their usual show of flourish and each of the students placed their names into the Goblet one after another. Rumor had it that a Slytherin boy named Cassius Warrington places his name earlier that morning, Draco was pretty pleased at the fact and insisted that a Slytherin would surely be the one to be picked for the champion.

Ron had other ideas after he overheard Draco’s boast. He insisted that a Gryffindor would be the one. Peter had to stop the argument before it grew too heated, luckily the commotion of Cedric Diggory placing his name in the Goblet helped.

“I know one thing,” Ron said “I hope pretty boy Diggory isn’t picked.”

“Your just saying that because Hufflepuff beat us in quidditch last year.” Hermione rolled her eyes. Peter could tell this was a recurring topic.

“That was hardly fair! Dementors started swarming Harry then Diggory goes and catches the snitch while Harry plummets to his death!” Ron huffed as he crossed his arms.

“And I thought Hufflepuff’s were supposed to be all nice and sportsmen like,” Draco muttered as he leaned back against the brick wall. He seemed to have spoken without realizing as he looked down at Luna’s physics book, she was reading on the floor next to him. On his other side Peter stood acting as a buffer between him and the Gryffindors, he usually didn’t say much to the trio directly that wasn’t the start of an argument but his offhand comment seemed to render the three speechless.

“Wait, what?” Harry said with shock.

“Did you just agree with Ron?” Hermione said just as surprised.
Ron was left shell-shocked as he stared at Draco.

Draco snapped his head up at the accusations practically using Peter as a shield to hide behind, “Obviously not! We all know it’s a popular opinion,” Draco defended weekly.

“Who the hell are you and what have you done with Malfoy,” Ron finally said after recovering from his impressive impression of a cod fish.

Draco flushed slightly in embarrassment, but he managed to roll his eyes, “Sod off, not like the world’s ending,” He huffed.

“Are you sure? I think hell just froze over, didn’t you see those flying pigs, Harry?” Ron asked looking to his friend.

“Maybe a few,” Harry joked.

Peter could sense Draco’s growing defence. He decided now was a good time to defuse things. He’d hate it if Draco was scared off from interacting with the three because of their teasing. “Did you guys say dementors?” Peter asked, it seemed to be enough to derail the topic.

“Yeah, a whole bloody swarm of ‘em,” Ron said quickly, “But you should have seen Harry! He fended off hundreds of them with a patronus! Maybe thousands!”

“I’m pretty sure it was just a hundred or so,” Harry glancing over at Ron with a look, his friend had a tendency to exaggerate things.

“You said your patronus was a stag right?” Peter asked.

“Yeah, and you said yours was a dog… when you mentioned it it sounded like you were going to say it changed,” Harry asked curiously.

“I thought a patronus couldn’t change,” Ron tilted his head slightly.

“Well, they usually don’t unless the caster falls in love, or-”

“Peter’s got a girlfriend? You must be so in love” Draco teased.

“No, and shut up,” Peter said nudging Draco away, the other boys grinned but Hermione just rolled her eyes, “If you let Hermione finish you know that they can also change after an emotional upheaval, love just happens to fall in that category. Mine changed when I got my powers.”

“So what is it now?” Harry asked.

“Do you guys know what an acromantula is?” Peter replied.

Ron’s face immediately bleached, Peter could sense negative emotions involving the creatures from Harry and Ron, “I’ll take that as a yes?” Peter said hesitantly.

“Why, why of all things did your patronus have to be that,” Ron squeaked.

Draco chuckled at Ron’s reaction, “Forgot that weasle had a thing with spiders.”

“For a good fucking reason! Have you seen an acromantula, Malfoy?” Ron said quickly.

“Ron!” Hermione warned, she was always getting onto him for his language.
“No offence, mate, but I hope I never have to see you cast one of those things,” Ron continued.

“None taken,” Peter chuckled, “I’ll refrain from unnecessary use.”

Harry glanced at his watch, “We should go guys, we promised Hagrid we’d meet him for tea.”

“Right, I gotta get the image of that damn spider out of my head.” Ron muttered as he turned and the three walked away.

“See ya, Peter,” Harry and Hermione waved.

“Bye guys,” Peter replied.

He looked back at his remaining friends and leaned against the wall on the other side of Luna.

“You don’t seem like an acromantula,” Luna said sweetly, “You’re not vicious or feral.”

“I think it was less of a personality thing and more of an actual spider thing.”

Luna considered this a moment before giving a small nod of acceptance.

“So what now, we gonna stand here all day and watch the goblet?” Draco asked, his tone suggested he wasn’t too interested in the idea.

“Nah, how about we go by the lake and practice dueling? I owe you some lessons and I could use help practicing some spells MJ sent over,” Peter pushed off the wall and stretched his hands up in the air, he could feel his spin shift with a pleasant pop.

“Sounds good to me,” Draco shrugged.

“Luna, want to watch?”

At some point she shifted to sitting cross legged with the book in her lap, she looked up at him considering the offer, “Ok, it’ll be interesting to see the display of magic.”

Peter grinned as he held a hand out to help her up, he suddenly couldn’t explain why he was so interested in demonstrating his skills.

The three walked out towards the lake. With the sun high in the sky with few clouds to cast shadows, the air was warm but most still opted to wear light coats and thicker robes.

They made sure to keep their distance from the Durmstrang ship that was anchored near the castle, and found a nice little nook where the grass reached the edge of the water instead of transitioning into the rocky shore. Luna curled up on a large rock that had the sun shining directly on it, but not before waving a hand made charm around the area so as not to disturb any stonewhistlers that might have been resting there before hand.

Draco scrunched his nose at the weirdness but Peter gave him a scowl that might have been a little harsher than necessary.

“Wands out then,” Peter announced just as Luna sat down.

Facing off with each other Peter held his wand up towards Draco and the other Slytherin did the same. The first thing he looked at was Draco’s stance, “Not bad,” Peter remarked.

“They may of not had dueling lessons here but my father was insistent I take basics as a child,”
Draco preened at the complement before looking at Peter, “But looking at your stance I think you might need a few lessons in basics, you’re bending your knees too much and your right arm is out to far. Who’d you say your teacher was?”

“Five points from Draco for throwing shade,” Peter rolled his eyes, but he still smiled “And I have to stand like this, at least for a real battle. My fighting style is more animated than what traditional magic casting calls for. Had to teach myself this stuff since there’s not many Spider-Wizards out there,” He relaxed and straightened up to match Draco’s stance. “Better?”

“Footing’s a little off,” Draco shrugged, now he was just being a brat.

“Footing doesn't matter when I can stick to any surface,” Peter deadpanned, he still couldn’t resist the urge to correct himself. Draco smirked with a hint of triumph. “Anyways! Let’s just do a fake duel so I can see where you’re at.”

Draco nodded.

Peter was the first to cast a blue stun spell towards Draco, Draco was slow to bring up a shield and it would have hit him if Peter wasn’t aiming off centered. Draco retaliated with a red fire ball blasting from his wand, Peter deflected it into the water. The two exchanged a battle of spells until Draco was hit with a stun spell in the shoulder.

Draco went wide eyed before falling backwards into the grass. Peter hurried over to point his wand at Draco’s chest, “Rennervate.”

But nothing happened.

“Oh right,” Peter laughed nervously, he moved his wand closer practically touching Draco before repeating the spell, “Rennervate!”

Draco jolted forward with a gasp, “Did you just hit me with a stun spell you didn’t know how to reverse!”

“What? Of course not!” Peter said, like it was the most ridiculous idea in the world, but his sheepish grin suggested otherwise. “I mean, in theory, I know what I’m doing.”

“You did not just say that,” Draco said standing up.

“I said you’d be helping me to! I need to practice my reanimating spell as much as I can. I’m aiming for my third big wandless spell, but it also need to be non verbal so I can cast it even when I’m affected,” Peter defeded.

“You’re not practical enough to want to be that prepared,” Draco huffed.

“It was MJ’s idea,” he shrugged.

“I’ll need to meet her one day, surely she’d be a better teacher,” Draco huffed.

“Better, maybe. Nicer? Not so much. She’d turn you to stone if she thought it would help you in the long run,” Peter let out a small laugh, the talk of his friends made him feel a little homesick. He made a note to write to them later.

Their mock duels continued and all concluded with Draco getting stunned one way or another, and Peter practicing his reviving spell to get him back up. Peter constantly critiqued Draco’s skills,
giving him tricks and pointers as well as suggestions on what types of spells to use when.

He got a good feel about how Draco fought, he was always quick to attack and his aim was impeccable but his reflexes to dodge and block were lacking. His style held the mentality of ‘They can’t hit me if I hit them first.’ Against someone just as inexperienced that might have worked but with Peter’s well practiced defence and early warning spider sense, he only had to wait for an opening to catch Draco off guard.

“You keep forgetting you have a left side, keep your wand centered and don’t let your dominant side control your stance. You leave your defence wide open,” Peter said walking over to Draco to revive him yet again.

Draco was breathing heavy from exertion, after sitting up he stayed on the ground for a while catching his breath. They had been practicing for hours and Luna disappeared when they weren’t paying attention only to come back with a bundle full of lunch for the two, but even that felt like ages ago.

“How are you not exhausted!” Draco said exasperated, he fell back into the grass draping an arm over his eyes.

Peter crouched down next to Draco feeling a little bad for pushing the other teen so hard in this simple training. It was easy to forget that other people didn’t have the same endurance, “Crazy spider stamina, and I haven’t exactly been using heavy spells, just shield and stun.”

“I hate you and your stupid spider skills,” Draco huffed.

“Sounds like jealously~” Peter teased as looked around on the ground only to pick up a rock a little larger than his palm. He cleaned it off before transfiguring it into a stone cup. Tapping his wand on the brim, the cup filled with water and he handed it to Draco who gulped down the contents immediately.

“MJ teach you that water charm?” He asked.

“No, learned it first year in charms,” Peter stuck the end of his wand in his mouth, drinking from it like a water bottle.

“What, really?” Draco said a little surprised.

“We don’t learn that until the sixth year,” Luna walked over from the patch of grass she had been reading her book on. Peter just now noticed she was barefoot.

“Where are your shoes?” Peter asked as he plopped himself down on the grass next to Draco, his legs stretched out in front of him as he faced the lake. Draco was in a similar position.

Luna gracefully lowered herself so she was sitting cross legged next to Peter, “They have a tendency to vanish, but I have no doubt they will show up eventually,” She said looked out towards the lake as the sun started to lower, they still had a while till dinner so they weren’t in any rush.

“Do you need any help? I’m sure Vader and Leia would be happy to look for you. I’m losing things all the time but they have a knack for finding them,” Peter suggested. He looked over at Draco who held out the cup to Peter expectantly, Peter tapped the rim again filling it with fresh cool water. He considered for a moment offering his own shoes to wear, all they would need was a shrinking spell but the way Luna tapped her toes against the grass suggesting she enjoyed going barefoot.

‘Did I hear my name?’ Leia hooted from his hood.
‘You summoned me, my dear Peter?’ Vader swooped down from the trees behind them landing on Peter’s lap.

“Dear Merlin, was that bird in your hood this whole time?!” Draco all but shouted.

“Well, yeah, why do you think I avoided moving so much during our duel. I didn’t want to disturb her while sleeping,” Peter shrugged.

Draco just scoffed at the strangeness, “My friends are absolutely mad,” he mutters.

Vader pecked lightly at Peter’s hand to get his attention, ‘I have news of my patrol this morning.’

“Good or bad?” Peter furrowed his brow. He wondered if it had something to do with his sense acting up.

‘Inconclusive.’ He said shortly, ‘Early this morning before the sun has breached the horizon, I spotted a large creature soaring over Hogsmeade only to land on the far side away from Hogwarts, on closer inspection I found it to be a hippogryph. It along with a tall, dark haired man took shelter in a nearby cave. Further investigation was thwarted by the rising sun, I retreated to watch the surrounding area for any activity but I suspect the beast and wizard are sleeping to recover from their journey,’ Vader practically stood attention as he spoke as if reporting to a senior officer.

‘When you said report I didn’t think you meant a literal report,’ Said Leia.

Peter took a moment to process the information, he had no idea what to do with it. “Keep an eye out. Tell me if you see anything worrying.”

“Worrying?” Draco sat up a little straighter.

“Vader sported someone squatting in a cave, probably just a traveler but with how things have been no harm in caution,” Peter shrugged. He didn’t want to cause his friends worry yet and Draco seemed satisfied with his answer.

Suddenly Peter felt the weight of the large owl move from his legs, when he looked over he spotted Vader nesting comfortably on Luna’s lap. “Huh, that’s new,” Peter was a little shocked to see the brooding dark owl cozy up to another person. He wouldn’t even let Tony hold him, not that the man wanted to.

“You’re owls are very friendly,” said Luna as she gently stroked Vader head.

‘I enjoy this human, she is a good one, Peter,’ Vader’s threatening hoot didn’t seem to bother Luna.

“I know he sounds mean, but don’t worry, he likes you,” Peter reached back to give Leia a few pets on the head.

“I know,” Luna said with a faint smile.

“I still don’t think that’s an owl, Pete,” Draco yawned as he leaned back in the grass again. The faint worry from before was gone. His arm draped over his eyes once more as the other hand absently picked grass, Peter could sense a pleasant stream of content radiating from his friends. The problems from that morning weren’t even a concept in his mind right now.

“You’re probably right,” Peter chuckled, “eh, but it hardly matters. He’s the second greatest owl I’ve ever had, after Leia of course.”
‘Damn straight,’ Leia hooted in agreement.

‘I can accept that,’ Hooted Vader in amusement. Luna smiled fondly at the interaction.

“Where did you even get an owl like that?” Draco asked curiously.

“Owl shop in Diagon Alley. Kinda the first meaningful gift Tony ever gotten me. I needed a stronger owl to send letters overseas to my friends, the next thing I know we’re stepping into the shop and this ominous thing in the corner catches my eye.”

“Is that why you named it father in German?” Luna asked. She was gliding her fingers over Vader’s large wings.

“Tony’s the one who named it, kind of a coincidence but he said he looked like a fictional character from a story I really like,” Peter hadn’t even made the connection of Vader’s name but thinking about it, he would gladly consider it a small tribute to Tony. Peter reached over to brush his knuckle over Vader’s beak. Vader, who was absolutely absorbed in the attention, nibbled Peter’s finger affectionately.

“I hear a choir of giggling,” Draco spoke up, “I think that might be Viktor Krum’s fan club approaching,” He sat up and the three of them looked over towards the castle.

Sure enough, following the lake’s shoreline, was Viktor walking towards them with a small group of giggling girls just behind.

Peter was the first to stand up but Draco was the only one that followed him. Both teens stuck their wands in their pockets since it was only polite. You didn’t go around armed with your wand, people could take it the wrong way.

Luna remained on the grass as she continued to pet Vader. The owl tensed up at the new arrivals. ‘Who dares to interrupt us,’ the owl hissed distastefully, his scowl was real this time, but Luna just hugged the big angry bird and smoothed out his puffed up feathers.

“Hey, Viktor! What’s up!” Greeted Peter with a smile, he was glad Luna was there to keep Vader from threatening the new comers. He knew Viktor could handle it, but he didn’t want to scare the group of girls.

Viktor returned the smile with a small one of his own, but gave a guilty glance towards the group that followed, “I meant to come here alone. Apologies, but I can’t seem to lose them.”

“That’s…” Peter looked over at the girls and could see a few of them sneer and crunch their noses towards Peter. He heard whispers of distaste but forced himself to ignore them, “Alright,” he continued. For a brief moment he considered retracting his previous thought, maybe Vader should scare them off… but that would still be kinda mean.

“I noticed you practicing spells. You were teaching Malfoy, yes? Ever since you spoke of the American school’s dueling I have wanted to see first hand. Forgive my competitiveness,” Viktor finished with a small laugh.

Peter brightened at the offer. Last time he had a real challenge was at MJ’s during the summer. He’s been itching for a proper duel for ages, “That would be awesome!”

Viktor grinned, “It is settled then!

“This’ll be good,” Draco smirked as he took a step back towards Luna who was now standing with
Vader in her arms. The two gave Peter and Viktor the necessary space. The group of girls shuffled to the side near Draco and Luna. “Kick his ass, Krum!” Peter heard one of them say, Viktor ignored the comments.

Viktor and Peter walked up to each other holding their wands up in front of them in traditional fashion, then turned counting their paces away from each other until finally they turned to face each other.

They both leaned in a bow, once they raised their heads, each raising their wands with focused intent. Peter drew back his wand ready to-.

“Stop!” Interrupted a deep, harsh tone, “I will not stand for this!” The Headmaster of Drumstrag marched his way down the grass towards them. His feet practically stomping the ground with every step, but the action looked effortless.

Peter immediately groaned at the thought of another letter of conduct being sent out to Tony. He was surprised that his foster father wasn’t disappointed in how much trouble he got in, but that didn’t mean he wanted to test those limits.

Viktor was the first to speak.

“No!” Karkaroff waved his hand at Viktor to silence him, “I may not know how Hogwarts performs a duel, but we at Durmstrang do it right! Now, everyone to the Hall! And let it be known that Viktor Krum is not only an eagle in the skies, but has the talons of one!”

Before Peter even realized what was going on, he was swept up in the bravado of Karkaroff.

They all made their way into the Great Hall, the tables clear of dishes from lunch that Peter and Draco missed, bats fluttered through the enchanted ceiling at the sudden commotion. Their trek there had gathered a number of other students, some of which had run off to spread the news so the crowd only grew.

With a large sweep of his wand, Karkaroff, shoved all the chairs and tables aside leaving only one of the long tables in the middle as a stage. With another wave the table bloomed to life with color as decorative fabrics draped over the table top. Each end of the table was now dawned in the different school colors, a harsh line in the middle separating the two.

Peter swallowed as he took his place on the Hogwarts side of the makeshift stage, he wanted to duel but he wasn’t expecting an audience.

“Go on Peter! Don’t hold back, show all these twats what you’re really made of,” Draco said from behind him.

“Good luck, Peter, we’re rooting for you!” Luna said loudly.

‘Rip his throat out, my dear Peter! We will feast on the flesh of the loser!’ Vader let out a deep screech of encouragement.

“Vader,” Peter laughed slightly, “that’s.. that’s not how this works,” he was glad for the words of encouragement, but there was a lot the owl didn’t understand.

Speaking of owls…

“Leia, sorry ‘bout this. This battle might get a little rough,” Peter looked back at his hood and the little owl poked her head out.
She let out a dramatic hoot of annoyance, ‘You better kick his ass or I’ll be upset you made me move.’

“I’ll keep that in mind,” Peter chuckled, “Luna, Could you explain to Vader how Duels work?”

Luna gave a small nod and she began explaining the basics to Vader, who looked slightly disappointed. Peter just turned to face Viktor who was looking towards Karkaroff.

“Witches and Wizards,” Karkaroff began. The excited murmurs settled and he continued, “For the educational reasons,” Peter got the faintest tick in his spidey sense telling him Karkaroff was lying about that, “we will be demonstrating Drumstrag’s traditional Dueling rules. They are very simple, do not worry young Slytherin you will catch on,” He said to Peter with a wicked smile.

Peter swallowed nervously, his senses didn’t warn him of anything evil in Karkaroff so perhaps the man was just trying to show off his prize student?

“The rules are… there are none! Everything at your means is allowed during the fight, now,” With a sudden mumble of words and a flash from his wand, a large bubble surrounded the platform, containing Viktor and Peter. With a ‘no rules’ duel, he suspected it was for the protection of the audience. “Begin!” The foren headmaster yelled.

“I will not hold back, Peter,” Viktor warned before launching a spell at Peter.

“I don’t expect you too,” Peter called back as he raised his wand, instantly blocking the blue ball of light that shot towards him. It bounced off his shield, but what he hadn’t anticipated was the ball bouncing off the inside of the bubble around him. It collided against the walls of the shield. Peter quickly ducked before the orb had a chance to hit him, it only dissipated when it made contact with the dueling platform.

But by then Viktor launched three more orbs in his direction, Peter leapt over one letting it crash to the ground, he dove forward in a roll to dodge the second which ricocheted off the shield wall, he blocked it when it returned to him with his own shield, the third also collided with the shield, he hit both at an angle that would propel it back at Viktor.

With his two blue orbs of magic zooming back at him at full force, Viktor swiped his wand "Bombarda!" The floor in front of Viktor exploded sending splinters of wood scattering in all directions. The dust and debris from the spell shrouded Viktor from his view, for a moment Peter wondered if he accidently aimed too close, he was only trying to knock Viktor down while he was caught off guard.

Dodge right!

His spidey sense urged, Peter ducked accordingly as a fist emerged from the smoke, “Ventus!” A short jet of air blasted from Peter’s wand clearing the area of smoke, Victor stood before him, seeming to initiate hand to hand combat. Peter couldn’t help but smirk, boy was he in for a surprise.

Viktor swung again, his movements precise and obviously trained, feet planted in a firm stance and no doubt able to adjust to Peter’s movements at a moments notice. Peter quickly brought up his arm to block the swing. Right, left, and right again, each jabbing movement was thwarted by Peter’s superior speed as he blocked every attempt, but he hardly thought it was a fair fight, they needed distance again. Viktor changed tactics, he tried to sweep his leg under Peter, but Peter only
used it as an opportunity to spring into the air vaulting over him.

He landed on a lilting piece of table that was damaged from Peter’s earlier attack.

“- *Leviosa!*” The oos, aws, and cheering from the crowd prevented Peter from hearing the start of Victor’s next spell, but he heard enough to prepare for what was coming next.

The fractured pieces of the table started to float into the air, Peter crouched down and clung to the one he landed on. It had been awhile since he used his sticky ability, he felt a rush of excitement as the table turned in the air from being too top heavy. Some of the students gasped as they watched Peter cling to the wood effortlessly.

“ *Incendio!*” Victor shouted, the area under Peter was set ablaze. Victor suddenly blasted a red blaze of magic directly towards Peter.

He quickly jumped to the closest floating table pieces, he stuck his wand in his mouth as he quickly crawled around to avoid the splinters produced after the other table piece exploded. He fumbled with his wrists as he activated the simplistic web shooters. He’d been upgrading them along with his watch, so far they worked 87% of the time, he was pretty proud of the fact.

He shot a string of web on the intact table behind him, it floated just near the top of the shield buble Karkaroff summoned. He was a little surprised the shield stretched so high up, but he wasn’t complaining.

Grasping both hands on the web he launched the table piece forwards with a quick and powerful jerk that was strong enough to break it from the levitation spell. Viktor summoned the lasso again, slashing through the table as he shielded his face with his arm.

Peter tried to twip a line of webbing at Victor’s feet but his web shooter failed, of course it was his luck to have that 13% fail rate kick in *now*. He grabbed his wand from his mouth, “ *Incarcerous!*” Rope shot out towards Viktor, it wrapped around his feet and started snaking up his legs. Using the wind spell again, he smothered the fire under him before dropping down on the singed table.

“ *Furro Incarcerous!*” Viktor yelled just as Peter dropped through the air. Shackles clasped around Peter’s wrist pinning them together, ropes woven from dozens of chains coiled their way around his body. He was completely bound by the time he hit the blackened table with a heavy thud. His shoulder took the brunt of the force and he knew he’d be feeling that for a few days. Peter tried to wiggle free, but he’d have to use his full strength if he really wanted to get out, even then Peter wasn’t completely confident if he could escape. He stopped his struggle letting his head fall against the table as he accepted his defeat.

“Viktor Krum is victorious!” Karkaroff shouted. The shield bubble dispelled and the chains around Peter were released.

He looked up to see Viktor with his hand out, Peter took it with a grin, “That was epic!”

“You were amazing, how did you climb? Or dodge the impossible?” Viktor asked shocked, his controlled expression from before melted into wonderous surprise.

Peter opened his mouth to answer, but suddenly the table was crowded with students cheering and congratulating Viktor on his victory.

Peter was practically shoved off the table, would have fell flat on his ass if Draco hadn’t caught him by the arms.
‘I’m not mad, I’m just disappointed,’ Leia hooted.

“Shut up,” Peter said looking over at the owl with a small grin, he knew her well enough to tell she was joking.

“Considering Viktor is two years ahead of you, I think you did very well against him, Peter,” Luna smiled.

“You’d have had him if he hadn’t shot that spell at you midair,” Draco huffed, “A bit cheap if you ask me.”

“Honestly, I’m not even mad I lost,” Peter was dusting off his clothes from all the debris caused by the destroyed table. “And there were no rules. What surprised me was the hand to hand, not even the crooks of New York fight like that… though, there was this ninja dude who was trying to be a villain, but he got his butt through in jail pretty quick.”

“I didn’t know you were trained as a Warlock, Stark,” Karkaroff said from behind the three of them.

Peter was a little surprised to see the Drumstrag headmaster but he remained polite, “Oh! Um, hello sir,” He said quickly, “A Warlock?” He asked, though he couldn’t remember ever hearing that term.

“A wizard who uses physical attacks as well as magic, surely I thought your defeat would be caused by your lack of knowledge in close combat. You have surprised me… along with your other unnatural abilities.”

Peter reminded himself that he wasn’t going to hide here, even if it gave more fuel to Zambini and his lot, but at least they could see he went easy on them now that they’ve seen something closer to an actual fight. If he really wanted, they would’ve been left hanging from the roof gift wrapped in spider silk.

“Are you participating in the tournament?” Karkaroff asked, his tone almost sounded sinister, but oddly Peter couldn’t sense any ill intent, he was just a naturally suspicious guy.

“No, sir, I’m only 15,” Peter said scratching the back of his head.

“Hm, shame. I would have enjoyed spectating your efforts,” and with that the headmaster left without another word.

Peter looked back at his friends “Is it just me, or is that guy a little…”

“Creepy? I think it’s a personality trait. I see him every year or so at annual parties,” Draco shrugged.

“Just one of those personalities then,” Peter looked back at the crowd surrounding Viktor, there was no use waiting around to talk to him since there were to many students. No one was paying much mind to the loser (Not that he cared, he definitely didn’t envy Viktor) so Peter started leading the three of them, plus two owls, out of the hall.

Once in the Entrance Hall, they watched as an exasperated looking McGonagall rushed into the hall. She demanded an explanation from Karkaroff as to why one of the dining tables was destroyed.

“Come on,” Draco laughed, “Let’s get out of here before someone rats you out.”
“You don’t have to tell me twice, Tony’s already got enough letters from McGonagall about me.”

They found themselves back at the lake’s edge. Draco and Peter practiced a little more until they joined Luna, Leia, and Vader in the grass. She was making little grass crowns the size of quarters for little creatures called Snippets. Both boys shrugged and decided to join the efforts.

As the sun dipped low in the sky, the air cooled but it was actually pleasant compared to the night before. The sunset cast its last rays across the castle that reflected off the glass of the small, distant windows. They reminded Peter or flickering fire.

Luna was the one to tell them the time, after they put the finishing touches on the last of the grass Snippet crowns, they left the crowns in a pile on a rock near the woods before heading back up to the castle.

Luna was pretty pleased with how many crown they managed to make, Draco was grumbling about how useless the activity was but he was just sour about his terribly crafted crowns in comparison to the other’s.

When they entered the hall, the peaceful remnants of the afternoon spent with his friends were melted away as he felt the buzz of excitement in the air. Everyone was counting down the minutes till the Champions were drawn.

As dinner went on, the younger students ate quickly, thinking if they finished their meal fast the drawing would happen sooner. The older students knew better, but they still ate very little, stomachs too excited to feel hungry.

Peter on the other hand, was starving. He was excited, yes, but also didn’t have his usual big lunch and his body was protesting against the unusual eating schedule.

Viktor couldn’t set with them like he did the night before. Karkaroff had told his students to sit near the front of the hall so they’d be ready when their name was drawn. Peter was a little disappointed but the visiting schools would remain for months while the Tournament was going, so there was plenty of time to hang out at other meals.

Peter discussed Quidditch with Draco, Crabbe and Goyle joined. When someone mentioned dueling the surrounding students started to interrogate Peter about the duel he had with Viktor. (Peter had noted that the table he destroyed was now completely intact, though McGonagall would throw Karkaroff disapproving scowls occasionally during dinner.)

“Enjoy getting your ass kicked, freak?” Greengrass snarked. Peter just ignored her.

Finally, finally, Dumbledore stood up asking for the room’s attention after the serving plates disappeared. The Goblet of Fire had been placed in front of the headmasters seat at the table.

“The Goblet is almost ready to make a decision, I estimate that it requires one more minute,” Dumbledore’s voice projected through the halls effortlessly, though Peter was pretty sure you could hear a pin drop with this level of silent anticipation. “Now,” He continued, “When the champions’ names are called, I would ask them to please come up to the top of the Hall, walk along the staff table, and go through into the next chamber-” He motioned towards the door behind the staff table, “-where they will be receiving their first instructions.”

With his wand out, Dumbledore swept it across the room slowly. All the candles and touches, except for the ones in the floating pumpkins, went out as his hand passed across the room. The Goblet flickered brightly in the new environment, the reactor blue glow twinkled in the eyes of the
“56,” Draco whispered as he counted the seconds, “57… 58… 59.”

“60” Peter finished.

The flames of the Goblet shifted red, sparks flew from the rim seeming to take a mind of its own. Peter might have thought the thing was angry, but the way it sparkled and cracked the Goblet seemed just as excited as everyone else.

A jet of flame shot into the air, a charred piece of parchment fluttered down from the Goblet’s outburst, the room gasped in unison.

Reaching a hand out, Dumbledore caught the piece as it drifted towards him. Holding it out to catch the light from the Goblet he read the parchment, “The champion for Durmstrag will be,” He paused, because of course a man like Dumbledore had a sense for dramatic effect, “Viktor Krum.”

The room burst into applause, Peter and Draco joined them yelling their congrats to their new friend. Karkaroff was rather pleased with the Goblet’s choice and yelled out above the crowd, “Bravo, Viktor!” he boomed, “Knew you had it in you!”

The clapping quickly died after Viktor walked up and disappeared through the door behind the staff table.

Once everyone had settled, the Goblet shifted red again, another piece of parchment flew out in a burst of flame.

“The Champion for Beauxbatons,” said Dumbledore, “is Fleur Delacour!”

The applause broke out again, but as Peter looked over from where Fleur Delacour and the rest of her fellow Beauxbatons were sitting, he noticed the others weren’t taking the choice so well. Two of the girls were sobbing, while the rest held various degrees of disappointment.

“Talk about sore losers,” Peter leaned over to Draco.

After the Beauxbatons' Champion had disappeared into the designated chamber, the room was silent.

“I hope it’s Slytherin,” Draco whispered.

Peter didn’t respond, he just watched the fire as the air thickened with excitement. He wondered if everyone else could feel it, or if it was just his ability soaking up the mass emotion shared by everyone.

There was a faint tickle on the back of his neck, but the emotion of the room drowned it out for the time being.

The Goblet roared to life one last time. Sparks shot out and the flame reached high as it spat out the final piece of burnt parchment.

Plucking it out of the air, Dumbledore read, “The Hogwarts champion… Cedric Diggory!”

The uproar from the Hufflepuff table had Peter covering his ears, the house jumped to their feet, clapping and cheering at the top of their lungs. Cedric moved through the tables with a wide grin on his face as he took the few steps up towards the chamber door, disappearing behind it.
“Guess Diggory isn’t so bad, Ron’s definitely going to hate it;” Draco laughed, he had to keep his voice raised so Peter could hear him over the continued cheering. It took awhile before the room was calm again. Dumbledore just looked on with an amused smile as he waited patiently for the students to expel their excitement.

“Excellent!” Dumbledore called happily as the room settled, “Well, we now have our three champions. I am sure I can count upon all of you, including the remaining students from Beauxbatons and Durmstrang, to give your champions every ounce of support you can muster. By cheering your champion on, you will contribute in a very real—”

Dumbledore suddenly stopped, his eye caught the glint of red as the Goblet sparked again. Goblet’s excitement was replaced with anger as the sparks flew more violently, and the flames reached higher than they were before. A few girls sitting closest to the Goblet at the end of the Gryffindor table yelped as sparks shot in their direction.

Peter felt pins and needles on the back of his neck as his spider sense produced a warning. He tensed, body automatically readied for a fight despite not even sure where the threat was from.

This time, two pieces of parchment shot out from the Goblet’s furious flames. The pieces were still on fire as the Headmaster grabbed on in each hand, the flame smothered into smoke at his touch. He remained silent even after the Goblet of Fire returned to its calming blue glow, but there was nothing about the room that reflected the calmness.

The room waited.

Until finally Dumbledore read the two pieces, he cleared his throat, “Harry Potter…”

The room gasped and whispers pasted between students, “What has he gotten himself into this year,” Draco practically growled. The room seemed to have forgotten about the second piece of parchment.

But not Peter.

Definitely not Dumbledore.

The headmaster looked directly at Peter, and Peter felt a sharp spike from his spidey sense causing him to grip his wand.

“And for Illvermorny,” Dumbledore furrowed his brow, obviously confused at the American school written on the paper, “Peter Stark.”

Chapter End Notes

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It has begun

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