The Stark Truth

by misteeirene

Summary

Summer after 4th year Harry learns that James isn't exactly is father and Lily isn't his mother. Will his newly discovered family be able to help him recover from his violent, abusive childhood? Will he be able to trust again enough to find love?
Chapter 1

I do not own a Harry Potter or the Avengers...

PLEASE READ::::: So, I was really on the fence with posting this. After I wrote this I started reading some hp/avengers crossovers and I saw that another amazing fic had Harry finding out that Tony was his father in a similar manor. I debated on whether or not I should trash it and try something else, but since this fic is nothing like the other one I figured if would be alright. If the author has an issue I will gladly remove it.... The only thing similar to her's is the journal and paternity test.

I also don't know much about the Avengers and Marvel so I'm not sure I will be able to portray them good enough, so there is a chance that this fic won't be completed.....but I will try :)

ANY SUGGESTIONS FROM YOU READERS OR HELP WILL BE APPRECIATED..

This will be slash though I'm not sure who Harry will be paired with.

Please review and let me know if I should continue.

***HP

Vernon grabbed the small teen by the throat and slammed him painfully against the wall. He smirked when the boy's legs thrashed about trying to reach the ground so he could relieve the pressure from around his skinny neck and get some much needed oxygen into his lungs.

"With any luck, this will be the last night I will have to suffer seeing your disgusting face," Vernon snarled, spit flying into the boy's bluing face.

Harry was frantically pulling at his uncle's beefy fingers and scratching at his arm. He was desperate for oxygen and bright spots were bursting before his eyes. If he didn't get oxygen in the next few seconds, then he was going to pass out or possibly die. If he had to choose, then he would choose death. He was tired of living the nightmare that his life was and he just wanted it all to end.

With a grunt, Vernon easily tossed the boy across the room and into the opposite wall, grinning when he heard a sickening crack.

Harry didn't make a sound when his head connected hard with the wall or when his right arm snapped from him landing on it wrong. This wasn't the first time his arm had been broken...hell, it wasn't even the fifth time. Pain was something he had been intimately familiar with since he was fifteen months old.

Vernon stood over his trembling nephew who was clutching his limp right arm to his chest while softly whimpering. "I bet you're wondering why we brought you to America the second you returned from that freak school of yours?"

Harry was very curious as to why they had come to New York City, but he knew better than to ask questions. He learned from a very young age that asking questions only earned you a shit load of pain. The second he exited the barrier from Platform 9 3/4's, his uncle had ordered him to release Hedwig from her cage then tossed him into the car next to his obese cousin and growled at him to not make a sound. Then instead of driving to Surrey, he drove to the airport where they then boarded a plain for New York City. They were currently in a three bedroom room in a very upscale hotel in
Manhattan.

"Freak, you answer me when I ask you a question," Vernon snarled kicking the boy in his already broken arm as hard as he could.

Harry tried not to cry out, but the pain was too great. "Yes uncle Vernon," Harry whimpered voice barely above a whisper. He never looked up at his uncle, knowing better than to make eye contact with the large man. He may be a fourteen, almost fifteen year old wizard, but he was terrified of his uncle. He was more scared of his uncle than he was of Voldemort. Voldemort just wanted him dead, his uncle wanted to torture him, maim him, break him and rape him. He welcomed death over what his uncle liked to do to him.

Vernon grinned evilly down at his nephew. "We are here in New York so I can make a shit load of money off your worthless hide."

Harry paled, feeling like he was going to pass out. His uncle was finally going to do what he had been threatening since he was six years old; Vernon was selling him into child prostitution.

Vernon threw his head back laughing at the fear in his young nephew's eyes. "As tempting as that sounds and as much as I would love knowing that you would spend the rest of your life bent over being fucked by countless men, I have found a way to make even more money off of you, and if you're lucky, you will be living in the lap of luxury."

Vernon walked to the bed dropping his pants as he went. Sitting down naked from the waste down, he spread his legs and took his limp penis into his hand. "Get over here and start sucking, and if you're good maybe I will tell you a story."

Trying to hide the disgust from his face, Harry crawled on his knees and settled himself between his uncles spread thighs. With his trembling left hand, he grasped his uncle's penis and slowly lowered his head.

Impatient, Vernon grabbed a fistful of raven hair and forced his nephews head down and onto his cock. "If I feel one tooth on my cock, I will rip it out of your gum and shove it down your throat. You would think after eight years of cock sucking you would be a pro at it. You're better than you aunt at least, I'll give you that much. I can't get rough with her and she bitches for a month if I cum down her throat."

Harry started licking and sucking at his uncles hardening cock mindful of his teeth and going nice and slow, just how his uncle liked it. Vernon loved to be sucked and he wanted it to last as long as possible, sometimes even an hour or longer. As much as Harry hated sucking his uncle, he would prefer that over his uncle fucking him. He always tried to do a good job so his uncle would come in his mouth instead of his ass. Very rarely could his uncle go two rounds, so if he came in his mouth, than he was safe from his uncle raping him that night.

Vernon closed his eyes moaning, he may bitch to his nephew that he was bad at this, but Harry was an amazing little cock sucker. "I'm going to miss this freak," he said reaching out and caressing his nephews pale cheek. He knew how much his nephew hated it when he touched him, especially in a loving manner. "I'm going miss shoving my cock down your throat and deep inside your tight little ass. This is our last night together freak, and I'm going to use you until you can't talk or walk."

Vernon's chuckled when he felt his nephews tears land on his groin. "Don't worry, my little freak, I took some blue pills that are going to keep me going all night long." Vernon grabbed a few pillows and laid back, resting his head on them so he could watch as his nephew's head bobbed up and down over his large belly.
"Three months back," Vernon started, "I got the promotion of a lifetime, but it meant having to move to the USA, California to be exact. As your aunt was packing, she came across a key to a forgotten storage shed that we had opened after your worthless parents were killed and we got stuck with you and a shitload of their useless, freakish stuff. As we were sorting through and trashing everything, I came across a very interesting journal of your mother's."

Vernon growled and forcefully thrust his cock up into his nephews mouth and down his throat. "I didn't give you permission to stop sucking. If you want, I can fuck you now instead of telling you what was so interesting about your mother's journal."

Harry quickly resumed sucking not wanting his uncle to fuck him, but also very interested in his mother's journal. He didn't know much about his mom and he had nothing that belonged to her. Remus and Sirius had told him a lot about his dad and he had his dad's cloak, but he had nothing that once belonged to his mom.

Vernon smirked down at his nephews bobbing head. "Very good, my little freak," he chuckled. "Now, where was I? Right, your mom's journal was very interesting because it documented her troubles in conceiving a child. At first they thought there was something wrong with your father, but after extensive testing, they found that your perfect mother was unable to get pregnant and bring another freak into the world. Your aunt was thrilled when she learned that her perfect sister had failed at something that she could do. Your mother was nothing but a worthless hole for your father to fuck."

Vernon grabbed a fistful of Harry's hair and yanked him off his cock. "What did I say about teeth, boy?" he bellowed, then punched him hard on the side of the face. "That's your last warning, freak."

Harry shook his head trying to clear it, that punch had disoriented him and made his vision go dark.

"Now as I was saying," Vernon continued when his nephew resumed sucking him. "Your good for nothing mother couldn't get pregnant, but with the war going on your father was afraid that he was going to die before producing an heir. Now he's the really disgusting part," Vernon chuckled darkly. "It seems your lot are even bigger, disgusting freaks than what I originally thought. Did you know that men in your world can get pregnant?"

Harry almost choked on his uncle's cock. He had never been told that wizards could get pregnant. Did that mean that James's was his mom and not his dad?

"Keep sucking," Vernon growled. "Your father, or should I say mother," Vernon made a gagging noise. "Went to a muggle bar one night and hooked up with a stranger. Your father took it up the ass all night long with this random bloke so he could get pregnant with you."

Harry couldn't believe what he was hearing. His dad was actually his mom, but how was that even possible? He had a million questions, but he knew better than to ask his uncle. He desperately wanted to get his hands on his mom's journal, there was no way that this absurd story could be true. Then again, uncle Vernon wasn't the type to come up with such a far fetched story.

"Lucky for us," Vernon groaned now thrusting up into his nephews warm mouth. He had wanted this to last longer, but he hadn't had his nephew's wonderful mouth since last July and the freak was practically sucking the cum out of his dick. "Your father got the name of the muggle he tricked into getting him up the duff and your so called mother wrote it down in her journal. Tomorrow we will go to where your real father lives and sell you back to him for a hefty price. It seems this man is very rich and famous and I'm sure he will do anything to keep his dirty little secret from being broadcast on every tv station and in every newspaper. Of course we can't let him know that it was a guy he got pregnant, but luckily it seems your real father will screw anything with a hole, so we will just tell him
it was your mother that he knocked up; he will never know the difference."

Vernon grabbed the sides of Harry's head and roughly pulled his head down while he shoved his cock down his throat and came with a roar. After he recovered from his orgasm, he stood up and kicked his nephew in the side. "You fucking used your teeth, you know the punishment for that."

Keeping his broken arm in tight, Harry stripped out of his clothes and turned to the wall placing only his non broken hand on it.

Vernon had removed the belt from his pants and stood patiently waiting for his nephew to assume the position. For a boy, his little freak of a nephew had a beautiful, almost feminine figure, and just seeing him standing there naked and trembling had him getting hard all over again. He was going to miss using the boy's body, but the money was too good to pass up. With the money he was going to demand, he could buy a little boy prostitute every night if he wanted to. His wife knew of his dark side, but she didn't care as long as he didn't demand her to do such degrading and filthy things. He liked to dominate and hurt his young male toys, and Harry was his first and most favorite.

The first time he had shoved his meat down Harry's throat the boy was only six years old. He had begged Petunia to suck him, and when she flat out refused and stormed out of the house, he pulled his nephew out from his cupboard and ordered him to lick at the tip of his penis. It only took a few minutes before he was shoving himself down the small tight throat and experiencing the best orgasm of his life. After that things progressed quickly and it wasn't long before he had his nephew bent over the arm of the couch screaming as he tore through his small ass.

"Thirty lashes I think will do for your disobedience and five more for each time you scream, so you better keep your damn mouth shut."

Harry sucked his bottom lip between his teeth and bit down on it hard, nodding his head. Five or ten lashes he could easily keep quiet for, but thirty was going to be impossible. He was going to be a ripped up, bloody mess when his uncle was finished with him.

Vernon ran his fingers over his nephews bloodied back, pressing his nails into the long gashes. "Forty lashes," he smirked. "I warned you not to make a sound." Vernon let his bloodied finger slip down and between his nephew's tight ass cheeks. Without warning, he jammed two of his fingers into his nephew's perfectly tight hole, chuckling when the force sent his nephews's face slamming into the wall.

Harry swallowed his scream knowing that it would only earn him more lashes. He was in so much pain from the beating that he was literally blinded from it. His uncle was being extremely rough with him, normally he was only this bad when he was mad and taking it out on him.

"Hands and knees," Vernon ordered in a gruff voice. "Brace yourself, there will be no perpetration."

Harry painfully dropped to his knees, but he could only place his left hand on the ground. His uncle very rarely prepared him so he wasn't expecting it this time. Personally, he preferred it that way. Perpetration felt too personal, caring; he just wanted his uncle to get it over with even if it hurt worse.

Harry hung his head and bit into his left arm, if he made a sound when his uncle entered him then he was going to be five times rougher on him.

Vernon lined his dry cock up with his nephew's hole and thrust in to the hilt as hard as he could. He was a bit disappointed when the freak didn't make a sound, but then he saw the blood running down
his arm from where he had bit into it. "Into biting now are we? I can help with that." Vernon leaned forward and bit his nephew hard enough on the shoulder that his teeth broke through the delicate skin and blood flooded his mouth. He continued to bite him as he fucked him hard and fast and didn't stop until he was emptying himself deep in his nephews bowels.

***HP

Harry was laying in a fetal position in the bathtub crying as scolding hot water rained down on his sore and broken body. All night his uncle tortured him, raping him countless times and forcing him to suck his cock. It was now early morning and after his family finished pigging out at the hotel's breakfast buffet, they were going to go to the mans house that was supposedly his biological father. He was never given time to process what his uncle had told him, but he found everything hard to believe. Why had he never heard that a wizard could get pregnant? The thought of his uncle getting him pregnant had him scrambling out of the tub and vomiting into the toilet.

Harry shakily got to his feet and started drying off using only one hand. His broken arm was in a bad way and even the smallest movement sent pain shooting throughout it. His uncle really worked him over last night and he had countless bruises on his face as proof. He didn't know how his uncle was going to explain his condition, but he was sure that the man had a plan. He didn't want to get his hopes up that this mystery man was his father, but he was positive that if his uncle didn't get his money that he was either going to sell him to some pimp or just kill him. Even if this man was his father, what made his uncle think that he would even want him?

"Boy!" his aunt shrieked from the other side of the bathroom door. "I have some clothes for you, can't have you meeting your sperm donor wearing those disgusting rags."

Harry opened the door never looking up at his aunt, not even when he heard her gasp.

"Dammit," Petunia cursed, "he knew we were taking you to meet your father. Get dressed and I will get you some pain pills." Petunia walked away shaking her head, her husband left their nephew looking like he had been hit by a truck. She told him not to leave a mark on the boy last night.

Harry was surprised to find a pair of jeans, long sleeved black shirt, red hoody and cheap sneakers that were all in his size. Other than his school uniform, he had only ever worn his cousin's large handy down clothes and worn out sneakers. As quickly as he could, he dressed and brushed his long hair. He had been growing his hair out for the past year and it now came to the bottom of his shoulder blades. With the added weight, his hair no longer stuck out in every direction, but fell softly down his back with a slight curl at the ends. He had also gotten his eyes corrected last year while in Hogsmeade. Hermione had suggested after the first task that it might be smarter to get his eyes fixed so the glasses wouldn't get in the way or them getting broken and leaving him blind and defenseless.

Looking in the mirror Harry cringed at the image looking back at him. He was too pale, his emerald eyes looked dead with big dark circles under them, and a large bruise took up most of the right side of his face. Tilting his head back, he could see a handprint bruise wrapping around his neck the size of his uncle's hand. Under his shirt his back was ripped to shreds and his right arm was broken, probably in more than one place. He looked like hell and he was going to meet the man that could possibly be his father. There was no way some rich man would want him, even if it turned out that he was his biological son.

"Here," Petunia snarled thrusting two pills under her nephew's nose. "We leave in five minutes so hurry it the hell up. You keep your head down and don't say a word, understand?"
Harry nodded his head, not looking his aunt in the eye.

"I don't like you and I never did, but you don't deserve what your uncle puts you through. If your father doesn't take you in then Vernon is only going to get a whole lot worse. You better pray that he will take you in and pay the money that your uncle will be demanding. If not, I suggest you run...run and hide on the streets of New York and don't ever allow your lot to return you to us. I won't stop your uncle...even if he looses it and beats you to death. I just want to be rid of you and I don't care how your uncle goes about doing it.

Harry didn't say anything, he just popped the pills into his mouth and swallowed them down. His aunt didn't normally give him anything for the pain and he was grateful that she did this time. Unfortunately, he was taking them on an empty stomach and that always caused him to feel sick and nauseous. His aunt's little speech didn't bother him either, she had been spewing her hate to him for as far back as he could remember.

"Let's go, the taxi is here and Vernon has already loaded your trunk." Petunia snapped.

*** HP

"May I help you?" the lady behind the desk at Stark Tower asked, eyeing the very large man in front of her.

"Yes, I'm here to see Mr. Stark," Vernon announced loudly, puffing out his chest and trying to look important.

"I'm sorry, but Mr. Stark is away on business, did you have an appointment?"

"I don't need an appointment, and I demand to see Mr. Stark...now!" Vernon yelled, spit flying from his mouth.

Harry backed away from his uncle, recognizing the signs of him losing his temper. When his uncle lost his temper, he normally ended up being beat to unconsciousness. After last night, he was feeling incredibly jumpy around the man. If his uncle didn't get to see Mr. Stark, then he was going to take it out on him and he honestly felt like he wouldn't survive the next encounter.

The secretary subtly pressed a button under her desk calling for security back up. "I'm really sorry, sir, but Mr. Stark is out of the country on business and isn't expected back until next week. If you leave your name, number and business with Mr. Stark, I will have his personal assistant contact you to set up the first available appointment.

Harry jumped when his uncle raised his beefy fist and slammed it down on the desk.

"I have come all the way from England to bring Tony Stark his bastard son and I will not leave until I have spoken to somebody." Vernon roared.

The secretary looked between the two boys that were accompanying the man. The larger boy was obviously the rude man's son, he was just as fat and just as piggy looking as the man. The other boy was small at only about 5'3 and looked to be in desperate need of some food; he was too skinny. She couldn't see his face because he was wearing a hoody with the hood up, which she found strange since it was June and at least eighty degrees outside.

"Is there a problem here?"

Vernon turned his glare to the security guard that had just approached and asked the question. Grabbing his nephew by his broken arm, he yanked him roughly to his chest. "This here is my
nephew and the biological son of Tony Stark, if I don't get to talk to somebody in the next five minutes, I will go to the press and tell them how Mr. Stark is a dead beat dad that abandoned a pregnant woman and his unborn child. I suggest you get Stark on the phone and explain the situation to him.

Harry cried out and tears filled his eyes when his uncle grabbed him by his badly broken arm.

"Look Mr., we get someone here at least once a week claiming to be Tony Stark's long lost son or daughter all so they can get their hands on his money. Just leave your name and number and we will pass your information to Mrs. Potts when she returns." The security guard placed his hand on his gun, not so subtly threatening the irate man.

Harry started to tremble under the weight of his uncle's hands on his shoulders. If they walked out of here without seeing someone or talking to Tony Stark, then uncle Vernon was going to make last night look like child's play. Petunia's suggestion of running was starting to look like an excellent idea, except the pain pills had him feeling sick and he was weak from lack of food. He tried to eat in the Great Hall before leaving for the Hogwarts Express, but he was too scared about coming home to be able to eat. He was also still feeling the effects from the last task and Voldemort's resurrection. Voldemort had held him under three crucio's and his limbs still had an occasional twitch to them.

"I will not leave my name and number so that rich bastard can just blow me off. Get that Potts lady here or Stark on the phone, but I'm not leaving until I have talked to somebody. I have raised this little shit since he was fifteen months old, I clothed him, fed him, put a roof over his head and I refuse to look after the ungrateful freak for one more day." Vernon roared now drawing a crowd of people to him. Vernon wrapped his large hand around Harry's broken arm giving it a hard squeeze.

"Petunia, dial the local news station for me, I'm sure they will be very interested in hearing our story, maybe that will get the mighty Tony Stark's attention."

The force of his uncle's grip was causing the broken bones in Harry's arm to grind together, and the pain was so excruciating that it dropped Harry to his knees. Dropping his head, he bit into the side of his cheek to keep from crying in front of the people that were now gathered around.

The security guard went to grab the man that was obviously hurting the small boy, when a hand reached out and grabbed his, stopping him.

"I will handle this, Willis," Bruce said glaring at the loud disgusting man that was manhandling the small boy. He had been in the lobby when the group first entered demanding to speak with Tony. Paternity claims were common with Tony, especially given his past exploits and immense fortune. They even kept a copy of his DNA on record for such occasions. So far out of the hundreds of claims, not a single one had proved to be positive. Tony may be hot headed and wreckless, but he was very good at not getting himself caught in a situation where he was going to have to pay child support to some money hungry woman.

"If you would kindly remove your hand from the boy, I will escort you to my lab where I will run a paternity test on the child. If he turns out to be Mr. Stark's son then I will contact his personal assistant and she will get in contact with Stark." Bruce snarled, the other guy pushing to get out and teach this man how to properly treat a child. He couldn't see the boy's face, but there was something about him...something that made him want to protect the boy.

Vernon snorted, "I will let you run your tests, but I'm telling you, this boy is Stark's son."

"Then you shouldn't have a problem with the tests," Bruce snapped. "Willis, please escort them to my lab while I help the boy up and with his trunk."
Vernon grinned, roughly thrusting the boy's broken arm away from him. Smirking at the security guard, Vernon and his family followed the guard to the waiting elevator.

Harry swallowed his scream and pulled his arm tight to his chest. On top of the broken arm, it now felt like his uncle ripped his shoulder out of the socket.

"Hey kid, you alright? " Bruce asked kneeling down to the boy. He thought he heard something pop in the boy's shoulder, but he never made a sound indicating that he was in pain.

Harry nodded his head, unable to verbally answer the kind man. He didn't know how much more he could take before passing out.

"Yeah, why don't I believe you," Bruce chuckled. "The names Dr. Bruce Banner, but you can call me Bruce. What's your name?"


"Well, Harry Potter, after we see to this DNA test, I'm going to have a look at that arm. By the way you're holding it, I would guess that it is broken and dislocated."

"It's fine, sir, honestly," Harry quickly said, knowing that it would piss his uncle off if anyone made a fuss over him. "I just tripped, that's all."

"Sure kid, but I'm still going to look at it." Bruce tried to get a good look at the boy, but he kept his head turned away from him and his hood up. "Let's get to my lab before that whale of an uncle of yours destroys it." Bruce took the boy's trunk and easily lifted it with one hand signaling the boy to follow him towards the elevator.

"Jarvis," Bruce called once the elevator doors were closed. "Have Clint meet me in my lab, I have a feeling I will be needing assistance with this group."

"Contacting him now, Dr. Banner," Jarvis answered, making Harry jump and look around.

Bruce chuckled, "Jarvis scared the hell out of me too the first time I heard him. He is an invention of Tony Stark's, the man may be a pain in the ass, but he's a damn genius. Jarvis stands for, JUST A RATHER VERY INTELLIGENT SYSTEM, Tony invented the AI to be a hyped out butler that can basically do anything. Do you know anything about Tony Stark?," Bruce asked curiously.

Harry shook his head, "no, sir," he answered softly.

"Please, just call me Bruce," Bruce chuckled, a bit surprised that the boy had never heard of Tony. Tony was famous all over the world, not just America, and now because of Ironman, Tony was considered a superhero.

"Tony Stark is many things, a billionaire, a genius, an engineer, a businessman, an industrialist, a playboy extraordinaire, a hero, a cocky little shit, the biggest pain in the ass with a mouth that won't quit," Bruce smiled when he got a soft giggle from the boy. "All things considered, Tony is a good guy, and if you are his son, he will look after you." Bruce was hoping that this boy was Tony's, he would hate to send him off with that awful man. He was almost positive that the uncle was the cause of the boy's broken arm.

"Tell me, do you think that Tony is your father?" Bruce asked, trying but still failing at getting a look at the boy.

Harry shrugged his shoulders, but cried out when pain lanced through his right shoulder and down
"Hey, don't move that arm," Bruce warned reaching out to help steady the boy. "Maybe we should check this out before running the DNA test."

"No please," Harry begged. "Let's get the DNA test out of the way first. My uncle would..."

"Blow a gasket if we didn't run the DNA test first? Yeah, I got that the man is a bully, but I'm pretty sure that I could handle myself against him." Bruce smirked, knowing that the other guy was just waiting to put the fat man in his place. "But if it makes you feel better, we will run the DNA and while we are waiting on the results, I will X-ray that arm and see about patching it up. I'm not a medical doctor, but I had enough training in that field to be able help you."

"Thank you," Harry said, hoping to at least get his arm set before the results came back negative and his uncle took it out on him. Bruce seemed like a really nice guy, maybe he would know somewhere where he could hide from his uncle.

"So, do you think Tony is your father?" Bruce asked again.

"Uncle Vernon only told me about finding my mother's journal last night. He said that she named him as my biological father. He said that she was having trouble getting pregnant by my dad and she hooked up with Mr. Stark one night at a pub."

Bruce snorted, "that sounds like Tony, never able to turn a pretty lady away."

"I'm sorry for all of this," Harry said shyly. "My uncle is a bit of..."

"An ass," Bruce interrupted with a bit of a growl to his voice. "Don't worry about it, Harry, your uncle isn't the first to bring a kid by claiming to be Tony's."

"Where they...Tony's?"

Bruce shook his head no. "Tony is not married and as far as we know, he has no kids. This is our stop," Bruce said when the elevator came to a stop. When the doors opened, Bruce wasn't surprised to find Clint casually leaning against the wall waiting for him.

"Harry, this is Clint Barton, he lives here at Stark Tower along with myself and a few others. Clint, this is Harry Potter, his uncle brought him by claiming that Tony is his father. We are headed to my lab to run the DNA, but I would like for you to keep an eye on his uncle, the man has some serious anger issues."

Clint sighed, "another one huh, what does this make, number three hundred and two?"

Harry cringed, stepping slightly behind Bruce.

"Sorry, kid," Clint said when he saw that he scared the boy. "I didn't mean anything bad by it, just making an observation. Everyone wants a piece of Stark, and god knows he makes it too easy for them."

"Come on, let's not keep your uncle waiting," Bruce said leading the way to his lab. His lab was the reason Tony was able to convince him to move into Stark Tower. All the equipment was state of the art and it must of cost Tony a fortune to build.

"About damn time you got here," Vernon barked, glaring at his nephew. "I don't have all day, run the damn test so I can rid myself of the freak."
"Charming," Clint sneered eyeing up the fattest man that he had ever had the displeasure of meeting. "Now I can see why you called for me."

Bruce childishly rolled his eyes. "Ok, Harry, because I don't think your uncle will be happy unless there is indisputable proof, we are going to run this test two ways. First I'm going to wipe the inside of your mouth with a swab, and then second, I'm going to draw some blood."


Clint didn't miss how skittish the boy was around his uncle, he also didn't miss how the boy never made eye contact or lifted his head. Because of the hood, he had yet to see what the boy looked like. He found it strange that he was wearing something so heavy when it was so hot out today.

"Dad, I'm hungry," Dudley whined. "How long is this going to take?"

Clint raised his eyebrows shaking his head. "Kid, you're so big..."

"Clint that's enough," Bruce said not wanting to set the man off, or bust out laughing in front of him. Honestly, the boy was massive, he didn't think he had ever seen a kid that big before. "It will take a while before we get the results back, so after I finish with this I will order some pizza and you can eat it in the conference room."

"Leave so you can tamper with the results, I don't think so," Vernon growled. "I'm not leaving this room until the tests are done and the results are read."

"Fine," Bruce snarled, feeling his blood pressure spike. "I was just trying to be nice. It's going to be at least two hours before the results are back and I didn't want to listen to your son whine the entire time."

"Daaaaad," Dudley whined in a voice that had even the other guy cringing. "I want pizza with extra cheese and extra bacon. I don't want to wait two hours... I want it now! ... I want it now!"

"Oh for the love of... Feed the pig before I put an arrow through his head. There is no way I can listed to that shit for two hours." Clint snapped.

Bruce pinched the bridge of his nose trying to remain calm. "How about I order the pizza and your wife and the boys can go to the conference room to eat. You can remain here in my lab staring at my equipment and acting like you know what the hell you're doing."

"Fine," Vernon snarled, face turning purple. "But the freak remains here. He had a huge breakfast not even an hour ago and I don't want him causing any trouble."

"The only ones that are causing trouble are you and your fat ass son," Clint sneered advancing on Vernon. He was excellent at reading people and he could tell that the man was lying. Harry looked like he hadn't had a decent meal in years.

"Vernon," Petunia spoke up for the first time. "While we are waiting on the results, I will take Dudley across the street for something to eat. I saw the cutest little cafe there and I'm sure they will have something that our Dudders would love."

"But mooom, I want pizza," Dudley cried, eyes filling up with fake tears.

"Dudders dear," Petunia said trying to calm her perfectly perfect son down. "Cafe's like that normally have the best deserts and you can pick out whatever you like, then for tonight, I will order you pizza for dinner."
Dudley's piggy little eyes lit up. "Can I have two or three deserts?"

"Of course you can, my son," Vernon said proudly. "You're a growing young man after all, you can have as many deserts you can eat."

"If he grows any more, we are going to have to rub him down in butter to get his fat ass through the door," Clint mumbled under his breath.

Harry wanted to laugh, never before had anyone talked to his uncle Vernon and Dudley the way that these two were. He really liked them, and for the first time he was really wishing that this Tony Stark guy was his father. He still hadn't had time to process everything so he wasn't sure how he felt. He didn't like the idea of losing Lily as his mother, but the thought of finding a father that was still alive...well, he was scared to get his hopes up. The man probably wouldn't want someone as pathetic and dirty as him as his son anyway.

"Now that the temper tantrum has been averted," Bruce said glaring at Vernon and Dudley. "Harry, I know it's going to hurt your arm, but I'm going to need you to remove your hoody."

Harry nodded his head, he figured he would have to when Bruce mentioned blood test. Taking a deep breath, he quickly pulled the hoody over his head and gently worked it off his dislocated shoulder and down his broken arm. The pain was horrific, but at least he was able to keep from crying out. His uncle loved knowing that he left his nephew hurting and he wasn't going to give the man the satisfaction of seeing him in pain. Biting the inside of his cheek, he dropped the hoody on the chair then raised his head, not making eye contact with anyone.

Clint gasped, shocked and disgusted at what he was seeing. "Shit, kid, what the hell happened to you?" He had suffered enough broken and dislocated arms to be able to recognize the signs of one, but it was his face that he couldn't stop looking at. It looked like someone had taken a baseball bat to the side of it.

"Ran his mouth, he did." Vernon growled. "Couldn't keep his damn mouth shut last night so a couple of thugs put him in his place."

Clint whirled around facing the boy's uncle. "You didn't even take him to the hospital," he raged. "The boy is in pain and that arm is badly broken, and you didn't even take him to get patched up."

He didn't believe for one minute that the kid ran his mouth. The kid had hardly said a word, there was no way he was running his mouth to some thugs.

"The freak got what he had coming to him. I wasn't going to waste my hard earned money on him. If he wants to start trouble, then he has to suffer the consequences." Vernon sneered.

Bruce was staring at the boy too, but it wasn't because of the horrific bruises. No, Bruce was staring because he was seeing an identical version of a young Tony Stark. There was no way that this kid wasn't Tony's. There was some differences like his higher cheek bones, eye color and feminine features, but this kid was a mini Tony Stark.

"Jarvis," Bruce called out. "Call Pepper and tell her I need her down here now. I don't care if she is in the middle of a meeting, she needs to get here as soon as possible."

"Mrs. Potts will be here in fifteen minutes," Jarvis said.

"Thank you, Jarvis," Bruce smiled at Harry. "Harry, please take a seat here," he said pointing to a small chair next to his lab table. "This will only take a minute or two and then I will see to your arm."

"You will do no such thing!," Vernon bellowed advancing on the doctor. "The boy got what he
deserved and I won't allow you to go pampering him like some mamby pamby fairy boy."

"I have had enough of you!" Bruce growled in a voice that didn't sound completely human and his eyes bleeding green.

Vernon stumbled backwards almost falling on his overly large ass.

"Whoa, easy there, big guy," Clint said grabbing Bruce by the shoulder and trying to keep the other guy from making an appearance. Clint spun on Vernon who was getting ready to open his mouth. "Back up and keep your damn mouth shut. Believe me, you don't want to piss the good doctor off and get introduced to the other guy."

Vernon wisely took his advise and drug his wife and son to the opposite side of the room.

Bruce closed his eyes, taking in deep breaths. "Sorry about that, Harry," he said, giving the boy a reassuring smile. He was surprised to find that the kid wasn't looking at him in fear, just curiosity and understanding.

"Straighten your arm and make a fist, I promise this won't hurt." Bruce said kindly.

"Could... Could you please help me roll up my sleeve?" Harry asked shyly.

"I got it," Clint offered seeing that Bruce was readying the syringe. Keeping his eye on the uncle, Clint rolled up the boy's sleeve, growling at the bruises and large bite mark that littered the thin arm. "I take it that these came from your encounter with the thugs?"

Harry didn't say anything, just jerkily nodded his head. He knew better than to say anything, his uncle would flay him alive the second they got back to the hotel room.

"That handprint bruise around your neck that is suspiciously the same size as your uncle's hand, also came from your thug run in?" Clint asked, knowing the kid was going to say yes even though it was obvious to him that his uncle was responsible for the injuries.

Again Harry just nodded his head keeping his eyes averted from the man.

"You're going to need a tetanus shot for that bite," Bruce warned. "The human mouth is full of bacteria."

Harry cringed not liking the idea of getting more needles.

Bruce knotted the tourniquet and started looking for a good vein. "Harry, when was the last time you had something to drink?"

"Uhm, this morning." Harry answered, but it came out sounding more like a question. He hadn't had anything to drink since the leaving feast. "Is there something wrong?"

Bruce shook his head no. "When you're dehydrated, it's just harder to get a vein. You may say that you had something to drink this morning, but your body is telling me different."

"Sorry," Harry muttered,

"It's alright, I found a decent vein, but I will get you something to eat and drink when I'm done. I don't want you to pass out on me, and I'm afraid it's going to hurt considerably when I pop that shoulder back in place." Bruce said, looking at the boy in sympathy.

Bruce quickly drew the blood and swabbed the inside of the boy's mouth. He didn't need for the
results to come back to know that this kid was a Stark. Tony was in for a big surprise when he came back from his conference in France. Daddy Tony was a truly terrifying thought.

Pepper walked into the room and took one look at the boy and cursed. "Shit, it's finally happened, hasn't it?"

Bruce shook his head chuckling. "I'm running the tests now, but...

"This kid is obviously Tony's," Pepper finished eyeing the boy and cataloging his numerous injuries. "I will contact Tony and give him a heads up. I want pictures of all his injuries and the name of the person responsible for them."

Pepper turned to the Dursley's looking them over, especially Petunia. There was no way in hell that Tony would sleep with her, not even if he was dead drunk. "How are you related to the child?"

Vernon puffed out his chest. "The freak is my wife's nephew, he was left on our doorstep when he was fifteen months old after his parents were killed in a car accident."

"Drunk driving," Petunia added, sneering at Harry and just daring him to say something.

Harry had to bite his tongue to keep from saying anything. He hated when people talked bad about his parents, but there was nothing he could say without breaking the statue of secrecy.

"You call him a freak one more time, and you're going to be leaving here in more than one piece," Clint threatened, advancing on Vernon hand resting on the handle of his knife.

"Enough," Pepper sighed. "You three," she said pointing to the boy's relatives. "Come with me so we can discuss custody of the child." She could tell by the greedy look in their eyes that this was going to cost Tony a pretty penny; not that it would make a dent in his bank account.

"Finally, someone who knows how to treat a person of importance." Vernon said, holding his hand out to the beautiful red haired lady. "Vernon Dursley, I have been looking after the fre... the boy for the past thirteen years."

Pepper looked at the large sweaty hand failing at her effort at not showing how disgusted she was. There was something about this man that made her skin crawl. She didn't have to be a genius to tell that there was something not right between the boy and his uncle. There were all kinds of warning bells going off in her head and they were all directed at this Vernon Dursley character.

Pepper quickly shook the offered hand and released it as fast as she could, subtly wiping her hand on the back of her skirt. "Pepper Potts, CEO of Stark Industries and basically Tony's keeper. Please follow me, we have a lot to discuss."

"The results aren't back yet," Petunia pointed out.

Pepper looked at the boy that looked so much like Tony at that age that it was scary. "There's no need to wait for the results, I can tell just by looking at him that Tony fathered him. We will wait for the results though before signing any papers. This way we will have everything hashed out and papers drawn by the time the results are ready, that way you and your family can be on your way and get to enjoy a nice night in the city."

"Should I go with her?" Clint asked watching as Pepper led those vile people from the lab.

"Pepper can handle herself," Bruce chuckled. "I'm going to need your help putting Harry's shoulder
back in place."

***HP

Bruce looked at the young boy who was fiddling with the other half of his sandwich. He wished that he would eat more, but he could tell that if Harry took another bite then there was a good chance he was going to get sick. "You don't have to force yourself to eat anymore,"

"Sorry," Harry grimaced. His eyes wanted to finish the sandwich, but his stomach wouldn't allow him. "I'm just not a very big eater."

"Can't imagine there is much food in the house with those two scarfing everything down." Clint joked, trying to get a smile out the boy.

Harry laughed softly. "Luckily I go to a boarding school in Scotland from September till June. I only have to put up with them for a few months in the summer."

"Boarding school, huh, how do you like that?" Bruce asked, getting the supplies ready that he would need to set Harry's arm after the X-ray.

"It's alright," Harry answered. "It's not what I thought it would be when I first heard about it, but I have a couple of good friends. Besides, it gets me away from my relatives." Even though Hogwarts originally felt like home to him, there were times that he wished that he had never received his acceptance letter. The castle herself may be magnificent, but no so much the people residing inside. He was tired of trying to be someone that he wasn't. He wasn't the brave hero that everyone expected and he tried to live up to. He didn't want the attention and fame, he just wanted to make a few good friends, have some fun then graduate and find a job. He was tired of always being in danger and if he had his way he would never return.

"Can't beat that perk," Clint chuckled. "Honestly, I don't think I have ever met anyone like your uncle, the man is vile."

"You have no idea," Harry whispered, not expecting the archer to hear him, but Clint had excellent hearing.

Clint and Bruce exchanged looks, both suspecting that the boy had been severely abused by his uncle.

Bruce sighed, he didn't want to hurt the boy, but they couldn't put off setting that shoulder any longer. He wanted to set it right away, but Harry wouldn't allow it until after the tests. "Harry, I need you to remove your shirt so I can see what's going on with your shoulder."

Harry paled, he couldn't let them see his back. "Why, why do I have to take off my shirt?" he asked, getting to his feet and backing away.

"Hey, relax, Harry." Bruce said holding up his hands. "I need to see your shoulder in order to pop it back in place. I will also need your shirt off in order to cast your arm."

Harry frantically shook his head no. "It's fine...I'm fine...honest, I don't need to take off my shirt."

"Harry, why don't you want to take off your shirt?" Bruce asked, suspicious of the boy's odd behavior.
"Please, please don't make me take off my shirt. Can't you just cut the sleeve off or something?"

Bruce sighed, he really didn't want to upset the boy farther and ruin what little trust he had built with him. Harry was close to a full blown panic attack and that was the last thing he wanted. "Alright, we will do it your way. I will cut off the sleeve at the shoulder and then go from there."

Harry visibly relaxed, not realizing that he had been breathing hard. If they saw the belt marks and the bites on his back, it wouldn't take much for them to figure out that he had been raped. "Thank you." he said softly.

"Damn," Bruce cursed when he saw the boy's arm. Without doing an X-ray he could tell that it was broken in two different spots. There was also a huge purple bruise around the upper arm from where his uncle had been gripping it in the lobby.

"Am I the only one who finds it odd that the bruise on your arm matches the one around your neck?" Clint asked, staring hard at the boy. He didn't see the incident in the lobby, but Bruce had told him all about it.

Harry lowered his head not answering the question.

"Alright Clint, I need you to get behind Harry and help brace him. I'm going to pop this shoulder back in, but it's going to hurt." Bruce lifted the boy's chin so he was looking him in eye for the first time. Harry had the greenest eyes that he had even seen, they almost glowed. "On the count of three, ok?"

Harry shook his head no. "No, just do it and get it over with." Harry took a deep breath and closed his eyes.

Bruce looked at Clint and nodded his head. Without a warning, he popped the shoulder back in place and helped catch the boy when his legs gave out on him. He knew that Harry had to be in a considerable amount of pain, and yet he didn't make a sound.

"You're one tough kid," Clint said voice laced with admiration. "Last time my shoulder was popped back in place, I screamed like a little girl."

Harry lifted his head off of Bruce's shoulder and stepped away from from Clint. He could feel a couple of his lashes bleeding from where Clint had rubbed against them reopening the wounds.

"Let's X-ray that arm and then get it set. The results will be ready soon and we don't want to keep your family waiting." Bruce said.

***HP

Pepper led the group back to Bruce's lab, fists clenched in anger. She had never met anyone as greedy as Vernon Dursley, and in her line of business, that was saying something. A half a million dollars... A half a million dollars is what he wanted in compensation for caring for the boy the last thirteen years. It was obvious by the way he talked that he despised the boy and was doing nothing more than selling the kid to Tony. If the results were positive, which she had no doubt that they would be, then she would hand over the money after he signed the custody papers and then happily show them the door. She wasn't worried about the money, Stark Industries would make that back in a day, she just didn't like the slime getting away with that kind of money since there was no way that
he spent even a quarter of that on Harry. The only thing that made her feel better, was knowing that Tony would go after them, especially after he saw the condition that his son was in.

Pepper walked into the lab and smiled softly to herself. Harry was sound asleep in Bruce's plush leather work chair, right arm in a green cast from fingers to shoulder. "Green," she said rolling her eyes and looking to Bruce.

Bruce shrugged his shoulders. "Hey, he picked the color, it had nothing to do with the other guy."

Clint smacked Bruce on the back. "Maybe that's because green was the only color you had."

"Surprised the poof didn't pick pink," Dudley muttered.

"What did you call him?" Clint snarled, glaring at the boy.

Dudley quickly scurried behind his mother, trying to hide his morbidly obese body behind her bony one. He knew all about these guys and what they were capable of, he saw them on the news after the alien invasion in New York.

Pepper rubbed her head feeling a migraine coming on. She needed some Advil and soon, preferably before she called Tony and informed him that he had a teenage son. She should just wait and let him be shocked when he returned home.

"The results are ready," Bruce announced standing there with a piece of paper in his hand. He had already decided, and Clint agreed with him, if it turned out Harry wasn't Tony's then they were going to lie and say that he was. Harry needed help and they were prepared to do anything to get him away from his abusive uncle. Looking down at the paper, he grinned. Looked like he wouldn't have to lie after all. "It's 99.9 percent positive that Tony is the father."

"Told you," Vernon exclaimed loudly, startling Harry and making him fall from the chair. Disoriented, Harry scurried backwards until his back hit the wall then brought his arms up to protect his head.

Bruce rushed to Harry talking softly to him. "Harry, everything is alright. The results just came back and their positive. You are Tony Stark's son."

"What... What does that mean?" Harry asked, lowering his arms and blinking away the sleep.

Pepper approached the boy and knelt down in front of him. "Harry, that means that you have a home here, if you want it. The paper work is ready and as soon as they're signed, Tony will have legal custody of you."

"Really, I don't have live with the Dursley's anymore?" It just dawned on Harry, the Dursley's were no longer blood related to him.

"No, Harry, you are Tony's son and you belong here," Pepper said kindly.

"What if he doesn't like me? What if he doesn't want me?" Harry could feel himself starting to panic. What if Tony found out about what he had been allowing his uncle to do since he was a small kid?

"Harry, would you like to stay here or go with your aunt and uncle?" Pepper asked.

"Here," Harry quickly answered. "Please, I promise to be good. Please let me stay here."

Pepper reached out and gently ran her thumb down the boy's bruised cheek. Her heart broke when a
few of Harry's tears fell on her hand. "You have a home here with us, Harry, you will never have to go back with them."

Pepper stood up and turned to Bruce. "Can you please take him upstairs and let him watch tv or something? I will be up when I finish here to help get a room set up for him."

"I demand a few minutes with my nephew...alone." Vernon smirked, not missing how his nephew paled or how he started to tremble.

"Like hell," Clint snapped, stepping in front of Harry and blocking his view of his uncle. "The test is positive and you're getting your damn money. I'm not leaving you alone with him, hell, I don't even like you in the same room with him with all of us here."

"He's still my nephew, if I want..."

Pepper thrust the custody papers at Vernon. "As soon as you sign the papers, the money is yours, unless you changed your mind and you prefer to go to court. Tony has enough money to see you in court everyday for the rest of your life, do you?"

"Now see here, little lady." Vernon snarled, face turning a bright red. "I'm sure Mr. Stark doesn't want this mess drug through the media."

"I assure you, Mr. Dursley, Tony doesn't give a shit about the media." Pepper snarled getting right up in Vernon's face. "How about you though? Do you have any skeletons in the closet that you don't want anyone to know about?" Pepper looked at Harry then back to Vernon. "Tony Stark is a genius and there isn't anything he can't find out about somebody. Give him ten minutes and he will know your life story, from your kindergarten class picture to your deepest, darkest secrets. Sign the damn papers or be prepared for your life to be bared for all the world to see."

Vernon looked to Harry, fists clenched in fury. He wanted some time alone with him so he could remind him of his place. He wanted the little freak to know what would happen to him if he told his new daddy what he did to him.

"Vernon, just sign the papers," Petunia pleaded, not wanting to lose all that money.

"Fine," Vernon snarled. Slamming the papers down on the table, he quickly signed them, glaring at Harry the entire time.

"You were right," Clint chuckled. "Pepper can take care of herself."

Bruce helped Harry to his feet and steered him away from his uncle. "She has had years of handling Tony, there isn't anything she can't handle."

***HP

Bruce watched as Pepper escorted the trio out of his office, eyes bleeding green. He didn't know what that man wanted with Harry, but he was positive that it wasn't going to be good. He didn't like the way Vernon looked at the boy, the other guy especially didn't like it.

"Hey kid, are you alright?" Clint asked concerned with how pale and shaky looking Harry was.

Harry collapsed back in Bruce's chair, legs too shaky to keep him on his feet. "I-I can't believe that it's true. I thought unc...Vernon was making it up. I was afraid to get my hopes up. Every year I begged the headmaster at my school to not make me return there, and every year he brushed me off saying that they were my family and that they loved me." Harry snorted. "Love, like that sick bastard
would know anything about love."

Bruce grabbed the arms of his chair and knelt in front of Harry. He was growing concerned, it looked like the boy was close to going into shock. "Harry, look at me," he softly demanded.

It took a minute for Harry to focus his eyes, but when he did he was surprised to find Bruce in front of him looking worried. "It's honestly true, you're not playing games are you?" Harry tried to stop the tears, but he couldn't. For as far back as he could remember he wished that he had a dad that would take him away and protect him from his uncle. Every birthday and every Christmas he wished for a family, someone to love him.

Bruce grabbed Harry's left hand not liking how cold it was. "Clint, in my closet is a blanket, can you please get it for me?" It only took a second for Clint to get the blanket and drape it across the trembling boy's shoulders.

"I know it's a lot to take in, Harry, but it's true. Tony Stark is your father and you never have to see those horrible relatives of yours again." Bruce explained softly, scared that if he talked too loud or moved to fast that he would startle the boy. "Tony has never had to be responsible for anyone so it's going to take the both of you time to get use to each other. Tony has never been a dad and you have never had a dad. I don't doubt for one second though that Tony won't want or love you."

Harry numbly nodded his head. His life had just changed drastically and it made him feel sick to his stomach. Everything now was going to be new and unknown, with the Dursley's he knew what he had to do and what to expect. He was thrilled to have to never return them, but the unknown terrified him.

"Harry, before I take you upstairs to the family floor, I need to know if you're hurt anywhere else." Bruce asked paying close attention to Harry's actions. He knew that Harry wouldn't tell the truth and he didn't want to frighten him by demanding to allow him to do a physical.

Harry shook his head no. "M'fine, was just my arm," he said hating that he was lying. His back may be ripped to shreds, but it wasn't anything that he couldn't handle. His uncle had been belting him since he was four. He was just relieved that it was a belt this time and not one of Vernon's speciality whips.

"And your face and neck," Clint added frowning at the small boy. "Harry, if you're hurt we need to know. We just want to help you."

Again Harry shook his head no. "Really, I'm fine." Technically he wasn't lying, he was fine, he could handle the pain just fine.

Bruce sighed, he wasn't expecting to get the truth from Harry. He was just going to have to keep a close eye on him. "Alright, Harry, if you follow us we will take you upstairs to where the family floors are."

"Floors?" Harry asked curiously. Unsteadily he got to his feet, grinning when Clint gave him a hand.

Bruce chuckled. "As you can tell, Stark Tower is pretty huge. Tony has set aside a few floors for those that live here and we all share a kitchen, dining and living room."

"How many people live here?" Harry asked trying to hide the fear in his voice. He was always nervous meeting new people, never knowing what they wanted from him.

"Well, there's Tony obviously, Pepper, myself and Clint, Natasha is working in the field for a few days so it will be a while before you meet her, Steve is training some new recruits but he will be here
later tonight, and Thor, but he lives pretty far away and only stops in from time to time." Bruce explained.

"Are you all related?"

"No, but we all kinda work together. Tony opened Stark Tower after the invasion to all of us, it's kind of like our headquarters." Clint said.

"Headquarters, for what?" Harry asked. They were once again entering the elevator headed to the main family floor.

Bruce looked at Harry strangely. "You really don't know anything about Tony, do you?" When Harry shook his head no, he asked, "Have you ever heard the the Avengers?"

"No, sorry," Harry answered.

"Damn kid, have you been living in a cave somewhere?" Clint gasped. "What about the alien attack on New York, you had to have heard about that?"

"Sorry, my boarding school really isn't big on technology. We have no tv's or radios, actually we have nothing that uses electricity."

"What the fu...

Bruce slapped Clint on the back of the head before he could finish his sentence. "Don't tell Tony about that, he would have an aneurism. Technology, engineering, it's his passion...his life." Bruce shook his head, what the hell kind of school would not allow electricity?

"Tell you what kid, after you get settled in I will show you news footage of Tony, the Avengers and the alien invasion, it will be a lot easier then trying to explain it." Clint offered.

Harry wanted to hear more about the aliens, but he didn't know these men well enough to ask questions.

***HP

Harry tried not to stand there gaping like an idiot, but the place was amazing. He was surround by floor to ceiling windows that showed a breathtaking view of the city. He wasn't sure how high up he was, but he felt like he was on top of the world. Spinning around in circles taking in the view he noticed that he was up higher than any other building that he could see.

"Hope you're not afraid of heights, kid," Clint joked.

"This is incredible," Harry said in awe. Finally focusing on the inside instead of the outside he noticed that the room was lavishly furnished. There was numerous couches and chairs all made from fine expensive leather, and an eighty inch tv that took up most of one wall. On the other side of the room was a large fully stocked bar, pool table and the older style video games and pinball machines.

Bruce smiled at the boy, he felt the same way the first time he saw the room. He had spent so much time hiding out in foreign countries living in tents and such that he forgot what it was like to be surrounded by riches. "This is kind of our main hang out room. I think Tony has every movie ever produced here and you can get every tv channel, even those in foreign languages. The remote is a bit complicated to use so we just ask Jarvis to put on whatever we want to watch. Other than cook, there
isn't anything that Jarvis can't do."

"That's not true, sir," a voice announced out of nowhere. "While I can't physically cook for you, I can order anything that you may like from take out restaurants. Just ask and I can have it here in thirty minutes."

"That's insane," Harry gasped. "So Jarvis can hear you anywhere at anytime? How is that even possible? He's a machine yet he sounds human."

"Like I said, Tony is a genius." Bruce chuckled. "I take it since your school is electronically challenged that you do share your father's love for engineering?"

It took a second for Harry to process Bruce calling Tony his father. The DNA test may have proved that it was true, but he still had a hard time truly believing it. "Honestly, I don't know the first thing about electronics, I wasn't even allowed to touch the tv at home."

Bruce and Clint exchanged looks over Harry's head. "Harry, we need to talk about your home life."

"No we don't," Harry quickly said panic in his voice. He never wanted to think about his life there again. The Dursley's were now gone and he would never have to see them again. Even Dumbledore couldn't send him back there, he was no longer related to Petunia so the bloods wards would no longer work. He chuckled to himself when it dawned him that there was never blood wards and the high and mighty Albus Dumbledore never noticed. Since forcing him to compete in the Tri Wizard Tournament, he had lost his faith and respect for the old man. He had researched after the first task and he had found more than one way that he could have been excused from participating in the tournament. He knew that Dumbledore had to have known about it, and yet he still forced him to compete.

"Harry, we just want to help you," Bruce said calmly. Harry looked like a skittish rabbit that was about to bolt any second.

"Look, they didn't like me and I accepted that when I was little. There isn't much to say about my life there and I just want to move on." Harry winced when pain shot up his arm. Just because it was now set properly didn't mean that it didn't hurt like a bitch.

"Damn, let me get you something for the pain." Bruce took off for Tony's bathroom knowing that he would have some kind of pain killers in his medicine cabinet. He desperately wanted to get the truth from Harry, but not at the cost of losing the boy's trust. He also wanted Harry to feel comfortable in his new home and if he was constantly hounding him then that would never happen.

Clint motioned to the couch in front of the tv. "Why don't you take a seat, you're looking a little pale. Even though it's still early, you have been through a lot and you look like you're close to passing out."

Harry looked nervously at the couch. He had it beat into him that he was not worthy enough to sit on furniture, and the furniture here was much, much nicer than at the Dursley's. Even when visiting the Burrow he preferred to stand or sit on the floor. He didn't know what to do, Bruce and Clint were already suspicious of his home life, and it was true he was close to passing out.

Clint watched as the boy looked at the furniture like it was going to attack him. It was just a leather couch, why was he scared of a simple couch?

"Go ahead and take a seat, I will have Jarvis start up the clips on Tony." Clint tried again.
Harry slowly shuffled toward the couch, but at the last second he slid to the floor instead of the couch. Carefully, he rested his throbbing back against the cool leather praying that he was no longer bleeding. The coolness from the leather felt great on his back, his uncle had whipped him a few different times last night and his back felt like it was fire.

Clint frowned at Harry, confused by his actions. "Kid, you can sit on the couch you know."

"This is more comfortable," Harry said hiding his face behind his long hair. "Really, I like sitting on the floor."

Clint stared at the kid for a few more minutes then sighed. "As long as your comfortable then it's ok I guess. I myself feel more comfortable in high places," he pointed to a small hammock that was strung high up in the corner of the room. "Guess we all have our own weird quirks."

Bruce came walking into the room, but froze in his steps. Raising his eyebrow in Harry's direction, he looked over at Clint silently questioning him. Clint just shrugged his shoulders and shook his head no. Sighing, Bruce walked up to Harry and placed a can of coke and a pill on the coffee table in front of him. "This pill is pretty strong and it will probably knock you on your ass, but it will also kill the pain for a few hours."

Harry smiled gratefully and swallowed the pill without even asking what it was. He was in so much pain that he would probably take a potion from Voldemort himself if the snake face bastard told him it would take away the pain he was suffering.

"Jarvis, run the documentary that was done on Tony please," Clint asked, taking a seat on the same couch that Harry was leaning against. He didn't miss how the boy tensed and subtly scooted away from him.

Bruce also didn't miss how Harry shied away from human contact. The boy tried to hide it, but since he was already suspicious about his abusive past, he didn't miss anything.

Harry tried to stay awake as he learned about his father, but his body was finally giving in. He had just learned that his father was a child prodigy that was the youngest to graduate from MIT, when he finally lost the battle. As he was drifting off to sleep he couldn't help but worry that his father was going to hate him because he was stupid. He wasn't a child genius like Tony and he always had below average grades. When he first started school he loved it and brought home high grades, until his uncle Vernon showed him why it wasn't wise to place above Dudley. Since Dudley was the dumbest in the class, he actually had to work hard at being dumber than him.

Clint clicked off the tv and turned to Bruce. They hadn't even been watching for fifteen minutes when the kid crashed. "What do we do with him?"

"Pepper should be up here any minute to get a room ready for him, but for now I will settle him on the couch. Why was he on the floor anyway?"

"The kid looked like the couch was going to attack him when I told him he could sit on it. I don't know, Bruce, but I think this kid has been badly abused."

Bruce tried to hide the growl in his voice, but he failed. "I agree and he's hiding something. Did you see how he panicked when I asked him to take off his shirt? He's in pain Clint and it's not from his broken arm."

"Never in my life have I ever dealt with such horrible people," Pepper moaned walking into the room. When she saw that Harry was sleeping she lowered her voice. "A half a million dollars and..."
not a penny less is what they demanded for custody of the boy. That man said that if I didn't pay then there was others out there that would gladly buy a pretty young boy."

Clint lunged to his feet and started pacing the room. "You don't think he meant..."

"That's exactly what he meant," Bruce growled between clenched teeth. He wished now that he would have let the other guy teach him a lesson. "You could see how much they hated him, I bet it was killing them knowing that Harry was going to place where he was going to be treated right and get a family. If wasn't for the money, they would have sold him to some pimp and never thought about him again."

Pepper was looking at Harry thoughtfully. "He looks so much like Tony, it's kind of scary. The second I walked into the lab and saw him sitting there I knew immediately that he was Tony's son. How bad do you think the abuse was?"

Bruce closed his eyes and took a few deep breaths. "Harry is very skittish, he doesn't make eye contact, he flinched each time his uncle moved, he's skinnier than an anorexic supermodel, and after hearing that comment about selling him for prostitution...I think we are dealing with a severe case of starvation, physical and verbal abuse and a pray to god not sexual abuse."

Pepper fell into a chair looking pale and sick. "Tony is going to flip when he finds out. He may not have known Harry before this, but he's his son, Tony is going to kill them."

"I'll help him," Clint snapped. "That man was such an arrogant pig, and then to demand alone time with Harry before he left, I'm positive that Harry would have walked away with a few new bruises."

"He is very pretty for a boy." Bruce commented studying the sleeping boy. "With his hair that long, his soft features and small size, he could easily pass as a girl."

"Did you see his eyes?" Pepper asked. "I have never seen eyes that color. If that man would have sold him to a pimp... I just can't think about what would have happened to Harry." Pepper wiped at her eyes, she was never one to show weakness, but the thought of Tony's son being used as a sex toy greatly upset her.

Bruce stood up and quietly approached the sleeping boy. He had a feeling that Harry was a light sleeper, but he was hoping that the pain meds he gave him would keep him out for a few hours. As gently as he could he lifted the boy and settled him on the couch. Taking the blanket, he tucked him in and brushed the loose raven hair from his face. The boy really was extremely pretty.

"Did you call Tony?" Bruce asked turning around and retaking his seat across from Harry. For some reason he felt like he needed to watch over the boy as he slept.

"No," pepper chuckled. "I don't think finding out that you are all of a sudden a father of a teenage boy is news you should get over the phone. I will catch Tony as soon as he gets home and tell him in person."

Bruce nodded his head, Tony didn't need a shock like that while at the conference. "I think we need to have a meeting with everyone to discuss how to handle Harry. Harry is very insecure and scared, we need to do everything we can to make him feel at home. I also suspect that he is hurt and hiding it, so we all need to keep an eye on him."

"That's a good idea, I will send a text to Steve and let him know we have to talk. There isn't much we can do about Natasha and Thor until they show up." Pepper got to her feet. "I will place Harry in the room across from Tony's. Let him sleep here for now and when he wakes we will show him his
new room."

"If you don't need me, I'm going up to the training room. I need to do something to keep me from tracking that bastard down and putting an arrow between his eyes," Clint snarled heading for the elevator.

"Jarvis, lower the lights please," Bruce asked. "I'm going to stay here and keep watch over Harry. He is going to wake scared and disoriented and I don't won't him to be alone."

***HP
Chapter 2

I do not own Harry Potter or Avengers.

OMG, I am totally blown away at the amount of reviews I got on the first chapter. I'm so glad that everyone is interested in this fic and want me to continue. THANK YOU SOOO MUCH.

OK, so I plan to pair Harry up with one of the Avengers later in the fic, but I keep changing my mind on who. Right now I'm leaning towards Bruce because I think he has the compassion to deal with someone as traumatized as Harry. At first I was thinking Loki because of the magic, but I think he is more than what Harry can handle. I was thinking Steve, but there is already a good Harry/Steve fic going on, but he is another that would be able to help Harry. I'm confused, so please review and let me know who you think I should pair Harry with.

***HP

Steve stood in the room staring between Bruce sitting up asleep in the chair, and an unknown child sleeping on the couch. He didn't hear anything about kids visiting so the situation had him slightly confused. The child looked familiar, but he was certain that he had never met him before. Deciding to get a closer look at the kid, he silently approached the couch.

Sensing someone approaching Harry, Bruce lunged to his feet and got between Harry and the unknown person. He was still mostly asleep so he hadn't had a chance to register who it was.

"Easy Bruce, I mean no harm to the child," Steve reassured, sensing that the other guy was close to the surface. "He looked familiar so I was just getting a closer look."

Bruce blinked the sleep from his eyes feeling slightly disoriented. He wasn't sure how he got from the chair to between Harry and Steve, it was like an alarm triggered and he was consumed with the need to protect the small boy.

"Sorry, Steve, I don't know what came over me," Bruce yawned. Turning his attention to Harry, he critically looked him over. Harry was still sleeping, but by the way his eyes were moving under his eyelids he could tell that he was dreaming.

"Believe it or not, this is Tony Stark's son." Bruce grinned as total shock washed over the Captain's face.

"Since when did Stark get a son?" Steve asked incredulously. Looking at the boy closer, he could see now why he looked so familiar. The boy did look incredibly like Stark, except where Stark had a rugged handsomeness to him, the boy was delicate and feminine looking...pretty even.

"Since his abusive uncle brought him by earlier today and sold him for a half a million dollars." Bruce growled. The more he thought about it, the angrier he got. He didn't mean to fall asleep while watching Harry, but he enjoyed his dreams immensely. He dreamt about torturing the fat bastard until he found out what he did to the boy to cause him to be so skittish and fearful of human touch. After he got the information, he allowed the Hulk to come out and smash the bastard until he was nothing more than a slimy puddle on the floor.

Steve's eyes zeroed in on the cast and the bruise covering most of the boy's face. "Does Tony know he has a son, and do we have bail money for when he kills the man?" If it was his son, he would make the man pay for laying a hand on his child.
"No, and yes," Bruce chuckled. "Pepper didn't want to drop the bomb on him over the phone so she will tell him when he returns. As for bail, I will help Tony hide the body so no bail will be needed."

Steve raised his eyebrows, surprised at the fierceness in Bruce's voice.

"You didn't meet them, Steve, they were truly horrific. That bastard of an uncle even threatened Pepper with selling the boy into child prostitution."

You could see the bulge in Steve's jaws as he clenched his teeth in anger. "How old is the boy?" If he had to guess, which was hard because the boy was so small, he would say he was ten, twelve at the most.

Bruce stuttered for a moment, then turned to look at Harry. "You know, I never asked him his age. I know that he had been living with his aunt and uncle since he was fifteen months old, but I don't know how long ago that was."

"He doesn't look much older than ten," Steve said thoughtfully.

Bruce thought back to how Harry acted earlier. "No, he's older than ten, I'm almost certain."

Bruce and Steve looked to Harry when they heard him start to softly whimper. Every few minutes his body would jerk and a fine sheen of sweat was appearing on his forehead.

"Looks like the boy is having a nightmare," Steve whispered.

"Harry, his name is Harry Potter," Bruce watched as Harry's twitching became stronger and his whimpering louder. He didn't know if he should wake him or wait to see if he came out of the nightmare himself.

"No... uncle...please!"

Bruce slowly approached Harry and knelt down on the floor.

"M'sorry, uncle...please don't make me."

"Should we wake him?" Steve asked, he didn't like seeing the fear and pain on the boy's face.

"Hurts, please stop."

"Harry," Bruce softly whispered not wanting to scare the boy.

"No, please." Harry started to thrash about on the couch crying out as if he was in pain.

"Wake him, Bruce," Steve urged, trying not to panic.

"Harry, Harry wake up," Bruce tried again. When that didn't work, he reached out and gently shook him. Harry's reaction was so sudden that it sent Bruce tumbling backwards and into the coffee table. The second that his hand made contact with Harry's side, the boy let out a blood curdling scream and flew off the couch and ran to the far side of the room and hid in the corner crying.

Steve helped Bruce up then they slowly approached the trembling child. He had never seen anyone go from a dead sleep to up and in flight in less then a second. He could tell by the eyes that Harry wasn't fully awake and aware of his surroundings.

"Please, no more." Harry pleaded as his uncle advanced on him. He was in so much pain and there was no way that he could take another beating from the man.
Bruce grabbed Steve by the arm stopping him. "Don't touch him, he doesn't know where he's at."

Bruce slowly approached Harry. "You're safe, Harry, no one will hurt you here. It's me Bruce, I ran the paternity test that proved that you are Tony Stark's son.

Harry rested his head in the wall now recognizing Bruce. "S-Sorry, I guess I just had a bad nightmare."

"Harry, that wasn't just a bad nightmare." Bruce said softly. "You were begging to your uncle, you said it hurt."

Harry pushed away from the wall and shoved his trembling left hand into his pocket to hide it. "You... You must have misunderstood me." Harry went to walk around Bruce, but froze when he saw that there was another man in the room. Feeling safe with Bruce, he took a step closer to him.

Steve gave the kid a soft smile, noticing how he was looking at him in fear. He had been training new recruits for the past eight hours so his hair was a mess, his clothes were wrinkly and he was sweaty. Combine that with his size, and he was sure he looked intimidating to the small boy.

" Harry," Bruce frowned when the boy jumped. "I would like you to meet Captain Steve Rogers, he's the leader of our band of misfits." Bruce turned to Steve. "Steve, this is Harry Potter, Tony's son."

"Hello, Harry, it's a pleasure to meet you," Steve held out his hand giving Harry a warm smile. Harry took two steps back looking fearfully at the large hand. Steve was a very big man and his hand matched the size of the rest of him. A blow from that hand would surely knock him out cold for hours. Hagrid by far had the largest hands he had ever seen, and while they frightened him, at school he had a part to play and a mask to wear. He couldn't let the wizarding world see how weak and scared he was, they would eat him alive if he did. He had been wearing his golden boy mask for them since he was 11, and he couldn't continue to wear it any longer. He was tired physically, mentally and magically. He was what his uncle made him, weak, scared and broken.

Steve slowly pulled his hand back looking at the small boy in concern. "Well, I guess you can't really shake my hand with that cast on, can you?

Harry took a shaky breath. "Sorry, guess I'm just not fully awake yet. The last twenty four hours have been a bit crazy."

"That's understandable, Harry, you are in a strange place with strange people, you're bound to feel insecure and scared." Steve could feel for the boy, he himself had woken seventy years in the future, he could easily imagine how the boy was feeling.

"Are you hungry Harry?" Steve asked. "It's my night to make dinner and I plan to whip something up after I get cleaned up."

"Don't answer him, kid," Clint yelled swinging from his perch. He had come in right before Harry had violently came out of his nightmare. He didn't want to frighten the boy so he decided to watch from his perch. "Cap is a horrible cook, and since we are supposed to be super hero's, I thought I should warn you."

"Hey!" Steve yelled to the archer, not missing how Harry jumped. "I'll have you know, my food hasn't killed or made anyone sick."

"Yet," Bruce mumbled.
"What was that?" Steve asked, playfully glaring at Bruce.

Bruce held up his hands. "Nothing, I was just thinking that maybe we could do away with your weekly baked beans and hot dogs tonight. It's Harry's first night in the tower after all and..."

"We don't want him to think that we're trying to poison him," Clint called down laughing.

Steve looked at Harry sheepishly. "They're right, beans and hot dogs is all I know how to cook, and their awful."

Harry gave Steve a small smile. "No, it's alright, I'm not hungry anyway."

"You may not be hungry, Harry, but you need to eat something. I don't need a scale to tell me that you're dangerously underweight, and you can't take anymore pain pills on an empty stomach."

Harry looked at Bruce, confused that he seemed to care. The man had just met him, why did he care if he ate or not. "I don't want to put anyone out, I can fix myself something up." If he was allowed, he thought to himself.

"I'll be the first to admit that our cooking sucks. Pepper is the only decent cook out of all of us and she is in a meeting tonight." Bruce said thoughtfully. "Since it's just the four of us, how about I order us some pizza?"

Breathing started to become hard for Harry, he didn't realize that he was alone with three strange men. Three very large and strong men.

"Movies and pizza sounds like the perfect guys night," Clint said swinging down from his perch. Harry looked like he was going to bolt, he obviously wasn't comfortable around the three of them.

"How about it Harry, pizza and movies sound good to you?" Bruce asked.

The last thing that Harry wanted was pizza and movies, but he didn't want to piss these men off. Bruce may have made him feel safe, but that didn't mean that he wouldn't hurt him if he didn't get what he wanted. He also didn't miss the knife that Clint kept on him or the bulging muscles under Steve's tight shirt. No, he did not want to get on their bad side.

"Yeah, sure." Harry answered, voice barely above a whisper.

Bruce sighed, he knew that Harry was just saying yes because he was scared. "Excellent, what do you like on your pizza?" For now they were just going to have to do their best to prove that they were the good guys and wouldn't harm him.

"I-I don't really know, I-I have never had pizza before?"

"Do you mean to tell me that your family never allowed you to eat the pizza they ordered for your fat ass cousin?" Clint snarled.

Harry shook his head. "No, I-I was just never home when they ordered pizza. They would have given me some," Harry lied. The truth was, the Dursley's ordered pizza at least once a week, but he was never allowed any. He looked forward to and dreaded pizza night all at the same time. He looked forward to it because it meant that he got a break from cooking that night. He dreaded it because the pizza looked and smelled amazing. He was forced to get the pizza then dish it out to his family, but he was never allowed to try any. He would have to watch as his uncle and cousin pigged out as his stomach grumbled loudly and ached painfully. Even if there was pizza left over, which very seldom happened, he was not allowed any.
The three men didn't believe Harry for a second. Steve didn't know all the details, but he could plainly see that the boy had been starved.

"Jarvis, could you order us two large extra cheese pizza's, 3 large meat lovers pizza's, one Hawaiian pizza, three orders of mozzarella sticks and the house salad from Tony's favorite place?" Bruce ordered the salad figuring Harry could use some vegetables. Pizza wasn't all that good for you but right now he just wanted to make Harry comfortable and get some food into him. It was true, they all totally sucked at cooking and Harry didn't look up to going out to a nice restaurant.

"The order has been placed, sir, I will inform you when it arrives," Jarvis announced.

Bruce smiled at Harry. "Why don't I show you to your room why we wait for the pizza?"

"Why you do that, I'm going to get a shower." Steve turned for the elevator.

***HP

Harry stood there in shock. The room that Bruce took him to was bigger then the entire bottom floor of the Dursley's home. One wall was nothing but glass showcasing an amazing view of the city. There was a king sized bed in the middle of the room, small table and chair against one wall, a large flat screen tv, black leather couch, dresser, walk in closet that was bigger than Dudley's room and a private bathroom.

"I c-can't stay here, it's too much." Harry stuttered. He was use to small spaces, and this was so big that it was scary.

Bruce placed Harry's trunk at the foot of his bed. It was sad that everything the boy owned fit into a small school trunk. "Sorry, all the rooms are this big. Tony has a lot of money and he likes to show off. I will leave you so you can get settled. Is there anything you need before I go?" At seeing Harry shake his head, he walked to the door. "This is your room now, Harry, and you can decorate it however you want. If there is anything you need to buy, just let myself or Pepper know and we can take you shopping." Bruce held up his hand before Harry could say anything. "Harry, you're Tony Stark's son, money will never be an issue. If I know Pepper, she already has a credit card with you name on it."

"I don't need a credit card, Tony doesn't have to waste his money on me." Harry could feel himself start to panic again. He had never been given anything for free, there was always a price to pay. He remembered the time when he was eight and his uncle had bought him a nice new outfit and told him he was going to take him out to dinner. He was so excited and he thought for sure that he had finally earned his uncle's love. His uncle had said that it was because he had been good boy and it was his birthday, but the dinner was at his bosses house and it wasn't his birthday they were celebrating. Vernon had found out about his bosses sick fantasy of being with a young boy. The next day his uncle came home bragging because he had gotten the promotion that he had wanted. Harry was positive that it wasn't his uncle's job performance that had gotten him the promotion, but his performance in his bosses bed. That was the first time that his uncle had given him to another man, but it wasn't the last.

"Hey, easy there, Harry," Bruce said, walking back towards the distressed boy. Harry had gone alarmingly pale and his entire body was trembling. He wasn't sure, but it looked like he was having a flashback.

Harry rapidly blinked his eyes and focused back on Bruce. "I-I really don't need anything and I especially don't need a room this big."
Bruce wanted to take the scared boy into his arms and comfort him, but he knew that his touch wouldn't be welcome. "Harry, I know that you have been hurt bad. Please believe me when I say that no one here will ever hurt you or make you do something that you don't want to do. Tony will also never expect for you to pay him back for whatever you buy. You are his son and it's his responsibility to look after you and supply you with the necessities."

"I haven't been hurt," Harry said, voice barely above a whisper.

Bruce sighed. "Harry, I won't force you to spill your secrets, but I'm here if you ever need to talk. Now, this is your room so get use to it," he chuckled. "Oh and if you decide to take a bath or shower, try not to get your cast wet. A bath may be a lot easier with that." Bruce turned and left, closing Harry's bedroom door behind him. They had their work cut out for them, it was going to take a while to earn Harry's trust. As much as he didn't want to think about it, he had a feeling that Harry's abuse went beyond name calling and beatings. For now though he was going to keep his suspicions to himself, unless his opinion was asked on the matter.

Harry walked to his trunk and took a seat on it. Looking around at the large room, he felt so alone. He had always been alone, but being in this large space made it more so. He never liked his small cupboard or bedroom, but he felt more claustrophobic in this large room. Getting up, he dug through his trunk and pulled out a pair of Dudley's oversized sweat pants and a t-shirt that was so big that it came down to his knees. He was embarrassed to be seen in such rags, but it was all he had.

The bathroom was like the rest of everything he has seen at Stark Tower, expensive and over the top. The jetted bathtub could almost rival the prefects bathroom in size. Next to the bathtub was a shower stall that had multiple shower heads and a built in seat. The mirror took up one entire wall and the sink was so big that he could sit in it. Opening up a closet door, he found a pile of fluffy white towels and washcloths. He was also relieved to find soap, shampoo and conditioner and toothbrush and tooth paste. Grabbing what he needed, he turned to the tub and started filling it with cool water. He would have preferred a hot bath, but he knew that the heat would only irritate his lash marks.

Pulling on the hem of his shirt, he cried out in pain from where the shirt had stuck to the lacerations and pulled off the scarabs. He tried three more times to remove the shirt that was stuck to his back before he finally gave up. He would just have to get in the tub with it on and hope that he could work it off with the help of the soap and water.

It took some work, gently tugging and pulling, but Harry was finally able to remove his shirt. He cringed when he noticed that his bath water had turned pink from the blood. He didn't spend long in the tub, afraid that one of the guys would come looking for him. Getting out, he drained the pink water and wrapped one of the large towels around himself. While in the tub, he had washed his bloody shirt then hung it off the side of the tub. It wasn't easy bathing with one hand, but after all the times his uncle had broken one of his arms, he was use to it.

When Harry removed the towel, he almost died when he saw all the blood standing out brightly on the white Egyptian cotton. He could scrub that towel for hours and there was no way all that blood was going to come out. As quick as he could, he sprinted into his bedroom and shoved the towel into the bottom of his trunk. Why couldn't his towels have been red?

With his back throbbing, Harry made his way back to the bathroom to get dressed. He cringed when he caught a glimpse of his back in the mirror. His welts were flaming red and angry looking, a few even looked like they were getting infected. There wasn't an inch of skin on his back that wasn't welted, torn or red, and under all that damage was years worth of old scars.

"Young sir, DR. Banner asked me to tell you that the pizza is here and they are waiting for you."
Harry jumped, slamming his hand over his pounding heart. He didn't think he would ever get use to a voice coming out of nowhere. He wondered if Jarvis could actually see what he was doing. "Tell him I'm coming, please." Harry looked around the room nervously, looking to see if he could find any hidden cameras or something.

Harry quickly dressed, praying that his back had stopped bleeding. Trying not to fret over his outfit, he left his room and headed for the living room.

***HP***

Bruce looked up from where he was setting the food out on the coffee table and froze. The other guy started clawing to get out when he saw the atrocious clothes that Harry was wearing. It was obvious that Harry was wearing his fat cousin's discarded clothes, and he could tell by Harry's posture that he was mortified. Checking his anger, he motioned for the boy to join him.

Harry shyly approached Bruce, eyes lowered to his feet. He knew he looked ridiculous in his cousins clothes, but there was nothing he could do about it. At the Burrow he didn't care about his clothes, all the boys had passed down their clothes to one another so receiving handy downs was never a big deal. At school he had his school uniform and long robes, but here he was surrounded by riches and everything was top of the line.

"Help yourself, Harry." Bruce said handing him a plate. "But I would grab everything you want now," he warned. "We have big appetites around here, especially Cap."

Nodding his head, Harry took the plate and placed a small slice of cheese pizza on it and a little bit of salad. Looking around, he retook his previous seat on the floor.

Bruce frowned at the boy's plate, Harry had hardly taken anything. Grabbing another plate, he added a slice of the meat lovers, a slice of Hawaiian and five mozzarella sticks. Placing the plate in front of Harry, he gave him a look that clearly said...don't argue.

"So, Harry, I never asked how old you were." Bruce took a seat on the floor too, opposite of Harry.

Harry was looking at the piece of cheesy hot gooyness on his plate, not believing that he was actually going to get to eat a slice. "Fourteen, but I have a birthday coming up," he answered, then before Bruce could ask him another question, he bit into his pizza.

Harry couldn't have stopped the moan even if he wanted to...which he didn't. Pizza was everything and more than what he thought it would be. He could see now why his cousin always cried for pizza, it was bloody fantastic.

Despite Bruce chuckling at Harry's antics, on the inside he was seething. Harry was a fourteen year old boy that had never tried pizza before despite his family buying it frequently. If something as simple as pizza had been denied to him, what else had Harry missed out on? He was also having a hard time believing that Harry was fourteen, he was too small for a fourteen year old. Obviously Harry had been denied food and it resulted in his stunted growth. He didn't know how tall Harry's mother was, but Tony was 6'1, at fourteen, Harry should be taller then his current 5'3.

"I see the newest member of our family likes pizza," Steve observed as he entered the room. He was freshly showered and was wearing sleep pants with a comfy t-shirt. He wouldn't have normally walked around in sleep wear, but he was tired and surrounded by people that he considered something like family.

Clint joined their group and between the three adults the pizza's was almost gone in an instant. Harry
was thankful that Bruce gave him those extra slices even though he didn't think he would be able to eat them right now. Hopefully he could sneak them in his room without anyone noticing.

"So kid, what would you like to watch?" Clint asked, almost stuffing an entire slice of meat lovers pizza into his mouth.

Harry looked down, picking at the crust of his first slice of pizza. He was almost finished with it, but he was already feeling full. Being starved since he was fifteen months old left him with a small stomach and inability to eat a lot. There were times that he was so hungry that he stuffed himself past the point he should have stopped, but it always ended with him in the bathroom on his knees puking everything back into the toilet. He had spent the first two weeks of his first year at Hogwarts getting sick after every meal because he couldn't stop eating. He had never seen so much food before and he felt like he had to stuff himself before someone told him that everything was a joke and he was getting sent back to the Dursley's. Over the years he learned to eat just a little and stop before he felt full and his stomach bloated.

"It doesn't really matter to me what we watch," Harry answered softly, never looking up from his pizza.

"Well, what was the last movie that you saw?" Clint tried again. He was trying to get Harry to talk more and not just when one of them asked him a question. He didn't have much experience with kids, but he thought teenagers talked a lot and ate their parents out of house. He himself was on his fifth slice of pizza while Harry was still on his first.

Harry just shrugged his shoulders and nibbled on the end of his pizza. The pizza was delicious and he was tempted to keep eating, but his stomach was already getting that bloated feel.

Clint frowned at the small boy. "Harry, have you ever seen a movie?"

Harry had never been allowed to watch tv and the Dursley's either left him locked in his cupboard at home when they went to the movies, or left him out in the car. Uncle Vernon thought it was funny knowing that his freak nephew was trapped in the car for hours in the elements while they were enjoying a movie and snacks.

Not wanting these men to know that he had never watched a movie before, he asked. "Can I please just finish what I was watching earlier?"

"That's a good idea," Bruce said. "Maybe learning more about us will help you feel more comfortable here. Jarvis, please resume the documentary about Tony."

To say that Harry was stunned after watching everything would have been an understatement. He not only watched the documentary about his father, but also one on Captain America then various news clips about the Avengers and the alien invasion.

Bruce chuckled at the shocked look on Harry's face. "Do you have any questions?" he asked. He was concerned that after Harry found out that he could turn into a large green monster that he would run off screaming.

Harry numbly nodded his head. "Only about a million." Harry looked up at Bruce. "Was all that true? Does Tony really have that flying suite, and do you really turn into that green guy?" Before Bruce could answer, Harry said. "That's why your eyes turned green earlier when you were mad at my uncle. It's just like when Remus..." Harry quickly stopped talking, he almost mentioned Remus and werewolf.
Steve noticed how Bruce shifted uncomfortably on the floor. He didn't know why him and Harry were sitting on the floor when there was comfortable chairs to be sitting in, but he wasn't going to question it. "Everything was true, Harry, so now you see, you are safe here with us."

Bruce got up, stretching. "Harry, if you're not comfortable with me living here, I can move out."

Harry looked at Bruce, confused. "Why, I don't understand?"

"Harry, you see what I am, what I turn into when I'm angry."

Bruce tried to hide the pain in his eyes, but Harry didn't miss it. Bruce reminded him of Remus and how he was ashamed of Moony. "I'm not scared of you." Ok, so that wasn't completely true, he was scared of Bruce, but not because he turned into the green monster. He was scared of Bruce because he was a man, and he learned young that men liked to hurt those weaker than them. "You can't help what you are and you shouldn't fight it. The way I see it, the Hulk saved hundreds of people, he didn't go on a mindless killing spree."

"But I can't control..." Bruce started, but Harry interrupted him.

"Maybe if you didn't fight the Hulk all the time, you would have more control when you turn. The way I see it, the Hulk is only trying to protect you.

Bruce couldn't believe what he was hearing, even Fury was scared of the other guy. Fury had even built a containment unit to hold him when he turned. "Harry, you don't understand, I'm a monster."

Harry snorted. "I know monsters, and so far you are nothing like them." Harry gingerly got to his feet, he was stiff from sitting on the floor for so long and his back was aching worse then ever. He was scared that his lashes were getting infected and he didn't know how he was going to get any antibiotic cream to put on them. "If it's all right with you, I would like to go to bed?"

Bruce nodded his head, he was still processing everything that Harry had just said. By the looks on Clint and Steve's face, they were doing the same thing. Digging in his pocket, he pulled out a little packet with a pill in it. "Here, for your pain," he said handing it to Harry.

Harry thanked him and swallowed the pill. He wished that muggle pain pills worked as fast as pain relieving potions, but at least he knew he had some relief coming.

Bruce saw how Harry was looking longingly at his left over pizza. He was upset that Harry only ate one slice of pizza and his salad, but he wasn't going to say anything. "Harry, I will put your pizza in the fridge. If you get hungry tonight, just ask Jarvis and he will direct you to the kitchen. He can also help you with using the appliances if you don't know how."

Harry nodded his head trying not to laugh. He had been cooking for the Dursley's since before he could even properly reach the stove. "Thank you," he said, giving Bruce a small smile.

"We normally eat breakfast around seven, and like dinner, we take turns cooking." Bruce grimaced. "Tomorrow is my morning to cook."

Harry looked around when he heard Steve and Clint groan. Steve actually looked like he was turning a bit green.

"I don't think my stomach could take another batch of your homemade oatmeal," Steve moaned, placing a hand on his stomach and rubbing it.

Bruce nodded his head. "I don't think my stomach could handle it either. I promise that I will make
something good tomorrow."

Harry didn't miss how Steve and Clint exchanged fearful looks.

***HP

Harry tossed and turned all night unable to sleep. His back felt like someone was taking a flame to it, and there wasn’t a position he could find that was comfortable. He was also scared in such a big room, and there was no way he could sleep in such a massive plush bed. His thoughts also kept wandering back to the third task and the death of Cedric. Him and Cedric had built up a friendship last year and he even started to get a crush on the older Hufflepuff. It terrified him at first, the feelings he felt for Cedric. He had been getting raped by men since he was a small boy, how could he actually have feelings for a guy? A relationship with anyone, especially sex, was the last thing that he ever wanted, but he couldn't deny that he liked being in Cedric’s presence.

Finally giving up on his attempts at sleeping, Harry got up from his makeshift bed on the floor and grabbed the clothes that he had worn yesterday. He didn't like wearing the same clothes two days in a row, but it was the only decent outfit that he had.

Walking into the dark living room, Harry stopped and looked around. It was only six in the morning so everyone else must have been still sleeping. Deciding to pay them back for their kindness, he was going to make them a good breakfast...if he could find the kitchen that is. Deep down he was also hoping that if he made himself useful by cooking, that they wouldn't kick him out of the Tower when they found out that he was a freak.

"Uhm, Jarvis, are you there?" Harry called out uncertainly. Did computers sleep, he wondered?

"Yes, young sir, how may I assist you?"

"Uhm, Harry, you can call me Harry, not young sir." Harry said sheepishly, he couldn't believe that he was talking to a computer.

"As you wish, Harry. Did you need something?"

"Yeah, could you please direct me to the kitchen?" Harry couldn't stop the small chuckle from escaping. It was totally weird asking a disembodied voice for help.

Harry followed the AI's instructions and soon found himself in the largest, most extravagant kitchen that he had ever seen. "Should have known," he muttered shaking his head. Looking around he noticed that all the appliances looked extremely complicated, and hardly ever used.

It was bit of a learning experience and he did have to ask a Jarvis for help in using the high tech stove, but he soon had a pile of pancakes set out, along with hash browns, blueberry muffins, fruit, freshly squeezed orange juice and coffee. He wasn't sure what everyone liked, but by the way they packed the food away last night, he didn't think they were too picky.

Steve was the first to walk in the kitchen, nose up and sniffing the air. He hadn't smelled such good food since he had left home. "Harry!" he exclaimed shocked. He knew there was no way that Bruce could cook up something that smelled that good, but he never expected to see the small boy standing at the stove flipping pancakes.

Harry spun around, trying to hide the fact that he had been startled. He had been lost in thought, so he never heard the Captain enter the kitchen. "Sir, please sit. I made breakfast."

Steve almost drooled at the sight before him. The large table was covered in food and everything
looked to be cooked to perfection. "Oh my god, everything looks and smells amazing," he commented as he took a seat and started piling his plate full of food.

The first forkful of pancakes had Steve moaning in pure bliss. "Harry, I don't know where you learned to cook like this, but never have I tasted anything as delicious as this." Steve wasn't sure if a kid as young as Harry should using something as dangerous as the stove, but the second forkful had him forgetting everything but the food in front of him.

Harry blushed and allowed a small smile to escape. He had never been complimented on for his cooking, and since he was never allowed to taste it for himself, he didn't know if his food was any good.

By the time that Bruce and Clint had entered the kitchen, Steve had already gone through an impressive stack of pancakes. "If I don't stop eating, I'm not going to be able to move for the rest of the day," Steve moaned, leaning back in his chair and rubbing his overly full stuffed stomach. With a groan, he leaned forward and grabbed more fresh pancakes from the stack.

Harry couldn't help but giggle at the large soldier. For the past thirty minutes he had been saying that, then he would grab two more pancakes and continue eating. He had to admit, Steve had already eaten more then Vernon and Dudley put together.

"What is that delicious smell, and can I have some it?" Clint moaned, walking towards the table like a zombie.

"No," Steve growled, pulling the stack of pancakes closer to his plate.

Harry giggled some more. He didn't see it, but his giggling caused Steve to grin around the fork that was in his mouth. He loved hearing the small boy's laughter and he hoped that he could get a lot more giggles out of him.

Harry grabbed a plate and placed four, right out of the pan pancakes on it and handed it to Clint. "Don't let Steve scare you off, I have plenty." Harry said shyly. For the first time ever he was enjoying cooking.

Clint brought the plate to his nose and took a big sniff. "Oh, that smells like heaven," he groaned. Without even adding butter or syrup, he took a forkful, closing his eyes and moaning. "Please tell me that we can keep the kid?"

With a shy smile Harry handed Bruce a plate piled high with pancakes. Bruce retuned Harry's smile and took the plate. "Clint, Harry is not a dog, we can't just keep him." Tasting the pancakes himself, he moaned in pleasure like the other two. "I take that back, we are so keeping him."

Harry laughed so hard that he had tears in his eyes. The three men smiled at each other, happy that Harry was getting comfortable around them.

"Ok, I mean it this time," groaned Steve. "If I eat another bite, I'm going to explode." Wiping his hand across his forehead, Steve cried out. "Look, I'm sweating! I have eaten so much that I have worked up a sweat."

"Kid, where on earth did you learn to cook like that?", Clint asked, rubbing his own bloated stomach. He was supposed to report to Fury in an hour, but he didn't think he would be able to waddle out the door.

Harry had started cleaning up his cooking mess. He had a pile of dishes to tackle, but he wasn't sure how he was going to do that with the bulky cast on his arm. Without turning around, he answered in
a small voice. "My aunt didn't like cooking."

Bruce swallowed his last bite, it felt like lead going down his throat. Did his family force him to cook for them then not allow him to eat? Looking at Steve and Clint, he could tell they were coming to the same conclusion. After Harry went to bed last night, they stayed up discussing with each other about Harry's abuse and how they could help him. He didn't mention his fears that Harry had been sexually abused. He hadn't been able to get his uncle's comment out of his head. He had a hard time believing that the man was just throwing out a random threat...no, the man had obviously given it some thought.

Bruce stood up and approached Harry from behind. He didn't miss how the boy tensed and looked ready to bolt. "You did the cooking, so it's only right that we do dishes." he said, voice soft and non threatening.

"No, I-I can do it." Harry didn't want them to think that he was lazy. If he didn't pull his weight then they would surely send him back to uncle, or find something else for him to do. These men were huge, there was no way he could work off his room and board that way, they would kill him.

Bruce reached out and placed his hand on Harry's good shoulder, he wasn't surprised when Harry dropped the pan he had been trying wash and bolted away from him. Looking at the trembling teen that was looking back at him with large fearful emerald eyes, he sighed. "Harry, have you eaten this morning?"

Harry shook his head no, ignoring the rumbling in his stomach.

Loading up a plate, he placed it on the table and pulled out a chair. "Sit and eat," he said looking to Harry. "While you eat, we will clean up. Harry, you don't have to do everything, we work as a team here."

Harry looked longingly at the pancakes. He desperately wanted to try one, but he wasn't allowed to sit at the table. He had planned to nick a pancake after everyone left and eat it in his room.

"Harry, I'm not asking you," Bruce said sternly. He didn't want to scare the teen, but he was hoping if he was a bit firmer that Harry would listen to him. "Please sit and eat."

Harry new the dangers of ignoring a direct command so he hurried to the seat that Bruce was indicating.

Bruce scowled at Harry when he just sat there. Grabbing a knife, he buttered up the pancakes and poured a generous amount of syrup over them. "Eat, Harry!"

Harry took the fork from Bruce and tentatively took a bite of his cooking for the very first time. "Oh, this is really good," he moaned. He never imagined that his cooking was that good.

Steve frowned, "Harry, haven't you tasted your cooking before?"

Harry swallowed his food, looking at Steve like a deer caught in the headlights. "Yeah... Yeah of course I have." Harry lowered his eyes and continued eating. All three knew that he was lying. Harry may be an amazing cook, but he sucked at lying.

Pepper managed to get to the kitchen just in time to grab a pancake and a muffin. After scolding Harry for using the stove, she praised him for his excellent cooking and said that since he obviously knew what he was doing, that he was allowed to use the stove whenever he wanted to. She wasn't worried about Harry burning the tower down, no, she was worried about him getting burned.
"Oh, Harry, before I forget," Pepper handed him an envelope. "Don't be shy using it," she said with a wink. "All I ask is that you don't wander off alone. This city can be dangerous if you don't know it, and once people find out that you're Tony's son...well, let's just say that you will get more attention then what you will want." She didn't mention that he could be in danger. If Tony's enemies found out that he had a son, Harry would have a target on his back. If Harry was kidnapped, there would be nothing that Tony wouldn't do to get him back.

Harry reached in the envelope and pulled out a shiny black credit card. "I-I can't take this," he said in a panicked voice.

Pepper shoved the card back at Harry when he tried to hand it to her. "I don't want to hear it, Harry. You are Tony's son and he has more money than what he could spend in twelve lifetimes. There is no limit on that card, so maybe you can talk one of these guys into taking you shopping. I noticed that you're wearing the same outfit as yesterday, so you're obviously in need of clothes."

Harry flushed in embarrassment.

"I mean it, Harry. If you don't go out and spoil yourself, then I will do it for you. I never had to clothes shop for a teenage boy before, and I'm sure you won't like the styles I pick out." Pepper gave Harry a stern look.

"Tell you what, kid, as a thank you for that amazing breakfast, after my meeting I will take you out." Clint offered. "I'm not as young as you, but I think I'm still pretty hip."

"The fact that you just used the word hip, proves that you're not," Pepper chuckled. "It's a shame that Natasha isn't here, she would know what stores to go to."

Bruce had a moment of unexplained panic. The thought of Harry wandering the city without him made his heart rate pick up and his palms sweat. "If you can wait until noon, I will come with you two and we can grab some lunch." Bruce knew that he was being ridiculous, Clint was more then capable protecting Harry, but Harry leaving without him felt wrong.

"Alright," Clint said, giving Bruce a questioning look. Bruce normally didn't wander out too much in public, he was always afraid of losing control of the other guy.

Bruce ignored Clint and headed for the elevator. "Harry, I will be in my lab if you need me or if you just don't want to be alone, you're more than welcome to come visit."

Harry gave Bruce a small smile. He would probably just go back to his room and rest for a bit. He was tired from lack of sleep, and the pain pill that Bruce gave him was hitting him hard.

Pepper turned before leaving. "Harry, are you sure you will be alright alone?" She hated leaving the teen alone in a strange place." When Harry nodded, she added. "If you need anything, just ask Jarvis. He can also get in contact with any of us if there is a problem."

Harry watched as everyone left already feeling lonely. He had fun cooking for everyone this morning and watching their reactions to his food. Steve was particularly funny and the man must have eaten three dozen pancakes. He didn't understand how the man stayed so incredibly fit if he always ate so much.

***HP***

Tony grinned as he saw Stark Tower come into view. If he was lucky, Pepper would already be at the office and the rest of the group would be off doing whatever it is that they do. He figured he had at least eight hours before Pepper found out that he ditched the conference and decided to fly home.
in his suite instead of his jet. If he would have used the jet, then Pepper would have been alerted immediately and she would have called screaming at him and he wouldn't have been able to escape the mind numbing conference. He just wanted to get home, order a pizza, pop in a movie and not move until Pepper came hunting him down. Maybe he should play it safe and keep his Iron Man suite on, Pepper could pack one hell of a punch when she was mad.

"Welcome home, sir," Jarvis said the moment that Tony landed on the roof. "I hope you had a good flight."

"Good morning, Jarvis, and yes I had a pleasant flight." As Tony walked across the roof, his Iron Man suite came off in pieces.

"Sir, Mrs. Potts asked me to inform her the second you returned home, of course she wasn't expecting you until next week."

Tony froze mid step, looking around like was expecting Pepper to jump out and attack him. "Please, Jarvis, don't tell Pepper that I have returned."

"Sir, she said it was important that I notify her immediately."

Tony cursed, "Please, Jarvis, as your maker I'm begging you to not tell Pepper. Please, just give me until five and then you can be a good little AI and inform her that I am home."

"Very well, sir," Jarvis answered.

Softly whistling, Tony entered his tower and made his way to the kitchen. For once he didn't feel like alcohol, he was going to grab a coke then order himself some pizza. He was looking forward to having some quiet alone time in his tower. Don't get him wrong, he loved having his fellow Avengers here, but it was still nice to get a break from everybody.

Walking into the kitchen, Tony froze when he was assaulted with the most intoxicating scent. Deeply inhaling, he followed his nose until it led him to a plate of blueberry muffins. "Oh hello beautiful," he purred. Scooping up the plate, he placed them at the table and took a seat. "Where did you lovelies come from?" he asked huskily. Gingerly he picked up a muffin and brought it to his nose. "Oh beautiful, do you have any idea what your scent does to me?"

Taking a bite, his eyes rolled to the back of his head. "Oh shit, I think I just had an orgasm."

***HP

Harry splashed some cold water on his face. He managed to get two hours of sleep before his nightmares woke him. He also wasn't feeling too well, he felt hot and shaky and the pain in his back had bypassed bearable. Moving now was getting impossible, he didn't know how he was going to go clothes shopping with Bruce and Clint. He figured that his sick feeling was coming from the lashes that last night looked like they were getting infected. He was tempted to lift his shirt to see, but there was nothing he could do for them anyway.

Slowly Harry made his way to the kitchen to get a drink, and maybe if he was lucky he could find something for his back and fever. Walking into the kitchen, he almost passed out when he saw who was sitting there.

Tony was happily working his way through his fifth muffin when the kitchen door opened up. Mouth wide open and muffin halfway in, he froze. "Did my future self discover the fountain of youth, invent a time machine and travel back to bring me these delicious blueberry muffins?" he asked, never lowering the muffin.
Harry was too shocked to talk so he just stupidly shook his head no.

Tony brought the muffin to his eyes and started inspecting it. "Did someone slip some LSD into these muffins causing me to hallucinate?"

Again, Harry just shook his head no.

"Oh thank god," Tony moaned. "These are the best blueberry muffins in the world, and I should know, I'm an expert on blueberry muffins. See, blueberries are my favorite and I have tried blueberry muffins in every state in the USA and in every country in the world, and these are by far the the best I have ever eaten."

Harry gave a shy smile. Not only was he happy that his father loved his muffins, but blueberries was also his favorite fruit. It was cool finding out that he shared something in common with the father he had never met.

Tony reluctantly put the muffin back on the plate, never taking his eyes off the boy. He didn't have to be the genius that he was to know what was going on. Under the ugly bruise on the boy's face was almost an identical replica of himself at that age. Granted he had never been that skinny or scared looking, but the resemblance was too great to ignore.

"Right then, uhm..." For the first time he could remember, Tony was at a loss for words. "Jarvis, I think now might be a good time to tell Pepper that I'm home," he called out.

"Mrs. Potts is on her way home, sir," Jarvis announced.

"Thanks, Jarvis" Tony said absently, still staring at his little clone. "I would offer you a blueberry muffin, but their too damn good to share."

"That's alright," Harry said, shrugging his shoulders. "I'm not very hungry anyway. Besides, I can always make some more when they run out."

"Are you telling me that you're the creator...the master mind behind these beauties?" Tony asked, picking up another muffin and taking a bite. "Oh god, do you think it's against the law to marry food?"

"I think it may be frowned upon," Harry giggled. "And yes, I'm the one who made the muffins."

Tony nodded his head, still stuffing his face. "Well, you're a genius. Not only are you good looking, but you're talented as well, must be in your blood."

Harry didn't know how to answer that so he just remained silently standing.

Tony kicked out the chair across from him. "Why don't you take a seat, you look close to passing out?" Someone had really done a number on the boy, and by the size of the hand mark around his neck, it wasn't another kid responsible.

Harry carefully sat down, mindful of his back. The pain was so bad that he was on the verge of tears. Tony didn't miss how stiff the boy was, he was obviously in a great deal of pain. "Well, I know who I am, but I don't know who you are." he said, grabbing yet another muffin and taking a bite.

"Harry, sir, Harry Potter."

"Did you just call me, sir?" Tony gasped. "Oh shit, you did, didn't you?"
Harry looked at Tony fearfully. He had just met the man and he had already done something wrong.

Tony bent his head down frantically running his fingers through his hair. "Do you see any, please tell me that you don't see any?"

"I'm sorry, I didn't mean to upset you." Harry whispered, shaking and eyes filling up with tears. "What is it that I'm looking for?" he asked confused.

"The dreaded grey hairs." Tony said ominously. "You see, it starts off with everyone calling you sir, then you start to get grey hairs, and then before you know it, your walking around with your nose stuck up in the air, and a stick shoved up your ass. All of a sudden people expect you to act all grown up and be all bossy like. I just narrowly escaped the conference with my beautiful hair still black and greyless. I'm telling you kid, it's a plague and I'm begging you to never call me that cursed word again."

Just then the kitchen door banged open and a pissed off Pepper Potts came stalking in. "Anthony Stark, you better have a damn good reason for leaving the conference on only it's second day."

Tony slowly got to his feet and held his hand out to Harry. "Harry, very slowly get up and walk towards me. Pepper may seem alright, but she's one of them. Just look at her, Harry, she's all uptight and bossy, and I bet if her hair wasn't in a bun, we would find some grey hairs."

Harry couldn't stop giggling at his father's antics. For a second there, he thought that he was really in trouble.

Pepper's face softened at hearing Harry's laughter. She was pissed that Tony bailed on the conference, but he might have been exactly what Harry needed. For the first time since meeting him, Harry had a spark of life in his beautiful emerald eyes.
Chapter 3

I do not own Harry Potter it The Avengers.

I am shocked at how many people are enjoying this fic. I thought about this plot for months, but I was scared to post since I didn't know much about the Avengers.

I am still on the fence of who to pair Harry with when he gets a bit older. There was a lot of people wanting Spider Man, but I'm really not a fan of his. Maybe I need to watch the newer movies, I just hated the kid that played him in the older movies... Toby Maguire. Really, he just ruined Spider Man food me :(  

Please review and let me know how I'm doing.

***HP

Pepper shook her head at Tony. "Tony, this is Harry, he's... "

Tony picked up another blueberry muffin. "The evil genius behind these muffins." Tony winked at Harry. "I'm going to have to get busy upgrading the Ironman suite because if I keep eating these, I'm going to need a bigger one."

"Tony," Pepper sighed.

"Honestly, Pepper, have you tried these muffins?" Tony asked, taking a big bite of the muffin.

"Yes, Tony, and while they were delicious, his pancakes were out of this world."

Tony placed the plate back on the table and collapsed in the chair. "Wait a minute, are you telling me that there was homemade pancakes made in here...in my kitchen?"

Pepper rolled her eyes. "Yes, Tony, Harry made everyone pancakes this morning. You should have seen Steve, Bruce had to physically help him up and out of the kitchen."

Harry giggled. "I didn't know a person could eat that much without getting sick."

"Pancakes, in my kitchen," Tony gasped. "Complete with butter and maple syrup?"

Harry nodded his head.

"I like pancakes," Tony said pouting. "The only thing better than blueberries and pancakes, is blueberries in pancakes."

"I-I can make you blueberry pancakes now," Harry said getting to his feet. Pain exploded from his back, forcing him to grip the table hard while biting his tongue to keep from crying out.

"Whoa, kid, are you alright? " Tony asked. Quickly he jumped up and went around the table, reaching out to help.

Harry flinched when he saw the hand reach out for him. Allowing his instincts to take over, he ducked and scurried around the table and to the other side of the kitchen. Not watching where he was going because he was keeping an eye on Tony, he painfully slammed his back against the counter. He had just managed to stop himself from falling to his knees, but he didn't succeed in holding his tears back. The pain was a hundred times worse than the original whipping, hell, it was
worse than the Cruciatus Curse.

Tony didn't know what to do, he had never seen such fear and pain on a child's face. "Harry, are you hurt?" he asked softly, trying not to frighten the boy more.

Wiping at his eyes, Harry shook his head no. "Sorry, you just startled me and then I hit my back, but I'll be fine." Harry closed his eyes, trying to get a handle on the pain.

Tony looked to Pepper for advice, but was floored when he saw her looking a little green with tears in her eyes. He may be a genius, but he was missing a big piece of the puzzle. It wasn't hard to tell that this boy...his boy, had been hurt bad.

"Harry, please take a seat." Tony offered. "You're not looking so hot."

Harry shook his head no. "I'm fine, honestly." Turning around, he started pulling out ingredients to make blueberry pancakes.

Pepper slapped her hand over her mouth trying not to cry out. Looking to Tony, she saw how his eyes were glued to his son's back...he very much bloody back.

"Jarvis, tell Bruce that he is needed up here immediately." Tony ordered breathlessly.

Harry was leaning against the counter, head spinning madly. He wanted to turn and run, but he knew if he tried he would fall flat on his face. He could feel darkness creeping over him and he fought it with everything he had. He couldn't pass out in front of Tony and Pepper...they couldn't see his shame.

"Harry."

Harry jumped when he heard his name. It didn't sound close, it sounded like it was coming from the end of a very long tunnel.

"Harry," Tony called, slowly advancing on the small trembling boy. He could tell by the way he was swaying that he was close to passing out. He was kind of hoping that he would pass out, it would be much easier seeing to his back if he wasn't awake to fight.

"M'okay," Harry mumbled, shaking his head. "Gonna make p-p-pancakes."

Tony turned towards the door when he heard it open. Motioning for Bruce to stop, he held his finger to his lips signaling for him to be quiet.

Bruce froze at what he saw. When Jarvis ordered him to the kitchen, he wasn't expecting to find Harry's back a bloody mess and him close to passing out.

"Harry, can I help you make the pancakes?" Tony asked, steadily creeping closer to Harry.

Harry shook his head, stumbling some as he did. Cursing softly, he gripped the counter tighter and righted himself. "S'ok, I can get it." Harry tried to reach up for a bowel, but the pain in his back prevented him from lifting his arm up. Whimpering, he turned towards Tony, tears streaming down his face.

Tony's heart clenched at the look of total defeat on the boy's face. "Harry, please let us help you."

Harry shook his head. "No, m'fine," he slurred.

Despite Harry being pale, Bruce could tell by the flushed cheeks that he was running a fever and a
very high one at that. He knew that there was something more than the bruises, broken arm and dislocated shoulder with Harry.

Tony took another step closer to his son, but froze when Harry cried out. "Please, m'sorry. Don't hurt me."

"Never! I will never hurt you Harry, and may god help those that do. I may have just met you, but you are my son and I will protect you until my last breath." Tony said seriously.

Harry blinked at Tony, trying to focus his vision. Everything was spinning and blurry, he could just make out the faint outline of three people. "You... You know that I'm your...?"

"Son?" Tony finished, chuckling softly. "Harry, you look just like me. How could you not be my son?"

"I- I don't think that I will make a very good s-son." Harry cried softly, tears steadily falling now.

Tony snorted. "And I'm sure I'm going to fuck up plenty of times at being a father, but we won't know until we try, right?"

Harry nodded his head, reaching out for the counter when his knees started to give out.

Tony stepped closer, he was now only inches from Harry. "Let me help you," he said softly, holding his hand out to his son.

Harry stared longingly at the hand. He desperately wanted to reach out and take the offered hand and accept help, but no one had ever wanted to help him before. The few times he asked for help in the past it blew up in his face and he ended up being beat to within an inch of his life.

"Trust me, Harry," Tony whispered. "I only want to help you...my son."

Harry's body shook with silent sobs. He always wanted someone to call him son like Mr. Weasley called his boys. Looking Tony in the eye for the first time, he saw only honesty and concern shining out of them. Very slowly he raised his trembling hand and reached out to Tony. Right before their hands touched, Harry collapsed, body finally giving in to the blackness.

Tony caught his son before he could hit the ground. Lifting him up, he cursed when he felt how light he was. He had boots that weighed more than Harry. "My room," he barked, rushing past Bruce and Pepper.

"Lay him on his belly and get me a pair of scissors," Bruce ordered.

Pepper started rooting around Tony's desk drawers looking for a pair of scissors.

"Bottom left," Tony said as he carefully laid Harry onto his bed. "Jarvis, can you get a read on his fever?" The small boy was burning in his arms.

"Sir, his temperature is hundred and four and climbing." Jarvis informed them.

"Tony, we need to get him to a hospital," Bruce said, taking the scissors from Pepper.

"No," Tony snapped. "I may have just met him, but I can tell that he will be very unhappy waking up in a hospital."

"Son of a bitch," Bruce gasped when he saw the damage to Harry's back.
"I'm going to be sick," Pepper choked rushing to the bathroom.

Tony stared horrified at the body on his bed. "He's been flogged." he gasped. His son's back was a shredded mess. Large sections of skin was missing and blood and puss was oozing from the lacerations.

Bruce lightly traced a nasty bite mark on Harry's back right above his pants. Looking to Tony, his eyes started to bleed green. "He's needs a doctor," he growled. "These whip marks are severely infected."

Tony shook his head. "You can treat him. He won't..."

"Dammit, Tony," Bruce snarled. "It's not just his back. I think Harry's been raped."

Tony paled even farther, bile working it's way up his throat. "Jarvis, get a hold of my personal physician and tell him to get his ass here...NOW!"

"Sir, he is currently out of town. Is there someone else you would like me to call?"

"Shit," Tony cursed. He remembered now that he paid for the man to take his wife to Hawaii for their twentieth anniversary.

"Jarvis, call for an ambulance," Peppered ordered, unable to look at the boy on the bed.

"No," Tony snarled. "Jarvis cancel that order."

"Tony, I don't have the antibiotics he needs to treat the infection. I am not a medical doctor." Bruce snapped.

Tony pinched the bridge of his nose. "Pepper, call Agent and tell him we need a doctor, but don't tell him why."

"You want me to call Agent Coulson and involve S.H.I.E.L.D?" Pepper asked, shocked that Tony was even suggesting it. Tony didn't like S.H.I.E.L.D knowing his business and he did his best to drive Fury crazy.

"No, I don't want to involve S.H.I.E.L.D, but I don't have a choice. Harry won't want to be at a hospital, and just think what will happen when the media gets wind that Tony Stark's mysterious son has been admitted to the hospital because he was beat half to death and raped." Tony snapped. "Harry is in no condition to deal with the attention he will get from being my son."

"He's right," Bruce agreed. "Harry is scared of his own shadow, the media will eat him alive."

Nodding her head, Pepper pulled out her phone and dialed Coulson.

Tony knelt beside the bed and brushed the hair from Harry's flushed cheek. "He's burning up."

Bruce stood up headed for the door. "I'm going to get the IV started and bring up some supplies that the doctor will need." Tony had an almost fully stocked medical ward because he himself hated going to public hospitals."

"Pepper, I want details." Tony said as he worked on cutting the rest of the shirt from his son's body. The boy was skinny, almost emaciated. He could clearly see every rib, hell, he could damn near see every bone in his body.

"Harry has been living with his aunt and uncle since his parents death when he was fifteen months
old. Tony, they were vilest people that I have ever dealt with. It was plain to see that they despised Harry, and Harry was terrified of them. Despite knowing that Harry had a badly broken arm, his uncle grabbed him by it in the lobby, dislocating his shoulder."

"Jarvis, bring up all security camera footage dealing with Harry's relatives." Tony ordered briskly.

As Tony watched the footage, Bruce returned and started Harry's IV, sedating him so he could start cleaning the wounds. Harry may be passed out, but the second they started cleaning that mess, the boy was sure to wake. He would have preferred to put Harry completely under, but they would need to be in a hospital for that.

"I can't believe that he had been walking around the past twenty four hours with his back like that." Bruce muttered. "He must have been in excruciating pain, yet it never showed."

"He was use to it." Clint added, standing in the doorway. He had been getting ready to leave S.H.I.E.L.D headquarters when his handler got a call requesting a doctor to be immediately sent over to Stark Tower. He rushed over already suspecting that it had something to do with Harry. He may have only met the kid, but he already felt overly protective of him.

"What do you mean, Clint?" Pepper asked.

Clint sighed, walking into the room. "This isn't the first time Harry has been whipped, look at the old scars under the infected ones. No, this has been going on for years, and I guarandamntee you that Harry wasn't allowed to heal before he was forced to do something for those pigs. He already admitted this morning that he did the cooking, I bet that horse faced bitch of an aunt of his didn't lift a damn finger in the house. Harry is use to having to work while in pain, it's what he has always known."

"Jarvis, bring up all information you can find on Harry James Potter," Tony asked when he was done viewing all the security footage. Thugs his ass, there was no way that thugs were responsible for his son's condition. He had no doubts that Harry's uncle had been abusing him, probably since the first day he was left with them. If he found proof, there would be no stopping him.

"Sir, there isn't much in the system about Harry James Potter." Jarvis said.

Tony scrolled through the information. "How can that be?"

"What did you find?" Bruce asked from where he was carefully cleaning Harry's wounds. Where the hell was that S.H.I.E.L.D doctor?

"All I can find is a birth certificate and some early school records, and even those stop at ten."

"What about medical records?" Bruce asked. Even if Harry had never been sick or hurt, he would still have had records for his inoculations.

"No medical history at all, not even for his childhood shots. There isn't even school pictures with him in them. It says here that three months into his first grade the teacher recommended that he be moved up a few grades. His grades were the highest in the class and the work was too easy for him. Then not two month later, Harry had the lowest grades in the class and refused to do the work most days. From then until his school records end at ten years of age, Harry always had the lowest grades and only just passed each year."

"How does he go from being the smartest to the dumbest kid in just a few weeks?" Pepper asked.

"Look up his cousin, that boy was was as dumb as he was fat." Bruce muttered.
"Jarvis, get me everything on Dudley Dursley." Tony ordered. His mind was frantically trying to make sense of everything he had read...well, actually not read. Why was there nothing in the system about Harry? Why did his school records end at ten?

Tony whistled when Dudley's records popped up on the screen. "This kid is on the right path to spending his life in prison. He has multi juvenile arrests for bullying, stealing, sexual assault, attacking teachers...the list just goes on. Dudley had the second lowest grades in the class, scoring just above Harry in all subjects."

Clint snorted. "Well, that answers your question Pepper. Harry wasn't allowed to do better than their precious son. You saw how they catered and babied that pig yesterday. No, there was no that they would allow the nephew they despised to do better in school than their own son."

"Sir, I went ahead and copied everything I could find on Vernon and Petunia Dursley. There are a few photos of them, and after running a facial analysis, they came up as a ninety percent match for young Harry."

"You're amazing, Jarvis." Tony said to his AI. "What would I do without you? Bring up the pictures, please."

Everyone but Bruce looked up at the large screen. He was still carefully cleaning Harry's back, wincing each time the small boy would whimper. The sedation was keeping Harry out of it, but it wasn't stopping him from feeling some pain.

"Best garden for four years in a row, Petunia Dursley of Number 4 Privet Drive, Little Whinging, Surrey." Tony read. The picture showed a blond woman with an extremely long neck and large front teeth proudly holding up a trophy and a long blue ribbon. In the background you could see a beautifully kept yard with lots of flowers and a small pond. Tony ignored all that though, what got his attention was the small boy leaning against the shed holding a small shovel and wearing muddy gloves. The messy haired boy was wearing a large dingy shirt that fell off one bony shoulder exposing a large bruise on his collar bone. The child looked tired and sad, yet there was a hint of pride in his eyes.

"I bet a months worth of cooking duties that Harry was responsible for maintaining that award winning lawn." Tony grumbled.

"He was only six," Pepper gasped after reading the date.

"He may have been six, but he looks no older than four," Bruce commented, looking over his shoulder at the screen. The other guy was roaring in fury at the picture of the beat down little boy. How did everyone ignore a child that was obviously in need of help?

Tony scrolled to the next picture. "Vernon Dursley promoted to director of Grunnings Drills," he read. The picture was from the company's monthly publication and it showed Vernon with his chest puffed out, smirking at the camera wearing a brand new, very expensive suite. Next to him was an older man with a handlebar mustache, dressed just as smartly as Vernon with his hand resting on a small boy's shoulder, fingers wrapped possessively around his skinny neck. Despite the boy's head being down and the new form fitting clothes he was wearing, Tony could tell by the hair and posture that it was his son. The boy had his arms wrapped around his stomach and his clothes were all wrinkled and askew. Looking closer at the picture, Tony could tell that it was taken in a home, not at the company. He could just make out from the reflection in a mirror the corner of a rumpled bed.

A loud growling had all heads whipping in Bruce's direction. "Shit," Tony yelled. Bruce's skin was turning green and his muscles were rippling and enlarging. He was staring at the screen, eyes green
and full of fury. "We need to get him to the containment room before he destroys everything," he yelled.

Bruce was fighting hard to hold the Hulk back, but that picture had him enraged. He didn't like how that man was touching Harry. The way his fingers curled around his neck and the cocky look on his face. There was something deeply wrong and disgusting with that picture.

"Easy there, big guy." Clint said softly as he approached the Hulking out Bruce. "Think of Harry, he needs you to help him. The S.H.I.E.L.D doctor isn't here yet, he needs you, Bruce."

Panting and shaking, Bruce fought Hulk for control. He couldn't do this now, not while Harry needed him. There would be time later to let the Hulk out and destroy the containment room that Tony had built for him.

Tony let out a sigh of relief when Bruce's eyes returned to normal. "Shew, that was a close one." He didn't ask what set the Hulk off, he knew exactly what happened. Bruce was thinking the same thing he was about the picture.

"You good, Banner?"

Everyone was so focused on Bruce that they didn't see when Agent Coulson and the doctor arrived.

Tony groaned. "I asked for a doctor, not a doctor and a nosy agent."

Coulson smirked. "It's a pleasure to see you too, Stark. Now, what's this all about? First we get a call requesting a doctor to Stark Tower, then the Hulk is almost let loose. Care to explain?"

"Not really," Tony answered shrugging his shoulders nonchalantly.

Immediately the doctor was at the boy's side assessing his injuries. "Jesus Christ, who the hell is responsible for this boy? He needs to be in a hospital where these wounds can be properly treated. The boy has blood poisoning, and if he doesn't get started on a treatment immediately, then he is going to die."

"Then shut the hell up and treat him," Tony growled. "I have an entire wing full of medical supplies, tell Bruce what you need and he will get it."

"What he needs is to be in the Intensive care unit," the doctor said, standing up and confronting Tony.

"Well, this is what you got, so get saving." Tony snarled, not backing down from the doctor.

The doctor looked like he wanted to say more, but after receiving a nod from Agent Coulson, he started barking out orders to Bruce and Clint.

"Stark, it's time you explain everything," Coulson said seriously.

***HP

Agent Coulson stared down at the small boy on the bed...the boy that happened to be none other than Tony Stark's son. It took a while to get the boy cleaned up and stable, but now he was resting peacefully hooked up to oxygen, IV fluids and antibiotics. At first he didn't believe Tony's claim of Harry being his son, but after seeing the child's face, there was no doubt in his mind that Tony fathered him. He could understand now why Tony was so adamant about Harry not going to the hospital, if the media and Tony's enemies found out about him, Harry could be in serious danger.
Tony was sitting in a chair next to Harry's bed, head resting in his hands. Not only had his son been beaten and raped, according to the doctor, it had been going on for years. The back wasn't the only place where Harry was scarred, the doctor found layers of scars in Harry's anal canal. The doctor figured that Harry had been getting raped since he was a small boy. The picture of his son being touched by his uncle's boss with the rumpled bed in the background kept playing through his head.

"Stark...Tony, are you alright?" Coulson asked, this was a side of Tony that he had never seen before.

Tony snorted, not lifting his head. "It's Clint you should be worried about, he's the one that had to wrestle the Hulk to the containment room." Bruce had totally lost it when his suspicions of Harry being raped were confirmed, but when he found out that it started when he was small, Hulk had completely taken over.

"Tony, it's your son that is laying there critically ill," Coulson pointed out.

Tony lifted his head, looking sadly over at Harry. "A son up until a few hours ago I didn't even know existed."

"Does that matter? Does the fact that you just met your son change how you feel about everything?"

Tony shook his head no. "No, but if I had known about him earlier on, I could have saved him. I don't even remember a Lily Potter or Evans; hell, I don't even recognize her from the picture that Jarvis found."

Coulson looked sharply at Tony. "Did you say Potter, Lily Potter?"

Tony grunted. "I know that I have been with a lot of woman, but I would have remembered a red head like her. The strange thing is, I do remember her husband James." Tony blushed and turned away from Coulson's gaze.

Coulson's eyes grew big, his eyebrows disappearing in his hairline. "Are you saying that you slept with her husband? I didn't know that you batted for the other team."

Tony blushed even redder. "I was young and curious and James was hot. Keep in mind I only batted, I didn't catch. He was my first time with another male that's why I remember the night so vividly. I may have been a bit drunk, but I remember that there was just the two of us, no hot redhead making a threesome."

Coulson stared down at the boy, eyes automatically going to his forehead. "That's a unique scar he has on his forehead."

"His aunt," he spat out. "said he got it from the car accident that killed his parents."

Coulson continued to stare at the scar. "Right, well I must be getting back to headquarters. Tony, please don't hunt these people down now. Right now Harry needs you, you can deal with them later."

Tony glared at Coulson. "I'm going to kill them, and I'm going to make sure it hurts. They aren't going to get away with what they did to my son."

"I understand and I don't blame you. All I ask is that you wait until Harry is out of the woods, right now he needs you more than you need revenge."

Tony smirked. "Don't worry your pretty little agent head over me, I'm not leaving my son right now,
but you better damn well believe that I'm not going to sit on my ass and do nothing."

Coulson groaned, he knew that there was going to be no talking Tony out of going after them."Just keep it legal Tony, ok?"

Tony didn't say anything, just glared at Coulson.

***HP

"So what was Stark's big emergency?" Nick Fury asked never lifting his eye up from the paperwork he was doing.

Coulson remained standing, arms clasped behind his back. "It seems Tony has a kid. His relatives dropped him off yesterday and sold him for a measly half a million dollars."

Fury's heard snapped up, that got his attention. "Are you saying that Stark has a baby?"

"Baby, no," Coulson chuckled. "Tony has a fourteen year old son. It seems his relatives physically and sexually abused him. The kid was in bad shape when we got there, his uncle had flayed his back with a belt and the lacerations were infected. The doctor also said that he had extensive rectal damage."

Fury pinched the bridge of his nose. It was hard enough to control Stark on a normal day, there was no way he would be able to keep him from killing his son's relatives. To be honest, he didn't want to.

"From what I witnessed, Bruce and Clint are already attached to the boy and I heard that Steve feels just as strongly. When Bruce heard about the rapes he lost it and the Hulk came out. It's not just Tony that we have to worry about going after the boy's relatives, it's the Avengers as well."

Fury cursed, feeling a migraine coming on.

"That's not all, sir," Coulson said reluctantly. "The boy is from England, and his name is Harry James Potter."

Fury cursed. "Please tell me that he doesn't have a lightening bolt scar on his forehead?"

"Sorry, sir, can't do that."

"Shit, are you telling me that the Harry Potter, the-boy-who-lived, is Tony Stark's son?" Fury asked, rubbing at his throbbing temples.

"Well, I never saw the boy in person before, but he sure as hell fits the description of Harry Potter from the wizarding world."

"Lily Potter had an affair with Tony Stark, how the hell did that happen? I met the woman once when my brother and her husband were graduating from the Auror Academy and she didn't seem like someone that would cheat on her husband."

Coulson scratched the back of his neck, he still couldn't believe that Tony played for both teams. "Tony as no recollection of sleeping with Lily Potter, but he does fondly remember James Potter."

Groaning, Fury dropped his head onto the table. "Are you telling me that Harry Potter is actually the son of James Potter and Tony Stark." At seeing Coulson nod, Fury waved him away. "I can't deal with this right now. I will call my brother and ask what he knows about the Potter boy, but I'm not going to tell him that he is here in America. Keep a lid on this for now, don't even tell Tony. We will
wait and see how things play out."

"Yes, sir," Coulson said, turning and leaving the directors office.

***HP

"Did he give the name of the boarding school he attended?" Tony asked the now greenless Bruce.

"No, he just said that it was in Scotland and it had no electric. He had never even heard of Tony Stark, The Avengers or the alien attack on New York." Bruce was sitting at Harry's bedside feeling surprisingly better after letting the other guy out for a while.

"Jarvis, bring up every boarding school in Scotland." Tony ordered.

Tony scrolled through all the boarding schools in Scotland, but none of them fit the description of his son's. How could a school not have electricity, especially in Scotland where the winters were bad. "Something isn't right about all of this," he grumbled.

"Maybe when Harry gets comfortable around us, he will tell us everything." Bruce suggested. "Are you sure you don't recognize his mother, she was very pretty?"

Tony nervously took a sip of his drink. "Lily I have never seen before, her husband on the other hand." Tony winked at Bruce.

"Are you saying that you and he..."

Tony raised his glass to Bruce. "All night long."

Bruce opened his mouth to say something, but nothing came out. He never imagined that Tony was bisexual.

"What's the matter, doc, never experimented with the same sex before?" Tony smirked.

"I...well...I... I, well, it was a long time ago." Bruce stuttered.

"You dirty dog, you," Tony chuckled. "It's always the quiet ones." Tony winked again at Bruce handing him a drink.

Bruce took a sip, cringing at the amount of alcohol that was in it. "Tony, why in the hell do you have a bar in your bedroom."

"Easy, so I don't have to parade naked through the house to get a drink. I have a fine ass, doc, and I don't want you getting ideas. I may enjoy a man warming my bed, but I strictly top."

Bruce closed his eyes, groaning. "Don't worry, your ass is safe from me."

"What about your ass, doc, is it safe from me?" Tony chuckled when Bruce choked on his drink.

Their conversation came to a halt when Pepper entered the room carrying a few bags.

"Send a woman out to retrieve a pair of pajamas from a teenager's room and she comes back an hour later with an arm full of bags, and I'm sure that my bank account is considerably lighter," Tony joked.

"Well, I went to said teenager's room but I couldn't open his trunk. I don't know what kind of locks he has, but they're pretty impressive. I figured since whatever he has is going to be rags anyway, I
would just run out and buy him some nice new stuff."

"Impressive locks you say?" Tony asked perking up.

Pepper sighed. "Tony, leave Harry's stuff alone."

"What? I'm not going to snoop his stuff, I just want to see these locks." Tony brushed past Pepper.

Bruce reluctantly got up to follow Tony, he wanted to make sure that Tony didn't root through Harry's personal possessions. "Jarvis, let me know if Harry starts waking."

"I am monitoring his vitals and will know as soon as he starts waking."

"I will stay with him, Bruce," Pepper said as she opened the bags and started sorting through the clothes. She didn't get him much, just a few things to hold him over until he was up to shopping for himself.

When Bruce entered Harry's room, Tony was walking around Harry's old beat up school trunk. "I don't know what she was talking about," Tony muttered. "I don't see any locks on this trunk." Kneeling down, he tugged on the lid fully expecting it to pop open.

"Well, that's interesting," Tony said when the lid didn't budge. Tilting the trunk back, he started looking for a key. "I don't see a key hole anywhere on this trunk, how the hell is it locked?" Running his hands all over it, he grew even more excited when he didn't find a secret button or a control panel. He loved a mystery to solve, and this was very mysterious.

Despite being curious, Bruce didn't feel that it was right messing with Harry's stuff. Teenagers were very funny with people touching what was theirs, and right now it was very important that they gain Harry's trust. "Tony, come on let's leave Harry's room. You wouldn't want someone messing with your stuff."

Tony stepped away from the truck pouting. "Fine, I'll leave it...for now." Tony turned towards the door then stopped. "Jarvis, scan the trunk and see if you pick up anything."

"Sir, there is a disturbance around the trunk, but I can't identify what it is."

Tony excitedly stepped towards the trunk, but was forced to stop when Bruce grabbed his arm. "Oh, come on," he whined.

"No," Bruce said tugging on Tony's arm. "Come on, Harry should be waking any minute."
I do not own Harry Potter or the Avengers.

*** PLEASE READ....... I have created a FB page and I invite everyone to shoot me a friends request. I would loving talking and getting to know you all better. I would love to hear your ideas and bounce some off you. You will find me under Potter Obsessed.....

***HP

Bruce was hooking Harry up to another bag of fluids when he saw his fingers start twitching. "He's waking," he said softly, alerting everyone who was in the room. Tony was in a chair next to Harry's bed, Pepper was working on some papers at Tony's desk, Steve was looking out the window, and Clint was leaning against the door. Everyone had been extremely concerned for the boy that had stolen their hearts in such a short amount of time.

Harry had been asleep longer than what anyone had expected. It was now early evening the following day, which meant that Harry had been asleep for over twenty four hours. In that time, Tony and Bruce had hardly left Harry's bedside. The others checked in regularly, but went about their daily routine despite worrying about the small, sick boy back at Stark Tower.

"Should we go?" Steve asked, not wanting to, but also not wanting to overwhelm the boy.

Before anyone could answer, Harry started whimpering.

Tony jumped to his feet hovering nervously over his son. He didn't know how to do this comforting thing, but he would do whatever he had to do to help his son. It wasn't like his dad was the ideal role model, the man was never around and he was obsessed with finding Captain America. As soon as he could, his father had shipped him off to boarding school and only had minimal contact with him after that.

Harry was feeling confused and disoriented. He knew that he wasn't in his bed in the Gryffindor tower, the hospital wing, or his hard lumpy bed at the Dursley's. The bed he was in was so comfortable that it felt like he was sleeping on a cloud. The comforter was so warm and plush that he wanted to burrow down into it and never come out again. He wasn't sure where he was or who was with him, his head felt heavy and fuzzy.

"Harry, can you hear me?" Bruce asked softly not wanting to startle the small teen.

Harry tensed and his heart started pounding hard in his chest. Who was that? He didn't recognize the voice and it was a males voice. It never boded well for him when he woke with a strange man in his room. It wouldn't be the first time that Uncle Vernon sent someone up to have their way with him while he was sleeping and for him to wake with a stranger on top of him.

The increased beeping of the heart monitor caught everyone's attention. "Harry, calm down, there's no reason to be scared. You are at Stark Tower with me, Bruce Banner, and your father, Tony Stark. Clint Barton is also here along with Steve Rogers and Pepper Potts. You passed out on us yesterday and you have had us all very concerned."

Harry groaned as everything started coming back to him. He remembered now finding out that Lily wasn't his mom, that James was his mom and Tony was his dad. He remembered being in horrible pain from the whipping his uncle gave him and feeling very sick and tired.
"No, no, no," Harry cried weakly, when it dawned on him that he passed out in front of Tony and Pepper. They must know...they must all know what happened to him.

"Hey, little chef, are you going to open your eyes for us?" Tony asked, taking a seat on the side of Harry's bed.

Harry's eyes snapped open and he quickly scooted away from Tony's touch. It's not that he didn't was his father to touch him, he just didn't want anyone to touch him. "What the hell!" he cried out when he felt a painful tug on his arm.

"No, Harry, don't pull it out," Bruce warned, gently grabbing Harry's hand to prevent him from pulling out the IV. "You are very sick and need this to get the meds into your system."

Harry yanked his arm out of Bruce's grip and let it fall onto the bed. He was still feeling extremely dizzy and sick to his stomach. Not wanting to see the pity on their faces, he closed his eyes and turned his head away.

Tony looked sadly down at his son. "Harry, can I get you something to eat or drink? You have been out of it for twenty four hours."

Keeping his head turned away, Harry shook his head no.

"Unfortunately for you, you are going to eat something anyway," Bruce said firmly. "You are not going to get better if you don't eat something. Now I may suck at cooking, but I think I can handle opening a can of vegetable soup and a box of crackers. Now if you will excuse me, I will be back in ten minutes."

Harry watched Bruce leave, a small smile tugging at his lips. "He reminds me of my best friend's mother."

Clint chuckled. "That's great, you comparing Bruce to a mother. I can just picture the big green guy wearing an apron and fuzzy pink bunny slippers."

Harry smiled shyly at Clint. He had thought for sure that they would be demanding answers, but they weren't treating him any different then before. He could feel the bandages on his back so they knew that he had been whipped, and if they saw his back, then they saw the bite marks.

"You're one stubborn, tough little shit, I'll give you that much." Tony said, smirking at his son. "Not only are those wounds infected, but you also have blood poisoning. I go from finding out that I'm a dad, to finding out that you were close to dying... all in less than an hour." Tony tapped the arc reactor on his chest. "Your old man has a bad ticker and this is what's keeping him alive. My heart can't handle this kind of stress. I haven't left your side since you passed out. I think I'm going to design a bubble for you to live in so nothing or no one can ever hurt you again."

Harry nervously looked at his father, giving him an uncertain smile. He didn't think that the man was mad at him, but he wasn't positive. It felt weird, a good kind of weird though, to know that the father he had just met had gotten scared because he was sick. He couldn't believe that Tony had stayed with him the entire time. Even Sirius after third task had left him when Dumbledore sent him to do something, and he had begged Sirius to stay with him. He had just seen a boy get murdered, the resurrection of Voldemort, had battled the evil bastard and been crucio'd...the last thing he wanted was to be alone. He wanted Sirius to stay with him, make him feel safe, even if it was only as Padfoot. Despite his pleading, Sirius had left him to do Dumbledore's bidding. For some reason, he had never been important enough to be put first.
"You... You really stayed?" Harry asked in a small and trembling voice.

"Are you kidding me?" Steve chuckled, taking Tony's seat by the bed. "Both Tony and Bruce refused to leave. Wait until you see this," Steve turned and smirked at Tony. "Jarvis, bring up the picture that I had you take last night."

"What picture, what are you talking about?" Tony asked looking a little concerned.

Harry couldn't stop the snort like laughter that burst from his lips when the picture popped up on the very large screen. Both Tony and Bruce were sleeping on the couch that was in the back of the room, practically on top of each other. Bruce had his head on Tony's shoulder and arm thrown across his chest, and Tony had his arms wrapped around Bruce with one leg across his lap.

"Oh, that's priceless," Clint howled. "I think we should make that the Avengers Christmas card."

Tony put his face into his hands, moaning. "You better get that picture down before mother sees it, you know what happens when he gets angry."

Harry giggled hard, wiping the tears from his eyes. He couldn't believe how comfortable he was around a group of guys that he had just met. It was weird, but they honestly seemed to care about him.

Steve reached out and lightly brushed his hand across Harry's. "Honestly though, we have all been very worried about you. When not working, myself, Clint and Pepper have been here, and when we were working, we were constantly calling to check in on you. We may be a bit dysfunctional, but we are a family and we are here for each other. Please remember that you can come to us with anything."

Harry swallowed the lump that was in his throat. The Weasley's and Sirius cared for him, but they never called him family. Family was something that he desperately yearned for, and he couldn't believe that these people were so quick to make him part of theirs. Turning his head, he wiped at his eyes before the tears could fall.

Steve got up from the chair, nodding to Tony. He meant what he said, they were a family and he would be there to help Harry. The boy had known nothing but pain and hate, it was time that he learned what a loving family could be like. They may bicker, tease and beat the shit out of each other, but they were still a family.

After getting control of his emotions, Harry turned back to Tony. "How long do I have to leave this in?" he asked, picking at the itchy tape that was stuck to his arm and firmly holding the IV in place.

"Until mother says so," Tony chuckled. "But I'm going to guess at least a few more days. Harry, I wasn't joking when I said you were dying," Tony said seriously.

Harry lowered his head. "M'sorry," he mumbled.

Tony sighed. "Harry, we're not mad at you, you just scared the shit out of us. Now, you know that we have a million questions, but until you are feeling better, we promise to not nag you too much."

Harry flinched at the mention of questions. He knew what they were going to ask him, but there was no way that he could tell them the truth.

***HP

Remus pinched the bridge of his nose, counting to ten. It was close to the full moon and Sirius was
getting on his last nerve. "Would you please stop tapping your mug on the table," he growled, sounding more like Moony than his human self.

Sirius put his mug on the table and looked sheepishly at Remus. "Sorry, I'm just worried about Harry. We shouldn't have left him all alone after the third task, he was really shook up."

"Harry understands that we had work to do." Remus sighed, he had already had this conversation with his best friend.

"Would you at fourteen?" Sirius snapped. "Harry was scared and in pain, he pleaded with me to stay with him, but I just patted him on the head and trotted out the door. Do you think that's how James wanted us to treat his little boy? No, James would have wanted us to remain at his bedside comforting him and being there incase he woke with nightmares. Remus, I can still see the pain in his eyes as I walked out the door."

Remus took a seat at the table, he had been feeling guilty as well. It was the reason why he was more edgy than normal this close to the full moon. Moony had wanted to remain at his pup's side. He could smell the fear and pain on their pup and he didn't miss how his body trembled from the crucio's he had been put under. Moony had been pissed that they had once again abandoned their pup when he needed them, and he was sure that the wolf was going to punish him this month for it.

'I asked Harry to send me an owl the second he returned home, and he promised he would. It's been three days, Remy, and we haven't heard anything."

'Sirius, Harry is probably just catching up with his muggle friends." Remus wrapped his hands tight around his mug, trying to hide his trembling. Moony was really angry with him and was trying to take over.

"Harry doesn't have..."

"muggle friends, " Fred and George said, taking a seat at the dingy old table. They were surprised when after leaving the train, their parents brought them all here instead of the Burrow. It seemed that now that scary and ugly was back, Dumbledore wanted them at this dark, dreary dump where they would be safer and could help clean up the place. The headmaster planned on using Sirius' old family home as the new headquarters for The Order of the Phoenix.

"What I don't understand..."

"if this place is the safest place other than Hogwatrs..."

"Why can't Harry stay here?" Both twins finished at the same time.

Remus rubbed his aching temples, the twin talk was a little too much this close to the full moon. Normally Moony found the pair amusing, but today he was clawing at his skull, howling.

"Professor Dumbledore has special wards at Harry's aunt and uncle's house that not only protects him, but also them." Remus reassured the pair. "Harry will be joining us after his birthday."

Fred snorted. "Like Harry would care if something happened to those monsters."

George smacked Fred, giving him a look that said 'shut the hell up.' Harry had never came out and told them about the abuse, but they accidentally stumbled upon him one evening showering in the Quidditch locker room. It was the first practice of the season and Fred had left his tie on the bench so they had to return for it. They had never questioned why Harry always waited until after everyone left the locker room before showering, they just assumed that he was shy.
It was George that spotted Harry's bruised and heavily scarred back first. When they confronted the shaking twelve year old he tried to say that he got in a fight with his cousin and that it was no big deal. When they pointed out that there were scars years old, he promised them not to say anything, then told them how his uncle would take a belt to his back if he didn't get his chores done. They knew that there was more to the story just from seeing the large handprint bruises on his thin body, but by that time Harry was crying hysterically and they didn't want to upset him more. They made Harry promise to owl him every few days during summer break so that they knew that he was ok, and they always helped patch him up when they first saw him again after break.

"What's that supposed to mean?" Sirius growled, eyes flashing dangerously. Since meeting Harry last year, he alway had a funny feeling that something wasn't right with Harry's home life. What thirteen year old boy immediately agrees to move in with a stranger they just meant...especially one looking as scary as he did at the time?

George flashed Fred a warning look. "Nothing, it's just that Harry doesn't always get along with his aunt and uncle." George tugged Fred to his feet. "Come on, brother of mine, mom wants us to tackle the backyard today. If we're lucky, we can find some useful ingredients for our new prank line."

Both boys took off before Sirius could question them more.

"That's it, I'm going to check on Harry." Sirius jumped to his feet and headed for the door.

"Sirius, sit back down," Remus yelled. "You are an escaped prisoner with orders to be kissed on sight. How do you think Harry will feel when he hears that his godfather got his soul sucked out all because he wanted to check on him?"

Paling, Sirius collapsed back into his chair trembling slightly.

"Now, Dumbledore will be here this evening for an Order meeting, we will discuss bringing Harry here early then."

Sirius wasn't happy, but he reluctantly agreed with Remus.

***HP

"I can make it to the living room myself, you know." Harry grumbled.

Steve grinned down at the tiny teen. He thought he was tiny at that age, but Harry wasn't anywhere near the size that he was. "I'm sure you can, but you have been in bed for five days. Besides, why force yourself to do more than what you're ready when you have a tower full of people just waiting to help you." Steve had his arm looped around Harry's and was helping him to the couch. Despite his protests, Harry was still very weak and sick from the blood poisoning. He had originally wrapped his arm around Harry's waist so he could better support him, but as soon as he touched him, Harry had locked up and stopped breathing until he removed his arm. He had never dealt with anyone as badly abused as Harry, but he started reading books on the subject so he could better educate himself.

"Hey, just be thankful that Bruce isn't here. He would go Hulk on us if he knew that we let you out of bed," Clint was walking next to them pushing Harry's IV pole. Know matter how hard Harry begged, Bruce wouldn't take out the IV. Harry was still very sick and he refused to remove it until he was one hundred percentage better.

"I just needed to get out of that bed for a while, I was about to go crazy." Harry said a little breathlessly. Just that short trip from the bedroom to the living room was winding him.

Despite Harry protesting that he was fine sitting on the floor, Steve helped him get settled on the
couch. He had already made a nice little bed out of the couch with a sheet, pillow and blanket. "What movie would you like to watch?"

Harry rested against the pillow willing away the spinning in his head. "How about Lord of The Rings? My friend told me that it was pretty good." Seamus did say that it was good and the wizard in it reminded him of a cooler Dumbledore. The last five days Tony had him watch every Star Wars movie and cartoon ever created, he was more than ready for a change.

Steve couldn't help but glance at Harry during the movie. How could anyone hurt another human being so badly, especially their own flesh and blood? Despite what the teen had been through, Harry was a very sweet and caring, beautiful boy. He tried not to think about the abuse Harry suffered, but he couldn't help replay in his mind Clint telling him that Harry had been sexually abused since he was a small child. How the hell could a grown man force themselves on a small child? Harry must have been terrified, and at that age he wouldn't have understood what was happening. He himself was still a virgin with no plans of losing his virginity until he found the person he could spend the rest of his life with. His ideals may be old fashioned for this day of age, but it was how he was raised.

Steve must have spaced out while staring at Harry because the next thing he knew, Clint was waving his hand in front of his face. "You alright there, Cap?"

Steve nodded his head. "How long has he been asleep?" he whispered, feeling a little confused. He must have been really out if it because he didn't remember Harry falling asleep.

"For a little over forty five minutes now," Clint chuckled. "What's going on with you? You have been staring at him since before he crashed and you didn't even realize that he was sleeping."

Steve rubbed his eyes, groaning. "I'm just trying to wrap my head around everything he has been through."

"I don't think we will ever understand how somebody could be so cruel...and we have seen a lot." Clint said sadly. "That uncle of his is one sick bastard that's going to get what he has coming to him."

Steve jumped to his feet and started pacing. "We were so worried about Harry that we didn't even think about any other innocents that the man could be out there hurting right now. We have to stop him before he rapes another child."

"Relax, Cap," Clint said resting his hand on the soldier's shoulders. "Fury has had an agent on his tail since he heard about Harry. Right now the pig is too busy getting settled into his new house, but he has been accessing child pornography websites, so it's only a matter of time. This is good though, Tony has been able to track the locations of the sites he's been viewing and so far they busted fifty people involved in child sex trafficking and child pornography. They have also rescued thirty five children, all under the age of fifteen."

"Wow, I-I didn't know that Tony was doing that. Is that why he hasn't gone after them yet for what they did to Harry?"

Clint nodded his head. "It was actually Tony's idea. See, a lot of these sites you can only access if you were invited by the scums who run them, you just can't find them in a google search. After you become a member and pay a hefty fee, you have unlimited access to all the video's and pictures. Tony was able to bug Dursley's home and work computers so when he logs onto these sites, he's getting all the information he needs to track down their locations. Tony is anxious to go after Dursley himself, but he wants to save as many kids as he can first and put the child raping fuckers behind bars."
"That is amazing," Steve said in awe, he had no clue that Tony had organized that and was saving all those kids. Tony had hardly left Harry's side this past week, he must have been working through the night tracking those bastards down.

"That's not all though. Tony is also helping cover medical fees and counseling for all the children that they have rescued so far. Some kids were kidnapped and shipped over from other countries, and others were kidnapped from right here in the United States. For those that don't have families, he's helping them find foster homes and buying them the essentials like clothes, toys and whatever else they need. He has become passionate in not only saving these kids, capturing those responsible, but also helping them recover from their horrific ordeal.

Steve shook his head, completely blown away by Stark's generosity. "Why hasn't there been anything on the news about it?"

"Right now they're keeping it out of the media because they're afraid that those involved will shut down their organizations, murder the kids that they currently have and then wait for everything to blow over before starting it up again. Tony wants to get as many of those bastards as he can now and save as many kids as he can."

"I want to help," Steve said adamantly. "I'm this big American hero and I'm ashamed that I never thought to help these kids before."

"Hey, don't beat yourself up, Cap, you haven't been thawed out all that long." Clint joked. "We are the ones that should be ashamed. We have all this power, brains and technology behind us and yet we never bothered to help these children. It's sad that it took one of our own being hurt to give us the kick in the ass we needed to save these children and prevent it from happening to more innocents."

Harry quietly pulled the blanket up over his head so Steve and Clint wouldn't know that he was awake...and crying. He couldn't believe what his father was doing. He knew that he wasn't the only kid that his uncle hurt, his uncle took great pride in bragging about the other boys that he raped while forcing him to suck his dick. It always made him hate himself because despite wishing that he could help these other boys, he was also glad that his uncle or one of his acquaintances were leaving him alone for the night. Never in a million years would he wish what he went through on another human being...not even his worst enemy, but there were times when he was in so much pain, that he was relieved that they found some other boy to beat and fuck for a while. The times that he thought that, he was so disgusted and ashamed with himself, that he took a razor to his arms as punishment.

'One of our own.' Harry kept repeating that over and over in his head while he silently cried himself back to sleep. Clint had called him one of theirs, he finally belonged to somebody and they actually cared about him. His father was working to end the suffering of kids at the hands of men like Uncle Vernon, Mr. Grunning and Mr. Mason. There were other men that Uncle Vernon shared him with, but those three were the most frequent and the worst. He had never told anyone what his uncle did to him, and he never wanted to, but maybe, just maybe, he could trust his father.

***HP

"Will it hurt?"

Bruce gave the scared boy a reassuring smile. "The worst part is going to be peeling the tape off, you won't even feel the IV coming out."

Harry jerkily nodded his head staring between Bruce and the IV that was finally going to be
removed. He had been at Stark Tower for a little over a week now and his life had never been better. He was still confined to his bed or the couch, but he hoped that would end now that Bruce had finally agreed that he was healthy enough to have the IV removed. As much as he loved not having endless chores to do, he was starting to feel a bit stir crazy just sitting around doing nothing. He also didn't want his new family to think that he was lazy and couldn't pull his own weight. Deep down, he was afraid that if he didn't help out, that they would send him back to uncle Vernon. For the first time in his life he wasn't somebody's punching bag, fuck toy, or wizarding hero...he was just Harry. He wasn't sure of who 'just Harry' was, but hoped to discover him with the help of his new family.

So far no questions have been asked about his past home life, but he knew as soon as Bruce cleared him, his father was going to have a million questions. He didn't want to tell him what he used to do...what those men used to do to him, but he was starting to feel that he could trust his father. From what he heard when people thought he was sleeping, his father had now saved a couple hundred kids from perverts like uncle Vernon. The amount of sex offenders caught was so high that they could no longer keep it from the media. No one yet know that it was Tony Stark responsible for all the arrests, and his father was hoping to keep it that way. His father was afraid that when the media found out that he had a son, the sex offenders would retaliate by going after him.

"Damn," Harry cursed, when Bruce quickly peeled to tape back.

Burst chuckled, "it's better to be fast and get it over with, then slow and painful."

"I hate to tell you this, but it was still painful," Harry moaned.

"Sorry," Bruce grimaced. He really did hate causing Harry more pain.

Harry shook his head. "It's alright, nothing I can't handle."

Bruise quickly pulled out the IV and placed a band-Aid over the wound. "Leave this on for a few hours, you can remove it before bed."

"Thanks," Harry said, giving Bruce a shy smile.

"I have work to do in the lab for a few hours, will you be alright up here on your own until everyone returns?" Tony, Steve and Clint where in a meeting with Fury, but Bruce stayed behind to keep Harry company. Since Harry moved in, one of the Avengers had remained in the Tower somewhere incase Harry needed someone. When Harry nodded, Bruce continued. "You are no longer restricted, but you still must take it easy. No strenuous work for at least a couple more weeks."

Grinning, Harry nodded his head. He was so happy that he could finally get up and move around.

"Alright, well you know how to contact me if you need me. Remember take it easy, just watch TV or something." Bruce said, giving Harry a stern look. "As soon as you're up to it, we will show you around New York City, and take you shopping."

Harry started to nervously fiddle with his shirt. He didn't know if he really wanted to leave the tower, but the city looked really interesting from the window. "Will you go with me when I go out?" he asked softly.

"If you want me to, I will. We will never leave you alone somewhere where you were not comfortable." Bruce said sincerely.

Harry released the breath that he had been holding. He felt safe around the Avengers, especially Bruce. "Thank you," he whispered.
"I don't think that this is what mother had in mind when he said to take it easy," Tony chuckled.

Harry jumped, the glass slipping from his startled hands, and since his arm was still in a cast, he wasn't able to catch it before it hit the kitchen floor, shattering. "I-I'm sorry, I'm sorry. I didn't mean to drop it." Harry quickly fell to his knees and started picking up the broken pieces. He was trembling so bad that he wasn't careful and the glass cut into his hand.

Steve was the first to react by picking up Harry and placing him on the countertop. Harry was so upset that he kept mumbling, 'I'm sorry, I'm sorry,' over and over again. It didn't even seem like he noticed the glass sticking out of his palm.

"Hey, accidents happen, it's no big deal," Steve said trying to reassure the distressed boy. Steve gently took Harry's hand in his so he could examine the damage.

"I-I didn't hear you come in, I'm sorry," Harry cried trying to hold back his tears. The last time he broke a glass his aunt poured hot grease on his back as he was cleaning the glass up. He was only six at the time, but he remembered it like it was only yesterday.

Tony place a medical kit on the counter next to Harry. "Hey, I didn't like those glasses anyway. After we get you cleaned up, I say we break the rest of them." As Steve held out Harry's hand, Tony gently removed the glass shard and put some anabiotic ointment on it and a band-Aid. The cut was bleeding, but it wasn't that deep.

"I really am sorry, I didn't mean to drop the glass. I-I just didn't hear you come in. I'll pay you back, I promise. I got some money in my trunk, I'll buy you a whole new set." Harry couldn't stop the tears from falling.

"Harry, I'm more worried about you than some stupid glass. Are you hurt anywhere else?" Tony asked trying to check the rest of his body for injuries. "I swear kid, I'm going to immediately get started on that bubble suit for you."

Harry quickly jumped off the counter, stumbling when he hit the ground harder than what he was expecting. "I'll clean it up, I was the one stupid enough to drop it," he cried, rushing to Clint and grabbing the broom from his hand. Before Harry could start sweeping, Steve yanked the broom out of Harry's hand.

Tony approached his son like he was approaching a wild animal. Harry was trembling, panting and crying, he looked like he was on the verge of a panic attack. "Harry, it smells delicious in here, we could smell the food from the lobby." Gently he steered Harry away from the shattered glass and towards the back of the kitchen. He was hoping to distract him long enough for Tony and Steve to clean up the mess. "What did you cook?"

Harry tried to look over to Steve and Clint, but his father lightly cupped his face and turned him back towards him.

"Where you making us all dinner?" Tony just noticed the beautifully set table that was already weighted down with the most delectable smelling foods that had ever hit his nose.

Harry's eyes were still drifting back to Steve and Clint. "I can clean up the mess," he whispered softly. "It's my mess, I did it, I broke it."
"There is no more mess, see," Tony said, pointing to the now glass free floor. "Things get broken around here on a daily basis. If it isn't me breaking something with a new invention, than it's Bruce taking out an entire floor as the Hulk. Hell, not even a month ago Legolas took out the eighty inch tv we had in the living room when he accidentally threw the Nintendo WII remote through it when playing tennis."

Harry looked over at Clint who was nodding his head and chuckling.

Steven scratched the back of his head blushing. "A few days before you got here, I accidentally tossed a weight threw the gym window."

Clint smirked at Tony. "Let's not forget New Years, Stark, when you wanted to out do Times Square's fireworks and you blew half the roof off."

"Yes well, I had planned on redesigning that section of the roof anyway." Tony snickered. "You have to admit, it was one hell of a way to ring in the New Year. See, little chef, you fit in perfect with the rest of us."

Harry gave everyone a shy smile. "You really blew half the roof off?" he asked, clearly not believing that he could actually blow half the roof off and laugh about it.

Tony grinned at his son. "Wait until you see the footage of it, especially in slow motion. Remind me after dinner, I got video from four different angles."

Steve slowly walked towards the table. "Harry," he moaned. "Is that a turkey dinner with all the trimmings?" Everyone could clearly hear his stomach rumbling.

Harry shrugged his shoulders, blushing. "I overheard you telling Pepper that it was your favorite meal and you hadn't had it since before you became Captain America."

Steve grasped the chair with his large hand, steadying himself. "Harry, you don't know what this means to me. My parents were very poor Irish immigrants, but my father made sure that every Thanksgiving we had the complete turkey dinner with all the trimmings. My father saved for months so we could afford it, and it was the only day of the year that we ate like royalty. My father died when I was very young and my mother did her very best to withhold the Thanksgiving tradition. She died from pneumonia when I was a teen, that was the last time I ever had a full turkey dinner."

Harry paled when it looked like Steve was going to cry. Swallowing back his own tears, he laid a trembling hand over Steve's. "I'm sorry if I brought up painful memories. When I heard you telling Pepper that it was your favorite, I thought I would make it as a way of saying thank you for being nice to me," Harry looked around the room at Tony, Clint, and now Bruce. Bruce must have came in during Steve's story because he didn't remember seeing him before. "I want to make you all something special, you have all been so kind to me."

Steve squeezed Harry's hand. "They're not painful memories, Harry, they're wonderful memories. Thank you so much for doing this for me."

Tony cleared his throat. "Harry, you don't have to thank us for being kind. We..."

"But, I do," Harry cried, interrupting Tony. "Besides, I love to cook."

Bruce walked up to the table. "Harry, this looks and smells amazing, but why are there only four chairs?"

"Pepper was by earlier, she felt bad about missing dinner, but she said she had a hot date."
Bruce pinched the bridge of his nose. It may have only been a little over a week since Harry had moved in with them, but he had hoped that the boy had realized that he was part of the family. "Harry, there are four chairs, but five of us." he pointed out.

Harry dropped his head, shrugging his shoulders. "I made the dinner for you guys," he said softly.

"Wait!," Steve cried, looking around the table and counting the chairs for the first time. "You weren't going to join us for dinner even though you worked all day cooking it?"

"I-I...well,"

Tony held up his hand before anyone could say anything more. His son had been horribly abused and neglected since he was a baby, he wouldn't be making a miraculous recovery overnight. "Capsicle, get another chair for Harry. We all eat together or no one eats it all."

Warmth filled Harry's heart as he watched everyone devour his dinner. Steve had been continuously moaning throughout the entire dinner. Of course his father couldn't pass up hitting him with a few perverted jokes. It was nice to be able to sit down at a family dinner, and not have to wait in the dark corner for them to finish so he could clean up their mess.

***HP

Harry was sitting at the table nervously bouncing his leg as everyone else cleaned up the dinner mess and did the dishes. It didn't feel right just sitting there as everyone else did the work, but they insisted that he remain sitting on his bottom. Not that there was much leftovers to clean up, he was still in awe with the amount of food these men could pack away...especially Steve and Bruce.

"Sir, there is a wild white owl flapping at the window in young Harry's room trying to get in, would you like me to give it a small electrical shock?" Jarvis asked.

"No!" Harry screamed, jumping up and racing to his room. "Please don't hurt her."

The four startled men looked at each other, then took off after the teen. By the time they got to the room, Harry was standing in the middle of his room with the balcony door wide open, and a large white snowy owl perched on his shoulder grooming his hair.

"Whoa, bird whisperer, where'd the come owl from?" Tony asked taking tentative step closer to his son.

Harry took a step back, afraid that they might think that Hedwig was a wild owl and hurt her. "She's mine," he said, bringing his hand up and allowing her to affectionately nip his fingers. "She's been with me for four years."

"And here I thought a dog was a boy's best friend?" Tony took another step closer, he could tell that Harry was afraid that he was going to hurt his pet. "She's beautiful," he said in awe. "Did she fly all the way over here from England?"

Harry nodded his head. "Hedwig is the smartest, she always knows where to find me."

Clint also took a step closer so he could get a better look. Birds had always fascinated him when growing up. "I have never seen one like her before. How did you train her?"

Hedwig ruffled her feathers and turned her head away from Clint. "Hedwig isn't trained," Harry said
chuckling. "She comes and goes as she pleases. She's here because she loves me."

Tony started scratching his chin, looking from Hedwig to the balcony door, then back again. "I'll have to make some kind of owl doggie door so you won't have to leave your door open all the time." he said thoughtfully.

Harry's eyes got wide as he stared at Tony. "You mean, you don't mind her staying?"

Tony smirked. "Harry, if you care about that bird, then she can stay. But I warn you now, she's is a pretty little thing and bird brain over there," Tony pointed to Clint. "has a thing for avians. He may whisk her away to his love nest."

Giggling, Harry looked to Clint who was wagging his eyebrows up and down. "Thank you, Tony," Harry still wasn't comfortable with calling Tony father or dad. "I promise that she will always be on her best behavior."

***HP

After getting Hedwig settled in, Harry made his way back to the kitchen so he could get dessert ready. He had never had a Thanksgiving dinner before so he had to ask Jarvis what foods they typically had for dinner and dessert. He wasn't sure what everybody liked so he made an apple pie, pumpkin pie, and blueberry cheesecake for Tony. He hoped with three choices there would be something on the table for everyone.

"Jarvis, can you please ask Tony, Clint, Bruce and Steve to come to the kitchen?" He didn't have the desserts on display earlier so none of them knew that he had made any.

When Jarvis' voice came out of nowhere, Harry could have sworn that it was chuckling. "All four are sprinting towards the kitchen, young Harry."

Harry had all the desserts, plates, silverware, and a gallon of vanilla ice cream to go with the warm apple pie on the table by the time the guys burst through the door.

"Please tell me that's apple pie that I'm smelling," Steve moaned.

Harry nodded his head. "I also have pumpkin pie and blueberry cheesecake."

Tony's eyes about popped out of his head. "Blue... Blueberry cheesecake," he stuttered.

"Well, I don't know about you guys," Bruce said looking eagerly at the table. "but I'm having one of everything."

As Tony was making his way through his third slice of blueberry cheesecake... The best blueberry cheesecake he had ever eaten. He was trying to work up the courage to start asking Harry about his past. He knew that Harry would get upset, but he needed to know what happened to him. Wanting to start off slow, he asked him about his school first.

"So, Harry, tell me about your boarding school." Tony didn't miss how Harry immediately tensed up.

Harry didn't know what to say, he didn't want his new family finding out about his magic. Magic was the reason why the Dursley's despised him, and he didn't want to lose Tony and everybody else. They too would think that he was nothing but a freak, and probably ship him back to his aunt and uncle.
"There's really not much to say," Harry answered lowering his eyes. "It was just a small boarding school that my aunt and uncle shipped me off to."

"Did you like it there?" Steve asked curiously.

Harry was quiet for a minute. "Maybe at first, but it's very old-fashioned. It did get me away from my relatives for most of the year, so I guess it wasn't that bad."

"Are you planning to return in the fall?" Tony asked hoping that the answer was no. He was just getting to know his son, and he didn't like the thought of him being so far away.

"No!" Harry said not even needing to think about it. He had never truly been happy there, he could never be himself. Nobody had ever cared for him there the way everyone here did, he had never felt as safe as he did here. No, he did not want to return the Hogwarts in the fall.

"Excellent," Tony said happily, shoving another fork full of blueberry cheesecake into his mouth. "We will find a school here to enroll you in, or you can be homeschooled with private tutors. The choice is yours."

Harry gave Tony a blinding smile feeling like the weight of the world had just been lifted off his small shoulders. Yes, he felt bad leaving the wizarding world to deal with Voldemort, but why should he be the one who has to defeat him? He was just a kid, and the wizarding world was constantly turning their backs on him. Almost every day he was on the front page of the Daily Prophet, and most of the time they were making fun of him or accusing him of something that he didn't do. Last year was especially bad with the Tri-Wizard tournament. Rita Skeeter was constantly writing lies about him, one minute he was the tragic little hero, and the next he was an attention seeking liar. If he wasn't getting fan mail in the morning, he was getting hate mail laced with curses and hexes. He just wanted to forget about the past four years, he wanted a new start with a new family.

"What was the name of your boarding school?" Tony asked, watching his sons facial expressions. The one thing he did learn about Harry in the past week, was that he could not tell a lie. When Harry lied, he didn't make eye contact and he started to nervously fiddle with something. It wasn't that Harry lied a lot, just when asked a question that he didn't want to answer. His son had a lot of secrets, and he hoped that eventually he would trust him with them. He wouldn't push though, Harry had been hurt enough. He would be patient, even if it took years.

Harry dropped his eye to his plate of unfinished pumpkin pie and started dragging his fork through the orange goo'y mess. "H- Ho... Hope Well Academy,"

Tony thought smirking to himself. Looking to Bruce, Clint and Steve, he could tell that they also knew that Harry was lying.

"What did you learn there?" Tony asked. "Bruce was telling me that there was no electric"

Harry nodded his head, shrugging his shoulders. "They didn't want us to be distracted, and we just learned the normal stuff. Everything was normal."

Tony raised an eyebrow at Harry's use of the word normal twice. For some reason it seemed that it was important to Harry for everyone to think that his school was normal. "Sounds boring," he chuckled.

Nodding his head, Harry gave his father a shy smile. "It was totally boring...and normal."

Tony looked to his teammates when Harry said normal for a third time. He had a feeling that Harry's school was anything but normal.
"Tell us about your friends, Harry. Aren't you going to miss them if you don't return in the fall?"
Steve asked as he helped himself to more apple pie.

"I do have a couple good friends," Harry answered softly. "but they will be better off without me."
Harry got up and started cleaning up the desert mess. He didn't want to talk anymore about as friends. He would miss Ron and Hermione, and Fred and George, but this was what he wanted. He didn't want to return to Hogwarts in the fall, he didn't want to become The-Boy-Who-Lived again, he just wanted to be a normal teenage boy.

Steve got up and took the plates from Harry. "We will do the clean up, you sit and relax."

"That's the captain giving a direct order," Bruce said getting up to help. "You were supposed to take it easy today. I don't call making an amazing Thanksgiving dinner and three delicious pies, taking it easy."

Harry reluctantly sat back down. It made him very uncomfortable watching others clean up his mess. He had been doing the cooking and cleaning for as far back as he could remember, and it wasn't right watching others do his job.

"I think I'm going to hit the pool after this." Steve chuckled. "If I want to keep enjoying Harry's cooking, I'm going to have to increase my exercising. Can't have Captain America getting fat lazy.

"You have a pool?" Harry gasped.

Clint snorted. "What doesn't Tony have? The workout floor not only has a gym, but a pool, hot tub and sauna."

"Do you like to swim, Harry?" Bruce asked. "You can't swim now with the cast on your arm, but it would help you build the strength back up in that arm after the cast comes off."

Harry frantically shook his head no. He was terrified of the water, even taking a bath made him uncomfortable. If it wasn't for Moody pushing him into the lake during the second task, he never would have been able to force himself to jump in.

Tony looked thoughtfully at his son. "Do you know how to swim?"

Harry jumped to his feet and walked to the refrigerator. Opening it up, he grabbed a hunk of turkey for Hedwig. "I think I will turn in early tonight. I'm feeling a little tired and I want to spend some time with Hedwig." Without waiting for response, Harry left the kitchen without looking at anyone. He didn't want to talk about swimming, or his fear of the water. He didn't want to have nightmares of his uncle Vernon holding his head under the water.

Client whistled. "That boy has some serious fear of water."

"But why?" Bruce asked thoughtfully.

***HP

"Why the hell is your brother standing smugly in my office, Thor?" Fury roared, making his glass windows rattle. He had hoped to never lay his one good eye on Loki ever again.

Thor grinned, affectionately smacking his brother on the shoulder. "My father, Odin, has banished my brother to Midgard as punishment for his crimes. He has limited use of his magic, placed a tracking band on him, and he must help the warrior Nick Fury on whatever missions he is needed on."
"He can help me by removing his psychotic ass from my planet," Fury growled.

Thor frowned at Fury. "But my brother wants to help, he wasn't in his right mind last he was here. He is sorry for what he did."

"Sorry doesn't bring back all the lives he took."

"That is true," Thor said sadly. "But my brother didn't mean to take the lives of innocence. He is here to help save lives now, besides the Allfather will not allow him to return to Asgard or leave Midgard until he feels he has paid his debt."

Fury glared at Loki who was smirking smugly next to Thor. He knew no matter how much he screamed and yelled, there would be no changing Odin's mind. "Fine, but if he stays, so do you. Thor, you will be responsible for your brother."

"Understood," Thor grinned.

Fury snarled at Loki. "You will also be living at Stark Tower where the Avengers can babysit you...that is if they don't kill you first. You will do what they say, go where they say, and you better not put one toe out of line."

Loki rolled his eyes. "The Avengers, my old friends. I dearly can't wait to get reacquainted with them."

"See, Furious Nick," Thor said, tossing a heavily muscled arm around Loki's shoulder. "Everything is going to be just fine."

"Get out of my office," Fury snarled, lips curled back like an animal.

Coulson was standing beside the directors desk watching as Thor and Loki left the office. "Was it wise to send Loki to Stark's with a heavily abused and powerful Harry Potter there?"

Fury shook his head. "No, but what other choice did I have?"

"Are you going to tell Stark about his son?"

Fury sighed, when he called his brother to find out about Harry Potter, Kingsley had told him everything that he knew. It seemed that the boy's relatives weren't the only one who abused the poor kid. Kingsley had went into great detail about Harry's life at Hogwarts and all the life threatening situations he had faced there. He explained how one minute they were hailing him the hero, and the next they wanted him thrown in Azkaban for being the next Dark Wizard. He was greatly distressed when Kingsley informed him that Lord Voldemort was back and how Harry was his main target. The boy was safer here with his father and the Avengers, then back in England.

"No, if the boy wants them to know that he is a wizard, then it's up to him to tell them. We will keep monitoring the situation, and only interfere if needed." Fury knew that it wasn't safe sending someone as manipulative as Loki to the same home as someone as vulnerable and powerful as Harry, but he didn't have any other choice. He couldn't let Loki wander his streets unsupervised.
I do not own Harry Potter or Avengers..

Here's the next update,,,,shew :) PLEASE LEAVE ME A REVIEW..

visit me on Facebook at Potter Obsessed, I will post updates, teasers, and ask for opinions..

***HP

Harry yawned into his cast as he absentmindedly flipped the bacon with his other hand. Despite going to bed early last night, he had maybe only gotten three hours of sleep. Every time he drifted off to sleep he would wake thirty minutes later from a nightmare. After a while he just gave up and started reading a book that Hermione had given him last Christmas. He didn't want to risk Tony hearing him screaming then asking him a million questions about his nightmares.

"Good morning, Harry," Steve said strolling into the kitchen and stopping behind him. "Harry, it was my morning to cook breakfast. You are by far the best cook, but you don't have to cook every meal for us."

Harry closed his eyes and gripped the spatula tight in his hand. He really, really hated when someone stood behind him. Steve was so close that he could feel his body heat on his back and his breath on his neck. He wanted to push Steve away, but the man was as big as a mountain. He felt so small and helpless next to the incredibly muscled soldier and he found his size greatly intimidating.

"I like cooking," Harry whispered, dropping his head and looking at his feet. He couldn't help but make himself submissive with the much larger man towering over him. He had learned early on if you did as you were told and submitted easily then the beatings and rapes might not be as severe.

When Steve noticed how scared Harry was and how his small body trembled, he quickly moved away so that the table was between the two of them. "Harry, I will never hurt you," he said sincerely. "I know you have no reason to trust me, but I swear on my shield that I will never physically, emotionally or sexually hurt you."

Harry swallowed the lump in his throat and without turning around, he nodded his head. He knew from watching the documentary on Captain America that his shield was very important to him. He desperately wanted to trust Steve...to trust everyone in the tower, but it was going to take time. He may have had friends at Hogwarts and a semi family with Sirius and Remus, but he never truly trusted them. Ron had already proven on more than one occasion that he was jealous of him and could easily abandon him, and Sirius and Remus walked out on him when he needed them the most. The only two he had ever come close to trusting was Fred and George. They had known a part of his secret for a few years now and had never told anyone. They had even helped heal his injuries and owl some potions and food to him when he needed them over the summer.

"Is there anything I can do to help you with breakfast?"

Harry shook his head no. "I'm almost done, but thank you for asking," he said softly.

Steve took a seat at the table, his stomach grumbling in anticipation. Harry really was an amazing cook and breakfast was smelling delicious. "Just to warn you, there will be two more for meals." Steve really hated the idea of Loki being in the same house as Harry. Hell, he hated the idea of Loki even being on earth. He was floored when Thor came waltzing in last night with his psychotic brother in toe. As upset as he was, it was nothing compared to Clint. Clint yelled, cursed, and
threatened Loki, and when the man just stood there smirking, Clint punched him in the face
knocking the god on his ass. He then stormed to his room to pack refusing to stay in the same house
as Loki, but changed his mind when he remembered about Harry. He couldn't leave a child as
broken and vulnerable as Harry in the hands of someone like Loki.

"Alright, thanks for the warning." Harry went to the refrigerator and started gathering food. "I'm
making omelettes, how would you like yours?" He really wanted to know more about the two new
people that must have showed up some time during the night, but it really wasn't any of his business.
He didn't want anyone to think that he was nosey as well as a freak. He would just have to wait and
meet them for himself. He really wasn't happy that there would now be two more people that he
would have to be cautious of, but there was nothing that he could do about it.

"Hmm, omelette," Steve groaned. "Can I please have mine with loads of cheese, some left over
turkey, onions, peppers and salt?"

Harry smiled at Steve. "Sure, coming right up. I also have some bacon, sausage, blueberry muffins
and toast."

"Harry, it's seven am, what time did you get up to get so much cooking done?"

Harry shrugged his shoulders. "I guess I'm an early riser."

Steve took a good look at the teen in front of him. He didn't notice it at first, but the boy looked
exhausted. There were dark circles under his puffy eyes and his emerald eyes were blood shot. Harry
was also shuffling as he expertly moved around the kitchen. "Did you sleep at all, Harry?"

Harry's hand froze as he was cracking the fourth egg in the bowl. He couldn't imagine eating four
eggs for breakfast, but Steve was huge and had an incredible appetite on him. "Yeah, I slept," he
answered weakly.

"That doesn't sound very convincing, Harry."

Harry added some milk to the eggs and started to briskly whisk them. "Some nights I sleep better
than others, last night wasn't one of my better nights."

Steve didn't want to upset Harry so he dropped the subject. He did plan to talk to Tony about it
though. Harry was still recovering from being seriously ill, and if he wasn't sleeping well, then he
could get sick again.

Harry placed a plate in front of Steve that was piled high with bacon, sausage, toast, and an omelette
that looked like it belonged in a food magazine. He then placed a bowl of fruit next to him and a
plate of muffins.

"So, what do you plan on doing today?" Steve asked as he dug into his breakfast. Like everything
else Harry had cooked for them so far, it was perfect.

Before Harry could answer, Clint came storming into the kitchen looking like he was ready to
murder someone. Harry immediately backed away from the table and as far away from Clint as he
could. Whenever his uncle was in one of his moods like Clint's, he always took it out on him. All
these men were trained fighters with skills that were unmatched, and they spent hours everyday
working out their bodies, the last thing he wanted was for them to turn on him. Uncle Vernon was
morbidly obese and normally tired after fifteen minutes, these men though could probably go at him
for hours before becoming winded.

Steve kicked Clint hard under the table then jerked his fork in Harry's direction. The poor kid was
looking at Clint like he was a monster that was about to devour him.

At seeing the fear in Harry's eyes, Clint instantly relaxed his face and gave him a small smile. He didn't mean to frighten the boy, he was just pissed that Loki was going to be living with them for the foreseeable future. He would never admit it, but Loki scared him. Guns, knives, bows and hand to hand combat he could handle, magic on the other hand was a different story. How the hell was he supposed to fight magic with his bow? The man was able to take control of his mind once before, and the thought of him doing it again terrified him.

"Good morning, Harry," Clint said giving the boy a reassuring smile. Despite being furious over Loki being at the tower, he would never take his anger out on a child. The last thing he wanted was Harry being scared of him.

Harry lowered his eyes to the table and refused to look up at Clint. "Good morning, sir. Would you like an omelette?"

Clint inwardly cursed, Harry hadn't called him sir since he first got there. He must have really frightened the boy to cause him to revert to calling him that. "Harry, I'm not upset with you. Please, call me Clint, not sir. I'm just being a grump this morning but it's not your fault and I won't take it out on you." Clint looked to Steve's plate to see what he was eating. "I will take whatever the captain is eating. Anything that has him moaning like that must be delicious."

Harry nodded his head, quickly getting to work on Clint's breakfast. Something had the archer beyond pissed and he didn't want to make it worse. Right now he was so scared that he just wanted to curl in on himself and hide. He saw the video of the alien invasion and he saw first hand how skilled Clint was. He didn't want to feel those hands on him in anger.

Clint sadly watched how Harry's hands were shaking as he whipped him up an omelette. He felt like an ass for scaring the boy so much. He should have known better than to storm into the kitchen like that with Harry in it. He knew that Harry watched every movement that they made and read their every emotion. He watched how his eyes would linger on their hands, especially Steve's much large ones. It made him sick to know that his presence was scaring him so much.

Harry placed the plate in front of Clint, never lifting his eyes from it. As fast as he could, he retreated back to the stove and out of reach of Clint's lethal hands.

Clint looked at his breakfast no longer having much of an appetite. He had come to care a great deal for Harry over the past week, and now thanks to Loki, he was going to have to start at the beginning with gaining the boy's trust. "Thank you, Harry, this looks amazing."

"You're welcome," Harry answered softly.

Bruce and Tony were next to arrive immediately picking up on the quiet and tension in the room.

Harry gave Tony and Bruce a relieved smile. He felt much safer with his father and Bruce in the kitchen. He wanted to believe that Clint would never hurt him, but right now he was running on instinct. He had lived for too many years with having to be scared and wary of people, especially men when angered. He just wanted to get this morning over with so he could hide back in his room and relax. His stomach was already cramping from his fear and anxiety and he didn't want to get sick in front of everyone.

"My little beauties," Tony coo'd, sitting down and pulling the entire plate of blueberry muffins to his chest. "Oh you naughty little things, how dare you stay away from me for so long. Every night I have dreamt of your beauty and smell, I can't wait to taste your deliciousness." Tony picked up a
muffin and took a big bite of it, grinning when he heard his son giggle. He didn't know why Harry looked terrified when he walked into the kitchen, but he was happy that he was able to put a smile back on his face.

"Harry, why are you cooking again?" Bruce gently scolded. "You are not responsible for cooking every meal."

The smile slowly slipped from Harry's face. He couldn't tell them that he had to cook, that he had to feel useful. He was terrified if they thought he was lazy that they would ship him back. Here wasn't like living at the Dursley's where he always had something to do and a yard to slave in. The only useful thing he could find to do was cook, and he had to do it.

"I...I'm making omelettes, what would you like on yours?"

Bruce sighed, he knew that it wasn't Harry's fault that he was so obsessed with cooking for them. "Do we have any ham?"

Harry went to the fridge and pulled out a package of pre-sliced ham. "Is this alright?"

"That's perfect, Harry." Bruce answered giving Harry a smile. "I will just have a ham and cheese omelette."

Tony looked from the blueberry muffins to the omelettes his teammates were eating, then back to the muffins again. "Can I have a blueberry muffin inside my omelette?"

Harry scrunched his face up in disgust. "I don't think that combination would taste very good."

Tony sighed dramatically. "Fine, just make mine a cheese then." Tony looked down at the plate of blueberry muffins. "Don't worry my sweeties, daddy won't forget about you."

Harry turned back to the stove giggling. His father really loved blueberries and blueberry muffins. He couldn't get over how free and fun loving his father was, he wished that he could be more like him.

Harry had just handed Tony and Bruce their plates when the door burst open and two more men walked in.

"My friends, what is that delicious smell?" Thor boomed.

Despite the blond man being incredibly loud, huge and intimidating, it was the dark haired man that Harry couldn't take his eyes off of. The magic rolling off of him was unlike anything he had ever felt before. He thought Hogwarts magic was overwhelming the first time he stepped foot through her doors, but it was nothing compared to the magic swirling around this man.

Immediately Loki's eyes fell on the small raven haired child, the source of the magic that he had been picking up on since he arrived at the tower last evening. He knew that Midgard held some magic users, but never had he come across one as powerful as the boy in front of him. If trained properly, this small timid child could be as powerful as him someday.

"Boy, I do not know thee." Thor said, walking towards the boy, only to stop when Bruce stood up and blocked his path.

Harry backed himself into the corner now looking fearfully at the blond giant. Being called boy brought forth a lot of painful memories. Boy is what his uncle called him, and good boy or my sweet boy is what the men called him that raped him. He hated the word boy with a passion and the way it
made him feel dirty and used.

Loki's eyes widened when the child's magic spiked. How could such a small Midgardian child have so much magic? "Brother, I believe that you are scaring the bo...child." He didn't miss how the child had flinched at the word boy.

Tony got up and placed himself in front of his son, blocking Loki's view of him. He didn't like the way the God of Mischief was looking at him. "Thor, this is my son Harry."

"Son!" Thor exclaimed. "I did not know that you had a son."

"Neither did I up until a week ago," Tony answered, glaring at Loki. Why was the god so interested in his son?

"I didn't know you had it in you, Man of Iron," Loki smirked. "How could a mere mortal father a child as..."

Harry quickly knocked the frying pan onto the floor making it clatter loudly and turn all heads towards him. "Sorry about that," he murmured, looking frantically to the man that he now knew was the god Loki. He didn't understand what the man was doing here after trying to destroy earth, but he had no doubts that the god knew exactly what he was. If he could feel Loki's magic, then he was positive that the god could feel his. He didn't want anyone to know that he was a wizard, he had planned to leave that life behind him. He could see the hate that the Avengers held for Loki, and it would kill him if they looked at him the same way.

"C-Can I make you two some breakfast?" Harry asked the two gods.

"A child should not be working in the kitchen," Thor scowled. "A boy such as yourself should be on the field learning how to wield a sword and ride a stallion."

Once again Loki didn't miss how the child flinched at the word boy or how his magic spiked from it. There was something wrong with the boy, he could sense it. He also didn't miss how the child drew the attention to himself and away from him. The boy was keeping many secrets, and for now he would play his game.

"This is Midgard, brother," Loki smirked, taking a seat next the scowling archer. He knew how much the man despised him and wanted to kill him. "Their ways are far different from ours." Loki grinned at Clint. "I will have whatever my good friend here had to break his fast."

"I am not your friend, you bastard," Clint snarled.

Bruce placed his hand on Clint's tense shoulder. "Maybe you should leave early today." Bruce pointed to where Harry stood trembling by the stove.

Clint stood up, never taking his eyes off of Loki. His fingers were itching to grab his bow and plant an arrow between the arrogant god's eyes. "Thank you for breakfast, Harry. As always, it was wonderful."

"I bet it was truly...magical." Loki said, giving the boy a mischievous smile.

Paling, Harry turned away from the god's knowing gaze and got to work making two more omelettes.

Thor looked between his brother and the boy, he could sense a strange tension between the two. "Stark, tell me about your boy."
Harry tensed, dropping the egg that he had been holding. "I'm sorry," he cried, quickly dropping to his knees so he could clean up the mess.

Before Harry could reach out with the towel, Loki had cleaned the mess with a simple wave of his hand and a wink to the boy. "Accidents happen," he grinned. "Nothing a little magic couldn't handle. Don't you agree, young Harry?"

Ignoring the god's goading, Harry turned back to the stove and continued cooking.

Tony glared at the god. "I don't know what you're planning, but you leave my son the hell alone. You thought we were hard on you last time, think of it as a walk in the park compared to what we will do you to you if you so much as even think about doing anything to him."

Loki held up his hands grinning. "I'm a good god now, remember? I came to help you lowly Midgardians with your problems."

"The only problem I have," Tony snarled. "Is you. I don't want you in my tower or near my son. You stay the hell away from him, understood?"

"My brother would never harm a child...not now that he is in complete control of himself," Thor quickly added when he saw all the skeptical looks sent his way. "Loki adores children."

"Then he can have his own," Tony snapped. "He stays away from mine or else he is out of here, I don't give a fuck what Fury says. This is my tower and if he can't behave, then he's out."

Harry shyly approached the table with two plates in his hand. He placed the first one in front of Thor, and after a quick glance at the trickster god, he placed a plate in front of him. He only made eye contact with the god for a split second before lowering his eyes submissively.

Harry quickly returned to the stove and started cleaning up the mess.

"Harry, how many times do we have to remind you that we will clean up the mess?" Steve said, getting to his feet and approaching the shy boy.

"No, it's alright, you have things to do today."

"Yes I do," Steve agreed, "and one of them is cleaning up the breakfast mess. Now, have you eaten this morning?"

"I'm not very hungry this morning," Harry answered, shrugging his shoulders. It was true, he had completely lost his appetite when Loki walked into the kitchen. He just knew that the God of Mischief was going to cause trouble for him. He had to find a way to convince the god to not tell everyone what he was. Tony couldn't find out that he was a wizard, he just couldn't.

"Harry, take a seat," Bruce ordered. "You know I can't let you go without eating, not after almost dying a week ago from blood poisoning. You are dangerously underweight and if you don't start eating better, then you are going to force me to use medical means of filling you with nutrients."

Harry reluctantly took a seat which unfortunately was across from Loki. He kept his head down and nervously fiddled with his fingers. The last thing he wanted to do was look up and see eyes which so much resembled his own staring back at him.

Bruce walked to the refrigerator and pulled out some mayonnaise. After toasting two pieces of bread, he lathered the mayonnaise on and piled it with bacon. "Since you're not that hungry, I made you a bacon sandwich, please try to eat it all."
"Listen to mother," Tony chuckled. "It's not good for any of us if we make him mad."

"Ah, so you are his mother?" Thor asked Bruce. "I was wondering where the boy's mother was."

"Stop calling me that!" Harry snapped at the God of Thunder.

Everyone stopped what they were doing and stared at Harry, shocked that he had raised his voice to someone.

"Oh god, I'm sorry," Harry paled. He didn't mean to say that out loud. He was just tired of hearing that word and he wanted it to stop. "Please don't punish me." Harry finally looked up and took a good look at Thor. Thor was even bigger than Steve and his hands were twice the size of Steve's. Thor also kept a hammer at his side at all times and the hammer was bigger than his head. There was no way that he could survive a single blow from this man...this god.

"No one will be punishing you, child," Loki said gently. He could tell that someone had hurt this boy greatly, he could see it in his eyes and feel it in his magic. The thought that some mortal had hurt someone as powerful as this child greatly pissed him off. "You will have to forgive my brother, he did not realize that the use of that word was upsetting you so much. Thor may be a good guy, but he is a bit thick headed."

"Yes, I apologize," Thor said sincerely. "Had I known that I was offending you, I would have stopped immediately."

Harry relaxed at the sincerity in the God of Thunder's eyes. He knew that Thor wasn't doing it on purpose and he honestly didn't mean to snap at him. "I'm sorry, I shouldn't have been so rude."

Tony cleared his throat, he was a bit surprised at how Loki had handled his son and the situation. "Point Break, you do realize that men can't get pregnant right?"

Thor cocked his head to the side. "They can't?" he asked curiously. Thor turned to Loki. "Men from Midgard can't get pregnant?"

Loki winked at Harry who was choking on his sandwich. "There are a rare few men here on Midgard who can carry a child, but the majority can not."

"Men can not get pregnant," Tony snorted. "Reindeer Games, you're even crazier than I thought."

Loki shrugged his shoulders. "Don't believe me then, but I know for a fact that such men do exist." Loki looked to Harry. "Someday, Man of Iron, you are going to be in for a big surprise." Loki could tell that Harry's mother was a man, he could read it in his magic. He could also tell that Harry himself was a carrier. Not all male Midgardian magic users were carriers, only about twenty percent born carried the ability.

Harry quickly got to his feet pushing his half eaten sandwich away. "Is it alright if I go to my room?" he asked Tony.

"I don't blame you for wanting to escape," Tony said, giving Loki an exasperated look. "I will be around today if you need me. Just ask Jarvis and he will direct you to my shop."

"Thank you," Harry said, making his way to the door as fast as he could.

"Harry," Loki called. "This food was truly magical. I thank you for it."

Harry stumbled in his retreat but didn't turn back to Loki. He was desperate to get to his room where
he could release some of his tension.

***HP***

Fred and George were secretly plotting in their room at Grimmauld Place. It had now been over a week since school had let out and they had yet to hear from Harry. They knew that Sirius and Remus were also worried about Harry, but they wouldn't go against Dumbledore. Dumbledore said that Harry was fine and would owl them when he was fully recovered from the third task. They knew better though, they knew that something was wrong with their friend and honorary little brother.

"I say we floo to the Leaky Cauldron then take the Knight Bus to Harry's relatives house." George suggested.

Fred nodded his head in agreement. "There is something not right going on, Harry has never went this long without contacting us. Errol also returned with our letters unopened. I'm worried about him.

"Me too, brother. We just needed a diversion so we can get to the floo without being seen." George added.

"It's a bloody shame that we don't have a trunk full of pranks," Fred said, smirking at his twin.

"Damn bloody shame it is," George said shaking his head.

Laughing, both boys jumped off the bed and fell on the floor next to a beat up old trunk.

***HP***

"Something is wrong, I can feel it," Sirius said as he paced the length of the kitchen. "Harry promised to send me an owl the second he made it safely to his aunt's house."

"Sirius, like I told you before, Harry is fine. Arabella has been watching over him since I first dropped him off and she never reported a problem." He wasn't being completely honest with Sirius. Arabella had reported on countless occasions that she thought that Harry was being abused, but he still felt that Harry was safer there protected behind the blood wards. He couldn't imagine that Lily's sister would truly hurt her nephew, it was probably nothing more than a few smacks and being sent to bed with no dinner.

"Albus, he promised me that he would send an owl and Harry would never break a promise." Sirius raged.

"Sirius, that's enough," Dumbledore snapped, raising his voice for the first time. "Harry is fine, and right now we have more important matters to discuss. Harry is safe at his aunt and uncle's and I don't want to hear another word about it."

Sirius took a deep breath to retaliate but was distracted when a loud bang came from upstairs, then screaming. Racing out of the kitchen and up the steps, Sirius and Dumbledore never noticed the twins standing near the fireplace.

"Do you think dear Ronniekins will ever forgive us for filling his trunk up with spiders?" Fred asked, grinning from ear to ear.

George shook his head smirking. "Doubt it, he still hasn't forgiven us for turning his bear into a spider when he was five."
Fred chuckled, fondly remembering that day. "Do you think mother will forgive us for blowing up the bathtub?"

"Never, but I'm sure Sirius with thank us, he hates this place." George grabbed his twins hand and stepped into the fireplace.

***HP

"Did this neighborhood look this boring last time we were here?" George asked his twin.

Fred looked up and down the street, grimacing because every house was identicle. He guessed after living in a house as unique as the Burrow, most everything else would look boring. "It was dark last time we were here and we were flying in dad's car. This neighborhood is pretty pathetic. I don't understand why anyone would want to live in the same house as their neighbor."

George pointed at one particular house. "That's it, Number 4, Privet Drive."

"Are you positive?" Fred asked skeptically. "The little sign above the door says The Anderson's."

George shrugged his shoulders. "Well, there's one way to find out my most handsome brother." Fixing his shirt, he briskly walked up the drive and rang the doorbell.

Fred and George were a bit taken aback when a little red headed girl around the age of six answered the door. They knew for a fact that Harry only had one cousin and he was a fat, lard ass of a boy.

"Good afternoon fellow ginger child." George said sweeping into a deep bow. "Would a Harry Potter happen to live here?"

"He's about yeah high," Fred added holding his hand up to his belly. "Has horribly messy black hair, god awful glasses and stunning emerald eyes."

The little girl giggled at the two boys. "You two have the same fwaces."

The twins looked at each other and snorted. "I'm way more handsomer than he is," they both said at the same time, pointing at each other.

The little girl giggled harder. "You two are funny."

"Annabel, who's at the door?" A woman called from farther in the house.

"I dunno," the little girl hollered back. "They funny and have the same fwaces."

A blond woman in her early thirties took the little girls hand and pulled her behind her. "Hello, may I help you?"

Both Fred and George bowed to the lady. "Hello mother to the fellow little ginger child. We were wondering if a Harry Potter resided here?" George asked.

"He has messy haiw and gwasses, mummy," the little girl said, peeking around her mother's legs.

"No, I'm sorry, you must have the wrong address," the woman answered.

"What about the Dursley's, do they live here?" Fred asked, a sinking feeling settling in the pit of his stomach. He knew that this was the correct house.

"Oh, that name I do recognize," the lady said grimacing. "We bought this house from those horrible
people a month ago. I don't remember a Harry though. The only child I saw was a rotund, whiny boy by the name of Dudley."

George paled. "Would you happen to know where they moved to?" he asked, no trace of a smile on his face.

The lady thought for a minute. "I'm not sure, but I heard them saying something about America."

Fred reached out and grabbed George for support. "America, are you sure?"

The lady nodded her head. "Yeah, I'm pretty sure I heard the man boasting to my husband that he got a promotion and was transferring to America."

Fred and George bowed again. "Thank you very much for your time lovely lady, and pretty little ginger princess." They both said at the same time.

The little girl squealed. "Mummy, the funny faces called me a princess."

The lady smiled down at her daughter. "No problem, I hope you can find your friend."

"Us too," George said sadly.

Slowly the twins walked down the road both thinking over what they just found out. "Brother, we have to tell the Order. Merlin only knows where those people took Harry." Fred whispered.

"Or what they have done to him," George said, sadly nodding his head. "That explains why Errol couldn't deliver our letters, he couldn't find Harry."

***HP

Harry blindly stumbled into the bathroom. Falling to his knees, he vomited into the toilet. Why did this have to happen now? Everything was going so well, and then he had to show up. Loki knew what he was, Loki knew that he was a wizard. He heard all about Loki and he knew that the man wouldn't keep his secret. He knew that Loki was a trickster and he would use this knowledge against him to his advantage.

Flushing the toilet, Harry got up and walked to the sink. Digging through his bag that he had sitting there, he pulled out a very small, very sharp knife. Taking the knife in his hand with the cast, he drug the blade down his opposite arm. Steadily taking deep breaths, he sunk to the floor and drug the knife down his arm for a second time. He watched transfixed as his blood bubbled and spilled down his arm and onto the expensive marble floor.

Smiling, Harry cut his arm for a third time. It wasn't often that he cut himself, at least he didn't think so, but when things became overwhelming, he just had to do it. He couldn't understand it, but the cutting made him feel better. He could think better and clearer when watching his scarlet blood flow from his wounds.

Harry couldn't remember how old he was when he first started cutting, but if he had to guess, he would say he was around around eight. He did vividly remember the first time he did it though, it was the first time he was ever given to Mr. Mason. Uncle Vernon was trying to seal a deal with Mr. Mason and he had invited him to the house for drinks while aunt Petunia and Dudley went out to the movies.

Uncle Vernon wasn't positive that Mr. Mason liked young boys, but Mr. Grunning's had said that he did. His uncle Vernon had dressed him in a pair of tight underwear and a long t-shirt and had him lay
on the couch to watch cartoons. He was never allowed on the couch or permitted to watch tv, but uncle Vernon had did it to get Mr. Mason's attention. The second Mr. Mason walked through the door, his eyes hungrily fell on him. With a knowing grin, uncle Vernon said a few words to Mr. Mason, then left the two of them alone in the house for a few hours.

Harry didn't want to think about what happened after uncle Vernon left, but he could still remember the pain and the blood. When his uncle had returned home and found him broken and naked on the floor, he had carelessly picked him up and carried him to the bathroom. Filling the tub full with nothing but cold water, his uncle literally dropped him in the tub and ordered him to clean up his mess. Without looking back, his uncle stormed from the bathroom, slamming the door behind him.

Crying and in pain, Harry had spotted a razor on the tub. Wanting to end his pain, he picked it up and sliced his arm. The wound wasn't deep enough to kill him unfortunately, but it did strangely make him feel better. With him causing the pain, it helped him deal with the pain that Mr. Mason had inflicted on him easier. After that, cutting became somewhat routine for him.

After that Harry had always worn long sleeved shirts to cover his scars, even in the heat of the summer. Then, when searching the library for information on Nicolas Flamel, he stumbled across a book that talked about glamours. It took him a while to get the wand movements correct, but by second year he was finally able to hide his scars magically and wear t-shirts once again. He could now drop and reapply the glamours on his arms with just a thought. He had been working on building his glamours to cover his back, but never got the chance to practice after his name came out of the a Goblet of Fire. It didn't matter now, everyone here had seen his scars and put two and two together. He was relieved that his father had yet to start interrogating him, but he knew that it was coming.

Harry remained on the bathroom floor until his arms stopped bleeding and the blood dried. Sighing, he got up and cleaned up his mess. Before leaving his bathroom, he reapplied the glamours to his arm, sad to see his scars disappear.

***HP

Harry followed Jarvis' directions, stopping right outside his father's glass workshop doors. Tony was bent over his work bench with some kind of weird contraception on his head, working hard at something. Not wanting to interrupt him, he turned to go back up the steps. He had only made it up three steps when he heard something bang on the glass doors. Turning around, he grinned when he saw his father waving him in.

"Hey, Little Chef, I'm glad you came to visit," Tony said, opening the door and escorting his son in.

"Whoa," Harry gasped, looking around the room and spotting multiple Iron Man suits lining the back wall. "Do you honestly fly in those?"

"Sure do," Tony said proudly. "Go ahead and check them out, you can touch them."

Harry walked up to the red and gold suite, it's colors reminding him of Gryffindor colors. Reaching out, he ran his hand over the cool metal. "I can't believe these heavy things actually fly."

Tony snickered. "They do fly, but when they crash, they come down hard."

Harry spun around to face Tony. "You have crashed one before?"

"Multiple times, kiddo, multiple times."

"Didn't it hurt?" Harry asked in awe.
Tony chuckled. "The metal protects my body very well, but yes, sometimes it does hurt like a bitch. Luckily, I have yet to break any bones," he added, tapping on his son's cast. "Have you ever built anything before, Harry."

"Does a picket fence and a porch swing count?" Harry asked, not looking at Tony.

"If you built it with your hands, then yes it counts."

Harry looked up at Tony smirking. "The porch swing only lasted a day before it collapsed under the weight of my cousin." Harry tried not to laugh, but he couldn't stop it. It had been well worth the beating he got for laughing at Dudley when he fell on his fat ass and couldn't get back up. His aunt had to come out and roll Dudley to the porch step in order for him to get to his feet.

"Yes well, I don't think even I could build something that could hold that boy's weight." Tony chuckled. "Would you like to help me?" Tony pointed at what he had been working on for the past two hours.

Harry took two steps away from the table. "I better not, I will only ruin whatever you have been working on." Harry wasn't sure what Tony was working on, but it looked like some kind of arm piece to the Iron Man suit and very important.

Tony waved his hand towards his work bench. "There's nothing to ruin yet. I'm trying to make some upgrades to the suit, you can never have too much firepower."

"Can I just watch?" Harry hoped that his father wouldn't be upset that he didn't know what he was talking about or how to do the things that he could do.

"Sure, kiddo," Tony said, affectionately ruffling Harry's hair.

Harry tensed at the action, but at the same time warmth spread throughout his body. He had seen fathers do similar things to their children when he was younger and he had always wanted that. He had always wanted to be pat on the back and told that he did a good job, or read a bedtime story before falling asleep. Instead he got whipped, starved and raped.

"Tell me, Little Chef, why don't you want to return to your school?" Tony asked, turning back to his table and picking up a screwdriver. "Not that I want you to return that is. I just got you, I'm not ready to lose you so soon."

Harry sat down in the seat next to his father's work table and drew his knees up to his chin. "It's hard to explain, but it wasn't what I thought it would be. When I first heard about it I was excited to go, it was a new place away from the Dursley's, and my parents had also gone there. I didn't know much about them, my aunt wouldn't allow me to ask questions. Heck, I didn't even know their names until the man who showed up from the school told me about them. When I got there though, everyone expected me to be something that I wasn't, and my every move was scrutinized. I wasn't allowed to just be myself there."

"What do they expect from you at your school?" Tony asked curiously.

Harry wrapped his arms around his knees. "My parents were like these famous war heroes and everyone expects me to be like them. I don't want to be like them though, I don't want to be responsible for everyone else...I just want to be Harry."

"That's a lot of pressure to put on someone so young. I know what it's like to have to live up to everyone's expectations." Tony handed Harry a wrench. "I could use an extra pair of hands, if you don't mind?"
Harry took the wrench and stood next to his father. He honestly didn't know anything about building and tools. He did all the cooking and cleaning, but after the bench incident, his uncle never asked him to build anything again.

Giving his son a reassuring smile, Tony directed Harry to what he needed him to do. "My father was a very cold and calculating man who never had time to spare for his son. I did everything I could to gain his attention and respect, but he was too busy searching for Captain America to ever notice my achievements."

"Did he e-ever h-hit you?" Harry asked, voice barely above a whisper.

"No, Harry," Tony said looking his son in the eye. "He would have had to be around me in order to hit me, and he was never around. Then my parents died when I was fourteen, so I have been alone for a while now." Tony reached out and took his son's hand. "When did the abuse start, son?"

Harry gave a slight gasp at being called son. Looking down at their joined hands, he noticed how much larger and stronger his father's hands were. These hands could either hurt him like uncle Vernon's, or protect him. Could he trust his father with the truth about his childhood? Tony had been working hard the past week to save kids just like himself, could he save him too?

Harry closed his eyes trying to get the courage to speak...to speak about things that had been forbidden for over thirteen years.

Tony patiently waited for his son to speak, he could see the battle that was raging inside of him. He knew that Harry had been conditioned and threatened to never speak about what happened in that house of horrors, but he would never heal if he kept it bottled inside.

"I can never remember a time where they weren't hurting or starving me," Harry finally said, voice weak and broken. "They hated me and they made sure everyday that I knew it. I have a pretty good memory, and I remember screaming and crying, scared of the dark cupboard and wanting my parents."

"Cupboard?" Tony asked with dread.

Harry jerkily nodded his head, wiping an escaped tear from his cheek. "Until I was eleven, my bedroom was the cupboard under the stairs. I didn't have a bed or anything because the space was too small, just some old dirty blankets." Harry took a big shaky breath. "Until I started school, they kept me locked in my cupboard unless I was doing chores."

"They locked you in?" Tony asked, heart feeling like it had been pierced with a knife. As his son was talking about his childhood, he could vividly imagine every detail.

Harry nodded his head, still staring at their joined hands. He did notice that he was now squeezing his father's hand rather tightly. "Sometimes for days with only a bucket to relieve myself in," he explained, shame clear on his face. "If I was lucky, uncle Vernon would leave the vent open so I could get some fresh air."

"Where you lucky often?" Tony asked, trying his damnest to hide the anger in his voice.

Harry shook his head no. "Eventually he just boarded up the vent. He said my stench was starting to stink up the house."

Tony pinched the bridge of his nose, and for the first time that he could ever remember, he felt like crying. He didn't even cry when his parents died or when he himself was dying from palladium poisoning. Hearing how is son...his flesh and blood had been treated, broke something inside of him.
Harry couldn't believe that he was actually telling his father about his childhood. Uncle Vernon would kill him if he ever found out that he told. In a way it felt good though, for the first time ever he was able to tell someone about it. He would hopefully finally have someone that could help him...be there for him.

Harry took a deep breath, ready to continue. "For as far back as I can remember I was forced to do all the chores. First it was cleaning up after Dudley and putting his toys away, then it was doing all the cooking, cleaning and gardening."

"You had to clean up after your cousin? Did he ever have to do any chores of his own?"

Harry shook his head no. "I actually didn't mind putting his toys away, it was the only time that I got to touch and play with toys?"

"Are you telling me that you never had any toys? Didn't you get any for your birthday or Christmas?"

Harry chuckled darkly. "No, freaks like me aren't allowed toys or clothes. Freak should be thankful that his relatives were kind enough to take his ungrateful little ass in and give him a roof over his head and food in his belly. Freak needs to learn his place, and his place isn't with a normal family. Freak is not to be seen or heard, and he is never to sit on any of the chairs or couches and contaminate them. Freak is ugly and even his own parents killed themselves to get away from him. Freak will never find anyone to love him, he's..."

Tony had to give a Harry a hard shake to break him out of whatever trance he was in. Harry's eyes had gone dead as he started reciting what obviously had been drilled into him since he was a baby.

Harry blinked rapidly as his father's workshop started to come back into focus. Pulling his hand out of his father's, Harry wrapped his arms around himself and sank to the floor.

Tony followed him down to the floor, reaching out to grab his shoulders. "Harry, you are not a freak or any of those horrible things that your relatives called you."

Tears finally started to fall unchecked down Harry's face. "No, they were right, I am a freak. Even at my school I was a freak compared to everyone else. My parents were killed because of me, I deserved everything my relatives did to me."

"No, Harry," Tony said sternly. "You did not deserve any of that. You were just a baby when your parents died, none of it was your fault."

"But it was. The man who killed my parents was after me, but they stood up to him to protect me. If I hadn't been born, then they would still be alive today. Everything is my fault, even Cedric's death was my fault. I told Cedric to take the cup with me, I didn't know that it was a trap. If I would have just taken the cup myself, then Cedric would still be alive. His parents wouldn't be grieving the death of their only child. Don't you see, I'm a curse. If you were smart, you would send me back to my aunt and uncle's now before I caused your death too."

Tony didn't know what his son was rambling on about, but he grabbed him and pulled him tight to his chest. He was confused, the reports that his relatives had left behind had said that Harry's parents had died in a car crash. They had stated that both parents were unemployed and that his father had been driving drunk when he lost control of the car. Also, nothing in the reports had mentioned that James and Lily were war heroes. He now had so many more questions, like who the hell was...
Harry at first fought Tony's embrace, but now he was clinging to him, crying harder than what he had cried in a long time. He had never been held like this, never felt this safe before.

"Harry, I want you to listen to me, and listen to me good," Tony said seriously. "I will never send you back to those horrid people, or anywhere else for that matter. Pretty soon, they will be rotting in prison for the rest of their lives. As for bringing me bad luck and death, Harry, have you seen the life that I live? If anything, I should be worried about what trouble being my son will bring you. Incase you missed the memo, kid, the worlds most powerful hero's live here, not to mention the God of Thunder. This tower is also heavily secured, you're safe here, kiddo."

"Promise me that you won't let them force me back. They will come for me, I know they will. They will make me fight him and I don't want to. I'm not strong enough to fight him."

Tony had no clue what his son was talking about. Who was coming? Who did his son have to fight? Hardly anything he had said so far had made sense. He was more confused now than before this conversation started.

Tony took Harry's face into his hands and made him look at him. "No one, and I mean no one, is going to take you away from here. Harry, I don't know what's going on, but everyone in this tower is behind you one hundred percent. I would love to see someone try to take you away from me."

Harry knew that Tony meant every word he said, but there was no way he could defend himself against the wizarding world. He knew that it was just a matter of time before Dumbledore tracked him down and made him return to Hogwarts. They needed him to fight Voldemort, and now that he was back, they weren't going to let him play house with his father and the rest of the Avengers.

Harry scrubbed at his eyes trying to compose himself. He couldn't believe how much he let slip in front of Tony. Tony wasn't supposed to know about how his parents truly died or anything else that led back to the wizarding world. Hopefully his father would forget everything that he said, he absolutely could not find out that he was a wizard.

"I'm sorry about that," Harry unsteadily got to his feet.

Tony grabbed Harry's hand and tuned him back towards him. "Don't you dare apologize for that. I am your father and I want to help you. This isn't done, there is still a lot to work through."

Tony knew that Harry was done talking for now, but he was surprised how much he had gotten out of him already. He would take this at Harry's pace, even if he went weeks without talking.

Harry gave Tony a small smile. "Thank you for that," he said pointing between the two of them. "I never had..." Harry closed his eyes, sighing. He didn't know how to say that he never had anyone hold and comfort him the way that his father just did.

Tony playfully shoved his son. "I'm here for you, Little Chef," he grinned. "You want to help me finish this up?" he asked, pointing to his work table.

Harry chuckled. "How about I go make us some lunch? Do you like turkey sandwiches?"

 cries mother's favorite color green?" Tony smirked. "Of course I like turkey sandwiches. Give me thirty minutes and I will meet you in the kitchen."

Harry shook his head, chuckling. "Thanks again."
"A show of hands of who in this tower has magic?"

Harry spun around and came face to face with a smirking Loki who was raising his hand high in the air. He didn't know how Loki managed to creep up on him like that, but he about gave him a heart attack.

"Come now, we mustn't be shy." Loki purred. "Raise your hand proudly if you have magic running through your veins."

Harry stepped away from Loki, not liking the god in his personal space. He hated how everyone in the tower absolutely towered hover him. "I don't know what you're talking about." he said, looking nervously at the door. Tony would be coming up for lunch any minute and he didn't want him to overhear what Loki was saying.

"Is that so, Little Mage? I can feel and taste the magic pouring of you in waves. You are exceptionally powerful for a Midgardian magic user. If I didn't know any better, I would swear that you were related to me. Not only does our magic feel the same, but you also resemble a younger me."

Harry stepped away from Loki, putting the table between the two of them. "Please," he whispered. "You can't tell anyone here about me being a wizard. If my father knew that I was a freak, he would send me back to my uncle."

"What did you just call yourself?" Loki growled, green eyes sparkling dangerously.

Harry's heart was pounding in his chest. He could feel Loki's magic swirling angrily in the air and it was starting to scare him. "Please, you don't understand. For the first time ever, I have a chance at having a real family. If they find out that I have magic, they will kick me out and I will be all alone again. I can't go back to what it was like before, I would rather die then get hurt like that again."

"You're scared of your magic," Loki said in disbelief.

"Yes I'm scared of my magic, and I hate it," Harry hissed. "It has brought me nothing but pain and suffering."

"But you could be great," Loki said, slowly advancing on Harry. "You could rule this pathetic planet and have them all bowing at your feet."

Harry shook his head, eyes filling with tears. "I don't want to be great or rule the world. I just want to be a normal boy and have a family, someone who will care about me and protect me."

Loki looked at Harry like he was some strange creature that needed studying. "You would sacrifice all that power for a family?"

"Yes," Harry said without having to think about it. "All I have ever wanted was a family. I have never had anyone to love or care for me, just an abusive uncle who used me for his own sick pleasure and gain." Harry slapped his hand over his mouth, he couldn't believe that he had just said that.

Loki's eyes darkened, anger like he hadn't felt in a long time burned through his veins. "Are you telling me that your uncle beat and raped you because of your magic?"

Harry felt like his chest was being squeezed in a vice. Loki's magic was furious, and it was quickly
seeping out into the kitchen making it difficult for him to breath. Unable to say anything, Harry dropped his head in shame.

Seeing that he was hurting the child, Loki pulled his magic back, wrapping it around himself. "How old were you when the mortal took your innocence?"

Harry couldn't stop the tears from falling. Despite Loki gaining control of his magic, it still felt like someone was sitting on his chest. Against his will he thought back to the day when his uncle took him for the first time. He had been folding clothes in the living room when he heard his aunt screaming at his uncle from upstairs. A minute later she had come storming down the stairs with her purse and went straight out the door, slamming it behind her. Not thinking anything of it, he returned to his folding until he felt two large hands pick him up and slam him down hard onto the arm of the couch. By the time he caught his breath, his uncle had already stripped him down and had slammed brutally inside of him.

Loki stumbled forward grabbing the table for support. He was positive that the child didn't realize what he was doing when he opened his magic up and thrust the memory at him. The image was so powerful that he felt like he himself was the child that was getting violated. The boy couldn't have been more than five or six years old when the incident occurred. He had tried to bring up a shield to block himself from the horrific image, but because some of his magic was bound and the child was so powerful, he was helpless against the assault. He had to watch as that fat mortal relentlessly tore into the tiny child.

Harry stumbled backwards, falling painfully onto his ass. Feeling something wet on his face, he brought his hand up to his nose to wipe it away. He cried out in alarm when he found blood covering his hand. "What happened?" he croaked out, voice feeling raw and sore.

Panting, Loki collapsed onto the chair and dropped his head into his hands. It felt like Thor had tried to crack his skull open with Mjolnir. At hearing the boy cry out in distress, he lifted his head up, shocked to find a puddle of blood on the table dripping from his nose.

"You forced me to watch your memory," Loki answered, his voice not sounding much better than the child's.

"Oh my god, I'm so sorry." Harry cried. "I didn't know I..."

Loki held up his hand. "It's alright, child, I know that you didn't know what you were doing, that's why it was so painful for us."

"Now you see why my father can't find out about my magic? He will surely send me back there."

"You insult your father by thinking that he would ever send you back to that," Loki said sadly. "I may not like him, but your father is a good man."

"But I see how they look at you. How they hate and fear you because of your magic."

Loki snorted. "Child, it's not my magic they hate, it's me. I did some truly horribly things last time I was here, and I deserve their scorn. Your father would not think any different of you if he found out that you were almost as magically powerful as myself."

"Please don't tell him," Harry begged, crawling to the god and kneeling at his feet. "Please, I beg you not tell him. I will do anything if you promise not to tell him." Harry reached out and laid a trembling hand on the god's thigh.

Loki jumped up and flew across the room like someone had burned him. He couldn't believe that the
child was offering himself for his silence. "I am not a disgusting child rapist," Loki snarled in disgust. "If my silence means that much to you, then you have it...on two conditions."

Harry quickly got to his feet. "Anything, I will do anything you say." A little voice in the back of his head was screaming that he had to be careful around Loki, but he was too desperate to care. No one could find out about what he was. In the short time that he had been here, he had come to care a great deal for everyone in the tower, maybe even love them, and it would kill him to lose them.

"First, you will stop maiming your own body!" Loki said, glaring at Harry's arms.

Gasping, Harry looked down at his arms fully expecting to see his scars, but was shocked when he saw nothing but flawless skin. "How?"

Loki snickered. "I am a god, I can see through your foolish glamour."

Harry bit his lip. "I will try, but I have been doing it for so long. I don't know if I can just up and stop."

Loki nodded his head in understanding. This child had been hurt worse than any child he had ever encountered. Children were cherished on Asgard, and those caught harming them were banished or imprisoned.

"If you ever feel the urge to hurt yourself, then come to me. We can either talk or I can conjure up a dummy for you to take your frustrations out on."

Harry thought for a moment. "I guess I can try that, but please understand if I have some slip-ups."

Loki nodded his head, fully expecting the child to have many slip-ups. "Second, you will allow me to train you. You are very powerful, and if you don't learn how to control your magic, you could seriously hurt someone or yourself. You also need to learn that your magic is nothing to fear."

"Isn't there a way that you could just bind my magic, take it away forever?" Harry asked in a small, hopeful voice.

Loki looked at the child like he had just sprouted an extra head. "Even if I could take away your magic, I wouldn't. Your magic is a part of you, every bit as much as your arms, legs or head. To take away your magic, it is like cutting off your head. There is a reason that magic gifted you, and I won't take that gift away. Let me teach you how to embrace your magic, make it one with you."

Harry lowered his head in defeat, he had been really hoping that Loki could make him normal. "I will allow you to teach me if you promise not to tell anyone that I am a wizard."

Loki held out his hand. "Deal."

Loki's hand reminded him of a snake...ready to strike at any minute. Taking a big reassuring breath, Harry reached out and shook the god's hand.

Loki smiled at the child. "Excellent, we start tomorrow."
Chapter 6

I do not own Harry Potter or Avengers.

Wah, finally an update. Not as long as my other chapters, but at least it's not painfully short.

Please review :)

*** HP

"Hey, kiddo, do you want to help me out in my workshop today?" Tony asked, reaching out to pluck another blueberry pancake off the plate. He had already eaten eight of them, but who the hell was keeping count?

Harry gave a quick and subtle glance at Loki, then looked back at his father. "Yeah, that would be great, but first I want to write a letter to my friends."

Tony grinned happily at his son. "Sweet, maybe we can make you a mini Iron Man suit."

"Tony," Bruce groaned. "I don't think that's a very good idea."

"I agree with Bruce on this one," Pepper said, scowling at her employer. "Harry is only fourteen, he could get seriously hurt."

Tony rolled his eyes. "Honestly, like I would make him a real Iron Man suit, lasers and all. Besides, he will be fifteen next month."

"Isn't that what you had planned?" Pepper snapped.

Tony looked at his son and gave him a wink. "Maybe," he said with a smirk. "Come on Pep, I was ten when I made my first laser, Harry needs to catch up."

Pepper picked up her knife and pointed it at Tony. "Tony, so help me...if you even think..."

Tony held up his hands, laughing. "Easy, Pepper, I get it...no lasers."

Throwing down her napkin, Pepper stood up. "Thank you. Now, some of us actually have to work." Turning to Harry, she gave him a soft smile. "Breakfast was incredible, thank you. I will see you this evening, Harry."

"Bye, Pepper," Harry said shyly.

Pepper looked sternly back at Tony. "No lasers, Tony, I mean it."

Tony took his finger and crossed it over his heart. "Cross my heart, Pepper. No lasers."

Tony watched as Pepper left then waited a minute or two. Smirking, he looked back at his son. "She didn't say anything about missiles."

"Tony," Bruce groaned in exasperation.

"Fine," Tony cried dramatically. "We will just make a plain old boring Iron Man suit with no cool lasers or wicked missiles. Are you happy, mother?"
Dropping his head so his hair was hiding his face, Harry started laughing. He loved this...he loved the banter, the joking, the friendship, the family...he never wanted to lose this.

"Laugh now, Little Chef, but you're going to be the only kid on the playground wearing a laserless, missileless, Iron Man suit," Tony teased.

Harry looked up at his dad, eyes sparkling with happiness and love. "That's alright, I don't need lasers or missiles. I think it will be great just spending the day with you building something."

Tony's heart squeezed almost painfully in his chest. How could he come to love someone so fast? If he would have been asked a few weeks ago if he could handle being a father, he would have said 'hell no.' Kids were something that he never wanted and he had always been careful with his affairs. Almost weekly there was someone claiming to be his love child, but he had never been worried. He knew that there was no way that their claims would prove true, he had always been too careful. He still didn't know how Harry came to be, but he was damn glad that he did. Even though it had only been a short time, he couldn't imagine his life without Harry in it. He knew that Harry had a mountain of issues to work through, but he planned to be by his side every step of the way.

"Alright then, get those letters written than meet me in my workshop." Tony said shoveling the last of his delicious pancakes into his mouth.

"Go ahead, Harry," Bruce encouraged. "We got clean up duty."

Nodding his head and glancing again in Loki's direction, Harry got up and left the table. He hated lying to his father, but he had promised Loki that he would work with him this morning. He knew that even if he could, Loki wouldn't take his magic away from him. He was desperate that his father and the rest of the Avengers would never find out about his magic, and he would do anything and everything that Loki asked of him to keep him quiet.

***HP

"Are you sure Jarvis can't hear us?"

"Don't worry, little Mage, I made it so he can't see or hear anything that's going on in here." Loki reassured for the third time.

Harry released the breath that he had been holding. He didn't want his father to know what was going on between him and Loki. If Tony knew that he was alone in his room with Loki, then he was sure to automatically jump to the wrong conclusion.

Picking up Harry's wand, Loki twirled it around his finger then threw the useless piece of wood onto the bed and turned to face the nervous boy. "You don't need that foolish stick to control your magic. Your magic comes from here," he said, poking him in the chest.

"Everyone in the wizarding world has a wand though, even Dumbledore, and he's the most powerful wizard since Merlin."

Shaking his head, Loki snorted. "Those mere mortals may need a wand, but you do not. You, child, are more powerful than your great Dumbledore and Merlin."

"I'm mortal though, so I need a wand," Harry stubbornly protested.
Loki bent down and started rooting through the boy's trunk, pulling out his books on magic. "You're scared to be different," he said, leafing through useless book then chucking it onto the bed with the wand. "You would be happy being average."

Harry shrugged his shoulders. "Not average, just normal," he answered softly.

"Why would you want to be normal?" Loki sneered in disgust.

"People fear those that are different and they lash out and hurt them."

"Tell me, child, do you think that your relatives would have treated you better, would have loved even if you weren't magical?" Loki asked giving all his attention to Harry.

"Yes," Harry answered brokenly. "They hated me because I wasn't normal, because I had magic."

Loki looked at the boy in pity. "Your uncle is a sick bastard, and what he did to you had nothing to do with your magic. Yes, that may be why he originally hated you, but that is not what drove him to do the sick and perverted things that he did. Has not your uncle hurt other boys, boys that you consider normal and have no magic?"

Harry didn't say anything, just turned and looked out the window. For some reason he needed to believe that his relatives would have loved him if he wasn't a wizard. He needed to believe that it was the fear of his magic that caused his relatives to hurt him. Uncle Vernon had always said that he was going to beat the freakishness out of him.

Loki knew that Harry wasn't ready to hear the truth. He blamed his magic for every horrible thing that had ever happened to him. "Why do your hands sometimes tremble?" he asked, changing the subject. He had noticed on a couple of occasions that the boy lost control of his hands and they started shaking almost violently.

Harry shoved the hand that wasn't in the cast into his pocket so Loki couldn't see how it shook. "It's nothing," he mumbled.

Loki had to bite his tongue to keep from snapping at the boy. It wasn't his fault that he didn't know how to trust. "I will be the judge of that, child. Now, I can see the remnants of dark magic on you. What happened?"

Harry didn't like to think about the third task, he still had horrible nightmares about it. It didn't help that he didn't have anyone to help him through it, to tell him that it wasn't his fault. "A few weeks ago a powerful dark lord was resurrected using my blood and he cast the Cruciatux curse on me multiple times. The Cruciatux curse is a pain curse, there is no pain worse than it, and if you are held under it long enough, you will go insane. I still get occasional tremors from the damage done to my nerves."

Loki approached Harry. "You said he used your blood?" Slowly, so he didn't startle him, Loki raised his hand and a feint white glow appeared. "Relax," he said when Harry tensed and looked ready to bolt. "It's just a medical scan."

Harry stared at Loki's hand in fear, but despite his instincts screaming at him to flee, he remained standing and facing the god. "The ritual called for bone of the father, flesh of the servant and blood of the enemy forcibly taken," he explained.

Loki didn't like the results that he was getting from the scan. According to it, Harry should have died when he was fifteen months old. The only reason why he had lived despite everything he had suffered was because his magic had kept him alive. If Harry would have been born with average
magic, he wouldn't have lived to see sixteen months old.

"You're fourteen years old, how can you already be an enemy to a powerful dark magic user?"

"It's a long story?" Harry shivered uncontrollably when Loki's magic wrapped around his body and sank into him.

"Don't fight it," Loki said gently, concentrating on repairing as much damage as he could. The damage to the nerves was extensive, he was surprised that Harry wasn't shaking more than what he was.

"Wh-What are you doing?" Harry asked shakily. He didn't know how he felt about Loki's magic, on one hand it was warm and comforting, but on the other hand it was wild and dangerous feeling.

"I'm going to heal the nerve damage then correct the damage from the abuse and neglect."

"No," Harry cried out in panic trying to break away from Loki and his magic.

Reaching out, Loki grabbed Harry by the arm. "I won't hurt you, you foolish child." Loki was about at the end of his patience.

"No, it's not that," Harry cried, struggling to break Loki's grip. "If you heal me then they will know that something isn't right. You can heal the nerve damage from the curse, but not the rest."

Loki released the bony arm and pinched the bridge of nose in frustration. "You want me to leave you with wrongly healed and weak bones, scars over the majority of your body, including your anal passage, internal organ damage and a long list of other ailments from the hell you suffered at the hands of your relatives?"

"Yes, that's exactly what I want," Harry whispered, finally losing the battle against his tears. "Please, they can't know."

Loki didn't know what to say or do, he had never met anyone so afraid of their magic. "Child, some of the damage done to your internal organs will cause you serious health issues in the near future and will probably greatly shorten your life span. The wrongly healed bones are going to start causing you considerable pain. Is that what you want?"

"Yes," Harry answered softly. "I-I can't lose Tony...I can't lose my dad."

"You would willingly live a sick and painful life just to have a father?"

Harry nodded his head. "You don't understand, you had a caring father and loving family."

"I was adopted," Loki snapped angrily. "They lied to me."

Harry looked at Loki and laughed, but it was a laugh that bordered on insanity. "Did your father starve you? Did he beat and rape you? Did he whore you out to his boss just so he could get a promotion? Did he lock you in a small cupboard under the stairs for days at a time with no food or water, not even access to a bathroom? How about your mother, did she pour hot cooking grease down your back? Did she ignore your father when he made you suck his cock under the dining room table while they were eating dinner?"

Harry walked to the door, tears falling down his face. "If the worse thing your father did was take you in and give you a loving family, treat you like one of his own, then you don't have a right to judge me. I'm done for today." Harry turned and left his bedroom, slamming the door hard behind
Loki stood in the middle of the room feeling like Thor had just hit him with a lightning bolt. Odin may have treated him a bit differently than Thor, but it was only subtle things. Odin and Frigga loved him and gave him everything as a child. Even now Frigga doted on him despite all the evil things he has done. He didn't know what it was like to grow up without the love of a father and a mother. Would he be as desperate as Harry for a family if Odin would have left him behind on Jotunheim?

Looking around the bare room, Loki picked up and returned the wand and books to the trunk and magically sealed it. He knew that Harry would be devastated if anyone accidentally stumbled upon them and figured out his secret. He would give the boy the rest of the day, then try again tomorrow.

***HP

Harry was shaking uncontrollably and it didn't have anything to do with his nerve damage. He couldn't believe what he had just said to Loki. Loki had a way of getting under his skin and making him lose his temper.

Storming into the kitchen, he went directly to the knife drawer and started rooting around. He needed to cut himself, to watch himself bleed. He needed to release everything that he was feeling, and he could only do that by cutting.

"Stupid god of mischief," Harry muttered under his breath. He couldn't use his regular knife and his bathroom because Loki was still in his room. Grabbing a sharp boning knife, he took a seat at the table and rolled up his sleeve. He wasn't worried about getting caught, Tony was in his workshop, Clint and Steve were at SHIELD headquarters, Thor was in the training room, Bruce was in his lab, Pepper at her office and he didn't give a shit where Loki was. He was desperate to feel the cold blade at his skin and he couldn't wait a minute longer. Closing his eyes and taking a deep breath, he pressed the tip of the blade into his skin.

"What the hell do you think you are doing?"

Harry's eyes flew open and the knife clattered to the floor. Standing in the doorway was a very pretty red headed female with blue-green eyes and dressed entirely in black leather. She had an athletic build and gave off a vibe of being someone dangerous and not to be messed with.

Wide eyed, Harry shook his head. "Nothing, I wasn't doing anything."

Natasha narrowed her eyes and glared at the unknown boy. "Bull shit, kid." she snarled. "I'm not fucking stupid, you were getting ready to cut yourself."

Harry vigorously shook his head no. "No I wasn't, honest. I was just goofing around."

Natasha bent down and picked up the knife. Expertly flipping it around in her hand, she held it out to the boy, hilt first. "Go ahead then, let's see you do it."

Harry stared at the knife in equal parts desperation and fear. He was craving the bite of the knife and the sight of his beautiful red blood pouring down his arm, but he knew that there was no way that the red head would let him go through with it. Even if she did, he didn't think that it would calm him the same way it did when he was alone.

Angrily Natasha slammed the knife down on the table making the boy jump. She could see how badly the boy wanted to take the knife and use it. "Why?" she demanded.

Harry just sat there blankly staring at the knife. "It wasn't what it looked like," he answered softly. "I
saw a news segment on cutting and I...

"Got curious," Natasha snapped. "Kid, I wasn't born yesterday. I saw how you were looking at the knife when I was holding it out to you. Someone who has never cut themselves would look at a knife with such desperate longing." Rolling up her sleeve, Natasha thrust her scarred arm under the boy's nose. "I should know, I have been there."

Heart pounding in his chest, Harry slowly took his eyes off the woman's arm and looked up into her eyes. He knew who she was, recognized her from the news footage about the alien invasion. The pissed off woman was Natasha Romanoff, the Black Widow. "Please don't tell," he begged.

Sighing, Natasha picked up the knife and put it in the sink. Returning to the boy, she took a seat at the table across from him. "What's your name, kid?"

Rolling down his sleeve and nervously fiddling with it, Harry answered in a small voice. "Harry Potter, mam."

"Oh please, kid," Natasha snorted, "don't call me mam. You can call me Natasha, or Tasha for short."

Harry gave Tasha a small smile. "Please don't tell anyone about what you walked in on," he pleaded.

"First, and I don't mean to sound rude, but who are you? When I left, there was no teenage boy's living in the tower."

"Well, you see," Harry answered, blushing a bit, "it seems that I'm Tony Stark's son."

Eyes popping out of her head, Natasha leaned back in her chair and started chuckling. "Oh that's priceless, Stark's a daddy. How's he doing so far?" she asked curiously. Never in a million years did she picture Stark being a father. The man was loud, obnoxious, self centered, stuck up and would screw anything that battered their eyes at him.

"He... He's great," Harry answered honestly. "He's done more for me than anyone else and he seems to truly care about me."

"Wow," Natasha said, unable to hide her shock. "Well, I'm glad that he's stepping up. Now onto the serious stuff." Natasha leaned forward and looked the boy directly in the eyes. "How long have you been cutting? I will warn you only once not to lie to me. I have been trained well and I can easily detect a lie. I am also very good at getting information, it's kind of my job."

Harry swallowed the lump that was in his throat. He had never told anyone about his cutting and he didn't want to start now. It was bad enough that Loki knew about it. Shrugging his shoulders, he looked down at his hands. "I started when I was eight, so about six years, almost seven."

Natasha whistled. "Damn kid, you started at eight? What the hell could have been so bad in an eight year old's life to cause him to turn to cutting?" Natasha also couldn't believe that the small, waif like boy sitting in front of her was fourteen years old.

"Everything," Harry answered softly, biting hard on his bottom lip.

Natasha could see the pain in the boy's eyes and she didn't want to push him. Obviously something already had him upset enough today that he was resorting to cutting. "Let me see your arm," she demanded, holding out her hands.

"What?" Harry gasped, yanking his arms off the table and hiding them under it.
"I want to see your arm, I need to assess the damage." When Harry didn't move, Natasha continued. "If you want me to be quiet, then I need to see what I'm dealing with. I'm not just going to walk away like I never saw you gouging a knife into your arm. I'm going to help you work through this, help you find another outlet."

"Why... Why would you want to help me? You don't even know me."

"Because," Natasha answered sadly. "I wish someone would have helped me."

Looking across the table, Harry could see that Natasha meant what she said. Despite her honesty, he still didn't want to show her his arm. Unfortunately, he was scared that she would go running to Tony if he didn't, and that was the last thing that he wanted. Closing his eyes, he canceled the glamours then rolled up his sleeve and held his unbroken arm out to her.

Natasha took the too thin arm and silently inspected it. She was horrified at the amount of scarring, and she didn't miss the fresh, not even twenty four hours old, cuts. Clearing her throat, she looked back into those mesmerizing green eyes. "I take it your other arm looks the same?"

Harry nodded his head, averting his eyes from her intense ones.

Nodding her head, she released his arm then got up and went to the fridge. "Where the hell did all this food come from?" she gasped, grabbing the plate of turkey and some mayo. She had never seen the refrigerator stocked with so much food, and all of it homemade.

Harry shyly scratched the back of his neck. "Uhm, I kind of like to cook."

Natasha moaned when she took a bite of the cold turkey. "This is really good. I think I'm gonna love having you around, kid." Grabbing some bread, she went about making a large turkey sandwich.

"Well now I see what's keeping you from joining me in my workshop, a hot red head!"

Natasha rolled her eyes at Tony. "Stuff it, Stark. You could stand to take some lessons in manners from your son."

Chuckling, Tony plopped in the seat next to Harry, affectionately rubbing his hair. "He really is sweet, isn't he? So, Tash, what do you think of my mini me?"

Natasha couldn't get over the resemblance of the pair. She had thought that Harry looked a lot like Tony, but it was scary seeing them sitting side by side. Harry was definitely more on the pretty and feminine side than Tony though. "I don't know, the two of you may look a lot alike, but he doesn't have your obnoxious streak. I think I need to see a DNA before I'll believe it."

Tony threw his head back and laughed. "You got me there. So what have you two been discussing, did I miss anything?"

Harry looked fearfully at Natasha, begging her with his eyes to not tell Tony about the cutting. It was bad enough that Tony knew about the abuse and the rapes, he didn't want his dad to know that he was even more fucked up.

Natasha knew that she should tell Tony about the cutting, but Harry seemed like he needed someone to trust. The last she needed when she had issues with cutting, was a parent hovering over her. Granted, she only cut for a few months, but she figured she could be more of a help to Harry if she kept his secret and helped him kick the habit. She still planned to strongly encourage Harry to go to Tony and let him help him.
"Self defense," Natasha said, giving Harry a wink. "I figured with him living at Stark Tower and being Tony Stark's only son, it might be a good idea for him to learn how to defend himself. It will also give him a good outlet for things that may be bothering him." Natasha raised one eyebrow at Harry waiting to see what he thought.

Tony turned to Harry and gave him a questioning look. "Is that what you want, Little Chef? Personally, I think it's an excellent idea. You have all these highly trained hero's at your disposal, you should learn what you can from them. I admit, it would make me feel better knowing that you could defend yourself."

Harry couldn't believe that Natasha was going to keep his secret, he also couldn't believe that she suggested him learning how to fight. He was all for learning how to defend himself, but he was terrified at the thought of being in close contact with the guys. Yes, he was learning to trust them, but that didn't mean that he wanted to get all hot and sweaty with them. He definitely didn't want them touching him.

"Only you," Harry said softly, looking up at Natasha. "For now anyway." He could handle being with Natasha, she was a woman and a woman had never sexually assaulted him.

"Yeah... Yeah," Tony said, sadly understanding why Harry only wanted Natasha to teach him. Harry was scared of men and there was no way he could handle being in close contact with them, at least not yet. "What do you say, Tash, up to teaching the next generation of Stark's?"

Natasha looked questioningly at Tony. Why would Harry want her to teach him when Steve and Clint were available?

Tony gave a subtle shake of his head and mouthed 'later'. They were going to have to fill Natasha in on Harry's past.

"Well, I would be honored," Natasha said, turning her attention back to Harry. "And don't think I'm going to take it easy on you just because your arm is in a cast."

***HP

"It's true," Dumbledore said gravely. "The Dursley's moved the same day that they picked Harry up from Kings Cross."

"I told you something wasn't right," Sirius raged. "It's now been weeks, we'll never find Harry in America."

Dumbledore held up his hand to delay all the questions that started to get fired at him. "We will find Harry, have faith. I found out that his relatives moved to California. Harry is still safe and protected by the blood wards. We will find him and make sure that he is safe and returning to Hogwarts in September, then we will leave him with his family until his birthday."

Sirius slammed his hand down on the table. "Harry does not like living with his family and he isn't safe living so far away. We will find Harry and bring him back here to Grimmauld Place."

"Sirius," Dumbledore sighed. "Harry is..."

"My godson, Albus, and he belongs with me."

"Maybe you should have thought of that before abandoning him and running off after that rat," Severus sneered.
"Enough," Dumbledore said sternly. "Sirius, you are in no condition to look after a teenage boy, especially one that is number one on Voldemort's want list."

"I was the best damn Auror that Moody ever trained," Sirius protested. "I can keep my godson safe."

"Like you did when the two of you were swarmed by Dementors?" Dumbledore reminded him. "Sirius, I'm not doubting your love for Harry, but he is safer with his aunt and uncle."

"He's not," Fred mumbled.

"Fred," George scolded.

"No, George, we can no longer keep quiet. They are hurting Harry, and what kind of friends would we be if we kept our mouths shut and let them continue. Georgie, with Harry in America, we can no longer owl healing potions to him."

"What are the two of you talking about?" Sirius growled, sounding much like his animagus form.

"Boys," Dumbledore warned. "I understand that you care for young Harry, but sneaking out and going to his home was not only dangerous for the two of you, but also for Harry. Now, I thank you for informing us about Harry's move, but I must insist that you go to your room while us adults work this out.

"Sit down," Molly snapped when her twin boy's stood up to leave. "Albus Dumbledore, Fred and George are my boys and I would appreciate it if you would remember that." Molly turned to her boys. "Fred, please finish what you were going to say."

"Molly, I really must insist..."

"Albus, I suggest that you don't finish that sentence," Molly warned, glaring at the headmaster. "Must I remind you that you are the headmaster at their school, not their father. Now, they feel that they have a reason to be concerned about a child that I think of like a son, and I would like to hear what they have to say."

Fred and George high fived each other under the table. Their mother may be one hundred percent loyal to Dumbledore, but she didn't take any shit from him.

"When Harry was twelve," Fred started. "We caught him showering in the locker room."

"Harry never showered in front of us," George added.

"He also never showered in front of any of us," Ron said thoughtfully. "He always took his showers late at night, or early in the morning before any of us woke."

"That's because of the scars," Fred said, looking to his twin for support. It killed him spilling Harry's secret, but they were scared for him. They knew that what Harry suffered at the hands of his uncle was more than just a few slaps about the head.

"And the bones," George added. "Harry is so skinny. I have never seen anyone who's every bone sticks out the way Harry's does."

Fred snorted. "That's what happens when you have been starved your entire life."

Sirius looked to the twins, all color draining from his face. He knew that Harry wasn't happy with his relatives, but he never suspected that it was that bad. "Scars?" he asked, needing to know exactly
what they were talking about.

"His back," Fred said softly. "His uncle whips him with his belt or a whip. His back is covered in years worth of scars."

"Then there are the bruises and the broken bones he always has after leaving his relatives house," George added. "They beat him and starve him. Harry begged us not to tell anyone, so we have been secretly owling him potions, bandages and food."

Gasping, Molly covered her mouth with her hand. "Oh, that poor dear. He was always so shy and polite at the house, but I always found it strange that he would never sit on our furniture."

"That's because he wasn't allowed at his aunt's house," George admitted.

"Did you know?" Sirius growled, lunging to his feet and facing Dumbledore. "Did you know that my pup has been getting abused all these years?"

"Sirius you must understand..."

"Yes or no, old man," Sirius yelled.

Dumbledore knew that there was no way that he was going to get out of answering truthfully. "I had my suspicions," he answered gravely. "but you have to understand, Harry was far safer with his relatives protected behind the blood wards than he was anywhere else in the wizarding world. I couldn't risk a Death Eater getting their hands on him and raising him up to be one of them, or even possibly the next Dark Lord."

"Safer," Molly screeched, shaking in anger. "Broken bones, whip marks, malnourishment, how is that safer?"

"I told you they were the worst sort," Minerva reminded him bitterly. "What about Arabella? You said they she always reported back that Harry was happy and healthy."

Dumbledore winced, the last thing he wanted was both Molly and Minerva having a go at him. "Harry is very powerful, more so than what any of you know. I couldn't risk that kind of power falling into the hands of the dark. Yes, Arabella reported back to me that she suspected that Harry was being abused, but I had to leave him there for the greater good. They are Harry's relatives, they would never really hurt him. All children get spankings and sent to bed without dinner."

"For a week?" Fred yelled, tears falling from his eyes and visibly shaking.

George wrapped his arm around his brother and pulled him in to a comforting embrace. Not many knew it, but Fred was very sensitive. He had his suspicions that his twin had empathic abilities. "Harry once told us that his uncle locked him in the cupboard under the stairs for a week with no food or water. They didn't even let him out to use the bathroom, just gave him a bucket."

Sirius felt like he could throw up. He knew that Harry wasn't happy, hell, what kid agrees to move in with their escaped convict godfather minutes after meeting him? Glaring at Dumbledore, he pointed his finger at him and snarled. "We will find Harry, then you will stay the hell away from him. You purposely left him in an abusive home all for your fucking greater good. Well, no more. What makes the greater good more important than Harry's good? How have you have lived with yourself all this time knowing that you left a baby...an innocent boy, in a home where he was being hurt?"

"It wasn't easy," Dumbledore said sadly, "but it had to be done."
Kingsley sat back in his chair listening to everything in horror. He never had the chance to meet teen Harry Potter, but he had known him when he was a small babe. He had been good friends with James, they had went through the Auror academy together. He had visited the Potters after Harry had been born and Harry had been the first baby that he had ever held. He was such a sweet and beautiful little boy, James had even been worried because he never cried. He had his suspicions where Harry was at, or at least had an idea who knew where he was at, but he was going to keep his mouth shut, at least for now. He had thought it strange when Nick had contacted him a few days ago and started asking questions about Harry Potter, but he had assumed that SHIELD was just checking in on the wizarding world. No, he was going to pay a visit to his brother and find out what he knew about Harry before telling Sirius or Dumbledore. An hour ago he would have went running to Dumbledore without hesitation, but not after hearing what the old man had did to him.

***HP

"Are you sure that you don't want lasers? We don't have to tell Pepper, you know. What she don't know won't hurt her."

Harry held his arm out straight in front of him. He was wearing a gauntlet identical to the one on his father's suit. "I admit that it would be cool, but I don't need one."

Tony gasped. "Take that back, everyone needs a laser. Just think how much better the world be if everyone was walking around with a laser attached to their arm."

"Yeah, I don't think everyone having lasers at their disposal would make the world better," Harry giggled.

"Huh, well it made my life better," Tony pouted.

"This really is wicked," Harry said, flexing his fingers,

"You think that's awesome, wait until we get the rest finished and get you flying."

Harry dropped his arm in shock and stared at his dad with his mouth hanging open.

"That is if you're not afraid of heights," Tony quickly added, taking his shock for fear.

"No," Harry said, grinning from ear to ear. "I love being up high. I just didn't think my suit would actually fly. I had assumed that it was just for fun."

"Harry, Harry, Harry," Tony chanted, shaking his head back and forth. "Haven't you figured it out yet? I do everything big and over the top. Why the hell would I make you an a Iron Man suit and not have it fly? I'm still pouting over the lack of lasers and missiles."

"Wow," Harry said, raising his hand back out in front of him. "I can't wait to fly. This has really been fun. Thank you," he said sincerely.

"You're a natural at this, Little Chef. Before you know it, you will be building your own robots and AI systems."

"I don't know about that," Harry mumbled. "I've never been all that smart."

Tony put down the wrench then picked up a cloth and wiped the grease from his hands. "It's kind of hard to do good in school when you're not allowed to do better than your dumb as shit cousin."

"H-How did you know that?" Harry gasped.
"Harry, you went from teachers wanting to move you up a few grades, to lowest grades in the class in just a few short weeks. Your grades, no matter the subject, were always right below your cousin's. It wasn't hard to figure out." Tony explained.

Harry took off the gauntlet and placed it on the table. "How did you find out about my grades?" he asked, taking a few steps back away from his father.

Tony didn't want to upset his son, but there was no way that he was going to lie to him. "After you passed out, I had Jarvis dig up whatever he could on you and your horrid relatives."

"Why?" Harry asked, feeling sick to his stomach. He knew there wouldn't be much on him, especially after the age of eleven. Tony was the type that needed to know everything, and he wouldn't stop until he got what he wanted. He hated that they knew about the abuse and the rapes, but Tony couldn't find out about his magic.

"Hey, relax, kiddo," Tony said softly when he noticed that Harry was about to have a meltdown. "I didn't know anything about you, and you were close to dying. I had Jarvis find out what he could so we could help you. I didn't know if you were allergic to any medications or food, then when we saw the scars...well, you can imagine how we panicked."

"I'm sorry that I got upset," Harry said, lowering his head submissively. "It's just that..."

Tony placed his hand on Harry's shoulder, trying to ignore how he flinched at the contact. "Harry, I know that we haven't fully talked about your past, and I promise that I won't pressure you. I know that you lived a nightmare, but there is nothing that that bastard did, or made you do, that would change how I feel about you. You are the son that I never knew that I wanted, and now could never live without."

Harry wiped a tear from his face with a trembling hand. "I was six," his said, voice barely above a whisper.

Tony closed his eyes, swallowing the bile that had worked its way up. He didn't have to ask Harry what he was talking about, unfortunately he knew.

Harry couldn't believe that he admitted that to his father, it just tumbled out before he could stop it. "Oh god, I'm gone be sick," he groaned, falling to his knees.

Tony quickly grabbed a trash can and thrust it in front of his son just in time for him to get sick in it. He desperately wanted to lose his stomach too, but for his son, he had to be strong. He knew that Harry had been young when the sexual abuse started, and despite the pictures showing a young Harry, he had hoped that he had been closer to nine or ten. Not that nine or ten was any better, but six was still a baby. At ten, he knew what sex was and he had lost his virginity at thirteen, but at six, he knew nothing about sex or the human body. A six year old should have been playing make-believe and watching cartoons, not suffering at the hands of sick, vile men. His son must have been terrified, confused and in immense amount of pain.

"Take deep breaths, now," Tony said soothingly, kneeling down next to Harry. He would have loved to have reached out and comforted him, but he knew that his touch was the last thing that Harry wanted.

Sobbing, Harry put his head between his legs and tried taking deep breaths. He knew that his father knew about the sexual abuse, but that didn't make it any easier to talk about it. It had been beat into him since as far back as he could remember that if he talked about it, he would be killed.
"Harry, there is nothing, and I mean nothing, that would ever make me change the way that I feel about you. I know that we have only been together for a short time, but there is nothing that I wouldn't do for you. Hell, I'm willing to go against Pepper and outfit your suit with lasers and missiles...and I'm terrified of that crazy red head."

Harry lifted his head up and gave his dad a watery smile. "Thank you," he whispered. "I-I'm not ready to talk about everything, but I promise that I will try. I'm so glad that I have you for a dad. Is... Is it alright if I call you dad?" he asked shyly.

Tony couldn't prevent the smile that lit up his entire face. "I would be honored if you called me dad...son."
Chapter 7

I do not own Harry Potter or the Avengers...

Finally an update :) Man, I really had a hard time writing this chapter, my muse was not cooperating,,lol. I hope you enjoy and leave me a review...

***HP

Tony winced when he heard something shatter, praying that the specially made windows were holding up. Kicking off the wall he had been leaning against, he made his way to Steve who was just stepping out from the elevator.

"How long has he been in there?" Steve asked, cringing when it sounded like something was trying to beat it's way through the wall.

"Three hours," Tony said in disbelief. "I'm glad we thought to tell him in the containment room, we never would have gotten the hulk in there if he found out anywhere else."

Steve looked at Tony sadly. "How are you holding up?"

Tony looked blankly at the wall across from him. "The only thing keeping me from killing the fucker, is my son. I feel like Bruce, like there is a monster inside of me trying to break loose."

Steve looked down at his feet, fists tightly clenched at his sides. "I know how you feel," he admitted quietly. "I have been mad before, but never have I felt like I could commit cold blooded murder."

Tony closed his eyes, seeing his son broken and crying on his workshop floor. The horrors his son had to have suffered flashed through his mind. How could someone do such despicable, vile things to small kids?

With a cry of rage, Tony stormed to the door of the Hulk's containment room. "Jarvis, let me in." he demanded, "and seal the door, and don't you dare open it for anyone but Bruce or myself."

"Tony, what are you doing?" Steve demanded, making his way towards Tony.

Tony smirked. "I can't go after those fuckers just yet, but I can blow off some steam with the help of our giant green friend."

"Tony," Steve yelled, lunging for the millionaire's arm, but he was a half a second too late. Tony was through the door and it sealed behind him before he could grab him. "You stupid, reckless son of a bitch," Steve grumbled. "Jarvis, open the door!"

"I'm sorry, sir, but I have been ordered to not open the door."

Cursing, Steve put his ear to the door and held his breath so his could hear better. Tony didn't do anything cheap so the door was high quality and virtually impossible to hear through. He could make out some muffled noises that could possibly be voices, but that was about it. Pressing his ear tighter to the door, and scrunching one eye up in hopes of hearing better, he gave an unmanly yelp and lunged backwards when something slammed into the door.

"I got a hundred saying that was Tony's head."
"Clint," Steve groaned, realizing that the archer witnessed his childish display of eavesdropping and girlish yelping. "When did you get here?"

"Right when the rich idiot locked himself in the room with one very pissed off Hulk." Clint smirked. "And just for the record, I am not cleaning up the pieces of Stark when that door finally opens."

"This isn't good." Steve said, looking back towards the door when he heard something slam against it again. "Harry needs Tony, how could he be so reckless?"

"Tony is hurting." Clint said sadly. "He feels helpless because he can't take Harry's pain and fear away, and he can't kill that fat bastard because we need him to lead us to more perverts like him. Tony needs to hit and take his pain and frustration out on someone, and who better than..."

"The Hulk," Steve finished. "He going to get killed."

Clint nodded his head. "Without a doubt."

***HP

Groaning, Tony grabbed his head and carefully struggled to sit up. "What the hell did I drink last night? I haven't felt this bad after a night of partying since I was eighteen." Cracking his eyes open, he quickly squeezed them tightly shut when the light tried to pierce his brain.

With another load groan, he laid back down and tried to remember what the hell happened. Everything hurt on his body, even his hair. The surface under him was hard and he could tell by the coolness against his skin that he was naked. Why the hell wasn't he in a nice warm bed spooning against a beautiful, hot, blond? Waking with a hangover and slight memory loss wasn't new to him, but he always woke with a naked beauty warm in his arms.

"Good, you're not dead, now I can kill you."

Forcing his eyes open, Tony looked to his left and slowly opened his eyes. "You're not a naked, hot blond," he whined at seeing Bruce sitting against the wall. "Though, you are naked."

Bruce glared at Tony. "What the hell where you thinking locking yourself in here with the other guy? Were you trying to get yourself killed?"

Sitting up and painfully scooting back until he could lean against the wall, Tony looked down and grimaced at the bruises covering the majority of his body. "You did this?" he asked, looking back to Bruce who was completely bruise free.

Bruce stared unblinkingly at Tony. "The other guy could have killed you last night. What the hell, Tony?"

Moaning, Tony closed his eyes and let his head fall against the wall. "I wasn't," he answered softly. "I just needed...I..." Unable to get the words out, Tony dropped his chin to his chest.

"I get it," Bruce sighed. "but you could have picked a fight with Clint or Steve, you didn't have to piss off the other guy."

"The other guy was already pissed off," Tony snickered. "I just gave him some entertainment and kept him company."

"Still, what would have happened to Harry if you would have gotten yourself killed? Did you forget who his only living relatives are?"
Paling, Tony looked to Bruce. "I'm going to get Pepper to immediately change my will. If anything ever happens to me, will you take Harry?"

Bruce stared disbelievingly at Tony, eyes wide with shock. "You want me to be Harry's guardian if you die?"

"Yes," Tony answered without hesitating. "You care deeply for Harry, and he cares for you. I trust that you would do right by my son."

"I...I..." Bruce stuttered. "What about the other guy though?"

Tony snorted. "He won't hurt Harry. Hell, he left me alive...mostly," he winced when he tried stretching.

Bruce didn't need to think about it, he knew that there was no way that he could walk away from Harry. He didn't understand it, but he loved Harry like he was his own. "I'll take Harry, and I promise that I won't let anything happen to him."

Tony nodded his head gratefully. He couldn't believe that it never crossed his mind what would happen to Harry if he got killed. There was a lot of people out there that would love to see him six feet under or swimming with the fishes. If he died today, before changing his will, his son would end up back with his aunt and uncle.

"Tony, you may want to add a few more names to the will as backup...just in case. I'm not exactly a banker with a safe, cushy day job."

"Right," Tony chuckled. "Like the Hulk would ever let something happen to you."

"Still, it wouldn't hurt to put Pepper down too, maybe even Steve or Clint. Everyone in the tower adores Harry and would look after him if something happened. We live a dangerous life, it can't hurt to have a safety net for Harry."

"I'm going to take your advise and do that," Tony said, already mentally compiling a list of possible guardians for his son. At seeing Bruce shift uncomfortably against the wall, Tony smirked. "I didn't see any bruises on you so I had assumed that I didn't get any good hits in. Come on, tell me, did I break a rib or something? I know that I have one hell of a punch?"

Bruce rolled his eyes at Tony. "Only when in your Iron Man suit, Stark. You hit like a girl."

Tony grinned cockily. "Have you ever been hit by Natasha or Pepper? I will totally take that as a compliment. Fess up, what's the damage."

Trying to get comfortable while keeping his privates hidden, Bruce glared at Tony. "You honestly don't remember, do you?"

Tony shook his head no. "Nope, I think I took too many hits to the head last night." Tony gently prodded his sore head, yelping when he pressed too hard on a particularly large knot. "Hey, doc, I think I'm going to need an X-ray."

Bruce pinched the bridge of his, he couldn't believe that Tony had no memory of what happened last night. "Tony, don't you find it odd that you're naked?"

Tony laughed. "Hell no, I'm use to waking up naked with no recollection of the night before."

"Don't you find it odd though in this situation?"
Noting how Bruce was sitting leaning to the side to keep his weight of his ass, Tony's jaw dropped open and his eyes about popped out of his head. "No fucking way!" he cried. "Are you saying that you and I... That I... That you let me..."

"Yes, Tony, that's exactly what I'm saying." Bruce growled forcefully.

"How?" Tony gasped.

Bruce shook his head. "I don't know, everything is kind of fuzzy."

Tony threw his head back and started laughing. "Good one, Banner, you had me going there for a minute. There is no way that I would forget tapping that fine ass of yours."

Bruce clenched his teeth together so hard that he was sure Tony could hear his teeth cracking. "Would you like for me to get you DNA proof that we..." Bruce's waved his hand between the two of them. "From the feel of it, I got plenty." Bruce grimaced as he switched sides that he was leaning on.

Tony sat there staring at Bruce while gaping like a fish. He knew Bruce, and he knew that there was no way in hell that he would joke around about something like this. Honestly, the man had no sense of humor whatsoever. "You're serious, aren't you?"

Blushing, Bruce nodded his head yes.

Tony ran his hand over his mouth a couple of times while he tried to form the right words to say. "Was I the best you ever had?"

Bruce desperately wanted to punch the jerk in the nose, but he really was too sore to move. It had been many, many years since he bottomed, and now he remembered why. He didn't remember how he ended up under Tony, and never would he admit it, but Tony really was the best he ever had. Of course, the man had loads of experience.

"Just get dressed and get the hell out," Bruce snapped, wanting nothing more than a shower and a nap.

Tony pouted. "Come on, I need details. You just can't tell me that we fucked then kick me out."

"I can, and I did," Bruce snarled. "Now get the hell out. And, Tony, if you tell anyone about what happened here, I will be taking guardianship of Harry sooner than later. I swear, Tony, I'll kill you if this gets out."

Tony didn't doubt Bruce for a second. "Fine, don't tell me," he whined as he gathered up his clothes and started dressing. "I'll just have to watch the security camera footage."

Bruce paled. "Dammit, Tony!" he roared. "I want that footage." But it was too late, Tony was already out the door and gone.

***HP

"So, you survived?"

Tony stopped just inside the kitchen and looked around. "Where's Harry?" he asked Steve who was standing at the stove attempting to cook something that smelled burnt.

"Still sleeping according to Jarvis. I got concerned when he wasn't in here cooking like mad when I
came in.” Steve took a good look at Tony and whistled when he saw all the bruises. "Damn, Hulk really worked you over, didn't he?"

"It was worth it, I got to work Bruce over after?" Smirking, Tony winked at Steve.

"You and Bruce got into it?" Steve asked in concern. It was never good for the team if two of them were at each other's throats.

Tony groaned, shaking his head at the Captain's innocence. He had a great comeback for Steve's question, but he knew if he said anything, Bruce would kill him. "Something like that," he mumbled. As soon as he got a chance, he was watching the footage from last night. Damn if he wasn't going to force himself to remember getting it on with Bruce. He was also curious to see how it happened, was the Hulk involved at all? He couldn't see the big green guy bending over and taking it from him.

Grimacing, Steve placed a platter in the middle of the table and took a seat across from Tony. Leaning back in his chair, he stared at the platter then up at Tony. "Uh, you can go first."

Scrunching up his nose, Tony grabbed the spoon and dished himself a helping. Grabbing a fork, he started poking at the runny, orange slop. "What the hell is this?"

Steve frowned. "I watched Harry a couple of times as he made scrambled eggs, I thought I could do it." Steve leaned forward to grab himself some eggs, but changed his mind when he got a whiff of them. "Harry makes it look so easy," he whined.

Chuckling, Tony stood up and backed away from the table. "Maybe I should go and check on Harry, it's not like him to sleep in like this." Tony was just about to turn and leave when the door slammed open and a very sleep disheveled Harry came rushing in still in his pajamas.

"I'm sorry, I'm sorry," Harry panted, eyes wide and teary. "I didn't mean to sleep in. I can have breakfast ready in fifteen minutes."

Tony and Steve watched as Harry rushed to the refrigerator and started to frantically pull ingredients out. "Hey, kiddo, is everything alright?" Tony asked gently.

"I'm sorry, I promise to never sleep in again," Harry mumbled brokenly. "I don't know what came over me, I know better than to sleep in. Please don't be mad, I'm sorry."

Steve and Tony exchanged looks of concern. Slowly, Tony approached his son and gently placed his hand over Harry's, stopping the manic whisking of the egg batter. "Hey, we're not mad at you, kiddo. You're a teenager, you're supposed to sleep in till noon and stay up until three in the morning. It's not your job to cook for us." Tony didn't miss how Harry's hand was trembling under his. His son was terrified of him.

Harry refused to lift his head up to look at his father. He didn't want to see the disappointment and anger in his eyes. He was good at one thing, and now he couldn't even do that right. They would see that he was nothing more than a freeloader, a waste of space and send him back to his uncle.

"I'm good at cooking," Harry mumbled softly. Stepping away from Tony, he grabbed a pan and placed it on the stove.

Tony looked to the door and his eyes landed on Bruce's concerned ones. He wasn't sure how to handle Harry, the boy was about to lose it.
"Oh, excellent, a late breakfast," Bruce said as he made his way to the table, never taking his eyes off Harry. He was hoping to relax the boy before he had a total melt down. "I was afraid that I was late and going to miss it."

"I just got here myself, seems we all needed a little extra sleep this morning. It's a good thing too, Capcicle was going to poison us with his cooking," Tony joked, giving his son a gentle nudge with his elbow.

Harry flinched, stumbling away from his father. "I'm so sorry dad, I won't sleep in again." Tuning, he went back to cooking, trying to hide his trembling and tears. He was praying that they wouldn't send him away or beat him. He had been up most the night with nightmares and didn't fall into a good sleep until five this morning. He honestly didn't mean to be late with getting breakfast on the table.

"Son, you're not in trouble, no one is mad at you. Cooking is not your job and you will not be punished for not doing it." Tony said firmly. "Yes, we love your cooking, but if you decided to never cook for us again, we wouldn't be mad at you."

Harry dropped his chin to his chest willing his tears away. He just didn't know what to do or say anymore. Tony and everyone else was giving him everything that he had ever dreamed of...and it was scaring him. He knew that he was going to mess up and ruin everything, he was going to give them a reason to hate him.

"Harry, why don't you go and get a shower and I will order up some breakfast?" Bruce suggested kindly. "Take the day off and relax."

Without looking up, Harry ran from the kitchen. "Don't," Bruce ordered when Tony went to follow him. "Give him time. Let him shower and calm down, then try talking to him. Tony, I know you have given it some thought, but Harry really needs professional help."

"I know," Tony said, staring at the kitchen door longing to follow his son, but Bruce was right, Harry needed time. "Who can I trust though to not run to the media?"

"SHIELD," Steve suggested. "They have an army of doctors working for them and they are all under contract to keep their mouths shut. Phil got me an excellent psychiatrist after I woke."

Tony opened his mouth to say something insulting, but Bruce shut him up with a warning look. "He's right, Tony, SHIELD doctors would be able to help Harry. Their psychiatrists are trained to deal with PTSD and other disorders, they will know how to help Harry."

Tony knew that they were right, but he also knew that there was no way in hell that Harry would willingly go. His boy had been hurt so bad, and he was still hurting. He didn't know what he could do to help Harry, but he would do whatever it took to see him through this horrible nightmare.

***HP

Sitting on the shower floor as scolding hot water beat down on him, Harry ran the sharp blade down his arm for a fifth time. He couldn't have stopped himself from cutting even if he wanted to, which right at this moment he didn't. He needed to feel something other than fear and rejection. He couldn't deal with everything he was feeling on the inside, so he cut himself so all he could feel was the pain on the outside. He knew that Loki and Natasha would be mad, but he had no control over it.

He couldn't believe how he acted in the kitchen, like begging and pleading had ever helped him before. His father must think that he was not only worthless, but also weak and pathetic. Why
couldn't he just be a normal fourteen, almost fifteen, year old boy? With tears streaming down his face, he brought the blade down on his arm again.

"Sir, Mr Banner has asked me to inform you that breakfast has arrived." Jarvis announced.

Getting to his feet, Harry quickly washed himself up then wrapped one of his old shirts around his arm. His arm was bleeding pretty bad so he was going to have to keep it wrapped tight and wear hoodie. Hopefully no one would question him wearing a hoodie in the summer. His glamours would hide the scars and fresh cuts, but would do nothing for the blood.

The thought of eating right now turned his stomach, but he didn't want to upset Bruce and his father anymore today. They may have said that he wasn't in trouble for not having the breakfast on the table, but he knew better.

Harry was brutally wrenched out of his thoughts when he walked out of the bathroom and spotted Loki leaning against his bed.

"I would ask if you would like me to heal those disgusting, self inflicted wounds, but you seem to enjoy being in pain," Loki sneered.

"You wouldn't understand," Harry muttered, grabbing the hoodie his aunt had given him on the day he met his father and slipping it on. "Can we not do this right now? I have had enough already for today."

"No I don't understand." Loki admitted. "How does mutilating yourself make you feel better?"

Harry looked at Loki, then shaking his head, he turned and left the room. He knew that there was no way he would ever get the god to understand.

"Ah, son of Stark, how fairs you today?"

Biting his lip, Harry stared at the large figure blocking his path. He had never seen anyone the size of Thor before, and the man bloody terrified him. How did one even grow to be the size of Thor?

"I-I'm fine, sir," Harry answered shakily, hunching his shoulders and making himself small.

Thor threw his head back laughing out loud, missing how he made the small boy jump and stumble backwards. "Come now, child, don't call me sir, we are practically family. You can call me Thor."

Nervously tugging on his hoodie, Harry nodded his head. He just wanted to get past Thor and get to the kitchen. Thor seemed nice enough, but his nerves couldn't handle much more today.

"Brother, I do believe that food is awaiting us in the kitchen," Loki said silkily from behind Harry.

Harry curled in on himself even more, he had totally forgotten about Loki. Now he was trapped between two very powerful gods and he could feel another panic attack threatening to come on.

Feeling a spike in the boy's magic, Loki gently wrapped his own magic around Harry trying to comfort him. He didn't have to be an empath to feel that the boy was beyond terrified of Thor. He knew that he also wasn't helping matters by standing so close behind him. He had explained to Thor the night before that Harry had been severely physically and sexually abused since he was a small child, but Thor was a bit thick and he didn't realize that he was scaring the child.

Harry didn't want Loki's magic touching him, but it was warm and comforting and he couldn't stop from embracing it, pulling it deeper inside of himself. He didn't like being consumed by fear, and
Loki was taking some of that fear away, calming him.

Finally seeing the fear in the boy's eyes, Thor backed away out of the hallway. It hurt that the boy was afraid of him, he would never raise a hand to a child, no matter how angry he got. He understood his fear though, his brother had explained what the child had suffered at the hands of his family, and his size and loud voice must be greatly intimidating to him.

Loki was shocked when Harry not only didn't fight off his magic, but welcomed it, clinging to it in desperation. The fear he could feel coming off of the child was almost blinding. He could almost understand why he cut himself to deal with all his issues. He had never been around a child as damaged as Stark's son.

"Hey, mini chef, everything alright?"

Harry looked past Thor's large shoulder and saw his dad looking at him in concern. "E-everything's fine, dad, Thor was just asking how I was doing."

"Yes, I was just getting to know your fine son," Thor said, slapping Tony on the shoulder. "He's a fine b... lad." Thor quickly corrected himself when he saw Harry tense. For some reason being called boy really upset him.

Tony groaned under Thor's heavy hand. He hoped that sometime soon the god would remember that mortals were breakable. "Breakfast is here," he reminded, throwing at glare at Loki. He didn't like how close the prick was standing next to his son, or how Harry was leaning slightly towards him, shoulders almost touching.

Harry nodded his head, giving Thor another weary look. He wanted to get to the kitchen, but there was no way he was going to pass close to the god of thunder in such a tight area like the hallway. As if sensing the problem, Thor tuned around a headed to the kitchen.

"Don't let his size scare you, child. Thor is nothing more than a teddy bear with too many muscles. He would never lay a hand on you." Loki said softly.

"Yeah, he's not the god you need to be worried about," Tony snarled. "Get the hell away from my son, Reindeer Games."

Smirking, Loki held up his hands and backed away from Harry. "I may not be a nice guy, Stark, but I would never harm a child."

"Unless there was something in it for you," Tony growled. "What, do you think there were no kids injured when you let the Chitauri attack?"

Loki frowned. "I wasn't in complete control of myself. I never would have done what I did if I was."

"But you would happily try to rule earth," Tony snapped back.

Shrugging his shoulders, Loki stepped around Harry. "Midgard doesn't hold much interest for me. It is a planet full of weak, whiny mortals, why would I want to be ruler of that?"

"Because you will never be ruler of Asgard," Tony smirked, enjoying how Loki's face darkened and his fists clenched at his sides. He knew that being the king of Asgard was a touchy subject for the god of lies.

Harry grit his teeth when he felt Loki's magic go from warm and comforting, to dangerous and volatile. The god would like nothing more right now than to hurt his father. "C-can we please go to
the kitchen?" he asked, voice barely above a whisper. He didn’t want to eat, he just wanted to get the two of them apart before all hell broke lose. He really didn’t want to be caught in the middle when they decided to tear each other apart.

Reluctantly breaking eye contact with Loki, Tony nodded his head and turned for the kitchen. Something wasn’t right between his son and Loki, and he planned to keep a closer eye on the two of them for now on.

***HP

"What brings you to my neck of the woods, Kings?" Nick asked, already knowing why his brother was standing in his office.

"Just tell me what you know, Nick," Kingsley sighed, taking a seat across from his brother. He knew that Nick could be tough to talk to when he wanted to play games, at times it reminded him of trying to get information out of Dumbledore.

Nick leaned back in his chair and folded his hands in his lap. "I'm afraid that you're going to have to be more specific, Kings, I know a lot of stuff."

Kingsley rolled his eyes. "I don't think it's a mere coincidence that Harry Potter shows up missing just days after you contacted me asking questions about him."

Nick shrugged his shoulders. "From what you told me of how the wizarding world treats him, I wouldn't blame him if he ran away."

"I wouldn't either," Kingsley agreed, "but his relatives moved to America taking Harry with them and we just found out that they possibly could be abusing him."

Nicks good eye started to tick and his top lip curled back in a snarl. "Possibly, Kingsley, there is no possibly about it. That boy was hours from death when one of my doctors and one of my agents saved him, and it was all thanks to his loving relatives. Tell me, how is it that the all powerful wizards and witches of Hogwarts missed the signs of severe abuse in a child in their care. My agents had only met the boy for mere minutes and they could tell that he was being abused."

Kingsley paled at hearing conformation that Harry had been abused and had almost died. "Child abuse is virtually unheard of in our world, and punishable with life in Azkaban if found guilty. From what I understand from his friends, Harry was very good at hiding it. The only ones who knew about the abuse where a set of twins who walked in on him while he was showering. They sent him healing potions over the summer holidays and helped patch him up when he returned to school."

Nick shook his head. "Kings, it's much, much worse than that. Tell me, what would happen if the boy decided that he didn't want to return to the wizarding world?"

Kingsley's eyes widened at the question. "He has to return, especially now that You-Know-Who has returned."

"Oh for the love of... Just say the damn man's name," Nick growled. He could never understand why the witches and wizards of the wizarding world were afraid to say a man's name.

"Look, Nick, Harry has to return, he must be trained." Kingsley stressed, ignoring his brother's remark about the name. Nick was practically a squib, he would never fully understand. Nick had magic, but not enough to consciously use it or get him accepted into Hogwarts. In times of high stress, especially when they were younger, Nick was known to have bouts of accidental magic, but it was only small stuff like an object falling off the table or doors slamming.
"You still haven't answered my question. What would happen if Potter decided that he wanted to remain in America?" Nick asked again. Tony had told him that Harry didn't want to return to his boarding school and that he chose to be homeschooled while he worked through his issues. Tony may not be his favorite person, and he had yet to officially meet his son, but he considered Harry part of the SHIELD family and he would stand behind him and Tony. Tony changed so much for the better since Harry came into his life, and he really didn't want the old Tony Stark back.

Kingsley shook his head. "I honestly don't know, Harry Potter is a very important figure in our world. He is also prophesied to be the only one able to destroy the most powerful dark wizard in history."

Nick snorted. "Prophecies are a load of shit. I can tell you this, Kingsley, that boy does not want to return to your world. His abuse goes much deeper than a slap in the face or even a belt to the back."

Kingsley may be an Order member and loyal to Dumbledore, but he was an Auror first. If there was a crime committed, he wanted details and those responsible. "Tell me what you know, Nick," he demanded, smile gone.

Nick shook his head. "That's Potter's business, not mine. He obviously didn't think your world would help him since he didn't go to you for help."

"Nick, this is serious. The Potters were good friends of mine and I knew that boy when he was just a baby. Never doubt that I wouldn't do right by him. I'm not the one responsible for putting him in that home and ignoring his abuse. The one that is responsible though is also Harry's magical guardian and he can force him back to our world, his wishes be damned."

Nick sat up and leaned across his desk glaring at his brother. "Explain magical guardian."

Kingsley knew that look all to well, Nick was done playing around. Even though he was a very powerful Auror, his older brother could still intimidate him with just that look. "All orphaned heirs are assigned a magical guardian, someone to look after their magical welfare and their estate if they have no magical relatives to do so...like Harry. Harry is not only the Potter heir, but also the Black and Peverell. There are rumored that Harry is also the heir to the four Hogwarts founders, but I have no proof of that."

"So, what you are saying, this magical guardian can waltz right in and force the boy back to England against his and his relatives wishes?"

"Yes," Kingsley answered, "though I don't understand why Harry would want to remain with his abusive relatives."

"And why would he want to return to a world that loves him one minute and curses him the next? Why would he want to return to a world where they expect a child to do a grown hit wizards job? Why would he want to return to a world where they ignore his pain and suffering? And why would he want to return to a world that left him in a home where he was verbally, physically and sexually abused?" Nick snarled.

"What!" Kingsley roared, horrified at what he just heard. "Dammit, Nick, I need to know what you know."

"So you can tell his magical guardian and have him hauled back to your world?" Nick snapped.

"So I can protect him and get him justice. Is Harry still with his relatives?" Kingsley asked, panic in his voice.
Nick stared at his brother, he knew that Kingsley was serious and that he would never hurt Harry. "What do you know of the boy's conception?"

Kingsley raised one eyebrow. "Well, I wasn't there for the act so I don't know the exact details, but I vividly remember when our father taught us the birds and the bees."

Nick cringed, remembering that talk himself. "Tell me, was there ever a time before Harry was born that James missed a few weeks of work?"

Kingsley thought back for a minute. "Well, he took leave the month before Harry was born and didn't return until Harry was a month old. He had an injury that put him on desk duty two months before that and he had to have surgery, that's why he got so much time off."

"Was Harry born at St. Mungo's?"

"Nick, what does this have to do with Harry now?" Kingsley growled. He just wanted to check on Harry and make sure he was safe.

"Ok, how about this." Nick smirked. "If Harry had another, living biological parent, would his magical guardian still have say over him?"

"Nick, what are you getting at?" Kingsley growled in frustration. "James and Lily are both dead, I saw their bodies. The only one who can contest Harry's magical guardian is Sirius Black his godfather, and since he's a wrongly accused escaped convict, there's nothing he can do."

"Kingsley, Lily Potter was never pregnant and she did not give birth to Harry Potter. Harry Potter was birthed by James Potter and sired by a very powerful and rich muggle by the name of Tony Stark. Harry's relatives sold him to his father a few weeks back for a half a million dollars. A couple of my agents immediately noticed the signs of abusive and got him help...which was good because he was dying from blood poisoning that he got from his uncle whipping his back to shreds."

Kingsley opened and closed his mouth a few times before he was finally able to make a sound. "You're joking? " At seeing the serious expression on his brother's face, Kingsley paled. "Son of a bitch."

"Look, Kings, that boy is in bad shape and he doesn't want to return to your world. Tony, his father, is one of my men, and while he is the biggest pain in my ass, he's a damn good man. I will stand behind Tony and his son if anyone from your world tries to take him. Tony himself is very powerful with very powerful friends, your lot wouldn't want to go against them."

"If Harry's father is a muggle, then his magical guardian can still take him. If Harry would have been just a normal underage wizard it wouldn't have mattered, but he will be a Lord one day, and as such, his magical guardian has rights over his muggle father." Kingsley said softly, having a hard time believing everything. He couldn't believe that Lily wasn't Harry's mother. He saw James up until a month before he gave birth, he never once suspected.

"Well, your lot better be ready for one hell of a fight. Tony adores his son and so does his team mates. As of right now, none of them know that Harry is a wizard and it seems that Harry doesn't want them to know. Makes sense after the way his relatives treated him because of his magic."

Kingsley sighed, not knowing how to handle the situation. "Is Harry safe and happy?"

Nick nodded. "There have been bumps, but Harry is happy and probably safer than what he has ever been in your world."
Kingsley rubbed his bald head. "Tell me, Nick, what am I supposed to do? This is Harry Potter, The-Boy-Who-Lived we are talking about. Half the wizarding world is looking for him, including the newly resurrected dark lord."

"Who is Potter's magical guardian," Nick asked.

"Albus Dumbledore," Kingsley growled, still mad at the man for ignoring reports of Harry being abused.

"Shit," Nick cursed. He knew that there would be no reasoning with that old fool. Things were about to get very ugly. "Tony won't give Harry up and he will have no issues with tearing your world apart to get to his son. If his godfather was found innocent, would he allow Harry to stay with his father?"

"Yes, I believe so. Sirius cares a great deal for Harry, and despite being extremely immature, he would only want what's best for his godson. I do know that he would want to remain in Harry's life, but if he wants to live with his father, Sirius would allow it."

"Good," Nick said gruffly. "You need to get him declared innocent so he can become Harry's magical Guardian."

"I will get started on that right away, though it may take time. I brought up going to the head of the department in Sirius' defense a few months ago, but Dumbledore shot me down."

"Of course," Nick snorted. "If Sirius is declared innocent then Dumbledore loses control of Harry, and that's the last thing the old man wants."

Kingsley closed his eyes with a groan. "You're right, I never saw it that way."

"Of source not, you all think the sun rises and sets out of that man's ass," Nick growled. "Kings, I wasn't exaggerating when I said that Harry has been abused. His uncle raped him for the first time when he was only six years old and then whored him out for various reasons, such as getting a raise at work. The kid is seriously messed up."

Kingsley wiped a tear from his eye. "Is his uncle still wandering around free?" If he was, then he was going to kill he sick bastard.

Nick held up his hand, stopping his brother from fleeing his office to track the man down. "For now, but only because we are using him to track down others like him. We have saved over a hundred kids that had been kidnapped or sold to child sex trafficking. Harry's uncle will get his, but only after we have no more use for him."

"Don't forget, Nick, he abused a wizarding child, we get to prosecute him also," Kingsley reminded with a smirk. "That man would be getting a one way ticket to Azkaban, that is if he didn't meet with an unfortunate accident first while in the ministry cells. James was a favorite amongst the Auror's, when they found out what that man did to his son...well, it wouldn't be pretty."

"I understand, and I will hand him over to you first since Harry was the first child that he hurt, but he also has to stand for all the crimes he committed in my world. Harry was not the only child that he molested, but he was the one that he hurt the most."

Kingsley felt like he was going to be sick, stuff like this just did not happen in the wizarding world. Never, in all his years as an Auror, did he see a case of child abuse or rape. This was going to rock the wizarding world when it got out. "Dumbledore has leads so it will only be a matter of time before he finds Harry. Everyone is looking for him, but they all care for Harry and only want to see him happy. Dumbledore is the one that will drag him back kicking and screaming...all for the greater
good."

"Well, he better be prepared to have his arm ripped off. Harry is under the protection of my best team, including two Asgardian gods."

Kingsley whistled, eyes going wide. They learned about Asgard in school, some even thought that their magic originated from there. "What do I tell his godfathers and friends?"

"Tell them what you like, but for Harry's sake, don't let the extent of his abuse leak out to the press. Also, I ask that you don't give them Tony Stark's name. Harry needs more time bonding with his father before being bombarded by a hoard of witches and wizards. Remember, Harry hasn't told him anything of your world and he should be the one to do so. I think the kid was hoping to slip away and live life as a muggle."

"Unfortunately, he will never be allowed to do that. Harry is too powerful and our world needs him. Even if you don't believe in prophecies, Nick, the Dark Lord does. He won't quit until Harry is dead, even if he has to bring the war to your world." Kingsley said seriously.

"I thank you for your warning, but I think my men can handle your Dark Lord." Nick smirked.

***HP

Natasha opened up the first aid kit, glaring at the guilty looking boy across from her. "I'm not going to tell your father...this time," she said sharply.

"I'm sorry," Harry whispered. The second everyone left to do whatever it was that they did during the day, Natasha had drug him into the kitchen with a look that could kill and none too gently shoved him into a chair.

"No you're not," Natasha said, grabbing a wet washcloth and motioning for Harry to remove his hoodie.

"How did you know?" Harry asked, carefully struggling out of his hoodie. He was glad everyone left when they did, the blood had soaked through the old shirt he used to wrap his arm and was starting so soak through the hoodie.

Natasha shook her head, rolling her eyes. "Harry, it's eighty five degrees outside and you're wearing a hoodie. You're going to have to try a lot harder than that to get one over on me. I have been trained to notice stuff that others don't, so it would benefit you in the future if you just came clean with me. I understand that this problem isn't going to go away instantly, but I can't help you if you won't come to me."

Harry bit his lip as Natasha started to clean the deep wounds on his arm. He had to admit, this was worse that he had ever cut himself.

"Harry, this needs to be stitched," Natasha hissed, pointing to one very deep cut. This was bad, and she knew she should tell Tony or Bruce. She wasn't qualified for this, Harry needed professional help.

"Please don't tell," Harry pleaded in desperation. "I heal fast, I'll be alright."

"Harry this isn't about your cuts and healing fast. You need help, this isn't healthy and it's dangerous." Natasha said seriously. "Do you want to bleed to death?"

Harry dropped his eyes, unable to look at Natasha. Natasha gasped. "You do, don't you? You want
Harry quickly shook his head no. "No... Well, at first maybe, but not now. The first time I picked up a razor it was with the intention of ending everything, but I was young and didn't know how deep I needed to go...I got scared."

Natasha finished bandaging up Harry, then rested her face in her hands. "Harry, I don't know how to help you," she mumbled into her hands. "You almost sound upset that you didn't succeed in killing yourself at only eight years old."

Harry looked away, eyes filling with tears. "I really wanted to do it," he answered softly. "So many times I tried, but I was too weak."

"You're not weak," Natasha yelled, slamming her hands down on the table. "You couldn't do it because you were too strong. Despite everything those vile bastards put you through, you wanted to live. You are one of the most bravest and strongest kids that I have ever met. Most adults would have offed themselves if they had to live through what you did."

Pale, trembling and crying, Harry reached out and shyly touched Natasha's hand. "Thank you," he whispered, choking on his words. It wasn't the first time someone had called him brave and strong, but it was the first time that he could possibly believe it. Deep down he knew that she was right, he never truly wanted to die when he took the blade to his arm, he just wanted all the suffering to end.

Wiping her own tears away, Natasha smiled at Harry. "Good, now that the mushy shit is out of the way, I heard that you got a credit card from your dear old dad."

Harry nodded his head, pulling out his wallet and flashing his card at Natasha. Natasha smirked, eyes lighting up. "Excellent, I think it's time I showed you what it's like to be a rich teenager and warp that pristine card of yours."

"I-I don't know, Tasha, I don't want to make my dad mad."

Rolling her eyes, Natasha grabbed Harry by his upper arm and pulled him to his feet. "He wouldn't have given you that card if he didn't want you to use it. Tony firmly believes in spending his money, and there's hot leather skirt that I have had my eye on and you're going to buy it for me," she said, winking at the stunned boy. "I'm also going to redo your wardrobe, I love Pepper, but she doesn't know how to dress a cute teenage boy."

"Are you sure it's alright?" Harry asked, hesitating by the door.

Natasha sighed over dramatically. "Jarvis, get me Tony." She knew that Harry wouldn't be able to enjoy himself unless he knew for a fact that Tony wouldn't be mad.

"Everything alright?" Tony asked over the intercom, a bit of panic in his voice. He knew that Natasha was going to be staying home today with Harry while he made a rare appearance at work. He had told her to call him immediately if there was a problem.

"Of course everything is alright, Stark, Harry is with me. I just need you to tell your adorable son that it's alright if we go out and set his credit card on fire."

Tony chuckled. "He better not return until my bank account is considerably lighter. Not only does he need clothes, but that room of his needs decorating. Kiddo, don't you dare worry about spending my money, I have more than what you can spend in a lifetime."
"You heard your old man," Natasha grinned, tugging on Harry's arm. "Let's get going, we have a busy day."

***HP

Vernon sealed the letter and placed a stamp on it. Ever since selling his little slut of a nephew, his life had been falling down around him. It was like Harry had been his good luck charm, and now that he was gone, bad luck was following him around everywhere. His house had been robbed three times, all his expensive toys that he had bought with Stark's money was gone, all his favorite pornographic websites had been taken down, his go to guy for little boy's had been caught and arrested, his boss had sold the company and there was a rumor going around that pink slips were soon going to be handed out, and he hadn't gotten any since his last night with his nephew. He was pissed, horny and it was all his nephews fault.

"Vernon, what are you planning?" Petunia asked from across the table.

"I'm planning on paying our nephew a little visit. This letter is giving him a heads up so he can get the money I'm demanding and slip away from his daddy for a few hours." Vernon smirked, already getting hard just thinking about what he planned on doing to his nephew in those hours that they were alone together.

"Vernon, you need to leave the boy alone," Petunia snapped. "Stark is a very powerful man with connections, he will kill you if you hurt Harry."

Vernon grunted. "Doubt it, no one cares for that little shit. There is only one thing he is good for and I'm going to make sure he remembers it."

"Vernon, just forget about the boy. What makes you think he will even meet you anyway?"

Vernon's grin was so big that it got lost in the fat on his face. "He'll meet me," he answered, grabbing a folder and tossing it to his wife. "If not, these go to the press."

With dread, Petunia opened the folder gagging at what she saw. Inside was numerous photographs of Harry engaged in sexual acts with several different men. The pictures must have been taken last summer because Harry was older in them. The pictures were taken to make it look like Harry was enjoying what was happening and willingly participating. She knew it wasn't true though, she knew how much Harry hated what Vernon forced him to do.

"Let's see Stark proudly stand behind his son when the world finds out what a cock hungry little slut he is. There is no way that Harry would want his dear daddy and the world to see these pictures. He will get me the money and he will meet with me and keep his damn mouth shut. I have a few...associates that are willing to pay top dollar for a few hours with that boy."

Disgusted, Petunia thrust the folder back at Vernon. She had a bad feeling about this, but she knew that there was no way that he would listen to her. Vernon was messing with the wrong man and he was going to pay dearly for it. As soon as she could, she was packing Dudley and herself up and leaving...after emptying what was left in their bank account.
Chapter 8

I do not own Harry Potter or the Avengers...

Sorry for the long wait but I got totally carried away with this chapter. I just kept writing and writing and before I knew it, I had over 20,000 words written. I decided that it was too long with too much mashed into it so I decided to cut it in half. I will post the second part in a few days..

For all those asking for a Spider-Man pairing, I just can't do it. I'm not a fan and I don't know much about him..

THANK YOU TO EVERYONE WHO HAS REVIEWED:)  

***HP

George nudged his brother with his knee under the table then tilted his head in Kingsley's direction. Narrowing his eyes at the large Auror, Fred nodded his head, eyes twinkling with mischief. They were sitting in on another Order meeting listening to Dumbledore drone on and on about finding Harry. Their headmaster was assigning groups to go to California to search, but they had a feeling that Kingsley already knew something. The Auror wasn't making eye contact with Dumbledore and he kept glancing at Sirius.

"Alright, I will call a meeting after I have more information," Dumbledore said, standing up and straightening out his lavender robes.

"I want to go," Sirius demanded.

"Sirius, if you go out you risk getting caught and kissed. Let those designated handle the search."

Sirius slouched in his seat, he knew he wouldn't be able to change Dumbledore's mind and there was no way he would be able to get his hands on an international portkey. He just wanted to find his godson and make sure he was safe. He had been suffering nightmares since hearing Fred and George's confession about Harry's abuse.

Fred and George were the first to leave the kitchen, hiding in a dark corner in the living room, they waited for Kingsley. They were determined to find out what the man knew about Harry. Silently they watched as everyone floo'd home, surprised to see that Kingsley was the last.

Kingsley sighed as soon as stepped into the room, he knew that the twins were there waiting for him. He had been an Auror for over seventeen years, you couldn't get the drop on him that easily. "You minus well come out, I know you're there."

"You know where he's at, don't you?" George asked, stepping out with his wand in his hand. He knew he couldn't win against a highly trained Auror, but that didn't mean that he wouldn't try. He would do anything to find Harry.

Kingsley quickly cast a silencing spell on the room. He wasn't planning on saying anything to Sirius until he got him cleared. If Sirius knew that he knew where Harry was, the man would be unbearable. "I do, and he's safe."

"Where is he?" Fred asked, relief washing over him. They had feared that something horrible had happened to Harry. They didn't like to think about it, but they knew that Harry's abuse was more than just physical.
"I'm not at liberty to say."

"Don't give us that, Kingsley," George snarled. "You have no idea what Harry means to us and what we have done in the past to help him."

"We won't tell anyone." Fred added. "Harry would want us to know."

Kingsley scratched at his head, unsure on how to proceed. He knew that Harry was close to the twins and he could see that they weren't just going to let him floo out without giving them his location. "I haven't personally spoken with Harry, but my brother knows where he is and has assured me that he is in good hands. He's also away from his aunt and uncle."

Fred and George exchanged sad looks. "He doesn't want to return, does he?" Fred asked, already knowing the answer. Harry had told them on numerous occasions that if he ever got the chance, he would slip off into the muggle world and never return.

Kingsley shook his head. "No, but unfortunately that isn't going to be an option for him. Dumbledore is his magical guardian and he will have him back here regardless of his wishes."

"We need to see him, Kingsley. Please, Harry is...you see we..." George stuttered.

Kingsley grinned at the flushed matching faces. "I see," he chuckled. "I don't know his exact location, but I will get you a portkey and you can hunt him down off of what I know. Just, don't tell your mother that I was the one that supplied you with a portkey when you get busted." He may be the best damn Auror since Moody, but Molly scared the shit out of him.

The twins bowed dramatically. "We swear on our magic," they chorused together.

Kingsley shook his head at their antics. 'Fine, meet me right here tomorrow at six. You might want to come up with a good excuse on why you will be gone for a few days."

Grinning, the twins watched as Kingsley floo'd away. Turning to each other, they both said, "Lee," at the same time.

***HP

Harry slumped in the plush chair watching as Natasha grabbed more clothes off the rack. They had been shopping for over two hours and he was already exhausted. He had lost track an hour ago of what they had bought, but there was a huge stack of bags on the floor surrounding his chair and almost everything was for him.

"I was thinking, Harry," Natasha said, holding up a red shirt then wrinkling her nose and returning it to the rack. "You will need a weapon, something to specialize in."

"Excuse me?" Harry said, not really having a clue what she was talking about.

"A weapon," Natasha said, rolling her eyes. "You know, like how Clint has his bow, Steve his shield, Thor his hammer...a weapon." Natasha tossed three shirts at Harry and pointed to the changing room.

With a heavy sigh, Harry struggled to get up. "I don't think I will be good at anything."

Natasha snorted. "You're pretty good with a knife!"

Harry glared at Natasha. "I'm sorry, that wasn't nice of me," Natasha quickly said when she saw how
pale the boy got. "I'm sure that we can find something you will be good at."

Harry shivered when he remembered his uncle grunting in his ear telling what the only thing was that he would ever be good at. He was only good for two things, sucking cock and taking it up the ass. "I'm not good," Harry whispered before slipping into the changing room.

Natasha silently cursed, everything had been going so good until she had to go and fuck it up. She honestly didn't mean the remark about the knife, it just slipped her filter. She could tell that Harry had suffered a small flashback and she felt horrible for being the cause of it. She was supposed to be helping, not making it worse.

Standing in front of the floor length, three sided mirror topless, Harry dropped his glamours. He hated seeing his true self, but he needed to be reminded what he really was...a worthless, good for nothing freak. It would be so easy to let his guard down around these people, but that would only get him hurt. He wanted to trust him, but trust had never gotten him anywhere in the past.

"Harry, are you alright?" Natasha called in concern. Harry had been in the changing room for fifteen minuets and he had only been trying on a couple of shirts.

Wiping his tears, Harry reapplied the glamours then quickly got dressed. "Yeah, I'm coming," he called, grabbing the shirts that he never tried on.

"Did they fit?" Natasha asked when Harry handed her the shirts back.

"Yeah," Harry lied. "They're great."

Natasha bit her tongue, not wanting to upset the young Stark even more. It was her job to get information and detect lies...and he was lying. "Let's get something to eat then get started on shopping for your room."

"I-I'm fine, I don't need to eat, I'm not hungry."

Natasha shook her head at the once again obvious lie. "Well, I'm starving so we're eating."

Harry was nervous, he had never eaten in a real restaurant before, not even a Mcdonalds or any other fast food restaurant. He didn't want to do anything to embarrass Natasha or piss her off. He would have been happy just staying at the tower while she picked out his clothes and junk to decorate his room.

Natasha watched as Harry picked up his fork with a trembling hand. What had the kid so damn scared? "Relax, Harry, it's just food."

Harry looked up at Natasha wide eyed then frantically scanned the restaurant. The place wasn't super fancy, but it was nice enough and packed with diners. He had ordered a pasta dish hoping it wouldn't be too heavy on his stomach, but he didn't think that he would be able to eat it now.

"Harry, you have eaten out before, haven't you?"

"I-I..." Harry shamefully shook his head no. The closest he had ever come to eating out was the Great Hall and even then he seldom actually ate there. He normally hid the food in his bag then ate it later when he was alone. When the twins found out that he hated eating in front of people, they showed him how to get into the kitchen, and then when they discovered that he didn't like asking the elves for food, they started sneaking him food after every meal.

Just thinking about Fred and George felt like a red hot knife to the heart. He would miss Ron and
Hermione, but he would mourn the loss of Fred and George. The twins meant more to him than anyone else in the wizarding world...even more than Sirius. He honestly didn't know Sirius that well, but the twins...well, the twins were everything. They patched him up, fed him, comforted him, supported him, protected him...cared for him. He honestly didn't know if he could move on with his life without them. Hell, they will probably be relieved to no longer have to help the poor orphaned Boy-Who-Lived.

"Harry, just ignore everyone and enjoy your meal. Now, why don't you tell me about your friends?" Natasha asked, hoping to distract him. His eyes were constantly scanning the room, looking for danger and mapping out all the exists.

Harry nervously turned back to Natasha, he didn't like having his back to a room full of strangers. "I had a couple good friends, especially Fred and George, they were twins." Harry started telling Natasha about the twins, obviously leaving out the parts about magic. He told her about some of their pranks and how they always treated him better than what they treated their own brother.

Natasha smiled as she listened to Harry, this was the most the broken boy had ever spoken at once. She was thrilled to see that he had started to eat while he talked and his eyes sparkled and no longer scanned the room in fear. "I think I would like to meet these twins of yours someday, they sound like they could put your father to shame."

"They're not my twins," Harry blushed vividly.

Natasha almost choked on her steak, she hadn't been expecting such a reaction out of the shy boy. It seemed like someone had a crush on the twins, even if he himself didn't realize it yet. "I'm sure that your father wouldn't mind bringing them over on his private jet."

Harry looked sadly down at his half eaten plate of pasta. "No, they are better off without me. I-I-I don't want to go back there and I don't want..."

Natasha waited for him to finish, but he didn't. "You don't want anyone from your past life finding you here?"

Harry nodded his head. "They would force me to go back, and I don't want to leave dad or you guys."

Natasha couldn't stop her laughter. "Kid, I would like to see them try and take you. There is no force on this earth or any other that can beat the Avengers. Hell, psycho Loki couldn't even beat us."

Harry wished that he could believe her, but he knew that they couldn't beat magic. With a flick of his wand, Dumbledore could erase their memory and they would forget all about him. He knew if that ever happened, he would succeed in cutting himself deep enough to bleed to death. He couldn't go back to that life...he couldn't lose Tony.

"If you're ready, there's a hell of a lot more shopping to be had?"

Harry groaned loudly. "Do you honestly enjoy this?"

"Shopping, or torturing you?" Natasha smirked.

***HP

Harry was sitting on a bench outside some high end woman's store waiting while Natasha tried on the skirt she had been talking about ever since they first left the house hours ago. She had wanted him to go in with her, but he really wasn't comfortable in a girls only store, and his feet were killing
him. He was going to take this time to rest before getting drug to ten more store.

Hearing a beeping, Harry pulled his phone out of his pocket and fiddled with it until he figured out how to bring up the text message. He chuckled when he saw that it was a picture of Natasha in a dark green leather skirt asking if she looked hot. Rolling his eyes, he texted back 'yes' then told her that he was going to look for the nearest bathroom. Groaning, he got up and started his search.

Harry was washing his hands at the sink when he felt a body press against his back. "I'll give you a twenty if you suck me."

Tensing, Harry's head snapped up and he looked in the mirror. Standing behind him leering down at him was a man in his mid forties, dressed in nice business clothes, over six feet tall with a pretty decent build. He didn't look like the type that would proposition a teen in the bathroom, but he had learned the hard way that you couldn't judge a person by their looks. Mr. Grunnings, after all, had been a doting father and grandfather the first time he had raped him.

Harry tried to push away, but he was stuck between the man and the sink. "I'm not interested," he said, jabbing his elbow in the creep's side.

The man just chuckled. "Come on, kid, it's an easy twenty. All you have to do is get on your knees and suck me until I blow."

"Leave me alone," Harry cried, struggling to get out of the man's arms.

Grabbing a fistful of hair, the man roughly bent Harry over and shoved his face into the sink, bashing his forehead hard on the metal faucet. "Look you little shit, you either suck me or I fuck you over the sink. I tried to do this the nice way."

Harry felt hands working on his jeans, fumbling with his button and zipper. "Stop," he cried, thrashing around. "I'll suck you!"

Grinning, the man released Harry and stepped back. "I knew you were a little cock slut the second I saw you sitting on that bench. You're such a pretty little thing that I just couldn't help following you in here for some fun."

Standing up, Harry grabbed his throbbing forehead, not at all surprised to find that it was bleeding. "Now see," the man sighed, reaching out to lovingly cup Harry's face. "If you just what have behaved, I never would have had to hurt you. You're to pretty to mark up."

Harry flinched from the touch, but he didn't step away. He knew that he wouldn't be able to fight this man. He had been trained well and he recognized the signs of someone that would have no problems slitting his throat if he didn't obey. Beneath the good looks and rich clothes, this man was truly evil. He didn't want to do this, but he also didn't want to die in this disgusting bathroom.

"Don't look so scared, my beauty, if you do a good job there will still be a twenty in it for you."

"You're going to need it to pay for your medical bills!"

Reluctantly dropping his hand, the man turned to see who had the nerve to interrupt his fun. He wasn't lying, this boy was beautiful and he couldn't wait to feel those luscious lips wrapped around his cock.

"Well if this isn't my lucky day," the man said, eyeing the hot redhead that was dressed in skin tight
clothes. "I have another twenty for you, but the kid goes first."

Raising a single eyebrow, Natasha looked past the man to see Harry standing there trembling with blood pouring down his face. "Big man to have to beat up on a fourteen year just to get your small dick sucked," she sneered.

"Why don't you come closer and I'll show you how small my dick is," the man snarled grabbing at his crotch.

Chuckling, Natasha stepped forward until she was right in the man's face. "Go ahead, show me your pathetic tool."

The man nervously licked his lips. "Look, bitch, I was just helping the kid earn a twenty. Why don't you take your tight little ass out of here and forget that you saw anything."

Natasha shook her head. "I can't do that, dickhead, that boy is with me. I don't appreciate people hurting those that I love."

Harry couldn't believe it when Natasha came walking into the bathroom like she owned the place. He had never been so relieved to see someone before. There was no way that she would let the creep hurt him. Feeling dizzy from the bump to his head and blood loss, he backed up until his back hit the wall then he slid to the floor.

Natasha's eyes flicked briefly to Harry in concern. She could tell that he would be lucky if he didn't need stitches and have a concussion. The man used Natasha's loss of focus to his advantage by grabbing her by the throat and tossing her into the wall.

Natasha landed gracefully on her feet, smirking at the man. "I see the foreplays over." With a quick spin, she kicked the man in the head dropping him to his knees, unconscious. "Pathetic," she sneered. Pulling out her phone, she quickly dialed Clint.

Harry dropped his head onto his knees, careful of his bloody wound. He had hoped that now he was away from his uncle, shit like this would stop happening to him. Was there a damn sign blinking over his head or something?

"There was an incident," Natasha said into the phone. Walking to Harry, she knelt down in front of him. "No, send SHIELD, we don't need the cops involved."

Harry could hear Natasha talking, but his head was spinning and he was feeling too nauseous to make out what she was saying. He just wanted to go home and go to sleep.

"Clint, he's going to need Bruce, but don't tell him or Stark until after this piece of shit gets hauled off. We don't need the green guy here, and Tony will kill him."

Pocketing her phone, Natasha stood up and grabbed a handful of paper towels. "Stay with me, Harry," she said, as she ran water over them then knelt back down. "Let me see your head."

"M'fine," Harry mumbled into his knees. "I just bumped my head."

"Let me see your head, sweetie." Natasha said a little bit sterner.

Whimpering, Harry slowly lifted his head but kept his eyes shut. His head was spinning something horrible and he really didn't want to see that man again. "Thank you for helping," he said softly.

Natasha winced when she saw how bad the head wound was. Head wounds tended to bleed a lot,
but there was a decent size gash that would need stitching and a golf ball sized lump forming. Carefully she started mopping up the blood from his face and around the wound. "I'm sorry, Harry, I should have never have left you."

Harry opened his eyes just enough to see Natasha hovering over him looking concerned. "Tasha, I'm almost fifteen, I should be old enough to wait outside a store and take a piss by myself."

"What the hell is wrong with people?" Natasha growled. "Sexually attacking a teenager in a public bathroom."

"I don't want to talk about it," Harry mumbled, dropping his head back to his knees. "Please don't tell my dad."

"Harry we have to tell him. SHIELD is on their way to clean up the trash and your dad hacks into their system daily to see what they're up to. He will find out on his own and be pissed that we didn't tell him. Besides, love, it will be impossible to hide that mountain forming on you forehead."

"He's never going to let me out of the tower again!"

"Probably not, Rapunzel," Natasha chuckled. "Though, I think Bruce will be the one chaining you to his side for now on."

"That won't be so bad," Harry mumbled sleepily. "Feel safe with Bruce."

Natasha started rubbing his back. "Harry, I know that you're tired, but I need you stay awake. There's a good chance you have a concussion."

"Wouldn't be the first time," Harry snorted.

Despite the pain, Harry's head snapped up when he heard the man start to groan. "Wad da fuck did you do to me, bitch?"

"I gave you head. Isn't that what you asked for? Oh, you can keep the twenty," Natasha chuckled.

"I'm gonna kill you, bitch," the man growled, getting to his feet.

Natasha pushed Harry back down when he went to stand up. "Relax, Harry, I got him."

Harry didn't want to be in a vulnerable position in front of the man, but there was no way he would be able to stand on his own. Knowing that Natasha was more than capable of handling the scum bag, he sat back down and buried his head between his knees.

Harry must have blacked out because the next thing he knew he was being shaken awake by a frantic looking Steve. "Come on, buddy, wake up for me," Steve said gently, his large body bent down so he was at the same height as Harry. He didn't want Harry to wake up and panic because there was a large male hovering over him.

Harry went to say something, but all he managed was a feeble moan. His head felt like someone cracked it open with a baseball bat. "Let's get you back to the tower so Banner can look you over and stitch that up."

"I think it would be better, Steve, if he gets seen back at Headquarters," Coulson suggested.

"No!" Harry cried, struggling to get to his feet. He violently flinched when Steve wrapped a large arm around his waist.
"It's alright, I'm just supporting you. You shouldn't even be walking with a head wound like that, but Clint didn't think you would want to be carried out on a stretcher."

"I-I'm fine, honest. I just want to go back home."

"Agent Coulson, if Banner can't treat him I'll call for a SHIELD doctor." Steve said, accepting more of Harry's weight now that he was relaxed against him. "He will feel better back at the tower."

For the first time Harry looked around the bathroom and was relieved to find that the man was gone. The only ones in the room with him were Agent Coulson, and Steve. "Where's Natasha?"

"She's back at headquarters filing a report,"

Harry looked fearfully up at Steve. "Is she mad at me?"

"Harry," Steve sighed. "You did nothing wrong, why would she be mad at you?"

"Because of me she had to fight someone."

Agent Coulson chuckled. "No worries there, she looks for any excuse to beat someone up."

"Does... Does my dad know."

Steve winced. "Not yet, but Clint just left to inform him and Bruce."

"We wanted your attacker safe at headquarters before informing those two of the incident." Coulson explained. He knew that he was going to get an enraged Stark beating down his office door in a few hours demanding some alone time with his son's attacker. He couldn't blame him, if he had a child he would be doing the same thing.

"How's your head?" Steve asked as they slowly left the bathroom. Agents had secured the area so no one could see what happened and who was involved. They had to protect Harry from the press and Tony's enemies.

"It's fine."

Steve shook his head. "Harry, please don't lie to me."

"M'sorry. It bloody hurts. It feels like Thor took his hammer to it."

"I know how that feels," Steve chuckled. "I have had Thor take his hammer to my head on a couple occasions."

***HP

The car hadn't even come to complete stop in the basement of Stark Tower and Tony was damn near ripping the door off the car to get to his son. Clint had only informed him minutes ago about the incident, he had been waiting until Harry was close to the Tower before breaking it to him.

Never before had he felt the kind of fear that he had felt when Clint said that Harry had been attacked. The boy had become his entire world in just the short time that he had been in his life. He would give away the Stark fortune if he had to just to keep his son safe and happy.

Steve was afraid to move. As soon as they got in the car, Harry had rested his head on his arm and hadn't moved. Harry shied away from all physical contact so it was a pretty big deal that he was now trusting him. It also meant that he was more shook up and hurt than what he was letting on.
"Get ready, Harry, your dad looks like he's about to rip the roof off," Steve warned as they pulled into the parking garage.

Harry tried to lift his head, but it felt too heavy and he was comfortable tucked in beside the large super soldier. Steve was big and warm and he felt incredibly safe right now with him.

"Slow, Tony!" Steve warned, holding his hand out to keep Tony from snatching Harry out of the car. He was no doctor, but he was pretty sure that Harry was going into shock.

Tony took a deep calming breath. He didn't want to scare his son, but he was desperate to check on him. All Clint had said was that some fucker had attacked Harry in the bathroom and bashed his head in pretty good. Thank god Natasha got there in time to stop anything worse from happening to his son.

"Hey, kiddo, can you sit up and look at me?" Tony asked softly and calmly. He was feeling anything but calm, but he had to be strong for his son.

"M'tired," Harry mumbled, head still buried in Steve's arm.

Steve looked at Tony and gave him a subtle nod. "Harry, I'm going to help you sit up and then your dad's going to help you out of the car. Are you ready?"

"M'kay," Harry whimpered, really not wanting to be moved.

As Steve pushed Harry up, Tony grabbed his wrist and gave an easy tug. He could tell by the look in Harry's eyes that he was in pain so he wanted to get him quickly out and up to Bruce who was waiting for him.

"Damn," Tony hissed when he got a good look at his son's forehead. "Harry, how many fingers am I holding up?" he asked, holding up two fingers.

Harry tried to focus but everything was blurry. "Uhm, four."

Tony looked to Steve. "Close enough, little chef, let's get you up to mother before she Hulks out on us."

"I'm really sorry, dad, I didn't mean to cause a problem."

Tony effortlessly lifted his son up bridal style. "You have nothing to apologize for." Turning, he stopped as Agent Coulson stepped out of the car. "Do you have the fucker in custody?"

"We have everything under control, Stark."

"I'll be at headquarters after I see to my son."

"Tony!" Coulson groaned. "Let us handle it."

Tony glared at Coulson then continued on to the elevator. Hell if he was going to let that pervert get away with hurting his son. He wasn't going to rest until the man's face matched his son's. Of course, there was a better than good chance that it already did since Natasha got to him first.

Harry let his head fall on his dad's shoulder and closed his eyes. He was too tired to care about being held so close by a man, he just wanted to sleep.

"Stay with me, son," Tony said giving Harry a little shake. "You can sleep after Bruce fixes you up. "
"M'fine, just tired," Harry slurred.

"Place him on the bed," Bruce instructed the second Tony came in with Harry in his arms. He had been fighting the other guy for control ever since Clint had told him about Harry.

Harry squinted his eyes when a bright light was flashed in them. "Harry, is your vision blurry?" Bruce asked.

"Yeah," Harry whimpered.

"He's seeing double too," Tony informed, anxiously hovering over his son. He knew that head wounds usually looked a lot worse than what they really were, but Harry's head looked horrible.

"Let's get his head cleaned up then do a CT scan. He has a concussion for sure and is going to require stitches, but other than that I think he'll be alright,"

"I could fix him up in an instant," said a silky voice from behind.

"Fuck off, reindeer games!" Tony snarled, glaring at Loki.

"You're not messing around with his head," Clint growled, getting into Loki's face, itching to put an arrow between his eyes.

"I'm just offering," Loki smirked, holding his hands up. "I can heal that wound so the child won't have to be stitched up like a pair of old socks."

Tony looked between Harry and Bruce, uncertain on what to do. He didn't want his son to suffer anymore, but he really didn't want the god messing with his head. "Bruce? " Tony asked.

"I don't trust him," Bruce said after giving it a minutes thought.

"Neither do I," Steve added.

Loki grit his teeth in anger. He honestly just wanted to help Harry, the boy was special. "What say you, child? Do you want me to heal your head and instantly take the pain away, or would you prefer needles and stitches?"

Harry looked at the god, then rolled to his side and vomited onto the floor.

"Do you swear not to mess with his brain?" Tony asked, rubbing his son's back. He couldn't stand to see Harry like this, it was killing him.

"I swear on my magic and on my life to only heal the child's head," Loki said seriously.

"I-I trust him," Harry croaked out. "Please, I just want to go to sleep and forget about this."

"My brother won't harm him," Thor defended.

"If you mess with his brain or hurt him..."

Loki smirked at Tony. "Relax metal man, I mean no harm." Loki walked up to Harry and let his hand hover over his forehead. "This wont hurt."

"Just the head," Harry whispered, head throbbing painfully.
Loki narrowed his eyes at the bloody boy. "Fine, just the head." He wished the boy would let him heal all his other injuries, he had to be suffering everyday from joint pain, nerve damage and other medical issues from a lifetime of severe abuse and starvation.

A feint pale blue light shot from Loki's hand and connected with Harry's forehead. Harry closed his eyes, shivering when he felt Loki's magic sink into his wound. He hated that the god's magic felt so good and safe. He was afraid that it could become like a drug to him and he would start craving it.

Tony tensed when the light touched his son. "I hate this magic shit," he grumbled. Looking to Bruce, he was shocked to see green around his pupils. Hopefully Bruce could keep the Hulk from coming out, at least until his son was healed. Neither of them wanted that bastard around Harry, but they couldn't stand to see him suffering.

Harry eyes snapped open when he heard his dad's words. No, there was no way that he could ever tell his dad about his magic. If his dad hated magic, then he would hate him too when he found out.

"Relax," Loki said soothingly, feeling the little Mage's fear. Tony may be a bastard in his opinion, but he would never abandon his son just because he was magical. Sadly, the boy's fear were real and all consuming, he honestly believed that his dad would hate him and he desperately loved Tony. He was afraid that Harry would do something stupid if Tony found out, like commit suicide.

Tony, Bruce, Steve and Clint watched in amazement as Harry's wound knitted back together and the swelling went down. It only took a few minutes for his forehead to look like nothing had ever happened.

"Harry!" Tony called, failing at hiding the panic in his voice. He was terrified that the god took over his son's mind like he had done to Clint.

"M'fine, dad," Harry mumbled sleepily. "C-Can I please just rest on the couch?" He didn't want to be alone in his room, not after what just happened. It was the first time he could ever remember feeling safer around men.

"Anything, kiddo. Would you like me to carry you?" Tony asked.

"I-I think I'll be alright." Harry slowly sat up and swung his legs over the bed. "Thank you," he said to Loki who was still standing next to him.

Loki gave a slight bow. "I was able to heal your head injuries, but there is nothing I can do for the emotional ones. You are going into shock, young one."

Harry chuckled. "I'll be fine. It's not like this hasn't happened a thousand times before. I just need to rest."

Harry slid off the bed, but Bruce had to quickly grab him when his legs gave out on him. "I'm going to carry you. Trust me."

Harry reluctantly nodded his head. "Alright, but not my room. I-I don't want to be alone."

"You'll never be alone again," Bruce said, slowly scooping him up into his arms. Harry was tense and he could feel that his pulse was raising, but he was thrilled to see that he was trusting him enough to carry him.
"I haven't even asked you anything, Patch."

"Stark, don't ever call me Patch again, and the answer is still no." Fury stood up and walked around his desk. "The man has a criminal record as long as my arm, he's not getting out."

"He's done this to other kids?"

Pursing his lips, Fury nodded. "It seems your son's attacker has a taste for young boys. He will soon learn what it's like to be on the receiving end. He will never step foot out of jail."

"I want five minutes alone."

"Dammit, Tony, I can't do that and you know it. How is your son?"

"In shock...terrified. How the hell is he supposed to heal if he keeps getting prayed on by perverts?" Tony hollered. "What the fuck is wrong with these people?"

This was a side of Stark that Nick had never seen before. Even in serious situations, Tony was cracking jokes and being...well, being obnoxious Tony Stark. The Tony Stark in front of him was an enraged father that was prepared to protect his son and prepared to do whatever it took to heal him. For the first time ever, he had respect for Tony Stark.

"Tony, your son needs you. Go home and take care of him." Nick sighed.

"Fine," Tony said, teeth clenched in anger and frustration. "I will give you this, but I want Dursley."

Nick smirked, it was the smirk that always freaked his brother out. "Dursley you can have. Actually, I think the fat bastard's usefulness is at an end. I'm sending an agent in in a few days to bring him, his wife, and son in."

Tony grinned for the first time in hours. "Oh, I look forward to this."

***HP

"Holy shit!" George gasped, looking up at the tallest building he had ever seen. "Harry's in there?"

"Well, it's got the guys name on it that Kingsley said that our little Harry is living with."

"What do you think happened? Why is Harry living with this Tony Stark character and not his vile family?"

Fred grabbed his brother's hand and gave it a squeeze. "As long as he isn't hurting Harry, I don't care what happened. Now, how the hell are we supposed to cross the street without getting flattened by one of these cars? They just keep coming."

"Excuse me pretty lady," George grinned, bowing deeply to the lady behind the desk. "but can you please direct us to where we can find Harry Potter?"

Rolling her eyes, the woman behind the desk took off her reading glasses and subtly pushed a button under her desk. She was told to contact Mr. Stark if anyone ever came asking about his son. She was here that day those awful people brought that poor boy here claiming to be Mr. Stark's son. She had to sign a confidentiality agreement stating that she would never talk about what happened or tell anyone that Tony Stark had a son, but she also got a huge raise out of it so she would happily keep her mouth shut.
"I'm sorry, but there is no one that works here by the name of Harry Potter," the woman said smartly.

The matching grins slipped off of Fred and George's faces. "He doesn't work here, he's only fourteen. We were told that he lives here."

"And who told you that?" Tony asked sharply from behind, causing the identical redhead twins to jump and spin around.

Fred and George looked nervously at each other. This man may only be a muggle, but they could tell that he was very powerful. "I'm Fred,"

"and I'm George Weasley,"

"We go to school with Harry," they both finished together.

Tony chuckled at their antics. These twins had a mischievous twinkle to their eyes and they looked like they would be a lot of fun. "I'm sorry. I don't know who told you that, but there is no one living here by the name of Harry Potter."

Tony watched in awe as the twins seemed to communicate silently to each other. "What about Tony Stark?" Fred asked anxiously.

"Does he live here?" George finished, narrowing his eyes at the man. He had a feeling that this man knew who and where their Harry was.

Tony raised one elegant eyebrow, he couldn't believe that these boys didn't know that he was Tony Stark. "Well, it is called Stark Tower, not Bob's Tower"

"If it was Bob's Tower, do you think you could direct us to him?" George smirked.

"We have come a long way to find our best friend," Fred added

"England?"

"No, China," the twins chorused together.

Tony shook his head, chuckling. "Funny, you don't have a Chinese accent."

"So we,"

"have been told."

Tony rubbed his head, he didn't know what to do. These boys had indeed come a long way to find his son, but he knew that Harry didn't want anything to do with his past life. "I'm sorry, but Mr. Stark is away on business." He hated brushing them off, but he was anxious to check on his son. When he left him an hour ago, Harry had been asleep on the couch with Bruce standing guard, but he wanted to be there for him when he woke.

"How about you leave your name and a contact number and I will give it to Mr. Stark when he returns." Tony said, grabbing a pen and paper from the desk and handing it to the boys.

Fred and George just looked at the outstretched hand. "Sorry, we don't take things handed to us," they said together.

Tony's mouth dropped open and he stared dumbfoundedly at the twins...that was his thing!
Fred and George quickly spun around when they heard laughter coming from behind. "Holy hot redhead!" George gasped. The sexiest redhead he had ever seen, wearing skin tight leather, was smirking at them with her hands on her hips.

"If only we swung that way," Fred said wistfully, eyeing how the tight leather hugged her breasts. He may not be into woman, but he could appreciate perfection when saw it.

Natasha circled the boys, already having an idea on who they were. They looked exactly how Harry described them at lunch. What she did notice, behind their sparkling and mischievous brown eyes, was a look of fierce determination and loyalty. Tony wasn't going to be able to send these boys off with a few roundabout words and his award winning smile.

"Who might you two handsome boys be?" Natasha asked with a wink.

Tony smirked at the stuttering boys. "This is Fred and George Weasley," he said, pointing to the twin he thought matched each name.

"Hey, I'm not Fred, he is!" One twin cried, pointing to the other.

"No, I am Fred!" Cried the other.

"Oh hell," Tony moaned.

"You can call us,"

"Gred and Forge!"

Catching Tony's eye, Natasha motioned for him to follow her. "Just one minute, I'll be right back," Tony said, looking wearily again the demonic duo.

Natasha noticed how the twins eyes tracked their every movement. Leaning in, she whispered in Tony's ear.

Tony's eyes got larger as he listened to what Natasha had to say about the twins. When she got to her suspicions about his son having a crush on them, his eyes narrowed dangerously. "What do you suggest I do?"

"Bring them up. They came all this way to find their friend, it wouldn't be right to send them away. Harry cares a great deal for them, I'm positive that he will want to see them."

Tony pouted, "Do I have to? Did you hear the way they talk? Besides, my baby boy doesn't need a boyfriend."

"Boyfriends," Natasha corrected with a smirk.

"Oh hell no!" Tony snarled.

Natasha threw her arm over Tony. "Come on daddy bear, let's interrogate those twins on the way up."

"Fine," Tony grumbled. "But they're sleeping on a different floor."

Fred and George stopped right before the small room that looked like a box. There were no windows or anything, just four walls, a roof, and a floor. "Where are you,"
"taking us?" Fred finished.

"Are you going to talk like that the entire time?" Tony groaned.

"Talk,"

"like,"

"what?" the twins finished together.

"Oh, this is great," Natasha chuckled. "Not many people can get to the great Tony Stark, and the two of you have managed that in less than an hour of meeting him. I think we may have to keep you guys around."

Fred and George glared at Tony. "So you're,"

"him?" George snarled. "You lied to us."

"Well, if that's a problem, you boys can just head on home." Tony said hopefully. He was happy to see that Harry had loyal friends willing to come all this way to find him, but he didn't like that his son could possibly have a crush on not one, but both of the twins. A part of him was also terrified that they would talk Harry into returning to school in the fall. He couldn't imagine his life now without his son. "I will even have my driver Happy take you to the airport."

"Take us to Harry!" Fred snarled. He could feel his magic rippling under his skin.

"Calm down, brother," George said, placing a hand on Fred's shoulder and allowing his magic to sink in and calm him. He was worried that Fred's empathic abilities were getting stronger, and since he didn't know how to control them, he was prone to mood swings from one extreme to the other.

Fred turned to his brother. "He lied to us about Harry? We haven't been able to eat or sleep for days because we have been terrified for him, and he was just going to send us on our way."

Groaning, Tony approached the pair. "Look, I'm sorry, but I was only trying to protect my son. Harry has been through hell and he just wants to start a new life here. He doesn't want to go back."

"We don't want Harry to come back, but we need to see for ourselves that he is safe and happy," Fred cried.

"Harry isn't safe in our world," George added sadly. "Wait, did you say,"

"son?" Fred gasped.

"What do you mean by...your world?" Natasha asked suspiciously.

Tony held up his hands. "Look, we can get into this later. Right now I want to check on my son, he had a really bad day."

"What happened to Harry?" Fred cried, grabbing his brother's hand.

"I will explain it on the way up," Tony said, stepping into the elevator.

George took a tentative step forward and looked in the strange room. "What is this room?"

"Excuse me?" Tony questioned. "Haven't you ever seen an elevator?"
Fred and George exchanged confused looks. "What does,"

"an elevator do?"

Tony stared at the boys in disbelief. "It takes you from floor to floor so you don't have to walk up and down thousands of steps."

"Oh, like a lift," George said, looking to his brother. "Like the lifts at the ministry only bigger and fancier."

"Why didn't you just say so?" Fred smirked, stepping into the small room. This looked nothing like the ministry lifts. This was the first time they had really ventured out in the muggle world so really they didn't know much.

"You boys are strange," Natasha said, scowling at the pair.

"Thank you!" Fred and George said proudly with big goofy grins on their faces.

***HP

All ready having warned the boys to be quiet incase Harry was still sleeping, Tony ushered them out of the elevator and into their communal living area. At seeing his son peacefully sleeping on the couch with Bruce standing behind it, he signaled for the boys to follow him into the kitchen.

"Are the two of you hungry?" Tony asked, placing a plate of muffins and brownies in front of them. He didn't know how to cook so that was the best he could do unless he ordered something.

The twins scowled at the offered food. "Harry made these?" Fred asked dangerously.

"My boy is an amazing cook," Tony said proudly, plucking two blueberry muffins from the plate. "It's a good thing too, the rest of us can't cook to save our lives."

The twins glared at Tony. "Are you forcing him to cook too?" Fred growled.

Tony almost dropped his muffins in shock. "Hell no, I would never force him to do something he didn't want to. I have told him on countless occasions that he didn't have to cook, but it damn near sends him into a panic attack."

Leaning across the table, Tony got in the boys' faces. "I am nothing like those monsters that raised him. Harry will never again live in fear and pain, he will be cared for loved."

Exhaling in relief, the twins each grabbed a muffin. "We're glad to hear that, would have had to kill you if you hurt him." Taking a bit of their muffins, the twins moaned in pleasure. "No one can cook like Harry," Fred moaned.

Tony took a seat across from them. "How did you find Harry here?" This question had been concerning him ever since he heard them say that someone told them that Harry was here. The only ones that knew about Harry was his team, Agent, and Fury. There was his relatives of course, but he didn't see them doing anything nice for Harry.

"We have our ways," Fred answered cryptically.

Tony narrowed his eyes. "Look, my son can be in danger if the wrong people find out about him. There are a lot of not so nice guys out there that would love to use Harry in order to force me to see
things their way.

Swallowing his food, which all of a sudden felt dry and heavy, George answered. "Someone we know told us your name, said that his brother told him."

Fred nodded his head. "Everyone back home is going crazy looking for Harry, and his godfather is losing his mind with worry."

"Well, what's left of it anyway," George chuckled.

"Kingsley's brother told him not to tell anyone Harry's location," George said.

"but we have ways of getting what we want," Fred smirked.

"Does anyone else know where my son is?" Tony asked, already formulating a plan on how to protect his son.

"Not yet, but the headmaster at our school is determined to find him and bring him back," Fred said gravely. "It will only be a matter of time before he shows up."

Tony snorted. "I'm not afraid of some old teacher. Harry is my son and there is nothing that he can say or do to make him return if he doesn't want to."

Fred and George looked at each other, silently communicating. Since the age of five they could telepathically communicate with each other. Not all identical magical twins had this ability, but they were extremely close and magically powerful.

Tony waved his hand between the boys. "Stop that!" he cried. "I know you're talking to each other in your heads, I can see it in your eyes." The twins slowly turned to look at him with matching grins. "You know, you guys kind of creep me out."

"Excellent!" the twins cheered. "You're not the first person who has said that."

Groaning, Tony rubbed at his temples. "I don't know how my son puts up with you guys."

"Oh, Harry loves us," the twins said together with matching smirks.

Tony dropped his head onto the table. He was just figuring this father thing out, he wasn't ready to deal with teenage hormones and his son dating.

"So, care to explain how you're our Harry's dad when we know that James Potter is."

Tony ran his fingers through his dark hair. "Honestly, I'm still trying to figure that one out myself. His disgusting family brought him here claiming that he was my son. A paternity test and a half a million dollars later, and I'm the proud daddy to a fourteen year old boy."

"You don't remember sleeping with Lily Potter?" Fred asked.

"She was hot! How could you forget being with her?" George chuckled.

"Never laid eyes on her before, but back then getting drunk and sleeping with nameless hotties was a nightly thing for me. I do remember her husband James though."

Wide eyed, the twins turned to each other. Could James actually be Harry's mom?

"Not again!" Tony moaned. "I'm going to have to forbid you from doing that silent talking twin thing
that you do," he joked.

"Wait, what you are saying is, you remember having sex with James, but not Lily?" George asked.

"Yup!" Tony answered, popping the P loudly. "He was my first experience with the same sex."

"Well, that's interesting," Fred said, winking at his brother. If James had been a carrier, then there was a very good chance that Harry was one too.

"You two look a lot older than Harry, and don't think that I didn't miss how you called him 'our Harry'," Tony scowled.

"We just turned seventeen, sir," Fred answered.

"and have been totally smitten with your son since we were thirteen, when we first laid eyes on the bespeckled, lost, little first year," George said fondly.

"So you have known him for about four years then. Why the hell didn't you see that he was being abused?" Tony jumped to his feet and started pacing the kitchen in anger. This had been bugging him from day one. How could everyone miss, or ignore, the obvious signs of abuse in his son? Hell, everyone in the tower noticed it immediately and none of them had any experience with kids.

"We did notice," Fred cried. "We saw the scars, bruises and bones while he was showering in the locker room, but he made us swear not to tell anyone."

"Harry is very good at hiding his abuse at school," George said quietly. He knew that Harry knew how to use glamours and was very good at them. "We did help him though, whenever we could."

"We would sneak him food and medical supplies throughout the summer and patch him up when we returned to school." Fred added softly.

George smiled sadly at his brother. "We even took care of him at school. Harry doesn't like eating around other people, so we would either sneak him to the kitchens, or sneak him food out of the Great Hall."

"You should have told someone about the abuse," Tony hollered.

Fred shook his head. "It wouldn't have helped. The headmaster knew that his relatives weren't treating him right, but he wanted him with his aunt and uncle. There wasn't a damn thing anyone could have done."

Tony collapsed back in his chair. "Why does your headmaster have so much control over my son?"

Fred looked to his brother and raised a single eyebrow. It was obvious that Harry hadn't told his new dad about being a wizard and they didn't want to risk letting something slip. Luckily for them, they were saved when another man came into the kitchen.

Bruce briefly glanced at the twins. Natasha had given him a brief explanation of who they were. "Tony, Harry is waking," he quickly said before walking back out.

Tony quickly held up his hand, stopping the twins from getting up. "Harry was attacked today. Give me some time to see to him and explain that he has visitors. I don't think he needs anymore surprises."

"Is he alright?" Fred and George asked in concern.
"He'll be fine, just please wait here."

***HP***

"How are you feeling, sleepy head?" Tony asked, voice barely above a whisper. He didn't want to startle Harry, but he also wanted him to know that he was there?

Harry's eyes softly fluttered open. "M'fine, dad," he answered sleepily.

Slowly Harry sat up, blushing when he saw that his dad and Bruce were intently staring at him. "Honestly, I'm fine. It's not like this was the first time that I have been attacked. I just needed to sleep it off, it's what I always do."

Tony took a seat next to his son. "I'm sorry about what happened today."

Dropping his chin to his chest, Harry shrugged his shoulders. "S'not your fault. I think I'm a magnet for perverts. At least Natasha was there, huh? She can really kick ass."

"Yeah, and I'm going to teach you everything I know," Natasha said, just entering the room.

"Thank you," Harry said, eyes watering. "For what you did."

"It was my pleasure," Natasha smirked evilly.

"She means it, too," Tony chuckled. "Natasha loves handing the bad guys their asses."

Bruce approached Harry and knelt down in front of him. "How's your head? Loki didn't do anything funny did he?"

Harry smiled at Bruce. "My head is fine, no more pain or dizziness."

"Well, I still don't trust Loki," Bruce grumbled. He had been against the god using magic on Harry, but he was glad that he didn't have to stitch up that gash and cause the boy more pain.

"So, little chef," Tony said awkwardly, not really sure how to tell his son about the twins. He didn't want to cause Harry anymore stress today, especially after the attack, but Natasha seemed pretty certain that Harry would be happy to see them. "You had visitors stop by while you were sleeping."

Paling, Harry lunged to his feet. "Who...who was it?" he asked fearfully.

"The most irritating twins that I have ever had the displeasure of meeting," Tony pouted.

"Fred and George!" Harry cried in both excitement and fear. He desperately wanted to see them again, but if they found him then that meant that Dumbledore knew where he was too.

"Fred and George, Gred and Forge, whatever it is that they were calling themselves. Honestly, my dear sweet son, you must be a saint to be able to out up with them."

Harry's eyes quickly scanned the room. "Where are they?" he asked excitedly.

Getting to his feet, Tony pointed towards the kitchen. "They are in the kitchen."

"You left them alone?" Harry cried. "and in the kitchen? Shit, don't eat anything unless I tell you it's alright." Turning, Harry sprinted towards the kitchen.

"What did he mean by that?" Bruce asked, heading towards the kitchen.
"From what Harry told me earlier," Natasha chuckled. "The twins are pranksters and have created a line a prank food."

Tony perked up at hearing that. "Really! That sounds interesting."

Harry burst through the kitchen doors and into the waiting arms of the twins. Clinging desperately to them, Harry started crying into their necks. "I thought that I would never see you guys again."

"Did you honestly think we would let you just up and disappear on us like that?" Fred asked, nose buried in Harry's raven hair.

"Merlin, Harry, we have been so worried about you," George mumbled, clinging to the smaller boy.

Pulling back, Harry smiled up at the identical faces. "I'm sorry, everything happened so fast. I went directly from the train, to the airport, then here. I was afraid if I tried contacting you guys that Dumbledore would find me. I'm sorry."

Fred lovingly cupped Harry's face. "Don't you dare apologize, we're just happy that you are safe."

George turned Harry's face towards his. "You are safe, aren't you?"

Grinning, Harry nodded. "I have a dad," he said, choking up a bit. "He's great too."

George's eyes flicked up towards the door where Harry's dad, the hot redhead and another man were standing and watching them. "Is he treating you good?"

"I love it here. Everyone is so nice and they actually care about me."

Fred looked down at Harry's arm. Gently lifting the heavy contraception, he asked with tears in his eyes. "What happened?"

Harry lowered his eyes in shame. "My uncle broke it," he mumbled.

"What is..."

Harry quickly slapped his hand over Fred's mouth. "We'll talk about it later. He knew that Fred was going to ask about the cast. The Weasley's were purebloods and had only ever been treated magically.

Tony watched the interaction with a small smile on his face. He honestly wasn't ready to think about his son in a relationship, and he was positive that Harry himself wasn't ready for a relationship, but he could easily see how much the twins cared for him. He could tell by the look in their eyes that they would never harm his son or pressure him into doing something that he wasn't ready for. It warmed his heart to see that Harry had friends that cared so much for him...even if they were creepy and weird.

"Is Dumbledore coming for me?" Harry asked fearfully.

George shook his head. "He doesn't know where you're at yet, but he will soon."

Harry dropped his head. "I don't want to leave here."

"And you won't be," Tony declared hotly. "Kiddo, I'm not going to let anyone take you away from me."

"I wish it were that easy," Harry said sadly, collapsing into a chair.
Feeling Harry's pain, Fred kneeled down and pulled him into a hug. It had taken a long time to get Harry comfortable with their touches, and even then it would take a month or two after every summer break, and two months of abuse, to get him to where he wasn't flinching from their touches.

"There is a lot that I don't understand," Tony said, feeling very frustrated. He knew that Harry was keeping secrets, and while he respected his privacy, he needed to fully understand what the hell was going on. Why did these boys almost seem to fear their headmaster? Why was the man controlling Harry's life? And why the hell did he leave his son in an abusive home? He needed answers in order to be able to protect his son.

Wiping his eyes, Harry jumped to his feet. "You all must be hungry, it's almost dinner time." Before Harry had a chance to take a step, Tony grabbed Harry's shoulder and pushed him back down.

"Not tonight, little chef. You had a rough day and you have company. I will have Jarvis order us some pizza while you entertain the demonic duo."

"Awesome name!" The twins cheered together.

Tony shook his head in exasperation. "What do you boys' like on your pizza?"

"Err," Fred and George stared blankly at the man. They had never heard of pizza before and had no clue what it was.

"Come on!" Tony cried. "Don't tell me that you have never had pizza before either." At seeing the boys turn to Harry with a questionable look, Tony held up his hand. "You know what, never mind. I will just order one of everything."

"Why don't you give your friends a tour and show them to the room next to yours...if they plan on staying the night." Bruce said, giving Harry's shoulder a reassuring squeeze.

Fred grinned. "You can't get..."

"rid of us," George said giving a matching grin.

"that easily," they finished together.

"How long are you staying?" Harry asked excitedly. It may seem childish, but he had never had a sleep over before. Yes, he had slept at the Burrow, but he never had anyone stay at his house. Dudley had plenty of friends sleep at the house, but he wasn't allowed out of his cupboard to play with them...not that they would have wanted to play with him anyway.

"As long as you need us," Fred said, laughing when he heard Harry's dad groan.

Jumping up, Harry threw his arms around Fred's neck. "This is going to be so great," he cried. "Wait until you see the Iron Man suit dad and I are making. He's even going to make it so I can fly."

Tony felt his eyes water at Harry's excitement. This was the first time that he had seen his son act like a kid. Looking to Bruce and Natasha, he saw that they felt the same way.

Harry headed for the door, dragging the twins behind him. "Wait until you see my room, it's huge! My bed can easily fit four people."

"No it can't!" Tony yelled, as the door shut behind his son and his friends.

***HP
OK, nothing with Vernon in this chapter, but he is coming.... I'm on the fence on how to write that scene. I had it worked out, then I got review saying that they would never read any of my fics ever again if I let Vernon get Harry..... Originally I was sending Loki as Harry, but now I have to send Harry! See, I'm one of those people that have to push the button that says DO NOT PUSH!
Chapter 9

I do not own Harry Potter or the Avengers.

Not completely happy with this chapter :/ I think it's because it was mostly written after 2am.

Looks like next chapter Vernon will finally get his day. I'm taking suggestions on how I should handle it. I have a few ideas in my head, but not overly happy with them. I think that's why this chapter was so hard to write. I don't know how to proceed.

Than you for all the awesome reviews so far...please keep up the encouragement.

***HP

Despite it being three in the morning, Tony was pacing the living room completely lost in thought. The boys had only went to bed an hour ago, after polishing off five large pizzas and watching the first two Twilight movies, which had the boys laughing as if it was a comedy. When Edward started to sparkle in the sun, the twins damn near choked on their pizza with laughter.

Despite the weirdness of the twins, he was glad that they had showed up...especially when they did. It seemed their arrival helped Harry completely forget about the attack in the bathroom, and it was amazing to see his son so relaxed and carefree for once. Watching as his son laughed so hard that he had soda coming out his nose, gave him hope that he would be able to live a normal and happy life someday. The twins really were good for him.

He could see it in the twins' eyes, and the way they moved around Harry, how much they cared for his son. They knew exactly the right things to do and say to calm him when he was starting to get upset over something. Harry was so relaxed and comfortable around them, he finally got to catch a glimpse of what his son would have been like if he had been raised in a loving home. There was a sparkle in Harry's eyes that he had yet to have seen since his son had come to live with him and it was all thanks to the demonic duo.

Walking to his bar, Tony poured himself a generous drink and slowly sipped at it while staring blankly at the wall in front of him. There was something definitely off about the twins, and it wasn't just the weird talking in their heads thing that they did. No, it was almost like they had stepped out of another time, another era. Not only had they never had pizza before, but they had never seen a tv or even watched a movie before. After hearing Jarvis for the first time, he had spent an hour explaining computers to them and how the AI worked. The boys didn't even know what computers were. What seventeen year old boy didn't have a cell phone or laptop? Weren't teens supposed to spend three quarters of their life texting their friends and surfing the internet?

Sighing, Tony turned around, coming face to face with Bruce. "Jesus Christ, Banner, give me a heart attack why don't you. How long have you been standing there?"

"Since your first drink and hundredth sigh," Bruce smirked. "I take it you're trying to unravel the mystery of Harry's puppies?"

Tony chuckled. "They do follow him around like puppies, but I have a feeling that they could be viscous attack dogs if anyone messed with my son." Grabbing another glass, he pouredd Bruce a drink and refilled his own. "I don't know, but there is something not right with them?"
"I agree," Bruce admitted, accepting the drink. He wasn't big on drinking because he didn't want to risk losing control, but every once in a while he would indulge in a few sips.

"That's a first...agreeing with me," Tony smirked.

"Don't get use to it," Bruce grumbled. "Tony, I have lived in some of the most remote and poorest villages in the world, and even they knew more about modern technology than those boys do. Did you notice that they didn't even know how to talk into Harry's cell phone?"

Tony nodded his head thoughtfully. "I did. It's as if those boys just stepped out of the dark ages."

"Harry had said that their school lacked technology. Maybe their parents raised them the same way," Bruce suggested.

Tony continued his pacing. "Jarvis, bring up everything that you can find on Fred and George Weasley."

"Tony," Bruce sighed.

Tony vehemently shook his head. "No, Bruce, something big is going to happen, I can feel it. Harry and the twins seem to think that their headmaster is going to force Harry back and we won't be able to stop him. I need to know what we are up against. The twins also made some kind of odd statement about not wanting Harry back in 'their world'. What the hell is that supposed to mean?"

Bruce shrugged his shoulders. "I don't know, but most everything that came out of their mouth was odd."

"Sir, I have searched everything and there are no records on twins by the name of Fred and George Weasley." Jarvis informed.

"Not even birth records?" Tony asked.

"No, sir, I could find nothing."

"How is that possible?" Bruce questioned, starting to get a little more worried.

"It's not," Tony said absentmindedly. "There is always a record of something, especially of birth."

"How did they even find Harry?"

Falling into a plush chair, Tony scrubbed at his face with his hands. How the hell could there be no records on those boys? "They said that someone they know has a brother that knows that Harry is here."

"I don't know if it was a good or bad thing those boys showing up, but Harry was a completely different boy tonight. He was so carefree and happy. It was also the most relaxed that I have seen him so far."

 Tony gave a heavy sigh. "He's keeping things from us, and it has nothing to do with his abuse and his vile family."

***HP

Rising extra early, Harry quickly bathed and dressed. Slipping his invisibility cloak over his head, he slipped out of his room and padded quietly to the twins room. Someone had always been with them last night so he never got the chance to explain everything to them. He figured that Fred and George
knew not to say anything about being a wizard and magic, but he wanted to make sure.

He still couldn't believe that the twins had come all the way to New York City just to find him. Mrs. Weasley was going to skin them alive when she found out. He was ecstatic that they did though, it meant so much to him that they cared about him enough to risk their mother's wrath. Spending the evening eating pizza, goofing around and watching movies with them and his dad had been one of the best nights of his life.

Creeping silently into the darkened room, Harry crawled onto the bed and squeezed himself between the identical redheads. Fred and George were the only people he was comfortable enough with to get this close to. For some reason, the twins made him forget about his past and he could just be himself with them.

"Freddie," George muffled sleepily. "I don't remember getting a kitten.

"Neither do I, Georgie," Fred mumbled, reaching out and wrapping his arms around Harry. "He's a cutie though, can we keep him?"

Rolling to his side so he was facing a grinning Harry, George nodded his head giving the small boy a wink. "Of course we can, brother of mine. Harry kitty can be all ours."

Giving a small whoop of joy, Fred started to tickle Harry causing him to squeal with laughter and thrash on the bed.

"S-Stop it," Harry giggled trying to get away from Fred's fingers.

"What time is it?" George yawned.

"Almost five," Harry answered sheepishly.

"In the morning?" Fred groaned.

Biting his bottom lip, Harry nodded his head looking nervously at the twins. "Are you mad?"

George pulled Harry into a comforting hug. "Of course not, we're thrilled that you couldn't wait to see us."

"You know you can always come to us, Harry, day or night," Fred added.

"I'm guessing you snuck in here to tell us everything that has happened?" George asked, sitting up and stretching his back until it popped loudly.

Harry blushed when he saw that George was topless and wearing only a pair of boxers. Years of being a beater on the Gryffindor team had left George's body perfectly toned and muscled. There was no fat on the seventeen year olds stomach, just the starting of a well defined six pack.

"Like what you see?" George asked, wagging his eyebrows up and down. "We come as a matching set."

Harry blushed a deeper red at getting caught ogling one of his best friends. He couldn't believe that he had been checking George out like that.

"I think you broke him, George," Fred chuckled, affectionately rubbing Harry's head.

"Stop teasing," Harry pouted. "I have a lot to tell you before I get caught in here." At seeing that he had their attention, he launched into the story, telling them everything that had happened since
leaving the Hogwarts Express.

"That's an incredible story," Fred said, giving his head a little shake. The three were still sitting on the bed, Fred and George propped up against the head of the bed and Harry sitting cross legged in front of them.

"Are you honestly happy here, Harry? Are they treating you right?" George asked softly.

Harry nodded his head without even having to think about it. "I have never been happier in my life. Dad is so amazing. Hell, everyone here is amazing. For the first time ever, someone wants me."

Simultaneously, Fred and George each took one of Harry's hands, George being mindful of his broken arm. "Harry, we have always wanted you," they said together.

Blushing, Harry dropped his head letting his hair fall forward to hide his face. "You don't want me, I'm broken."

Fred and George looked sadly to each other, then turned back to Harry and gently tugged him forward until he was snuggled against them. "Harry, you are not broken." Fred cried vehemently.

"And we are not the only ones who love you. Mom and dad think of you as another son, and Sirius and Remus are out of their minds with worry."

Harry looked up at George with wide eyes. "They're worried about me?"

George elbowed Harry gently in the side. "Of course they are, they love you."

Harry started to chew on his top lip. "If they care so much, then why hasn't Remus written me or anything? I haven't seen or heard from him since he stopped teaching. Sirius writes, but it isn't much. He was always going on about the tournament, keeping my guard up and going to Dumbledore if I had a problem. There was nothing personal or loving in those letters. Sirius and Remus only care for me because I am James' son."

Fred and George didn't know what to say because Harry was right. Sirius and Remus had let Dumbledore dictate everything about Harry's life with no real fight. They may grumble and groan, but in the end they step back and let the old man have his way. Neither man knew who Harry was, they just knew the name and the story and parentage behind it.

Rubbing at his eyes, Harry sat up and slid off the bed. "I'm going to get breakfast started before everyone gets up. If you hurry, you may be able to meet everyone before they leave."

"We'll be there after we shower." Fred said, getting up and ruffling Harry's hair.

Harry was almost to the door when he stopped and turned back around. "Uhm, can all wizards get pregnant?" He asked in a small voice.

"No, most wizards can't, but the carrier gene is normally heredity." George answered.

"So.. So that means that I could be a..."

Fred nodded his head. "You more than likely are a carrier, but there are tests that can be run to tell for sure. Mom had all us boys tested when we were eleven and none of us were carriers."

Harry took a deep and steadying breath. "That's a lot to take in. I feel like even a bigger freak now."

"Do you think your dad James was a freak?" George asked sadly. He hated when Harry put himself
down like that.

Harry shook his head no. His dad was a great man that was an Auror who had died while trying to protect him.

"Then neither are you." Fred said tossing Harry's invisibility cloak at him. "You might need this."

Harry caught the cloak with his excellent seeker reflexes. "I'm so glad you guys are here. I really missed you."

"We'll always be here for you, Harry." The twins said together.

***HP***

Fred and George had taken immediately to Clint and the three of them had their heads together whispering while putting away one waffle after another.

"So, what are you boys going to do today?" Tony asked, thoroughly enjoying his blueberry waffle.

Harry shrugged his shoulders as he placed more waffles on the table. It took a lot of food to feed his dad, Bruce, Steve, Clint and the twins. He was going to have to see about buying a few more waffle makers so he could keep up with the demand. Thor and Loki had yet to show up, but that would be another dozen or so waffles to make when they did.

"You can always take them to the pool," Steve suggested, pushing away from the table. He really needed to stop eating so much of Harry's amazing food.

"Did you say pool?" George asked, eyes shining with excitement.

"I'm all for swimming. It would be nice being able to swim for once without having to worry about the giant squid wrapping his tentacles around your leg," Fred snickered.

"He slipped one of his tentacles up my shorts one time...never again." George shivered. "Damn perverted squid."

Tony froze mid chew. "Giant squid?"

Harry purposely bumped into Fred when he bent down to place more waffles on the table. "Fred and George are just joking," he said, giving the twins a desperate look.

"Yeah," Fred said, quickly trying to cover up his mistake. "There's a lake at our school and it's just a game we play."

George nodded his head, wisely keeping his mouth shut.

Tony looked suspiciously at the three boys. It seemed like none of them were particularly good at lying. "There are extra bathing suits in the pool's locker room."

"Try to keep your cast dry, Harry," Bruce warned. "If it does get wet though, don't worry. I plan to take it off tonight or tomorrow and X-ray it again. Hopefully it has healed up enough that you can do away with it."

"No worries there. I'm not swimming!" Harry said adamantly.

"I can teach you how to swim," Tony offered.
"Harry can swim," Fred said.

"You swam in the Black Lake during the second task," George pointed out.

Harry glared at the twins. "I didn't have a choice," he snapped. "Besides, Professor Moody pushed me in. I would have happily remained on the platform until the time was up."

"What are the three of you talking about?" Clint asked, easily picking up on the tension.

"Nothing!" Harry snapped angrily, startling the archer. "I'm sorry," he quickly apologized, dropping his head in submission.

"You did nothing wrong," Clint reassured. "You're allowed to yell at me if I butt my nose into something that's none of my business."

"It's just..." Harry took a deep breath. "I don't exactly have fond memories of the water. I much prefer to keep my legs on dry land where I can breath." Harry quickly turned back to the stove so he didn't have to see their faces.

The men at the table all looked at each other with raised eyebrows. "So, what are these tasks that you were talking about?" Tony asked the twins.

Harry felt like someone had just poured ice water down his back. All of a sudden he was both hot and cold all at the same time. He didn't want to talk about the Triwizard tournament or even think about it for that matter. Everything was too fresh and painful, especially the death of Cedric.

George looked apologetically at Harry. He honestly didn't mean to let anything about their world slip. "There was a tri-school tournament at our school this past year."

"George," Harry pleaded softly.

"That sounds very interesting. Did your school win?" Tony asked.

Harry slammed another plate of waffles down on the table. "It wasn't interesting, it was dangerous!" he cried with tears in his eyes. "It was a stupid and senseless competition." Backing away, Harry looked around the room fearfully then fled out the door.

Fred and George dropped their heads in shame. They never meant to upset Harry.

"What happened during the tournament?" Steve asked curiously.

George scratched at the back of his neck. "Harry got chosen as one of the champions even though he didn't enter and he was too young to compete."

"Only those seventeen and older were allowed to compete," Fred added rubbing at his chest. Harry's pain felt like a knife to his heart.

"Why did he have to compete if he was too young?" Tony asked angrily. He wanted to go and check on his son, but he also wanted to hear about the tournament. Whatever happened during the tournament had greatly upset his son.

"There was a contract stating that if your name was picked then you had to compete," Fred explained. "Harry tried to get out of it but the officials wouldn't let him."

George looked briefly to Tony. "Maybe, if he would have had a parent stand up for him and protest he could have gotten out of it, but he was on his own."
"I don't want to get into details of the three tasks," Fred said, knowing that there was no way he could without letting it slip that they were wizards. "But Harry saw our other school champion die. He tried to save him, but it happened too fast."

"Harry had a crush on him too," George grumbled looking darkly at the table. He wanted to punch pretty boy Diggory all last year because he had caught Harry blushing at him a few times.

Tony's heart went out to his son. It wasn't easy seeing someone die, especially someone you had feelings for. "When did this happen?"

"Not even a month ago."

"Damn!" Tony cursed. "Why is it always Harry?"

"We have been asking ourselves that for four years," Fred and George said, getting to their feet so they could go check on Harry.

"Hey!" Clint called before the boys could leave. "Who won the tournament?"

George turned around with a sad but proud look on his face. "Our little Harrikins of course."

Tony didn't know what to say so he just sat there digesting everything that he had just learned. He knew that there was a lot more to the story, but he was going to have be patient. He didn't want to risk pushing his son away and losing his trust by demanding answers. Hopefully soon everything would come out so he could properly protect his boy.

***HP

Harry stormed back to his room slamming his door behind him in both anger and fear. He was angry because he hated that the tournament had been brought up. He wasn't angry with Fred and George for bringing it up, he was angry because he hated thinking about it. Every time he thought about that stupid tournament he saw Cedric's handsome and happy face staring up at him out of dead eyes. He could still hear the pain filled cries of Amos Diggory as he cried over his boy's lifeless body.

He should be mad at Fred and George for bringing it up, but they hadn't done it on purpose. At least they hadn't said anything about magic or anything that would make his father suspicious. The twins weren't use to being around muggles and having to watch what they say or do. For purebloods who have only ever known the wizarding world, they were doing pretty good at not letting anything slip so far.

He was also feeling scared and ashamed with himself for how he had snapped at Clint and blown up about the tournament in the kitchen. Clint hadn't done anything wrong for him to have snapped at him like that. The archer had been so kind and protective of him since day one, how could he have been mean to him like that?

Harry was so lost in thought that he never heard someone enter his room, but he did about jump out of his skin when his hand was grabbed roughly in a much larger and stronger hand.

"You're shaking," Loki said cooly, not letting the mage pull his hand back. "At least let me heal the nerve damage."

Looking down, Harry was surprised to see that his hands were violently trembling. "It'll let up in a few minutes," he answered, trying to reclaim his hand.

"It's only going to get worse," Loki growled, getting fed up with the boy's stubbornness. "The
damage will not correct itself on its own and the trembling will become more frequent and violent. Do you want it to where you can't even hold a drink without sloshing the contents all over yourself?"

Closing his eyes, Harry took a deep and shaky breath. "Alright, but just the damage from the curse." He hated to admit it, but Loki was right, the shaking was getting worse.

"You are a foolish and stubborn child." Loki sighed in exasperation. "Why suffer needlessly when I can heal all your past damage?"

Harry finally managed to free his hand from the god's strong grip. "If you can't heal just the damage from the curse, then forget about it. I can handle it," he said tiredly.

Reaching out with the speed of a striking snake, Loki grabbed Harry's hand again and allowed his magic to flow into the boy, healing all of the nerve damage that the curse had caused. He wanted to heal all of Harry's other numerous issues, but he reluctantly pulled back and stepped away from the pale and panting child. He could have been a little bit more gentler with his magic, but the boy had a way of frustrating the hell out of him.

"We had a deal," Loki reminded. "You allow me to train you in exchange for my silence. Do we still have a deal, or do I go and have a heart to heart with daddy dearest?" He didn't want to be mean to the child, but he was too powerful to not be trained properly. He could seriously hurt someone, or even himself, if he wasn't taught how to control his magic.

Harry dropped his head in defeat. "We still have a deal," he answered in a small voice. Holding his unbroken hand out in front of him, he was relieved to see that it was no longer shaking. It had been getting increasingly harder to hide his trembling from his father and everyone else.

"I respected your wishes and only healed the damage from the curse," Loki sneered. "With all the other damage to your body and internal organs, you will be lucky to see the age of thirty."

Harry curled in on himself and refused to look up at the god. He had known for a while that the years of abuse he had suffered at his relatives hands was affecting his health, but he didn't know that it was that bad. He may have considered on more than one occasion killing himself, but he knew that he could never actually go through with it.

"There is no expiration on my offer to heal you," Loki said in a much gentler voice. "But despite being the most powerful being in the universe, my magic can only heal so much."

Harry snorted. "Are you truly the most powerful being in the universe?"

Smirking, Loki puffed out his chest. "I am Loki Odinson, brother to Thor Odinson. I am known by many names throughout the nine realms, though my favorites are Silver Tongue and God of Mischief. My power is unmatched and I can't be defeated. I am the most powerful being in the universe."

Harry rolled his eyes at the pompous god. "You're also extremely full of yourself, and according to all the news footage that I have seen, my dad and the other Avengers kicked your godly butt."

Loki nonchalantly shrugged his shoulders. "Like I have said before, I was not in my right mind at the time. Had I been through, I would have wiped the floor with your dad and the Avengers."

Grinning, Harry shook his head. Despite Loki getting on his last nerve, he found himself starting to like the arrogant god. He would never tell him that of course, but he found him funny and he reminded him a lot of Fred and George. For some reason Loki seemed to care about him, but he figured that the God of Mischief just wanted to use him for something.
"You wound me, my little Mage," Loki pouted. "I may be arrogant and boastful, but I am also a powerful god."

"I meant no disrespect," Harry quickly said, not wanting to anger the man.

Loki inclined his head. "None taken. Now, are you ready to start training?"

Harry looked to the closed door behind the god. "I have to go back to the kitchen and apologize for my rude behavior."

"Please!" Loki scoffed. "You are a very powerful mage, you do not need to be begging forgiveness from those mere mortals."

"I love those mere mortals," Harry spat. "and it's wrong to hurt the ones that you love. Isn't there anyone that you truly love?"

Loki's eyes darkened. "Very well, go apologize to those beneath you, but I expect to see you back here in an hour."

Harry stormed past Loki, but with a loud groan and a slump to his shoulders, he turned back to the god. "If you're hungry, I'm making waffles."

"Waffles!" Loki grinned, eyes lighting up with childish excitement. "I do love waffles."

Harry slapped a hand over his mouth to hide his laughter. How could the god go from anger, to excited in a blink of an eye? Loki seriously wasn't right in the head.

"I do hope you have syrup." Loki declared, following Harry to the kitchen.

"Real maple syrup," Harry giggled. A loud rumbling from Loki's stomach told him exactly how the god felt about that.

***HP

Harry bumped into Fred and George right outside the kitchen. Fred grabbed Harry and pulled him into a fierce hug. "We're sorry, Harry, we never meant to upset you."

Harry hugged Fred back. "I know, and I'm sorry for losing my temper."

"Am I seeing double?" Loki asked, looking between Fred and George.

"Oh shit!" Harry gasped, eyes going wide. It just now dawned on him that the Weasley twins were under the same roof as Loki, the God of Mischief. It would be a miracle if Stark Tower remained standing with the three of them running wild.

George stepped partially in front of Harry, wand dropping into his hand. "Harry, who's this?" he asked somewhat wearily. He could feel the magic rolling off the other person and it wasn't all that welcoming. This person was exceptionally powerful, more so than Harry, and there was darkness in his magic and something else that he had never encountered before.

Harry rubbed at his forehead, giving the twins a somewhat pained smile. "Yeah, Fred and George, I would like to introduce you Loki Odinson...the god Loki Odinson from Asgard."

Both boys paled, mouths dropping open and eyes staring unblinking at the god. After a couple of minutes of no sound or movement from the twins, Harry waved his hand in front of them. "Hey, are guys alright?"
"Are all mortal magic users this..." Loki waved his hand back and forth at the twins.

Harry giggled nervously. "I think they are in shock, it may take a few minutes for them to snap out of it."

"Can I have my waffles while we wait?" Loki asked with a wink.

Harry gave Fred a shake, shrugging his shoulders when nothing happened. "I guess, no reason for you to starve while they come to grips with meeting their hero."

Loki broke into a wide grin. "Hero, huh? Finally, mortals who give me the respect that I deserve."

Without blinking, George reached into his pocket and pulled out what looked to be a wrapped cookie or pastry of some sort. "C-Canary Cream?" he stuttered, holding out a trembling hand.

Harry opened his mouth to warn the god, but with a smirk, he snapped it shut and bit his tongue to keep from laughing. Playing it safe, he subtly maneuvered himself behind Fred and George...just in case the god lost it.

"To... To hold you over until Harry makes up some more waffles," Fred said, surprising Harry with his straight face. Not even a twitch to the lips was visible from the teen that was about to prank a very powerful god.

Loki took the treat without even hesitating. "I think I could come to like the two of you, young magic users. You know how to treat your betters, someone of importance and above your mere mortal status."

Harry watched with equal parts fear and excitement as Loki opened the wrapper and popped the Canary Cream into his mouth. "This is delicious, what did you call it again?"

"C-Canary Cream," George howled when the god turned into a giant yellow canary.

Both Harry and Fred clung to each other, tears of laughter falling from their eyes. The charm didn't last long, and in less then a minute later, the god was back and thousands of yellow feathers were floating at his feet.

Harry's laughter died in his throat as Loki just stared at the pile of soft, yellow feathers at his feet. He didn't know what was worse, the god screaming at them, or just standing there with an unreadable expression on his face. He could tell by how tense Fred and George were that they too were starting to get scared too.

"Harrykins, is he going to kill us now?" George whispered.

"I believe so," Harry whispered back, grabbing onto George's hand. "It's been nice knowing you."

Slowly Loki raised his head, glaring at the redheaded twins. Narrowing his eyes, he held out his hand.

Looking fearfully at each other, George quickly pulled out another Canary Cream and handed it to the god. Snatching the pastry, Loki smirked at the teens. "Follow me," he ordered.

Fred and George looked at Harry who shrugged his shoulders and followed the god back towards the living room. He didn't know what the god had planned, but he was trying not to run in the other direction. He had seen the news footage of Loki when he tried to take over earth, the man was scary powerful.
"Brother!" Loki greeted enthusiastically, spotting Thor walking towards them. "You must try this treat that my talented new young friends have made." Loki draped a heavy muscled arm over George and ruffled his hair.

Groaning, Harry dropped his head between Fred's shoulder blades. He was relieved that Loki wasn't going to punish them for pranking him, but now he had to worry about someone even bigger and stronger taking their anger out on them.

"Midgard boys," Thor boomed, shaking his head and his long blonde hair. "Men should be training, not cooking. Though, this does look rather good," he said, taking the treat and popping it into his mouth.

Loki wrapped his other arm around Fred and squeezed the two boys as he laughed at his canary brother. "I must have more of these. Did you boys create them yourselves?"

George nodded his head. "We have..."

"our very own prank line," Fred said proudly.

"You must tell me all about it," Loki said excitedly, still laughing at his brother who had just molted and turned back.

Harry tried to hide the fact that he was laughing, but the look on the god of thunders face was too funny. He felt a little safer now knowing that Loki wasn't mad and was actually excited over the prank.

"Was I just a giant bird?" Thor asked, head cocked to the side with a bewildered look on his face.

Harry, the twins, and Loki howled with laughter. "Come brother, young Stark is making us waffles." Loki said between fits of laughter.

Thor looked to Harry and raised a single eyebrow. "What will I turn into if I eat them?" He asked slowly.

Harry shook his head, wiping the tears of laughter from his eyes. "I promise that my cooking won't turn you into anything. It's Fred and George's food that you have to fear."

Grinning, Thor looked back to the twins. "That was a very good trick, you remind me of my brother. He was always tricking me when we were children."

"You were too easy to trick," Loki said fondly. "You would fall for them every single time."

Thor shrugged his shoulders. "You are my brother, I will always trust you."

Harry didn't miss how Loki tensed or how his eyes darkened. "What about those waffles?" Loki asked, voice sounding a little strained.

Nodding his head, Harry held Fred and George back while the gods went to the kitchen. "I can't believe you," he cried, smacking them both on the back of the head. "You pranked the God of Mischief, were you trying to get killed?"

Fred and George smiled sheepishly. "I panicked," George admitted. "Come on, it was Loki for Merlin's sake."

"We have worshipped him since we were five years old." Fred admitted, blushing as red as his hair.
"Please," Harry moaned. "Loki already has an overinflated head, don't make it any bigger."

"But it's Loki, the God of Mischief," the twins whined together.

Harry shook his head. "Fine, just don't let my dad suspect anything...and please don't destroy the tower."

Fred and George leaned in and each kissed one of Harry's cheeks. "We solemnly swear that we will mostly behave ourselves," they chanted together.

Harry didn't miss the word mostly in their oath.

***HP

"You're alone? I was hoping that you would have brought those clever twins of yours?"

"Their not my twins," Harry said, glaring at the irritating god.

"Right," Loki snickered. "Those boys are in love with you."

Harry opened his mouth to say something, but nothing came out. Fred and George were just good friends, there was no way that they had feelings like that for him. Even if they did, he could never be with them like that. He was dirty, tainted and broken, they deserved much better.

"Are they joining us?"

Harry shook his head no. "I didn't tell them that I was meeting you. They are off trying to drown each other in the pool."

"And you do not wish to join them?"

Harry jerkily shook his head. "I prefer to keep my feet dry."

"You don't know how to swim?" Loki asked, picking up on Harry's fear of the water.

"I thought I was here for you to teach me magic, not ask about swimming."

Loki inclined his head. "Very well, let's get started."

Harry really didn't want to be here, listing as Loki droned on and on about all the wonders of magic. He didn't want to be special and different, and he hated that magic had caused him to be. If it hadn't been for magic, then his parents would still be alive and he would have never been orphaned and sent to live with his sick, sadistic relatives.

"Are you paying attention?" Loki snapped. "Do you know how many people would die to have me teach them magic?"

"M'sorry," Harry mumbled. "It's just...I don't want this. I don't want to have all this great magical power inside of me."

"Well, suck it up, buttercup," Loki snickered. He had heard one of the twins say that to Barton earlier and he had thought it was rather funny.

"Really," Harry groaned. "Do I have to separate you and the twins?"

"I like them," Loki grinned cheekily. "They make me laugh."
"You like them because they worship the ground you walk on."

"That too," Loki said pompously. "Look, if you don't want me to teach you then you are free to leave, but I will be having a heart to heart with daddy dearest."

Harry pulled at his hair in frustration. "What do you want me to do?" he asked, teeth clenched in anger.

Loki grinned triumphantly at Harry. "Hold out you hand and produce a flame."

"I can't without a wand and I'm not an elemental."

"You don't need to be an elemental to control the elements. Can you produce a flame with your silly stick and mumble jumble words?"

Harry nodded his head. "Excellent, then you can produce one without." Loki smirked. "Your magic comes from within yourself, not from a piece of dead tree."

Sighing, Harry held out his hand. This was ridiculous, he couldn't make a flame without his wand.

"Now close your eyes and concentrate," Loki instructed. "Visualize a flame resting in the palm of your hand. Don't be afraid that it will hurt you. The flame will be born from your magic so it will only feel warm and comforting."

Closing his eyes, Harry took relaxing breaths as he followed Loki's orders. He didn't want to do this and he knew that it wasn't going to work, but he was still going to try his hardest. He didn't want to piss the god off, but hopefully he would soon see that he couldn't do magic without his wand and leave him alone.

"Open your eyes, little Mage," Loki said softly.

Opening his eyes, Harry let out an unmanly scream when he saw the small flame flickering away in the palm of his hand. "How?" he asked breathlessly.

"Liked I have said countless times before, young one, you are very powerful. You don't need a wand, it will only limit you and your power. Normal wizards need a wand to pull their magic from their core, and then they need incantations to direct that magic to do what they ask. There are some powerful enough that they don't need silly incantations to direct their magic to do easy things like levitating or summoning small things, but it takes a lot of magic out of them and it tires them out easier."

"What about kids and accidental magic?" Harry asked, still staring in awe at his flickering flame.

"When you are born, you are born with your magical core already fully developed. When you have that much magic and are that small, it is easier to use your magic, especially when angry, sad or happy. As you get older and bigger, your core remains the same and you need a wand to control your magic."

Harry nodded his head actually paying attention to the god. What Loki was saying was very interesting and made a lot of sense.

"See if you can change the color of the flame." Holding out his hand, Loki opened his fist to show a black flame dancing on his palm.

Feeling a bit excited, Harry concentrated on his flame, laughing with excitement when the flame
turned from orange to purple. "I did it," had cried happily.

"I never doubted for a second," Loki smiled fondly. "I think that will be all for today. Your father is looking for you."

Harry's flame instantly disappeared, and so did Loki. Hearing knocking on his door, Harry hurried over and opened it. "Hey, dad," he fidgeted nervously. He absolutely hated keeping secrets and lying to his dad, but he had no other choice.

"Hey, kiddo, why are you hiding away in your room on a nice day like today?" Tony subtly looked around his son's room like he was looking for something or someone.

Harry stepped aside so his dad could come in. "I didn't feel like swimming so thought I would spend some time with Hedwig." Harry smiled when his owl hooted softly, almost like she was verifying his lie.

Tony took a seat on Harry's bed and patted the space beside him. "Got a few minutes to spare for your old man."

Harry nervously shuffled to the bed and tensely sat down. "Am I in trouble?"

Tony snorted. "For what? For being the most perfect son in the world?"

"I'm far from perfect," Harry said, dropping his head and looking to his feet.

"You're not in trouble," Tony reassured. "I just wanted to talk to you about Fred and George and...feelings." Tony closed his eyes giving himself a mental shake. He couldn't believe that he was going to have the birds and the bees talk with his fourteen year old, soon to be a fifteen year old son.

"What!" Harry squeaked, jumping off the bed.

"Sometimes when two...or three people..." Tony pinched the bridge of his nose and took a deep breath. "You get these fuzzy, bubbly feelings in your stomach, sometimes you even feel light headed. You want to get closer and touch..."

Harry slapped his hands over his ears. "Please stop!" he cried in horror. Harry wanted to curl up in a hole and die. He couldn't believe that he was getting the sex talk.

"I'm just saying, these feeling are normal. Fred and George are fine looking young man and..."

Harry vigorously shook is head and squeezed his eyes shut, wishing that he was getting the sex talk. When the room got quiet, Harry peeked one I open. All the blood drained from his face when he saw that his dad's lips were moving but no sound was coming out. Tony's eyes were getting larger and he started rubbing at his throat.

"Dad!" Harry cried, rushing to his side. He didn't mean to take his dad's voice away, he just wanted him to stop the sex talk. "Dad, are you alright? Can you breathe?"

Tony tried to say yes, but nothing came out. Grabbing his son's hand, he nodded his head. He didn't want to show it, but he was starting to freak out. One minute he was talking about boys, and the next minute...nothing.

Harry's eyes started swimming with tears. He couldn't believe that he did magic on his dad. He didn't consciously do it, he just wanted his dad to stop talking. Closing his eyes, he desperately started chanting, 'let my dad talk, let my dad talk', over and over in his head.
"What the hell!" Tony hollered, jumping to his feet and backing away. "Jarvis, what the hell just happened? Why the hell couldn't I talk?"

"Sir, I'm not sure, but there was an energy spike seconds before your voice stopped working."

"Dad, I-I..." Tears were now streaming down Harry's face. His dad was looking at him like the Dursley's looked at him when he performed accidental magic.

"Really, Man of Iron, your voice was grating on my nerves so I thought that I would give us all a little break. You were failing miserably at the sex talk by the way." Loki was leaning casually against the door frame studying his fingernails.

Harry stared at Loki in disbelief. He couldn't believe that the god was going to lie for him and take the blame.

"Not in my tower!" Tony raged. "And not around my son."

"I didn't hear you complaining when I fixed your baby boy up," Loki sneered. "Actually, I didn't hear you thanking me either. When someone does something nice for you, you really should thank them."

"Thank you," Harry quickly said. He was thanking the god for taking the blame for his magic more than for healing him. He had already thanked Loki for that.

Loki's eyes softened and he nodded to Harry. "Magic isn't bad or evil," Loki said, pushing off the door and turning to leave.

"How would I know," Tony called out. "The only magic I have ever witnessed was by an evil, psychotic bastard."

"Don't judge magic by the person," Loki said without turning around. "Magic is truly a wonderful gift and can do amazing things in the hands of an amazing person. Someday you will be surprised."

"What the hell is that supposed to mean, reindeer games?" Tony yelled.

"Dad," Harry called softly when Loki disappeared. "I'm really sorry."

Seeing Harry standing there looking so lost and scared, Tony wished that he could grab him and pull him into a hug. Sadly Harry wasn't ready for that. "Hey, it's not your fault, kiddo. Let's go get something to eat."

Fearing that his dad would restart the sex talk, Harry nodded his head and followed his dad to the kitchen. He was still reeling from Loki taking the fall for him, he would have never suspected that the god would do something like that. Maybe Loki wasn't that bad after all.

"Is there a party going on in there?" Tony asked, standing outside the kitchen door where laughter and cheers were coming from.

"Sounds like it," Harry grinned.

"How could they not invite me? I'm the life of the party." Tony pouted.

At hearing the sound of gagging coming from behind the door, Tony pushed open the door to see what the hell was going on. Sitting around the table was Fred, George, Natasha, Bruce and Thor, all were howling with laughter while Clint was bent over with his head in the kitchen sink gagging
while washing his mouth out under the spigot.

"Fuck, that tasted like ass," Clint gagged, rubbing his tongue with the back of his hand.

"Really?" Thor asked. "You have tasted ass before?" he asked seriously.

Fresh waves of laughter erupted around the table at the god's question. Natasha was laughing so hard that she had tears falling from her eyes.

Clint stalked back to his chair looking a little green. "Alright, another round," he said, glaring at the small object in the middle of the table.

"What's going on?" Tony asked, feeling a little left out. He had never seen his team laugh that hard before.

"Beans!" Harry cried in exasperation, spotting the small jelly bean in the middle of the table.

Fred grinned at Harry, eyes sparkling with mischief. "Ah, it's the..."

"lovely Harrikens..." George said with a wink.

"care to join us for a friendly game of Bertie Botts Every Flavor Beans poker?" The twins asked together.

"The loser has to eat the bean," Clint grimaced.

Tony took a seat, squinting at the innocent looking brown bean in the middle of the table. "It's a jelly bean, what's so bad about that?"

"Didn't you hear the name?" Natasha chuckled. "There is every flavor imaginable."

"I got vomit and ass so far," Clint cried, picking up his soda and taking a big gulp.

"I got a lovely strawberry," Steve bragged. Luckily he had only lost one hand so far.

"I believe that my bean was fungus," Bruce said, scrunching up his nose in disgust.

Harry wanted to be mad at the twins for them giving wizard candy to everyone, but the sight and sounds of everyone laughing warmed his heart. Grinning, he took a seat between Fred and George.

Fred shuffled the cards, smirking at everyone around the table. "Just so you know, the last brown bean I ate was turd flavored."

Groaning, Clint grabbed his stomach. "I don't think I can take another disgusting bean."

"Then stop losing," Natasha chuckled.

"Hey, kiddo, how come you know how to play poker?" Tony asked, raising a single eyebrow at his son.

Grinning, Harry pointed to Fred and George. "I live with these two blockheads from September to June, they corrupted me."

"Oi!" George cried. "We're not the ones who hold the current record for most detentions in a single school year."
Fred eagerly nodded his head. "Or the one who has their own bed in the hospital wing."

Laughing, Harry kicked both boys under the table. "You guys are just better at not getting caught," he grumbled. "Besides, most of my detentions are with Professor Snape, and he hates my guts."

"How can anyone hate our little Harrikins?" Fred coo'd, pinching Harry's cheek and wiggling it.

"Let just play," Harry blushed.

"Please don't lose, please don't lose," Clint started chanting as he laid his cards down for everyone to see.

George looked at everyone's cards, then smirked up at the God of Thunder. "Eat the bean, sexy god."

Thor hesitated for a second, then picked up the bean and tossed it into his mouth. After carefully chewing it, Thor smirked at everyone. "Worm, and a juicy one at that."

"And you liked it?" Clint asked, feeling vomit working it's way up his throat.

"Very much," Thor grinned. "Worms are delicious."

"That's just gross," Bruce mumbled, scooting his chair away from the god.

Shaking his head, Fred placed another bean in the middle of the table and collected everyone's cards.

Five more rounds later saw Tony holding his first bean up to his face. "Why is it all speckled like that?"

"It heightens the flavor," Harry giggled. He had a feeling he knew what flavor the bean was and he couldn't wait to see his dad's face.

"I don't smell anything off," Tony said, sniffing the yellow speckled bean.

"My ass bean didn't smell off either," Clint said, rubbing his hands together in anticipation. He was thrilled that it was finally Tony's turn to eat a bean, the man had incredible luck when it came to playing poker. The only other person who seemed to have good luck was Steve who seemed to get all the good beans. So far he had eaten a strawberry, pineapple, and pizza bean.

"Eat the bean... Eat the bean... Eat the bean." Everyone started chanting, led surprisingly by Harry who was giggling his ass off.

Taking a deep breath and loudly blowing it out, Tony tossed the bean high in the air and caught it in his mouth on it's way down. Quickly chewing it, he jumped to his feet and rushed to the trashcan where he tried his damnedest to spit what was left in his mouth out.

"Who the hell would make an innocent looking jelly bean taste like rotten eggs?" Tony gagged, assuming Clint's position with his mouth under the spigot.

Everyone was laughing hard, especially Harry, who had slipped from his chair and was laying on the floor crying with laughter.

"I thought it was going be buttered popcorn," Tony cried. Whirling around, he glared at his son who was laughing like a drunk hyena. "You knew," he accused, pointing his finger at his son. "You knew that it was rotten eggs, didn't you?"
Face red and tears in his eyes, Harry nodded his head. "I-I got the same bean last time I played this game."

"Thanks for the warning, my darling son," Tony fake pouted. He loved that Harry was having so much fun and being a kid, and as much as he hated to admit it, it was all thanks to the demonic duo.

***HP

"Sir, you wanted to see me?" Coulson asked, taking a seat opposite of Director Fury's desk. He could tell that the man was upset with something, the vein next to his good eye was throbbing, which normally meant that the man was pissed.

"Yes, I just got a call from Agent Thompson."

"The agent that you have trailing Vernon Dursley?" Coulson asked.

Fury nodded his head. "He is currently in the hospital with food poisoning, and now Dursley is missing. I have agents scouring for him, but it's been over five hours since he's last been seen."

"Why didn't Thompson contact you immediately instead of waiting five hours?"

"It seems he had passed out," Fury growled. "He contacted me as soon as he came to."

"Shit," Coulson cursed. "What about the wife and son?"

"Half way to England, but I have agents waiting to apprehend them as soon as they land. It doesn't look like she planned on returning, she cleaned out their bank account. Fury got up and started pacing. "Dursley must be using a fake ID. I hate to say it, but we are going to need Stark to help track him down."

"Do you think he's coming for Harry?"

Fury inclined his head. "I think it's more than likely that he is. He is now broke and desperate and Tony is rich. He is either going to blackmail Harry or kidnap him and sell him."

"Tony is going to lose it," Coulson grumbled. "I'm going to personally go to the tower, there's a good chance that Bruce will lose it too, he cares very deeply for that boy."

"Keep me informed," Fury demanded, dismissing Coulson with a wave of his hand.

***HP

Harry stared at the pictures in horror. His hands were trembling so bad that the people in the pictures looked like they were moving. Feeling vomit flood his mouth, Harry lurched off his bed and ran for the bathroom. Crashing painfully to his knees, he made it to the toilet just in time. The entire time he was getting sick, the disgusting pictures flashed before his eyes.

How... How could his uncle photograph him getting raped? What made it worse, the pictures made it look like he was enjoying it. Not once in all the years that he had been getting used had he ever enjoyed it. He had never even experienced an orgasm or gotten hard before. Some of the sick bastards had tried to get him hard, but despite their threats and beatings, he could never achieve an erection.

This wasn't supposed to happen. Vernon had sold him to his dad, he was never supposed to see the fat, vile bastard again. He was finally given a chance to have the life and family that he had always
dreamt of. It wasn't fair that Vernon was back and demanding that he meet him and bring money.

Vernon wasn't stopping at just the money that he was demanding. No, Vernon wanted to hurt him again...to rape and sell him. His ex uncle demanded that he slip away with fifty thousand dollars and entertain some friends of his for a few days. He didn't want to do it. He would rather jump from the roof of the tower then be subjected to that torture all over again.

What was he supposed to do though? Vernon had threatened to sell the photos to the press and tell the world that Tony Stark's son was a cock hungry whore. He couldn't let his dad's name get trashed like that, but he also couldn't just turn himself over to Vernon. He knew for a fact that if he went, he would never see his dad or the rest of his crazy family again.

"J-Jarvis, where's my dad?" Harry asked, voice hardly above a whisper.

"He is in his workshop, young sir. Would you like me to tell him that you are in need of him?"

"No," Harry said, tears streaming down his face.

"Very well."

Folding up the pictures, Harry stuffed them in his jeans pocket and grabbed the letter from his uncle. Slowly he walked to his dad's workshop, chin to his chest. Could he tell his dad about the letter and pictures? If he went to Vernon, he knew that he would either be killed or used as a prostitute until eventually some guy killed him or he killed himself.

Why was this happening? Yesterday had been so much fun. For hours they played card games with the twins, everyone laughing and having a good time. Why couldn't Vernon just leave him the hell alone? What did he ever do to deserve this?

Pepper had excitedly handed him the envelope this morning thinking he had gotten a letter from one of his friends. If she had only knew what was inside of it..."

Stopping outside his dad's workshop, Harry slid to the floor and curled up into a fetal position. Would it be easier to just end his life now? If he went in and told his dad, then he would have to show him those horrible pictures. He was grinning in some of the pictures, but not because he was enjoying himself. He was only grinning because they had threatened him. He didn't think anything of if at the time, but if a smile was going to prevent a beating or another round with the bastard, then he wasn't going to fight it.

Did his uncle watch and photograph him being raped every time? Are there videos out there of him that sick fuckers were getting off on while watching. Feeling more vomit work its way up, he quickly swallowed it down, not wanting to sick up on the floor.

"Whoa, hey now, what's going on?" Tony asked, panicking at the sight of his son practically catatonic on the floor. He had already called his name five times and Harry didn't even twitch.

Hearing his dad's voice, Harry launched himself at him and clung to him with everything that he had. He had to tell his dad or else Vernon was going to take him away from the first person that ever truly loved him.

Not understanding what was going on, Tony wrapped his arms tightly around his trembling son and slowly escorted him to the living room. "What's going on, Harry? You're scaring the shit out of your old man."

Without saying a word and keeping his head buried in his dad's muscular chest, Harry held up his
hand with the letter in it. For so long he had to be strong and handle everything on his own...it was terrifying trusting someone else.

Tony took the letter and started reading it, anger like he had never felt bubbling inside of him. He was going to kill the fat fuck, slowly and very painfully.

"You did good coming to me," Tony said, kissing his son on top of his head. "Do you have those pictures?" he asked, gripping the back of the sofa so hard the the leather tore under his nails.

A loud sob was all Tony got as an answer, but he took that as a yes. "I have you, my son, I'm not going to let that bastard anywhere near you." Tony closed his eyes as he felt tears start to burn them. His son has already suffered so much, why did this have to happen? He should have never waited so long to have the fucker arrested.

"Jarvis, contact the team and tell them I need them. Also, inform Bruce that I need a mild sedative."

"I'm on it, sir,"

Tony could feel his son's tears soaking his shirt and it was killing him. Oh, he was going to make that man pay. He was going to rip off his child raping cock and stuff it down his throat. Did the bastard really think that he would get away with forcing his son to him again? The arrogant bastard thought that he had Harry conditioned to do whatever he said and not utter a word.

"Thank you...thank you for coming to me," Tony said, tears finally starting to fall. He couldn't bare to think what may have happened if his son would have done what Vernon had instructed. He knew that it couldn't have been easy for Harry to come to him, but he was going to thank god every day for the rest of his life that he did.

"What happened?" Bruce called, rushing into the room with just a towel wrapped around his waist. He had accidentally spilled some chemicals on himself in the lab and was showering when Jarvis contacted him. He figured that it had to be about Harry since Tony had asked for a mild sedative.

It showed how much Tony was worried about his son and angry at the situation that he didn't even comment on Bruce's naked state. "Do you have the sedative?" Harry was still clinging to him, verging on hyperventilating.

"Pill of shot?" Bruce asked, showing both in his hand.

Tony looked down at his son. "Harry, can you take a pill for me? All it's going to do is help you relax for a while." Tony sighed when Harry clung even tighter to him. "The shot," he said, lifting up the sleeve of Harry's t-shirt.

Bruce administered the shot fast, before Harry could start fighting. He didn't know what was going on, but whatever it was, it was big. "He'll be asleep in a few minutes. What happened?" he demanded.

"Can you control your anger if I tell you?" Tony asked, still staring down at his son. Harry's whimpering and tears had stopped and he now felt heavy and limp in his arms. "The sedative worked fast."

"Thats because there isn't anything to him. As for your first question, if it's something bad about Harry, probably not."

"Maybe we should wait until the others get here?" Tony suggested, not in the mood to deal with the big green guy.
Bruce nodded his head. "I'm just going go and get some clothes on."

"Jarvis, where are the two demons?" Tony asked, asking about Fred and George. Those two boys were growing on him fast.

"They are following Loki around sir, pestering him."

Tony wondered for a minute if he should be worried about their safety, but the twins seemed that they could take care of themselves...even against a god. With a snicker, he thought that Loki was the one that probably needed to be saved from them.

Seeing something poking out of his son's pocket, Tony adjusted him so he could reach it. He had a sick feeling that these were the pictures that was mentioned in the letter. Holding the photos in his trembling hand, he couldn't bring himself to unfold them and look at them. He didn't want to see his baby boy being hurt in such a manner.

"Stark?"

Tony closed his eyes and growled. "Dammit, Jarvis, what did I say about letting Agent in?"

"Never to do it, sir," Jarvis replied.

"And yet here he stands in his Agent suit," Tony grumbled.

Coulson's eyes drifted to the young boy sleeping against Tony. Harry looked so small and innocent, it was hard to believe that he was probably the most powerful wizard on the earth. "We need to talk about Dursley?"

Tony's eyes turned cold as ice. "Does it have something to do with this?" he asked, handing Coulson the letter and photos. "Don't worry about waking my son, Bruce had to give him a sedative."

Coulson quickly scanned the letter, each word making his stomach turn. "Have you looked at these?" he asked, holding up the folded photographs.

"I can't!" Tony growled, pulling his son tighter to his chest. "Can you...? Just to see if..."

Coulson looked at Tony for a full three minutes before nodding his head a taking a deep breath. He didn't want to look, but they needed confirmation. The first picture was enough to make him want to lose his lunch so he quickly shuffled through the rest and folded them back up.

"You don't want to see them," Coulson said, clearing his throat.

"No... I don't," Tony admitted, eyes bloodshot. "How the hell did this happen? Where is Dursley? The letter said that he wanted Harry to meet him tomorrow evening."

"The agent following him got sick with food poisoning and passed out. He woke five hours later in the hospital, but by that time we lost Dursley."

"Do you think he poisoned the agent?" Tony asked.

Coulson snorted. "That bastard is as dumb as a sack of shit. He had no clue that he was being followed. No, this was just a horrible coincidence."

"What is going on?" Bruce asked, rushing into the room still buttoning up his shirt. Bruce's timing was perfect because seconds later everyone else flooded into the room, including Loki and the twins.
"Harry!" Fred called, rushing to the couch and kneeling down in front of his friend.

"What happened?" George demanded.

"Boys, can you please take my son back to his room?" Tony asked, shifting Harry so that Fred could take him. "We had to give him a sedative so he will stay asleep for a few hours."

What's wrong with him?" George demanded again.

Loki laid a firm hand on George's shoulder. "Do as Stark asks. If Harry wants you to know all his secrets, he will tell you himself."

"Maybe Banner should go with them," Coulson suggest. Bruce had a hard time containing the Hulk when it involved the kid.

"Bruce, it's bad," Tony explained. "I think Coulson is right."

"No," Bruce said, adamantly shaking his head. "I can keep my anger in check, especially if Harry needs me.

Tony nodded his head. "Alright, but if you a Hulk out, I'm locking you up for a week." Tony turned to address Coulson. "Maybe you should go agent. I'm not going to play this by the books and you're better off not know our plans."

Coulson looked around at the assembled group, each of them had a serious and determined look on their face. None of them were going to show Vernon Dursley mercy...not that he deserved any.

"Well, all Fury wanted me to do was brief you on the Dursley situation and enlist your help finding him. I believe that I accomplished that, so I will leave you to it." Coulson handed the letter and the pictures back to Tony and left.

Tony waited until Agent was in the elevator before addressing his team. "Jarvis, scan the letter and bring it up so everyone can read it." Tony painfully pinched the bridge of his nose. "Harry got a letter today from his loving uncle. This will end tomorrow."

Tony watched as Bruce read the letter, his eyes bleeding green. "Keep if together, Banner," he snapped. "We need to come up with a plan. Just waltzing in and arresting him is too good for the sick fucker. I want him to hurt...to bleed."

"Keeping talking like that, man of iron, and you'll turn me on," Loki winked.

"Shut up!" Bruce roared, sounding more like the Hulk

"Brother, this is serious," Thor chastised.

"Do you have a plan?" Clint asked, keeping an eye on Bruce as he struggled with his anger and the green guy.

"Dismemberment...castration, anything painful and gory," Tony growled.

"I want to smash him into the pavement," Bruce proclaimed, eyes almost completely green.

"Boys!" Loki sneered, "always so violent. Why not use your brains and some cunning?"

"What do you have in mind?" Steve questioned, horrified at the contents of the letter. He was thankful that Tony didn't show them the photographs.
"Give him Harry." Loki said with a shrug. "Let him think that he has won, then let Harry have his revenge."

Tony lunged off the couch aiming for Loki. "Like hell will I send my son!" he raged. He was almost on top of the god when suddenly the trickster shifted into Harry.

"I would never let that monster near the child...ever!" Loki said hotly, in a voice that sounded exactly like Harry's. "but imagine the surprise on that bastards face when Harry starts to fight back. See how he likes it when Harry whips his back to shreds or breaks every one of his bones."

Tony relaxed in Bruce's arms, surprised that he hadn't even realized that Bruce had grabbed him around the waist to prevent him from killing Loki. "I'm listening, but I want a piece of Dursley too."

Loki threw his head back laughing. "Luckily, there is more than enough of him to go around."

Tony slowly nodded his head. "I'm listening," he said, liking where this was going. He liked the idea of Harry hurting Dursley without actually having to be there. The man deserved to get a dose of his own medicine.

Before they could start planning, Tony stood up and handed Thor the pictures. "Can you destroy these with your lightning? I never want to see them or have them end up in the hands of the wrong person."

Thor took the pictures, but didn't look down at them. "Not even ash will be left of them when I am done."

"Appreciate it," Tony mumbled.
Chapter 10

I do not own Harry Potter or Avengers.

FINALLY AN UPDATE! I'm sorry everyone that has been impatiently waiting, but my muse got up and left me on this fic. It was a major struggle to get this chapter written so I hope you like it.

This chapter may have some triggers for some people,,self harm, suicide and torture. Read carefully.

I'm really excited as this fic now has 975 reviews...so close to 1000. If everyone is nice and reviews, I will have my first 1000 review fic....COME ON EVERYONE!

PLEASE REVIEW

***HP

Tony wasn't surprised when he entered his son's room and found the demonic duo resting on either side of his drug induced sleeping son. "How is he?" he sighed, taking a seat in the chair next to the bed.

"Out cold," George answered.

"What the hell happened?" Fred asked, pale and trembling. He had felt Harry's fear from two floors down and it had scared the hell out of him. He had never felt anything like that before and he prayed that he never would again.

Tony didn't know how much to tell the boys, but he had to tell them something. They cared very deeply for his son and didn't deserve to be left hanging. "Harry got a letter from his uncle demanding money and a...meeting."

"The bastard," George growled viciously. "I'm going kill him."

Tony gave the boy an evil smirk. "You are more than welcome to kill him after I have killed him first."

Fred lovingly ran his fingers through Harry's hair. "You are more than welcome to kill him after I have killed him first."

Tony scrubbed at his face, he desperately needed a drink. "You have no idea how thankful I am that he told you. Harry normally handles everything on his own."

Fred lovingly ran his fingers through Harry's hair. "I-I can't believe that he told you. Harry normally handles everything on his own."

Tony scrubbed at his face, he desperately needed a drink. "You have no idea how thankful I am that he did. When I think about what could have happened..."

The twins were surprised when a few tears fell from Tony's eyes. "You really love him," Fred said in wonder.

"More than anything," Tony said fiercely. "I just... I never imagined I could love something or someone as much as I love Harry."

"I use to watch Harry as he watched our family interact," George said sadly. "You could see the longing in his eyes. It damn near killed me seeing him in so much pain and not be able to help him. Family, that's all he has ever wanted."

"Our pesky baby brother Ron has always been jealous of Harry's fame and fortune." Fred explained.
"But Harry would give it all away in an instant just to have a few hours with a loving family of his own."

"Promise us that you will never turn your back on him," George pleaded.

"Promise to never toss him away for being who he is," Fred added. "For being something that he has no control over."

"I don't know what the hell you boys are on about," Tony growled defensively, "but I would never turn my back on my son or toss him away. Even if he came to me tomorrow and told me that he was in love with the devil and planned on marrying him would I turn my back on him."

Fred and George stared unblinkingly at Harry's father weighing his words. Finally after a full minute they gave him a nod. "Harry has been hurt enough and we're just looking out for him," George explained.

"We love him too," Fred said, a slight blush to his cheeks.

"Really?" Tony deadpanned. "I hadn't noticed." With a heavy sigh, he looked from his son to the twins. "Look, I have no problems with same sex relationships, I would be a hypocrite if I did. I have even enjoyed a few ménages à trois myself and twins on more then a couple occasions so I don't have a problem with my son being in a relationship with the two of you. Harry isn't me though. Harry...Harry has been hurt bad."

Fred closed his eyes and took in a big calming breath. "His uncle raped him, didn't he?" They had always been suspicious but never had the heart to ask Harry about it.

Tony tilted his head back in attempt to keep more tears from falling. "His uncle and many more," he choked out. "His uncle sold him to others and he was very, very young when it started."

George reached out and took his brother's hand to help keep him grounded. It was far worse than what they had suspected. How...how could anyone hurt a small child like that? How could anyone hurt Harry?

Fred dropped his head onto the pillow and started crying. He couldn't stop picturing Harry as a small child confused, scared and in pain. He kept seeing large hands bruising his tiny body as a full grown man violated him in the most horrific way possible.

"Please tell me that you're going to kill him," George spat.

"Unfortunately not, but I'm sure as hell going to make him wish that he was dead," Tony growled. "Believe me, I would love nothing more than to kill the fat bastard, but there is the pesky issue with murder being illegal and all."

Fred lifted his tear stained face. "Only if caught," he hiccuped.

Tony smirked at the boy. "I'm starting to like the two of you more and more everyday."

"There's nothing we wouldn't do for Harry, including killing anyone that ever touched him." George said, face dead serious.

Tony leaned back in his chair looking thoughtfully at the twins. He knew that his son had a crush on them and he had a feeling that they were going to be around for a very long time. "I haven't known my son for that long, but I can already tell that he has a knack for getting into trouble."
"That's an understatement," George snorted as Fred nodded his head in agreement.

"How would the two of you like to be trained how to fight, hand to hand and with weapons? If you want my approval to date my son, then you better know how the hell to protect him."

George and Fred looked to each other, mentally communicating. They had already discussed not returning to Hogwarts for their last year and remaining in America with Harry. They were way smarter than what anyone, including their parents, ever gave them credit for. They got straight O's on their OWLS and could easily pass their NEWTS with flying colors. They didn't need to finish their last year, they could take their NEWTS now. Their mother was bound to go mental, but they didn't care. They knew from the second that they met Harry that they were destined to be together.

George held his hand out for Harry's dad to shake. "That would..."

"be wicked," Fred finished, also holding his hand out for a shake.

"We will protect Harry with our life," they then said together.

Tony grimaced, he didn't think he would ever get use to the twin talk. "Alright, I will get with the rest of the team and draw you up a schedule. We will also be discussing what behavior is appropriate with my son, and what is not. If you push him before he's ready...I will hurt you...a lot. I won't just hurt you, I will break you. When I am through with you, not even your mother will be able to recognize you. Do I make myself clear?"

Wide eyed, Fred and George swallowed the lumps in their throats. "Crystal," they said together. Harry's dad could be damn scary when he wanted to be.

***HP

Harry went from dead asleep to wide awake in a blink of an eye. The memory of the letter from his uncle and the pictures threatened to swallow him back down and drown him. Gasping, he flung off his covers and raced to his bathroom. He made it to the toilet with only a second to spare before he was on his knees vomiting everything up that was in his stomach.

Tony had been sleeping in the chair next to his son's bed when he heard a small whimper and then felt the bed shift. Opening his eyes, he saw a blur race by him before it disappeared into the bathroom. His mind had barely had time to catch up with his eyes before he heard the sound of retching. "Harry!" he called, jumping to his face and racing after his son.

Harry let out a scream and lunged forward, bashing his head on the toilet when someone touched his shoulder.

"Easy, son," Tony said softly, not wanting to startle him again. "It's just me, your insanely good looking dad."

Holding his throbbing head, Harry scooted away from his dad and wedged himself between the wall and the tub. "I.I..." He didn't know what to say. What do you say to your father when he just found out how truly dirty and disgusting you were? After seeing those pictures, his dad was sure to send him away. Who would want him as a son?

Trembling, Harry dropped his chin to his chest in defeat. "I'll pack my stuff," he said brokenly. "I understand and I'm not mad."

"Harry, love, what are you talking about?" Tony rasped out. He hated seeing his son like this, scared and broken. He was just starting to catch glimpses of the boy that Harry could have been had he
been raised right, and now this had to happen. He was going to make Dursley pay.

Harry refused to lift his head to look at his dad. He couldn't bare to see the look of hate and disgust in his eyes. He knew that this had been too good to be true, and yet he had still allowed himself to get close. He loved his dad with all his heart, and now that he had a taste of what having a family felt like, there was no way he could continue on without it. He couldn't go back to how his life was before Tony and the Avengers.

"Harry, look at me," Tony pleaded.

Still refusing, Harry shook his head no. "Please, I would like to get cleaned up and brush my teeth," he said softly.

Tony reluctantly got to his feet. "Harry, we need to talk."

Harry pressed his hand over his aching heart, it felt like it was shattering into a million pieces. He couldn't...he couldn't bare to hear his father ask him to leave. "Please, dad, let me shower first." It hurt even worse calling Tony dad because he knew that it would be the last time that he would get to use that magical word.

"Ok," Tony said, nodding his head. "I'll be in the kitchen waiting for you. I'm going to have breakfast delivered today. Is that alright with you?"

Harry closed his eyes as they flooded either tears. At least his father was going to give him a last meal before kicking him out. He was stupid to have gone to Tony with the letter and pictures, he should have just met up with his uncle and hoped that he survived the encounter. He could have done what his uncle asked of him and then returned to his father. Tony never would have known.

Tony didn't want to leave but he also didn't want to stress Harry out even more. "Alright, kiddo, I'll be waiting for you. Everything will be alright."

Harry waited until he heard his bedroom door close too before bursting out into tears. He had wanted this so bad. He had wanted a real home with a real family more than anything else in the world. He couldn't believe how close he had come to getting that dream, it wasn't fair. For the short period time that he had been here in the tower, he had been truly happy.

Gasping for air, Harry struggled to his feet and stumbled to the sink. Blindly groping around in his medicine cabinet, he pulled out his favorite sharp knife. Caressing it in his palm, he numbly walked back to the tub and sat down on the edge of it. He couldn't do this any longer. He couldn't go back to Hogwarts and being the Boy-Who-Lived. He didn't want that life, he wanted the life he caught a glimpse of here with Tony and everyone else. He was tired of it all and it was too hard to keep fighting. He just wanted to sleep.

Taking off his shirt, he canceled his glamours and stared at all the beautiful scars he had created on his arm over the years. He wished that he could take his stupid cast off so he could admire the scars on that arm too. He wondered if cutting his wrists to end his suffering would work with only one wrist? Would he bleed out enough that way?

Closing his eyes, he placed his hand over his green cast and started wishing it away. He was trying to use the same technique that Loki had taught him when conjuring the flame. Feeling warmth travel through his arm, he opened his eyes and was surprised to find that the cast was completely gone.

Despite his heart pounding painfully in his chest, he was feeling remarkably calm...numb even. The first time he tried to slit his wrists he was little and scared, now he was older and resigned. At least he
got a taste of what being part of a loving family felt like. He would have that to take with him when he passed on. At least he would be dying having those warm memories to comfort him as he slipped away.

Really, dying wasn't going to be all that bad. He would finally be able to meet his mom James and Lily. He was sure that Lily had loved him like a real son, it was her voice he heard pleading with Voldemort when the Dementors were close. At least in death he would be with them.

He remembered one time overhearing Uncle Vernon ranting how people who committed suicide wouldn't be allowed in heaven. He hoped to god that he was wrong. It didn't seem fair that his life on earth would be hell only to end up in the real hell after he died. He was willing to take that risk though, it beat his father kicking him out and him having to return to his uncle and the wizarding world. He knew that it would more than just kill him to listen as his father explained that he didn't want him anymore...it would absolutely destroy him.

Resting his head on the cool tiles, he smiled as he started replaying his time here at Stark Tower. There had been a few hiccups along the way, but his time here had been incredible. He had never laughed as hard as he did here. His dad was so funny and he knew exactly which buttons to push to get everyone else going.

Lovingly caressing the blade across his skin, he remembered how proud his dad looked when he finished his first gauntlet. It wasn't equipped with firearms and lasers like his dad's, but it had still been totally awesome.

Harry gasped when he felt the blade sink into his arm. He knew that he had went deeper than ever before because there was a piercing hot pain that he had never felt all the other times. Eyes fluttering open, his heart stopped beating for a second when he saw all the blood flowing out of his body and onto his father's very expensive marble flooring.

It was the oddest sensation watching as your blood pumped out of your body. There was pain of course, but there was also a numbness that went past the pain and into your soul. It felt almost like he was on the outside watching instead of living it. With a small chuckle, he grabbed the blade with the hand covered in blood and quickly and easily sliced his other wrist. As interesting as it was watching his blood spill, he needed to cut his other wrist while he still had the energy.

With both wrists cut open, he dropped the blade onto the floor and in the growing puddle of blood and held his arms out in front of him so he could get a good look at his work. He knew that he had done it this time, there was just too much blood to have not nicked his arteries. He didn't know if it was true, but he had once read that cutting vertically down was more effective than horizontally. Then again in another article he read it said that it didn't matter as long as you cut deep enough, almost to the bone. He chose to cut vertically and very deep, and judging by the amount of blood, he must have done it right.

Feeling tired and a bit light headed, he slipped down the tub and onto the floor. He had expected the marble to be cool under him, but then he noticed that he was sitting in his own warm blood. Sighing, he fell to the side and curled up into a fetal position. He prayed that this didn't take long. If he wasn't going to die quickly he hoped that he would at least pass out from blood loss. It would get pretty damn boring laying here for hours if not.

***HP

After leaving his son's room, Tony took a quick detour to his own rooms to shower and change. He was worried about his son, he seemed so distant and broken. It hurt that Harry thought that he would ask him to leave and he was going to make damn sure that he got that foolish notion out of his head.
There was nothing he could do that would cause him to kick him out.

Feeling clean and somewhat refreshed, Tony entered the kitchen. He was a bit taken aback to see that everyone was already sitting around the table looking tired and with dark circled under their eyes.

"I ordered up some breakfast," Bruce informed, sipping on a cup of really strong coffee.

"How is the child?" Thor asked stiffly. He was still reeling from the previous evening and the horrible letter the boy's uncle had sent him. He had read the letter, but refused to look at the pictures before destroying them.

Tony took a seat across from the large plate of blueberry muffins Harry had made for him the previous day. Normally he would grab the entire plate and start stuffing his mouth, but he just didn't have an appetite this morning. He was too worried about his son and the thought of eating turned his stomach.

"Not good," Tony said, finally answering Thor. He could see that the rest of his team were also impatiently waiting for him to answer. "He thinks that I'm going to kick him out."

"What?" Clint shouted. "That's ridiculous."

"That's Harry," Fred admitted sadly.

"He doesn't think that he's good enough...that he's deserving of love," George added, sticking close to his twin. Fred had been having issues with his empathy all morning, everyones strong emotions were overwhelming him.

"I know that I have said it before," Bruce sighed, "but Harry really need professional help."

Tony leaned back in his chair scrubbing at his face. "I'll talk to Agent about it later today." He hadn't been procrastinating on purpose, he had just been trying to get his son comfortable with him before sending him to talk a shrink. He saw now that it had been a bad idea, Harry needed way more help than what he could offer.

Natasha fidgeted in her seat refusing to look at Tony. She should have told him about Harry's cutting and his attempted suicide when he was younger. What the hell had she thinking keeping something that major to herself? She had just wanted to gain the boy's trust so she could help him.

"I need orange juice," Fred mumbled getting up and heading to the fridge. He had never had juice from oranges before coming here and it had quickly become his favorite. His mom had only ever bought pumpkin juice so orange juice was a welcomed change.

"Hey, handsome brother of mine," George winked, "do you mind hooking your equally handsome brother up with some orange juice?"

"Of course you're both equally handsome," Thor said, looking confused between the brothers, "you're identical."

Loki took a seat next to George. "He got all the looks," he said, nodding to Thor.

"Don't forget blond," Tony snickered.

Chuckling, Fred opened the fridge and grabbed the orange juice. He turned to head to the cabinet were the glasses were when he was hit with a feeling of intense pain, fear, heartache and loneliness.
It was ten time worse than what he felt from Harry yesterday. Crying out in pain, the glass pitcher slipped from his fingers and shattered on the floor.

George lunged to his feet and rushed to his brother who was sitting on the floor surrounded by broken glass. He had his head in his hands and he was crying while blood dripped from his nose. "Fred, what is it?" he cried, kneeling on the glass. He was too scared for his twin to worry about the glass cutting him.

"H-Harry," Fred choked out with a loud sob. "Please, someone save him." He could feel the boy that he loved life force slipping away.

Tony was on his feet and out the door but Loki had already disappeared and reappeared in the boy's room. He could feel the child's magic weakening and the only thing that would cause that is if he was dying. Not seeing him in the room, he quickly made his way into the bathroom.

Tony raced down the hall like the hounds of hell were hot on his heels. Dread like he had never felt before was sitting heavy in his stomach. He didn't know what he was going to find in his son's room, but he had a horrible feeling that it was going to be bad.

Even with Loki's magic, Tony managed to get to his son's bathroom at almost exactly the same time as the god. What he saw had him crashing to the ground, slipping in his son blood as he raced to his side.

"Oh god!" Clint cried out, slipping into the back corner of the bathroom with tears in his eyes. He had seen a lot of blood and death in his line of work, but this was by far worse than anything he had ever seen before. The boy he had come to see of as a nephew was laying on the floor in a puddle of his own blood, white as a ghost. There was so much blood that he was shocked to see that more was still sluggishly pumping out through the self inflicted wounds on his wrists.

"No!" Natasha screamed, hand over her mouth and eyes wide with shock. "Jarvis, call an ambulance."

Bruce knelt down next to Tony who was sobbing uncontrollably. Looking up to the rest of the team, he gave a sad shake of his head. With the way Harry had cut and with how deep he went, there was no way they would be able to save him. There was also the fact that more than half of his blood was on the floor.

Steve slumped to the floor, back against the wall. He couldn't believe that this was happening. Just the day before yesterday Harry had been sitting at the table laughing so hard that he was crying while they played poker with those god awful beans. He knew that Harry's past had been bad, but why would he go and kill himself now when he had a family that loved him?

"Brother, save him!" Thor boomed. He didn't know Stark's son as well as the others, but he had come to care a great deal for him.

"Harry, no!" George screamed, stumbling into the bathroom with Fred leaning on him. Fred was so out of it that he had to damn near carry him to the room. "Dammit, Harry, don't you fucking leave us."

Tony very carefully picked up his son's head and placed it in his lap. Blood was all matted in his beautiful raven locks, but that didn't stop him from cradling his fingers through his hair. He didn't need to be the genius that he was to know that his only son, the light in his life, was going to die. Harry had cut so deep that he could see bone. "Why, kiddo, why? How could you do this? Why? Please, you can't leave me, Harry? I love you."
Bruce was crying harder than what he ever remembered crying before. Harry wasn't just some kid that wandered in off the streets. He didn't know how it happened because he didn't let people get close to him, but Harry had become a son to him. A bond had formed almost instantly between them from the second he helped him out in the lobby of Stark Tower. Life would be never the same here without him.

"You're a god, save him!" Fred cried out to Loki. "Why are you just standing there?"

"I can't save him if he doesn't wish to be saved," Loki explained softly. "I can heal the cuts, but I can't give him his blood back or the will to live. I'm sorry."

"Just try," Tony begged. "I can't... Please, he can't die."

Loki could feel that Harry's magic had already accepted and welcomed death. The boy had been through so much and he just couldn't take anymore. "Talk to him. Plead and beg with him. You have to give him a reason to live. He's already content on the brink of death, it will take a miracle to convince him to come back." Looking to the twins, he signaled them forward. "You too, talk to him. The two of you are his soul mates. Call him back."

"Hey, kiddo," Tony sobbed. "Please don't do this, don't leave me. You can't just walk into my life and force me to fall in love with you and then just leave. That's really a mean thing to do. How can I continue living if you're gone?"

Nodding his head to give Tony and the twins encouragement, Loki knelt down in the bloodied floor and placed his hands over the boy's slit wrists. "Keep talking, I can feel him wavering. Even if you have to yell and demand that he return...do it."

Fred felt like he too was dying. He could feel Harry slipping away and he could feel that Harry was happy over it. He would no longer be in any pain or living in fear, his tortured life would be over. "Dammit, Harry, you can't leave us," he choked out. "Georgie and I love you. How can you do this to us? If you die, you take our smiles and laughter with you."

"He means it," George cried hysterically. "If you die then we die too. We don't want to live in a world where there's no Harry Potter."

"He's going to need blood," Loki said, looking to where Banner was crumpled up on the floor with his hands buried painfully in his hair. "He will need a lot!"

Nodding his head, Bruce jumped up and took off for the medical wing.

"I love you, Harry," Tony whispered in his son's ear. "I love you. I love you. Please give me the chance to be your father. I promise to protect you and slaughter anyone who so much as even thinks about hurting you. Please, if you ever cared about me you wouldn't do this."

Loki gasped when he felt a strong surge of the boy's magic. He wasn't ready to come back from the brink of death yet, but Tony's words were having an effect on him. "That's it, play on his guilt. The boy cares about others more than himself."

Rushing back into the room with red swollen eyes and a slightly trembling hand, Bruce started hooking Harry up to an IV. It was almost impossible to get a vein since there was hardly any blood left in his body, but he managed "Tony, I'm going to need to hook you up too. Your blood is a match for his."

"Take it all," Tony croaked, never taking his eyes off his son's face.
George was getting ready to protest because he wasn't sure what would happen if Tony's nonmagical blood entered Harry's bloodstream, but Loki gave him a subtle shake of the head.

Loki knew what the boy was going to say, but right now wasn't the time for everyone to learn that little Stark junior was a wizard. Normally a blood transfusion like this could be very dangerous, even deadly to the wizard, but he was going to use his own blood and magic to stabilize the transfusion. A god giving blood to a mortal was also extremely dangerous, but Harry's magic was so much like his that he confident that it would be alright. At this point he didn't have anything to lose, a mortal doctor couldn't save the boy, this was their only option. With the boy's wrists still only half healed, he magically slit his palms and forced his blood into the wounds.

"I can't believe you, Harry," Bruce growled, a hint of the Hulk bleeding through his voice. "Why kill yourself now after finally getting a family? Do you have any idea what the hell you are putting us all through? Do you even care? Your father looks like hell bent over your dying body crying, Fred and George have to support each other because they are too weak to stand on their own, Clint is hiding in the corner in tears, Natasha is in shock, Steve's legs gave out on him the second he saw your broken body, and Thor's hammer is trembling in his hand. I can't even tell you how I feel right now, but it's a mix of shock, sadness and anger. How dare you come into our lives, make us love you, then put us through this. That was very mean and selfish of you."

Tony cried out when Harry's head gave a shake. "That's it, kiddo, fight your way back. Please, I know life seems too hard right now, but you can lean on me. Let me shoulder everything, I'm pretty damn strong and insanely stubborn. You have to believe that I love you and nothing can ever change that. I shouldn't have left you alone this morning, not while you thought that I was going to kick you out. Don't you see, this is your home, Harry, and we are your family."

"The wounds are healed," Loki said, sitting back on his ass in exhaustion. Since the boy didn't want to be healed, it had taken a lot out of him to force the healing. "The rest is up to you guys. He's still wavering."

Standing up, Steve approached the group around Harry. "Let me carry him to his bed where he will be more comfortable."

Nodding his head, Tony got go feet on trembling legs. He felt numb and dead inside. Looking down at his arm, he followed the tube that connected him to his son. His blood, his life force, was flowing into his son trying to save him.

"Watch the tubes," Bruce warned when Steve scooped Harry up. "We need to get him out of those bloody clothes and wiped down."

"Harry, everything is going to be alright," Fred said, rubbing the smaller boy's head. "Just get better then come back to us. George and I aren't going to leave your side."

Steve carefully carried Harry out to his room where Natasha and Clint helped undress and wash him. "Why have I never noticed these scars on his arms before?" Steve asked, running a finger down Harry's arm. "It...it almost looks like he has been cutting himself on purpose. Why would he do something like that?"

"That's not right," Tony said, taking an arm and inspecting it. "I have seen his forearm before and these scars weren't there."

"And where the hell did his cast go?" Bruce asked, looking around the room and the bathroom.

"He had it on when I left him," Tony said thoughtfully. "What the hell is going on? Jarvis, why
didn't you warn me that my son was committing suicide?"

"Sir, I could not see young Harry at the time. I was blocked from the bathroom," Jarvis answered.

"What the hell..."

"Just stop!" George cried. "Look, right now we need to concentrate on Harry. He could still die and you all are worried about scars, casts and electronics. We need to keep talking to him. We need to convince him to fight."

"He's right," Loki said, feeling a bit better now that his magic had time to give him a boost. "I only healed the damage on the outside, that's not enough to save him. Harry is going to have to want to live, you all need to forget about everything else and concentrate on him."

Harry was dressed in loose pajamas then placed on the bed. "Tony, lay down next to him. You're giving a lot of blood, you have to be feeling it." Bruce ordered.

"I'll get you a drink and some muffins," Natasha offered, she was feeling incredibly guilty. If she had just told Tony about the cutting he would have known to keep his eyes open and not leave his son alone when his was so upset.

Laying on the bed, Tony pulled his son to his side and wrapped his arms around him. "I've got you, son, and I'm not going to let you go until you wake up. If you can hear me, please come back."

Bruce wiped at his eyes. Harry looked so small and pale laying in Tony's arms sharing the same pillow as him. "Jarvis, I need a read on Harry's temperature, heart rate and blood pressure please."

"Sir, his temperate is slowly coming back up, it's now at 97.2, but his heart rate and blood pressure are both dangerously low."

Cursing, Bruce grabbed the heavy quilt from the bottom of the bed and draped it over Harry. "Jarvis, keep monitoring it for me and inform me immediately if there is a problem."

"Yes, sir," Jarvis responded.

"Keep talking to him," Loki encouraged before leaving the room. He needed some time alone to get a grip on his emotions. It terrified him more than he would ever admit seeing the little Mage dying on the bloodied bathroom floor.

***HP

Three hours later saw everyone still sitting around Harry's bed waiting for some sign that he was going to be alright. Tony had given so much blood that he couldn't even lift his head up from the pillow. Bruce had tried to pull the tube out of his arm explaining that he had already given too much, but Tony refused and threatened to show everyone the footage of them having sex if even so much as twitched to disconnect the tube.

"Sir, young sirs temperature, heart rate, and blood pressure have returned to normal. Mr. Stark's though is dropping," Jarvis informed.

"Dammit, Tony," Bruce snarled. "You are going to kill yourself. Do you want Harry to wake next to your cold dead body?"

"Fine," Tony mumbled weakly. Now that Harry was doing better he was alright with being unhooked. He would have given every last drop of his blood had his son needed it.
"I can't believe that he tried to kill himself," Steve exclaimed. For three hours he had sat quietly watching as everyone took turns trying to talk Harry back into the land of the living, but he needed to know why the hell this happened. He thought that the small boy had been making tremendous progress, he thought that he was happy here at the tower with everyone.

"Let's not try to sugarcoat this," Clint sighed. "I think we can honestly say that Harry did kill himself. He would be dead right now had it not been for Loki. There wasn't a damn thing any of us could have don't to save him. What I would like to know, how the hell did he hide his cutting scars. I saw his arms, both of them since I was there when one was cast, there were not a scar on either of them."

Tony ran his fingers over the inside of his son's arms. "There are so many of them, he must have been cutting for years."

"Since he was eight," Natasha finally admitted in a small voice.

"Tasha, what the hell?" Clint snarled.

Natasha looked apologetically at Tony. "The first time I laid eyes on Harry, he was sitting at the table with a knife to his arm. He wasn't going to kill himself, just cut."

"And you fucking didn't tell me, why?" Tony almost hollered. If he would have had the strength he would have had the strength he would have been on his feet and in her face. As it was he had to keep his voice down because he didn't want to disturb his son.

"Because he needed someone he could trust. He begged me not to tell you, and I wanted him to trust me enough to come to me if he ever felt like cutting again. I was only trying to help, Tony. I have been there, I have been him."

"You cut yourself?" Steve asked, eyes automatically dropping to Natasha's arms.

"A few times, yes," Natasha admitted. "If I would have thought for one second that he would attempt suicide, Tony, I would have come straight to you. I thought he was happy."

"He was happy," Fred said from the foot of Harry's bed where he was curled up on his side. "I have never felt Harry so happy."

"Felt?" Bruce questioned. "Something has been bothering me but I have kept my mouth shut. How did you know Harry was in trouble?"

"He's an empath," George answered after a few minutes of Fred refusing to talk. "He's especially sensitive to Harry's feelings. They weren't breaking Harry's trust. Being an empath had nothing to do with them having magic. Even muggles could be empaths."

"Developing empath," Fred added softly. "It's getting stronger everyday."

"So you felt..."

Fred lifted his head so he could see Tony. "Yes, but I also felt how happy he was here and how much he loved you all."

Tony blinked his eyes rapidly in an attempt will his tears away. "Then why did he do this? If he was so happy, why did he take a knife to his veins."

"Fear, self loathing," Fred offered. "You said that he thought you were going to kick him out over the pictures. Can't you see, he did this because he didn't want to leave. I know it doesn't make
"No it does," Tony said, voice breaking. "He loved it here so much that he would rather be dead than leave. Why couldn't he trust me though?"

"He's only known you for a little over a month," Fred said sadly. "Everyone that has ever come into his life has used him or hurt him. Even at school where he thought he would finally be safe and accepted he was on outside. One minute their hailing him a hero and the next their damn near stoning him to death. Even his godfather walked out on him after he saw his crush murdered and after he was tortured by a psychotic serial killer. Harry was crying, pleading with him not to go, but the man just walked out of the medical wing doors on the Headmaster's orders. Other than George and I, no one has ever been solely on Harry's side."

"Harry doesn't see how anyone could love him," George spoke up, tears falling unchecked from his eyes. "His whole life he has been told that he was unwanted, unloved, ugly, stupid and a freak, so of course he believes it to be true. We have been telling him different since we met him, but he's as stubborn as he is adorable."

"As touching as this is," Loki drawled from the doorway. "We have a fat bastard to take care of in less than two hours."

Tony looked to his son and sighed. "Not me, I can't leave him, I promised." He desperately wanted to take care of the man that broke his son into a million pieces, but he couldn't leave him. Harry needed him more than he needed revenge.

"I don't think me going is such a good idea either," Bruce growled. "The second I lay eyes on Vernon the other guy will take over."

"Yeah, that's not such a good idea," Clint readily agreed. "Anyone else staying behind...anyone else who isn't a minor?" He quickly corrected when he saw the bloodthirsty looks in the twins eyes.

"We're going," George protested loudly.

"You're staying!" Steve stressed.

"But..."

"Enough," Loki snapped, stopping Fred before he could get started. "Harry is far from being out of the woods. The two of you need to stay here and give him a reason to come back."

Both boys bowed their heads in defeat. They may have no problems arguing with everyone else in the tower, but they weren't going to argue with Loki. Besides, the god had a point, Harry needed them.

"Same plan as we discussed last night?" Clint asked excitedly. He had been waiting for this moment since finding out about Harry's abuse.

Smirking, Loki shifted into Harry. "I'll signal you when I'm ready, but I want some time alone with him, at least an hour. I want him to get a taste of his own medicine."

***

Loki in his Harry skin shuffled his feet as he approached the hotel door. It was a pretty nice hotel and he got some odd looks when he first entered. He just smiled and told the security guard that he was here visiting his uncle for a few hours. Harry may be almost fifteen, but he looked years younger.
Staring at door number 23D, Loki wiped the excited smirk off his face then reached out and softly knocked on the door. He had to remember to be timid and shy like Harry, he didn't want his fun to end too soon. The team was only giving him as hour before storming the room.

Loki faked a violent flinch when the door was wrenched open and he was grabbed by the shirt and pulled into the room before even getting a look at the person. The air was punched out of his lungs when he was then pushed hard, his gut slamming painfully into the arm of a small sofa.

"Well if you don't look the shit," Vernon snarled, staring down at his nephew in disgust and lust. "All decked out in nice, new expensive clothes that your rich daddy bought you. You're nothing but a dirty little slut and that's all you'll ever be good for."

"Yes, Uncle Vernon," Loki Harry mumbled, his head hung down in submission.

"Do you have my money, boy?" Vernon spat.

Loki folded in on himself more. "I-I'm sorry, sir, I-I don't have access to any money." Quickly he dug in his pocket and pulled out a credit card. "Th-this is all I have."

Vernon backhanded the boy, chuckling when the force sent him tumbling over the couch and onto the floor. "What the fuck good will daddy's credit card do me, you worthless piece of shit? Do you know what this means? This means that I'm now going to have to sell you to twice the amount men. You'll be lucky to leave this room in one piece when everyone is through with you.

Loki didn't try getting to his feet, but he did take a second to glance around the room. What he saw disgusted him. On a small table next to the bed were various sex toys, such as vibrators, plugs, anal beads and nipple clamps. On a second table were more ominous looking tools, such as knives, whips, paddles, canes, a gag, handcuffs, ropes, hypodermic needles, matches, and a taser. Then at the foot of the bed on a tri-pod was a video camera.

Vernon rubbed at his crotch, he was already painfully hard. The last time he had anything other than his hand around his dick was the night before he sold the little shit to his daddy. He knew that this would be his last time with the boy so he was going to make it good, there was no way he could allow him to return and tell on him. The boy was also going to be a mess when they finished with him, it was going to safer to just kill him.

Murder. That had always been a dream of his. To look into your victims eyes as their life slowly left their body at your hands had to be the ultimate high. He had been offered the chance to kill other boys in the past, but not only did he not have the money, but he wanted his first victim to be his nephew. Harry had been his first with everything else so it was only right that he was first with this. He wasn't sure how he was going to do it yet, but he wanted it to be personal, like strangling him with his bare hands.

Loki was having a hard time staying in character. He was reading the pig's thoughts and his temper was getting the better of him. It was going to be damn near impossible to hand him over to his team still breathing, it was a good thing that he hadn't promised.

"Get up!" Vernon snarled, advancing on the cowering boy. "I only get an hour with you before the others start trickling in."

Whimpering, Loki struggled to his feet and backed away from the disgusting fat cow. "P-Please, Uncle, don't hurt me."

Vernon reached out with his big beefy hand and wrapped his fingers around the freaks delicate neck.
"Did living in the lap of luxury make you forget your place, freak?" he spat in his face. "No speaking!"

Grimacing, Loki took two steps back wiping the spittle from his face. "Now that's truly disgusting. Are you so fat that you can't properly close your mouth to keep your saliva in. I mean, I was going to drag this out longer, but that shits just gross." Loki watched in fascination as the man's face turned a dark purple.

"Why you little fucker!" Vernon roared, raising his fist and bringing it down on the boy's face.

Right before the fist made contact with his face again, Loki reached out and grabbed the man's wrist. "Tsk, tsk, no more of that brutish behavior, my loving uncle. I thought we were going to play some games?"

"Don't you fucking dare use any of that voodoo shit on me, freak," Vernon raged. There was no way he could have stopped his blow unless he was using magic. "You're dead!"

Loki stuck his bottom lip out in a pout. "Aww, don't be mean, unceepoo. I just wanna play."

Vernon blindly reached out and grabbed the whip. "I'll show you."

Loki waited until the man raised the whip over his head before using his magic to snake the long leather around his disgustingly pudgy neck. "Now that's not nice, uncle," he coo'd.

Vernon grabbed at the whip trying to pry if off. He could still breath, but it was uncomfortably tight.

Loki, still as Harry, wandered over to the sex toy table and picked up an insanely large anal plug. "Is this for me? Really, you shouldn't have." He could tell from the magical residue on it that it had been used on Harry before. Actually, everything laid out on both tables had been used on his favorite little mage.

Walking back to the whale with legs, Loki slowly circled him just out of reach of his flinging arms. "It seems that you and I have different ideas for games to play. If I didn't know any better, I would swear that you planned on hurting me. I thought you loved me, uncle?"

Growling like an enraged bear, Vernon lunged at the boy. He fell flat on his face when Harry stepped aside at the last minute.

"Oops, are you alright, uncle?" Loki asked in a sugary sweet voice. "Here, let me help you up."

"What the..." Vernon snarled when he all of a sudden found himself floating in the air. "You can't do magic out of school, boy. They'll send you to that wizards prison."

Loki dropped the lard none to gently on the bed. "I'm touched that you care, uncle, but I'll be fine. America has different laws. Who knew?"

Despite the whip choking him, Vernon paled. If the boy was allowed to use magic then he was in a lot of trouble.

"Excellent, I see you have caught on," Loki snickered. "Now, I'm sorry to say that we aren't going to play your games. It's a shame really, you went through a lot of trouble setting everything up. Truly, it looked we were going to have hoot." Smirking, he sent a smaller knife from the table flying towards the man, just grazing his cheek.

Crying out in pain, Vernon slapped his hand over his bleeding cheek. "Boy! I demand that you stop
this right now. Your punishment is only going to be worse if you keep this up. Don't you remember what happened the last time you tried to fight me?"

Scrunching up his face, Loki scratched at his head. "No, I think I need you to refresh my memory. Wait, better yet, let's take a little trip down memory lane and play a fun game called, do you remember when." Waving his hand, he stuck the man to the bed.

Vernon thrashed around on the bed like a whale out of water for five minutes before finally exhausting himself. "I am going to kill you for this," he huffed.

Loki waved his hand in front of his face. "You always say the nicest things. Stop, you're making me blush." Walking up to the camera, he flicked it on record. "This will make an excellent family home movie, don't you agree, uncle?"

All Vernon could do was snarl and bare his teeth at his nephew. He wasn't too scared, Harry would never really hurt him. He was just trying to scare him. When he got free, he was going to put the little shit's head through the wall then slowly dismember him.

"I know you're not the smartest man, uncle, but I think you will catch onto this game fairly quickly. It's simple really. I'm going to name a time in my life when something major happened, then I'm going to let you experience what I did. Doesn't that sound fun?"

"You shit, release me!" Vernon bellowed.

"It won't be very fun if I did that." Loki pouted. "Besides, it may be more comfortable for you if we play this game on the bed. Since you're incredibly thick, let's start off easy. Do you remember when I first got dropped off at your house and you tossed me into that dark cupboard under the stairs? I was just a baby, do you have any idea how scary that was?" Loki had been able to tap into both Harry's and Vernon's memories to get all this information.

Vernon's head started swinging back and forth as he whimpered. Everything was pitch black, he couldn't even see his hand in front of his face. "W-What the hell did you do?"

"Sorry, no questions," Loki sang. "I only have forty five more minutes to play and we have years of memories to relive."

Vernon started trembling, he had an idea where this was going. "Just...just go!," he barked, sounding way more confident than what he felt.

"That hurts, uncee. Don't you want to play with me? Now, do you remember when you refused to feed me while I was in the cupboard? Or when you used to make me watch as you fed Dudders or gave him a bottle. I was so hungry and confused. Why wasn't I allowed to eat too?"

Vernon groaned as his stomach cramped up with severe hunger pains. He was so hungry that even the pillow looked tasty.

"Hurts, doesn't it?" Loki snarled. With a wave of his hand he canceled the blind and hungry spell. He didn't want to overwhelm him too much in the beginning, he wanted him to experience the full extent of everything he ever put Harry through.

Blinking and panting, Vernon was relieved to have his sight back. "If you go now, I promise to never come looking for you again."

"Not feeling the love here," Loki snapped angrily. "Do you have any idea how dangerous the streets of New York City are for a pretty boy like me? I had to come a long way to meet you and I'm not
going to leave until our little game is finished. Now, do you remember when you and auntie refused to change my soiled diapers? I remember going over a week before being changed."

Vernon cried in panic when he all of a sudden lost control of his bladder and bowels. Shit and piss was filling his underwear and running down his pants and up his back.

Loki slapped his hand over his mouth and nose. "Ugh, it smells like something crawled up and died inside of you." Grimacing, he cleared the air around him. "Do you have any idea how badly shit and the ammonia from urine burns sensitive little skin?"

"Stop!" Vernon cried, pulling on his pants in desperation. He could feel his skin burning, blistering and peeling.

"Not a nice feeling, is it? Now picture yourself as an innocent fifteen month old baby. I must give you credit though, you did eventually wash me down. So moving on, do you remember when you would take me outback and hose me off with cold water? Remember it was because you didn't want to touch the filth from my diaper?"

Vernon spluttered and choked when a strong spray of ice cold water hit him in the face then continued down the rest of his body. He was mortified when his clothes vanished and the water started hitting him in the privates. The pressure was so hard that it peeled skin off from his most sensitive parts.

"Squeaky clean," Loki professed, canceling the water and spelling clothes back on the vile man. No way did he want to look at all that blubber while he carried out his revenge. "Do you remember when you hit me for the first time? I had been starving, and since Dudley had two bottles, I thought it would be ok if I took one. You backhanded me sending my tiny body crashing into the wall."

Vernon bellowed in pain when it felt like someone punched him in the face, right under his left eye.

"Moving on," Loki snickered. "Do you remember when you broke one of my bones for the first time? I believe that I was three at the time. You threw me into my cupboard at three in the afternoon and refused to let me out until noon the following day. I tried, I really did, but I was little and just couldn't hold it in. I peed my bed three times that night...well, if you can consider that mound of rags I had a bed. You grabbed my arm and yanked me out of the cupboard then shook me while you screamed at me until my arm snapped."

"No, no!" Vernon begged, but Loki only smirked. A loud crack echoed throughout the room then screams of pain.

Loki closed his eyes, savoring the beautiful screams coming from Dursley. "Uncle Vernon," he asked innocently. "I thought we weren't allowed to scream and beg while we played, that's what you always told me. Do you remember when I screamed when you hit me for taking a piece of burnt toast out of the trash? You told me then that I was never allowed to scream incase the neighbors heard. Do you remember how you punished me for that scream?"

Sweat was pouring down Vernon's face and he was crying. "Please, " he begged, shaking his head no. "Please, I can't take anymore."

"Did begging and crying ever work for me, uncle? If a remember correctly, it was the opposite. Since you don't seem to remember that punishment, I'll just have to refresh your memory. It was the first time you ever took a belt to my back."

Vernon's back arched off the bed as he howled in pain. Blood could be seen spreading across the
back of his shirt and onto the crisp white hotel sheets.

Loki rubbed his hands together in excitement. "Ah, the belt. One of your favorite forms of punishment. I do wish I could share with you every time you took the belt to me, but alas we are running out of time. Do you remember when you shoved me onto my knees and forced me to suck your rancid cock? I was only six at the time."

Vernon struggled to get up, limbs flailing wildly. No, this couldn't be happening.

"Aww, uncle, are you afraid that I'm going to shove a cock down your throat? Well, hell yeah I am, but I was thinking that there was a considerable size difference between us at the time. I was only six and had a tiny mouth and you were a full grown man with...well, not so big prick. Still, it's only fair that I make a few adjustments."

Vernon's mouth was forced open impossibly wide as something that felt like a phantom cock was forced in and started thrusting. With each thrust it went deeper and deeper into his throat until he was gagging and choking on it. This continued for a few minutes until something salty gushed down his throat. As soon as the object was removed, he rolled onto his side and started vomiting.

"Bad form, uncle," Loki scalded. "Biting and vomiting are no nos when performing fellatio. Did you enjoy it though? I didn't. I was still a baby and had no clue what you were doing, I just knew that it hurt, was gross, and I never wanted to do it again."

Vernon was on his side violently trembling, drool and bile dribbling out of his mouth. "I'm sorry, no more," he pleaded, voice hoarse and raspy.

"But the fun hasn't even started yet, uncle. Why would I want to stop now? Sadly though our time will be coming to an end soon and the authorities will be coming to take you away. Did you know that pedophiles are worshipped in prison? Ok, well I may be exaggerating some, but they do get a lot of attention. I would like to share one last memory with you though and I'm sure you're just going to love it."

Knowing what was coming, Vernon started crying and blubbering like a giant baby. Snot was now mixing with his tears and vomit. When he felt his pants disappear, he started screaming at the top of his lungs.

Loki was loving this. He wished he could have had more time, an hour only just barely quenched his thirst for revenge. He also wished that Stark could have been here, the man would have loved this. If anyone deserved to torture this hideous bastard, it was Stark. Luckily he had a lovely video to take to the man of iron.

"I-I can't...no more. Please, I'll give you a-anything." Vernon pleaded desperately.

"It's almost over, dear uncle. Do you remember when you raped me for the first? You didn't even use lube, prepare me or take it easy. You just slammed in and started fucking, violently tearing at my insides. Now, once again we have the issue with size difference, so adjustments are going to have to be made."

Vernon started scratching at the sheets in an effort to get away. His eyes got wide and he screamed in fear when he felt his cheeks being wrenched apart. Then, with no warning, something about the width and length of his arm slammed into his ass and started brutally pounding away.

Loki had to cover his ears, he had never heard anyone scream and squeal so loud before. It was so loud that he was afraid it would shatter the silencing charms he had placed around the room. He had
the phantom cock fucking him so hard that he was curious if it would punch a hole into his stomach. There sure as hell was enough blood flying everywhere. He kept up the brutal pace for five minutes before having what felt like acid shoot into his severely damaged bowels.

"Having fun?"

Loki turned to Clint who had just walked into the room followed by Steve, Thor and Natasha. "I feel that my fun was cut short, but yes I enjoyed myself. I'm sad to say that it doesn't appear that my uncle had fun."

"T-that's..." Clint stuttered, horrified.

"I'm not cleaning that mess up," Natasha declared hotly.

"I'll call SHIELD," Steve offered, grimacing at the sight on the bed. He didn't feel bad, the bastard had deserved that and more. It was great that Dursley was always going to think that it was Harry that had tortured him.

With a spring to his step, Loki grabbed the camera. "I'm just going to deliver this to Stark, I'm sure that he'll find it interesting."

Sighing, Clint gave his foot a little stomp.

"What's your problem, Barton?" Thor asked.

"I didn't get to do anything," Clint pouted. "Loki got to have all the fun."

Shaking her head, Natasha picked up the phone book and handed it to Clint. "Here, give it a toss, you know you want to."

Grinning, Clint snatched the book from Natasha and hurled it at Dursley's head. He gave a fist pump when it hit him directly between the eyes causing the bastard to start crying again.

***HP

Loki appeared directly in his room and started shedding off his clothes. Just being in that man's presence made him feel dirty and disgusting. He needed to visit the little mage and Stark, but he didn't want to contaminate the boy by wearing the same clothes. The things he had seen in that man's mind was going to haunt him for eternity.

Walking into the bathroom, he turned the shower water on as hot as he could stand it. He felt like he had to scrub himself raw just to feel clean again. It had been worth it though, hopefully now Harry could heal.

Tony's eyes snapped open when Loki came strutting into the room. He had been trying to stay awake, but he was weak from blood loss and mentally exhausted. "Is he still breathing?"

"Unfortunately," Loki grumbled, "but I did bring you back a souvenir."

Tony's eyes lit up when he saw the camera. "Oh, I'm so going to enjoy watching that."

Loki scanned the mage, sighing when he found no difference. At least he was still breathing.

"I never got the chance to thank you for healing my son," Tony said, holding his hand out to Loki. "Thank you."
Loki bowed his head and accepted the hand. "I care about him too, hopefully he will wake up soon." The boy still wasn't out of the woods, but he was confident that he would wake when he was ready.

As much as he wished that all the drama was over for Harry, there was still the fact that he was an extremely powerful wizard afraid of his own magic. The boy couldn't keep his secret hidden from Tony much longer, the man was getting suspicious and he was too smart for his own good. He also needed to get more information on the dark wizard that was hunting the boy and trying to kill him. It looked like with the mage around, there would never a dull moment.
Chapter 11

Bruce was sitting at the end of Harry's bed trying to stay awake. Harry was still in critical condition and Tony wasn't doing much better. He had given his son way too much blood and now he was very weak and unstable. He had hoped by now, six hours after Vernon Dursley's arrest, that Harry would have shown some signs of improvement, but he was still just barely clinging to life. It sent a painful chill down his spine when he thought that the boy he loved like a son would be dead right now if Loki hadn't been here.

"Where are the twin terrors?" Clint whispered, shuffling into the room. He had tried to sleep, but each time he closed his eyes he saw Harry bleeding to death on the cold bathroom floor. You would think after all his years of doing what he did that seeing someone dying wouldn't affect him so much, but he just couldn't get the vision of Harry dying out of his head. He loved that boy!

"Loki forced them to bed," Bruce answered, never taking his eyes off of Harry or Tony.

"And they listened?" Clint asked in shock. He didn't think there was anything or anyone out there that would be able to tear those boys away from Harry's bedside. They had it bad for Stark's son.

"No," Bruce snorted. "That's why he spelled them asleep. We won't have to worry about them getting into mischief until the morning.

Clint took a seat on one of the multiple chairs that had been brought into Harry's room. "If you want to sleep, I'll sit with them," he offered.

Bruce was dead on his feet, but there was no way he could leave Harry or Tony. Not in a million years would he admit it, but he cared a lot for Tony. He cared too much for the man. "I wouldn't be able to sleep even if I tried. I can't leave them."

Rubbing at his face, Clint nodded his head. "Yeah, I know the feeling. I still can't believe that Harry committed suicide."

"He's not dead," Tony growled.

"He was as good as." Clint shot back. "If it hadn't been for Loki and his magic, we would be planning a funeral right now. Harry would have died. There was no saving him."

"I know," Bruce murmured with tears in his voice. "I just...I just can't even think like that right now. He's alive, that's all I want to focus on."

"He's alive and that fat bastard will never be able to threaten him again," Clint added darkly. He still wished that he could have had a go at the vile monster, but at least he was gone and he would spend
the rest of his life in prison. He would never be able to hurt Harry again.

"Prison is too good for him," Bruce growled, a hint of the Hulk bleeding through. He was tempted to let the green giant loose on the man, let him see how he liked having someone ten times his size beating on him.

"So what do you think it is?"

Finally taking his eyes off Harry and Tony, Bruce turned to look at Clint. "What do I think what is?" he asked in confusion.

"Harry's big secret." Clint said thoughtfully. "There is something going on. Something freaky."

"Don't use that word," Bruce scolded shortly. "Harry's relatives called him a freak all the time. He despises that word. Still, I agree with you. There is something very weird going on. Like his cast mysteriously disappearing."

"Jarvis not being able to see that Harry was slitting his wrists." Clint scowled.

"Fred knowing that something was happening with Harry. I believe the empathy story, but there is a hell of a lot more to it."

"How about Loki calling Fred and George Harry's soul mates," Clint added.

"How about just Fred and George," Bruce said seriously. "Not to be mean, but those boys are odd."

"That's putting it lightly," Clint chuckled. "And what's with Loki's interest in Harry? He seems to actually care for him."

Bruce narrowed his eyes, he too had noticed that. "I think we could sit here till morning compiling a list. I agree with you, Harry is hiding something, and whatever it it is, it's big."

"Whatever it is, Harry's terrified of us finding out," Tony said weakly from the bed.

Bruce jumped up and rushed around the bed. "How are you feeling?" he asked anxiously.

"Like I went ten rounds with the big guy," Tony groaned. "I don't think I have ever been this weak in my life. Even blinking is a struggle."

"Drink this," Bruce ordered, holding out a glass with a straw in it. "It's juice."

Tony eagerly drank the juice, thankful for the straw. There was no way in hell he could lift his head from the pillow. "How's Harry?"

Bruce's eyes wandered over to the deathly pale boy sleeping with his head next to his father's. "The same. Maybe if you talk to him again he will fight a little harder."

Tony slowly turned his head so he could see his son. Stilling, he held his breath and watched, waiting to see his son's chest rise and fall and feel his breath on his face. He could of cried when he felt a small puff of air come from him. He came so damn close to losing his boy.

"You're not going to let him out of your site for the rest of his life, are you?" Clint asked seriously.

"Not for a second," Tony said without hesitating. "I came too close to losing him." Tearing up, he reached out and caressed his son's face. "I love you," he said brokenly.
Bruce rubbed at his watering eyes. "Normally I would disagree with smothering a teenager, but he's not even allowed to take a piss by himself anymore."

Stretching his long legs out in front of him, Clint relaxed back in his chair. He wanted sleep, but he didn't see it happening until Harry was awake and talking. "Agent Coulson will be by in the morning. He has a list of psychiatrist for you to look at that he feels will be able to help Harry."

Agent was the last person that Tony wanted to deal with right now, but Harry really did need help. He shouldn't have waited so long getting it for him, he was just trying to get him comfortable with him before forcing him to talk about his past with a stranger. Harry was severely damaged though, and as much as he wanted to help him, he needed professional help.

***HP

"He'll never forgive us," George shot back hotly, glaring at his brother.

"Do you honestly think that Tony will hate Harry if he finds out the truth?" Fred argued back. "He was willing to give every last drop of his blood to save him. The pressure of everyone finding out the truth is suffocating Harry."

George ran his fingers through his ginger hair, eyes pleading with his brother. "Do I think Tony will hate Harry because of what he is? No, I don't. Do I think that he will look at him differently, maybe even treat him differently? Yes, I'm afraid he will."

Fred's stomach felt like there was a Niffler digging around in it. He didn't want to break Harry's trust by telling Tony about him being a wizard, but the secret was killing Harry. "Fine, then let's tell him about us. Let's show him."

"Right, because the genius wouldn't be able to put two and two together and figure out that his son was like us too. Look, Fred, I understand why you want to tell him, but is it worth losing the person we love over?"

"You mean the person that committed suicide yesterday? The person who slit their wrists and would have bled to death had it not been for Loki? Harry is being crushed under his past and his secrets. If we told Tony and he was alright with it, than that would be one less thing for Harry to worry about. George, Dumbledore will be knocking on the door any day now for Harry. He's going to find out anyway."

"And what if Tony isn't alright with it?" George asked weakly. "If he abandons Harry, the next time he tried to kill himself he will make it so we won't be able to save him. You said it yourself, Harry was happy to be dying. I think the only person who can decide if Tony learns the truth about Harry is..."

"Me," Tony interrupted, stumbling into the kitchen being held up by Clint.

Both twins jumped to their feet and backed away from the man. "How did you know what we were talking about?" They both asked at the same time.

Clint helped Tony to a chair then stood behind him glaring at the twins and doing his best to look intimidating. Tony shouldn't be out of bed, Bruce was having a fit, but he was a stubborn jackass who was determined to learn Harry's secret. It wasn't that he was being a nosy father, he was being a father that was desperate to save his son.

"I'm tired of living in the dark in my own home. I had Jarvis inform me of when someone was talking about my son. I have been listening to your conversation and now you're going to tell me
"everything." Tony growled, eyes glittering dangerously.

Wide eyed, Fred and George looked at each other, silently communicating.

"Enough!" Tony roared, picking up a glass and hurling it across the room where it smashed into the wall and shattered into a hundred pieces. "My fourteen year old son took a knife to his wrists and slit them yesterday. I held him in my arms covered in his blood while he struggled with taking his last breaths. I want to know what he is hiding and I want to know NOW!"

Fred and George's eyes shifted to the door where Loki had just walked in. At seeing the powerful God nod, Fred pulled out his wand and pointed it at the shattered glass. "Reparo," he said in a dead voice.

"What the fuck!" Tony hissed, struggling to his feet when the glass he broke magically repaired itself.

"Wingardium Leviosa," George said, pointing his wand at the repaired glass and floating it back to the table and setting it down in front of Tony.

Clint spun on Loki, his eyes hard. "What the fuck are you playing at?"

Loki held up his hands, his face serious for a change. "I'm not playing at anything. There are people here on Midgard who have been gifted with magic. They are a small community who keep to themselves, but they do exist."

Tony shook his head no. "I don't believe you. I would have heard something about them. This is your doing, you did something to those boys. You did something to my son!"

"He didn't," Coulson walked in, he had been listening outside the door. "We do have people here on earth who have real magic. Director Fury's family is magical. His mom's a witch, his dad's a wizard and his brother is a wizard."

"Are you trying to tell me that Patch is a wizard?" Tony scoffed. "Have you been sniffing around the experimental lab again, Agent?"

"No," Coulson chuckled. "Fury's family is magical, not him."

"He's a squib," George gasped.

"A squid!" Tony cried. "What the hell? I just want the damn truth about my son. How can I save him if I don't know what's going on with him? I don't want to hear anymore about this hocus pocus shit."

"Squib, not a squid," Coulson corrected. "A squib is someone born into a magical family who have no magic of their own. Your son, like these two young men," he said, pointing to the twins, "are wizards."

Paling, and not because of blood loss, Tony collapsed back in his chair. He didn't want to believe it, but Agent wasn't one to joke around. "You're not joking, are you?" he asked weakly.

"Your son, Man of Iron, isn't just a wizard, but he's one of the most powerful wizards that this pathetic world has seen in centuries," Loki smirked. He loved seeing the cocky bastard so shook up, but he hoped for the little mage's sake that his father didn't think any less of him after the truth sunk in. Harry would never be able to survive without his father.

"No!" Clint growled, glaring at everyone in the room. "Harry's not evil. He's not like him!" He
snapped, pointing to Loki. After what Loki did to him, he didn't like nor trust magic.

"Clint, sit!" Coulson ordered sternly. He knew what his agent was thinking.

Gritting his teeth, Clint reluctantly did as his handler ordered. He didn't want to hear it though, Harry was a good boy. He wasn't a psychopathic, evil maniac like Loki.

Coulson looked to Tony to make sure that he had the man's attention, but the genius was staring unblinkingly down at his hands. "Witches and wizards have existed in our world since the beginning of time. Thousands of them live amongst us but they keep their existence a secret. I'm sure you remember hearing about the witch hunts and burnings?"

Leaning back in his chair, Clint glared at his handler. "Those were real?" He asked moodily.

Coulson inclined his head. "People fear what they don't understand and what is different. The Wizarding World keeps themselves hidden, protected by magic so only one of their own know of their existence. They have their own government, schools, shopping districts and even sports. Hell, there is a Wizarding shopping district not five blocks from here, but it is hidden by magic so those without magic can't see it."

"You knew my son was a wizard from the moment you laid eyes on him," Tony said softly. It wasn't a question, it was a statement.

"What, can you tell a witch or wizard just by looking at them?" Clint asked curiously. "Do they have like a tattoo or something?"

"No, nothing like that," Coulson explained patiently. "But there isn't a person who knows of the Wizarding World who doesn't know who Harry Potter is."

At hearing that, Tony finally looked up. "Are you saying that my son is famous?"

"Understatement," George snorted. "Harry is more than just famous, he's the Boy-Who-Lived."

With a sad shake of his head, Fred added, "He's the hero of the Wizarding World."

"How the hell can he be a hero?" Tony gasped. "He's only fourteen years old. I-I think you need to start at the very beginning," he said, pinching the bridge of his nose. He couldn't believe this. This couldn't be happening. His son wasn't like Loki.

***HP

"Whoa! Whoa! Whoa! Whoa! Whoa!" Tony cried, damn near falling out of his chair in shock. "Back up. Repeat that last part and repeat it slow because I sure as hell know that I heard you wrong."

Loki threw his head back laughing. "It's simple, Man of Iron. The night that you decided to hop the fence and see what it was like to bat for the other team, you impregnated James Potter."

Tony was doing a rather incredible impersonation of a fish out of water. "But he was a man, I remember. He had a perfectly normal, fully function dick. I should know, I made him cum three times. There was no vagina in sight."

"Like I told you a while back," Loki smirked. "Some men here on Midgard can get pregnant."

"They're called carriers," George offered. "James Potter was a carrier who purposely got pregnant to
continue the Potter line. We were in the middle of a war and he didn't want to die without having an heir. Unfortunately his wife couldn't get pregnant.

"This is...is," Clint got up and started pacing. "So what you a saying, Harry has two fathers, both Tony and James? Can all wizards get pregnant?"

"No, it's actually really rare," Coulson explained.

"Is...is my son a carrier?" Tony asked faintly. How the hell was he supposed to wrap his head around this? He fathered his son with another man for crying out loud. He was a man of science, and science clearly dictated that a man could not get pregnant.

"Harry is a carrier, I scanned him myself," Loki said with a grin. He loved seeing Stark so shook up.

"Hey! None of that!" Tony cried, picking up a blueberry muffin and chucking it at the grinning twins heads. "Don't you dare look at each other like that. You're not going to knock up my baby boy. Forget about our deal, you two need to go the hell home. My son is off limits. It was bad enough when I just had to worry about you demons having sex with him. Im not grandfather material."

"Are you carriers?" Clint asked the twins, chuckling at Tony. He had to admit, the knowledge that some men could get pregnant was pretty hard to swallow.

"Nope, little Harriekins is the only carrier that we know of. Mum had all us boys tested, but all six of us came up as negative."

"Six!" Tony cried. "Doesn't the Wizarding Wold believe in birth control."

***HP

Tony was sitting at the table with his head in his hands wanting to cry for his son. How could one person...one young person who was still just a child himself handle so much. His poor child had the weight of the world on his shoulders and no one at his side who was willing to help him support that weight. Even his own godfather left him when he needed comforting.

"So this Headmaster of yours, this man who is supposedly the most powerful wizard currently walking the earth not only left Harry in a home knowing that he would be abused, but he also expects him to kill this crazy dark lord?" Clint spat in disgust. "What the hell is wrong with that man?"

"Ah, the little Mage is currently the most powerful magic user walking the other. With the exception of myself, of course," Loki clarified. "This Professor Dumbledork and Dark Lord Vaginosis are nothing compared to us."

"He's a threat," Steve said, having walked into the room halfway through the twins tale. To say he was shocked was an understatement. He only got the quick, short version of what he had missed, but it was enough for him. "The man purposely set Harry up the last few years to test him. It sounds like he is a master manipulator."

Tony looked to Coulson. "And you say that he can legally walk in and take my son?"

"He is Harry's magical guardian and unfortunately in the magical world that trumps muggle father."

"Yeah, well we're not in the magical world right now and my son wants nothing to do with those two faced bastards. No offense," Tony added, looking to the twins.
"We feel..."

"the same way."

"So you would be willing to leave your family and your world for my son?" Tony asked skeptically.

"Of course they would?" Loki answered for the twins. "They're soul mates."

Clint perked up at hearing that. "That's the second time that I have heard you say that. What exactly do you mean?"

"Exactly what it sounds like, bird man," Loki smirked. "Their three souls are a perfect match and they were destined to be together."

Both Fred and George gave Tony shit eating grins. "Daddy!" They cried, rushing to Tony and giving him a hug.

"I have lasers and a Hulk!" Tony cried, trying to wiggle his way out of a demonic duo sandwich. "If you don't unhand me now I won't hesitate to use them."

Yelping, both boys jumped back grinning mischievously. "To answer your question, we would leave it all behind to be with Harry. We have been in love with him since we were thirteen." Fred snickered.

"You're stuck with us, pops," George crowed excitedly.

Feeling overwhelmed, Tony got up from the table. "I need time to process everything that I have just learned. I was expecting something big, but not this big."

Frowning at each other, Fred and George watched as the man left the room. Fred could feel his conflicting emotions, but luckily he could still feel the overwhelming love that he felt for his son. Hopefully Tony wouldn't turn Harry away because of his magic.

***HP

Tony stared down at his unconscious son thinking back on everything he had learned in the past two hours. Finally he knew the truth about his son...all of it. He knew that he was a wizard, that he defeated the most powerful dark wizard that their world has ever known, that said dark wizard was now back and had horribly tortured his son just a month ago and wanted to kill him, that his magical guardian was going to force him to return to his school, hell, he even knew that James was his son's mother, not Lily. That had been a shocker.

"You need to lay down before you pass out," Bruce growled. "I know you're in shock after learning to truth about Harry, but he is still your son and he needs you." Tony had Jarvis broadcast the conversation to him as it was happening since he had been unwilling to leave Harry's side. He had been shocked, but it explained a lot.

Not answering, Tony continued to stare at his son. He did feel like he was seconds from passing out, but there was just too much on his mind to be able to relax.

Frustrated, Bruce forcefully pushed Tony into a chair then got up in his face. "Don't you fucking dare turn your back on your son just because he has magic."

Finally focusing on Bruce, Tony's bottom jaw dropped in shock. "I would never do that to my son...never. I don't seem him differently just because he is magical."
"Then what the hell is your problem?" Bruce hissed.

With a pained look in his eyes, Tony looked back to his son. "I don't know how to save him. I'm a genius and I have fuck load of technology at my fingertips, but that isn't going to do me a damn bit of good against magic. They're coming for him, Bruce. How the hell am I supposed to fight magic?"

Bruce let loose a huge sigh of relief. After dealing with Loki, he had been afraid that Tony wouldn't be able to deal with his son being magical too. He knew what it was like to lose everyone because of being different. Harry had suffered enough, he couldn't take losing anyone else. "So just to clarify, you don't have a problem with your son having magical powers?"

"Do I have a problem with you turning into the not-so-friendly-giant-green-giant every time someone looks at you wrong?" Tony snapped back. He couldn't believe that everyone had assumed that he would shun his son for being something that he had no control over. He loved his son unconditionally. He wasn't like his bastard of a father. "I just wish he would have trusted me."

Loki walked into the room and magically scanned Harry. With a heavy sigh, he looked to the two other men in the room. "You need to put yourself in his shoes. He believes that it was his magic that caused his relatives to hate and abuse him. Of course he was going to be terrified of you finding out. For the first time in his life he had a family and he felt safe and loved. He wasn't going to let anyone take that away from him, even if it killed him."

"What do you mean by that?" Tony asked going pale.

Loki looked back to the boy. "He's not just damaged and scarred on the outside. He has a long list of internal complications from his years of abuse and malnourishment. I offered to heal them, but despite me explaining to him that he would be lucky to see thirty if he wasn't healed, he still refused me. He was so afraid that he would lose you if you found out that he had magic that he was willing to suffer severe pain, sickness and early death just to be with you. You are a very lucky man to have him, Man of Iron."

"Heal him!" Tony cried in panic, lunging to his feet but collapsing on the foot of the bed due to exhaustion. He couldn't believe that his son would sacrifice his life just to be with him.

Rushing to Tony, Bruce helped him to lie down next to his son then covered him with a blanket. He never should have been up and about after giving his son a dangerous amount of blood. "What kind of complications?" he asked Loki.

"Pain and arthritis from wrongly set bones, nerve damage, kidney and liver damage, his heart is very weak. I could list a lot more but I think you get the idea. He will be lucky to see thirty if he continues to refuse my offer to heal him."

"You can completely heal him?" Tony asked weakly and on the verge of passing out.

"So now you trust me?" Loki sneered.

Tony glared at the cocky God. "I need my head examined for this, but I trust you with my son. You like him."

"I can't deny it, the little pest has grown on me. Believe it or not, I have been trying to help your son from the beginning, but he is as stubborn as you."

Bruce was still hovering anxiously over Tony. The man was so pale that his completion almost matched Harry's. "How have you been helping him?"
"Not only is he terrified of his magic, but he also hates it. He blames if for everything that has ever gone wrong in his life. That's very dangerous. Harry is very powerful and if he doesn't learn how to control that power then he could seriously hurt himself or someone else. His magic could even turn in on him and kill him. I have been teaching him, but he fights me and his magic."

Tony was quickly losing his battle with staying conscious. Between the blood loss, the fear for his son and the bomb that had been dropped on him today, he was both physically and emotionally exhausted. He still needed to process and come to terms with everything, but right now he couldn't rest knowing that his son could die early if not healed. "Please, will you heal him now?"

"Rest, Man of Iron. I will heal your son." Loki reassured.

"Thank you," Tony said, voice barely above a whisper. Turning his face to his son, he closed his eyes and fell asleep.

"Stubborn jack ass," Bruce mumbled fondly. "You magically scanned Harry when you first came in, how is he?" he asked of the God while still looking at Tony. Was he falling for the arranging prick?

"The same," Loki sighed. He had been hoping that the little Mage would have woken by now. He healed his physical wounds, but there was nothing he could do for the emotional ones. If he was going to wake up, he was going to have to want to. He was going to have to fight.

Bruce rapidly blinked his eyes trying to focus them. He hadn't slept since finding out about that horrible letter and pictures close to forty eight hours ago. "So what now?"

"All we can do is wait," Loki answered, "but in the mean time I can heal all his past injuries. It's amazing that the boy could function. His magic is very strong."

Bruce had to internally wrestle the Hulk when the god walked up to Harry and placed one hand on his head and the other on his chest. Despite him saving Harry's life, he still didn't fully trust him. When a feint glow came from the man's hands, he stepped forward and watched. It was incredible that he could heal someone from years worth of severe abuse and neglect just by touching them. Maybe magic wasn't so bad after all?

Loki was surprised when Harry's magic reached out and caressed his own, welcoming him into the little Mage. The boy's magic was different now, his own magic and blood had reshaped it. The boy wasn't going to be happy, but he was even more powerful now. His magic had always reminded him of his own, but now the similarities were startling. If he had to label it, he would say that the Stark boy was now his magical son. He knew that there had been a risk feeding the boy his magic and his blood like that, but he had been thinking more along the lines of the boy's magic rejecting his and killing the boy. He hadn't expected the boy to soak up his magic and blood, happily welcoming it.

Bruce watched for some outward sign that Harry was healing, but other than the glowing coming from Loki he looked the same. He just wanted the boy to wake so he could hug the hell out of him and yell at him all the same time.

Stepping back, Loki wiped the sweat from his brow. "It is done," he said shakily. He couldn't wait until Odin released all of his magic. Simply healing the boy shouldn't have taken so much out of him. Granted, there was extensive damage done to the boy, but he brought people back from the brink of death without so much as breaking a sweat.

"Thank you," Bruce said, gritting his teeth. That was twice now that the god had saved Harry's life.

***HP
Afraid to fully open his eyes, Harry cracked one eye open just a bit to see where he was at. His heart dropped to his stomach when he saw his father's face next to his own sound asleep. He had failed to kill himself once again. Why the hell couldn't he do anything right? He just wanted all his pain and suffering to end. There was so much blood and the cut was so deep that he had thought for sure he had done it right this time.

Looking closer at his dad, he was shocked to see that the man was extremely pale, had dark circles under his eyes and looked as though he hadn't showered in a month. That wasn't like his dad. While he may like to lay around in jeans and an AC/DC t-shirt, he always made sure that he looked good and was clean. Was he sick?

Opening both eyes and looking around, the first thing he noticed was that it was dark outside. He slit his wrists in the morning so he must have been out all day. The second thing that he noticed was Bruce curled up in a chair next to the bed asleep. Like his dad, he too looked like he hadn't slept or showered in a month. Could they have been worried about him? They couldn't have, his dad was going to ask him to leave anyway. Why would they care if he killed himself?

Biting his lips to keep from making any sound, he carefully sat up. Stunned, he sat there waiting for the normal pain that he lived with everyday to erupt throughout his body, but nothing came. Some part of his body always hurt, there was never a time that he was pain free. Where was the pain?

Holding his arms out in front of him, he gasped softly when he encountered smooth, scar free, pale skin. Where the hell was all his cutting scars? He may not like all the other scars on his body, but he liked those scars. He was the one who put them there. Those were the only times where he had been in control of his own life.

Scurrying off the bed, he sprinted to the bathroom to see the rest of himself. Stopping in front of the mirror, he yanked his shirt over his head and stared dumbfounded into the mirror. Gone! The scars that years of whipping had left behind both on his front and back were gone. Everything was gone! No scars, no burn marks, no cuts...no nothing! Feeling feint, he gripping the edge of the sink and dropped his head between his arms.

How? How did everything disappear? Was he still alive or was this some type of afterlife? Was he dreaming? With his legs trembling, he dropped to the ground a curled into a fetal position.

What the hell was going on? Why was his sick looking dad sleeping in bed with him? Why was he pain free? Why was all his scars gone, even the ones he created himself? Why did he feel as weak as a newborn kitten?

"Come, my little Mage," Loki said soothingly, kneeling next to the fallen boy. He smiled when the boy's magic licked at his own in greeting. He had felt when the child woke and he felt when he started having a panic attack.

"He's alright," Loki said, still talking softly. "He's confused and having a panic attack."
Trembling horribly, Tony sat on the floor next to Harry and reached out and touched his shoulder. "Kiddo, I think you just knocked twenty years off my life. When you get feeling better, I want you to search my head for those dreaded grey hairs. My old ticker can't take much more of this."

At hearing his dad's voice, Harry started crying harder. He had thought for sure that he would never hear it again. "Please don't turn me away. Please don't kick me out," he begged and pleaded, reaching out and grabbing a fistful of his dad's shirt. "I'll be good, I promise."

Unable to stop himself, Tony lifted his son and placed him in his lap, holding him tight. "Never! Never! Never will I kick you out. Dammit, Harry, you are my son and I love you. You need to believe me...you need to believe in me."

Still sobbing, Harry sat up and looked at his dad. How, in such a short amount of time, had he come to love the man so much? "Did I die, is that why I'm here? Is this my heaven? My scars are gone...all of them. This can't be real."

Tony looked to Loki but the God shook his head no. Right now would not be a good time to admit to his son that he knew that he was a wizard and that Loki had healed him. His poor son didn't even think that he was alive.

"I'm going to put him back to sleep again, he is physically and emotionally drained. He needs more time to process everything." Loki explained.

Pulling his sobbing son back to his chest, Tony nodded his head. He didn't want his son to go back to sleep again, but he understood why he had to. The important thing was that he had woke on his own. Everything else they could deal with. His son was alive!
I do not own Harry Potter or Marvel.

Update! Finally an update! Good god talk about writers block. I felt horrible leaving this fic for so long but it couldn't be helped.

I hope you enjoy and leave reviews!

***HP

Tony's middle finger on his right hand was twitching in agitation and it was taking everything in him to not call his Iron Man suit and incinerate the cocky bastard sitting in front of him. Looking to Bruce and his slightly green eyes, he could see that he too was having a hard time controlling his anger. If the man didn't shut his fucking trap soon, then the Hulk was going to happily do it for him.

"He did attempt to kill himself after all."

Feeling his left eye start to twitch now, Tony looked to Agent. "You have thirty seconds to get this man out of my sight and out of my Tower before I let the Hulk personally escort him out."

"Tony, you don't have to agree with everything the doctor is saying, but at least listen to him," Coulson said patiently.

"He wants to have my son committed!" Tony raged. "How is that helping him?"

"Hospitalizing someone after they attempted suicide is common procedure," the doctor defended.

"My son tried to kill himself because he was afraid that I was going to kick him out. How do you think he will feel if I have him committed?" Tony hissed angrily.

"Mr. Stark..."

"Is right," Coulson interrupted the doctor. "Hospitalizing Harry is out of the question. Taking him away from Tony and the others will only damage him more."

"The boy needs to be under constant surveillance."

"Don't call him that," Thor growled, gripping the handle to his hammer tightly. "He doesn't like to be called boy."

Sighing, the doctor pinched the bridge of his nose. "What then, Mr. stark, do you suggest I do for your son?"

"I suggest that you take a flying leap off the top of my Tower," Tony said petulantly. He couldn't believe that the bastard wanted to take his son away from him.

"Why don't you start off by seeing him here a couple times a week," Bruce suggested, wanting to get back to Harry. The twins and Loki were sitting with him while they were having this meeting with one of SHIELD'S best psychiatrist, but it didn't feel right being away from him when he was still in a bad way. Loki's sleep spell had worn off hours ago and he could wake any minute.

"He needs to be seen more than a couple times a week," the doctor explained. "With cases as extreme as his, he needs to have daily session at the least. Multiple sessions would be even better."
"Then you can bring your ass to the tower daily for sessions," Tony snapped. "I'm not allowing anyone to remove my child from my care."

"But..."

"Twice in a single day is a rarity and a little scary," Coulson chuckled, "but once again I agree with Tony. You will be excused to treat Harry here daily until you feel that he is improving."

The doctor reluctantly inclined his head. "He will still need watching around the clock and all knives and sharp objects locked away. This isn't just because of the suicide attempt, he has also been cutting for years."

Tony could understand that, but at the same time he didn't want Harry to think that he didn't trust him...even if he currently didn't. Harry also had an obsessive need to cook for them so he would need to have access to the knives in order to do that. He didn't want to treat Harry like a toddler by putting a lock on the knife drawer, but it was the only solution he could think of. He would just have to make it so Jarvis could unlock it when Harry was cooking. He was also going to have to talk to Loki and see if he had any suggestions on how to keep his son from blocking Jarvis from monitoring him. If he couldn't find a way, then he was going to have to glue his son to his side until he felt that he could once again trust him.

"I will see to that right away," Tony said tiredly. He was still weak and shaky from his extreme blood loss and from not being able to sleep. Every Time he shut his eyes he saw his son's bleeding and dying body on the bathroom floor. It would be a long time before he could get that imagine out of his head...if ever.

Coulson waited until the doctor left before breaking more bad news to Stark. "We have had reports that several foreign wizards and witches have been portkeying to the US the past two days. Right now they have been keeping themselves to the west coast, but it's only a matter of time before they start searching here."

Groaning, Tony rubbed at his swollen and bloodshot eyes. "You think it's that Dumbledoo fellow?"

"Dumbledore," Coulson corrected. "Albus Dumbledore. Don't take this lightly, Tony, Albus Dumbledore is a very powerful wizard."

"Not as powerful as Loki," Clint pointed out awkwardly. He still didn't like the god, but he would forever be in debt to him for saving his honorary nephew.

"There is that," Coulson conceded, "but please don't underestimate the man. Not only is he powerful, but he is very manipulative."

"Is he evil?" Steve asked thoughtfully.

"Not evil, no, but he's all about the 'Greater Good', even if that means sacrificing innocents. Fury's brother told him that Dumbledore knew of Harry's abuse, not how bad it was, but he knew that he wasn't being treated right."

"And he just left him there?" Tony growled.

Coulson sadly nodded his head. "Harry is very powerful and he didn't want one of the dark families getting their hands on him and raising him up to be the next Dark Lord. He felt that it was in the 'Greater Good's' best interest to leave Harry with his relatives despite the abuse. What's one little boy being beat and starved when it came to the safety of the rest of the Wizarding World?"
"I'm going to kill him!" Tony roared, jumping to his feet, only to collapse weakly back onto the couch.

"Take it easy, Tony," Bruce reprimanded. "You're not going to be able to protect Harry if you keep going the way you're going. All of us here in the tower love that boy and we will die fighting to protect him. You don't have to kill yourself before the fight even starts."

"Well said!" Thor cheered.

---

Tony was sitting anxiously at his son's bedside, Loki had been monitoring him and he just informed him that he was waking. He had no clue what he was going to say to him or how to handle him, but he figured that a bone crushing hug was a good place to start.

Looking around, he was relieved to see that just the twins, Bruce and Loki were left in the room. Everyone else had understood when he asked them to leave. They were all family, but he didn't want to overwhelm his son. Even though he still didn't trust the trickster god a hundred percent, he trusted that he cared for Harry and only wanted to help him. He planned on being by his son's side to help him during his recovery, but if he started losing it again, he was going to need Loki's help. With just a thought he could put his son asleep, that was much easier than pills and shots to help calm him.

Seeing his son's finger twitching, Tony reached out with a trembling hand and squeezed his son's hand. Glancing to Loki and giving a slight nod of his head, he closed his eyes and took a deep and calming breath. "Harry, it's time to wake up," he said gently, not wanting to startle his son. He figured warning him that he was there was better than him opening his eyes and finding him hovering over him.

Whimpering, Harry tried to fight his way out of the blackness when he heard his dad's voice. Why did he feel so weak? Feeling a warm hand on his, he gave a tentative squeeze back.

"That's it, little chef," Tony encouraged. "It's time to wake up."

Fred gripped his brother's hand tightly when he felt the first waves of self-loathing and fear roll off of Harry. "He's remembering," he warned, his voice cracking. These past few days had been the worst in his entire life. To think, if it hadn't been for Loki, his Harry would be dead and gone right now.

Breathing was getting harder for Harry. Everything was coming back to him...everything! He was supposed to be with his dad James right now and Lily. He knew that he had cut deep enough to succeed, why then was his dad waking him up? He didn't want to wake up, he never wanted to wake up again. Why the hell couldn't he do anything right? He was supposed to be dead.

Rolling his eyes, Loki stepped forward. "Did you honestly think that I would allow you to die?" he said with a false air of arrogance. The last thing he was feeling right now was arrogant. He was too worried about the little Mage that he had grown exceptionally fond of. He had been monitoring the child's thoughts so he knew what he had been thinking.

Unwilling to open his eyes and see the disappoint and disgust on his father's face, Harry started crying. What was going to happen to him now? Why save him to only send him away? It would have been far kinder to let him crossover and be with his dad James.

Sliding onto the bed, Tony gathered his son up and placed him on his lap. With tears of his own falling, he tightly wrapped his arms around his son and hugged him for dear life. "Now listen here, Harry. I am never, ever, ever going to kick you out...ever. You are my son and I'm never going ask
or demand you to leave my tower. There is nothing in this world that would make me feel differently."

Despite his fear of rejection, Harry clung tightly to his dad. He had thought for sure that he would never feel this again. The feel of love and safety that he had only ever felt in his dad's arms. "Y-You don't know!" he wailed. "You d-don't know what a freak I a-am. You should have l-let me d-die."

Tony raised his hand stopping the twins from saying anything. He knew they felt guilty as all hell for betraying their friend and spilling his secret, but they had done the right thing. His son had been cracking under the weight and guilt of his secrets, at least this way everything was out in the open and they could start the healing process.

"Son, I know everything," Tony said, breaking the news as gently to him as he could. "I know that you're a powerful little wizard and I know that James was your mother, not Lily. I was shocked when Agent Coulson told me about the Wizarding World and The-Boy-Who-Lived, but I wasn't angry or disgusted. I don't think you're a freak, Harry, I think you're amazing. I'm proud to be your old man."

Harry felt his heart stop beating and white hot fear flood his body. His fear was so strong that it was physically painful for him. This couldn't be happening. His dad couldn't know the truth. This was worse then him finding out what his uncle had forced him to do and seeing those horrible pictures.

Tony gripped his son even tighter when he felt him shaking uncontrollably. "Hey, mini me, this is where you tell me that I'm not an old man but your devastatingly handsome, too you to be a father, father. I'll have you know, despite what you have put me through the past few days, my beautiful hair is still just as luscious and as dark as it's always been. Not a single white hair anywhere."

Tony deflated some and looked to Bruce for help when Harry just continued to shake and cry and refused to talk or look at him. This was going worse than what he had expected. Harry screaming and cursing at him would have been easier to handle than this.

Bruce approached the bed with a determined look on his face. "Don't fight me on this," he whispered to Tony, right before he took Harry from his arms and sat him up on the bed. Gently taking his face in his hands, he forced the boy he had come to love like a son to look at him. "Harry, that is enough," he ordered sternly. "We know the truth, we know everything and we're not kicking you out. If you want to see yourself as a freak, fine, but then you have to admit that the rest of us our freaks, too. Your father has a flashlight stuck in his chest, Steve is like a hundred years old but looks like he's twenty, Thor plays with lightning bolts and carries a hammer that only he can pick up, Clint thinks he's a bird, Natasha is just scary, Loki is magical like you, I turn into a giant green monster and Fred and George are...well, they're Fred and George. There is something different and odd about everyone in this tower and that's what makes us a unique family."

Harry didn't want to look at Bruce but the man wouldn't let go of his face. Chest heaving from panic, his mouth dropped open in shock when Bruce said that they weren't going to kick him out. He had been expecting harsh and hateful words, he didn't know how to respond to what he was hearing from Bruce.

Bruce sighed when he saw that his words were finally sinking in. Harry may be more adorable than his father, but he was just as stubborn. "I love you, Harry," he said slowly, stressing the word love. "Your father loves you, Steve loves you, Clint and Natasha love you, Pepper loves you, Thor and Loki love you and even the Demonic Duo loves you. Everyone here loves you. Just because you have magic isn't going to change that. I'm sorry to tell you this, but you are stuck with us."

With a loud sob, Harry threw himself at Bruce. "I'm sorry. I'm sorry," he cried loudly, clawing
desperately at Bruce's back and shoulders. "I was so scared."

"Shhh, I know you were," Bruce coo'd. "But you have to understand that what you did was very, very wrong. You have put everyone through hell and back these past few days. Harry, you killed yourself. If it hadn't been for Loki, you would be dead right now."

"I'm so sorry," Harry continued to sob, clinging desperately to Bruce.

It was killing Tony seeing his son this way, but at least Bruce was getting through to him. Harry had to see how serious the situation was. "Do you have any idea what it did to me, to us, when we found you covered in blood and dying on the bathroom floor? Dammit, Harry, you don't get to walk into to our lives, force us to fall in love with you then kill yourself."

Harry reluctantly pulled away from Bruce so he could look at his dad. When he saw that he was crying too and extremely sickly looking, he threw himself at him and started crying harder. "I'm sorry, please don't hate me. I love you so much."

"I don't hate you," Tony reassured, rubbing his son's back. "I could never hate you. I'm upset and hurt that you tried to kill yourself and it's going to be a hell of a long time before I can trust you again, but I still love you."

Tony continued to quietly hold and rub his son's back until he tired himself out crying. He didn't want to keep scolding and lecturing him, but at the same time he wanted him to see how serious the situation was. Picking up his delicate and too thin wrist, he looked down at it and marveled at how smooth and flawless it was. Magic could do some incredible things. "Harry, I hope you understand, that until we can trust you again, someone is going to be stuck to your side like white on rice. You will also being seeing a doctor everyday to talk about your past and anything else that you need to talk about."

With his face still buried in his dad's neck, Harry shook his head no. "I don't wanna see a doctor or talk. I promise that I won't ever try to kill myself again."

"This is not up for debate," Tony said firmly but gently. "You will be seeing a doctor and getting help. You need help, Harry, help that I can't give you."

"P-Please," Harry whined. "Please don't make me."

Once again Bruce grabbed Harry's face and forced him to look at him. "Harry, your father almost died trying to save you. He was fully prepared to die for you."

"What?" Harry cried, turning to look at his dad with wide, fearful eyes.

"Bruce, don't," Tony growled.

"No, the green man is right," Loki said flatly. "Harry has to hear this."

Chest heaving, Harry looked between the three men. "Please, what happened?" He could see that his dad looked bad, but he figured that it was just because he had been worried.

"I healed your wounds, but there was nothing that I could do about the blood loss," Loki explained. "More than half of your blood was on the bathroom floor. Even with the wounds healed, you still would have died if your father hadn't given you his blood."

"Your dad refused to stop the transfusion until you were stable," Bruce said gravely. "He gave too much. You almost lost your dad because he was prepared to give you every drop of blood that he
had in his body. He is feeling better now, but he is still very weak."

Harry grabbed at his chest, it felt like his heart was being ripped out. He couldn't believe that his dad had done that, that he was willing to die to save him. On the verge of hyperventilating, he threw himself back into his dad's arms. "I'm sorry. Please, I'll do anything, even see the doctor, just don't ever leave me."

Tony had been upset at first when Bruce brought up him almost dying, but now he was glad that he did. It seemed that this was the kick in the butt that his son had needed. "I'm going to be fine, Harry, don't worry about me. I want you to focus on getting better. Can you do that for me."

Harry nodded his head. "Anything. I'll do anything for you."

***HP

"Your quiet contemplating is freaking me the hell out," Tony grumbled, sitting across the table from Loki. He had reluctantly allowed Bruce to sit in the bathroom with Harry while he showered and now here he was, stuck in the kitchen with Loki. "What is on your mind?"

"Your son," Loki answered with a thoughtful frown.

"What about my son?" Tony asked, sitting up straighter.

"From the moment I stepped foot in your tower his magic has felt familiar to me."

"What the hell does that mean?" Tony asked wearily.

Crossing his arms, Loki leaned back in his hard chair and regarded the man in front of him. "His magic just doesn't feel familiar, but it feels like mine. Your child is very powerful, more so than any wizards or witches here on this pitiful planet."

Tony narrowed his eyes at the god. "What are you trying to say?"

Smirking, Loki shrugged his shoulders. "Man of Iron, I have been visiting Midgard for centuries. I may not particularly like you humans, but that does not mean that I have not found sexual pleasure at your hands."

Tony started gagging. "Please, spare me the details. I feel sick enough as it is."

"As you wish," Loki smirked. "What I was trying to say, is that it is possible that young Harry is a descendent of mine."

Tony started choking on the mouthful of soda he had just taken. "Shut the fuck up, Reindeer Games, there is no way my son is related to you."

Loki started to drum his fingers on the kitchen table as he thought. "Deny it all you want, the child resembles me...he even has my eyes."

Tony opened his mouth to deny it, but he found himself choking on his words. It was true, Harry had the exact same color green eyes that Loki had. He had never seen such eye color before, especially not in anyone in his family. His eyes were brown and he remembered James having hazel eyes.

"I did not think that Asgardians could reproduce with Midgard humans, but perhaps it is possible with the magic users," Loki wondered. It would explain why he was able to give Harry some of his
blood while he was healing him. The two different magics should have clashed during the
transfusion, but Harry's magic had welcomed his magic like a long lost family member. Harry's
magic had also always been receptive to his magic, welcoming him in whenever he used it on the
child.

Tony didn't like this, he didn't like the idea that his his son could possibly be related to a monster like
Loki. The God may have changed some since he attacked earth, but he still didn't trust him. "Is there
a way you can find out?"

"There is a ritual I can perform, but it will require Harry's blood. Not a lot," Loki quickly added
when he saw that Stark was getting ready to protest, "just a few drops at the most."

"Fine," Tony growled, "but not today. Harry has lost enough blood. Give him time to heal."

Loki bowed his head in acceptance. He was getting excited at the prospect of the little Mage being
related to him. Hell, he could be the child's great-grandfather or something. The more he thought
about it, the more positive he started to feel that Harry was his. Not only was their magic alike, but
the boy looked a hell of a like like him too. He couldn't wait to unravel the truth.

***HP

Harry had only managed two steps out of his bathroom before he was wrapped in two identical sets
of strong arms. "Merlin, Harry, if you ever put us through that again I'm going to..." Clinging
desperately to the boy he loved, Fred started crying.

"Dammit, Harry, what the hell were you thinking?" George scolded, clinging just as desperately to
Harry as his twin was.

Feeling his legs go weak, Harry sank to the floor, the twins following him down. He felt like the
worst friend ever, he had never seen the twins this upset before. He had never seen or heard Fred cry
this hard and it was killing him. It was all his fault. All their pain and suffering was all his fault.

Face red from crying, Fred pulled back so he could look Harry in the eyes. "Promise me, Harry.
Promise me that you will never try to kill yourself again? If you do, I swear on my magic that I will
follow you. I can't live in this world without you."

"I promise, Fred," Harry sobbed. "Please, please stay my friend. I'm sorry for being so scared and
selfish."

"You can't get rid of us that easily," George joked weakly. "Don't you understand, Harry, Freddie
and I love you."

"I love you, too," Harry said with a watery smile.

Bruce shook his head at poor, clueless, little Harry. He felt bad for the twins, it wasn't going to be
easy convincing Harry that he was worthy enough to be loved by them. Then there was his past, he
had a hard time seeing Harry being able to handle a sexual relationship. It was going to be a very
long, hard road for the three of them.

"We're never leaving your side. Ever!" Fred proclaimed hotly. "I swear, if I didn't love you so much
I'd beat some sense into you."

Even though Harry knew that Fred was joking, he still flinched at being threatened. Deep down he
knew that Fred would never hurt him, but his past was impossible to forget.
Glaring at his brother, George started rubbing Harry's back. "Fred didn't mean it like that. You just scared the living shit out of us. We had to watch as you bled to death. Put yourself in our shoes."

At seeing how upset Harry was getting, Bruce loudly cleared his throat. "Alright, what's done is done. We need to move on from this, but we also need to learn from it. Harry," he said, turning to the teen, "until we can trust you again, someone will be with you around the clock."

Lowering his head in shame, Harry nodded his head. He didn't like it, but he understood why they were doing it. He would do the same thing if someone he loved tried to kill themselves.

"Enough with the heavy," Bruce sighed. "Let's get to the kitchen and get something to eat. I think your father wants to discuss training the three of you."

"Training?" Harry asked warily.

"He wants you three prepared for when your kind come looking for you, Harry," Bruce explained, his eyes flashing green. Just the thought of someone taking Harry pissed off the other guy.

Scowling, Harry followed Bruce out into the hall. "Guns, bows, and giant green monsters won't be able to stop Headmaster Dumbledore or Voldemort. With just a wave of his wand, Dumbledore can make it so you forget that I ever existed."

Bruce growled softly at hearing that. How were they supposed to fight magic? Loki was powerful, but Odin had bound most of his magic. He probably wouldn't be powerful enough to fight off a group of determined wizards. "Still, it can't hurt to learn how to defend yourselves without magic."

"I'm all for it," Fred said excitedly.

"Especially if training gives me a rocking body like Thor's or Steve's," George joked, poking Harry in the side and giving him a wink.

Blushing, Harry looked down at the floor. He remembered how sexy George looked the other morning when he saw him in bed shirtless. He liked him as is, he didn't need all those extra bulky muscles. George was perfect.

Raising his eyebrows, Fred peeked at Harry when he started to feel desire coming from him. Seeing that he was subtly checking out George, he grinned and nudged his brother to get his attention. Tilting his head in Harry's direction, he telepathically told him what he was feeling from him.

Smirking, George threw his arm around Harry's shoulder. "How about it, Harry, do you think my sexy body needs improving?"

"S-Stop," Harry stuttered bashfully.

"Leave him alone, boys," Bruce chuckled, coming to Harry's rescue and shoving George's arm off of him. Harry had enough to deal with, he didn't need the demonic duo teasing him and flirting with him. He wasn't even fifteen yet, way too young to be dating in his opinion.

Heart pounding in his chest, Harry stopped right outside the kitchen doors. "Is everyone else in there?" he asked nervously. He wasn't sure if he was ready to see everyone yet, not after his attempted suicide. He was ashamed for putting them through all that fear and pain.

"Jarvis, who's in the kitchen?" Bruce asked the AI.

"Just Mr. Stark and Loki," Jarvis answered.
"Are you alright, Harry?" Bruce asked, carefully watching the boy.

Taking a deep breath and holing it, Harry nodded his head. "Yeah, I'm good. I just don't think I'm ready for everyone at once."

"Understandable," Bruce agreed, "but Harry, everyone here loves you. You may have scared twenty five years of everyone's life, even the gods, but they don't think any less of you for it. All they want to do now is help you."

Letting Bruce's words sink in, Harry thoughtfully followed the man into the kitchen. Immediately his father was there wrapping his arms around him and clinging to him.

"What took you so long?" Tony complained, checking his son over from head to toe. He knew that Bruce would never allow him to cut himself, but he was going to be a neurotic mess for a while. One does not simply recover from having their son bleed to death in their arms in only a day. He figured that he had months of stalking Harry until he could start letting up his guard.

"Relax, Tony," Bruce sighed. "Everything is fine."

Tony wanted to rant that everything was not fine, but he wisely kept his mouth shut. "Food!" he cried, throwing his arms up in the air. "How does Chinese sound? I had Jarvis order a little of everything off of the menu. It should be here in about ten minutes."

"Sounds interesting," Fred said, rubbing his hands together. "Georgia and I have never had Chinese before?"

"Astounding," Tony said, studying the boys closely. "It's like you guys have stepped out of the Dark Ages or something. I only have like a million questions for you."

Harry fidgeted uncomfortably in his seat. He didn't like talking about magic with his dad, just because him and the other Avengers knew the truth, didn't mean that he now all of a sudden liked his magic.

Eyes darkening, Loki released his magic, watching as the young Mage shivered when it caressed his body. "No more fearing your magic," he hissed. "It's a gift and you will learn to respect and love it. It is every bit a part of you as your heart and soul. Now that you are healed of all your physical ailments, I will start to seriously train you. Your red haired demons, too," he added when he saw them raise their hands out of the corner of his eye. "You are too powerful to go untrained."

"I agree with Reindeer Games," Tony said, taking a seat next to his son and grabbing his cold and trembling hands. "You're magic is nothing to be ashamed of."

"But you said you hated magic!," Harry cried. "That day when I was attacked in the bathroom. You said you hated magic right before Loki healed me."

Sighing, Tony gave his son's hand a squeeze. "I didn't mean that I hated magic, I meant that I hated that crazed, psychotic, egotistical, god sitting across from us."

Grinning cheekily, Loki waved at the Mage. "Told you it was just me he hated."

"What about Clint?" Harry asked desperately. "After what Loki did, he's terrified of magic."

"It's not magic that I'm scared of," Clint said, taking a seat on the opposite side of Harry. He had entered the kitchen just a few seconds ago, long enough to hear Harry bring his name up. "I'm scared of losing control. Loki took over my mind completely and made me do horrible things. I also don't
like when I can't defend myself and magic I'm pretty powerless against."

"So you don't hate me because I'm like Loki?" Harry asked in a small and vulnerable voice.

Looking at the God in question, Clint rolled his eyes and scrunched his face up. "You could never be like him. You don't have a mean bone in your body."

Relieved, Harry threw himself at the archer. After his dad, Clint had been the person he was most scared of hating him because of his magic. Everyone here meant the world to him, he couldn't handle it if they hated him.

Clint was shocked to find himself with a lap full of Stark Junior. Harry didn't like to be touched, so it was big that he was willingly hugging him. "Kid, you're as good as my nephew or little brother. I could never hate you."

Rubbing at his moist eyes, Tony mouthed 'thank you' to both Clint and Loki. What Harry needed now was a shit load of support and love from everyone in the tower. They had their work cut out for them with Harry, and that wasn't even counting the wizards that were hunting his son down, but he knew that the Avengers had both his son's and his back. The wizards would have to tear his tower down brick by brick and take out his team before getting to a his son, and if Loki couldn't beat the Avengers, then no common earth wizards could. They were an unstoppable force.
Chapter 13

PLEASE, PLEASE, REVIEW

***HP

Panting, Harry collapsed onto the dark blue mat and held his hands up in surrender. "I-I need five minutes," he huffed, his chest feeling like it was on fire.

Smirking, Natasha circled the exhausted boy. "Are you kidding me?" she snickered. "You are half my age and laying down panting like an old seventy year old man after only forty five minutes of sparring."

Rolling onto his back, Harry laid there with his eyes shut as he tried to catch his breath. "You better not let the Captain here you say that," he huffed breathlessly. "He looks damn good for an over seventy year old man."

"That he does," Natasha agreed with a smirk. She would never see her boys in a sexual way, but she could surely admire their damn hot bodies.

"Our dear Harrikens..."

"beaten by a girl," Fred and George teased.

"Would you like to come in here and have a go against this girl?" Natasha taunted. "Come on, you two big, brawny men, against one little ole me."

At once both Fred and George vigorously shook their heads no. "Our momma raised us to never hit girls," Fred quickly said, knowing that the sexy red head would have both his twin and himself pinned to the mat in seconds.

"That, and we can't let our precious little love see us get our asses handed to us by a girl," George added, giving Harry a wink.

"It would be too embarrassing," Fred said dramatically.

Giggling, Harry pushed himself up onto his elbows. "If I were you, I would stop making it sound as though girls were weak and inferior to men."

Reclining against the corner of the boxing ring, Natasha smirked down at the identical red headed demons. "And if I were you, I would listen to Harry."

Gulping, both boys nodded their heads. "We always thought that sweet Harry was a genius," Fred and George professed at the same time.

Chuckling, Natasha held her hand out to Harry. "Come on, mini Stark, we'll call it a day. You have been working hard this past week, you deserve a reward."

Smiling gratefully, Harry accepted Natasha's hand and allowed her to help him up. "Reward? What type of reward? It's not shopping is it?" he asked with dread.

Dropping down from the rafters, Clint landed next to Harry. "The boy has you pegged, Nat."

Rolling her eyes, Natasha quickly swept her leg out, catching Clint and sending him crashing to the
"I wasn't suggesting shopping, just some sight seeing here in beautiful New York City. Harry, you have only ventured out of this tower once since you have been here."

"And look how well that went," Harry said sarcastically.

"Are you scared to leave the tower?" Natasha asked with a hint of concern in her voice.

Chewing on his bottom lip, Harry thought for a minute. Was he scared to leave the safety of his father's tower? "No, I'm not really scared, but I don't exactly have the best luck when it comes to...anything. I would like to explore New York City, but trouble always has a way of finding me."

"Not when double trouble are with you," Fred said with a wink, throwing his arm over his identical twin's shoulder.

Scowling, Clint got back to his feet, sticking his tongue out at Natasha. "Nat and I are also going to go. We figured a few hours out on the town will do us all some good."

Natasha nodded her head. "Harry, you have been working so hard this past week with your physical training, your magical training, and your sessions with your psychiatrist, you deserve a little fun. Let us properly introduce you to the City That Never Sleeps."

Harry anxiously looked to the twins, grinning when he saw the look of excitement on their faces. "Is dad alright with this?" He did want to go out, it sounded fun, but Tony had been extremely protective of him ever since his suicide. Extremely protective of him was an understatement, he hadn't been allowed a second alone and his dad had even asked Loki to place a monitoring charm on him. If that wasn't bad enough, his dad had literally moved his bed into his room with him and slept with him every night. He was being watched twenty four hours a day.

"Your father knows and approves," Natasha grinned. "Mind you, you're not allowed out of our sight for a second, not even to take a piss."

Harry blushed at that. "I get it. I don't need examples."

"Awe," Fred gushed. "Brother of mine, look how adorable our Harry looks when he's all red and flushed."

George wagged his eyebrows at the younger wizard. "He looks good enough to eat."

"You keep flirting with him in front of me and the two of you will be eating from a straw for the next eight weeks," Clint warned, narrowing his eyes dangerously at the older teens.

"Straw! Got it!" The twins saluted, slowly backing away from the man. They too had been training with the Avengers for the past week and they knew how incredibly dangerous they all were. They didn't think that Clint would actually hurt them, but the man was very protective of Harry.

Laughing, Natasha turned to look at Harry who was now a bright red, and it wasn't from working out with her for the past couple of hours. The kid had it hard for the twins, but he honestly didn't see that the twins felt the same way about him. The poor boy was absolutely clueless. "Why don't you three get a shower and meet us in the common room in forty five minutes."

"Separate showers," Clint growled, once again glaring warningly at the twins. He liked the teens and thought they were brilliant, but Harry was only fourteen years old and the last thing he needed right now were the twins making moves on him. He knew that they would never pressure him, but with Harry's horrible past, there was a good chance that he wouldn't tell them no even if he didn't want to do anything.
Leaning back in his chair, Tony counted to fifty, his fists clenched in anger. "No!" he growled out.

"It will help Harry," the doctor stressed.

"My son doesn't need drugs." Tony said through clenched teeth. "He's not depressed, he's not being uncooperative..."

"He's not talking to me," the doctor interrupted.

"Maybe it's because you're a dick!" Tony snapped. "You have only been seeing him for a week, he needs more time. He's not going to bare his soul to a complete stranger on the first day."

"I understand that," the doctor said patiently. "but Harry is a severely depressed young man who is suicidal, suffers from severe anxiety, PTSD, insomnia, night terrors, paranoia..."

Growling, Tony quickly stood up, kicking his chair into the wall behind him. "My son has a damn good reason for being that way."

"Please don't interrupt me," the doctor said tightly.

Pursing his lips, Tony turned to Coulson. "Is this hack the best doctor SHIELD has to offer?"

"Doctor Hess is a very good doctor, Tony, why don't you just hear him out?" Agent Coulson sighed.

"I don't want my son on drugs," Tony stressed. "I understand that he has a shit load of problems, but drugs aren't the answer."

Pinching the bridge of his nose, Coulson took a deep calming breath then turned to the doctor. "I need to speak with Mr. Stark in private."

Bowing his head, the doctor gathered up his papers then stuffed them into his file. "Mr. Stark, I'm only trying to help your son. He's a good kid, a damn good kid considering his horrific past, but he needs serious help. Originally I had wanted him hospitalized, but I see now that I was wrong. That boy needs you, you're the only thing keeping him going, but it's not enough. I'm not suggesting putting him on illegal drugs, but sometimes, in situations like these, prescriptions drugs can help. You don't want him to break again and take a razor to his wrists. Please read my file and just consider what I'm suggesting...for Harry."

Tony refused to take the file from the doctor, but he did motion for him to place it on the table in front of him. After the doctor left the room, he collapsed back onto his chair and rested his head on his arms.

"How are you holding up?" Agent Coulson asked in concern.

Groaning, Tony lifted his head and looked tiredly at the agent. "I'm feeling like I need those feel good drugs that the doc wants to give Harry," he admitted in a rare show of weakness. "Alcohol is no longer helping."

Agent Coulson felt bad for Tony, this situation was a nightmare. Tony went from living a virtually carefree life who had lived in the lap of luxury his entire life with no real responsibilities, to a father of an extremely traumatized boy overnight. It was no wonder the man was breaking.

"I haven't slept since I found my son bleeding to death on the bathroom floor," Tony admitted. "I
moved into his bedroom because I'm terrified of letting him out of my sight and all I do all night long is listen to him breathing and watch as his chest rises and falls. And if all my son's mental issues weren't bad enough, I have crazed wizards to worry about kidnapping him and dragging him back to their world and forcing him to be the hero that he doesn't want to be. They put the weight of the world on his fragile shoulders, I don't know how he has managed to live up to their expectations this long."

"He's a Stark, and Stark men are tough."

"Stark men are geniuses," Tony corrected, "but a shiny red flying suit of armor isn't going to fix my son or save him from wand waving wizards."

"You could always invent a time machine and go back fourteen years and claim your son before he gets left on his relatives doorstep," Coulson said jokingly. Coulson paled when he saw Stark get a far away look in his eyes, he could almost hear the gears working in the genius' brain.

"I was joking, Tony." Coulson stressed, waving his hand in front of Stark's face. "You can't go back in time."

"Yet," Tony said thoughtfully, "but I bet between myself, the mad doctor and the psychotic God of Mischief, we can discover a way."

"No, Tony!" Coulson snapped. "Harry needs you now, you can't be wasting all your time and energy on trying to invent a time machine."

Deflating, Tony nodded his head. "I just want to take all his pain away and make everything sunshine and puppy dogs for him."

"And that's what make you an incredible father." Snickering, Coulson shook his head. "I never thought I would say that about Tony Stark. You are the last person I saw as father material. You worked too much, parted too much, drank way too much, joked around too much and slept with anything that batted their eyes at you. Now look at you...you're an amazing dad who was prepared to give every last drop of his blood to the dying son he had only met a few weeks before."

"I love that boy." Tony admitted unashamedly. Running a trembling hand through his shaggy hair, Tony picked up his son's file and opened it up. "What's your opinion on these damn drugs?" he asked with a heavy sigh.

"I think we need to consult with a medi-wizard."

"A medi-wizard?" Tony asked, taking his eyes off of file and looking up at Coulson.

"A wizarding doctor," Coulson explained. "I don't know if any of the suggested drugs will interfere with his magic, especially since he is underage and his magical core is still developing."

"Well that's a problem," Tony grimaced, "Harry doesn't want anyone from that world to know where he is. He wants nothing to do with them."

"That is a problem," Coulson admitted. "Unfortunately he is going to be found, and soon with how determined Albus Dumbledore is to find him."

Tony's veins felt like there was ice running through them. He knew the confrontation was coming, but he didn't know how he was going to save his son. He was powerful, along with the rest of his team, but the only who stood a chance against the wizards was Loki, and unfortunately he didn't have full use of his magic. Would he be powerful enough to win against multiple wizards hell bent
"Go home and get some sleep," Coulson suggested at seeing how truly exhausted Stark was. "You're not going to be helping your son any if you pass out during the confrontation."

Tony reluctantly agreed. "I'll talk to Loki about these drugs, maybe he will be able to help." Groaning, Tony shook his head. "I can't believe I'm going to Loki for advice. What the hell is the world coming to?"

***HP

"Molly, are your boys still visiting Mr. Jordan's?"

"Fred and George will be there for another week," Molly informed a bit coldly. Ever since learning that the great Albus Dumbledore had left Harry at his relatives home knowing that he would be unwanted and unloved she hadn't been able to look at the man the same way. He had always acted like the good of the children came before all else, but apparently that didn't include poor Harry.

"I think perhaps you should send an owl requesting that they return home immediately. They are now adult wizards, and as such, we could greatly use their help in the search for young Harry." Dumbledore ordered. He was starting to get frustrated in the search for Harry, he hadn't expected it to take this long. He had easily found where the Dursleys had moved to, but Petunia, Vernon and their son hadn't been seen in over a week and no one even knew of the existence of another teen. It was very concerning when everyone he had talked to had only met one teenager, and that teenager had been Dudley Dursley.

"Fred and George may be considered adults now, Albus, but they are still school children and on their summer vacation. The oncoming war is going to force them to grow up too fast and put their lives in danger, they deserve this time to enjoy life before all hell breaks loose."

"Well said, Molly," Sirius grumbled, holding up his glass of whisky to the plump red head. "Let them go wild and raise hell before the real world comes crashing down around them."

"Do you not want Harry found?" Dumbledore snapped in frustration. "We need all eyes out there searching for the boy. Fred and George are needed here."

"Maybe if you would have left poor Harry with a nice and loving wizarding family this wouldn't be happening right now," Molly hissed angrily. "This is your fault, Albus Dumbledore. You knew that those horrible people would mistreat Harry and yet you still left him there anyway."

"For the greater good," Dumbledore raged, his eyes no longer twinkling. Why couldn't they understand that?

"I swear to Merlin," Sirius growled between painfully clenched teeth. "If you say that phrase one more time I'm going to AK you."

"Sirius!" Remus hissed, kicking his mate under the table. He knew that his friend was furious at the Headmaster, but couldn't believe that he was threatening him.

"Come on," Sirius cried. "Everyone here is fucking sick and tired of hearing his greater good shit. Is not my godson included in his greater good? Why he is the one suffering? Why is he the one having to sacrifice his happiness and life? This is bullshit."

"We all have made sacrifices," Severus spat with an ugly sneer on his face. "Not everything is about Potter."
"Tell that to the high and mighty Dumbledore," Sirius spat back. "He is the one who has forced Harry to be the Chosen One. Harry doesn’t want that or all the attention that comes with it. All he wants is a loving family and to be just Harry."

"Defeating Voldemort is Harry's destiny," Dumbledore said gravely. "I know you don't want to hear that, but it is the truth. I did what I had to do to not only keep Harry safe and out of the hands of the Death Eaters, but to also keep him humble. Growing up famous with the entire wizarding world fawning all over him would have turned him into the spoiled brat that Severus always claimed that he was."

Hiding his hands under the table, Kingsley gripped furiously at his robes. Dumbledore had as good as admitted to knowing that the boy would be abused and agreeing with it to keep him malleable. He wanted Harry to enter the wizarding world and be thrust into a world where he would be famous, loved, have friends and a loving grandfather in himself. He wanted to groom Potter to be the perfect weapon willing to sacrifice everything for Dumbledore's greater good. He hoped to hell that the man didn't know about and condone the sexual abuse.

"Look, everyone is tired and short tempered," Dumbledore sighed. "I know that I was wrong in not checking up on Harry, but I did what I thought was right and I still believe that it had been the right way to go. Harry is too powerful, he would have made an unstoppable weapon for the dark side."

"Tomorrow is a new day," Dumbledore continued. "I believe that we need to head to the east coast since the Dursleys stayed in New York City for a few nights when they first arrived in America."

Kingsley tensed at hearing that. He had hoped that Harry would have had a few more weeks with his new father before being found and drug back kicking and screaming. Looking to Sirius, he knew that he was going to have to step up his plan on getting him freed. He wasn't positive that Black would even get guardianship after all this time and after spending years in Azkaban, but it was worth a shot. He was just worried that Black would be declared unfit due to years of Dementors feeding off of him. If he was being honest with himself, the man was more than a bit unstable.

Standing up, Dumbledore brushed a few crumbs off of his pale pink and blue robes. "We'll meet back here in the morning then portkey to New York," he announced before sweeping out of the room."

"Bastard," Sirius mumbled as the door shut behind the Headmaster's back. He was tempted to throw an obscene gesture at the door with his finger, but he didn't want to hear Molly screech at him.

"For once I agree with you, Black," Molly said darkly. "I just can't believe that he allowed poor Harry to be treated that way."

Kingsley was having a hard time keeping his mouth shut. He wanted the Order to know just what a bastard Dumbledore was. The man was too smart not to know just what kind of life Harry had suffered at the hands of his supposed relatives.

***HP

As Remus started straightening the kitchen while Sirius was escorting the rest of the Order to the floo, he was curious as to why Kingsley was still sitting at the table nursing a cup of very strong coffee. Normally the Auror was one of the first to leave, right behind Severus that was. "Everything alright, Kings?"

Sighing, Kingsley placed his mug back on the table. "Not really. I need to talk to you and Black in private."
"Does this have to do with my cub?" Remus asked anxiously. He had noticed that Kingsley had been suspiciously quiet for the past week or so.

Kingsley inclined his head. "We'll discuss is when Black returns."

"Discuss what?" Sirius asked from the door.

Taking a deep breath, Kingsley waved his wand, erecting Auror level privacy wards. "I know where Potter is," he announced.

--- HP

Humming softly, Harry pulled the roast out of the oven. Without skipping a beat, he turned off the stove, carefully grabbed the pot, then went to the sink and drained the boiling water from the potatoes.

"Had a good day?" Tony asked from where he was sitting at the table nibbling on a blueberry tart while watching his son like a hawk while he handled the kitchen knives. "You're awfully chipper."

Turning around, Harry gave his dad a blinding smile. "I had a great day. After training, Nat and Clint showed us around the city, it was pretty awesome. I especially loved the American Museum of Natural History."

"History huh, I didn't know you were into that."

"Neither did I," Harry giggled. "Clint was telling me that there were a lot of cool museums in Washington. DC."

"Sounds like we need to plan a road trip," Tony said with a wink.

"You...you don't have to do that," Harry said shyly. "I don't want to put you out."

Getting up, Tony walked over to his son and affectionately ruffled his hair. "That's not putting me out, kiddo, that's called going on a family trip. I'm actually looking forward to it, I have never really been on a family trip."

"You have never been on a family trip before?" Harry asked with wide eyes.

"A family trip," Tony snorted. "No, more like, going to the same place my father was going while he was working and too busy to spend time with his only son. Don't forget, kiddo, they shipped me off to school as soon as I could wipe my butt on my own."

"I always got left behind with a grumpy old sitter whose house smelled like rotten cabbages," Harry said sadly. "She was nice enough and always fed me good, but she also made me sleep on a couch covered in cat hair and made look through dozens of photo albums featuring her precious felines."

Tony scrunched his face up in disgust. "Well that does it, we are definitely going to go on vacation. Other than museums, what else would you like to do?"

"I would love to see the ocean," Harry answered sheepishly. "I know that I'm terrified of the water, but I always wanted to see the ocean and look for shells. I use to look at the Dursleys ocean vacation pictures and imagined myself being there."

Taking a deep breath to help cool his temper, Tony grinned at his son. "Well lucky for you we have a home in Malibu right on the ocean."
"Really!"

"Really, kiddo. As soon as your doctor gives the green light we'll take the jet and spend a few weeks there."

Groaning, Harry turned around to mash the potatoes. He hated talking to his doctor, he didn't want to talk to anyone about his past or about his cutting. The man was nice and patient, but he had spent the past almost fourteen years keeping everything that was happening to him a secret. It was hard for him to talk about what had happened to him, especially the sexual abuse, he had been trained since he was a toddler to keep his mouth shut.

"I know you don't like it, Harry, but you have to give this therapy thing a chance. I can't lose you, you mean too much to me and I love you."

Harry stopped his mashing to wipe at his eyes. He would never get tired of hearing that, at hearing that he was loved. "I love you too, dad, and I promise to never put you through that again."

Tony couldn't stop himself from grabbing his son and giving him a fierce hug. "I know you haven't had a second alone, but have you felt like cutting yourself at all?"

Harry shifted nervously on his feet. "Just...just once, but I was able to overcome my urge."

With his chin resting on his son's head, Tony closed his eyes against the stinging of his tears. "Can I ask why?"

"It was nothing really."

"Harry," Tony scolded gently.

Harry's shoulders sagged in defeat. "It was last night when Loki and Thor left for Asgard. I hated Loki when he first came here, but now..."

"Now he's family," Tony groaned.

Shrugging his shoulders, Harry gave a small grin. "Maybe even in blood. I guess we will soon find out if I'm actually related to him." Loki and Thor had returned to Asgard to not only test Harry's blood to see if he was related to Loki, but to also petition Oden to release his magic so he could help better protect him for when Dumbledore showed up.

Tony groaned at that, he couldn't believe that he could possibly be related to Loony Loki through his sweet son. As much as his son tried to hide it, he could tell that he was excited over the possibility of having another blood relative. The resemblance was there, that was for sure, Harry looked like the perfect mix of himself, and the crazy God.

Giggling, Harry stepped out of his father's arms so he could finish the dinner. "Loki isn't too bad once you get to know him," he defended.

"Not true," Tony mumbled under his breath.

"And Loki thinks it was his carrier gene that allowed my dad to have me and for me to be a carrier too," Harry continued, ignoring his dad's grumblings. He had been shocked when Loki had admitted to being a carrier himself, it made him feel a lot less like a freak. If Loki, a powerful God, was a carrier and didn't see anything freaky about it, than why should he think that being a carrier made him a freak?
Tony felt his eye start to twitch again at the reminder that his son was a carrier and able to get pregnant. That was something he didn't think he would ever be able to get use to, a male getting pregnant. Maybe he should see about getting the demonic duo neutered. At least right now he didn't have to worry about them getting into any trouble, not with Harry being watched around the clock.

"You're making that face again," Harry grinned.

"What face?" Tony asked innocently, retaking his seat at the table.

"That face you get whenever you hear that I'm a carrier. You don't have to worry about anything, I'll never want to do anything with a guy. Besides, who would want to have me anyway? I'm broken."

Once again Tony was out of seat and gently grabbing his son. "Listen to me, kiddo, you are not broken. You have been hurt badly and have a mountain of shit to work through, but you are not broken. As for who would have you, you don't have to look any farther than those twins of yours. They are hopelessly in love with you."

"Th-They're not," Harry stuttered, his face going red.

Tony snorted. "If you can't see that they love you, than maybe you need glasses again."

Harry felt both excited and terrified at hearing that Fred and George loved him. Maybe his dad was just misreading their body language, the twins were jokesters and flirts after all. He could admit to himself that he had strong feelings for the pair, possibly even loved them, but they would never see him like that. He was just their little brother's pesky best friend.

"You're so adorably clueless," Tony chuckled. "Fine, don't believe me, but I'm your old man and I'm a damn genius. Those two love you."

Physically feeling the heat in his face, Harry went back to plating up the dinner. A part of him, and a very big part of him at that, hoped that his dad was right. He didn't know if he could be in a sexual relationship with anyone, not after everything he had been through, but he trusted the twins one hundred percent, they would never in a million years hurt of abuse him. They would also never pressure him into anything he wasn't ready for. The twins had been the one constant in his life ever since he boarded the Hogwats Express that very first time. They always helped him, never told his secrets, hell, they had even lied to their parents and traveled all the way to America to find him. No one had ever done so much for him.

Hearing the door open, Harry turned to see who it was, his face lighting up when he saw that it was Fred and George.

Tony felt like crying when he saw the look that passed between the three boys. It wasn't that he didn't like the demonic duo, he really did like them, but Harry was just a baby in his eyes. It could be worse though, at least those boys adored his son and would never hurt him. It also helped that they had a healthy dose of fear of him and his team.

Maybe a few hands on reminders on how truly dangerous they were wouldn't hurt, Tony thought evilly.
Chapter 14

I do not own Harry Potter or Marvel

This update wasn't supposed to be posted until Sunday, but i decided to post early as a thank you to all my amazing and wonderful readers who took the time to review. I know i'm guilty of not always reviewing, but reviews really do boost a writer's confidence and gives them a reason to keep writing. I have now reached 1500 reviews for this fic on FF and I'm just blown away. THANK YOU!

Please review.

***HP

Sirius was too worked up to remain calmly in his seat. Getting up, he started pacing the large kitchen. "You expect me to believe that James was a carrier?" he scoffed. "James was my brother in everything but blood, I would have known had he been a carrier, and I sure as hell would have known if he had been pregnant for nine months."

Kingsley knew that telling Black the truth wouldn't be easy, but he hadn't expected the man to take it so hard. "From what I understand, Sirius, Lily couldn't get pregnant so James hooked up with a stranger, a muggle stranger to be precise, at a bar and the two of them spent the night together. Nine months later, baby Harry popped out of James, not Lily."

"I just..." Sirius ran his fingers through his hair in frustration, roughly tugging on it. "James and I shared everything, there wasn't one secret between us. He would had told that he was a carrier."

"That's not exactly something that comes up in normal conversation," Remus said gently.

"Did you know?" Sirius asked, turning on his friend. He wasn't mad at Remus, or the fact that James had actually been Harry's mum, he was just more shocked than anything else, and a bit hurt that James had kept something so important from him.

"No, James never said anything to me," Remus quickly reassured, "but I had been suspicious during Lily's pregnancy. Her scent just wasn't right for a pregnant woman, James' scent on the other hand had been very confusing for me. I had thought perhaps I was just getting them confused, or maybe it was because they were always close together and their scents were just getting mixed together, but James smelled pregnant to me."

Deflating, Sirius collapsed back onto his chair. "It's really true? James birthed Harry and not Lily?"

Kingsley nodded his head. "I had a hard time believing it myself when my brother told me, but when I sat and thought about it, James had been acting strange there for a while."

"Like when he took those couple months off right before Harry was born because of a mysterious injury." Sirius said thoughtfully. "I couldn't understand it at the time, we were partners, I would have known had he been injured out in the field."

"Remember how tired and pale James looked right after we saw him after Harry was born?" Remus added. "I thought it had been because he had just witnessed Lily give birth. Merlin, how did James fool us?"
"He was the ultimate prankster," Sirius chuckled sadly. It was amazing how much it still hurt after all these years thinking about his best friend. He would give anything, anything at all, to be able to turn back time and save his brother. "I just don't understand why he didn't tell us?"

"Times were dark, James couldn't be seen as weak or vulnerable. Maybe it was also to spare Lily?" Remus added thoughtfully. "You remember how everyone was beside themselves because a Potter married a muggle born. It would have been worse had they found out that Lily couldn't conceive."

Sniffling, Sirius rubbed at his eyes, surprised when they came away wet. "So," he said, clearing his throat, "my godson is now with this muggle man?"

"His father?" Kingsley stressed. "Harry is with his biological father."

"Well he can't keep him!" Sirius snapped, a hint of panic in his voice. "We are Harry's true family, he belongs here with us."

Shaking his head, Kingsley looked to Lupin to see if the man felt the same way. As much as these men professed that they loved Harry, they really didn't know him at all. He was worried that they saw James, their dead best friend, in Harry and not just Harry.

"Of course Harry will return," Remus said, trying to calm his volatile friend down. "Harry has to return to Hogwarts for his magical training. This is his home."

"Just for a second," Kingsley said tightly, "I want you to put yourselves in Harry's shoes. Would you want to return after everything that has happened to him and with the threat of Voldemort hanging over his head? What the hell good has the wizarding world ever done for that boy? One minute they are glorifying him, and the next they are crying that he is the next dark lord. Incase you haven't gotten the memo, Dumbledore plans on putting that boy in front of Voldemort to fight him. Harry is just a child, not even James, whose one of the best Aurors on the force, was able to beat him. How the hell can a teen with very little training defeat him if highly trained wizards can't?"

Sirius opened and closed his mouth like a fish out of water. "Dumbledore doesn't expect Harry to defeat him alone," he defended weakly. "He has the Order to help."

Sighing, Remus pinched the bridge of his nose. "Padfoot, think about it. Think of everything that has come out of Dumbledore's mouth the past week. He knew that Harry was being abused and yet he did nothing because he wanted him to be a good little soldier who would sacrifice himself for those who gave him the first bit of affection he has ever known. He wanted Harry broken before he arrived here so he could mold him."

Sirius shook his head in denial even though he knew that Remus was speaking the truth. "This is all because of that damn prophecy!" he spat in disgust.

"This is all because two powerful men believed in that prophecy," Kingsley corrected. "Voldemort believed in the prophecy that's why he went after Harry when he was just a baby, and Dumbledore believes in it enough to throw a child in front of the most evil dark wizard this world has ever know with no real training."

"What aren't you telling us, Kings?" Remus asked shrewdly, his eyes narrowed in suspicion. He was a werewolf, he could scent the apprehension and nervousness on the man.

This was the part Kingsley was dreading the most. Sirius and Remus now knew that James was Harry's mom and that his father was a muggle man, but what they didn't know was how bad the abuse was, or that Harry wanted absolutely nothing to do with the magical world. He never wanted
to leave America or the family that he found there.

"Kingsley," Remus growled.

Taking a deep breath, Kingsley braced himself for the explosion. "The abuse Harry suffered was far worse than what we thought...or could ever imagine. Luckily the men that Harry was left with noticed the signs of abuse immediately and treated his broken arm. What they didn't know, was that Vernon Dursley had taken a belt to Harry's back and whipped him until his back was in shreds."

Paling, Sirius gripped the edge of the table. "I'll kill the bastard," he growled.

Kingsley held up his hand. "It gets worse...a lot worse. Harry didn't tell anyone about the wounds on his back and was able to mask his pain until the wounds started festering and infection got into his blood. He almost died of blood poisoning. It was while Harry was unconscious and being treated that they discovered how truly far the abuse went and how sick Vernon Dursley really was."

"No!" Remus cried breathlessly in denial, bile burning it's way up his throat.

"What?" Sirius cried when he saw that his friend was about to pass out. "What could be worse than..." Sirius froze, his eyes going wide. "Not that," he cried, lunging to his feet. "Dammit, Kings, you better not be..."

"He was raped," Kingsley said gravely, interrupting the Black Lord. "What's worse, it started when Harry was just a small child. Vernon Dursley wasn't the only one to rape Harry, he sold him out to others, including his boss. He allowed the man to rape Harry when he was only six or seven years old just for a promotion at work."

Remus was out of his seat and backing away from the Auror, Moony was too close to taking over and lashing out and he didn't want Kingsley to get hurt. He couldn't believe what he was hearing. His cub, his sweet little Harry, had been sexually abused starting when he was just a baby.

Kingsley ducked under the table when all the windows and breakable dishes exploded, raining bits of glass and ceramic everywhere. Looking to Sirius, who was the cause of the magical explosion, the man looked as though he was in some kind of trance. Fisting his wand tightly, he contemplated stunning the man before he brought the house down on top of them with his volatile and unstable magic.

"Sirius!" Kingsley roared loudly. "You need to get control of yourself before the ministry picks up on your magical explosion. Your godson needs you, and you can't help him if you're soulless because Fudge had the Dementors suck out your soul.

"You expect me to calm down!" Sirius raged, his hair whipping wildly around him thanks to the large amounts of wild magic seeping out of him. "After telling me my godson was molested you expect me to calm down?" he continued to bellow.

"Yes!" Kingsley hollered back. "Harry needs you now more than ever. How are you going to help him if you're dead? I know you're mad, shocked, disgusted, hurt and blaming yourself, but right now you have to put all that aside and help Harry. We need to save that boy from not only Voldemort, but also Dumbledore."

Sirius wild magic died down and the man collapsed back onto his chair. Feeling a hundred years older, he dropped his head into his hands and started crying. "I just don't understand. How could someone be so cruel?"

Getting back to his feet, Kingsley brushed the dust and glass pieces off of his robes then turned to
Lupin whose wolf was dangerously close to the surface. "You with us, Remus?"

Remus' top lip curled back into a snarl before the man was able to stop it. Giving his head harsh a shake to clear it, he jerkily nodded his head. "What is your plan?" he asked roughly, his voice sounding like a growl.

"I will explain my plan in a minute, but first I need you to listen to the rest. I also need you to keep an open mind and to think before speaking," Kingsley instructed. Seeing that he had their attention, even though Sirius still had tears falling from his eyes and looked as though someone had punched him in the gut, Kingsley took a deep breath. "Harry doesn't want to return to our world. He wants to remain in America with his father."

"He...he can't," Sirius stuttered in a panic. "Harry, it's..."

"What's best for him," Remus said sadly, cutting off his friend's rant. "I don't want him to stay in America anymore than you do, Padfoot, but it would be best for him. He will be away from both Dumbledore and Voldemort and he will have a father. You know how desperate that boy is for a parent."

"I...I...we don't even know this man who professes to be our cub's father. What if he's as bad as Dursley?" Sirius cried, his entire body shaking. This couldn't be happening, he couldn't be losing his cub again.

"According to my brother, who is something like an Auror, he claims that Tony Stark is a good man, despite having a big ego," Kingsley explained.

Remus' head snapped up sharply. "Tony Stark...as in the multimillionaire Tony Stark? As in, Iron Man, Tony Stark?"

Kingsley's eyebrows shot up in surprise. "You have heard of him?"

"Who hasn't heard of him?" Remus gasped. "Well, with the exception of witches and wizards," he corrected when both Sirius and Kingsley raised their hands. "The man is a bloody genius."

"Figures you would know who he was," Sirius grumbled. "Bookworms!"

"He also built a metal suit that flies and shoots weapons," Remus shot back snidely. "He's what the muggles call a, super hero. He goes out and saves people and arrests the bad guys."

Leaning back in his chair, Sirius pouted a bit. "Well that sounds cool. Why would Harry want us when he has a cool dad like that?"

"How do you know so much about Tony Stark?" Kingsley asked curiously. "I had never heard of the man until my brother told me about him."

"For the past year I have been a private tutor in the muggle world. Iron Man and his team are all the kids talk about. They even made toys and clothes after them."

"He even has a cool name," Sirius mumbled glumly.

"Do you want to sit here feeling jealous, or do you want to listen to my plan. This time tomorrow Dumbledore will be in New York City where Harry is. Do you think he going to let Harry remain with his dad? Do you think the man will even take Harry's desires or feelings into consideration? He will bring Harry back here by any means necessary."
As desperately as Sirius wanted his godson, he wanted him to be happy even more. If his muggle father was who he wanted to live with, then he would move heaven and earth to see that that was exactly what he got. Harry had been hurt enough, he deserved to live the life that he wanted, with who he wanted to live it with. Hopefully though Harry would have room in his heart life for old Moony and him.

"I'm prepared to do whatever I have to do to see Harry happy," Sirius said passionately. "What's the plan?"

With a slow, slightly evil grin, Kingsley pulled out his wand and pointed it at Sirius.

***HP

With his head down, Harry picked anxiously at his jeans while he sat tensely on the very edge of the small sofa. He had been having these meetings with the psychiatrist for just over a week now and he absolutely hated them.

Dr. Hess waited patiently for the teen to relax, knowing that they could sit there all day and the boy would still be extremely uncomfortable with him. Even though he was more than qualified to treat Stark's son, working with kids this damaged wasn't what he specialized in. He signed on with S.H.I.E.L.D to treat agents with PTSD, evaluate possible new recruits, and to just be there if someone needed to talk, Harry needed someone who specialized in the type of trauma.

"I heard you went out again yesterday with Agents Romanoff and Barton, how did that go?"


"Were you worried that something bad would happen?"

"Something bad always happens," Harry answered numbly.

"You know, Harry, thousands of kids roam the city everyday and nothing bad happens to them."

"I don't think that will make the ones that do get hurt feel any better or help them sleep nightmare free at night," Harry snapped. "Bad things happen to some people more than others. Some of us are just magnets for bad things."

"Do you feel that you're a magnet?"

Scratching at jeans, Harry finally looked up at the doctor. "I don't feel that I am, I know that I am."

"I don't know, finding out that you have a father after being an orphan for thirteen years sounds like a pretty good thing," Dr. Hess pointed out. "Not only that, you earned the respect and the love of the rest of the Avengers. That doesn't sound like someone who is a magnet for bad things."

"Just give it time," Harry said darkly. "Bad things always have a way of catching up to me."

"Maybe it's time for a change," Dr. Hess urged. "Start thinking positive. You have a home, a father, family in the Avengers, you even have those ever faithful twins of yours who I know are lingering outside the door right now ready to burst in if I upset you."

Harry's face got impossibly red. "They're not my twins," he professed yet again. Why did everyone think that Fred and George were his?
Chuckling, Dr. Hess leaned back in his chair and crossed his legs. "No matter how dark life may seem to you, remember, Harry, that you are loved. And if there is one thing worth fighting for, it's love. Don't let your fear of bad things happening to you take that away from you."

Shoulders relaxing, Harry gave the doctor a tentative smile. Maybe the man wasn't so bad after all.

***HP

Standing in front of the mirror, Harry ran his hand down his flawless chest. It was still incredibly weird to see his scarless reflection staring back at him. Since as far back as he could remember his body was littered with scars, scars from all the times his "uncle" abused him. If only it were as easy for Loki to heal the scars on the inside as it was for him to heal the scars on the outside.

"Are you going to get in?"

Tearing himself away from his reflection, Harry turned to Bruce. "I don't do swimming, but I'm going to take Dr. Hess' suggestion and work on one of my fears. I figured putting on the swim trunk was a big enough step for today." He had also never willingly been topless in front of anyone before, not even at school. He always hid his scars from everyone by showering alone and wearing long sleeve shirts, he felt exposed and vulnerable in just swim shorts.

Bruce was incredibly proud of Harry, he was working so hard at getting better. Tony may not like S.H.I.E.L.D's psychiatrist, but from what he could see the man was really helping Harry. Just a day ago Harry wouldn't be caught dead in just shorts or even considering going anywhere near the pool. He could already see an improvement in the boy.

"Why don't you sit poolside with me while we watch your twins try to drown each other?" Bruce suggested with a sly wink.

"They're not my twins," Harry protested for the hundredth time.

Bruce smirked at the flustered boy. "If you say so, but you'll have a hard time convincing your twins that."

Harry reluctantly followed Bruce out of the changing room, his arms wrapped self-consciously around his bare stomach. He was tempted to grab a towel to hide himself in, but hiding wouldn't help. He desperately wanted to be a normal kid with a normal life and hiding your body and being terrified of the water wasn't normal.

Bruce kept a close eye on Harry, he wanted him to do this because it was something that he wanted, but he didn't want Harry to push himself too hard or to get too upset. "Just take a seat and relax, no one is going to force you into the water."

Taking a deep breath and exhaling slowly like Dr. Hess taught him to do, Harry quickly scurried over to a chair about five feet from the pool's edge and sat down. Heart racing, he grabbed a towel that was on the chair next to him and placed it over his stomach.

Clint, who had been standing next to the twins when Harry walked out in just his swim shorts, rolled his eyes at the dumbfounded look on their faces. "Watch what you're looking at," he growled warningly, before pushing both boys into the deep end of the pool.

Shaking his head at the trio, Bruce took a seat next to Harry, squeezing his shoulder as he did so in silent support.

"Are they alright?" Harry asked anxiously as Fred and George resurfaced, coughing and rubbing
water out of their eyes.

"They're fine," Bruce smirked. "Clint was just teaching them a lesson about not daydreaming at the pool."

Sucking in his bottom lip, Harry continued to watch the twins. They seemed ok now, George was even forcing Fred's head back under the water. It looked as though they were having a lot of fun trying to drown each other.

"So I heard your birthday was coming up in two weeks," Bruce said, hoping to distract Harry from the water and help relax him. "The big fifteen."

Harry reluctantly, very reluctantly seeing how good the twins looked dripping wet and wearing only swim shorts, took his eyes off of them and looked to Bruce. "My birthday is the 31st, but it's not a big deal."

"Your birthday is a big deal," Bruce corrected. "What would you like for your birthday? Is there anywhere special you would like to go?"

"I...I don't know," Harry answered softly. "I have always spent my birthdays alone. The Dursleys never celebrated my birthday so I never got a cake, gifts, or got to go anywhere. They always took Dudley somewhere for his birthday, like an amusement park or the zoo."

Bruce had to wrestle the other guy for control. Strangely the other guy didn't want to come out to smash things, he wanted to hold and comfort Harry. He had never known the Hulk to be so caring towards anyone. "Well, if you had to pick something to do or somewhere to go for your birthday, what would you pick?"

Fidgeting in his seat, Harry shrugged his shoulders as he picked at the towel on his lap. "I...I don't know. I really don't need anything for my birthday and I don't need to go anywhere."

Bruce knew Harry well enough by now to know when he was lying. There was something that he wanted, but he was too shy to ask for it. He had no doubt that Harry believed that he didn't deserve a birthday cake, presents or to go somewhere special, but there was something that he wanted.

"You know your dear, old, crazy dad is going to want to go overboard for your birthday," Bruce pointed out. "He feels that he has to make up for every birthday that he has ever missed. It would be easier on yourself to just ask for something, or else he's going to go crazy and you're going to be drowned in presents. You see how free Tony is with his money."

Harry smiled softly at that. It was a bit overwhelming, but also very exciting. He still wasn't use to people caring so much about him. "It's really stupid what I want and I'm sure Pepper would have a fit. Heck, you will probably have a fit."

Bruce raised a single eyebrow. "Try me. It can't be that bad."

Seeing the sincerity in the man's eyes, Harry decided to confess to him. Dr. Hess had been trying to get him to be more open and to talk with his family and trusted friends. "Back at Hogwarts I was on the house Quidditch team. Quidditch is a wizarding sport played on flying broomsticks and it's the best sport ever. I was the youngest person to make a house team in over a century. I was a seeker and my job was to catch a very tiny, flying golden ball that's darn near impossible to see. Whichever team's seeker catches the snitch wins 150 points so it's an almost guaranteed win."
“Were you good?”

Harry gave Bruce a blinding smile. “I was really good. I only lost once, but that was only because these really dark creatures flew out onto the pitch and made me fall from my broom.” Harry shook his head when Bruce opened his mouth to ask questions about it. “I’ll tell that story later, but let me finish this first.”

“As much as I love quidditch,” Harry continued. “It’s the flying I love the most. There is just something so exhilarating and freeing being hundreds of feet in the air racing over a hundred miles per hour.”

“I’ll have to take your word on that,” Bruce chuckled. “I prefer to do all my flying safely inside an airplane. You’re a lot like your…” Freezing mid sentence, Bruce smirked at the soon to be fifteen year old. “That’s it, isn’t it? You want to go flying with your dad in one of his Iron Man suits?”

“No.. I mean yes. I dunno,” Harry answered feeling flustered. “I don't want lasers or missiles, or anything like that, I just want to see what it’s like flying in one of his suits. I know, it’s a totally stupid idea. Please don’t say anything to my dad.”

Bruce just smiled at the boy, making no promises. He would tell Tony because he knew that the man would love to take Harry flying. Tony was a genius, he could find a way to program one of his suits so he could take control of it from Harry if needed. Harry hadn’t asked for a single thing since he moved in, this was one birthday wish that he would make sure was granted.

“Hey, Harry!” George yelled from the top diving board. The pool had three diving boards, each one higher than the other. “You’re so cute that I can’t help but to fall for you.” With that, George stepped to the edge of the board, held his arms out to his sides, gave Harry a wink, then tipped right over, falling thirty feet down into the water.

“Show off!” Fred yelled down at his brother. “Hey, Harriekins, I’m head over heels for you.” Unlike with George, Fred ran to the edge of the board, jumped high, then rocketed back into the air where he did three flips, landing head first into the water.

Gasping, Harry jumped up and ran to the edge of the pool to make sure Fred and George were alright, completely forgetting about his fear of the water.

Laughing, Bruce followed Harry to the edge of the pool and stood right next to him. “See, I told you they were your twins. Deny it all you want, but those boys love you.”

***HP

“This is crazy!” Remus whispered, panic clear in his voice. “You're going to get Sirius killed.”

Kingsley looked up and down the dark path, his eyes even flicking up towards the night sky. So far so good, no Aurors or Dementors. “It’s a completely crazy idea,” he admitted as he bent down to pick up the stunned animagus. “But we don’t have time to think up a better or safer plan.”

“I can’t believe that you stunned Sirius and forced him into Padfoot.” Remus exclaimed, still reeling in shock from Kingsley’s fast wand work.

“We’re standing in the woods outside Amelia Bones’ house in the middle of the night and it's me stunning Sirius that has you worried?”

“Good point?” Remus nodded jerkily. “What now?”
“Now we try to get Amelia to not only open her door and let us in, but to also listen to us and Sirius and pray that she sides with him. If not, we’re all looking at Azkaban.”

“Do you think she will listen?”

“Here’s hoping,” Kingsley grunting, tossing the grim over his shoulder. “She’s a good woman and she’s not corrupt like Fudge, she should listen.”

“Should?” Remus repeated weakly as he followed the Auror to the door.

***HP

Tony bolted upright when a hand clamped over his mouth. “Easy, Tony, it’s just me.”

“Son of a bitch, Cap,” Tony swore softly, looking to the bed next to him to make sure he hadn’t woken Harry. He was actually sleeping pretty good for a change. “Are you trying to give me a damn heart attack?”

“Sorry,” Steve grimaced, “but the team’s been called in.”

Tony was instantly alert and out of bed. Walking swiftly, but quietly, he exited Harry’s room, closing the door softly behind him. “What's going on?”

“I don't have all the details,” Steve explained. “Fury has called everyone in and said to be suited up and ready to ship out within the hour. I know yesterday he was following a disturbance in Germany.”

“Fuck!” Tony growled, this was their first time getting called in on a job since Harry arrived. “I can’t leave him.”

Steve placed his heavy hand on Tony’s shoulder. “We don't expect you to, nor do we want you to. Harry needs you and he comes first. Whatever this is, we can handle it on our own.”

Tony didn’t like this, he didn’t like the team going without him, but there was no way in hell he could leave his son, not after his suicide, and not what the wizards coming. “I'll have Jarvis link me to your coms so I can hear everything that is going on. Be careful.”

“I'll take care of everyone,” Steve reassured.

“The green guy will take care of me,” Bruce said tightly. “You just worry about Harry.” He really didn't want to leave Harry, this was happening at the worst possible time.

Tony reached out and grabbed Bruce’s arm when he went to leave. “You better bring yourself back in one piece...for Harry,” he quickly added when Bruce looked at him strangely.

“Don't worry, I'll make it back...to Harry,” Bruce reassured with a small smirk.

Both Tony and Bruce silently stared at each other for a few minutes before Bruce reclaimed his arm and took a few steps back.

“Did we just have a moment?” Tony joked awkwardly. “Because, that totally felt like a moment to me. The way you looked deeply into my eyes as if you wanted to kiss me or something. That had to be a moment.”

Groaning, Bruce turned away and headed for the door. “That was not a moment, you jackass,” he yelled over his shoulder. Despite what he said, it had felt like a moment to him too.
I decide to update this a day early since tomorrow is going to be a bit hectic for me. There's also a chance that I may miss a few Sunday update...sorry. I breed dairy goats and the next two months there will be a lot of births and a lot of playing with little baby goats. I'm going to do my best to update something, probably this, but I can't guarantee it.

PLEASE REVIEW

***HP

"Eight cups of strong coffee back to back can't be healthy," Tony mumbled to himself as he rubbed at his tired eyes. "Jarvis, how's Harry?"

"He's in the shower, sir," Jarvis answered.

Unable to go back to sleep after his team left, Tony had decided to trust Harry on his own while he moved out to the kitchen to where he could keep track of and listen to his team. Of course he only pestered Jarvis every five minutes asking to him to check in on his son and he even activated the surveillance camera a few times to physically see his son for himself. He didn't want to stare at the cam the entire time like some creeper, so he only peeked in occasionally.

"I don't know what he was talking about?" Tony grumbled as he absently picked at a muffin with a frown on his face. "That was totally a moment and he knew it. Those warm brown eyes of his were just begging for me to take him into my arms and kiss him like he has never been kissed before. He wants me alright, he just doesn't want to admit it."

"Who wants you, dad?"

Dropping the muffin, Tony spun around and gave his son an awkward smile. "Everyone wants your old man, kiddo, I'm just that sexy."

"Too much info, dad," Harry grimaced. "I was a little shocked when I woke and found my room empty. Is everything alright?" Shocked was putting it lightly, he had actually panicked when he woke to find his room empty. His dad slept in his room with him every night, but sometimes he would rise before him to go work in his workshop, so either Bruce or Clint would take over guard duty. It scared him when he opened his eyes to find an empty room.

"Just because I wasn't there doesn't mean that I wasn't keeping a close eye on you," Tony clarified. "I had Jarvis reporting to me every five minutes and I checked the surveillance camera multiple times."

"Surprised you didn't watch the Harry Show the entire time," Harry snorted.

"That's a good one," Tony laughed. "The Harry show." Shaking his head, Tony pushed the chair across from him out with his foot and motioned for his son to take a seat.

Harry looked between his father and the chair warily. "Dad, is something wrong. Is...is it Dumbledore? Has he finally found me?" Harry placed his hand over his heart, the organ pounding erratically and harshly in his chest. This couldn't be happening. Dumbledore couldn't have found him already.

"No," Tony quickly reassured when all the color bled out of his son's face. What kind of bastard
must that man be to cause such a violent reaction in his son?

Legs giving out, Harry collapsed onto the chair. "Something's wrong, I can tell by the look on your face. Did something bad happen?"

"Nothing bad happened," Tony started gently, "but the team did get called in for a mission early this morning."

"A mission!" Harry gasped breathlessly, his stomach feeling as though someone had punched him in the gut. "Are... Are you leaving too?"

Tony was on his feet and kneeling beside his son as quick as his legs would carry him. "You're not getting rid of me that easily," he joked despite his smile not quite reaching his eyes. "It's nothing, they'll probably be back before you go to bed tonight."

"But you're worried," Harry pointed out nervously. "You wouldn't be worried if it was nothing."

Tony wasn't going to tell Harry that it had to be something big for Fury to call in the Avengers. Fury only called them in when the missions were too dangerous for normal agents. "I'm not worried," he lied. "Spangles will take care of Ginger Snaps and Legolas, and we both know that the big guy is having the time of his life smashing shit. Everyone will be just fine."

Harry gave his father a watery smile. "Promise?" he asked, cringing when his voice came out sounding childlike. He couldn't help it, he was worried to death over his new family. Everyone had come to mean so much to him... he loved them all.

Tony couldn't make that promise, anything could happen while out on a mission. Captain was pretty damn invincible, same with Bruce, but Clint and Natasha were just highly trained and gifted agents, they had no super serum running through their veins or green monsters taking over their bodies. "Are you kidding me?" he said, hoping to reassure his son without having to make a promise that he couldn't keep. "We took out Loki and a fleet of really scary looking and smelly aliens, a couple of human bag guys will be child's play for them."

Taking a couple of deep, shaky breaths, Harry nodded his head. He should have known something bad was going to happen, something bad always happens. What if one of them died? He didn't even get a chance to say goodbye. Breathing getting hard and his vision blurring, Harry slid off of his chair and onto his father's lap.

Fred came crashing into the kitchen in only his boxers. "Harry!" he cried in agony when he spotted the love of his life on the floor... just like how he had been when he had slit his wrists a few weeks ago. He had been dead asleep when the feeling of despair, panic and grief came crashing over him. Not caring that he was only in his boxers, he had leapt out of bed and went running to find his soul mate.

"He's alright," Tony called out quickly as he patted and rocked his panicking son. "He's just having a panic attack."

A disheveled looking George came flying into the kitchen, also wearing only his boxers. He had been violently woken when his twin had woken with a cry and went flying out of the room.

Knowing that his brother would assume the same thing as he had, that Harry had once again slit his wrists, Fred quickly grabbed him and pulled him into his arms. "He's alright, Georgie, he's alright. Harry is only having a panic attack. You know what to do."

"Sweet Merlin," George mumbled shakily, his face as white as a ghost. "I'll get the potion," he said,
reluctantly pulling out of his brother's comforting arms and exiting the kitchen.

Tony was trying to calm his son, but nothing he said was helping. Harry had taken Thor and Loki leaving pretty bad, but losing the rest of his family was destroying him. "Please breath, Harry, everything will be alright. The team knows what they are doing, this is what they were trained for. Mother wouldn't want you crying and having a panic attack over him, he loves you."

Still feeling shaky, Fred took a seat on the cold kitchen floor next to Harry and his father. "Turn him around so his back is to your chest and rub right over his heart as you rock him back and forth," he instructed, itching to take his mate into his arms himself but knowing that Tony wouldn't give him up.

"Excuse me?" A wide eyed Tony asked.

"This isn't our first time dealing with one of Harry's panic attacks," Fred informed. "That position calms him the fastest and George ran to our room to get a Calming Draught. It's a potion that will help calm and relax him."

Tony awkwardly turned his son as Fred instructed and started rocking him while rubbing his chest. "Is the potion safe?"

"Do you think we would give Harry something that would hurt him?" Fred snapped angrily. "He means more to us than anything else in this world and we wouldn't harm a hair on his beautiful little head. The potion is harmless, remaining like this isn't."

George came rushing back into the kitchen with the potion and two pairs of sweat pants. Tossing one pair to Fred, he got down on his knees in front of Harry and started talking softly to him. "Easy there, Harry, it's me George. I want you to concentrate on my voice and try to relax." Placing the potion vial at Harry's lips, he pressed very gently until his mate opened his mouth. Carefully, so as not to choke him, he dribbled the potion into his mouth then massage his throat to help encourage him to swallow.

"The Calming Draught will start working in just a minute or two," Fred explained. "What happened to cause such a bad attack"

With his cheek buried in his son's hair, Tony continued to rock him as he rubbed on his chest. He didn't know if it was just his imagination, but it already felt as though the tension was leaving Harry's body. "The team got called in early this morning. I knew he wouldn't take the news well, but I didn't think it would be this bad."

With his heart still pounding in his chest from being woken so violently and then thinking that Harry had tried to kill himself again, Fred shakily pulled on his sweat pants then took a seat on the floor next to his brother. "I have never seen Harry as happy as he has been here," he explained. "You and everyone else here are what he has dreamed of having all his life. He's absolutely terrified of losing the family that he has found here."

"Even though he has always dreamed of having a loving family," George continued sadly, "he always believed that he didn't deserve one...that he wasn't worthy. If he loses you all now, it will destroy him."

"I'm not going anywhere, kiddo," Tony chanted as his own tears fell. He had done more crying since his son showed up than what he had done in his entire life. He didn't even shed a single tear when his parents died.
"I'm sorry," Harry whimpered softly. "I just got really scared when I thought about never seeing
Bruce and everyone else ever again."

"Hey, no need to apologize, little chef, I cried like a baby when I thought I would never see you
again. Harry, you don't realize how much you have come to mean to us. Never be ashamed of being
scared, especially when it comes to the safety of your loved ones. I know it's scary and dangerous,
but the team knows what they're doing and helping people and hurting the bad guys is what they live
for."

"I know, and they're great guys for helping people," Harry said feeling much better now thanks to
the calming draught. "I knew that the team would get called in again, it just caught me by surprise. I
just hope everyone is alright."

Tony tapped his finger against his ear then smiled down at his son. "As of fight now, everyone is
perfectly fine. I linked Jarvis to their coms so I can hear hear everything that is going on."

Harry brightened up at hearing that. "You're not just saying that are you? Everyone is safe?"

Tony internally cringed at the question. As of right now everyone was fine, but they weren't exactly
safe. They were infiltrating a Hydra base and those bastards had some sneaky tricks up their sleeves.
"Their all currently safe and I promise to keep you up to date with what's happening."

Accepting his father's words, Harry looked around the kitchen, noticing Fred and George for the first
time. Seeing that they were topless and wearing only low hung sweats, he blushed brightly and
dropped his eyes to the floor. "I guess it's just the four of us for breakfast?" Pepper stopped in every
once in a while, but ever since she started dating some guy seriously, she moved back to her own
apartment so she could have some privacy.

"I could order in breakfast?" Tony suggested as he his son got shakily to his feet.

Harry looked around the kitchen thinking about the offer. "No, I think I'll make us all up a traditional
English breakfast. I need something to do to keep my mind off of worrying about everyone."

"Sounds delicious," Tony said, licking at his lips. "While we wait, you demons can go and get some
clothes on before I have to get creative with a staple gun and the table cover."

Saluting, Fred and George jumped to their feet and quickly sped out of the room.

***HP

"I should have your wand for this," Amelia hissed, glaring at one of her best Aurors.

"Why take his wand?" Sirius growled from where he was sitting, spelled tied to a chair. He had just
spent the past two hours, not only telling Amelia Bones the truth, but also showing her memories and
allowing her to question him under Veritaserum. He had thought for sure that she had believed him.

"Because," Amelia spat, still glaring angrily at Kingsley. "Not only did he know where a wanted
fugitive was and kept it a secret, but he is also working for Albus Dumbledore when he knows that
working for others, such as Dumbledore and his Order, is forbidden as an Auror. Albus Dumbledore
is not the Minister of Magic or the head of the DMLE, he is a school headmaster with too many
names and a couple of fancy titles. I admit that the man is powerful, but he is not the law."

Kingsley bowed his head in acceptance knowing that he would be punished for his actions.

"He's a manipulative bastard," Sirius murmured.
Amelia pointed at the escaped convict with her wand. "Finally figured it out, have you?" she said icily. "Lord Black, I apologize for everything that has happened to you for the past fifteen years and I will see that you are freed, but the chances of you gaining full custody of your godson are pretty slim, at least not without extensive counseling and psych evaluations. Albus Dumbledore is also his magical guardian and he has a lot of power and, if you try to contest him, there is a good chance that Fudge will step in and declare the both of you unfit and he will make Harry a ward of the Ministry. The man is almost desperate to get Harry Potter under his control, so much so that he has even appointed Deloris Umbridge this year's Defense Against the Dark Arts teacher."

"But that's not fair," Sirius protested. "Harry is my godson, James wanted me to raise him if something happened to him and Lily. Dumbledore just wants to stick him in front of Voldemort to get him killed."

With a flick of her wand, Amelia vanished the ropes she had placed around Sirius Black the second Kingsley had turned him back into his human form. She had been shocked when her Auror had shown up at her house at midnight with Remus Lupin and Sirius Black in his animagus form. She wasn't just shocked, she was also very angry and very hurt. She had trusted Kingsley and it hurt knowing that he had been going behind her back to work for Dumbledore.

"What about this new muggle father of his," Remus questioned, breathing a hell of a lot easier now that Sirius was no longer tied to the chair.

"Harry is the only heir to the Potter Lordship, as such, his magical guardian trumps his muggle father."

"He's also the only Black heir," Sirius pointed out. "Shouldn't that, plus being his godfather, guarantee me custody of him."

"It would, had you not spent twelve years being fed on by Dementors," Amelia explained patiently. She hadn't been head of the DMLE at the time Black had been incarcerated, yet she still felt responsible for his false imprisonment. She had been an aurora at the time so she should have known that he had been sent to Azkaban without a trial.

Sirius hung his head fighting back his tears. "So what, we just allow Dumbledore to force Harry to return and fight old snake face?"

"First, we need to get you cleared," Amelia explained. "I want you to return to wherever it was you were hiding and await my owl. I'm going to take your memories and my memories to Minister Fudge and request an emergency Wizengamot hearing. With any luck, Dumbledore will be out hunting for Harry so we won't have him trying to delay the trial. Hopefully your name will be cleared before he returns with your godson."

"I know it's not what you want to do, but as soon as you're cleared I want you to willingly check yourself into St. Mungos for a complete physical and a psychological evaluation. You need to prove that you are physically and mentally capable of taking care of a child."

"That's not our only problem," Kingsley said speaking up, mindful of the fact that he was probably going to lose his job first thing in the morning. "My brother, who holds a position similar to your own, Madam Bones, informed me that Harry's biological father is very powerful with even more powerful team mates...including the Asgardian Gods, Thor and Loki. If Harry is taken from him, we are looking at a war with not only powerful and incredibly trained and gifted muggles, but also gods that we don't stand a chance of beating."

"You're joking?" Sirius cried. "Asgard isn't real, it's just a myth."
Kingsley raised his eyebrows incredulously at the animagus. He would have thought, seeing as Sirius was a Black, that he would have known his wizarding history better. Every pureblood knew that one of the theories on how they got their magic was from breeding with Asgards visiting their planet. "I assure you, this is no joke. One thing my brother does not do is joke. If he said that two gods from Asgard will come down on us from kidnapping Potter, than you better damn well believe that that is exactly what will happen. Nick may be a squib, but he is very smart and very powerful.

Taking off her glasses, Amelia pinched the bridge of her nose. All she had wanted to do after she left the office that day was enjoy a nice dinner with her niece, Susan, soak in a very hot bubbly tub for and hour, then sleep until she was forced to wake and repeat her day all over again. Had that been too much to ask for? "It's not a good situation, but there is nothing that can be done about it now. Go home and I will get in contact with you in the next day or two."

Narrowing her eyes, Amelia glared once again at Kingsley. "I want to see you in my office first thing in the morning and you better spend the rest of the night thinking over who you truly want to work for, me, or Dumbledore," Amelia held up her hand when Kingsley went to open his mouth. "Tomorrow," she barked. "I have had enough for one night. Good day gentlemen."

***HP

"Do you think the brat is in there?" Severus sneered as he stared up at the large skyscraper. He was sick and tired of looking for the boy, he just wanted to find him so they could finish this damn war. He was done with his double life and done with teaching moronic children, he just wanted to retire, move far away, possibly here to America, and spend his life inventing new potions. He didn't spend years of his life apprenticing to become a potions master just so he could teach children who had no love for the amazing art of potion brewing.

Grinning through his beard, Albus nodded his head. "Harry is here, I can feel his magic, Severus." Harry's wasn't the only magic he could feel, there were a few others, but one had him greatly concerned. The magic he could feel was immensely powerful, the most powerful he had ever felt and it reminded him almost of Harry's, but there was a dangerous darkness to it. The magic was also very different, unlike anything he had ever felt before. Luckily the magic wasn't fresh, which meant that whomever the magic belonged to hasn't been around for a few days.

Severus eagerly fingered his wand. "So what's your plan? This isn't a regular home where we can just knock on the door and demand that the brat comes with us."

Albus patted his potions master on the shoulder. "There will be no demanding, Harry will be more than happy to come with us. We are his family after all."

"And then what are your plans for the brat?"

Sighing tiredly, Albus turned to look back at Stark Tower. "As much as it pains me, knowing how he was treated, I think it would be best if Harry is returned to his relatives until at least mid August. He needs the protection of the blood wards until he is ready to confront Voldemort."

Severus shivered at the mention of the Dark Lord's name. Ever since the man had been resurrected, his life has become a living hell. The Dark Lord was even more insane now than what he had been when he attacked the Potters and killed his best friend, Lily, and he handed out crucious like Santa Claus handed out Christmas presents to good little boys and girls. He didn't know how much more his body could take.

"Keep your wand at the ready," Albus warned. "We know that Harry is no longer with his relatives, but we don't know what kind of people he is with. I don't want to upset the American Minister by
"Like my wand isn't always at the ready," Severus mumbled under his breath, surprised that Dumbledore was suggesting using magic on muggles. He himself had no love for muggles and didn't much care what happened to them, but the great Albus Dumbledore was a muggle lover to the extreme.

***HP

Pen slipping from her hand, the secretary at the front desk of Stark Tower looked up in aghast. "What the hell?" she murmured to herself when a man with an exceptionally long white beard walked in the door wearing a pale purple and muddy green suit with red shoes. She didn't even know that they made suits in such atrocious colors. Was the circus in town or something?

"Hello, young lady," Albus said jovially to the woman behind the front desk. "Care for a lemon drop?" he asked, extending his wrinkled hand out with the sweet inside of it. These lemon drops were from his special stash and laced with a small amount of Veritaserum.

The woman's face scrunched up in disgust. "My father taught me when I was three to never take candy from strangers. What can I help you with today?"

Frowning slightly, Albus pocketed his candy. Maybe he would have better luck with chocolate, not as many people seemed to appreciate lemon as much as him. "You see, I am a headmaster to a private school in Scotland and I'm here looking for one of my students. It has recently come to my attention that he has been mistreated by his relatives who forced him to move here to America. I'm here to check up on him and escort him back before the start of the new term."

"This isn't an apartment complex," the secretary explained. "The only one who lives here is Tony Stark. There are no children here."

Scratching his beard, Albus looked around the grand room. He knew that Harry was here, he could easily sense his magic. If he wasn't mistaken, which he very seldom was, a troublesome set of red haired twins were also here. He had always been exceptionally good at sensing magic, and once he got a taste of someones magic he never forgot it. Fred and George Weasley weren't visiting with Mr. Jordan like they told their parents, they were here with Harry.

Pulling out a Daily Prophet that he had charmed not to move, Albus showed her a picture of Harry taken during the TriWizard Tournament. "This is the child I'm looking for, his name is Harry Potter, he's fourteen years old, and I'm afraid that he is in great danger. It really is of the utmost importance that I find him."

Severus quickly pulled out his wand and cast an oblivate on the muggle woman.

"Severus?" Albus questioned.

"She was getting ready to call security," Severus explained, having read the woman's thoughts. "Potter is here, but his presence is being kept a secret. For some strange reason, she believes that Potter's biological father's is this muggle man, Tony Stark."

"That's impossible," Albus said, paling slightly. If James wasn't Harry's real father but some muggle man, then there was a scary possibility that Harry wasn't the prophecy child. Thinking that over for a minute, he decided that blood didn't always matter. If James loved that boy as a true son, which he undeniably did, then as his step-father the prophecy still referred to Harry. Voldemort did mark him as his equal after all.
"Do you know where in this building young Harry is?" Albus asked anxiously. There was a good chance that the American Ministry picked up on Severus' oblivate.

"I do, he's on one of the top floors. We will have to take an elevator to get there, but I'm pretty sure that we will be able to apparate out or use the portkey."

***HP

Yawning, Harry allowed his head to drop onto George's shoulder. Shifting a bit more to get comfortable, his eyelids started to droop.

"Come on, how could you possibly be falling asleep during this awesome cartoon, mini me?" Tony asked incredulously. "These kids are freaking brilliant."

Yawning again, Harry smiled sheepishly at his father. "I'm sorry, I guess I'm just too tired to appreciate Phineas and Ferb. I do like it though, especially their goofy father."

"Those freaky haired kids are giving us a few creative ideas," Fred and George said with a wink.

"Now you're thinking my way," Tony beamed. "The three of us combined could be very dangerous in my lab." Ever since the truth about his son's magic was revealed, he had gotten a taste at how wonderfully wicked and brilliant the demonic duo could be. He couldn't wait for them to teach him all about potion making, even though he would never be able to brew anything himself. There was so much about magic that he wanted to learn, but he knew that Harry wasn't ready to talk much about magic yet. It was a shame that he hated something that was so very special about himself.

"Sir, there are two uninvited guests making their way up in the elevator," Jarvis warned. "I tried to stop the elevator, but something was blocking me."

Harry was first to his feet, his heart pounding hard in his chest. "It's him!" he cried fearfully.

"Jarvis, did you see what they looked liked?" Tony asked briskly as he pulled his trembling son into his arms.

"Yes, sir, one is an older male with a long beard, and the other is a male with long black hair and a rather large, hooked nose."

"Snape," Fred and George spat in disgust.

Tony tried to push Harry into the twins arms, but his son refused to let go of him. "Take him to my workshop and seal the doors," he ordered shortly.

Harry vigorously shook his head no. "It won't stop them, they will be able to get through any of your locks."

"Harry, go to my workshop!" Tony ordered, this time forcefully pushing him into George's arms. "I will take care of your headmaster and this other man."

Taking a couple deep breaths, Harry pulled away from George. "I'm not leaving you with them. You don't realize how powerful Dumbledore is."

"Harry," Tony growled. "I need you safe. Go to the..." Tony stopped mid sentence when he heard the elevator stop. "You stay behind me and let me handle this," he hissed.

Looking fearfully at the elevator, Harry nodded his head. He had hoped and prayed that Dumbledore
wouldn't find him, but once again his prayers went unanswered. "Dad, always remember that I love you. These past two months have been the best in my life and I'll always treasure them."

"Stop talking like you will never see me again, kiddo," Tony said around the lump in his throat. "I'm not going to let them take you away from me."
I sincerely apologize for last updates cliffie, I hate cliffhangers. I thought that I would have had more time to write, but things came up and it was either post that, or post nothing. I must admit though, I got a shit ton reviews because it was a cliffie, maybe I should look into doing it more often…….insert evil cackle!

Hope you enjoy this and I apologize for all the mistakes, I'm very busy with the goats right now. For those that haven't friended me on Facebook, Potter Obsessed, I have had 18 baby goats born so far with 4 more mommas left to give birth. Next week I will start milking some of the mommas which will cut into more of my writing time. Just bare with me and be patient.

I wasn't going to post this until Sunday, but I decided to be nice.

PLEASE REVIEW

***HP

Smiling sadly and reaching out for Fred and George's hands, Harry looked to the elevator when the doors started to open. He knew that this was the end, that Dumbledore was going to take him away from his dad. Tony was tough, but he was also just a muggle going up against two powerful wizards. Maybe if Loki had been here he could have stopped them, but it was just him, his dad, and the twins, not very good odds at all.

Tony didn't know what he had been expecting with the way everyone had been playing the Dumbledore fool up, but it sure as hell hadn't been a Gandalf wannabe dressed as a color blind clown. This ancient man was the man his son was so terrified of?

"Gentlemen, it's awfully rude to enter a person's house uninvited," Tony said shortly, making sure that he was standing protectively in front of his son. "And it's even more rude to just barge in without even knocking."

Dumbledore held up his hand when Severus opened his mouth to say something...something more than likely uncalled for and sarcastic. "Harry, my dear, dear, wonderful boy, you have had us all very worried. We have been searching for you for weeks."

"Uhm, hello!" Tony cried, waving his arms wildly in the air. "I do believe that I was lecturing you on your lack of manners and extreme rudeness."

"Fred, George," Albus called, his eyes losing their twinkle from disappointment. "I'm extremely disappointed to find the two of you here when you're supposed to be at visiting Mr. Jordan."

"Not as disappointed as we are to see you, Headmaster," The twins said dryly at the same time.

"Why you insolent..."

"Calm now, Severus," Albus reprimanded. "We will leave them to their mother. I'm sure that she will be able to sort them out in no time."

Harry squeezed the twins hands to keep them from saying anything. Snape was looking for a fight, he didn't want to make the situation harder on his father.
"I don't know who the hell you think you are," Tony snapped, "but you don't just barge into someone's private home. Please leave now before I toss you out...through the window." he added, cracking his knuckles.

"I'd like to see you try," Severus scoffed, staring down his long, hooked nose at the muggle.

"Excuse my rudeness," Albus said, finally addressing the muggle. "I was just so relieved to find three of my missing students that I forget myself there for a moment. I'm the Headmaster at young Harry's and the Weasley boys' school, Albus Dumbledore. I'm not exactly sure how they ended up in your care, but we have come to take them home with us." Smiling jovially, Albus extended his hand to the muggle to shake.

Tony looked down at the offered hand in disgust. All he could think about was this was the man that left his precious baby son with that vile monster knowing that he would be abused. He may not have known that he would be abused to such a horrific extent, but that still didn't make it right. No kid should be abused, not even just verbally.

Shaking his head, Tony took his eyes off the wrinkly hand and looked the bastard back in the eyes. "Yeah, that's not going to happen. I don't shake hands with child abusers."

Albus jerked his hand back as though he had touched fire. "Excuse me, but I have never harmed a child in my life. I have devoted my life to nurturing young minds and helping those in need."

"With the exception of my son," Tony pointed out bluntly.

Albus' eyes widened slightly when he looked between the muggle and Harry and saw the scary resemblance. Harry was almost a clone of the man. Had Lily cheated on James? Lily was such a good girl, he never would have pegged her for a cheater. It was plain to tell by the man's defensive stance that he honestly believed that Harry was his son and he was prepared to protect Harry from him at all costs.

"James Potter," Severus spat the name out like it was something dirty, "is the brat's no good father, not you."

Tony smiled smugly at the ugly man. "No, Squidward, James Potter was the mother to my handsome, sweet, and loving son. I am Harry's biological father. Incase your small brain can't comprehend what I'm saying because of all the grease in your hair, let me simplify it for you. Me, James, a bar, drinks, hotel room, amazing sex, all night long. Do you get the picture now?"

Albus gasped in shock. Not only was James Potter a carrier, but Harry had broken the Statute of Secrecy and revealed the magical world to a muggle. He was so shocked that he didn't what to address first, James being a carrier, or Harry breaking the law. Harry had to have broken the law for this man to know that a rare few male wizards could get pregnant.

"Lies!" Severus roared. "James Potter is the brat's father and Lily Evans was his mother. I have not wasted my life working at Hogwarts to look after a child that wasn't my Lily's."

"Dude, you still carry a torch for a woman who has been dead for almost fourteen years?" Tony smirked. "A woman that chose another man over you? Not that I can't blame her and all what with that exceptionally large honker of yours."

"You liked my mo...I mean Lily?" Harry asked shocked and a bit disgusted. To think, if Lily had really been his mother, and if she had married Snape instead of James Potter, he could be Harry Snape.
"Now, now, sweet Harrikens," Fred coo'd patting him on the shoulder. "I know what you're thinking. Don't torture yourself so, old, ugly Snape face isn't your daddy."

"You're way to cute and delicate to sport such a honker," George added with a wink.

Tony's lips quirked up in a mischievous smile. "If my darling baby boy had a honker like that, his mega rich daddy would have had it properly fixed for him. Not that a Stark would pass such an unsightly deformity onto their children."

"Enough!" Albus said sternly, pushing some of his magic into his voice. The situation was quickly getting out of hand and he knew that Severus was at the point where it would be almost impossible to stop him from cursing the smart mouth muggle.

"We got off onto a bad start here, and I must admit that it was my fault," Albus continued. "First I was relieved to find my missing students, and then I was shocked to find that James was a carrier and that young Harry here has a non magical father. You must excuse me for learning such shocking news."

"I don't need magic to be dangerous," Tony snarled defensively.

"I think we all just need to take a deep breath and to calm down." Albus said with a smile. Looking past the muggle, Albus took in Harry's appearance. "You look good, my boy. How has your summer been so far?" Harry did look exceptionally well. He had gained a few pounds, his complexion wasn't as pale and as gaunt, and he was wearing nice clothes that actually fit him for once.

"Of course he looks good," Tony growled, once again stepping in front of his son and blocking the old man's view of him. "I feed my child and don't abuse him, maybe if you would have checked in on him, you would have known how badly he was being abused."

"Maybe we should start at the beginning," Albus suggested, hoping to calm the muggle. "Harry, how long have you known that Lily wasn't your mother?"

"Just this summer, sir," Harry answered honestly. "Those people," he spat, "found Lily's diary where she wrote everything down, including the name of my real father."

"Harry," Albus scolded, "I know that there was no love between the Dursleys and yourself, but they did take you in and gave you a home for close to fourteen years. Please show them just a little bit of respect."

Flinching as if struck, Harry turned to George and buried his face in his neck. He knew that Dumbledore didn't know the extent of the abuse, but the man knew that he had been abused and yet he was scolding him and telling him to show those vile monsters some respect. What was wrong with Dumbledore? Why did he hate him so much?

"Respect!" Tony roared like a lion, he was done playing around. "That fat fuck raped my boy when he was only six years old and he continued to rape and beat him until he sold him off to me. And if that wasn't bad enough, he sold my son to other sick perverts like himself."

Paling, Albus stumbled to the couch and collapsed onto it. "I didn't know," he mumbled numbly. "I thought it was just hateful words, a few beatings, and food being withheld. I never would have suspected the man of such dark acts. I-I don't know what to say, Harry."

Tony was visibly vibrating with anger. "I want you and your big nosed, greasy haired minion to get the hell out of my tower and to never come back. My son...MY SON!" Tony roared loudly, "is not returning to that school. He has no desire to, and you will have to go through me in order to take
him."

For once in his life Severus was speechless. He may despise everything about Potter, but no child deserved that. "Lies," he said weakly, not wanting to believe a word of what came out of that muggle's mouth. "He wasn't...that can't be true...he..."

Shaking from fear, anger and embarrassment, Harry looked to his headmaster. "Every year I begged you not to send me back, I told you they were horrible, but you would never listen to me. You think that you're this great wizard who never does wrong and who knows everything, but you're not. My dad isn't forcing me to stay here, it's what I want. I don't want to be The-Boy-Who-Lived anymore, the poor misunderstood orphan, a hero one minute and a little dark lord in the training the next. I want to stay here with my dad and the rest of the family that I found here. For once I have people who like me for who I am, not for who they think I am or for something that I supposedly did as a child."

"I am so sorry," Albus apologized sincerely. "Had I known how bad it was I would have removed you immediately and found you another home. I was just trying to protect you from the remaining Death Eaters and all the fame that would come as The-Boy-Who-Lived. I just wanted you to have a normal life, to be a normal little boy without the weight of the wizarding world on his shoulders."

"You have had your say," Tony snapped, not truly believing the ancient man. The man was a manipulative bastard, he would say anything to get Harry to return with him. "Walk yourself out of my tower the same way you came in, or else I will be testing to see if wizards can fly without brooms."

"I can't," Albus said, slowly standing up. He didn't miss how the muggle tensed or how the Weasley boys' dropped their wands into their hands. He didn't want to fight them, but Harry didn't have a choice, he had to return and fight the Dark Lord, he was the chosen one in the prophecy. Harry Potter was the only one who could defeat Lord Voldemort.

Looking to Severus, Albus gave him a barely noticeable nod. He wasn't worried about the muggle getting in the way, but the Weasley twins were pretty darn powerful and could be dangerous.

Severus let his wand slip from inside his sleeve where it was held secure by a wand holster. He had wanted nothing more than to AK the muggle since the moment he opened his mouth, but now he was reluctant to do so. He was just a man trying to protect his son, if he had a son he would do the same.

"Harry, I wish that I could allow you to remain here with your newly found father, but if you do you will be putting him in grave danger," Albus said gently. "Voldemort and his Death Eaters will come looking for you and they will kill him. If you truly love your father, you will leave here and not return until the Dark Lord is dead."

Tony turned to his son, not the least bit surprised to see that Harry was believing Gandalf's words. "Don't you dare for a second think about it, mini me," Tony pleaded. "You know that I can take care of myself, you have seen the proof."

With watery eyes, Harry smiled at his dad. "I'm not leaving you, dad. I know that he's just trying to scare and manipulate me, but it's not going to work. I have been hanging out with Loki too long to fall for Dumbledore's tricks again. If anything, I need to stay here and train with Loki so I can protect you from Voldemort."

Tony was a bit shocked to see such fire in his son's eyes. He knew that he had it in him, but he also knew that Harry just wanted to live the quiet life with no confrontations, or being famous. "That's my
"Mr. Stark, we can do this the easy way, or the hard way," Albus warned. "You claim that Harry is your child, something that I will test to confirm for myself, but he must return to the wizarding world with us."

"I wouldn't be Tony Stark if I did things the easy way," Tony smirked, holding out his hand and calling his Iron Man gauntlet to him. He thought about calling his entire suit, but he was concerned that if he was hit with a spell or curse that it would bounce off him and hit one of the boys.

Even though they knew that Harry was more magically powerful than themselves, both Fred and George pushed Harry behind them. Harry was Dumbledore's target, it would only take him a second to slip a portkey on him.

Tony now wished that he would have had time to test wizard magic against his suit. He knew from his battle against Loki that he could hold his own, but he hadn't had a son to worry about at the time and distract him. It was going to be hard battling and keeping an eye on his son all at the same time. He also felt responsible for the demonic duo, they were his son's soul mates and he would be devastated if something happened to them.

"I really don't want to fight with you," Albus stressed. "Despite what you may think, I'm not the bad guy here."

"Kidnapping in my book makes you a bad guy," Tony hissed. "You are trying to forcefully remove my child from my home when he doesn't want to go with you."

"I'm truly sorry you see it that way," Albus sighed. "I am Harry's magical guardian and, since you are just a muggle, I have final say in his life until he turns seventeen." With a flick of his wrist he sent a stunner at the man.

"It worked!" Tony gaped in surprise when he was able to deflect the curse that the old man sent at him. "But it looks like I'm going to have to buy a new tv...again," he sighed, when the curse hit it and caused it to come crashing down off the wall.

Severus, who was a little more knowable of muggle weapons than Dumbledore, threw a shield up in front of him and Dumbledore just in time to block a pulse of some kind of electric that the muggle shot out of his gauntlet. Whoever this man was, he wasn't someone to be taken lightly.

"Harry, tell your father to stand down," Albus ordered. "I don't want to hurt him, but I will if I must."

Shaking his head, Harry narrowed his eyes as he stepped out from behind Fred and George. "I'm done playing the good little Gryffindor, sir. I want nothing to do with you, or the wizarding world. Now please just leave."

"You can't mean that," Albus gasped. "You are the wizarding world's only hope. How can you just leave us all to Voldemort?"

Tony sent another blast at the wizards, growling in frustration when it just bounced off their invisible barrier. "He's just a child, children aren't supposed to fight in a war. Are all the wizards and witches in your world such pathetic pussies that they need a teenager to fight for them. Are there no real men in your world?"

Both Dumbledore and Snape sent a mild blasting hex at the muggle. Tony was able to block the old man's, but he wasn't fast enough to block the greasy haired bastard's curse. The curse hit him in the
shoulder and sent Tony flying into the wall behind him, but not before shooting off a blast of his own.

Grunting loudly in pain, Severus wrapped his broken arm around his middle. Luckily he hadn't been hit on his wand arm. Snarling and clenching his teeth, he pointed his wand and was set to shoot off a bone breaking curse of his own, when Fred Weasley stepped in front of the muggle, his wand raised and a rare serious look on his face.

"We're not in school now, sir," Fred warned. "I never much liked you and I won't feel very bad if I hurt you." How could he like the greasy git? Snape had always been horrible to his sweet soul mate.

"Foolish child," Snape sneered. "Expelliarmus!"

Quickly shaking off his disorientation, Tony got back to his feet. Maybe he needed to be in full Iron Man suit after all! Not wasting anymore time on his thoughts and seeing that his son and George were fighting the old man and Fred was fighting Squidward, he launched himself back into the battle.

Harry and George were holding their own fairly well against Dumbledore, but he was taking it easy on them, not wanting to really hurt them. Conjuring three large dogs, he sent them after George so he could concentrate on Harry. "I really am sorry, my boy, but you are too important to lose." With that, he sent multiple hexes and curses at Harry, too many for the boy to be able to block.

Harry dropped to his knees with a strangled cry, his blood feeling as though it was on fire. Wand slipping from his fingers, he collapsed to his side and curled up into a ball.

Dumbledore felt bad for using such a horrible curse on the boy, but he needed this to end as peacefully as possible. The curse he was using was similar to the Cruciatus Curse, but much milder. He could keep Harry under it for a decent amount of time before he lost his mind to the pain.

"Severus!" Albus called, "shields now!"

Tony started blasting at the old man, not caring now if he killed him or not. He was hurting his son so he deserved to die as far as he was concerned. Unfortunately the man's shields were deflecting everything.

Panting, Fred slipped to his knees, feeling everything that his soul mate was feeling. "Stop it, you're hurting him," he pleaded.

Unable to take anymore of his son's cries, Tony ripped off his gauntlet and tossed it across the room. "Enough! Stop hurting him."

"Severus, their wands," Albus instructed, keeping the curse on Harry. "I don't like hurting Harry, he is like a grandson to me, but I will do what must be done for the greater good."

With his shattered arm still tight to his side, Severus snatched the wands from Fred, who was still on the ground whimpering, and George. "Insolent brats," he growled. "Just wait until I get you back in my classroom. I am going to make your life a living hell."

"Oh, so nothing new," George hissed with a glare.

If Severus could have, he would have backhanded the boy. "Help your brother up, boy," he sneered.

"Stop the curse!" Tony roared urgently. He didn't want to give in to the bastard, but he was hurting his son and there was nothing he could do. He couldn't risk the wizard hurting his son even more.
Albus ended the curse but kept his wand on Harry. "Don't try anything stupid, I can have him back under the curse before you can even think about taking a step towards me."

Tony wanted to rush to his son who was lying there barely moving. He would fear that he was dead, if it wasn't for the soft, pitiful whimpers coming from him.

"I didn't want to do this, but you gave me no other choice," Albus sighed heavily. "I can't have you looking for him and interfering. He has a destiny to fulfill, one that I pray he survives."

Despite his body being wracked with unimaginable pain, Harry lifted his head up, his eyes pleading with his headmaster. "Please don't obliviate my dad," he rasped out, his throat raw and torn from screaming. "Please don't!"

Albus looked sadly down at the young boy. "I'm sorry, my boy, but it is what's best...especially for your father." He wasn't sure if he truly believed the claim, but there was a simple paternity spell he could perform to find out the truth. "Severus."

Tony looked down at his crying child with watery eyes of his own. "I won't forget you, little chef. Be strong and patient, myself and the rest of the team will come for you. Don't forget, we have an inside man." The inside man he was thinking of was whoever Fury’s brother was.

"Nooooo!" Harry wailed when Snape pointed his wand between his dad’s eyes. "Please don't. I'll come willingly with you, I promise. Please don't make my dad forget about me."

Severus looked uncertainly at Dumbledore. Even he wasn't immune to such a desperate plea from Potter. He knew that the child craved a family, it was why he latched onto the mutt and the wolf so quickly.

With no twinkle in his eyes, Albus nodded to Severus. "Do it!" he ordered, wincing when Harry let out a loud and desperate cry. Seeing that the child was trying to get up, he swiftly stunned him, then Fred and George just to be safe.

Tony looked the greasy bastard dead in the eyes. "I will come for my son, and when I do, I will tear you limb from limb. I'm not going to forget my son, and I'm sure as hell not going to forget your ugly mug."

Severus felt a chill go up his spine. He had a very bad feeling about this muggle. "Obliviate!"

***HP

Stepping into the elevator behind Bruce, Clint smirked at the doctor. "Maybe you can get Tony to massage that for you," he said with a shit eating grin on his face.

Bruce, who had been rubbing his sore shoulder, flipped off his team mate. "There's nothing going on between Tony and I," he defended weakly. He knew that sounded pathetic, but he was too sore and exhausted to care. They had assumed that they had the base they raided on lockdown so he had shifted back to his human self, when a man came out of the shadows and hit him on the shoulder with a large metal bar.

"You should have had a S.H.I.E.L.D doctor look at that for you," Steve said in concern. He had managed to just save his friend in time before the man brought the bar down on his head.

"Nothing's broken," Bruce mumbled. "I just want to check on Tony and Harry, something doesn't
feel right and it has the green guy on edge. If everything is ok upstairs, then after a hot shower I'll have it checked over."

"What's the big guy picking up?" Clint asked, perking up at hearing that.

Bruce tilted his head to the side and his eyes unfocused a bit. "I don't know," he answered, giving his head a little shake. "Something just doesn't feel right and I can feel the other guy close to the surface."

Clint, trusting Bruce's instincts, readied his bow. Out of the corner of his eye he saw Natasha pull out her gun. "We're going to feel really stupid if when these doors open we find Stark waiting to greet the good doctor in only his birthday suit."

Bruce scrunched his face up in disgust. "Keep it up, bird brain," Bruce growled. "The other guy is just looking for an excuse to come out and smash something."

"Come on," Clint scoffed. "Everyone here knows that there is something going on between you and Stark. What really happened the night in the containment room when it was just the two of you? You came out naked and limping, and Stark came out naked and looking cockier than ever."

Bruce was saved from answering when the elevator came to a stop and the doors opened to reveal a completely trashed room and Stark sitting on the couch with his head between his hands and his body trembling uncontrollably.

"What the hell?" Clint cursed.

Bruce, knowing that his team and the other guy would have his back if there was someone dangerous in the room, rushed to Tony and lifted his head. He gasped when he saw that the man was crying and that there was blood steadily dripping from his nose.

"Tony, what happened?" Bruce asked urgently. It didn't escape his notice that Harry wasn't around and neither were the twins.

Tony, with slightly unfocused eyes, looked around the destroyed room. "I-I don't know," he answered, his voice barely above a whisper. Whimpering, he shoved his fingers into his hair and gripped the delicate strands tightly. "I know that I should know what happened, but every time I force myself to remember it feels like Thor is taking his hammer to my head."

Cursing softly, Bruce grabbed a clean, spare shirt from his bag and held it to Tony's nose as blood started pouring faster from it. "Tony, where's Harry?"

Pain flashed across Tony's face. "I know that name, I can almost see a face and hear a voice, but I also don't know who that is. I know that whoever Harry is that he's very important to me, that I care for him more than anybody I have ever cared about before, but I don't know why. What's wrong with me?"

"They scrambled with his fucking head," Clint hissed furiously.

"Tony," Bruce called gently. "Harry is your fourteen, almost fifteen, year old son."

"I-I have a son?" Tony asked, his eyes still unfocused and his nose still bleeding heavily. "I-I knew that...I-I think I did anyway. If I have a son, where is he? Why the hell does my head hurt so much and why is my nose bleeding?"

Pacing, Steve whipped out his phone and started barking orders. "I'll get a hold of Coulson. Bruce,
you stay with Tony, Natasha, go and check Harry's room and see if his stuff is missing, and Clint, get on the room and see if you can signal Heimdall. Hopefully Loki can unscramble his brain. We need to get to Harry before they put him in front of that dark wizard."

Bruce could feel the other guy clawing to break free. He was having a very hard time controlling the green monster. "Tony, other than your head, are you hurt anywhere else?"

Tony stared into Bruce's eyes for a few minutes before slowly and gently shaking his head no. "I remember green eyes...they were crying. I-I need to remember, I told them that I would remember. Please help me."

***HP

Ok, I had a few people review saying that magic, or maybe just mind magic, wouldn't work on Tony. I don't know, I really don't know a whole lot about him, but seeing as this is my own little world, I decided to straddle it a bit. Tony knows he should know, and he remembers bits and pieces, but he doesn't remember everything. Come on, I couldn't make it easy for Harry. You know how much I love angst.
Moaning, Harry sluggishly brought his hand up and rubbed at his throbbing head. Why did he feel as though his body weighed a ton, and why did he feel as though he had been drugged? With his eyes still shut, he scrunched his face up as he tried to recall what happened.

"He's waking?"

Hearing someone whisper, Harry turned his head towards the voice, his brain still not fully functioning nor allowing him to wake fully.

Rubbing his eyes, Fred sat up from where he had been resting his head on his brother's lap. "This is going to be bad, Georgie," he fretted. "This is going to kill him."

George nodded his head in agreement. He was not looking forward to his little soul mate waking and finding himself back at Hogwarts in the Hospital Wing. Harry was going to be absolutely devastated and it was going break his heart seeing his love in so much pain.

He had never seen Harry as happy as he had been while with his dad. There had been plenty of bumps and snags the past few weeks, but Tony and the rest of the gang had been there for Harry and had supported him through everything. For a brief time, Harry got to experience what it was like to have a loving family...to have a dad.

"We should have fought harder," Fred said, not for the first, or fifteenth time. He blamed himself for Harry being back in the wizarding world. He blamed himself for Harry being ripped from his father's loving arms.

"We did fight hard," George reassured his twin again. "Dumbledore played dirty. We knew that he wanted Harry, but we never expected that he would physically hurt Harry to get his hands back on him. There was nothing more that we could have done, he wasn't going to stop the curse until we surrendered."

Fred felt horrible, more than horrible, he felt as though he was going to be physically sick. Not only had Dumbledore hurt and kidnapped Harry, but he also obliterated Tony. He stole all of Tony's memories of Harry and he would never get them back.

"They'll come for Harry," George said with conviction. "Tony, Bruce, Steve, Nat, Clint, Thor, and Loki. They'll all come for him and they will tear this castle down brick by brick to get to him."

"They're muggles," Fred reminded. "Well except for Thor and Loki. What can muggles do against wizards and witches?"

George looked to his brother with wide, incredulous eyes. "Did you not watch the same videos as me? Did you not see the green monster that Bruce turns into? What about the fact that Tony can fly and shoot lasers? Dumbledore doesn't realize what hornets nest he has poked...the Avengers are very
dangerous.”

Fred rested back against his brother, he was having a harder time than George shaking off the powerful stunner that Dumbledore had hit them with. He had already been feeling weak from Harry's extreme emotions before being hit with the stunner, so that, combined with the stunner, left him feeling shaky and dizzy.

"Do we have a plan?" Fred asked weakly.

"Right now we continue to do what we have always done ever since we first laid eyes on our beautiful mate. We support Harry, give him a shoulder to cry on, we protect him to the best of our ability, but most of all, we do not allow him out of our sights for even a minute. I don't know how he's going to react when he remembers everything, but I'm terrified that he will hurt himself again." Fred nodded his head gravely. "Loki isn't here to save him if he takes knife to his wrists again." Trying to shake the image of the love of his life bleeding to death on the bathroom floor, he looked back to his brother. "D-Do you think he will do it again?"

"I think it's a very real possibility," George answered honestly. "Harry is going to be devastated. It's like losing his father all over again, but this time having experienced what a father's love felt like. It's going to kill him."

"I use to think that Dumbledore was this great man, a bit unstable in the head, but great. Why is he doing this to Harry?"

George tossed his arm around his twin's shoulder. "I don't know. I think Dumbledore has had it in his head that Harry is the only one who can defeat Voldemort for fourteen years so he will now do anything to see it happen. He's sacrificing Harry for his 'greater good'. Harry is powerful, but he's also untrained and just a kid. He won't stand a chance against scary snake face."

Fred tensed when Harry's eyes started to flutter open. He wasn't looking forward to Harry remembering what happened. He was going to be in so much pain when it dawned on him that his father wouldn't remember their time together.

***HP

Bruce discarded the bloody towel and placed a clean one under Tony's nose. "You need to stop forcing yourself to remember, you're only hurting yourself."

"I have a son," Tony said shakily. "I have to remember him. What kind of father forgets his own damn son? Well, other than my own father that is."

"You're going to get your memories back so stop trying to force them. You're going to bleed to death if you keep this up," Bruce scolded. "Loki should be able to fix that genius brain of yours."

The left corner of Tony's mouth pulled up into a smirk. "Are you flirting with me, Dr. Banner?"

"Not now, Tony," Bruce growled. "Let's get Harry back and then we will discuss what is happening between us."

Tony's face lit up. "Is that your way of admitting that there is an us? I knew that we had a moment the other day before you left, but..."
"Focus, Tony!" Bruce huffed.

Grimacing, Tony rubbed at his head. "I'm sorry, I'm just really having a hard time staying focused. My brain feel like mush."

Smirking, Clint turned to Natasha and held out his hand. Sighing, Natasha reached in her pocket and pulled out two fifty dollar bills then slapped them hard in Clint's hand.

"Told you there was something going on between them," Clint crowed triumphantly as he pocketed his winnings.

"I thought Banner was smart enough to know not to get mixed up with Stark," Natasha grumbled. "Though, the picture I'm getting in my head of the two of them together is pretty damn hot."

Having had enough of being fussed over, Tony snatched the bloody rag from Bruce then jumped to his feet. "Jarvis, replay the encounter earlier with the two wizards." He needed to know exactly what happened, but most of all, he needed to see his son...the son that he couldn't remember. He never wanted to be a father, but now he felt like he was going to drown without the son that he had no memory of. It was strange, he couldn't remember his boy, but he could feel him in his heart.

The team, with the exception of Thor and Loki who they were hoping got the message that they were urgently needed, watched the footage of the confrontation earlier that day. Inhaling sharply, Tony touched the projection of his son, a soft whimper coming from his throat.

"I remember him, but I don't remember him," Tony said, his eyes glued to the image of his son. "It's more like my heart remembers him even though my brain doesn't."

Bruce tossed another clean towel at Tony, his nose bleed getting worse. It would be a waste of his breath and energy to tell the man to stop trying to force himself to remember, he knew that the stubborn fool wouldn't listen to him. Not that he could blame him, he would be doing the same if his memories of Harry had been erased.

"We're going to get him back, Tony," Bruce reassured. And he was going to personally take down Mr. Greasy Big Nose for taking Tony's memories.

Natasha watched the events is disgust. "He's supposed to be the good guy, the light lord, yet Dumbledore held Harry under that curse that caused him pain just to get his way. He doesn't care about Harry or his greater good, all he cares about is that he is right and that events happen the way he has planned them."

"Like a chess master," Clint said thoughtfully. "As far as he's concerned Harry is the only one who can defeat the bad wizard so he will stop at nothing to get Harry back under his control so he will sacrifice himself. The man had Harry's future planned out for him ever since he was a baby."

Tony rubbed tiredly at his face. His head was a mess and he felt sick to his stomach, but that was the least of his problems. He had to rescue his son. "Get ready, we leave in an hour!" he ordered briskly, turning to head to his workshop.

"Ah, Tony, we don't exactly know where we're going," Steve pointed out.

Ignoring the Captain, Tony continued to his workshop to get everything he needed. He was prepared to tear the wizarding world apart and expose them in order to get his son back. Nothing was going to stop him from saving his son...not even his lack of memory of him.

***HP
Remus came crashing into the kitchen, his face a sickly pale. "They got him!"

Sirius set the cup of coffee down that he was getting ready to drink. "Damn, Moony, you look like shit. Who got who?"

"Dumbledore," Remus growled. "Dumbledore found Harry and forced him back. Arthur just floo'd, he's on his way to Hogwarts, it seems Fred and George have been with Harry, not at their friend's."

"Shit!" Sirius cursed, clambering to his feet. This was bad. He was positive that Harry didn't return on his own, not after everything Kingsley had told them about Harry's past and about his biological dad.

"Sirius, maybe you shouldn't..."

"Don't finish that sentence, Remus!" Sirius snapped. "I have failed my godson enough. No more!"

"At least go as Padfoot," Remus suggested. "We haven't heard back from Amelia and you don't know who will be at the school."

Despite his top lip curling back into a snarl, Sirius quickly shifted. He couldn't wait to be a free man again, he loved being Paddy, but his godson needed Lord Sirius Black, not a damn dog.

***HP

George took Harry's hand into his and gave it a gentle squeeze. "Easy, Harry, Fred and I are here."

Moaning, Harry slowly opened his eyes. "G-George." Grimacing, he rubbed at his sore throat. "What...what's going on?"

"It never ceases to amaze me how you can tell us apart," George said, plastering a fake smile on his face.

Eyebrows drawing together in confusion, Harry looked past George, his eyes going impossibly wide when he recognized Hogwarts hospital wing. "No! No! No!" he cried brokenly. "Please no!"

Fred couldn't stop tears from falling from his eyes as Harry's pain tore at his heart. "It's going to be ok, Harry," he tried to reassure weakly.

A loud sob tore its way out of Harry's raw throat. He was back! He was back at Hogwarts and Snape had oblivated his dad. Rolling onto his side away from Fred and George, he curled up into a tight ball and started sobbing.

George curled up on the bed behind his mate and pulled him back against his muscular chest. "Stay with us, Harry. Please don't lose yourself and hurt yourself again. You have Freddy and myself and we will get you back to your dad. Promise!"

"Please don't try to leave us again," Fred pleaded desperately. "Your dad is the toughest and smartest muggle that I have ever met...he will come for you."

"How?" Harry howled brokenly. "Snape oblivated him."

"Are you forgetting Loki?" George asked. "I know everything seems dark right now, but I promise that it will work out."

Sniffling, Harry turned towards George, his face red and his eyes swollen. "D-Do you think that Loki can reverse the oblivate?"
George didn't want to give his love false hope, but he couldn't bare to see Harry hurting. "You heard Loki on more than one occasion..."

"More like on more than a hundred occasions...a day," Fred snorted.

"He's a powerful god who can do anything. Mortals should bow before him and kiss his bare feet."

Harry tried to smile, but his heart hurt so bad that he was having a hard time just breathing. "I was so happy, George. For the first time in my life I was truly happy and loved. Why does Dumbledore hate me so much?"

"I wish I could answer that for you, Harry, but I can't. Know this though, both Fred and I love you and have loved you for a very, very long time."

"Since the first time we laid eyes on you," Fred winked. "You were just a tiny, bespectacled little thing who looked scared and overwhelmed on the Hogwarts Express, but we knew immediately that you were the only one for us."

Harry's muddled brain was having a hard time processing the twins words. What were they trying to say? "I-I don't understand," he said in a small and confused voice.

George lovingly cupped Harry's cheek. "Do we have to spell it out for you?"

Fred leaned over his brother's back and ran his finger down Harry nose, chuckling when the smaller boy went crosseyed. "I think we do, Georgie. Harry is brilliant, but he is a Gryffindor and Gryffindor's can be a bit thick."

"You're a Gryffindor," Harry reminded weakly, his pulse starting to race. He had never seen Fred and George look at him with such longing...with such intensity.

"Yes, but we should have been Slytherins," Fred admitted. "I think by time we came around the Sorting Hat just tossed us in Gryffindor only because we were Weasleys."

"There has never been a Weasley who wasn't in Gryffindor," George grinned. "But you have to admit, we are more Slytherin than Gryffindor."

Harry eyes darted back and forth between Fred and George's matching faces. "I'm confused," he whined.

"It looks as though we do have to spell it out for him, brother of mine," George sighed dramatically.

Pursing his lips, Fred nodded his head. "I guess we do. How many times do we have to tell our thick little Gryffindor that we are in love with him?"

"And not in a brotherly way," George quickly added when Harry went to open his mouth.

Fred shook his head no. "Indeed not in a brotherly way. Ron is my brother and I love him like a brother, but you, Harry, I want to snog the life out of you."

George wagged his bushy orange eyebrows up and down. "We are soul mates, Harry, even Loki said so."

"Not that we needed a snarky god to tell us that. We have been in love with you ever since we laid eyes on you."

Harry started to slowly shake his head no. "You-You can't love me...you can't. I'm no good. You
George silenced his little love by giving him a very quick peck on the lips. It was so quick that for a second Harry thought that he imagined it. George had kissed him before, on the head or the cheeks, but he had never kissed him on the lips like that.

"No, we don't deserve you," George admitted, "but that's only because you are way too good for us."

"We are pranksters, mischief makers to the extreme," Fred added with a smirk, "but you are compassionate, caring, as beautiful on the inside as you are on the outside...you are our everything, Harry James Potter. Please don't tell us that you're not good enough for us, it hurts us when you put yourself down."

Harry could feel himself start to hyperventilate. He had been in love with the twins for years, but he knew that he would never be good enough, never be clean enough, to be with them. He was damaged beyond repair and they deserved someone as fun loving and as full of life as them.

They didn't know. Fred and George didn't know that he was a dirty slut who had been sucking cock and taking it up the ass since he had been six years old.

Feeling his stomach lurch, Harry rolled to the opposite side of the bed and started to violently throw up. He didn't want to tell Fred and George about his uncle and the other men. They would leave him, and he didn't think he could function without them. He had already lost his dad and Bruce, he couldn't lose the twins too. He had a terrible feeling that they had suspected what had happened to him, that he had been sexually abused, but as long as they were just friends he hadn't been too worried about it.

"That's not the reaction that I had been hoping for," George frowned.

"We shouldn't have sprung this on him," Fred fretted as he rubbed Harry's back with one hand and held his hair out of the way with the other.

George agreed with his brother, he had just wanted Harry to realize that he was wanted and loved by more than just his father. He didn't want Harry to feel that he had nothing left to live for.

Madam Pomfrey came bustling into the room with an angry scowl on her face. "You were not to upset him," she snapped. "I only let the two of you stay because I had thought that you would keep him calm."

"Keep him calm!" Fred snapped. "He was just ripped away from his loving father, how the hell were we supposed to keep him calm after that?"

"You have a point," Madam Pomfrey conceded. She had been horrified when Albus had brought one of her favorite patients in suffering from a horrible curse...a curse that was very similar to the Cruciatuts Curse. She had been even more horrified when she learned that it had been Albus himself who had held the boy under the curse for a dangerous amount of time.

Madam Pomfrey went to grab Harry's shoulder so she could ease him back onto the bed and give him a calming drought, when George grabbed her by the wrist. "Mr. Weasley?"

"Unless you want his magic to lash out and send you flying across the room, I wouldn't touch him when he's like this," George warned, holding his hand out for the potion.

Pursing her lips, Madam Pomfrey reluctantly handed the potion over. She didn't like others,
especially kids, telling her how to do her job, but she knew that the terror twins were extremely close to Harry and were better able to help him. The kids in this school thought her stupid, thought that she didn't know when they snuck into her hospital wing at all hours of the night to visit their friends or to try to knick potions, but she always knew. The Weasley twins had been sneaking in to be with young Harry ever since his first visit to her, but she never sent them packing because the medical wards she placed on him showed that their presence helped keep him calm.

Fred climbed up onto the bed and rested his back against the headboard. Nodding his head, he took the potion from his twin and popped the cork out.

"Alright, love, let us take care of you," George soothed and he slowly started to pull Harry back from the edge of the bed. He was no longer vomiting, but he was trembling horribly and sobbing. "It's just the handsome duo of Fred and George here to make you feel better."

Feeling numb, Harry allowed George to sit him up and rearrange him so he was resting his back against Fred's chest. This was normal, this was what he was use to. Fred and George had been taking care of him like this for years...this was what he needed.

Fred wrapped his right arm around Harry's chest and rested his palm over his racing heart. With his other hand, he held the potion to his mate's pale lips. "Please drink this, Harry."

Crying, Harry turned his head away from the potion. "I'm not good. I'm not clean. I love you, but you deserve better."

Fred's heart soared at hearing Harry proclaim that he loved him, but it was also breaking into a million pieces at feeling how much pain Harry was in. "Our noble little mate," he whispered soothingly in his ear. "Georgie and I are stubborn asses, you won't be able to get rid of us that easily. Take the calming drought so we can put our heads together and come up with a plan on how to get the hell out of here. Tony would want you to stay strong and to fight until he could get to you."

Going limp, Harry gave in and allowed Fred to tip the putrid potion into his mouth. Fred was right, his dad wouldn't want him to give up, he would want him to do whatever he had to do to in order get back to him.

Was it worth it though if his dad would never remember him again?

"Mr. Potter, how are you feeling now?" Madam Pomfrey asked.

Harry opened his mouth to respond how he always responded when asked that question, with his typical, fine, but instead, "mad" came out. After a minute of processing what he said, his eyes narrowed and he looked up at the nurse. "Who the hell does Dumbledore think he is taking me away from my dad? What right did he have to do that?"

Madam Pomfrey was a bit taken aback by the fierce look in her young charge's eyes. She had also never heard Harry curse before. That look alone spoke of how badly Albus messed up. The old fool may not know it yet, but he lost the Potter boy.

Fred squeezed his love just a little tighter and whispered in his ear when he felt his mate's magic react to his fear and anger. "Easy, love, save it for Dumbledore and Snape. Madam Pomfrey is only trying to help you. Whatever that curse was Dumbledore held under was pretty nasty."

Harry took a couple of deep breaths and gave Madam Pomfrey a weak smile. "Honestly, I feel like shit and everything hurts...even my hair."

"Well that's a first," Madam Pomfrey grinned. "My most frequent patient actually admitting that he is
pain." Fondly shaking her head, she handed the Weasley boy, she wasn't sure which one it was on the bed with Potter, a pain potion.

Making a god awful face, Harry swallowed the potion after Fred uncorked it, then he gingerly sat up. What was he going to do now? Would Bruce and the rest of the gang be able to help his dad remember him when they got home? Could Loki reverse the oblivate?

"Can I go now?" Harry asked hopefully. He needed to go, he needed to do something. He needed to hide from the voice in his head that was screaming at him to cut himself. All he really wanted to do was cut himself then curl up in a ball and die. Magic had taken his dad and Lily away from him, magic had taken any love the Dursleys could have had for him away from him, and now magic had taken his dad Tony away from him.

"Don't, Harry," Fred whimpered. The despair and hopelessness rolling off of his mate was physically hurting him.

"The Headmaster doesn't want you to leave," Madam Pomfrey tried to explain gently.

"Fuck Dumbledore!" Harry roared, his face turning purple. "He took everything away from me! He took away my dad, the only person to ever love me. I want nothing to do with the bastard."

"Just let us know how you feel, Harry," George chuckled nervously. "Don't hold anything back."

Taking a deep breath, Madam Pomfrey inclined her heard. She didn't agree with what the Headmaster was doing, it was cruel to Harry to take away the father that he had always dreamt of having. "The Headmaster ordered me to keep you here and in bed, but I all of a sudden have the need to use the bathroom. Excuse me, gentlemen."

George counted to fifty after Madam Pomfrey purposely left them alone before ripping the blanket off of Harry. "I always liked that witch," he chuckled. "I believe that she was a Slytherin. So, where are we going, lovely Harry?"

Harry quickly scrambled out of bed, but his legs gave out on him the second his feet hit the cold stone floor.

George was quick to react, catching Harry and easily scooping him up. "If you wanted to be in my arms, doll, all you had to do was say so," he winked.

Blushing, Harry gave a half hearted struggle to get down. He was embarrassed to have George holding him as though he was a girl, but he also felt safe and cared for in his arms. "I can walk you know?"

"No, I don't know," George snickered. "Now tell me, where are we going?"

Harry looked around the room as though he was expecting the answer to just pop out. "Home," he said brokenly. That was the only place he wanted to go...he wanted his dad.

George closed his eyes against the pain that that one word out of Harry's mouth caused, and he wasn't even an empathy like his twin. "That's going to be one hell of a broom ride," he said, trying to lighten the mood.

"Back to Sirius?" Fred suggested. He was still feeling lightheaded and a bit unsteady on his feet, but it wasn't anything that he couldn't deal with. He would do anything for Harry.

"Nah, we can't," George frowned. "It's under the Fidelius Charm, remember?"
"Right," Fred sighed. "We could take the secret passageway to the Three Broomsticks then floo to Lee's."

"Or you can return Mr. Potter to his bed," Dumbledore ordered, the twinkling in his eyes missing.

Harry didn't know if he wanted to run and hide, or fly out of George's arms and attack the man that destroyed his life. Albus Dumbledore was supposed to be this great, good wizard, but he was no better than Voldemort as far as he was concerned.

"Headmaster," George said tightly, "I was just going to escort Harry here to Gryffindor Tower."

"It's summer vacation, Mr. Weasley, the tower is closed. Please return Harry to his bed, he's not yet healed enough to be up and about."

"Yeah, thanks to you," Fred mumbled.

George didn't return Harry to his bed, but held him tighter. "Why won't you let Harry be happy?"

"It's not that simple," Dumbledore sighed sadly. "There are things you don't know. Things you won't und..."

"Then tell me!" Harry cried as he struggled to get out of George's arms. He was still weak and unsteady on his feet, but he was also no damsel that needed to be held and rescued. "Tell me what I don't know or what I won't understand," he demanded.

Dumbledore was a bit taken aback by the anger in Harry's voice, the boy had always been on the quiet and meek side. "My boy, please understand and..."

"I'm not your boy!" Harry hissed. "I'm not your anything. You had no right to kidnap me from my father."

"Now, my bo...Harry," Dumbledore corrected. "I had every right to remove you. Not only do we not know for certain if that muggle is your father, but I am also your magical guardian. You're place is here in the wizarding world, not in muggle New York City."

"Oh, so now my place is in the wizarding world!" Harry spat. "I grew up in the muggle world being raised by muggles who despised magic and beat me for it everyday. When I came to you at the end of my first year begging to stay, you smiled at me with those damn creepy, twinkling eyes of yours and you happily shipped me back to my muggle relatives. Now though, when it's convenient for you, my place is here in the wizarding world. Well fuck you!"

"Mr. Potter," Dumbledore scolded, completely in shock over the young boy's language. "You will not talk to me like that. You will show me some respect!"

"Respect!" Harry laughed madly. "You held me under a curse that hurt as bad as the Cruciotus Curse while your lap dog oblivated my father. I will never, ever again respect you. You're no better than Voldemort!"

Fred and George exchanged looks, they had never seen Harry this angry before. His magic was so thick in the air that they could taste it. They also noticed that Harry's magic felt different, it felt more like Loki's.

"I'm sorry that you feel that way," Dumbledore said sadly. "But I must do what I must for the greater good. You, Harry, are the only one who can defeat the Dark Lord, it is your destiny."
"My destiny!" Harry spat. "Fuck you and your greater good, and fuck my supposed destiny. You must truly be mad if you think that I will fight for you after what you did? I don't care about you, your greater good, or the wizarding world. Voldemort can have it for all I care. The wizarding world never did anything for me, why should I sacrifice myself for it?"

Dumbledore was shocked over what was coming out of Harry Potter's mouth. He was even more shocked over the foreign magic that was pouring off of him. Harry's magic had always felt a bit different, but now it was almost unrecognizable. "What has been done to you, my dear boy?" he asked softly in bewilderment. "This isn't the Harry Potter I have known for the past four years speaking. This isn't James and Lily's boy."

Hiding his trembling hands behind his back, Harry shook his head no. "You're right, I'm not James and Lily's boy, I'm James and Tony Stark's boy. I am, Headmaster, what you made me. You left me with muggles knowing that I wouldn't be loved and probably knowing that I would be abused."

"Every year you set me up to test me, to see if I was strong enough and smart enough to defeat Voldemort."

Laughing humorlessly, Harry looked at the Headmaster's with dead eyes. "I'm not the same boy who left here the end of term, that boy died. That boy was desperate for love and approval from the wizarding world and would have done anything for them. That boy had been physically, mentally and sexually abused by his relatives for as far back as he could remember. That boy wore one hell of a mask so everyone around him couldn't see how much pain he was in. That's the boy you knew for four years, Headmaster, and I'm sorry to tell you this, but he died the day he slit his wrists on the bathroom floor and bled to death."

"Harry," George whispered, reaching out to take his mate's trembling hand. "You don't have to tell him anything."

Harry smiled warmly up at George. "You're right, I don't, that's why I'm going to show him." Not knowing how he did it the first time with Loki, and not knowing if it would even work, Harry turned to Dumbledore and pushing as hard as he could with his magic into the old man's head. He wanted him to see...he wanted him to see everything. He wanted him to see the neglect, the abuse, the starving, the hate, the rapes he endured at the hands of countless men, all the times he cut himself, all he had suffered while attending Hogwarts, him finding that he had a biological father and the family that he found in the Avengers, all the highs and lows that he went through while in America, and finally, he showed him how he took a knife to his wrists and cut deep enough to end his life...deep enough that there would have been no saving him had Loki not been there."

Dumbledore fell to his knees when Harry brutally tore through his mind shields, ripping them apart as though they were nothing more than thin tissues. Images started to fly at him...images that you would expect to see at a Death Eater party, not at a home of muggles in a nice suburban neighborhood.

He wanted to yell, to beg for Harry to stop, but he was powerless against the boy's magic and all he could do was watch...watch and live the life that he had condemned the poor boy to.

Severus rushed to the Potter brat to break the connection, but with a triumphant smirk, one of the Weasley twins erected a shield around Harry, himself, and his identical partner in crime. "Potter, stop!" he ordered. "You're going to kill him."

Harry was too far gone, he couldn't see or hear anything that was going on around him, all he could see and hear where the images he was forcing his Headmaster to watch. For the first time he truly wanted to hurt someone, to make them suffer as he had suffered. Albus Dumbledore had left him...
with those monsters, monsters that he wasn't even biologically related to, and he never once checked in on him.

He was no longer the stupid, naive, little boy that stepped off the Hogwarts Express at the age of eleven all wide eyed and in awe of the new and magical world he had found himself in. He knew now that Dumbledore had planned out his life, from being neglected, to defeating Voldemort. Dumbledore wouldn't have been able to mold him into the perfect, little, sacrificing weapon had he grown up loved and pampered. No, Dumbledore needed him to be starved for positive attention so he could mold him into the savior that the wizarding world needed and the savior who would willingly give his life for them.

George caught Harry when his knees gave out on him. Blood dripping from his nose, his eyes rolled to the back of his head and Harry started seizing.

Dumbledore couldn't breath, it felt as though his heart was being squeezed and his lungs refused to work. Head clearing from the mind rape he had just experienced, he looked down to see blood coating his beard. Vision fading, he slumped to his side and passed out.

"Severus, you see to Harry," Madam Pomfrey barked. Out of the two, Dumbledore looked to be in worse shape, she could see his face turning blue from a distance.

"The brat did this, he deserves to suffer," Severus growled, refusing to help Potter.

"Dammit, Severus. Now!" Madam Pomfrey ordered. She could only see to one and they both needed help, Harry was seizing and Dumbledore wasn't breathing.

Top lip curling back in his disgust at Snape seeing to his mate, George dropped the shield and let the bastard pass. He didn't know what was wrong with Harry, but he knew that he needed help.

***HP

"The brat should be arrested for using Legilimency against the Headmaster," Severus spat. "That was the most brutal attack I have ever witnessed."

"Oh, like you haven't walked through students minds against their will, Severus," Professor McGonagall snapped in disgust.

"I never gave them a heart attack!" Severus growled. "He almost killed Albus."

"And Albus had it coming to him," Professor McGonagall cried. "He cursed Potter, had you erase his father's memories, then he kidnapped Potter and drug him back here against his will. Do I even have to bring up him leaving Harry with those dreadful muggles all those years ago? I told him then that they were the worst sort, but he wouldn't listen to me. Albus is not innocent in this."

"You don't know the half of it," Fred mumbled from where he was standing protectively at Harry's bedside with his twin.

"Then tell us," Professor McGonagall cried in exasperation. "I can't help if I don't know all the details."

Shaking his head, Fred turned his back on the woman. "You can't help anyway."

"Not that you would," George added.

"And just what is that supposed to me, Mr. Weasley?" Professor McGonagall cried in a thick
Scottish accent that tended to get thicker the angrier she got.

"It doesn't matter," George grumbled. "This will all be over soon."

Minerva threw her hands up in the air in frustration. "Fine, don't tell me anything." Turning back to the man unconscious on the bad, she pursed her lips tightly. "Will he survive?"

"He was very lucky," Madam Pomfrey admitted. "Had this happened anywhere but here, in my Hospital Wing, he would have died. I don't know what Potter showed him, but it was bad enough to give him a heart attack."

"And Harry?" Fred asked nervously.

"He's exhausted his core." Madam Pomfrey explained. "He wasn't yet healed from the curse that the Headmaster put him under when he pulled this little stunt. He'll be fine after he sleeps and eats something."

Sighing, Professor McGonagall pinched the bridge of her nose. "Why don't we all get some rest. Boys, I think it's time you return home."

"Like hell!" George spat, crossing his arms over his chest and glaring defiantly at his Head of House.

Fred mimicked his twin's posture. "We won't be leaving Harry's side so don't even try to make us. He's our responsibility until his father gets here."

"His father is a worthless muggle who has no memory of him," Severus taunted. "He won't be coming for the brat."

George couldn't help laughing. "Oh, you have no idea what's coming, but you will be finding out soon enough how worthless Tony Stark is."

Severus didn't understand why the Weasley brat's warning sent a shiver of dread down his spine. His words, combined with the muggle's before he oblivated him and the look in his eyes, left him feeling strangely unsettled. The man was just a muggle, why would he fear him?
Chapter 18

I'm baaaack!

I apologize for being MIA for so long, but between real life and major writer's block, I just didn't have any inspiration to write.

I apologize if the chapter is rusty and riddled with mistakes, but I'm feeling pretty damn rusty. I'm trying to get back into the swing of things, so be gentle and REVIEW.

***HP

George scurried off the foot of Harry's bed where he had been watching over his sleeping mate and brother and stood protectively between the bed and the door with his wand in his hand. He could hear a commotion coming their way and he wasn't going to let anyone hurt Harry for what he had done to Dumbledore. The old bastard deserved what he got.

"Lower your wand, Mr. Weasley."

George's shoulders relaxed when Remus came striding into the medical wing with a large black dog at his heels. "My apologies, professor." He said, pocketing his wand. He knew Harry had his doubts where Remus and Sirius were concerned, but he trusted that neither man would intentionally hurt Harry.

Remus raised his hand. "Never apologize for protecting Harry. How is he?"

With a grin, George stepped aside as Padfoot raced by him and launched onto Harry's bed. After sniffing his mate and brother, the grim settled down and took his place at the foot of the bed. "He's still out of it. His mind attack on Dumbledore so soon after the curse the old bastard hit him with drained his core, but Madam Pomfrey said he will be alright after some rest and food."

"And your brother?"

Grimacing, George scratched the back of his neck. "I may have slipped him a dreamless sleep, but he needed it. He's going to be pissed when he wakes, but he was almost as bad off as Harry."

Remus took in the young man's haggard appearance and dark circles under his eyes, the normally bright eyed jokester looked dead on his feet. "When was the last time you slept? You look horrible."

"What's sleep?" George joked dryly. "I feel like I haven't slept in weeks."

Remus led the teen to an empty bed. "Rumor has it you were with my pup in America, not visiting your friend, Mr. Jordan?"

George didn't put up a fuss when Remus signaled for him to get on the bed. He was so damn tired. "Where Harry goes we go, it's been that way since we met him. We found out where Harry was then had Lee cover for us. We had to make sure Harry was safe and happy."

"I'm not blind, George, I know that you and your brother care for my pup in more than a brotherly way. I have known since I taught here that you boys are in love with Harry. I'm a werewolf, it's almost impossible to fool our senses."
George didn't even try to deny it or hide his smirk. Nodding his head, he looked over to where Harry and Fred were sleeping side by side. Seeing movement coming from the foot of the bed, he looked to find Padfoot wagging his doggy eyebrows up and down at him. "Not going to lie, we have been in love with Harry since the second we laid eyes on him. He's our soul mate."

"Soul mate!" Remus gasped. "That's very rare. Are you sure?"

"Are you sure you're a werewolf?" George snapped back irritably, he didn't like people questioning his feelings for Harry.

Remus glared at Sirius when he gave a dog like bark of laughter. "I apologize for questioning your feelings towards my pup, it's just finding your true soul mate is almost impossible, even for creatures like myself. Why don't you get some rest and allow us to look over Harry?"

George wanted to protest, but if he didn't get some sleep he was going to pass out. He hadn't slept properly since Harry took a knife to his wrists. "Don't let anyone but Madam Pomfrey near Harry, and if there is a problem wake me immediately."

Remus had a hundred questions to ask the young man, but George was already drifting off as he barked orders at him. "Harry will be safe with us guarding him." Conjuring a chair, he placed it between the two beds.

Eyes getting heavy, George laid on his side facing Harry and his brother. He didn't know how he was going to do it, but he was going to get Harry back to his dad, even if he has to AK everyone standing in his way.

***HP

Bruce reached out and stopped Tony as he went to pass him in the hall. "How are you holding up?"

Taking a deep breath, Tony held his hand out to show Bruce how badly it was shaking. "I'm a fucking mess! My head is pounding, my brain has been scrambled, and I'm terrified for the son that I can't even remember. Not remembering and not knowing what is happening to him is killing me."

Bruce surprised even himself when he took Tony's hand and gave it a squeeze. "We're going to get your memories back, Tony, and we're going to get Harry back. I know it's asking the impossible, but you need to calm down. You're only hurting yourself by trying to force yourself to remember and you're not going to be any help to your son in your current condition."

Tony forcefully yanked Bruce to his chest and slammed his lips down on his. He had expected Bruce to fight him, but the good doctor leaned in and started kissing him back.

Panting, Bruce reluctantly pulled away. "We can't do this, Tony, not now. We need to focus on Harry."

"I know." Tony groaned. "You were just so close and I have been wanting to do that for a very long time."

Bruce didn't know what he was feeling. He really liked Tony and he wanted to try having a relationship with him, but Tony wasn't the type to do relationships and he valued their friendship too much just to have a fling with him. He didn't want to have just a one night stand with Tony. Well, two night stand if you counted that time in the containment room.

"Tell me about him!"
Bruce didn't have to ask who Tony was talking about. "Harry, your son, is an amazing young man. You have only known about him for a little under two months, but the two of you clicked instantly and you share an amazing father and son bond. Harry is bright, caring, a bit shy but craves attention. He's an incredible cook and cooks all our meals for us."

Tony looked down at the floor, his eyes glazing over. "Blueberry muffins." He mumbled breathlessly, wincing as he tried to pull a memory forward. Why did it hurt so damn much trying to remember his son?

Bruce tilted his head back and rapidly blinked his eyes to keep his tears from falling. He wanted to be strong for Tony, but Harry was like a son to him too. He loved that boy so damn much and it was tearing him up not knowing what was happening to him. He could still hear Harry pleading with the old man on the video to not obliterate his dad, he sounded so desperate and broken. He prayed that Harry wouldn't do anything stupid...like take a razor to his wrists again. Hopefully Fred and George continued to watch over him like a hawk.

"Harry made sure there was a never ending supply of blueberry muffins for you." Bruce confirmed with a sad smile. "We're getting him back, Tony. Have faith in the team."

Tony's head snapped up, his eyes going to the ceiling when the lights flickered. "That better be Point Break!" He cried, as he turned and sprinted for the elevator.

Bruce closed his eyes and took a deep steadying breath. Maybe now that Thor was back they could get Tony's memory back then tear apart the Wizarding World in search of Harry. He wouldn't be able to rest until Harry was safely back in the tower with them.

HP

A part of Arthur wanted to wake his sons up and shake the hell out of them for lying to him and Molly, but he had never been a violent man and Remus had warned him how exhausted George was. He was sure that they had a good reason for lying and then taking off for America, but right now he couldn't think of one. These were very dangerous times, his boys could have been captured, tortured and killed, and he wouldn't have known because him and Molly had assumed that they were safely at Lee Jorden's house in the muggle world. He blamed Molly for his strong willed children.

Knowing what Arthur was thinking, Remus patted the older man on the shoulder. "Their safe, Arthur, that's all that matters right now. Let the boys rest, we'll worry about everything else as it comes."

"I thought they were safe at Lee Jordan's house." Arthur mumbled numbly.

"I know." Remus said as he led the upset man to the chair he had been sitting in. "We knew they were the most upset over Harry missing and that they had already went looking for him once, we should have suspected that they were up to something."

Arthur snorted. "Those two are always up to something. They're very exhausting!"

"That they are." Remus chuckled. "I don't know how you and Molly have managed seventeen years with those two."

"They're the reason I'm bald." Arthur grinned wistfully. "Bill and Charlie were a handful, but Fred and George are in a league of their own."

Pulling out his wand, Remus conjured another chair for himself. "Do you know how your boys feel about my pup?"
"Of course I do. My boys are hopelessly in love with Harry. I can't tell you how many times I have caught them with silly grins on their faces as they talked about Harry. Unfortunately for her, Ginny is also in love with Harry. I try to discourage her, but Molly doesn't see what I do, she doesn't see the way Harry looks at my twin boys, and she keeps on encouraging Ginny to follow her heart."

"George proclaims that they are soul mates. I believe him."

Arthur looked over at his sleeping son. "I don't know who I feel more sorry for. Ginny and her soon-to-be broken heart, or Harry who will have to put up with my boys."

"I don't know, I think my pup can handle those two. I just wish that he would wake up so I can find out what's been going on."

"Do you believe the claim that Harry has a muggle father? Did you even know that James was a carrier?"

"It's hard to believe, but I think it's true. Lily had never smelled pregnant to me, but James had. I had assumed I was just confusing their scents since they were always sitting next to each other, but I guess I should have trusted my instincts. I just wish James would have had told us. Harry could have been raised by his biological father instead of those monsters who are no relation to him at all."

"Even if his true parentage had been known, Dumbledore still would have sent him to those monsters. Dumbledore wanted control of Harry, he wouldn't have had that had Harry been living in America with a loving father."

Remus knew Arthur was right, but the thought of what his pup suffered through at the hands of Vernon Dursley made him violently sick. How could anyone do that to a child? How did Harry turn out so amazing and caring after living a life of violent abuse?

"Is there more?" Arthur asked, feeling a spike in Remus' magic. "Is there something I don't know? Is it my boys?"

Pursing his lips, Remus shook his head no. "Your boys are fine, Arthur, but there is more. More that I can't tell you right now. More about the abuse Harry was subjected to, but it's not for me to tell. There is also so much that I just don't know yet myself."

Madam Pomfrey came briskly walking into the hospital wing with her hands full of potion vials. With a heavy sigh, she looked to her patient. "Harry will be waking soon." She informed the men and animagus. She had a monitor on both Harry and Albus, who was in his personal chambers, to alert her of any changes.

"And Dumbledore?" Remus asked, his top lip curled back in a snarl.

After placing the vials in her cabinet, Madam Pomfrey approached Harry's bed. "He's going to be fine, I was able to reverse the damage to his heart. He's now resting peacefully, but I suspect he'll be up and about in an hour or two."

Madam Pomfrey shook her head when Padfoot snarled at news of Dumbledore's recovery and Remus just glared at her. "I know you aren't happy with Albus Dumbledore, neither am I, but think of Harry. How do you think he will feel if he wakes to news of his headmaster's passing because of something he did? Harry may be furious with Dumbledore, but I know that he didn't purposely hurt him."

"He oblivated my dad."
All heads turned to Harry who was just starting to stir. "I don't wish him dead, but he deserves to suffer too. All the hell I have been through is because of him and, just when I find happiness and a loving family that want me, he rips it all away from me. I hate him!"

Madam Pomfrey started fussing over her patient, casting diagnosis spells and handing him potions. "What the headmaster did is unforgivable. You, Harry, have every right to hate him."

Harry didn't feel that he needed her permission to hate Dumbledore, but he kept his mouth shut and swallowed the potions that she gave him. "I just wanted him to see my life, I wanted him to see what I went through at the Dursley's because of him. I wanted him to suffer what I suffered through."

Padfoot leapt off the bed and transformed back to his human self. With a pained expression on his face, he leaned in to hug his godson.

Wincing, Harry leaned back out of his godfather's reach. "Please don't touch me, everything hurts." That wasn't the only reason why he didn't want Sirius to hug him, he was still hurt over the man abandoning him after the tournament when he had needed him the most. He had just seen a friend murdered, had his blood forcefully taken to bring Voldemort back to life, and he had been tortured, he had needed a father figure, but Sirius had left on Dumbledore's orders without looking back. He had begged Sirius not to go, but he had shifted into Padfoot and left anyway.

"Harry." Sirius whimpered when his godson flinched away from him. He could tell Harry was shying away from him because of something other than pain. Was Harry mad at him?

"Leave him alone." Fred mumbled into his pillow. With great effort, he rolled over and sat up. Head spinning, he looked over to where his twin was sleeping in a bed next to them. "I'm going to kill him for slipping me sleeping draught."

Harry shimmied over to Fred so he could get a good look at him. "Are you ok? Do you need anything?"

Fred smiled softly at his mate. "Shouldn't I be asking you that? You are the one who was held under a torture curse then broke through Dumbledore's mind shields. Harry, you had a seizure!"

"Torture curse!" Sirius roared. "I thought you were just hit with a stunner."

"Not so loud, man!" George grumbled from his bed. "Some of us are trying to sleep here."

"Dad's here." Fred warned.

"Son of a..."

"George!" Mr. Weasley scolded, though there was no heat in his voice. He was still mad at his boys, but he understood more now why his boys felt that they couldn't come to him and tell the truth. There was nothing Fred and George wouldn't do for Harry...even lie and leave their family.

"In our defense." George yawned as he sat up and swung his legs over the bed. "Freddie and I are adults now."

Raising his eyebrows, Arthur gave his twins and unimpressed look. "I advise that you don't use that excuse with your mother...not if you wish to see eighteen."

"Noted!" Fred chuckled.

Looking around the room and feeling lost, Harry brought his hands up to rub at his suddenly damp
eyes. Merlin he missed his dad and everyone else back at the tower. He didn't know how long it had been since Dumbledore kidnapped him, but it already felt like a lifetime. Hogwarts use to feel like home to him, but now it just felt like a stone prison.

Fred, feeling his mate's emotions, reached out and pulled Harry to his chest. "Please be strong, Harry, your dad will remember you."

"Is it really true then, was James you mother?" Sirius asked feeling as though his world was flipping upside down on him. He still couldn't believe that James, his brother, had kept something so life changing from him.

Harry reluctantly pulled away from Fred. He loved being held by him, but now it was a bit uncomfortable being so close knowing how the twins felt about him. He desperately loved them too, but he wasn't ready for that kind of relationship. He may never be ready for a physical relationship with Fred and George...and that wasn't fair to them.

"Lily couldn't get pregnant." Harry explained. "Dad desperately wanted a baby and an heir so he went to the bar and had a one night stand with a muggle. I didn't believe it at first either, but muggles have ways of testing these things and both tests came back positive that I'm Tony Stark's son."

Sirius numbly stumbled to a chair and sat down. "I can't believe James never told me. We never kept secrets from each other. This man, your biological father, is he a good guy?"

"The best." Harry declared, his face lighting up. "My dad, he's the most amazing person that I ever met. He loves me so much...more than anyone ever has."

Sirius' shoulders slumped in defeat. "I have always loved you. From the moment I laid eyes on you I was in love. And that's saying something, you were a red, wrinkly and ugly looking old man."

"If you love me so much?" Harry asked bitterly. "Why did you leave me after the last task when I begged you to stay with me? I was in pain, terrified, and had just suffered a traumatic experience, and you just left with hardly even a goodbye. My dad would never do that." Harry knew that that was a low blow, but right now he didn't care.

Sirius was struck speechless. Was this why Harry didn't want a hug from him? Had his godson thought all this time that he didn't love him?

"Harry." Remus sighed. "We both had a job to do for the Order. We wanted to stay, but it was important that we do Dumbledore's bidding."

"It always comes back to Dumbledore." Harry snapped. "I don't understand why everyone thinks he's such a great man, he's nothing but a manipulative bastard and you all are nothing but a bunch of stupid sheep who blindly following him. I hate it here! I hate the Wizarding World!"

Harry slid off the bed and on shaky legs made his way to the bathroom. Fuck Dumbledore, he was leaving.

***HP

"Will it hurt?"

"Do you care?" Loki smirked.

Tony narrowed his eyes at the god. "I don't care if you have to cut my damn head open and poke at my brains, I want my memories back."
"So gory." Loki tsk'd.

"Can you do it?" Bruce snapped impatiently.

Loki rolled his eye. "Of course I can do it, and luckily for him it won't hurt. He may feel a bit overwhelmed when his memories come rushing back, but he won't suffer any lasting damage."

Thor was pacing the room, his hammer gripped tightly in his fist. "Then stop fooling around brother and fix his head. We must go rescue young Stark."

"My young protege is fine. He's stressed and scared and terrified that his father will never remember him, but physically he is fine." Loki informed. He had felt when the wizards came to get the boy and it had pissed him off. Had he been here he would have incinerated them for even daring to look at his mage. Feeling the child's fear had been enlightening though, he shouldn't have been able to feel him all the way on Asgard. It was just further proof that they were related.

Tony lunged for the god and grabbed his shirt. "You know how my son is? How?"

Smirking, Loki looked down at the white knuckled hand gripping his shirt. "I never removed the magical monitor I placed on him after he killed himself. He did suffer a magical backlash of some kind a few hours ago, but physically he is fine." Without warning, he grabbed Tony's head with both hands.

Moaning, Tony fell to his knees as his memories of the past two months with his son slammed into him one by one at a blinding rate. The memories were coming so fast that it felt like his head was expanding and threatening to explode.

"Harry!" Tony wailed as he fumbled and failed to get to his feet. Falling back onto his knees, he started taking deep breaths in an attempt to regain control of himself. "I'm going to kill them." He painted.

"This is going to be so much fun." Loki clapped. "Little ole me working on the same team as the big, bad, mighty Avengers."

Bruce held out a hand to Tony to help him to his feet. "Everything back up and working?"

Grimacing, Tony nodded his head. "I remember everything, especially my son's fear and heartbreak. Squidward is going to pay for taking my memories. Is everyone ready to leave?"

"Fury isn't..."

"Fuck Fury!" Tony yelled, interrupting whatever it was the Captain had to say. "I'm not going in as a S.H.I.E.L.D agent, I'm going in as a pissed of father hell bent on revenge."

"I was just going to say that Fury can't approve this mission, but he also isn't going to try to stop us. He just asks that we try not to expose the magical world. The chaos it would cause would be beyond disastrous."

"No promises." Tony growled. "Now, does anyone know how to find this damn magical school?"

"I can easily find the little mage." Loki announced. "But do you want me to travel with you, or travel to the school now and check in on our precious one?"

Tony anxiously ran his fingers through his hair. He wanted to get to his son now, but he also knew that he was going to need his team as backup. He couldn't risk Harry getting hurt again while he
battled, he just couldn't. "I'll get the team to Scotland, and you can reassure my son that I have my memories back and that I am coming for him."

Loki could have teleported Tony and a few others directly to the school, but where would the fun be in that? He was looking forward to messing with some Midgard magic users and he didn't want Mr. Goody Goody Captain America ruining his fun.

***HP

With a very unmanly scream, Harry quickly pulled his sleep pants back up. "Fred, what the hell are you doing in here!"

Fred gave him mate a mischievous wink. "Isn't it obvious?"

"No!" Harry squeaked. "Fred, I'm getting in the shower."

"Love, it's not like it's the first time I have seen you naked."

Harry anxiously started chewing on his bottom lip as he looked everywhere but at Fred. "It's different now though...now that I know that you like me, like me."

"You know that neither George nor I would push you into something you weren't ready for, right?" Fred asked seriously.

"I-I know." Harry stuttered. And he did know, he knew that Fred and George would never force him like his uncle and those other men had. Fred and George would never hurt him.

"Good." Fred proclaimed. "Now, the real reason why I'm here is because I need to make sure that your not going to harm yourself."

Harry dropped his eyes to the floor. "I'm not going to try killing myself again, Fred. I made a promise to my dad and Bruce and I'm not going to break it. I'm not going to let Dumbledore win."

Fred started walking the bathroom, inspecting it for any sharp objects. "I trust that you won't kill yourself, Harry, but I don't trust that you won't cut yourself. Can you honestly tell me that you haven't thought about cutting what with everything going on?"

Knowing he was caught and that Fred could see through his lies, Harry opted to just shrug his shoulders and hang his head.

Walking up to his mate, Fred gently placed his hands on his shoulders. "It's alright, Harry, no one is expecting you to get better overnight. You have been using cutting as a way to deal with your problems since you were eight years old, it's going to take a long time to get better. That's why I'm here. Instead of cutting, talk to me, yell at me, scream, curse, whatever it is that you need to do to help cope. I'm here for you, Harry."

Closing his eyes, Harry leaned in and placed his head and Fred's shoulder. "This is what I need. I need you to remind me that it's ok to fuck up and that I'll still have you and George in my corner. I am trying, I am, but it's so hard. I want to cut so damn bad, it's like going through drug withdrawals."

"I have you." Fred reassured as he rubbed his mate's back. "And pretty soon your dad will have you too. I was thinking after we get out of here, we can find Kingsley and he can get us back to America."

Harry stepped away from Fred and turned towards the shower. "This needs to end, Fred. If I run
back to my dad, Dumbledore is just going to drag me back."

"You're not thinking of facing Voldemort, are you?" Fred asked wide eyed and panicked.

"Not if I can help it." Harry sighed. "You and I both know I wouldn't stand a chance against him, but we have to come up with a plan that will get Dumbledore to leave me alone. Voldemort too, he'll come after me in America and I don't want my dad to get stuck in the middle."

"I don't think asking snake face nicely or sending him a bouquet of flowers will work." Fred joked dryly. "And it's going to be impossible to keep your dad out of the middle, whether you're here, or in New York. Tony isn't the type to sit back and do nothing, especially where you're concerned."

"You're right." Harry admitted sadly. He didn't want his dad to have anything to do with the Wizarding World, but if he got his memories back there would be no stopping him. His dad will tear the Wizarding World apart to get to him.

"Get your shower, Harry, and I'll sit here and wait for you. We'll figure something out. Promise."

***HP***

Harry was relieved to not find Dumbledore waiting for him after his shower, but he was pissed to find Snape though. "What the hell are you doing here? Despite loathing you, deep down I always thought that there was something good in you. I was wrong. No wonder my mother chose my dad, a bully and a prankster, over you. Dad may have been a bully, but at least he wasn't an evil bastard."

Sirius threw his head back howling with laughter. "You tell him, kiddo."

Harry glared at his godfather. Just because he was pissed at Snape for obliterating his dad, didn't mean that he still wasn't mad at him.

Severus gripped his wand tightly in his hand. His desire to hex the brat to hell and back was almost overwhelming, "You don't know what you're talking about." He spat at the boy.

Harry shrugged his shoulders. "Don't know, don't care. Lily chose my dad and all this time you have been pining over her and taking your loss out on me. You're pathetic."

Snarling, Severus raised his wand and pointed it at the brat. "Think you're all tough now, do you? Think just because you have a daddy that you can say and do whatever you like? You are still nothing, Potter. You're still an unloved, unwanted, disposable weapon."

Harry bit the inside of his cheek hard enough to draw blood to stop himself from reacting to Snape's harsh words. He knew his dad loved him, but the broken and abused boy in him would always have his doubts. You couldn't overcome a lifetime of abuse in only two months.

"You're the one who is unloved and unwanted!" Fred snarled, stepping in front of his mate. "You have no one. There isn't even a student in this school who likes you. Harry's right, you're pathetic."

"Why you..."

"Enough, Severus." Dumbledore scolded weakly as he came walking into the room leaning heavily on a cane. The headmaster, who was too weak to wear one of his heavy, gaudy robes, looked as though he had aged thirty years in just a day, and looked incredibly frail in just a dress shirt and slacks. "We shouldn't be fighting amongst ourselves."

Shaking his head in disgust, Harry stomped over to his bed a dug his shoes out from under it. He was
done, he didn't care if he had to walk all the way back to his dad, he was leaving.

Looking grave, Dumbledore slowly approached his student. "Harry, I'm truly, truly sorry about what happened to you. I admit that I didn't expect that they would treat you like their own son, but I honestly didn't expect they would abuse you to such a horrific degree."

Harry angrily spun around to face his headmaster. "So what is an acceptable degree?" He snapped. "You knew I wouldn't be loved and that I would be probably be neglected, where do you draw the line at acceptable abuse and unacceptable?"

Still feeling weak from his mind attack and heart attack, Dumbledore took a seat on the boy's bed. "You have to understand, my boy, even as an infant you were so incredibly powerful. I had never felt such a powerful newborn. I knew I couldn't risk keeping you in the Wizarding World after your parents death, not with Death Eaters still roaming free. Not only did I fear that they would kill you, but I also feared that they would kidnap you and turn you dark. I had to do what was best for the greater good."

Harry didn't want to hear it, as far as he was concerned there was no excuse for Dumbledore's actions. "You left me on the doorstep of known magic hating muggles with just a note. For ten years you didn't check on me once, and then when I did return and came to you for help you didn't want to hear it. You wanted a broken and malleable weapon to sacrifice himself for your greater good. Sorry to break it you, but I'm no longer that weapon."

"I'm sorry, my boy." Dumbledore said gravely. "But you don't have a say in this. There is something that I haven't told you."

"Big surprise there." Sirius mumbled as he glared at the headmaster.

Harry shook his head. "I don't want to hear anything you have to say. There is nothing you can say that will make me change my mind on staying and fighting."

Dumbledore pursed his lips. "I wanted to wait a few years before telling you this, I wanted you to have a normal childhood, but there was a prophecy made before you were born. The one with the power to vanquish the Dark Lord approaches ... Born to those who have thrice defied him, born as the seventh month dies ... And the Dark Lord will mark him as his equal, but he will have power the Dark Lord knows not ... And either must die at the hand of the other for neither can live while the other survives ..."

Harry replayed the prophecy over multiply times in his mind. "Well that just doesn't make sense." He scoffed. "Besides, my dad didn't even know of the Wizarding World before me, how could he have thrice defied Voldemort?"

"Matching blood doesn't make one a parent." Dumbledore pointed out.

Remus nodded his head in agreement. "Lily loved you desperately, Harry. She may not have been your biological mother, but she was your mother in every way that mattered."

"It still doesn't mean me." Harry protested. "I can't be the only one born the end of July whose parents fought against Voldemort."

"Mr. Longbottom is the only other candidate."

"In 1980." Harry argued. "What about in 1981 or 1982? The prophecy didn't say anything about when this child would be born. How about where? Voldemort had a lot of enemies. What if there's a kid out there from Bulgaria who was born the end of July whose parents thrice defied the Dark
Grimacing, Arthur looked to Harry's forehead. "But he marked you, Harry. He came to your house personally to kill you and ended up marking you with that scar."

"Voldemort choosing you and marking you set the prophecy in motion, my boy." Dumbledore said regretfully. "Only you can defeat him."

Harry vigorously shook his head. "Well, I don't believe in prophecies. If I am supposed to be this chosen one, the defeater of Voldemort, why the hell haven't you been training me? No, this whole thing is a bunch of shit and I'm not buying it."

"My young apprentice has a point. Prophecies, they're so tricky and fickle. Most self-proclaimed seers are frauds, and that prophecy sounded like a load of bullshit to me."

Harry could have cried at seeing Loki leaning casually against the back wall. The god must have been masking his presence because he hadn't heard him or felt his magic.

Despite his weakness, Dumbledore was on his feet, his wand pointed steadily at the intruder. "Who are you and how did you get in here? The wards shouldn't have allowed you entrance and you can't apparate in Hogwarts."

Loki looked around the hospital wing with a bored expression on his face. "So this is the famous Hogwarts? Plenty of magic here, but what's with the outdated decor? I mean, even Asgard is more with the times than this place. I feel like I stepped back in time five hundred years."

Harry went to move towards Loki, but Dumbledore stepped in front of him. "Answer my questions or else I'm going to assume that you're a danger to everyone hear and I will have to immobilize you and hand you over to the Ministry."

"I was so hoping you would say something like that." Loki chuckled. "I would love nothing more than to test your magic against mine."

"Everyone." Harry said loudly, interrupting whatever it was Dumbledore was getting ready to say. "I would like you to meet, Loki."

"Loki Laufeyson, or Odinson as most mortals know me. I'm also affectionately known as the God of Mischief." Loki bragged as he looked down on the mortals.

"Impossible!" Dumbledore said breathlessly.

"Not impossible." Loki declared, stepping off from the wall. "I'm also young Harry's great, great, great, great, add a few more greats, great grandfather."

"Really?" Harry asked, his face lighting up with excitement. "Are we really related?"

Loki looked fondly at the boy. "Not only are we blood related, but when I gave you that blood transfusion after your little accident with the knife, it bound us even closer together. I'm more like your magical father now."

"Impossible." Dumbledore repeated, though he could see the resemblance between the god and Harry. He could also feel the similarities in their magic. Loki giving Harry some of his blood would explain why Harry's magic felt different. It was still mostly the same, but a bit darker and amplified.

Loki allowed his eyes to slowly rake over the old man. He was powerful for someone from Midgard,
but he was nothing compared to his little mage. They weren't even in the same league. "Not the brightest are you?"

"He thinks he is." Fred scoffed.

Arthur grabbed his son and yanked him behind him. He couldn't believe that he was standing in the same room as an actual god. He didn't know if he was supposed to bow, or what, but right now he was frozen to the spot.

Harry stepped around Dumbledore, dodging the arm that went to grab him. Without giving his headmaster a second thought, he approached Loki, his magic tingling happily. He never thought that he would be so happy to see the trickster god. "Loki, how's my dad?"

"You father is once again functioning with all his memories and him and the rest of his team of misfits are on their way here to rescue you."

Harry couldn't stop his tears. "Thank you, Loki. Thank you so much."

"Ah, my young one, you don't have to thank me." Loki smiled. "We share blood and magic, you and your father are family."

Harry was shocked at hearing that. "My dad is related to you too? I thought my other dad would have been the one related to you."

Loki shrugged his shoulders. "Crazy that. I had assumed that too, but nope. It seems many generations ago I slipped my bloodline in with the Starks. When your fathers met and made you, James' magic ignited the magic you inherited from me."

"Don't you see!" Dumbledore cried excitedly. "The power the Dark Lord knows not. It's proof that you are the chosen one." He couldn't believe this, not only was Harry unbelievably powerful, but he also had a relative that was a god...and not just any god, but the powerful Loki. Voldemort isn't going to stand a chance against Harry and Loki.

"I really don't like him." Loki grumbled.

"That makes another thing we share." Harry agreed.
Chapter 19

I do not own Harry Potter or Marvel..

Hope you enjoy and PLEASE REVIEW. Also come find me on FB at Miste Potter.

***HP

Face in a sneer, Severus looked down his long hooked nose at the man claiming to be the god Loki. "Do you honestly expect us to believe that you are Loki, the god of mischief?" He scoffed. "You're just another one of Black's pranks."

Eyes gleaming, Loki gave the greasy man a slow smile. Yes, this was the bastard that took Stark's memories, he recognized the magic. Like the man, his magic had a greasy, disgusting film to it. He was decently powerful, not as powerful as the crazed old man, but he was more powerful than the other three adult men in the room. Though, the man in tattered robes felt curious to him and he was anxious to feel out his magic more. He wasn't certain, but the man didn't feel entirely human to him...there was a wildness to him.

Dumbledore's eyes flickered to his professor and right hand man. "Severus, can't you feel his magic? His magic is unlike anything I have ever felt before. He's not of this world."

Hearing the excitement in his headmaster's voice disgusted Harry. Even if he believed the prophecy, he wouldn't want to help just because Dumbledore was a selfish, self-centered dick. The man basically admitted to sitting back and watching as innocent people were tortured and murdered all because he believed in a prophecy. All because he believed that he was the only one who could defeat Voldemort. He wouldn't be surprised if Dumbledore had led Voldemort to his parents house that Halloween night.

"I can see why, my little mage, you wish to never return to this school and these people." Loki said silkily. "They are not worthy of you. You are so much more than them, so much more powerful."

"Potter!" Severus spat in disgust. "Potter is a below average student who is only getting by on his fame. He is nothing...just like his father!"

Loki's eyes narrowed in anger. "You better watch, mortal scum, how you talk about my mage...my blood. I am not the type of god you want to piss off."

"I would heed his warning, professor." George warned. "That really is Loki."

"And if you think our pranks our bad." Fred added. "Just wait until you see what kind of pranks he can do. He is the king of pranks."

"King!" Loki scoffed. "I am a god, not a king. Have you learned nothing from me, my flame haired minion?"

Arthur turned to look at his son in disbelief. "You personally know Loki?" He asked in awe and fear.

Grinning sheepishly, Fred rubbed the back of his neck. "Uhm, yeah, Loki kind of took George and I under his wing. We have a lot in common."
Harry made a loud snorting noise. "Kind of! The three of you have reeked havoc on the tower. Clint has threatened to put a bolt between your eyes the next time you play a prank on him, and I believe that he will actually do it."

"You would think a man as obsessed with birds as he is would enjoy squawking like a bird for twenty four hours." George pointed out innocently.

"Thought we were doing him a favor." Fred mock pouted.

Groaning, Arthur rubbed tiredly at his face. "Just wait until your mother hears who you have been hanging out with. She can't blame me for this, her brothers were almost as bad as the two of you. This is her blood's doing, not mine. Weasleys have always walked the straight and narrow."

"Well, that explains Percy." George snorted.

Severus didn't know what to believe. He had enjoyed reading Norse mythology as a kid, and he had read all about Loki, but Loki was just that...a myth. Dumbledore had a point though, the man professing to be the god Loki was extremely powerful and he had never felt magic like his before. Still, even if he was Loki, there was no way the brat Potter was related to him.

"Are you really Loki?" Sirius asked skeptically. Kingsley had told him that Harry's dad was in tight with two gods, but it was still hard to believe.

"Are you really an idiot?" Loki shot back.

For the first time since Dumbledore kidnapped him from his dad, Harry started laughing. He didn't even think what Loki said was that funny, he was just relieved and happy that his dad remembered him and was on his way to help him. He was flying all the way from America and was planning on taking on the Wizarding World just for him. Knowing that he was loved so much felt...well, there wasn't a word to describe how he felt.

"It wasn't that funny." Sirius protested childishly.

Ignoring his godfather, Harry turned back to Loki. "So what now? What's the plan?"

Dumbledore cleared his throat. "The plan hasn't changed, my boy. You will remain here, return to school for your fifth year, learn magic, then fight Voldemort when the time comes. Only now you will have Loki at your side."

Loki shook his head in disbelief. "Are all mortals this stupid? Does he have something wrong with his brain, is that why he isn't comprehending anything? Does he have one of those old people diseases where they forget stuff? We don't have illnesses like that on Asgard."

"No old people diseases for him, he just thinks he's a god too." Harry said. "He thinks he knows all and sees all, and he's never, ever wrong. Even now knowing what he knows of my childhood, he doesn't feel true regret. He feels bad that I was abused and molested, but he would do it over again if he had the chance to turn back time. The only thing he would do different is make sure that I never found out about my dad."

"That's not true, my boy." Dumbledore said gravely. "Had I know I would have removed you immediately."

Loki was watching the man's facial expressions as he talked and reading his magic. It was impossible for mortals to lie to him, especially magic users. Mortals may lie, but magic never does. "Which is why you never allowed him to tell you about the abuse." He pointed out knowingly. "You would
always cut him off and send him on his way. As long as you didn't hear the words, then in your book it didn't happen."

Furious, Sirius turned to Dumbledore. "You bastard!" He roared. "You knew, didn't you? You knew Harry was being hurt."

Severus took a step back from his mentor. "You told me you had placed wards around the home to alert you if Harry was sick or hurt."

"I-I didn't want you to worry, Severus. I knew how much you loved Lily and how badly you were grieving her death. I had assumed that Harry would be safe with his aunt and uncle so I didn't bother with the monitoring wards. I did have Mrs. Figg watching over him though. She would have notified me immediately if there had been a problem."

Harry couldn't believe it. Each time Dumbledore opened his mouth another lie or deception was discovered. "Crazy Mrs. Figg? Cat loving, crazy Mrs. Figg was working for you? The only thing Mrs. Figg was aware of or could be bothered with were her damn cats. Vernon could have fucked me on her front lawn and she wouldn't have noticed."

Harry's eyes widened and his heart stopped beating when it dawned on him what he said. Looking around the room, his stomach turned when he saw the looks of horror on Sirius', Remus', and Mr. Weasley's faces. He knew that Fred and George pretty much knew what happened to him, but he still never talked about it with them.

"Oh, Harry." Arthur whimpered, all color draining from his face. This was the secret that Remus couldn't tell him earlier. Harry had not only been physically abused, but he had also been sexually abused.

Shaking his head, Harry looked pleadingly to Loki. The last thing he wanted was to talk about what happened to him, especially not with Mr. Weasley. "My dad?" He asked desperately.

Loki let his magic flood the room, it was a warning to all to not pressure his mage into talking about his past. "Well, child, I could easily annihilate the old man and big nosed pet, but then I would be taking all the fun away from your dad. He missed out on getting his revenge on the fat whale, I'm not going to let him miss out on getting revenge on these two. They walked into your father's home, a home that he tried to make safe for you, they attacked him, tortured you, erased his memories of you, then kidnapped you. He needs to get his payback."

Harry exhaled loudly as he brought a trembling hand up to rub his eyes. "I'm so damn tired. I just want this to end. I want to go home and never lay eyes on Dumbledore or Voldemort again. Why me? When does it stop?" He was losing steam fast, his adrenaline wearing out. He had been so mad and scared that all he wanted to do was lash out and hurt someone, but now all he wanted to do was crawl in a hole and cry. He wanted his dad, but at least he had Loki. They may have gotten off to a rough start, but he now trusted the trickster. Loki had saved his life after all...even before he knew that they were family.

Dumbledore didn't know what he was going to do. Somehow he had lost control of the situation and control of Harry. He honestly never meant for the boy to be hurt so badly, he had just wanted him to be desperate for approval and love. He needed Harry to be willing to sacrifice himself for those he cared about, to become a hero. He didn't want the boy to die when facing the Dark Lord, he just wanted him willing to do anything to defeat him, even give his life if needed.

As much as having Loki on their side was a bonus, it was also a hinderance. Loki's presence made Harry bolder, more confident. Harry Potter three months ago would have never stood up to him and
Harry Potter three months ago was meek and malleable. He wasn't sure how to handle this Harry Potter. How to manipulate him.

"I think." Dumbledore started off wearily. "That we all need to step back, take a breather, and reevaluate everything. I'm not the bad guy here, Voldemort is. I know you're upset with me now, Harry, but I have only been acting in the best interest of the greater good. I think of you as a grandson, your happiness means the world to me."

Fred brought his hand up to his mouth and pretended to cough. "Bullshit."

Harry walked to the bed and slumped down. "Just, no more. I'm tired of talking and lies. There is nothing you can say or do that will make me change my mind. I'm not remaining in the Wizarding World and I'm not fighting Voldemort. You're powerful, headmaster, and the ministry is full of trained aurors. It's their job to handle dark wizards, not mine. I'm just going to sit here and wait for my dad to come and kick your ass. You messed with the wrong damn muggle."

***HP

Bruce was getting concerned over Tony's continuing silence. Ever since they boarded the plane, the normally talkative and smart ass genius, had barely said two words. He knew he had a lot on his mind, but a quiet Tony Stark was scary. God only knew what was brewing in his amazing mind of his.

"Am I the only one here who still finds it odd that we are trusting Loki?" Clint asked from where he was laying sprawled out on a leather couch. It was good traveling on a private jet.

Natasha grunted in agreement. "Weren't we trying to kill him a year ago?"

Thor looked up from the Rubix Cube he had been frustratingly trying to solve. "That was not my brother. Well, not fully him anyway. He was being controlled by a being much more powerful than him."

"Yeah, that still doesn't excuse him." Clint snarked back. "Are you telling me that your brother doesn't have a dark streak, doesn't dream of universal domination? Are you trying to tell me that he didn't play mean pranks on you when you were growing up?"

Thor frowned. "Well, Loki has always been high spirited, and his childhood pranks were nothing more than him showing off his magical skills. Loki didn't have it easy growing up on Asgard, everyone treated him differently and mocked him. He wasn't like our father or myself. He wasn't a warrior. His strength lies in his magic and cunning, not in his fists."

"He saved my son's life." Tony spoke softly, the first words out of his mouth in over two hours. "He also returned my memories. We all have done things that we regret, Loki is no different. Yes he has killed innocents, but who here hasn't? I created war weapons...weapons that killed thousands of people. I'm no saint, not even close to it."

"Are you defending Loki?"

Tony lifted his drink and allowed the liquor to burn his throat before answering Legalos. "I'm not defending Loki, I'm just stating facts. I wouldn't trust Loki with the remote to my tv, but I do trust him with my son's life."

"It's pretty amazing how much one small boy has changed us all, Loki included." Bruce pointed out.

"Changed us all for the better." Tony added wistfully. For the past two hours he had been mentally
replaying and savoring every memory he had of his son, even the not so good ones. He would gladly take bad memories of his son over no memories at all. Not that he had a lot of bad memories of Harry. By bad memories he meant those of Harry when he thought he was dying from blood poisoning, learning of his abuse and sexual assaults, and finding him bleeding to death on the bathroom floor. There were more, but those were the worst.

"I knew he was your son the second I saw his face." Bruce grinned. "I didn't need the DNA tests to prove it. I was prepared to lie, to say that he was yours in order to get him away from those vile people claiming to be his relatives, but the second he removed his hoodie I knew I wouldn't have to. Even Pepper knew he was yours before the tests confirmed it."

Tony grinned when he thought back to his first encounter with his son. "I thought I was looking at my past self when I first saw him walking into my kitchen. I never wanted kids, the thought of them actually turned my stomach, but the second it sunk in that he was my son, I wanted him more than anything I have ever wanted before. I was scared, but I wanted him and I wanted to protect him and make him happy."

"I thought you'd fuck up." Natasha admitted without shame. "You were the last person I would ever expect to be a good father, but you proved me wrong. Being Harry's father hasn't been easy, he came with a shit ton load of bad baggage, but you have stood by his side without stumbling or faltering. It pains me to admit this, but Harry couldn't ask for a better father."

Bruce chuckled at the dumbfounded look on Tony's face. "I had my doubts too, but seeing you with Harry..."

"Turns you on?" Clint interrupted with a cocky grin.

Bruce glared at Clint while Tony gave him a wink. Bruce really was falling hard for Tony, and it was pretty much true, he never would have developed feelings for Tony if it hadn't been for Harry. Harry brought out a Tony Stark that he didn't know existed, a Tony Stark that did turn him on. Who knew that daddy Tony would be his weakness?

With a loud growl, Thor crushed the Rubix Cube in his large fist. "Stupid, impossible, demon created game!"

***HP***

Loki was amazed and in awe. With childlike excitement on his face, he looked down at the small creature. "Do the finger snap thing again."

Dobby's ears started vibrating. "But great, master Loki sir, Dobby is already doing it thirteen times."

"Please, just once more." Loki begged excitedly.

From his bed where he was eating his dinner, Harry couldn't stifle his giggle. "It's alright, Dobby, Loki has just never seen a house elf before. Just humor him one more time."

"Your magic is so fascinating." Loki grinned. "I'm trying to figure out how it works, but it's unlike any magic I have ever encountered before."

"That is because you is not being a house elf like Dobby, great sir." Dobby squeaked. "House elves have special magic." With a snap of his fingers, Dobby made the chair that the strange god was sitting on disappear. With another finger snap, he made the chair reappear on a bed across the room.

"Fantastic!" Loki crowed from where he was sprawled out on the stone floor. "I need to get me a
house elf."

With a loud squeak, Dobby disappeared.

"I think you freaked Dobby out." Harry chuckled. "And that's saying something seeing as Dobby isn't exactly right in the head."

Getting to his feet and dusting his clothes off, Loki conjured another chair to sit on. "I never realized that Midgard had such fascinating creatures. The scruffy man from earlier, where did he go? I wanted to ask him about his magic?"

"Scruffy man from earlier?"

"Yes, the man that was here earlier in ratty robes."

"I think he means Remus." Fred pointed out.

Loki tilted his head back and started chuckling. "I get it now...Remus. I wonder, was he named that before, of after?"

"I'm feeling confused again." Harry pouted. "What are you talking about?"

"This Remus fellow, he's a werewolf, correct?"

Harry nodded his head. "How did you know?"

"It was his magic, though I hadn't realized it until you said his name was Remus. I knew there was something not human about him, something wild, but I have never met a werewolf from Midgard before so I didn't recognize that he suffered from lycanthropy."

Harry shrugged his shoulders. "What does that have to do with his name?"

"Do you know the story of Remus and Romulus?"

Harry thought that the names sounded familiar, he vaguely remembered reading something about them in a history book. "Refresh my memory."

"Well, to make a long story short, Remus and Romulus were twins that were abandoned and then nursed by a she-wolf. Don't you find it curious that your friend Remus has the same name as a man that had been taken in by a wolf? I wonder if his name was Remus from birth and was just destined to become a werewolf? Odd that, don't you think?"

Harry remembered now, he remembered that Rome was supposedly named after Romulus. Or was it both Remus and Romulus? He couldn't remember, but now he understood why Loki found Remus' name so funny. "How do you know about Remus and Romulus?" He found it strange, especially since Loki didn't know much about earth stuff.

Shrugging his shoulders, Loki's cheeks flushed in embarrassment. "I like to read about myself when I visit. Midgard has an endless supply of books and I like to read what is written about me. I came across the story of Remus and Romulus when searching for stories about my life and adventures and found them interesting."

"Oh, that's great." Harry laughed. "I can picture you now searching through libraries and bookstores looking for any mention of the great and powerful Loki. I bet the library here has something on you."
Loki looked thoughtfully to the door. "Do you think so? It would be interesting to see if magic users portray me differently than non magic users." He didn't want to leave his mage, but he was very curious now.

Rolling his eyes, Harry jerked his head towards the door. "Go and look, but you're taking George with you. You may be a trickster, but so is Hogwarts. I don't need to worry about you roaming the halls lost."

Loki jumped to his feet. "I won't be long, but I will know if you have need of me. Get some rest."

***HP

Harry turned onto his side so he was facing Fred. They were once again sharing the same bed, and thankfully he wasn't feeling uncomfortable with the close contact. He had slept plenty of times in the same bed as Fred and George, but that was before he knew that they liked him. "What do you think is going happen when my dad gets here?"

Reaching out with just a finger, Fred started tracing the back of his mate's hand. "I think all hell is going to break lose." He admitted honestly. "I'll be surprised if Hogwarts is still standing when this is through...especially if Bruce loses it and turns into the green guy."

Biting his bottom lip, Harry tried not to focus on Fred touching him. He liked it...he liked it a hell of a lot. Fred touching him was extremely distracting. "I can't believe how much I miss them, it's not as though I have known them that long."

"You don't have to know someone a long time to get attached or fall in love." Fred was speaking from experience, he had fallen in love with Harry instantly. From the moment he laid eyes on the tiny little firsty, who was wearing clothes that were three sizes too big and taped up glasses, and was struggling to get his trunk that probably weighed more than him in the overhead compartment, he had been done. He knew then and there that Harry was it for him.

Harry unconsciously scooted a little closer to Fred, seeking his warmth and protection. "Has it always felt this way for you and George?"

Fred was having a hell of a time not staring at his mate's plump lips. Merlin, he wanted to taste Harry so damn bad. "What feeling are you talking about?"

"It's hard to explain." Harry said chewing on his bottom lip. He didn't realize that his teeth gnawing on his lip was driving Fred insane. "All my life I have been on my own, I only had myself to depend on. Now, I not only have a dad, but I have a team of superheroes that care about me. This feeling of knowing that I have someone out there, especially a dad, that is worried about me and will do anything to protect me, it's..." Unable to find the right word, Harry stopped talking.

Fred grinned knowingly at Harry's loss of words. "I must admit, always having loving parent and siblings I sometimes have taken them for granted. We may fight each other and pull pranks, and Merlin knows mom has perfected sending howlers, but despite all that, we have each other's backs. No matter how much a git Ronnie can be, if someone messed with him he would have George and I to back him up. You, Harry, you have never had that. It has to be a bit overwhelming."

"Overwhelming in a good way." Harry clarified. "Overwhelming in a great way actually. I just wish I knew how to describe how I was feeling. I have a dad, a real dad, not just one I made up while laying in my cupboard cold, lonely, and in pain. Tony is real flesh and blood and he loves me. There are no words that can describe how I feel right now."
Every time Harry brought up his childhood it broke something in Fred. He has had multiple nightmares over the years over Harry and his abuse. He wished that there was a time turner powerful enough to send him back to when Harry was a baby so he could snatch him off the Dursley's doorstep and give him the life he deserved.

"Harry, can I kiss you?" Fred asked shyly. "Just a small kiss, nothing more."

Harry's heart skipped a few beats before he slowly nodded his head. He would be lying if he said he didn't want Fred to kiss him.

Fred's smile was blinding. "I want you to keep your eyes open. I want you to see that it's me, that it's my lips on yours."

Harry licked his lips nervously. He could do this, he wanted to do this. It was just a kiss, nothing more. It was just Fred and he trusted Fred.

Fred leaned in very slowly, he wanted to give Harry plenty of time to change his mind. He desperately wanted to kiss him, but he would never force him.

Harry inhaled sharply when Fred's lips made contact with his. Fred's lips were surprisingly soft, and Fred was being so gentle, unlike all the men that had raped him, that it was easy to separate Fred from them. This kiss didn't scare him at all.

Fred lips only lingered for a few seconds and he kept his tongue in his mouth. He had all the time in the world, he wasn't going to push Harry. Still, the kiss had been amazing. Pulling back, he looked into his mate's eyes with a goofy grin on his face. "That was perfect."

Harry could feel the heat on his cheeks. "Yeah it was." He agreed. "Maybe we can try that again later."

Fred gave the younger boy a wink. "It will be my pleasure."

***HP

"Ingenious!" Loki hollered over another wailing book.

George scowled at the god, his hands covering his ears. Loki, in all his childish immaturity, had ten books from the restricted section lined up on the table, all screaming loud enough to bust an eardrum. "Knock it off, will ya!"

Still grinning, Loki waved his hand over the books, silencing them all instantly. "I never knew magic users here were so creative. A book that screams when being read by someone not allowed, it's hilarious!"

"Wait until you discover The Monster Book of Monsters." George smirked.

"This school is far more entertaining than what I was expecting. I may have to hang around and do some exploring. House elves, talking portraits, screaming books, why have I waited this long to visit the Wizarding World?"

"You visit Earth often?"

"Earth, despite being full of weak mortals, has always intrigued me. At an early age I discovered all the secret ways off Asgard to other realms, Earth was my favorite realm to visit."

"And you never knew you fathered a child with someone from Earth?"

Loki gave the teen a sly grin. "I may look to only be in my twenties, but I am over a thousand years old. I have slept with more women, men, and creatures, than I could possibly remember. I didn't even know it was possible for me to father a child with a mortal woman."

"It's a shame you didn't know about Harry earlier." George said sadly. "You could have raised him yourself."

"I would have liked that, but I'm afraid Odin would have never allowed me to bring Harry to Asgard. Still, I would have seen him safe and happy with Tony and I would have been a part of his life. If I thought it would help him, I would erase every bad memory Harry has of his childhood, but I'm afraid it would do more harm than good. Even though Harry has suffered, his suffering has made him who he is, take away that suffering and who knows who we will be left with."

George nodded his head grimly. "I get it, I do, but it still hurts to see him in so much pain."

"He is in pain, a great deal so, but he is healing. Once the mess here is taken care of and he's back with his father, he will heal even more. It won't be easy, but Harry will someday be able to move on and heal from his past and have a full relationship with you and your brother."

Shaking his head, Loki smirked. "Right now as we speak your brother and my mage are kissing."

George lunged to his feet, his chair tipping behind him. "What!" He cried in disbelief. "They're kissing without me?"

Picking up another screaming book, Loki laughed as the young man sprinted from the library.

***HP

"It's a stupid plan and one that will see us dead." Severus sneered.

Staring out his window, Dumbledore stroked his beard thoughtfully. "I am afraid if we don't act drastically, we will lose both Harry and Loki."

"You can't lose something you don't have. You messed up with Potter, he'll never willingly help you."

Sighing, Dumbledore turned away from the window then took his seat behind his desk. "You would think that an old man would learn from his mistakes, but I fear I have wronged young Harry, just as I wronged Tom all those years ago. I knew that he wasn't happy in the orphanage and I knew that he was being neglected and abused, but I still sent him back every summer. I was just so afraid of his heritage and power. I knew he was dark the moment I laid eyes on him."

Severus knew the history of Tom Marvolo Riddle and he laid part of the blame on Tom becoming a dark wizard on Dumbledore. "Maybe, instead of treating him like a dark wizard at the age of eleven and sending him to a home where you knew he was being treated poorly, you should have taken him under you wing and shown him that there was another way. Shown him that there were people who cared."

"It's in the past now." Dumbledore said with a wave of his hand.

Severus wanted to curse the old man. "It may be in the past, but we are still suffering today because of your actions. As if your treatment of Tom Riddle wasn't bad enough, you go and do it again with the Potter brat, but this time only worse. If anyone has a right to become a dark lord and want to see
the extinction of muggles, it's that boy."

Dumbledore bowed his head. "You are right, but I can't go back and change the past."

"Would you?"

Dumbledore's head snapped back up. "Excuse me, Severus?"

"Would you change the past? If you could do it over again, would you take infant Harry and place him in a loving home here in the Wizarding World?"

"I have only ever wanted the best for the boy, but you must understand, the Wizarding World wasn't safe for Harry back then. The survival of not only our world, but also the muggle world, rested in that boy's hands. I had to weigh the good and the bad, and sadly one boy's suffering does not outweigh the suffering of the rest of the world."

Severus felt disgusted and dirty. "Even knowing what you know now, knowing that a child would be abused and raped, if given the chance to do it over again, you would still leave Harry on those monster's doorstep."

"You misunderstand me." Dumbledore quickly protested. "If I had the chance to do it over again, I would see that Harry wouldn't be abused to the extent he was. I would place safe-guards, wards, around the home."

Severus couldn't believe what he was hearing. After everything the man witnessed, he would still send Harry to live with the Dursleys. He wanted to walk out, to never look back, but unfortunately he couldn't do that, at least not while the Dark Lord was still alive. As long as the Dark Mark marred his arm, he would never be free to live his own life. The Dark Lord would always be able to find him.

Severus clenched his teeth to keep from cursing the old man. "Back to your plan." He said in an attempt to change the subject. "Loki is a god, it will not work."

"The loyalty potion is very strong, my boy, I trust that it will work on both Harry and Loki. I don't like doing this, but we need the both of them in order to win this war."

Severus shook his head. "This is insanity."

"No, Severus, this is war."

***HP

Note :<<<: Ok, so for this fic I'm not going to delve into Loki having other children.
Chapter 20

I do apologize for the cliffhanger. It wasn't my intention because I hate cliffhangers, but it just happened that way. I'm hoping to have the next chapter up in another week, so if you don't want to be left with a cliffhanger, just wait a bit longer.

My FB name has been changed to Miste Potter, friend me for news on updates and other happenings.

***HP

Sirius had tried to sleep the previous night, but his mind wouldn't shut off and he spent the entire night tossing and turning and staring up at the ceiling. Every time he closed his eyes he saw the look on his godson's face as he pulled away from him...as he refused any kind of comfort from him. It was killing him knowing that Harry was upset with him for leaving him after the tournament.

Rubbing his tired and bloodshot eyes, Sirius poured himself another cup of strong coffee. He had to find a way to make it right with his godson, to prove to him that he loved him and would stand by him no matter what he decided. He wasn't upset that Harry didn't want fight Voldemort. Hell, he didn't want Harry to fight Voldemort. Harry wasn't even fifteen years old yet, it would be suicide to go against a wizard like Voldemort. Even James, a highly trained Auror, hadn't lasted five minutes against the monster.

At the same time, he didn't want Harry to leave the Wizarding World either. Harry was a wizard, a very powerful wizard at that, he belonged in the Wizarding World with all the other witches and wizards. He didn't want his godson to move to a different country and live as a muggle. He didn't want his godson, the godson that he was finally getting to be a godfather to, to move far away from him when he just got him back.

"Stop it!"

"Stop what?" Sirius mumbled sleepily.

"Scowling at your coffee mug." Remus scolded. "The coffee mug didn't do anything to Harry, Dumbledore did."

"Fucking bastard." Sirius spat. Just hearing that man's name made his blood boil. He had never wanted to hurt someone as badly as he wanted to hurt the headmaster. He always knew that Dumbledore was manipulative, but he never suspected that could be as evil as Voldemort himself.

"He knew, Remy. That bastard knew that Harry was being abused and he didn't do shit about it. How could he do that? How could he just turn his back on a scared and hurting child?"

"I don't know." Remus sighed heavily. "When Dumbledore came to my home and offered me a chance to attend Hogwarts, I thought that he was the greatest man alive. No other headmaster had ever accepted a werewolf, regardless of how intelligent they were. I don't understand how he could help me, yet condemn Harry."
"He's such a damn good kid, I just don't understand how anyone could hurt him. I feel like I failed James and Lily, that I failed my godson."

Remus nodded his head in agreement. "I believe that we all feel that we failed him. We can't turn back time, Sirius, but we can try to be there for him now. He's going to need all the help he can get dealing with Dumbledore and Voldemort."

Sirius slumped his shoulders in defeat. "Why? Why would he need us when he has a god and the worlds most amazing muggle father?" Sirius didn't want to be a jealous bastard, but he couldn't help it. All those years in Azkaban he spent dreaming of being a true godfather to Harry, but now he didn't need him. What's worse, the last time Harry did need him, had begged him to stay at his side, he had left to do Dumbledore's bidding. He was the worst godfather ever!

Remus grabbed the newspaper and smacked Sirius over the head with it. "Knock it off. Harry has enough love in him for all of us. Just because he has Loki and a father, doesn't mean he wants nothing to do with us."

"We abandoned him."

Remus' lips pulled down in a frown. "We did, but all we can do now is beg for forgiveness." Not that he thought they deserved forgiveness. They had abandoned Harry after he experienced something traumatic, something most adults would have a hard time processing and dealing with, they didn't deserve his forgiveness.

"Let's just get ourselves together then get back to the school." Sirius suggested. "We need to let Harry know that he can depend on us for now on. He needs to know that we will have his back. Fuck Dumbledore and his greater good!"

***HP

Severus wasn't happy, but he placed the vial full of brown liquid on the headmaster's desk. "I did my part. I want nothing to do with you administering it to Potter and Loki. This is going to blow up in your face."

Inclining his head, Dumbledore pocketed the potion. "And were you able to check Harry's claim that the muggle is his father?"

Exhaling loudly, Severus closed his eyes and counted to ten. All these years he had tied himself to Dumbledore thinking that he was helping Lily's boy. So many years wasted. "It is true. Lily is not the brat's mother. Lily isn't even remotely related to him."

Eyes losing their twinkle, Dumbledore rested back in his chair as he thought. "We can't let this get back to Voldemort. We don't need him questioning if Harry is the true prophecy child."

Severus shook his head in disbelief. "And what if he isn't? What if the whole damn prophecy is nothing but mad ramblings from a drunk hack that was desperate for a job?"

"The words were real. I know a real prophecy from a fake?"

"Says you!" Severus spat. "Why do you want to put Potter in front of the Dark Lord so damn bad?"

Getting to his feet, Dumbledore walked to his bookshelf and retrieved an old and battered book. After flipping through a few pages, he handed it to Severus.

Severus scanned the book, his eyes bulging. "So Harry Potter is the only descendant of Godric
Gryffindor?"

Dumbledore pointed to a name in the book. "Remember this name." Taking the book back, he flipped a few more pages before handing the book back.

Severus cursed softly under his breath. "So the brat is also distantly related to the Dark Lord through the Peverell brothers?"

"He is." Dumbledore nodded grimly. "Don't you see, not only is there the prophecy, but both Harry and Tom are the last of the Gryffindor and Slytherin line, and they are both related. It's fate...it's destiny!"

Sneering, Severus closed the book with a sharp snap. "It's a coincidence." He growled in frustration. "None of this proves that the prophecy is real or that Potter is the only one who can defeat the Dark Lord. Why would only one person be able to defeat him?"

"It's just how things are supposed to play out, I'm afraid. Harry must be the one to end Voldemort."

Severus couldn't help but think that the old man was mad. Well, the old man was a bit mad, everyone knew that and just said he was eccentric, but Albus Dumbledore was off his rocker, fucking mad.

Albus Dumbledore was going to get him killed.

***

Crossing his left leg over his right, Loki plucked at the blanket under him with a frown. "I'm bored!"

He whined petulantly.

Harry nodded his head in agreement. He had been awake for hours and he was tired of looking at the Hospital Wing's stone walls. Everything in the room was too white and too clean, it reminded him of Petunia. The nosey woman, who thankfully was no blood relation to him, had been obsessed with her house being clean and hospital sterile.

"When do you think my dad will get here?"

Loki gave his mage a wink. "Soon, my young apprentice. Stark's plane landed an hour ago, I'm just letting them bumble their way around trying to find this castle."

"But aren't there muggle repelling charms on Hogwarts?"

Fred snorted. "If you would have read, Hogwarts a History, you would know the answer to that." He said in his best Hermione impression.

"Good one." George chuckled. "I like the girl, but damn is she a bossy know-it-all."

"Has anyone actually ever seen that book?" Harry asked. "She's always going on and on about it, but she's the only person I have ever heard mention the existence of that book."

Fred and George looked at each other then shrugged their shoulders. "Dunno!" They said at the same time. "We don't volunteer to read books that we don't have to."

Feeling antsy, Harry started scratching at his arm. He wanted this to be over with. He wanted to see his dad and Bruce and to go back to the tower. He missed everyone, even Jarvis.

Loki narrowed his eyes at his mage, not missing how the boy's nails were digging painfully into his arms. Harry was struggling with his urge to cut and sitting around doing nothing wasn't helping him
any. "Don't worry about the team, Thor will lead them here. My brother has always, much to my
displeasure, been able to track me. Yes, I could go and get them and bring them back, but isn't this
much more fun?"

Harry couldn't help but think that him and Loki had different ideas on what was fun. " Sitting around
doing nothing and praying that Dumbledore leaves us alone isn't my idea of fun."

Swinging his long legs off the bed, Loki got to his feet. "Then, lets go explore and shake this old
castle up."

Harry looked to Fred and George, who looked back at him with matching mischievous grins. "Fine."
He huffed. "Just, no damaging Hogwarts herself. Snape and Dumbledore are free game though."

***HP

Harry had been enjoying his time on one of the borrowed school brooms, showing off to Loki with
Fred and George, when he spotted two figures walking his way. He didn't know how he felt about
Dumbledore recovering from his heart attack so quickly. Yesterday, he could barely walk, but now
he was barely leaning on his cane as he strolled across the quidditch pitch. It's not that he really
wanted to see the old man dead or suffering, it just wasn't fair that he suffered for over thirteen years
and Dumbledore barely suffered for twenty four hours. He just felt that Dumbledore deserved some
sort of punishment for leaving him with the Dursley's and not helping him when he asked.

"Ah, Harry my boy, out having fun on this most beautiful summer day I see?"

With a loud groan, Harry reluctantly landed his broom next to the old bastard, but he didn't dismount.
He was so tempted to just fly away, to just take off far away from Hogwarts, but he knew that his
dad was on his way so it would be stupid to leave now. "Headmaster." He greeted flatly.

Dumbledore didn't allow his smile to falter when Loki and the Weasley twins landed next to Harry.
He was going to have to contact Molly and Arthur about them collecting their boys. He liked the
twins well enough and, they were always good for a laugh, but Harry didn't need distractions right
now. He also didn't need more people on Harry's side that would help Harry stand against him.

"Isn't broom flying wonderful!" Loki beamed as he spun the broom he had been riding in his hands.
"I have flown by many different means, even by hammer with my brother, but this was my first
broom flight." Loki did a little shimmy then pulled at the back of his pants. "It is a bit uncomfortable
on the backside though, isn't it? Is that why you all wear robes, to hide your wedgies?"

Snorting, Harry covered his mouth and turned away. There were times that he wished he could be
more like Loki. He had no desire to take over the world or be the most powerful being in the
universe, he just wished that he could just say and do what he wanted and not give a shit.

"Well, flying on a broom can take some getting use to." Dumbledore replied jovially. "Thankfully it's
not our only means of transportation."

"All forms of Wizarding travel suck." Harry grumbled. "With the exception of flying."

Dumbledore smiled indulgently at his young student. "Harry, may I have a moment of your time. I
would like to speak to you in private."

Heart skipping a beat, Harry took a step back. "Anything you have to say can be said in front of
Loki and the twins. I'm finished with keeping secrets from those I care about."

Dumbledore inclined his head. "I agree, secrets can cause problems, but I would like to talk to you
about your uncle and I'm sure you don't want Fred and George around while we discuss him."

Harry took a few deep breaths, his blood running cold. He felt Loki's magic spike next to him, but he
gave a subtle shake of his head. He needed to start fighting his own battles. Collecting himself, he
relaxed a little when Loki's magic went from dangerous, to soothing. The god's magic was caressing
him, offering him comfort and support. He understood now why he always responded positively to
Loki's magic. Loki was family and they shared like magic.

"I don't have an uncle." Harry growled. "My dad James was a single child, and so is my dad, Tony.
As for Fred and George finding out about my past, they already know. Who do you think has looked
out for me and taken care of me all these years? Who do you think owl mailed me healing potions
over the summers, healed me every year when we returned to Hogwarts, comforted me during my
panic attacks and nightmares? Fred and George have saved my life countless times."

Dumbledore was shocked, he hadn't known Harry was so close to the Weasley twins. How had he
missed that? He thought Harry was best friends with Ronald. He like it better Harry bring best
friends with Ronald, the boy was the brightest. The twins though, despite being carefree jokesters on
the outside, were extremely intelligent, two of the smartest students in his school. "Molly and Arthur
have done a marvelous job raising their children. I'm so glad that you had them to turn to."

"He should have had you!" George snarled viciously. "He shouldn't have to rely on other
students for help."

"I did what I could." Dumbledore replied sadly.

"For someone so powerful, you're pretty damn useless." Loki pointed out snidely. "You could have
given Harry to a loving family, but you didn't. You could have checked up on him, but you didn't.
You ignored the obvious signs of abuse. You wouldn't listen when he came to you for help. Now
you're saying you did what you could? You are nothing but a waste of magic. I should kill you now
and do the world, and my mage, a favor."

"Why do you keep calling Potter a mage?" Severus asked with a sneer. "He's nothing but a below
average wizard."

"Tsk, tsk." Loki smirked, his eyes lighting up. "Did I not warn you not to talk that way about my
mage, about my blood? I'm really starting to think you wizards are exceptionally stupid. So, why
don't you tell my mage how you really feel about him?" With a smirk, Loki easily slipped into the
man's mind.

Severus always prided himself on being a master of the mind arts, but the god slipped past his
barriers as if he didn't have any. No one had ever been able to enter his mind, not even the Dark
Lord.

"I think Potter is a swell lad." Severus said under Loki's control. "He's smart, has a beautiful head of
non greasy hair, his nose is perfectly straight, and he's exceptionally powerful. If only I could be as
magnificent as him. Alas, I'm just a jealous piece of trash who hasn't had sex in well over...ever!"

Fred and George were laughing so hard that they had to help hold each other up. "Stop!" Fred cried.
"I'm going to piss myself."

"I already have!" George cackled.

Gasping, Severus almost fell to his knees when the god left his mind. Having someone take over his
mind like that had been one of the worst experiences of his life. If Loki could effortlessly control him
like that, just how the hell powerful was he?

Dumbledore reached out to steady Severus. "All you alright?" He asked in concern.

Severus was having difficulty getting his eyes to focus and he could feel a migraine coming on. He was going to need a pain potion soon...maybe even two. "If you ever do that again." He threatened weakly, panting to catch his breath. "I'll..."

"You will what?" Loki chuckled. "You are a mortal and I am a god, what could you possibly do to me? Maybe now you will think twice before bullying my mage."

Severus clenched his teeth so hard that pain shot through his jaw and up to his head. He wouldn't admit it out loud, but the god was right. What could he, a mortal wizard, do to a powerful god who was also a powerful sorcerer?

Smirking, Loki tossed his arm over Harry's shoulder. "I see we're on the same page, mortal magic user. So far I have been behaving myself because I want to see my mage's father destroy you, and because I am having fun playing with you, but my patience only goes so far. Harry is mine and under my protection."

Dumbledore cleared his throat. "Actually, you are wrong about that. I appreciate you looking after Mr. Potter and saving his life, but as Harry's magical guardian, he is my responsibility. I couldn't be happier that Harry has found two living and loving family members, but I am his legal guardian now that his aunt and uncle have been found to be unfit."

"Oh, Merlin!" Harry mumbled under his breath as he rolled his eyes in exasperation. Was Dumbledore incapable of learning? Did he honestly think he could stand against Loki and win? He could see him underestimating his dad since he was just a muggle, but Loki was a freaking god. Two months ago learning that Dumbledore was his guardian would have terrified him, but now he just found it funny. For the first time in his life, he had people who cared for him and was willing to fight for him. For the first time in his life, he felt truly safe.


Dumbledore was really starting to dislike the god. Why was he questioning him and challenging him at every turn? Yes, he had made mistakes, but he only ever had the greater good in mind. He was the good guy.

"Well, I can see we won't be able to have an adult conversation right now." Dumbledore scolded, giving the group his best grandfatherly look. "Why don't we all go to the Great Hall for some dinner. The house elves in their excitement over having a god visiting have outdone themselves with a feast."

"Now that's the smartest thing you have said since I have had the misfortune of meeting you." Loki smirked. "Them little elflings know how to cook. Not even the Great Odin's personal chef's can cook like those wee creatures. I really need to get me a weenie elf."

Dumbledore clapped his hands excitedly. "Excellent, let us all make our way to the Great Hall."

Harry couldn't help but think that Dumbledore seemed way to damn happy over just a meal.
"Fear not, my blood." Loki whispered with a wink. "Of course the old fool is up to something." He said as if reading Harry's thoughts. "Finally, some more entertainment. Do you think he will try bewitching me? That is what mortal magic users call it, correct? I do so want to be bewitched."

Harry nodded his head. "He is stupid enough to try." He whispered back. "Wish dad would get here. I'm tired of his games."

Loki gave a dramatic pout. "Awe, but games are so much fun. I personally can't wait until they meet the big green guy."

Harry's eyes widened. "Do you think Bruce will Hulk out?" On one hand he didn't want that to happen because Bruce always felt guilty for losing control, but on the other hand, he desperately wanted to meet the Hulk. He wasn't scared of him, he knew Bruce would never hurt him, and neither would the Hulk.

"Oh, without a doubt." Loki chuckled. "Bruce was having a hard time maintaining control last I saw him. Not only is he pissed over them taking you, but he's also pissed over them messing with his boyfriend's head."

"What?" Harry choked out. "My dad and Bruce...boyfriends?"

"Didn't you know?"

Grinning, Harry shrugged his shoulders. "I had my suspicions and, I overheard some stuff, but I didn't know it was official."

"It's not official yet, but they are finally admitting their feelings. It's just a matter of time, my mage, until you get a new, green, mommy. And I'm warning you from personal, painful experience, don't piss off your new mother."

***HP***

Tony wasn't happy. He knew that Loki was playing games by not meeting with them and taking them directly to Harry's magic school, and it made him want to ring the damn god's neck. He just wanted his son back. He didn't want to be a source of the god's entertainment.

"You doing ok?" Bruce asked, stepping in front of the seething billionaire.

"Ask me that again after I incinerate Loki." Toni growled.

"I feel the same way, but look at it this way, at least he's remaining at Harry's side. With Loki there, no harm will come to him."

Tony reluctantly gave Bruce that. It was true, Loki would protect Harry, he didn't doubt that. Loki was more powerful than the old man and Moldwart. He just wanted his son back, it was hard for him to think past that.

"Can you track your pain in the ass brother?" Tony asked, turning his attention on to Thor.

Tilting his head up towards the ski and closing his eyes, Thor concentrated. "My brother is still a good many hours away I believe, but the magic around the school is hampering me a bit. But have no fear, my friend, I can track my brother. If it comes down to it I can always ask Heimdall for guidance."

"Am I the only one freaked out that there is a man from another realm watching over us?" Clint
asked, looking up to the sky and giving a wave. "Talk about the ultimate peeping Tom."

"I do not know of this Peeping Tom fellow you speak of." Thor scowled. "But Heimdall is a very skilled warrior and guardian. It is his job to watch over the other realms and to protect Asgard from attacks."

"Spying on everyone is just a bonus." Clint snickered. "Can he see inside houses? Like, can he see when people are showering or having sex?"

Thor opened his mouth, then after a moment of thought snapped it shut. "I do not know the answer to that, but now, I too am curious."

Steve looked around with a frown. "Are we renting a car of walking?"

"Ah, hell no!" Tony snapped. "I have been patient long enough. I can take two with me in my suit, and Point Break can take two. I want my son back. This ends today."

***HP

Harry shook his head at he settled at the head table in between Loki and Fred. Dumbledore hadn't been kidding, the elves really had cooked up a feast for them. The table was damn near splintering under the weight of all the dishes.

Loki looked around at all the plates of food, his eyes zeroing in on his goblet. So that's how the old man was going to play it? With a smirk, he picked up his goblet and downed it. He didn't miss the triumphant look on the old fool's face.

Harry could feel Loki's magic warning him about something. It took him a few seconds to understand what Loki's magic had wanted, the god had never tried communicating with him like that before. Getting the message, he reached across the table for the plate of chicken, not so accidentally knocking over his goblet. "Shoot!" He cried jumping to his feet. "Sorry about that. Dobby!"

"Harry Potter sir is calling for his Dobby?"

"We don't need your assistance." Dumbledore was quick to interrupt. "Accidents happen, Harry. I'll have personal elf, Smalls, bring you a fresh goblet."

Dobby narrowed his eyes at the headmaster, his ears vibrating with agitation. "Dobby is being able to bring his Harry Potter a fresh goblet. Harry Potter is calling for his Dobby, not butt kissing Smalls."

Loki choked on his forkful of mashed potatoes. "These little elves just keep getting better and better. Dobby, can I have you?"

"No, you is not having Dobby." Dobby scolded, his long crooked finger poking the god in the chest. "The great Harry Potter is the only one having Dobby."

Dumbledore gave his beard a harsh tug to help keep from losing his temper. He couldn't believe that Harry had spilled his spiked goblet of Pumpkin Juice. At least Loki drank it, soon the god would be under his control.

"Dobby, could I please just get me a glass of water." Harry asked politely. He knew not to trust Dumbledore's elf, he would just bring him another spiked goblet.

Dobby gave a large bow. "Anything for the Great Harry Potter."
"I think the crazed elf is a bit obsessed with you." Loki joked after the elf popped away.

"That's a nice way of putting it." Fred chuckled. "Dobby thinks the sun shines out of Harry's ass."

Loki started stuffing his face, giving the old fool a wink when he spotted him watching him hungrily. He could feel whatever the potion in goblet was trying to work on him, but he was too powerful for mortal potions and tricks. He had warned Harry against it though, Harry was mentally too fragile to fight off an attack from inside his body. He was pretty sure the potion was supposed to make him loyal to Dumbledore, at least that's what it felt like, and it was a pretty damn powerful potion...but it wasn't as powerful as him.

Dumbledore cleared his throat. "I think it's really good idea for Harry to remain here and start training. Do you agree, my boy?" He asked, looking smugly at the god.

The corner of Loki's mouth twitched up. He could feel the potion trying to force him to agree. Oh, this was going to be so much fun. "Training for what? How to become a useless and spineless wizard? That's all the two of you are."

Dumbledore looked to Severus, silently questioning him his eyes. Shouldn't the potion have started working already?"

Gritting his teeth, Severus ignored his mentor. He wanted no part in this. He warned the old man that it was a stupid plan and that it was going to get him killed.

"I'm sorry you feel that way about us." Dumbledore said, sounding regretful. "It was never my intention for us to start off on the wrong foot. I understand young Harry wishes to return home to his father, but it's important that he finish school and defeat the Dark Lord."

Harry rolled his eyes. "I'm not going to fight Voldemort."

"I'm sorry, my boy, but you really don't have a choice. You are the only one who can save, not only the Wizarding World, but also the muggle world. Don't you agree, Loki."

Loki vigorously nodded his head. "Oh, I do agree." He said, internally smirking when the old fool's eyes lit up with triumph. "If all wizards are as cowardly and as useless as the two of you, then my mage is the only one powerful enough to defeat your dark wizard. But having the power, and having the desire, are two different things. Harry does not wish to fight your battle, and all the poisoned goblets in the world won't change his mind, not with me at his side protecting him."

Dumbledore paled. "Poison! I don't know what you're talking about."

"Did you honestly think you could trick me into unknowingly drinking a goblet laced with a potion to make me loyal to you? Did you honestly think such a potion would work on me, a god?"

Dumbledore slammed his hands down on the table in anger. "I don't care that you are a god, I'm tired of your attitude. Harry must defeat Voldemort, why can't you understand that? I have been grooming that boy for over thirteen years to willingly sacrifice himself for the greater good and I'm not going to allow you to waltz in here and ruin everything."

Severus, who had been sitting next to the Headmaster, wisely got up and moved away. He could feel the god's dangerous magic, like an electrical storm brewing, and he didn't want to be anywhere near Dumbledore when that storm hit.

Everyone in the Great Hall turned to Harry when he started laughing. "I believe that that is the first honest thing you have ever said to me." He said wiping the tears from his eyes. He didn't know if he
was crying from anger, hurt, or because he was losing his damn mind and starting to find everything funny, he just didn't know anymore.

Fred grabbed Harry's hand that was on the table and gave it a comforting squeeze. He could feel how messed up and confused Harry was feeling on the inside. There was plenty of anger and hurt, but there was also self-loathing, fear, and confusion.

"I think I'm losing my mind." Harry chuckled as wiped even more tears from his eyes.

Loki tilted his head to the side. "Yes, that does run in the family." He smirked.

Delicious food forgotten, Harry climbed to his feet. "I swear on my magic right now, Dumbledore, I will not fight Voldemort for you. The days of you being a puppet master are over. This isn't my war."

Dumbledore shot to his feet, his complection as white as a ghosts. He had felt the magic of Harry's oath snap into place, shattering years worth of plans and manipulations. "Take that back!" He roared. "Voldemort killed your parents, he took them away from you. Because of him, you were raised by abusive muggles. Everything you have suffered through is because of him. It's your duty to defeat him. You are the chosen one, the prophecy child, the only one who can save us from the Dark Lord."

Harry was speechless, was this man for real? Yes, Voldemort killed his dad and Lily, but Voldemort wasn't the one who left him on the doorstep of known magic hating muggles. Voldemort wasn't the one who didn't check on him or ignore him when he asked for help. Voldemort also wasn't the one who erased his father's memories and drag him back here against his will.

"I think crazy runs in his side of the family, too." Fred snorted.

"That's not crazy, brother of mine." George added, glaring at his headmaster. "That's off the wall, bat shit crazy. I think he's crazier than ugly snake face himself."

"Enough!" Dumbledore roared. "I have worked too hard and too long for you to mess everything up. I am sorry you were abused, I am sorry you were molested, but sacrifices had to be made for the greater good. You will face Voldemort and, when you beat him, and only when you beat him, you can move to America and play house with your damn muggle father. End of discussion!"

A huge grin broke out on Loki's face as he turned to one of the large windows. "Oh goody, they're here." He said right as a red and gold streak raced past the window. "As much fun as this visit has been, hearing you talk in circles and ramble on about the great good and your dark lord, and proving how absolutely useless you are, has become dreadfully boring. Now that my mage's daddy is here, along with my brother and the rest of the team, the real fun and games can begin."

***HP

Well, I put it off for as long as I could because I'm not sure how to write it yet, but the show down will be in the next chapter. Let's just all take a moment to pray that my muse will sprinkle some pixie dust on me, because write now I have nothing. Not only do I have to take care of Dumbledore, but also Voldemort. Ugh, I just don't know. I'm open to suggestions.
Chapter 21

We are getting there :) Not the big confrontation yet, but getting closer. I still have no clue yet how I'm going to write it. I need to dispose of Dumbledore and Voldemort before I can give Harry his happily ever after. I admit, I'm so ready to be done with this fic. No worries though, I won't rush it.

PLEASE REVIEW

***HP

Tony carefully landed with Bruce clinging to one side, and Natasha his other. After they detached themselves, he flipped his visor up and stared at the mess in front of him. "This is it? This broken down castle of crumbling stones is Hogwarts?"

Clint scrunched his face up, clearly unimpressed. "It would explain why there are no modern day conveniences at Harry's school. It's kind of hard to have phones and computers when you don't even have walls or a roof."

"And I thought where I was taught was bad." Natasha said as she stared at the ruins in front of her. "This can't be Hogwarts."

Hands on his hips, Thor paced back and forth in front of the magical barrier he could feel surrounding the school. "I don't understand what you speak of, this castle is magnificent. Young Stark is very lucky to attend his studies here, the castle and grounds are beautiful." He proclaimed as he stared up at he massive castle.

"Are we looking at the same thing?" Tony scoffed. "It's a condemned, moldering old ruin of a death trap. There's no way this is a school."

Curiously, Steve took a few steps closer to the ruins, then froze. With a shake of his head, he turned and started to briskly walk away, mumbling softly to himself.

"Ah, Captain Spangles, where the hell are you going?" Tony called out, baffled at the captains odd behavior.

Freezing mid step, Steve slowly turned back towards the group, his eyes unfocused. "I-I don't know." Scratching his head, he cocked his head to the side. "I forget."

"There must be a spell protecting the school." Bruce pointed out. "Something that makes you forget what you're doing if you get too close. I bet there's also one to make it look like an old, crumbling, condemned castle to nonmagical people."

With another vigorous shake of the head, Steve's eyes refocused. "What the hell was that?"

"Uh oh, the good captain cursed." Clint snickered. "This is serious."

Thor reached out with his hand and pressed lightly on the barrier, he frowned when nothing happened to him. "Why does this spell not affect me?"

"Because you possess magic, brother."

"Loki!" Thor beamed when his brother materialized out of nowhere on the opposite of the barrier.
Loki smirked at the group. "The good doctor with anger issues is correct, there are spells and enchantments surrounding the castle. To those poor souls who have the misfortune of not possessing magic, you will see a crumbling old castle. If you get too close, you will suddenly forget what you're doing and think of something else that needs your attention elsewhere."

Steve blushed when everyone turned and looked at him. "I-I thought that I was late for a date."

Tony snorted. "Have you ever been on a date, Boy Scout?"

Steve ignored Tony. "So, how are we supposed to get in if there are spells repelling us and keeping us from seeing the school?"

Loki rolled his eyes. "Yes, it is a shame that you don't have an insanely powerful sorcerer on the inside that can tear these wards apart with just a thought."

"Then why the hellhaven't you torn them down?" Tony snapped impatiently.

"Why haven't you asked nicely?" Loki smirked, "I have spent the last twenty four hours trapped in this school with a deranged old man and his greasy, sexually frustrated side kick. You could at least try to act grateful."

Pursing his lips tightly, Tony tried to rein in his anger, but it was hard, his son was just beyond the barrier. His son was so close, yet it seemed like he was still miles away. "Could you please bring the wards down." He ground out tightly.

Gasping, Loki pointed to himself. "Me? Did you just say please, to me?"

"Loki!" Tony growled warningly.

"Well, I could bring the wards down, if I was me, but I'm not me. I'm just an insanely handsome illusion of myself. The real me is currently listening to the old fool drone on and on about the greater good and how he has been grooming my little mage to sacrifice himself for his cause. Do you believe that the mortal actually had the audacity to try to poison me? He thought that he could actually control me. Him, a mortal, control me, a god! Humans are so incredibly stupid."

"Loki, bring the damn wards down now!" Tony roared angrily.

Loki took a deep breath then slowly let it out. "Fine, ruin all my fun. Just, do me a favor and try not to destroy the school. I have grown rather attached to the old girl, she's extremely magical, I would even go as far as saying she's sentient. I would like to explore more, learn all her secrets."

"Fine, whatever, just bring the damn wards down."

Grinning brightly, Loki gave his hand a lazy wave. "That should do it." He proclaimed proudly.

"I thought you, as in illusion you, couldn't bring the wards down." Clint pointed out.

Loki shrugged his shoulders. "I was just stalling. Little Stark is starting to stand up for himself, I wanted him to have his say before you stormed in and started blasting."

Hearing that made Tony grin. He was proud that his son was standing up for himself, for too long he has been beat down and forced to do others biddings. "Can you make it so we can see the damn school?"

"So demanding." Loki said with a shake of the head. "Watch my son, tear the wards down, show me
the school, I'm starting to feel that you only like me for my magic."

"I don't like you at all, magic or not." Tony said simply, though deep down he knew that that was a lie. Well, mostly a lie. He no longer hated Loki, but he also didn't feel that he liked him yet either. He was grateful to the god for saving his son's life, but Harry had also brought out a side in Loki that he didn't know existed. Loki truly cared for his son, and he didn't think Loki cared about anyone, not even his own brother.

"That...that hurts." Loki pouted dramatically. "We're family, you and I, we share the same blood. You have to like me." He added with a childish whine.

Tony opened his mouth, but then snapped it shut. He knew that the god was looking to see if his son was related to him while he was back on Asgard, but now was not the time for this discussion. When he had his son safely back with him, and when the old man and Squidward were rotting in hell, then he would deal with the nightmare of possibly being related to Loki.

Loki threw his hands up in the air. "Fine! I guess you all better get in here, young Harry is starting to lose his mind and become more like me."

Tony stumbled back when a massive castle materialized out of nowhere right in front of his eyes. The castle was beautiful, magical, he had never seen anything like it before.

"Ok." Clint cleared his throat, his eyes wide. "Not that's a castle."

With determination in his eyes, Tony dropped his visor and launched himself into the air. Playtime was over.

***HP

Harry's entire face lit up when he saw the red and gold object streak past the window. "Dad!" He cried excitedly. He turned to flee out of the Great Hall, but Loki grabbed his arm, stopping him.

"Patience, child, let your father handle this. I'm sure he has been dreaming up ways to storm the caste and torture the two that stole you from him. Let's not ruin his fun."

"This can't be." Dumbledore mumbled breathlessly. He had felt the wards surrounding Hogwarts crumble, something that should have been impossible. The founders erected the wards when they first built the castle and every year they were strengthened by the current headmaster and all Hogwarts teachers, there were centuries worth of magic wrapped in those wards, it should have been impossible for Loki to tear them down so easily.

"What have you done?" Severus gasped, also feeling the wards crumble.

Loki turned surprised eyes on the greasy bastard. "What? Did I do a bad thing? You're not afraid of a couple mortal, non-magic users, are you?"

"We call them muggles." George corrected with a smirk.

"Muggles!" Loki chuckled. "What a funny word. You mortals are so weird."

Harry felt like he was going to explode out of his skin. His dad was here and Loki and George were talking about muggles, what the hell? He just wanted his dad to hold him and reassure him that everything was going to be alright, that he still remembered him and that he still loved him.

Fred wrapped his arms around Harry from behind. "Breathe, Harry, everything is going to work out.
Your dad and the rest of the team are here now, soon this will be all over and we will be back in New York before you know it."

Nodding his head, Harry took a couple deep breaths and relaxed into Fred's embrace. He felt confident that his dad and the team could handle themselves, but Dumbledore was sick in the head and extremely unpredictable. If the man was willing to hold him under a dark torture curse just to get him here, then he would have no problems killing his father just to see his plans play out. Dumbledore wanted him to fight Voldemort and he wasn't going to stop until that happened.

With a loud bang, the Great Hall doors crashed open revealing the Avengers, minus the Hulk who was still currently Bruce Banner, dressed in full Avenger fighting gear.

"Wicked!" Fred muttered into Harry's ear as George nodding his head next to him. This was the first time they, plus Harry, had seen the Avengers in full costume.

"Dramatic much?" Loki said with a roll of his eyes.

"Dad!" Harry cried, but was stopped from rushing his father by Dumbledore grabbing his arm and roughly tugging him back to chest.

"Gentlemen, I must insist that you leave immediately, this is private property." Dumbledore said sternly. He couldn't believe this was happening...he couldn't believe that a group of muggles managed to enter Hogwarts. First the school wards and now this.

Flipping his visor up, Tony took five strides forward, but stopped when the old man gripped his son tighter and pointed his wand at him. "As I recall, you had no issues with trespassing onto my private property and kidnapping my son. It's no so fun when the shoe is on the other foot, is it, old man?"

"Harry belongs here." Dumbledore hissed angrily. "He is a wizard and he belongs in the Wizarding World. If he decides to return to the muggle world after fulfilling his destiny, I will gladly give him my blessing."

"Give him your blessing!" Tony roared. "Harry is his own person and you are not his father. By blood and by law, I am his father. You are nothing but a deranged, power hungry, old man."

Harry's eyes lit up at hearing that. "By law?" He questioned in a small and hopeful voice.

Eyes softening, Tony smiled at his son. "Kiddo, your daddy is a very rich man. This was going to be a surprise for your birthday, but I just can't keep it to myself anymore. I was able to speed up the paperwork, in the eyes of the law, you are officially now my son. If it's alright with you, your name will now be Harry James Potter Stark."

Harry barely let his father finish his sentence before screaming, "YES! I would love to be Harry Stark."

"Muggle law." Dumbledore corrected cockily. "In the eyes of the muggle law you are his father and guardian, but not in the magical world. Harry is the only heir to two powerful houses, and as such, his magical guardian trumps his muggle guardian. I am his magical guardian."

Clearing his throat, Loki raised his hand in the air with a smirk. "Magical god guardian trumps mortal magical guardian. Not only is Harry blood related to me, but I also gave him some of my magic when I saved his life. He has my blood and my magic running through his veins. That makes me his magical guardian and his father his nonmagical guardian. You are nothing to my mage, not even his teacher. I will be teaching Harry for now on."
With fire in his eyes, Harry turned on his headmaster. "I already made a vow that I wouldn't fight Voldemort for you. Just, please leave me alone and let me live with my dad. I want nothing to do with you, or your war."

"Then what about fighting for your friends, for the people here you care for?" Dumbledore growled in Harry's ear, his hand tightening on his arm. "What about the Weasleys, Miss Granger, your godfather and Professor Lupin, are you just going to sit back and do nothing while Voldemort slaughters them?"

Harry was exhausted and he could feel a migraine coming on. He was so tired of this, tired of going back and forth with Dumbledore and listening as he droned on and on about the greater good. There was nothing he could say or do that would make Dumbledore change his mind about him being the only one who could defeat Voldemort. "Who, from this world, helped me when I needed rescuing? For ten years I was beat, starved, and raped, and not one witch or wizard helped me. Even after I returned to the Wizarding World, the only ones who looked hard enough to see the real me, to see the pain behind my eyes, was Fred and George Weasley. Even then my pain and suffering continued every summer when you forced me to return to the Dursleys knowing that I was being mistreated. Why should I sacrifice myself for a world that has never cared about me?"

Harry looked to his dad and to Bruce who was standing tall at his side. "There are only a handful of people that I truly care about in the Wizarding World. If they feel that they need to fight against Voldemort, then there is nothing that can do to stop them. I love them, but they are not my responsibility. I would be devastated if Sirius, Remus, or Mr. and Mrs. Weasley got hurt or killed fighting, but they're adults and fighting is their choice. I'm just fourteen years old, fighting in a war that started before I was even born isn't my responsibility."

"Well said, kid." Steve grinned. "Children shouldn't fight in wars, not when there are adult men and women capable of fighting. What kind of cowards live in this magical world if they expect a fourteen year old boy to fight a dark lord that is much older and more powerful than him?"

"Older, yes." Loki interrupted cockily, "but not more powerful. Other than myself, young Stark here is the most powerful being currently in this realm. Power isn't everything though, my mage is untrained and not healthy physically, or mentally. I believe that he could beat this powerful dark lord right now, but at a cost I'm not willing for him to pay. Unlike you, old man, I care for Harry's health and happiness, and you can bellow like an over inflated dinosaur all you want, Harry will not fight this Voldemort loser. If you continue on as you are, I will take him away to Asgard where you will never see him again. The only reason why I haven't done just that already is because messing with you has been quite entertaining for me, but you are growing tiresome, and I am growing bored."

"No!" Dumbledore raged, pointing his wand at Loki. "I will not allow you take him. Harry will face Voldemort, it's his destiny."

"I'm going to need my head examined for this." Clint grumbled as he raised his bow. "Again." He added as fired.

Dumbledore cried out in both shock and pain as something slammed into his wand, the Elder wand, shattering it into a thousand pieces. "My wand!" He cried, his throbbing hand releasing what was left of his destroyed wand. "You...you destroyed my wand!"

Tony slowly turned to Clint, his eyes filled with disbelief. "Did you just come to Loki's defense?"

"As if!" Clint snorted, not meeting Tony's eyes. "I was just bored and wanted to shoot something. Last time, when we took out the fat pig, Loki got to have all the fun. Not this time, this time I'm getting my fun in too."
"My wand!" Dumbledore yelled again, his face still frozen in shock. It should have been impossible to break the Elder wand, it had survived centuries and numerous masters without getting so much as a small scratch.

"Admit it, bird brain." Loki winked. "I have grown on you."

"Like fungus on a tree." Clint grumbled. He still didn't like Loki, not after he screwed with his head and made him hurt innocents, but that Loki and this Loki were two different people. Loki not only cared for Harry, but he had saved his life. He loved Harry like a little brother, or nephew, he owed Loki one for saving him.

Harry took advantage of Dumbledore being distracted by his broken wand to wrench his arm out of his grasp and step out of his reach. He had to give it to Clint, he was damn good. It was a good thing too, he could have ended up with a bolt between his eyes.

A door behind the staff table opened up and a red face and flustered looking Headmistress came rushing in. "What in the name of Merlin is going on in here? I could hear yelling clear across the school. You would think school was still in session what with all this commotion that's going on in here."

Steve gave a small bow. "Excuse us, mam, we didn't mean to disturb you. We're just here to collect Harry and then we will be on our way."

Eyes widening, Professor McGonagall tripped over her feet before coming to a stop. Cheeks filling with color, she brought her hands up and started patting at her hair. "C-Captain Steve Rogers." She stuttered airily. "W-What are... You're here, at Hogwarts!"

Fred, George and Harry all looked at each other, they had never seen their Head of House look or act this way, all flustered and girly like. She reminded them more of Parvati Patil than their strict, Transfiguration teacher.

"Minerva, you know who these gentleman are?" Severus asked in disbelief.

Never taking her eyes of Captain America, Minerva slowly shook her head no. "Just Captain Rogers." She clarified, a small smile playing on her lips. Subtly she dropped her eyes to check the soldier out. He was sinfully sexy on tv and in newspaper articles, but in person he had her magic purring.

"Professor, how do you know him?" Harry asked curiously, not missing how his professor was checking Steve out. Ew!

Professor McGonagall's face flushed brighter. "Potter, I'll have you know, I knew of Captain Rogers way before you or your parents were born. I was once a young girl and the Captain..

"Oh my god, you had a girly crush on Captain America!" Harry interrupted, his jaw damn near hitting the floor. Sometimes it was easy to forget that Steve was technically old...very, very old.

Narrowing her eyes, Minerva turned to her student. "Unless you wish to spend every weekend next school year scrubbing cauldrons for Professor Snape, Potter, I would keep my mouth shut if I were you."

Trying to hide their huge grins, Harry and the twins nodded their heads.

"Hey, Spangles, I think I found you a date." Tony teased.
Harry back handed George in the stomach when he started snickering. "Shush, McGonagall is scary when she's angry." He smirked.

Minerva finally looked around, noticing all the strangers for the first time. Potter had been right, she had had a massive crush on Captain Rogers when she had been a young girl, she had even joined his fan club. She had been elated when they had discovered Captain Rogers preserved in ice, but now she was an old lady, while he was still just as handsome and as young as he had been over seventy years ago.

Straightening up, Minerva put on her no nonsense, teachers face on. "What are all you doing here? Hogwarts is a private school, how did you even get in here?"

"Didn't you feel the wards fall?" Severus asked.

Minerva spun around and looked out the window. Now that Severus mentioned it, she could feel the lack of wards. "I just returned from Gringotts minutes ago, I didn't notice until you pointed it out. How? How did they fall?"

"If I admit to doing it, will you give me detention with Snap too?" Loki asked hopefully.

"That's Snape." Fred corrected.

"Snap, Snape, who cares, I just want a few minutes alone with the loser. I could taste his filth all over the potion the old man tried to poison me with."

Severus paled, he would rather face the Dark Lord than the crazed god.

"Can we just go?" Harry asked, having had enough. "I just want to go home."

Tony went to take a step towards his son, when a bright light slammed into his chest, picking him up sending him crashing into one of the four long tables.

"Dad!" Harry cried at the same time Bruce called, "Tony!"

"What in the... Albus!" Minerva asked, stunned at the sight of her old friend and colleague standing angrily next to the head table with his wand clenched tightly in his fist. "What in Merlin are you doing?"

"Damn, he had a backup wand." Clint cursed, staring hatefully at the wand in the old man's hand. "Guess I'll have to break that one too."

Seeing that his dad was getting to his feet, Harry spun around, facing his headmaster with his emerald eyes glowing dangerously. "Why can't you just leave me alone?" He cried, his voice breaking with a mixture of anger and sorrow. With barely a thought, he raised his hand and gave it a flick, a grapefruit size fireball shooting out from his palm.

"Oh, Fireballs!" Loki exclaimed excitedly as he watched the fireball make its way towards the old man only for him to easily deflect it with his wand. "This just got a whole lot more entertaining."

Harry looked down at his hand in shock and awe. He had only ever produced fire with Loki that one day in his bedroom and that had only been a small flame in his palm, he couldn't believe that he had made an actual fireball. Not only had he made a fireball, but he had thrown it at Dumbledore. He didn't know if he should be disgusted with himself, or proud.

"Harry this isn't you." Dumbledore said as he slowly approached the boy. "Don't let Loki's dark
"Dark magic." Harry snorted as he reluctantly took his eyes off his hand. He could feel his palm heating up with his desire to throw another fireball at Dumbledore. "Do you think everyone who disagrees with you or goes against is evil or dark? You just hit my father with a curse that sent him flying across the room, yet I'm the one in the wrong for defending my father? You attacked first, Head Master, my father was just walking towards me."

"I agree with Potter, Albus." Minerva said, her hand over her chest. First Albus attacking someone unprovoked, and then Harry throwing fireballs with just his bare hand, what the hell was going on here? "What is wrong with you?"

"Harry is not going anywhere." Albus proclaimed, his magic crackling around him. "I will do whatever I have to do to keep him here, even if it means erasing his father from his life permanently."

"Well, those sounded like fighting words to me." Natasha said, readying herself for battle. Next to her, Clint nodded his head in agreement.

"I tried to do this the nice way." Tony growled as he allowed Bruce to help him to his feet. "But you, old man, are standing between me and my son and I will level this damn castle if I have to to get to him."

Minerva gasped. "You're Harry's father? I thought Severus oblivated you?" Severus was even more powerful than Albus when it came to obliterating and other mind arts, how did Harry's father get his memories back? Not that she condoned what Albus and Severus did. Obliterating Harry's father's memories and kidnapping him had been cruel, and illegal.

Loki shook his head in frustration. "Why do I have to keep reminding everyone that I'm a powerful god? What more do I have to do to prove myself to you people?"

Harry threw his hands up. "This is ridiculous. What do you think you can do against two gods, a super soldier, two highly trained muggles who can easily takeout every one of Voldemort's Death Eaters before they even had a chance to raise their wands, my dad who is equipped with lasers and bombs, and Bruce who can turn into a green monster bigger and more stronger than any giant you have ever seen? End this now before you end up hurt."

"I will end this after you face Voldemort."

"I like how he said face, not defeat." Clint pointed out. "You're not expecting Harry to survive, are you?"

"I can't predict the future." Dumbledore snapped. "Of course I want Harry to survive this war, that's why it's imperative that he remains here with me so I can train him."

"You, train him?" Loki threw his head back and laughed loudly. "Do you think you can teach him better than me. Let me remind you, again, that not only am I god, but I'm also one of the most powerful sorcerers in all the realms. What can you possibly teach him that I can't?"

"It doesn't matter." Harry said tiredly. Turning to Professor McGonagall, he gave her a small smile."Professor, I know that you handle all the letters to first years and all our supply lists, do you also handle withdrawals?"

Minerva's eyes flicked briefly over to Albus. She didn't want to upset her long time friend, but she wasn't going to lie for him. "Yes, Potter, I do, but I must have a letter written by a parent or a
guardian. I ask that you think about this, Hogwarts has been your home for four years and I will greatly miss you if you decide to leave us."

"Minerva." Albus barked out angrily. "You are forgetting that I have final say."

"And you are forgetting, Albus, that you can't force a child to attend Hogwarts if they have their parents permission to withdraw." Minerva looked to the strange man wearing a suit made of metal. A suit whose colors just so happened to match Gryffindor's colors. "I take it you won't contest Harry withdrawing."

"No, mam." Tony grinned. "I want my son home safe and sound with me."

Pursing her lips, Minerva looked back at one of her favorite students. "Is that truly want you want, Harry? Do you want to withdrawal form Hogwarts School of Witchcraft and Wizardry?"

"Yes." Harry answered with no doubt in his mind. "I have never been truly happy hear, and Hogwarts was never a real home to me, just an escape from the Dursleys. I found a home this summer with my dad and Bruce, and everyone else that is here to rescue me. I have a family now, professor."

Minerva could feel tears stinging her eyes, she was truly happy for Harry. "Very well then, I accept your withdrawal."

Dumbledore shook his head no. "Well, I don't accept it. Harry, you will face Voldemort."

"You're kind of pathetic." Harry said with a sad shake of his head. Knowing that Loki and the team, and even the twins, had his back, he turned from his headmaster and made his way to his dad. He didn't care if his dad was wearing a cold, metal suit, he wanted a hug.

Dumbledore was furious. He wasn't the bad guy here, so why couldn't Harry see that he had to face Voldemort and defeat him? How could he just turn his back on him and on the rest of the Wizarding World, even his friends? He had spent years planning and manipulating people to make sure Harry turned out to be the self-sacrificing hero he was destined to be. Now, in less than two months, all his hard work was crashing down around him.

"Uh oh, I think he's going to lose it." Clint snickered as he kept a hawk like eye on the old man. Bruce moved so he was standing protectively between Harry and the old man while Harry and Tony were hugging. He wasn't sure how the other guy would fair against spells being shot at him, but he was pretty confident that they would just bounce off of him. Loki was more powerful than these wizards and his magic hadn't phased him.

Tony wanted to close his eyes and savor this moment, to just lose himself in the joy and relief of having his son in his arms again, but like hell was he going to take his eyes off of the crazed old wizard. He wasn't stupid, he knew that this wasn't over yet. There was no way the old man was going to give up this easily,

"I was so afraid that you would forget about me and never remember." Harry cried into his dad's neck.

"Hey, I told you that I wouldn't forget, kiddo. You need to start believing in what your old man says."

Sniffling, Harry started chuckling. "How about when you told me a person could survive on blueberries alone? Or, when you told me that Natasha wasn't as good as a fighter as you?"
"Excuse me!" Cried Natasha.

"In video games." Tony quickly corrected as he made a kissy face at Natasha. "I'm a better video game fighter than you." Leaning closer, he whispered in his son's ear. "I told you to never tell her I said that."

Laughing, Harry stepped back while wiping at his eyes. "Thanks for coming for me."

Tony scoffed. "Of course I would come for you. I would have flown over in my suit and been here earlier, but you know how the rest of the team gets lost without me."

"And Loki wanted to have his fun messing with Dumbledore and Snape." Harry added.

"That too." Tony chuckled. Sobering up, he raked his eyes up and down his son's form, his eyes lingering longer on his arms. "Truthfully, kiddo, how have you been?"

Harry took a deep, shaky breath. "It hasn't been easy, but Loki and the twins have kept me distracted. I-I haven't cut myself."

"I'm proud of you." Tony praised, the weight on his shoulders easing a little. He had been so worried about Harry hurting himself again.

"I wanted to, though." Harry admitted shamefully.

"But you didn't." Tony stressed.

"Only because Fred, George, and Loki were here to stop me. If they hadn't been here..."

"But they were." Tony interrupted. "Let's not dwell on what could have happened if they weren't. One day at a time, kiddo."

Relaxing, Harry gave his dad a soft smile. "One day at a time." He repeated. "Can we go home now?"

With a wave of his wand, Dumbledore slammed the Great Hall doors closed then sealed them. "You're not going anywhere."

"Yes, I am." Harry said simply. "I am no longer a Hogwarts student, I don't belong here."

"I'm truly sorry, Harry." Dumbledore said softly. "Smalls!" He called.

Harry flinched violently when thin arms wrapped around him from behind. The last thing he saw before everything went black, was his father lunging for him with a look of fear on his face.

***HP

Slowly sitting up, Harry closed his eyes against the spinning going on around him.

"Smalls is very sorry." Squeaked a small voice. "House elf travel can make witches and wizards feel sick."

Feeling bile burn it's way up his throat, Harry swallowed it down then forced his eyes open. "What...what happened?" He asked, feeling more than a little confused. The last thing he remembered he was getting ready to leave Hogwarts for forever with his dad.

A tiny house elf wearing a brown uniform with a Phoenix on it stood next to Harry wringing his
gnarly hands. "Smalls was not wanting to steal away Harry Potter, but Master Dumbledore said that if he calls for Smalls, that Smalls is to bring Harry Potter here."

The small elf looked around then gave a shudder. "Smalls is not liking it here at all."

Looking around, Harry's blood ran cold when he recognized the cemetery where Cedric died and where Voldemort got his body back and tortured him. "Smalls, why am I here?" He asked, trying not to panic.

Smalls looked frantically around, his large eye bulging out of his head. "Master said to bring Harry Potter here so he can fight He-Who-Must-Not-Be-Named. Smalls is very sorry, Harry Potter."

"What!" Harry cried, he was almost in a full blown panic now. "Smalls, please take me back. I can't defeat Voldemort, I don't even have my wand."

Smalls very carefully placed Harry's wand on the ground next to him. "Smalls doesn't wish for Harry Potter to die, so please be careful." With that, the elf disappeared.

***HP

"Harry!" Tony roared as his hands closed around empty air. With a scream of pure rage, he turned to the old man. "Where the hell is my son? What have you done with him?"

"I have done what you have forced me to do." Dumbledore answered without remorse.

Tony leapt at the old man, slamming him back against the stone wall. "If you don't tell me where my son is, I will rip your head off."

Dumbledore didn't even try fighting back. "If you rip my head off you will never find your son."

Cursing, Tony released the wizard. "Jarvis, can you track Harry?"

"I am sorry, sir, but the magic here is interfering with my system."

Feeling like he was going to lose his mind, Tony frantically turned to Loki. He was surprised to find the god just standing there with his head tilted back and eyes closed seemingly lost in thought. "Can you find him?" He asked desperately.

Loki continued to remain silent for a few more minutes before opening his eyes. "Elf magic is very different than my own and unlike anything I have ever encountered before. I can find him, but it's going to take some time."

Thor started sprinting down the long hall. "I'll see if Heimdall can locate him." He called over his shoulder. Already knowing that the doors were magically sealed, he hurled his hammer at them without even slowing down, grinning triumphantly when Mjölnir easily ripped through both the magical wards, and the wooden doors.

"I say we pluck every hair off his beard until he tell us where Harry is." Clint growled as he approached the old wizard.

Minerva flew across the room, her magic crackling angrily around her. Stopping in front of her long time friend, she smacked him hard across the face. "Dammit, Albus, what have you done with Harry?"

Grimacing, Albus cupped his stinging cheek. "I did what I had to do to insure that the chosen one
would face the dark lord."

"Albus, you didn't?" Severus gasped, his face draining of what little color it had.

"What?" Clint yelled, not completely following the conversation.

Feeling weak in the knees, Tony stumbled to one of the long benches and collapsed. "He sent my son to fight Voldemort. He offered up my fourteen year old son to that mad man like a lamb to slaughter."

Bruce, who had been doing his best to control his anger, lost it spectacularly. With a window shattering roar, he morphed into the other guy. Never before had he welcomed the Hulk so easily, or given himself over to the green guy without a fight. He was ready to smash, and he was going to start with the wizard that once again put his boy in harms way,
Chapter 22

I hope you enjoy. Please review.

***HP

Harry quickly jumped to his feet, ignoring the spinning still going on in his head and the nausea still churning in his stomach. With his wand clenched in his hand, he spun in a circle, eyes raking over every inch of the graveyard. This couldn't be happening. How could Dumbledore just drop him in front of Voldemort without any training or help? Who was the true bad guy here, Voldemort, or Dumbledore?

Even though he was currently alone in the graveyard, Harry didn't allow himself to relax. Was Voldemort still living at Riddle Manor like he had been during the tournament, or was he now lording over one of his Death Eater's manors, like the Malfoy's? No, if Dumbledore sent him here, Voldemort had to be close.

"Dobby!" Harry whispered, not wanting to draw the attention of any possible creatures or Death Eaters lurking around. When no overexcited house elf appeared, he called, "Dobby!" again, but this time a little bit louder.

Harry's heart grew heavier when Dobby still didn't appear after calling him five more times. Dumbledore must have done something to keep Dobby from finding him. Harry wasn't technically Dobby's master, Dobby was a free elf, maybe he couldn't find him outside of Hogwarts.

Harry took in a deep breath and held it for as long as he could in an attempt to calm his nerves. He knew from past encounters that panicking and freaking out wasn't going to help him any. He just had to keep reminding himself that his dad and the rest of the team wouldn't rest until they found him. He just prayed that he stayed alive long enough for them to find him.

Hearing a twig snap, Harry's heart leapt into his throat as he spun around in the direction the noise came from. Standing not ten feet away leaning against a tree was a tall, muscular man in tight, well worn jeans and a black t-shirt. The man's head was covered in shaggy grey hair that brushed his shoulders and his ruggedly handsome face was covered in scars. It was the man's bright amber eyes that he couldn't take his own eyes off of though. They were the eyes of a werewolf.

"Well looky what the house elf drug in." The man said gruffly as he crossed one leg over the other, looking as though he didn't have a care in the world.

Despite the man's relaxed appearance, Harry could tell that he was ready to spring into action if he so much as thought about running. "I don't want any trouble. I'm not here to fight."

The man raised a single bushy eyebrow. "Then what is Dumbledore's little pet Gryffindor doing lurking around the Dark Lord's territory? If you're not looking for a fight, then you're looking to be killed." The man's eyes dropped to Harry's bare arms. "Is that what you're here for, are you on a suicide mission? I see your previous attempt was a failure."

Inhaling sharply, Harry hid his arms behind his back. "How?" He asked, his voice cracking. How had the man seen his scars? Loki had healed most of them and a few that he kept he always kept hidden under powerful glamour charms.
The man casually shrugged his shoulder. "I'm very sensitive to magic and can see what was there, but is not now. Magic always leaves a piece of herself behind. I can see that you have spent years mauling your arms, you probably started when you were just a young pup. I can also see that not long ago you slit your wrists. I'm curious to how you survived, judging by those scars you should be dead and rotting. But then again, you are The-Boy-Who-Lived."

Harry clenched his teeth, he hated being called that. "Look, I'm honestly not here to fight. I'm tired of being thrown in the middle of Dumbledore and Voldemort's quest to one up each other and for power. Believe me, I didn't come here willingly. Dumbledore, with his greater good bullshit, kidnapped me and had his elf bring me here. I never asked to be his puppet."

The man straightened up. "You're not lying, are you? I can sniff out a lie a mile away."

"No, I'm not...and for the record, I'm not Dumbledore's pet anything. I want nothing to do with the man, he's seriously not right in the head. I'm not even a Hogwarts student anymore, I officially withdrew not thirty minutes ago."

"Well, look who has a little bark in him after all." The man chuckled. "And here I thought you were Dumbledore's obedient lapdog. So what's your plan now, pup? You going to go and become besties with the Big Bad?"

"Right." Harry snorted. "Voldemort wants my head on a spike. No thank you. I actually already have a new home, out of the country. Big Bad won't ever have to worry about me." He wasn't going to tell this stranger, who was more than likely a Death Eater even though there was no Dark Mark on his arm, that he was moving to America. He wasn't that stupid.

"So you're going to hand over the Wizarding World to the Dark Lord just like that." The man with a loud snap of his fingers. "You do realize that without you at Dumbledore's side, the rest of the Wizarding World will lose hope and give up? You're their little light prince."

Harry rolled his eyes dramatically. "You do realize that I'm a fourteen year old boy? Why should the fate of the Wizarding World rest on my shoulders...especially seeing as I'm leaving it for good?"

The man sneered in disgust, the tip of his pointy canines showing. "You plan to live in the filthy muggle world?"

"Yup!" Harry answered, popping his P loudly. "I want to get as far away from Dumbledore, Voldemort, and the rest of the two-faced, fickle, backstabbing witches and wizards in this world as I can."

Snickering, the man looked around the darkening graveyard. "So that's why Dumbledore's elf dropped you off here. The great, light lord is trying to force you and the Dark Lord to fight each other. You're right, the headmaster isn't right in the head."

Harry nodded his head in agreement. "I'm fourteen and barely trained, all the other times I survived an encounter with Voldemort I survived out of sheer dumb luck. Believe me, I know that I don't stand a chance wand to wand against him." And he truly believed that despite Loki believing that he could beat Voldemort. Maybe he could beat him, if he would have embraced his magic when he discovered he was a wizard and learned all he could like Hermione had, but he had wasted all his time since finding out that he was a wizard hating his magic and blaming it for the Dursleys hating him. He had blamed his magic for his parents death, the hate he suffered at the Dursleys, the beating, the starvation, the rapes...everything bad in his life. Even now, despite knowing better, he still hated his magic...but he was getting better. If there was one thing he learned since finding his father and the rest of the team, that it was ok to be different. Different didn't make you unlovable, it just made
you...different. And you couldn't get anymore different than his new family.

"Such wise words from such a young pup, it almost makes me feel bad handing you over to Big Bad."

Paling, Harry took a couple steps back when the man took a couple steps forward. "I-I wasn't lying, I don't want to fight him and I'm leaving the country. You don't have to take me to him."

"I know you weren't lying, pup." The man sighed. "But I still have to take you to him. He felt you the second you came through his wards. If it makes you feel any better, I do feel bad doing it. Just think of it this way, you tried to kill yourself and failed. I'm sure you laid there suffering for a long time while you watched your blood drain from your body. The Dark Lord will make it fast. Well, at least I believe he will. One painless curse, not even a second of suffering, and it will be all over. That doesn't sound so bad does it?"

Eyes stinging, Harry looked down at his wrists. He could no longer see the scars from his suicide attempt, but he could feel them. It was a phantom thing, him being able to feel them, but sometimes it felt like there were ropes wrapped tight around his wrists, cutting his circulation off.

"I don't want to die anymore." Harry said in a small voice. "Voldemort can have this world for all I care, I don't want to fight him, but I also don't want to die. If you turn me over to Voldemort, you will be letting Dumbledore win. I don't want to fight, but I will if I'm forced to. I won't be fighting for Dumbledore or for the Wizarding World, I'll be fighting for my muggle father that I just discovered and the family that I found with him. I finally have something worth fighting for, a family, and I'm not going to stand there quietly while Voldemort ends my life."

Harry had made a vow not to fight Voldemort for Dumbledore, and he wasn't going to. If it was just him, he would drop his wand now and allow Voldemort to kill him. Hell, two months ago the man would have been doing him a favor. Now though, now he had a dad. He had a dad that loved him with all his heart. He would never be able to erase the image of his father's face after he woke after his suicide attempt. His dad had been broken, destroyed, and it had all been because of him. He wasn't lying, for the first time for as far back as he can remember, he didn't want to die. He wanted to live. He wanted to live for his dad, for Bruce, for Fred and George, for Loki, for Steve, Clint, and Natasha, but most of all, he wanted to live for himself. He had a future now, and he was excited about living it.

"You have a way with words, pup, maybe you can sweet talk your way out of an AK." The werewolf said. He really didn't want to see the pup die, but Voldemort knew that he was here so he had to take him to him. Not that he had to take him far, he had felt the Dark Lord's presence a while ago. The man was lurking in the shadows, listening to everything that Potter was saying.

Harry gripped his wand tightly. "If Voldemort and I fight, no matter which one of us remains standing at the end, the only winner will be Dumbledore. Dumbledore is the puppet master hiding behind the curtain pulling on our strings, and I don't know about Voldemort, but I am tired of dancing for him.

Shaking his head, the werewolf turned to look into the woods behind him. "He's good boss, you have to give him that."

Harry just barely managed to swallow his whimper when Voldemort came walking out of the tree line. This wasn't the snake like man that tortured him not even two months ago though. This man was tall, had shoulder length black hair that was pulled back into a tight pony tail, a lot like how Lucius Malfoy wore his hair. He was built, even under the midnight black robes he was wearing he could easily see that the man had broad, muscular shoulders. His aristocratic face, which now sported
a nose, was clean shaven and looked a lot like the pictures he saw hanging in Hogwarts of Salazar Slytherin. The only feature that remained the same on Voldemort, were his blood red eyes. If it weren't for the eyes, he wouldn't have know that this handsome, and distinguished looking man standing in front of him was Lord Voldemort.

Voldemort stopped next to his Death Eater, his eyes raking over the Potter boy. "You have changed, Harry."

Harry swallowed the lump in his throat. He was terrified, but he wasn't going to show it. "Clearly not as much as you."

The corners of Voldemort's lips twitched, but he refused to smile. "So you have finally met the true Albus Dumbledore, the master manipulator?"

"Truth be told, I always knew what he was." Harry admitted. "But I had a role to play, one written out for me by Dumbledore before I was even born. I wasn't given a choice."

Voldemort inclined his head. "You and me both. Albus Dumbledore was the teacher who came to my orphanage to bring me my Hogwarts letter, he hated me on sight, but when I stupidly admitted to being able to speak to snakes, he labeled me right then and there as evil and dark."

"Awe, look at us all bonding here." The werewolf sniffed like he was crying happy tears. "It just brings a happy tear to my eye."

"Fenrir, just because you're one of the rare few Death Eaters I can tolerate, doesn't make you exempt from a crucio." Voldemort warned.

Harry had to literally pick his jaw up off the ground. All this time he had been having a civil conversation with Fenrir...Fenrir Greyback. Fenrir Greyback, the most notorious werewolf in history. The werewolf that bit and infected Remus.

"Ah, I see you have heard of me!" Fenrir crowed in delight. "What, had you been expecting a man more wolf than human with wild, blood matted hair and fangs dripping with werewolf venom?"

Harry shrugged his shoulders. "Well, yeah truthfully. That, and you look like you're only in your thirties when you're more like..."

"Fifty eight." Fenrir cut him off. "What can I say, being a werewolf keeps you fit and young looking."

With a frown, Harry shook his head. "I don't understand, Remus looks sickly and old."

Fenrir's eyes filled with sadness. "Remus, my poor, stubborn, misguided son. Countless times I have tried to help him, but he has rejected his wolf and there is nothing that I can do to help him. He is suffering a slow and painful death, a death that I wouldn't wish on my worst enemy. My little boy had been such a happy child, watching him waste away is killing me."

"Your...your son!" Harry stuttered in shock. Now that he mentioned it, he could definitely see a resemblance.

"My one and only blood child." Fenrir confirmed. "His mother left me for her ex-husband, taking Remus with her when he was only three. She lied to the man, tried to pass Remus off as his, but the truth came out when Remus experienced his first shift at the age of six."

Harry felt feint, he couldn't believe what he was hearing. Remus had told him that Fenrir had bitten
him when he was six as a way to get back at his father who was a werewolf hunter. As much as he wanted to believe that Remus' story was true, he could tell that Fenrir was telling the truth.

"Don't believe that Remus is my son?" Fenrir chuckled. "Who, other than a werewolf, would name their son Remus? Do you think it just a coincidence that Remus shares the same name with a man raised by a she-wolf?"

Harry thought back to the story that Loki told him in the hospital wing about Remus and Romulus. It all made sense now. "Does Remus know that your his father?"

"Oh, I have told him, but Lyall Lupin brainwashed him good. Deep down he knows the truth, at least his wolf does, but he has rejected me like he has rejected his wolf. I am nothing more than a child eating monster as far as he is concerned. And before you ask, I have never eaten, or bitten a child against their will."

Harry felt like his world was being turned upside down. Pushing Remus and Fenrir to the back of his mind, he had more important issues to worry about, he looked back to Voldemort who was watching him unblinking. "Now what?" He asked tiredly.

"Now I kill you." Voldemort answered simply. "There was a prophecy..."

"Fuck the prophecy!" Harry screamed in frustration as he threw his hands up in the air. "A prophecy will only come true if those that the prophecy is about fulfills it."

Fenrir tilted his head to the side, much like a dog, or wolf, would do. "What? Does that even make sense? I'm feeling confused."

Growling, Harry wanted to throw his wand across the graveyard in a childish temper tantrum. He was so tired of everything. "You're supposed to be a genius, I have read your diary and seen the awards you won at Hogwarts, why would you believe something from a drunk hack like Trelawney? She has been predicting my death every year, yet here I still stand."

"For now." Voldemort pointed out seriously.

Harry clenched his fist, he could feel his palm heating up. He was hoping to talk his way out of this, a fireball right now would be a very bad thing. "So what now, we fight each other to the death because that's what Dumbledore wants? Why? If I'm not going to stand in your way, and if I plan on moving to a different country, why do we have to fight?"

Voldemort had heard everything that Potter had said earlier. He had arrived at the graveyard minutes after the house elf brought him and had planned on confronting and killing the boy immediately, but then Fenrir had started talking him. He allowed his curiosity to get the better of him, and he had lurked in the trees listening. He grudgingly could admit, everything that the boy had said made sense.

"I killed your parents." Voldemort reminded. "You should want me dead."

The death of his dad and Lily haunted him, and while he should want Voldemort dead for killing them, he didn't feel that it was his decision to make or his responsibility to be the one doing the killing. "They chose to fight. They chose to follow Dumbledore. Everything that I know from back then is from what Dumbledore has told me. You killed people, you probably are planning to kill more, but it's not for me, a fourteen year old boy, to find you guilty and kill you for it. I'm not an auror, I'm not the Wizengamot, it's not my responsibility to be the judge, the juror, and the executioner. I'm not Dumbledore, I don't think that I'm a god."

"Told you he was good." Fenrir crowed, clapping his hands like a proud parent. He was really
starting to like this pup.

Voldemort ignored Fenrir. "So you propose that I just let you walk off into the sunset and hope you don't stand against me at a later time."

"Yes!"

"Yes! Just like that?" Voldemort sneered.

"I'm not coming back." Harry stressed.

"So you say now, but what about when after I burn the Weasley's house down or slaughter half the Hogwarts student population?"

"Are you going to do that?" Harry asked wearily.

Sighing, Voldemort shook his head no. "Not if I don't have to."

Harry looked closely at Voldemort...gone was the crazed look the man had in his eyes. "You really have changed. What happened?"

Voldemort's jaw bulged with how hard he was clenching his teeth. Next to him, Fenrir started rubbing his hands together excitedly. "This is the best part. Wait until you hear what happened. I love this story."

Voldemort slowly turned his head to look at his minion. "You're just asking to be cursed." He bit out.

"Nah." Fenrir grinned. "I'm not Bellatrix. That crazy bitch gets off on you cursing her...literally."

Voldemort's nose scrunched up in disgust. "She does know how to suck the fun out of a good crucio."

Harry opened his mouth to speak, but then quickly snapped it shut. He was only fourteen, he honestly didn't need to know if Bellatrix literally got off on being cursed. He suffered enough nightmares already, he didn't need to add them.

Fenrir, as if reading Harry's thoughts, gave him a sly wink.

"How are you Remus' father? The two of you couldn't be anymore different. Remus is so..."

"Old and stuffy?" Fenrir said sadly.

Harry felt bad for his comment, Fenrir truly looked sad. He would love to learn more about Fenrir and Remus, but now was not the time. "You said there was a story?"

"There isn't a story to tell." Voldemort said, throwing Fenrir a dirty look when the wolf snorted. "You're the reason why I am the way that I am."

"I don't understand."

"The ritual called for your blood, Potter. Your noble, self-sacrificing, good and pure blood. I was reborn from your blood. It healed me."

"There's nothing pure about me." Harry muttered, his voice barely above a whisper.
Voldemort held his hand up when a Fenrir opened his mouth to speak. "I was never a good person, Potter. Dumbledore was correct when he said that I was a dark wizard...I am as dark of a wizard as you can get. Dark doesn't mean evil though. After graduating Hogwarts, I tried to change the Wizarding World for the better, but the old fool was always around every corner blocking my path. He saw me as evil simply because I was a descendant of Salazar Slytherin."

"That, and because even at eleven you were more powerful than him." Fenrir added. "And lets not forget that you killed your father when you were just a little pup."

"And grandparents." Voldemort pointed out without a trace of guilt. "See, Potter, I was never good, but I didn't start delving into truly dark, more like black magic, until after graduating. As crazy as it seems, I had actually wanted to be a teacher, but of course the great Albus Dumbledore couldn't allow that. He was afraid that I would corrupt young and impressionable minds and turn them all evil like myself."

"After getting turned away from the Defense Against the Dark Arts teaching position twice, I decided to get into politics. Dumbledore, and his muggle loving ways, was destroying and endangering our world. Contrary to what Dumbledore has told you, I do not want to kill all muggles and muggleborns. I just want us to be completely cut off from the muggle world. If history has taught us one thing, it's that muggles can never be trusted with the knowledge of magic. They fear anything different and more powerful than them. I lived during WWll, I know how dangerous muggles and their weapons are."

"So what happened to turn you into the...you, you where before my blood resurrected you?" Harry asked curiously.

"Like I said, I wanted complete cutoff from the muggle world, including finding newborn muggleborns and bringing them into our world to be raised by witches and wizards. This straddling both worlds is dangerous and one day there will be a devastating war between the magicals and the muggles. In case you have noticed, the muggles greatly outnumber us."

Harry pursed his lips in thought. He wondered how different his childhood would have been if he would have been raised in the Wizarding World. Hell, being raised by Voldemort himself would have been better than the Dursleys.

"I see you agree with me, Potter." Voldemort smirked.

"Not all muggles are bad, but I can see your point. The muggles I was raised with despised magic and made it known daily how much they loathed me." Harry anxiously rubbed at his arms.

Fenrir started growling. "Those bastards hurt you?" He asked, already knowing the answer.

Shaking his head, Harry started laughing. "It's sad when Fenrir Greyback shows more emotion over my tragic childhood than Albus Dumbledore." Maybe he was losing his mind. Maybe Loki's magic and blood was turning him as crazy as the god.

"Anyway." Voldemort continued, making a mental note to learn what he could of Potter's childhood. "Albus blocked me at every turn and ruined my reputation. Failure is something that I can not accept, especially in myself, so I started delving into forbidden magic. Magic that taints the soul. I ended up losing myself, and my sanity to the darkest of magic."

"And my blood restored your sanity?"

"To a degree." Voldemort admitted. "Let's just say that I'm no longer hell bent on death and
destruction. I no longer want to rule the Wizarding World."

"Right." Fenrir said, coughing behind his hand.

Voldemort smirked. "I do plan on becoming the Minister of Magic though, my goals of separating us from the muggle world have not changed. Just, this time, I plan on doing it in a more legal-ish manor...after I kill Dumbledore that is. Despite your blood running through my veins, Potter, I am still a dark lord."

"I won't stop you from killing him." Harry said his eyes darkening. "For someone who is supposed to be the light lord, his ways are darker than yours. Hell, he dropped me, a fourteen year old untrained, and currently unhealthy wizard, off on your doorstep step to duel to the death. The man needs to be put down."

"I don't want to fight you, I never have." Harry continued. "Every encounter we have had, including that Halloween night when I was just a baby, was orchestrated by Dumbledore. I just recently found out that Lily Potter wasn't my mother, James Potter was a carrier, he was my mother. He met a muggle man in a bar and nine months later out popped me. The muggles that raised me literally sold me to my biological father the beginning of summer vacation. My dad...he's amazing. I have never had anyone care about me before, but even though it has been less than two months, my dad cares about and loves me. I withdrew from Hogwarts earlier today, I plan on remaining in the muggle world with my father."

Voldemort tapped his wand against his leg. "You remaining in the muggle world goes against what I'm trying to achieve. By remaining in the muggle world, you are going against me."

"I'm not just remaining in the muggle world, I'm leaving the country. I will no longer be a problem for you."

"That depends on which country you will be moving to."

Harry really didn't want to tell Voldemort which he was moving to, but the man would probably be able to easily track him anyway. "America. My dad in an American."

"MACUSA." Voldemort mumbled. "They have extremely strict laws on magicals interacting with No-Majs...even family."

Harry grinned to himself. "My dad is very special, I'm not worried."

"Make a vow." Voldemort demanded. "Right here, right now, make a magical vow to never take up wands against me."

Heart pounding, Harry started chewing on his lips. It was a big vow, and asking a lot, who knew what the future would bring. What if Voldemort went all crazy, psychotic again? What if Voldemort attacked him. "I'll make the vow, but I'm going to need some reassurances on your part."

Voldemort inclined his head. "I would have been disappointed if you would have accepted so easily. Let's talk."

***HP

"Not good! Not good! Not good!" Clint jumped in front of the Hulk, he had never seen the green guy so angry. "Why am I always the one to deal with Banner's alter ego?"

"Hulk smash!"
"Easy, big guy." Clint said as he held his hands up in the air. "Hulk can't smash just yet."

The Hulk glared down at the puny human. "Hulk smash now!" With a roar, he picked up one of the benches and easily hurled it across the room.

Clint ducked as the bench soared past him, just barely missing his head. "Hulk, you can't smash the old man right now, he's the only one who knows where Harry is. If you smash him, we may never be able to find Harry and he's in a lot of danger.

Frowning, the Hulk looked around the room. "Harry boy?"

"That's right." Clint said calmly. "Harry needs our help."

"Let him at the bastard." Tony raged as he jumped to his feet. "Maybe he'll talk if the big guy smashes him enough."

The Hulk balled up a giant green fist and brought it down on one of the tables, easily breaking it into two. "Hulk smash old man!"

Dumbledore stumbled backwards, tripping over his robe and falling into the head table. "What in the name of Merlin?" He gasped, staring wide eyed at the monster.

Severus rushed to the Headmaster, his want pointed at the green...thing. "I told you you were going to get us killed." He hissed fearfully.

"How!" Dumbledore panted as he picked up his wand and righted himself. "He was just a man a second ago. How?"

"You need to tell him where Potter is. How could you do this to the boy? He wasn't ready to face the Dark Lord."

Dumbledore couldn't take his eyes off of the green monster...the monster that was talking about smashing him. "Harry left me no other choice, he had to fulfill the prophecy."

"I swore on my magic to protect him!" Severus yelled. "I swore to Lily that I would protect her child."

"Harry isn't her child." Dumbledore yelled back.

Severus easily vanished the bench that was hurdling towards them, though he was tempted to let it hit Dumbledore. The old fool needed some sense knocked into him. "Blood isn't everything! Lily loved that boy as her own...she was his mother."

"Albus!" Minerva cried. "I swear to Merlin if you don't tell us where Potter is I'm going to hex you to hell and back. These aren't normal muggles!"

Dumbledore shook his head. "I can't reveal his location, not until the prophecy has been fulfilled."

"Potter will die!" Severus raged. He may not have liked the boy, but that didn't mean he wanted him dead. The only reason he didn't like Potter was because of his father and the Marauders, it had nothing to do with the boy himself.

"Then that is his destiny." Dumbledore said heavily.

Clint, who had been following their conversation while trying to talk the Hulk out of smashing the wizards, dropped his arms and stepped aside. "You know what, Big Guy, smash away." He was
furious! How could a man, who proclaims to being the good guy, the light lord, care so little about a young boy's life. If Harry died, he was going to personally kill the crazed old man himself.

"Hulk smash!

Paling, Dumbledore shot off his most powerful stunner at the green monster that was rapidly approaching him. His jaw about hit the ground when the stunner bounced off of him like it was nothing. That stunner, with that much power, would have knocked out a fully grown mountain troll for a good forty eight hours.

"Tony!" Steve yelled. "We need him alive in order to find Harry."

Tony, who had been trying to recalibrate Jarvis in hopes of getting him to work around the magic to find Harry, cursed before launching himself into the air. He wasn't saving the old man because he didn't want to see him dead, he was saving him from the Hulk because he wanted to be the one to do the killing. This man was responsible for all of his son's suffering.

Loki had backed himself into the far corner and out of the way with the demon twins. He was trying to understand elf magic so he could track where the little creature took his mage. He knew as of right now Harry was unharmed, he could feel him through the bond he created with him after saving his life, but his mage was absolutely terrified.

"George, do you think Dobby can find him?" Fred asked hopefully.

George reluctantly took his eyes off of the battle that was going on in front of him. Tony and Steve were trying to contain the Hulk, while Dumbledore threw curse after curse at him, all of which harmlessly rolled off of his green skin.

"Dobby!" George called loudly.

Dobby appeared before the wizards with his head bowed. "Dobby is knowing what Harry's Wheezey wants, but Dobby is not being able to help. Dobby has tried and tried to find Harry, but Dobby is not Harry Potter's elf. Dobby is being able to find Harry Potter in the school because Dobby can find every student in Hogwarts, but Harry is not at Hogwarts anymore. Dobby tried asking Smalls where he took Harry, Dobby even hit Smalls over the head with a frying pan, but Dumbledore ordered Smalls not to tell anyone, and Smalls obeys his master...even if his master is a big, mean stupid head."

Loki grinned, he still found the wee elves incredibly entertaining. "Dobby, can you transport me like a Dobby did Harry?"

Dobby wearily nodded his head. "Dobby can, but Dobby is not know why. Dobby doesn't know where his friend Harry is."

Loki held out his hand. "That's ok, Dobby, I just want to feel your magic, immerse myself in it."

Dobby only wasted a few seconds staring at the god's outstretched hand before taking it. "Ok, Dobby will do as you ask, but you cannot keep Dobby. Dobby is Harry's."

Fred grabbed his brother's hand when Loki and Dobby disappeared. "Please tell me that Harry is going to be ok."

George squeezed his brother's hand. "He'll be alright, he has to be. Merlin have mercy on the Wizarding World if he isn't, Tony and the Avengers will burn this world to the ground if Harry dies."
"I'll help." Fred said sadly.

***HP

Sitting up, Tony gave his head a shake, it was still ringing from where his head made contact with the stone wall. "Thanks, Big Guy, see if I play Kenny G for you the next time your in the containment room."

"Good." Hulk growled. "Hulk not like."

"But it's soothing and you need soothing music to help with your anger."

"Hulk smash Kenny G."

Tony unsteadily got to his feet. "Look, Big Guy, we need to forget about the old man and find Harry. There's a very bad wizard who wants to kill him."

Pouting, Hulk looked at the old man who kept hitting him with funny lights. "Hulk smash him, he tell a Hulk where Harry boy is."

"No smashing, Big Guy, at least not right now. Right now Harry is more important."

Shoulders drooping, the Hulk picked up a large piece of busted wood, it was easily six feet long, and hurled it at the men that were pointing sticks at him. "Hulk stick bigger."

Thor came racing back into the Great Hall. "Heimdall has found him, he's in a cemetery about..."

"You sent him back there?" Severus gasped. "Back to where he saw Diggory murdered and to where the Dark Lord was resurrected? You sent him back to where he was tortured?"

Loki popped back into the room with Dobby, his normally immaculate hair now a mess. The little elf had popped him all over Scotland and England, he felt dizzy and nauseous, but at least now he could track the other elf's magic.

"Did he say if he's ok?" Tony asked desperately.

Thor inclined his head. "He is. Heimdall said that he is just talking with two other men. There has been no great battle."

Tony's legs almost gave out at hearing that. His mind had been torturing him with multiple scenarios, all of them ending in his son's death.

Dumbledore came racing down the isle, staying as far away from the green monster as he could. "What do you mean there has been no battle? I dropped him off in Voldemort's territory, they should have fought by now...it's their destiny."

Seeing red, Tony turned and punched the old man in the face as hard as he could. Watching as the wizard crumpled to the ground like a rag doll was one of the best feelings ever. Not the best feeling though, holding Harry was the best feeling ever.

"Tony smash old man, but not Hulk." The Hulk pouted. "Tony not strong like Hulk, Tony puny. Hulk smash the best."

***HP

As you can see, I decided against horcruxes.
I plan on seeing this fic through to the end now. Fingers crossed it will only be a few more chapters.

I just want to address a few issues. I have had a few reviewers trying to threaten me into updating this fic. How crazy is that? All you are doing is making it to where I don't want to work on this fic at all.

Another GUEST reviewer went on a long rant when they posted a review on my fic Omega Spark bitching how they weren't going to read it because I have other fics that need updating...uhm, ok! Was that supposed to offend or hurt me? Honestly, I don't care if you do or don't read my fics...it makes no difference in my life. I just hate how people have to be cowards and leave reviews as guests.

I appreciate each and every review and everyone who reads my fics, but I do have a life and I can't spend eight hours a day writing. I am a mother of three, a wife, I work, and I have a farm and breed dairy goats, as we speak I'm watching the cam because I have a goat in labor. All that aside, sometimes I just don't have the desire or inspiration to work on certain fics. I'm not going to force myself to update a fic and write shit just because people are impatient and threatening me.

I know that I have fics that haven't been updated for ages, but none of my fics have been abandoned. It may take a hundred years, but every fic will be completed.

Friend me on FB @ Miste Potter

PLEASE REVIEW

***HP

Taking a deep breath, Harry reached out and clasped Voldemort's hand when Fenrir gave him an encouraging smile. He couldn't believe that he was doing this, he couldn't believe that he was making a vow with the Dark Lord.

"Don't look so scared, Potter, this is a good deal." Voldemort smirked. It was a good deal, especially for him. With Potter out of the way, the Wizarding World would be his.

Harry gripped Voldemort's hand tighter. He agreed, it was a good deal, even for his friends if they cooperated, but it still felt as though he was selling his soul to the devil.

The deal was pretty simple, he agreed to never fight against Voldemort, and Voldemort agreed not to fight or kill him, his dad, the rest of the Avengers, and those in the Wizarding World he considered family...as long as they didn't stand against him. If Sirius and Remus, the Weasley's, and Hermione bowed out of the war, their lives would be spared. Not only spared, but they would be free to live their lives how they wanted. Of course, if Voldemort became Minister of Magic, which he had no doubt that he would, the Wizarding World would be undergoing some serious renovations. He personally didn't think Voldemort's ideals were all that bad, but he was sure Hermione would have issues with a few of them, especially the total separation of the muggle and magical world. It made sense though, most countries in the world followed that rule, even America.

Harry watched as the magic swirled around his and the Dark Lord's hands, sealing the vow. With a small grin, he pulled his hand back after the magic settled. He may have sold his soul to the devil, but
at least he didn't have to fight the devil to the death. After this, he was free to return to America with his dad. There was still the issue of Dumbledore, but Voldemort would be seeing to him.

"What are you going to do about Snape?"

Voldemort raised an eyebrow at the boy. "Should I be doing something about him?"

Harry didn't want to be a snitch, but Snape had erased his father's memories of him. He despised the hook nosed bastard. "Snape is in Dumbledore's pocket." Frowning, he scratched his head thoughtfully. "Actually, I don't think he is. Snape is straddling the fence, playing both sides. When it's beneficial to him he's on team Dumbledore, but then he switches to team Voldemort when team Voldemort is beneficial to him. Or, whenever you're threatening his life and handing out curses like candy on Halloween. Snape is all about saving Snape's greasy ass."

"I figured as much, but it's nice to get confirmation." Voldemort hissed. "Luckily for him he's too talented to kill. Severus is a potion's prodigy, there is no other potions master in the world that can even come close to him in skill. Still, I will see that he is punished accordingly."

Harry felt a bit diabolical for the grin he was sporting. He didn't want Snape to be killed, but he did want him punished. If it hadn't been for Loki, his dad would have no memory of him right now.

Fenrir threw his head back laughing. "Pup, are you sure you don't want stay, you have a dark side? You would fit right in with the rest of us."

Harry shook his head no. "Everyone has a dark side, Dumbledore just brought out mine. I have no desire to hurt anyone or to fight, I just want to live a quiet life with my dad. Dumbledore needs to be stopped though, he will never admit defeat and he will keep trying to get Voldemort and myself to fight."

"The man will be stopped." Voldemort reassured darkly. "He's too dangerous to allow to live."

Harry cringed. "I agree, but I really don't want to hear details. I want nothing to do with any of this. You're right, this world needs to change. The witches and wizards here are so..." sighing in frustration, Harry shook his head. "They wanted a child to fight their battles so they wouldn't have to and they blindly follow an old man that is clearly unhinged, just look at how he dresses."

Harry could feel his tears stinging his eyes but he refused to let them fall. Looking to Fenrir and seeing the concern on the werewolf's face he could tell that the wolf could smell his tears. How crazy was that, the infamous Fenrir Greyback caring about him? "Dumbledore made us who we are, he is responsible for our pain, suffering and neglect. I don't doubt for a second that he knew everything that my muggle relatives were doing to me, but he needed me so broken that I would be willing to sacrifice myself for him and his greater good."

Harry held out his scarred arms. He couldn't see all his scars thanks to Loki and his own glamours, but he knew they were there and he remembered creating each and every one of them. "Jokes on him though, I'm too broken to want to fight for him. Instead of creating a weapon, Dumbledore created a wizard who is afraid of his own magic and who has spent his life hating it and blaming it for his relatives inability to love him and for all the horrible things his so called uncle did to him."

"I was only eight the first time I tried to kill myself." Harry ignored the loud gasp that came from Fenrir. "I took a razor to my wrists praying for it all to end. Obviously I failed, but I have been cutting myself ever since. You would think after all the beatings and rapes that the last thing I would want to do was cause myself more pain, but at the time cutting myself was the only thing I had control over, and it was a release, an escape, from all the pain and loneliness I was feeling on the
inside."

Voldemort subtly shook his head no at his Death Eater when the wolf opened his mouth to say something. The Potter puzzle pieces were finally coming together. Dumbledore had hurt this boy far greater than he had hurt him. All he did was ignore his cries for help and label him a dark wizard when he was only eleven, but he had utterly destroyed Potter. He hadn't missed the boys slip, he had heard him say the word rape. If Potter tried to take his own life at only eight years of age, then the rapes had to have started around that age. Potter was too important to Dumbledore's plans, there's no way that he hadn't known exactly what was happening to the boy. With everything that happened to him, Potter should be darker than him and full of hate.

"Who else has Dumbledore hurt?" Harry continued. "How man other kids that entered Hogwarts expecting safety were hurt by him? He has had decades to manipulate kids, we can't be the only two."

"We aren't." Voldemort confirmed calmly. "I know you don't like him, but Dumbledore ignored Severus' cries for help all throughout his time as a student. Severus' fathers was an extremely abusive alcoholic and Severus went to Dumbledore multiple times for help, but he refused to help him. Severus was head over heals in love with your mother, and for a time she loved him back, but she turned her back on him when he turned to me for help the summer after his eleventh year. I normally wouldn't recruit a student, but even at that age Severus was extremely talented in defense and a damn genius when it came to potions. He had already taken his potions NEWTS early and passed with the highest score ever. He had potions masters lined up wanting to take him as their apprentice. I would have been stupid to not help him."

"For a price." Harry added with a frown.

"Everything comes with a price, Potter. If it doesn't, then you should be questioning it. I agreed to help Severus if he pledged himself to me."

"So he became a Deather Eater at sixteen?"

"That, and an orphan." Voldemort smirked. "Severus' father had already beaten his mother to death the summer before, he wouldn't have survived that summer alone with him."

If given the chance and if circumstances would have been different, he would have done exactly as Snape. If Voldemort would have offered to help him with the Dursleys, he would have taken the Dark Mark too. He didn't want to feel bad for Snape, or see himself in him, but they were both abused children that needed help and Dumbledore ignored them and manipulated them for his own gain.

"The wrinkly bastard helped poison my own son against me." Fenrir growled, his eyes glowing dangerously. "He helped Lyall hide him from me and he spread lies in the ministry that I was a child killer. He also accepted Remus into Hogwarts when there hadn't been a wolf allowed in Hogwarts in over two hundred years. He did that just so he could sink his hooks into him and manipulate and use him."

Harry didn't think he could hate anyone more than he hated Dumbledore...not even Vernon. Everything started with Dumbledore. None of this, probably even Voldemort becoming an evil dark lord, would have happened if it hadn't been for the Great Albus Dumbledore. To him, Dumbledore is the true evil wizard.

"Pup, don't you worry your pretty little head over Dumbledore, the boss will take care of him." Fenrir said with a wink.
Grinning, Harry shook his head. How was this man Remus' father? He loved Remus, but the werewolf was so...stuffy and uptight, especially compared to his biological father. "Fenrir, I don't know if it will help, but I will talk to Remus and try to get him to see the truth about Dumbledore and you. If I were him, I would love to have you as my dad."

Fenrir had trouble swallowing the lump that all of a sudden formed in his throat. "I-I would appreciate that, pup. For over thirty years I had to hide because people thought I was the monster Dumbledore made me out to be. I'm not really a good person, but I'm also not really a bad person. I don't go around biting people for fun and feasting on young children. I actually adore pups. The happiest moment of my life was when I found out I was going to be a dad. I know Remus will never see me as his dad, but I'll take whatever I can get. I love my boy!"

Harry was shocked to find that he was crying. "Dumbledore took my parents from me and your son from you. I'll never turn into a dark wizard, but I'll sure as hell not shed a tear when I hear of his death."

"Can you apparate? "Voldemort asked, having had enough of all the emotions fouling up the air.

Harry shook his head. "Not yet seventeen." He reminded.

Voldemort made a very un-Voldemort like snorting sound. "I taught myself to apparat when I was thirteen. I guess I can make you a portkey."

"No!" Harry cried, paling. "I-I don't like portkeys."

Voldemort didn't need to ask why the boy was terrified of portkeys. "Then how are you planning to get back to Hogwarts? I can stun you before activating the portkey if you like?"

Harry looked up at the sky when a flash of lightning streaked across it and thunder boomed loud enough to shake the ground under his feet. "I believe that that may be my ride." He grinned excitedly.

***HP

"No!" Clint snapped, before turning his attention to Tony, Thor and Loki. They were discussing who was going to take Tony to Harry. Tony wasn't keen on either of them taking him or how they traveled, but he couldn't get to Harry himself since he didn't know where the cemetery was.

Seeing something green move out of the corner over his eye, Clint sighed before turning around. "I said no!" He snapped again.

The Hulk narrowed his eyes. "Hulk smash that one."

Clint looked to the man with greasy hair who was still pointing his wand at the Hulk. "Tell you what, Big Guy, if he keep pointing that stick at you, you can go right ahead and smash him."

The Hulk huffed when Snape reluctantly lowered his wand. "Hulk have no fun." Hulk pouted, "Thor can take me to my son while Loki meets us there." Tony said quickly as he started striding towards the door. "The rest of you remain here."

Clint gave his own pout. It seemed like once again he was going to miss out on all the fun. He could now sympathize with the big green guy.

"Mam, where are you going?" Steve asked as he stepped in front of the older woman. Until Harry
was safely back with them, he didn't want anyone leaving the room to call for backup.

Minerva felt a bit flustered when the super soldier stepped in front of her. She wanted to be outraged that he dared to stop her, but bloody hell was he good looking. Those eyes...she could get lost in those eyes for days. "I don't agree with what Albus has done, I adore Harry, but Albus is still out cold and he is over a hundred and fifty years old. He also just recently suffered a heart attack. I was just going to get the school nurse to look him over."

"Natasha!" Steve barked. "Please escort this beautiful woman to the medical wing."

Minerva had opened her mouth to argue that she didn't need a damn escort, but she snapped it shut when Captain America called her beautiful. With her face flushed red, she followed the woman dressed all in leather out of the Great Hall.

With their mouths hanging open, Fred and George looked to each other then gave a high five. "Bloody hell, that was amazing! We have never seen anyone be able to shut Professor McGonagall up."

"That's because the two of you are identical demons with no manners." Clint smirked.

"Thank you!" Fred and George said at the exact same time.

The Hulk tilted his head to the side in confusion then gave it a shake. "Two the same."

Fred and George both grinned nervously at the big, green guy. "We're twins!

"Hulk smash?"

"No!" Clint cried in exasperation. "Hulk cannot smash. Harry boy loves Fred and George."

Hulk looked back at Fred and George. "They funny looking."

"Hey!" Fred and George cried. "We are not funny looking."

The Hulk shrugged his shoulders. "I say funny looking, you funny looking."

"That's fine!" Fred quickly said.

"We're totally cool with that." George agreed.

***HP

"This place is pretty amazing." Natasha said in awe as she gripped tightly on to the moving staircase. "Is the school alive or is the staircase moving because of a spell?"

"I believe that Hogwarts is alive." Minerva grinned. "Hogwarts was founded is 990 A.D. and I believe that every child that passes through her doors leaves a piece of their magic behind. It's their magic soaking into every nook and cranny that brought her to life and continues to sustain her. The moving staircase isn't a spell, that is Hogwarts herself playing with us. She has a wicked sense of humor, but looks after the kids in her halls as fiercely as a mother hen. I once saw a mattress appear out of thin air to break the fall of a first year that tipped over one of the banisters."

Natasha had seen and experienced a lot since joining S.H.I.E.L.D., but this took the cake. Moving staircases, alive castles, talking portraits...what else was there?

"Ah, bloody hell!" Minerva cursed. "This is the last damn thing that we need right now."
Natasha placed her hand on her gun when she spotted a massive black dog racing towards them with a man with sandy brown hair racing behind him. The man was yelling something about the pads of his foot, but she couldn’t quite make out what he was saying.

"Want me to shoot it?" Natasha asked, never having seen a dog so big, not even a wolf.

Minerva considered it for a few seconds before sighing. "As tempting as that is, I don't think Harry will appreciate you shooting his godfather." And right now it was very tempting. The last thing this mess needed was Sirius Black getting in the middle of it. Black hadn't been right in the head before Azkaban, he was even worse now.

"Harry's godfather is a mutt!"

"Watch who you're calling a mutt, beautiful. I'll have you know, I'm a rare grim, not a dog."

If it hadn't been for her training, Natasha would have jumped in shock when the dog transformed into a rather nice, yet slightly deranged looking man. Dog turning into a man, another thing to add to her crazy Wizarding World experiences.

Eyes hardening, Natasha glared at the man. "So you're the godfather that abandoned his godson when he needed him the most? Not once, but twice."

Sirius flinched as if struck. "I love Harry!" He declared.

"Well, you have a shit way of showing it." Natasha snapped back.

"Do I know you?" Sirius asked as he stared hard at the hot woman dressed all in leather. He had never before seen a woman all in leather before, he would never be able to look at a pretty woman in a robe the same way again. He didn't know that he needed leather in his life, but he did now.

"No, but I know Harry, and I know how you abandoned him when he needed you the beginning of the summer. I know that he had just seen a class mate murdered right before his eyes and was tortured and, instead of being there for him, comforting him, you turned your back on him and walked away. I also know that you handed him over after his parents were murdered when he was just a baby instead of doing your job as godfather and raising him. You, along with everyone else in this pitiful, backwards world, ignored the signs of extreme abuse in your godson. I could tell that he had been abused within five minutes of meeting him, but not one person here, other than the demon twins, picked up on his pain and suffering."

Natasha’s attention was drawn to the man with sandy colored hair and a scarred up face. She hadn't missed how he had winced or how he had lowered his eyes to the ground in shame. "You knew though, didn't you?" She growled in disgust.

"I suspected it." Remus admitted regretfully. "I did ask him when he was thirteen if he was happy with his relatives and I knew that he was lying to me when he told me that he was, but I thought it had just been normal teen angst and that he would come to me if something bad was happening."

"You know what I think." Natasha hissed. "I think deep down you knew that Harry was lying to you and being abused, but by admitting it you would be admitting that you failed him. You would be admitting that you failed your best friend."

"Now wait a minute!" Sirius roared. "Say what you want about me, but you leave Remus alone. There's no one more compassionate or caring than Remus. Lady, you don't even know us, where do you get off attacking us?"
Natasha pointed her finger at the dog man. "Sirius Black, best friend since childhood to James Potter, Harry's carrier. You were made Harry's godfather and you promised to look after him if anything happened to James and Lily Potter. Instead of fulfilling that promise, you selfishly abandoned your godson to hunt down your other best friend and instead of killing him, you failed and ended up in Wizarding prison for twelve years. You escaped from prison after finding out that that friend you went after was at school with Harry."

"I escaped prison to save Harry!" Sirius snapped.

"If that were true, you would have escaped twelve years earlier. You only escaped to get revenge, not to help Harry."

"I... That's not true." Sirius defended weakly. "You don't know what Azkaban is like, you don't know what the Dementors do to you."

"Instead of helping your godson, you opted to waste away in prison drowning in your own misery and grief over the death of your best friend. Well, you weren't the only one who lost someone that night. Harry lost his parents, and he lost you that night. He was just a scared baby not understanding what was going on. He went from having doting parents and a loving godfather, to being locked in a closet without food, milk, or diaper changes. How long do you think he cried for before he gave up hope? How many times do you think he screamed for you before his voice gave out?"

Sirius felt like he was going to physically be sick. He could feel his stomach bile burning the back of his throat. He didn't want to admit that she was right, but after he had been arrested he had been so overwhelmed with grief that it had been a long time before he started thinking about Harry. It could have been years for all he knew. How long had little Harry cried for his mommy and daddy or him before giving up? He had practically lived with James and Lily, he had been a part of Harry's life since his birth.

"Hit a nerve, did I?" Natasha smirked. "And you!" She said, pointing at the other man. "In my opinion are worse that Mr. Black. You are Remus Lupin, another best friend to James Potter, an uncle figure to Harry, and werewolf on the full moons. At least Sirius has a lame excuse for why he couldn't help Harry, you, sir, do not have one. Not once in over eleven years did you check on your best friend's son, and when you became a teacher and got to meet him again, you ignored the signs of abuse. As a werewolf your senses are heightened, you more than anyone else would have sensed his abuse."

"How did you know about me?" Remus asked shakily.

Natasha rolled her eyes. "Not only am I professional at reading people and at interrogation, but Harry told us everything after he attempted, and damn near succeeded, in killing himself."

"You're a muggle?" Sirius gasped.

"And I can easily kick your ass in under a minute." Natasha warned.

Remus' eyes grew impossibly large as he started to connect the dots. He knew that Harry's biological father was Tony Stark and that as Iron Man he was part of the Avengers team. If this woman was friends with Tony Stark, then that made her... "The Black Widow!"

Natasha grinned wickedly. "You have heard of me? Well, that's good because now you know that I can kill you without breaking a sweat if you ever hurt Harry again. That boy, he is the little brother that I never had and I will rip your intestines out through your ass if you ever cause him to shed another tear."
"That's gruesome!" Sirius cringed. "But you're just a muggle, you're..." The rest of Sirius' sentence was cut off by Remus' hand over his friend's mouth.

"Siri, she's not joking. She can and will rip your intestines out through your ass. She doesn't need magic, she's a highly trained fighter."

"Oh, I'm more than a fighter, wolf boy. This is your one and only warning, boys, hurt that boy and you're going to get up close and personal with your intestines."

Minerva lost herself for a minute giggling. She didn't know this muggle woman's reputation, not like she knew Captain Americas, but she could sense that the woman had a very dangerous aura. "I admit, these two have messed up big time where Harry is concerned, but they do love him. Sirius was young, stupid, and immature where baby Harry was concerned, and Remus has always had self-esteem issues because of his hairy problem. Also, there was no way in hell Remus would have been given guardianship over Harry. The Ministry discriminates against creatures. Sirius now may be older, but he's not anymore mature now than what he was thirteen years ago. He's also mentally not all there, twelve years with Dementors feeding off of him messed him up worse than what he already was. I'm not making excuses for these men, I'm just stating facts. They did mess up and hurt Harry, but they didn't do it on purpose."

"Make it up to Harry." Natasha snarled. "He thinks that the two of you don't really love him and that you only care about him because he is James' son. Prove to him that you love him for him, and not for who his father was."

"That's not true." Sirius defended. "I love that boy."

"He's my pup." Remus said passionately. "Yes, we loved James, he was our brother, but we do love Harry for who he is."

Natasha pursed her lips. "I'll be watching you."

Sirius gulped her lips. "I'll be watching you."

***HP

"Behind me, pup!" Fenrir snarled as he grabbed the Potter pup and pushed him behind him. Out of nowhere two man landed in front of them from out of the sky and another popped up out of nowhere...like apparation, but silent.

Voldemort calmly eyed the three intruders up. He had studied every aspect of magic, even the origin. He knew all about Asgardians and how they supposedly brought magic to Midgard by mating with humans. He recognized that the two strangers in front of him were not only from Asgard, but were none other than Thor Odinson and Loki. The third man he didn't recognize, but he was curious as to why he was wearing a metal suit. He didn't think that he was from Asgard, he felt muggle to him.

"Well, this is curious." Loki smirked as he quickly took in the situation. He could feel from the bond that he shared with Harry that everything was alright, that he no longer felt threatened. He just hadn't expected to find the bad guys protecting his mage from the good guys. Not that he really was a good guy, but he would never harm Harry.

"Brother?" Thor asked, not taking his eyes off of the men in front him.

"What we have here is a wolf and the most evil dark lord ever to walk Midgard protecting our little Harry." Loki chuckled.
Tony flipped up his visor, his eyes drinking in his son. His poor heart really couldn't take make much more of this. "You alright, kiddo?"

Harry went to rush around Fenrir, but the wolf wrapped his arm around his waist and tugged him back. "It's alright, Fen, it's my dad."

Fenrir reluctantly released the pup. "Your dad is made of metal?"

Harry rushed around Fenrir and into his dad's heavy, cold arms. "I hope this is the last time I ever have to hug you in this contraption."

"Hey, don't ditch the suite." Tony said, his voice choking up.

"Young Stark, its good to see you still alive. You are a true warrior." Thor bellowed.

Wiping at his eyes, Harry looked up at Thor grinning. "It's alright, Voldemort and I have come to an agreement and made a magical vow."

"What?" Loki hissed. "You made a binding vow on your magic?"

Harry fidgeted nervously under Loki's intense stare. "I-I made a vow not to fight against him and he made a vow not to go after me any my loved ones. I know vows can be tricky, but this one was straight forward. Voldemort has his sanity back, he isn't the crazed mad man he was before. My blood healed him."

Tony didn't like the sound of a magical vow and he sure as hell didn't like how Loki was so upset over it. "What does that mean?"

"It means, if Harry goes back on his word, he could lose his magic, or possibly even his life." Loki stated darkly. "Magical binding vows can be very dangerous."

"I knew what I was doing." Harry snapped. "I researched magical contracts and vows after I was forced into the tournament. I'm not going to fight Voldemort...not as long as he leaves my loved ones and myself alone. He's different now and I actually agree with some of the changes he wants to make in the Wizarding World. If Dumbledore wouldn't have stood in Voldemort's way years ago and twisted it to make it look like he was evil, I never would have been forced to live with the Dursleys. He wants to protect magical children living in the muggle world."

"Kiddo, he killed your parents." Tony reminded gently.

"I know what he did and I'll never be okay with it, but my parents chose to stand against him. They chose to put Dumbledore's greater good ahead of my safety. They could have left, they could have moved to Timbuktu and lived a happy life with me, but they chose not to. Unlike them, I'm not going to stand against him. I don't want to and it's not my responsibility. This world, it needs a wake up call and big ole kick in the ass."

Tony looked over his son's shoulder and glared at the man with blood red eyes. "You tried to kill my son when he was only a helpless baby."

"That helpless baby left me without a body for thirteen years. And if we're being technical, I tried to kill him multiple times, but he's extremely hard to kill." Voldemort said without remorse.

"Don't!" Harry cried when his dad raised his arm to shoot at Voldemort.

"You couldn't kill him because he has my blood." Loki gloated proudly. "He is my descendant, my
Voldemort raised his eyebrows in surprise, but looking closely, he could see a very close resemblance between Potter and the God. He wondered briefly what that meant for him since he was resurrected with Potter's blood. Was that why he was sane now? Well, more sane than what he has been in over twenty five years. He was relieved now that he chose peace with Potter over war. He may be the most powerful wizard in the Wizarding World, but even he could admit that he wouldn't stand a chance against Loki...against a god.
Tony didn't want to release his son's arm despite him wanting his hands free incase of an attack. He had his son in his grasp once and lost him, he wasn't going to lose him again. He was so tired of good wizards who were really bad, and bad wizards who were now good, he just wanted to get far away from them and lock his son up in the highest room at Stark Tower so no one could ever hurt him, or steal him from him again. He was going to go full Mother Gothel on his son's ass when he got home.

Letting his magic flood the area in warning, Loki took a step towards the newly resurrected Dark Lord. He had gotten a glimpse of the man when he had slipped into his mage's head and accessed some of his memories. This man was not the same man from Harry's memories, that man had been more monster than human. Yes, there was a darkness in this man, but also power and determination. He wasn't as magically powerful as his mage, but he was the most powerful Midgard magic user he has encountered thus far. This wizard was not to be taken lightly.

"You said that my mage's blood restored your sanity?" Loki asked silkily.

"My sanity and my body." Voldemort admitted, staring the god in the eyes. He wasn't going to back down from the god, he cowered from no one. He could feel the god's magic thick and dangerous in the air, it was the most power he has ever felt, but he wasn't going to allow the god to intimidate him.

"It's very curious that my blood accepted your human body." Loki said thoughtfully. "You are either very lucky, or mother magic has a job for you to do."

"Wait a second!" Tony cried. "Are we just going to ignore the fact that this is the bastard that has been trying to kill my son since before he was born and that not two months ago he tortured my son so badly that his hands shook uncontrollably?"

Loki shook his head. "This is not the wizard who tortured your son, that man was crazed and soulless. This man is a true dark wizard, but he is no longer insane. I don't know what rituals he performed that turned him into that foul creature, but Harry's blood, my blood, repaired the damage he had caused himself."

"So that means that we're all best friends now?" Tony cried in outrage. "Should I invite him over for movies and popcorn? How about a Christmas card, should I add his name to the holiday mailing list?"

"Dad, please." Harry whimpered. "You don't understand magic. Voldemort isn't a good guy, but he also isn't an evil Dark Lord hell bent on killing all muggles and taking over the world any more. Like with me, Dumbledore messed with his head and destroyed his life. He had had some really great ideas for the Wizarding World, ones that would have guaranteed no muggle born children would be abused by their parents, but Dumbledore had blocked his way and turned the Ministry against him."

"Harry, I can't let him get away with what he did to you. I can't let him get away with killing James."

"Well, you're going to have to." Harry said firmly. "I don't want anymore fighting. I'm done! You
can either choose me, or chose vengeance and revenge. Are you going to be like my dad James and my godfather and choose fighting and revenge, or are you going to be the first person ever to choose me?"

"I choose you." Tony said passionately without having to think about it. "I will always choose you, kiddo."

Harry didn't realize that he had been holding his breath until his dad said those words and all the trapped air came rushing out of his lungs. It actually made him feel feint and weak in the knees. No one had ever chosen him.

Tony easily supported his son's weight when he leaned into him. It broke his heart that Harry had feared that he would choose revenge over him. "Hey, it's going to be okay, kiddo. Let's just get the rest of the team and go home."

"I would like that." Harry said tiredly.

Loki looked between his mage and the dark wizard. He knew that Harry was physically and emotionally exhausted, but things had to be settled here before they could return to New York. He couldn't leave while the old man was still a danger to Harry.

"You want me to return to Hogwarts with you to kill Dumbledore now, don't you?" Voldemort asked calmly as though he had been reading Loki's thoughts.

"I could easily kill him, but..."

"No!" Voldemort interrupted. "This needs to be finished. Dumbledore is mine."

Loki had assumed as much. He would have had no problem killing the old fool, but that would have brought Odin down on him. He was still under the watchful eye of the All Father and he really didn't want to bring attention to Harry. Right now it was better that Odin didn't know of his existence.

"I'm going with you, boss." Fenrir said stepping up. "I wouldn't want to miss this for anything."

Tony loudly cleared his throat. "Just one little bit of business before we go. I admit that as a muggle I know nothing of how magical vows work, but if you ever attempt to hurt or kill my son again, I will blast you into a million pieces. Here's a little example if you don't believe me." Raising his arm, he fired at a large tree at the edge of the cemetery.

Voldemort raised his eyebrows, impressed when the tree exploded into nothing but splinters. He knew that muggles had dangerous weapons, but he had never seen anything like the man's metal suit before. This was why he wanted a complete separation from the muggle world. Muggles greatly outnumbered them and their technology was far superior than their magic. It wouldn't take much for the muggles to wipe them completely out.

***HP

Minerva angrily thrust a goblet of water towards the still dazed Headmaster. "I just don't know you anymore, Albus, how could you do that to Harry? He's just a boy, a baby, he doesn't stand a chance against You-Know-Who."

Glaring at the medi-witch, Dumbledore rubbed at his throbbing jaw. He couldn't believe that Poppy refused to heal his jaw. She actually had the nerve to say that he deserved it after she learned about what he did to Harry.
"Minerva, I know that you don't agree with me, but the prophecy has to be fulfilled. Harry is the only one who can save us from Voldemort."

"And here I was hoping that punch had knocked some sense into you." Clint grumbled.

"Hulk smash now!" The Hulk asked hopefully.

Closing his eyes, Clint shook his head in exasperation. "Look, big guy, isn't Bruce ready to come out and play."

"No!" The Hulk pouted. "Must save Harry boy. And smash!" He added with a wicked grin.

"Are you sure he's safe?" Sirius asked wearily as he stared at the green giant.

"He's a big, ole puppy dog." Clint smirked. "Why don't you try giving him a hug?"

Shaking his head, Sirius quickly took he few steps backwards. "Why is he green?"

"Why you stupid." Hulk growled as he clenched his giant fist.

"Dude, really?" Clint chuckled. "He's going to kill you. The Hulk is about as safe as Natasha on when she's on her period."

"Can I smash him?" Clint asked Steve hopefully. "The old fool is freaking deranged."

Minerva sadly shook her head. "All these years you have been grooming him. You knew that his relatives were abusing him, didn't you?"

Dumbledore lowered his eyes to the floor. "I did what had to be done. It's not always easy being me. I have to make the decisions and do the things that no one else wants to do. Young Harry needed to be willing to sacrifice himself when the time came. A happy, well loved young man wouldn't willingly walk to his death, but a broken boy who was given just the right amount of love at the right time would be willing to sacrifice himself for the people and for the world that showed him his first taste of kindness. It sounds cruel, but it had to be done."

"It had to be done!" Natasha raged. "That boy was raped when he was only six years old. At the age of eight he took a razor blade to his wrists and tried to kill himself. His body was so beat down and broken from years of abuse and starvation that if it hadn't been for Loki healing him, he wouldn't have lived to see adulthood. He killed himself! He cut so deep into his wrists that he bled out in front
of us and there was nothing that we could do. Again, if it hadn't been for Loki healing him, he would be dead."

Steve pulled Natasha into his arms when she broke down crying. It was very rare for Natasha to show this side of herself, she never cried in front of them. "You thought you were creating a soldier that would do your bidding without question, but Harry knew all along what you were up to. What you did create was a young wizard so scared and hateful of his magic that he begged Loki to take it away from him when he first met him."

"You were also wrong in thinking that he would give his life for this world and the people in it. They may have given him a taste of love and affection, but they also abandoned him for ten years. Why they were celebrating the first downfall of Voldemort, he was scared, alone, locked in a cupboard and mourning the loss of his parents. Why would he sacrifice himself for people that tossed him away?

"Harry isn't stupid, he saw right through you. He knew all along that you were using him and he was never going to fight your Dark Lord. You had your plans, and Harry had his. He was going to let the Dark Lord kill him.

"No!" Dumbledore gasped. "He wouldn't have. Every time I arranged a confrontation between the two of them, Harry always fought bravely and with everything he had in him."

"That's because there was always someone there with me." Harry said as he came striding into the hall looking exhausted, yet determined. "First year I had Ron and Hermione with me. They were good and innocent and they didn't deserve to die just because I was fucked up. You have no idea how hard it was standing up to Quirrellmort when all I wanted to do was beg for him to end my misery."

"Second year." Harry continued. "I couldn't let Tom Riddle kill Ginny. I was already in love with Fred and George and Ginny was their little sister. I was actually upset when Fawks healed the basilisk bite, I felt cheated out of a quick and epic death. Lots of people commit suicide, but how many people die fighting a basilisk? That would have been wicked."

"No, it wouldn't have." Tony grumbled behind his son.

"This year was the hardest though." Harry said solemnly. "There were so many ways I could have died, it was almost too easy. I could have been eaten by dragons or set on fire, but neither of those deaths sounded all that appealing to me, especially the being chewed on part. I could have easily have drowned in the second task seeing as I can't swim and I'm terrified of water. There was also the grindelows and the merpeople, they had wicked sharp spears. I actually seriously considered pissing them off, but I knew that Ron needed me. Then there was the last task. I was so close to death then that I could almost taste it. I wanted it so bad, but I couldn't leave Cedric's body where his parents would never be able to find it. Cedric was kind and loyal, he wouldn't have left my body to rot if I had been the one to die"

"Don't you see." Dumbledore said getting to his feet, his eyes gleaming triumphantly. "You care so deeply that you were willing to sacrifice the death you longed for in all those instances to save your friends. All you have to do is face Voldemort and all your pain and suffering will be over. You will be granted what you most desire."

"You did not just suggest to my fourteen year old son that he commit suicide by allowing your Dark Lord to kill him." Tony raged. Voldemort had yet to enter the Great Hall, his son had wanted to confront his old Headmaster first before the shit hit the fan.
"It's only suicide if he refuses to fight back." Dumbledore pointed out smugly. "Harry is powerful and I believe that he can win."

"I'm not fighting Voldemort and I'm not just going to stand there and let him kill me. I may have longed for death just two months ago, but not anymore. The only death I long for now is yours."

Harry jumped when a loud booming laugh came from behind him. "Ha! Harry boy smash old man."

"Whoa!" Harry gasped when he got his first real look at the Hulk. How had he missed him when he first entered the Great Hall? The Hulk was so big that his head was almost brushing the ceiling, and the Great Hall had an extremely high ceiling. He had just been so focused on Dumbledore that he had missed the large green monster in the back of the hall.

Clint's jaw almost hit the ground when the Hulk gave Harry a scary as all hell smile and waved at him. "Hulk and Harry boy smash?" The Hulk asked hopefully.

Harry could not believe that sweet and somewhat shy Bruce turned into this. Forgetting Dumbledore and ignoring his dad's frantic calls, he slowly made his way towards the Hulk. "Wow, I bet you can smash real good with those giant hands?"

Grinning, the Hulk raised his fists in the air and swung them. "Hulk strong."

"Harry, get back here." Tony hissed in an urgent whisper.

For some reason, Harry wasn't scared of the Hulk. Normally large men with big hands terrified him, but there was just something about the Hulk that called to him. "I was hoping to meet you one day."

"Harry...my boy." Hulk said gruffly as he gently stroked Harry's cheek with his massive finger.

Grinning, Harry reached out and gripped Hulk's finger. "And you're my Hulk. Thank you for keeping Bruce safe. I need both you and Bruce."

The Hulk shrugged his shoulders. "Bruce no fun and no smash. Hulk smash."

"Maybe someday you can teach me how to smash?"

The Hulk puffed his chest out proudly. "Hulk smash best."

Smirking, Harry looked over to where Loki was watching him and the Hulk. "I heard you smashed Loki."

The Hulk threw his head back laughing. "Puny god. Hulk smash good."

Harry started laughing. "It was a pleasure meeting you, Hulk, but I have to go deal with Dumbledore so we can go home."

"Harry smash Dumbleman?"

"Maybe." Harry grinned. Turning back around, Harry finally took in everyone that was in the hall. He had expected to see the Avengers and the twins, but he was surprised to see Sirius, Remus, and Madam Pomfrey. Fenrir being here was going to go over great with Remus.,,not!

"I can't believe that he didn't smash you." A pale face Clint said.

Harry smiled back at the Hulk who was currently entertaining himself by poking at one of the moving pictures. That must have been what he was doing when he first got here. "I don't know. I
just feel a connection with him. I love Bruce and I know that he would never hurt me, and Hulk is part of Bruce."

"Kiddo, you just shaved five more years off my life." Tony said shakily.

"Sorry." Harry grinned. Turning his attention back to Dumbledore, he was just getting ready to say something, when there was a loud bang and Hagrid came racing into the Hall with his crossbow in his hands.

"Wha' goin' on in 'ere?" Hagrid bellowed loudly as he took in all the strange people in the Great Hall. "Blimey!" He said as the crossbow slipped from his finger and fell onto the stone floor. "Yeh sure are a biggin." He said, staring at the Hulk with big eyes. "Ain' never seen a green giant, I haven'. Yeh mus' be par' troll."

"Uh, Hagrid, the Hulk isn't very friendly." Harry warned knowing Hagrid's love for giant creatures. "'E's a beauty 'e is." Hagrid said affectionately. "And blimey, 'e's even go' hair on top of 'is wee 'ead, 'e does. Trolls don' 'ave hair."

Harry was having a hard not time not laughing like Fred and George. "Hagrid, Hulk isn't a giant or a troll, he's one of a kind and he doesn't like to be messed with."

"Go' a temper does 'e." Hagrid asked fondly. "Bless 'is wee 'eart. The bigger they 're, the grumpier they 're."

"What is with this guy?" Clint asked as he busted out laughing.

Hulk frowned down at the large, hairy person. "Hulk smash!" He roared hoping to frighten the man off.

With a large grin on his face, Hagrid placed his hand over his heart. "Smar' feller isn' 'e. Look at 'im talkin' like a big boy."

"I-I can't take this." George howled.

"I think Hagrid's in love." Fred huffed breathlessly as he laughed.

"Hagrid, Harry and I are in the middle of a very important conversation." Dumbledore scolded gently.

"Sorry." Hagrid said bashfully.

"Actually we're not. I'm done, Headmaster. I'm just came back to say my peace. You dropped me in the middle of Voldemort's territory hoping that we would fight, that we would kill each other, but that's not what happened at all. Voldemort and I not only came to an agreement, but we also made a binding vow on our magic to not fight each other. You lost!"

"No!" Dumbledore roared. "No, you must fulfill the prophecy."

Everyone turned when the Great Hall doors opened up and Voldemort came striding in looking as if he owned the place. "Ooooo, this is getting good." Clint said as he rubbed his hands together.

Remus gasped when his eyes landed on the man behind Voldemort. "Fenrir!" He murmured fearfully.

Fenrir eyes softened when he spotted his pup, but then they quickly filled with sadness. His boy
looked so sickly. Fighting his wolf and taking that poison to control his wolf on the full moons was killing him. Remus looked so old and frail, he didn't have too many full moons left before his body gave out on him.

Dumbledore raised his wand at Voldemort, but his eyes were on Harry. "What did you do, Harry?"

"I decided that I no longer wanted to die. I made a deal with Voldemort, he can have this damn world as long as he leaves me alone. I'm leaving here and never returning."

"Harry, he killed James and Lily!" Sirius cried in both shock and disgust. "How could you?"

Harry tried to hide the hurt that Sirius' words caused him, but he knew that he had failed when he heard his father hissing angrily next to him. He was surprised that his dad was staying out of this, but he had asked him to...unless he needed help.

"So you want me to fight Voldemort?" Harry added, his voice heavy with hurt.

"No!" Sirius cried. "Hell no do I want you to fight. I want you far away from this bullshit, but how could you join him?"

Harry rolled his eyes. "Weren't you listening? I'm not joining him, I'm just not fighting him. When this crap is over, I'm going home to America and never looking back. Voldemort made a vow not to harm or kill you and Remus too if you don't stand against him."

Sirius refused to lower his wand. "He killed James!" He roared. "I just can't forget that and I don't understand how you can?"

"I'll never be able to forget it!" Harry screamed back. "But I'm not going to dwell on it and let it ruin my future. I'm choosing my future, just like my father chose to fight Voldemort over me when he could have ran with me, and you chose going after Wormtail over raising me. You made your choices, now it's time for me to make mine."

"I finally have a chance to have a family and I'm not going to ruin that chance for Dumbledore, for his greater good, for Voldemort, for revenge, for the Wizarding World, and not even for you, Sirius. If you ever loved me, Siri, you will lower your wand and hear me out. If you still feel that you need to fight against Voldemort after you hear me out I won't try to stop you, but I also won't help you."

Clenching his teeth, Sirius reluctantly lowered his wand. He didn't like this, and he wanted Voldemort dead, but he didn't want to lose Harry. It hurt when Harry called him out on choosing Wormtail over him, but that was exactly what had happened. He had held baby Harry in his arms and instead of comforting him, all he could think about was killing Peter.

"This is so messed up." Harry groaned as he ran his fingers through his hair. He was so tired of everything, he just wanted to go home.

"You don't have to do this, kiddo." Tony said as he draped a heavy arm over his son's shoulder. "You don't owe them anything."

Harry knew that his father was right, he didn't owe anyone in the Wizarding World anything. He just wanted to be done with everything. Taking a deep breath, he turned his attention back to a Dumbledore. "Headmaster, did you ever tell anyone how you created Voldemort? How you were the one responsible for turning one of the brightest young wizards since the Hogwarts founders into an evil dark lord?"

"I did no such thing." Dumbledore protested, though there was a hint of panic in his eyes.
"Someone's been busted!" Clint cackled.

"So you didn't label young Tom Riddle a dark wizard the moment you met him in a muggle orphanage at the age of eleven?"

"He was dark." Dumbledore defended. "He admitted to hurting other kids, stealing, and talking to snakes."

"So, he was an eleven year old boy!" Harry cried. "You should have helped him instead of condemning him. Tom had never known love or kindness and was only doing what he had to do in order to survive in a cold and friendless orphanage during the middle of a muggle war. You should have taken him under your wing and shown him kindness and offered him protection. Instead of trying to pull him out of his darkness, you fed that darkness inside of him by ignoring him and refusing to help him. You never liked Tom Riddle because he was a descendent of Salazar Slytherin and you made sure that he knew it."

"Tom!" Minerva gasped as she placed her hand over her heart.

"Hello, Minnie." Tom said silkily.

'Minnie.' Fred and George mouthed to each other.

"I-I didn't know that you were him." Minerva stuttered. "I didn't know that you were V-Voldemort. I thought you left the Wizarding World after you failed a second time to get a teaching position here."

"I did leave for a while, but I returned and claimed my seats on the Wizengamot as Slytherin's heir. I had hoped to change some of the laws Dumbledore had set forth concerning the muggle world, but the old fool blocked me at every turn. Not only did he block me, but he drug my name through the mud by spreading viscous lies about me."

"Wait!" Tony interrupted. "Were you two like, rubbing wands when you were in school together?"

"Ew!" Harry, Fred, and George gagged at the same time.

"Technically, two wizards would rub wands." Fenrir pointed out most helpfully. "I believe what Tommy boy and Minnie did was play hide the wand in the wand holster."

"My brain!" George sobbed as he threw himself at his twin. "Please, my brain now needs a scourgify."

Voldemort turned and glared at his minion. "Would you like to be cursed in front of your son?"

"Not really." Fenrir grinned. "I was just correcting the metal man."

"We did not play hide the wand in the wand holster." Minerva protested, but her bright red face gave her away. "But Tom was Head Boy and I was Head Girl so naturally we spent a lot of time together."

"Oh, naaaaaturaly." Tony teased. "Does the Head Girl always polish the Head Boy's wa..."

Harry slapped his hands over his ears. "La la laaaa. La la laaaa!" He sang loudly. "Underage ears here! Can we please just get back to the story?"

"Anyway." Voldemort continued as he glared at Tony. "Dumbledore started spreading lies that I wanted to keep muggleborns from entering the Wizarding World and that I also wanted all muggles
dead. That's not what I wanted at all. I was raised in the muggle world and I have seen first hand how dangerous they are and how they treat those different then them, especially magical children."

Harry nodded his head in agreement. "He's right, I was abused for being magical and I know others in a similar situation. Dean Thomas' family are terrified are him so they pretty much just ignore him. They don't beat him, but his brothers and sisters refuse to talk to him and his dad abandoned the family after Dean received his Hogwarts letter."

Voldemort frowned at hearing that. "What I wanted to propose was a complete cutoff from the muggle world, like most other counties. I also wanted to bring muggleborns in as infants instead of waiting until they were eleven and far behind pureblood children raised in the Wizarding World."

"That doesn't sound unreasonable." Minerva admitted. "I don't like tearing babies from their parents arms, but they can be oblivated and the babies placed with purebloods or halfbloods."

"Muggles are too dangerous." Voldemort continued. 

"You got that right." Clint smirked. "I could easily take half of you out before you had a chance to draw your wand."

"Yeah, right." Sirius scoffed. The last word was barely out of Sirius' mouth when an arrow buried itself in the wooden table just inches in front Sirius.

"I missed on purpose." Clint bragged.

Sirius gulped loudly as he stared at the arrow that just barely missed him. A few more inches and it would have pierced his heart.

"Muggles have weapons that can wipe an entire city out in seconds, and they greatly outnumber us. We wouldn't stand a chance against them if they attacked. No more of this straddling two worlds, you're either a wizard, or a muggle."

"Lies!" Dumbledore barked. "Once the muggles see that we mean them no harm and that we can help them..."

"They will take advantage of us." Minerva interrupted coldly. "And if we refuse help them, it will be the witch hunts all over again."

"Muggles fear what they don't understand, and they don't like those that are different than them." Harry added. "If Voldemort would have gotten this law passed years ago, I never would have been sent to live with the Dursleys. I never would have been neglected, abused, starved, and raped."

"I can't believe you are agreeing with him, Harry." Dumbledore shook his head sadly. "I had so much hope for you. Your father was a good man who fought for muggles and muggleborns. He even went into the muggle world to conceive you. He would be so disappointed in you."

"You shut up, you deranged, old fool!" Sirius spat angrily. "James would be so proud of Harry if he was alive. That boy has been drug through hell and back and yet he's still the most compassionate and selfless person I have ever met. I don't like Voldemort and I'll never forgive him for killing James, but I won't stand against him because I'm not going to fail my godson again. I plan on following him to America, if he allows me that is?"

"I would like that." Harry grinned. And he would, he loved Sirius and he wanted him in his life...as long as he knew that he was Harry, not James. And as long as he accepted Tony as his dad. He loved Sirius, but not as much as his dad.
"Hey, pup." Fenrir said, finally addressing his son.

Remus had been at a loss for words ever since Fenrir entered the Great Hall. Fenrir Greyback, the beast that ruined his life and turned him into a monster. The last time he saw Fenrir was before James and Lily were killed when Dumbledore had sent him out to speak with different packs in the United Kingdom in hopes of swaying them to his side. Fenrir hadn't been what he expected, he had been nothing like the horror stories he had been told. He had been extremely welcoming, warm, outgoing, and funny...until he tried to convince him that he was his biological father. There was no way that Fenrir Greyback was his father, and it made him hate his wolf even more because Moony was excited around Fenrir, happy even. For the month he had spent with Fenrir's pack Moony had been content, and he had woken from the full moon feeling great and without any new scars to add to his vast collection.

Fenrir could scent his pup's fear and hatred of him. It killed him that his boy, the person he loved the most in the world, hated and feared him. He loved his boy so much that would give his life for him. Dumbledore and Lyall Lupin were responsible for his son hating him and he couldn't wait until the old man was six feet under. He would love to tear Dumbledore to shreds like he did Lyall Lupin, but Dumbledore was the boss' to kill.

Harry wanted to talk to Remus about Fenrir, but right now was not the time. Remus may be highly intelligent, but he was also stubborn. It was going to take more than a five minute discussion for him to see that Fenrir was his father and that he wasn't the child eating monster that Dumbledore portrayed him to be.

Dumbledore threw his hands up in the air in anger and frustration. Everything was falling apart, all his plans were crashing and burning because of Harry and his newly found father. He couldn't believe that Harry and Tom made a magical vow to not fight each other. He couldn't allow this to happen. The future of the Wizarding World was resting on Harry's shoulders, he had to either fight Voldemort and win, or die trying to save everyone so that people will stand up and fight back in honor of their fallen chosen one...their light prince.

Maybe that's what had to happen, maybe Harry had to die. Voldemort made a vow so he wasn't going to do it, unless Harry broke the vow first, which he knew Harry wasn't going to do. So that left him. Could he kill Harry and say that Voldemort did it? Would that be enough to rally all the witches and wizards to want to fight to avenge Harry? Would him killing Harry be enough to appease the prophecy?

There were too many witnesses though. The muggles he could oblivate, but Severus, Minerva, Poppy, Hagrid, the Weasley boys, Remus, and Sirius would pose a great problem. Not to mention the gods. Loki has already proven that Earth's magic and potions didn't work on him.

There was also Tom himself, if he killed Harry right here and now, Tom would attack him. The man in front of him was no longer crazed and out of control, this was the old Tom, the smart, calculating, and extremely powerful Tom. This Tom was more dangerous than Voldemort. This Tom scared him.

He couldn't come up with an immediate solution, but he couldn't allow Harry to slip through his fingers again. There were too many unknowns as far as killing Harry was concerned, but did he have a choice? The prophecy did state that either must die at the hand of the other, so wouldn't that technically mean that he couldn't be the one to kill Harry? Why couldn't have this damn prophecy been more straight forward?

Could it be possible that Harry isn't the prophecy child, that it's been Neville all along? No, that couldn't be. Again, the prophecy states that he will have the power the Dark Lord knows not. Harry being blood related to the god Loki would give him unknown power and even Loki said he was
incredibly powerful. Hell, he had produced a fireball with his bare hands! That kind of power terrified him, especially now since he seemed to be in with Tom.

Maybe killing Harry was his only choice and what would be best for the greater good. He couldn't allow Tom and Harry to join forces...especially if Harry had Loki on his side.

****HP

Evil, mean me left a cliffie. Sorry! Don't worry, I'm already working on next chapter.

Note...I do know that Natasha was sterilized.
Chapter 25

We're almost there. After this there is only one more chapter. It feels so good to be this close to completing four years of writing.

I have had some people asking about Ron and Hermione. I will probably bring them in next chapter for a brief visit, but this story was about Harry finding himself a family with his dad, the rest of the Avengers, and Fred and George. Sorry, there just wasn't room for Ron and Hermione.

Friend me on FB for info on updates and future fics...Miste Potter.

PLEASE REVIEW....I am so close to 3000 reviews!

***HP

"Tom, since you have your sanity back, what's your plan now?" Minerva asked curiously. She was confused and wasn't sure what to think. Young Tom Riddle had been charismatic, good looking, intelligent, and driven to not only succeed, but to be the best. But she had always sensed a darkness in him. Tom didn't like it when something didn't go his way and he could be downright scary when he failed...not that he failed often. It was hard comparing the Tom she knew from school to the evil Lord Voldemort. Lord Voldemort was responsible for terrorizing and killing so many people, how could she just forgive and forget that?

"I plan on becoming Minister and fixing this world." Tom said confidentially. "Lucky for me Dumbledore never told anyone that Lord Voldemort's real name was Tom Riddle. Only my most trusted, my inner circle, know my real name."

Clint raised his hand in the air. "I now know!" He grinned cheekily.

Tony rolled his eyes. "Thanks for pointing out the obvious, bird brain."

"Do you truly believe, Tom, that I will just sit back and allow you to become Minister?" Dumbledore said condescendingly, smirking as if he was talking to a small child.

"Do you truly believe that I will be allowing you to walk out of here alive?" Voldemort shot back with a smirk of his own.

"And things are about to get ugly." Tony mumbled as he pulled his son to his chest. "Time for us to get out of here, kiddo. Let's let the big wizards handle this on their own, their problems aren't ours."

Harry breathed a loud sigh of relief. "Sounds like a plan to me. I swear, I'm sleeping all the way home."

"Us too." Fred and George said at the same time as they made their way towards Harry and Tony.

"Oh, Minnie!" George smirked as he stopped next to Professor McGonagall. "Seeing as we're seventeen and officially adults, we will not be returning to our studies come September. We will joining our most adorable soul mate in New York and learning under the great and powerful..."

"Don't forget magnificent." Fred interrupted.

George took a second to clear his throat. "We shall be learning magic from the great, powerful,
"Merlin help us all." Minerva swore. The Weasley twins learning magic from Loki, she was going to have to keep an eye on the muggle news, with those three working together they were bound to blow up New York City.

"And what does your mother have to say about the two of you dropping out of school?" Minerva asked shortly. Three students pulling out of school at once...it was unheard of.

George winced. "About that, we were hoping you would tell her."

"Cowards!" Clint crowed as he bent over laughing. "Look at the two big, bad adult wizards. Old enough to drop out of school, but not old enough to tell their mommy."

"You have never met Molly Weasley." Minerva, Sirius, and Remus said at the same time.

"The woman is more terrifying than the boss." Fenrir shivered. "Never piss off a red head."

"Damn straight." Natasha laughed.

"Wait, you know our mom?" Fred asked in shock.

"Your uncles were good friends of mine." Fenrir said with a sad smile. "I found the two wandering lost close to my territory when they were fourteen years old. They were on the hunt for some pixies and to this day I don't know what they wanted the pixies for, but knowing the two of them it was for nothing good. I was quite a bit older than Fabian and Gideon, so they were like the little brothers that I never had. I met your mother multiple times over the years, and even at a young age that witch was downright terrifying when she wanted to be. She never knew my real name or that I was a werewolf, but your uncles knew who and what I was."

"I loved those two and their death gutted me. Took five wizards to take them down, they were tough sons of bitches. They had been on their way to meet me that night at the Leaky when they were ambushed. Out of the five wizards that killed them, only one remains alive, and that's only because he is in Azkaban. As soon as the boss sets him free, Antonin Dolohov is mine."

"You killed the other four?" Fred asked thickly. He would have loved to have known his uncles, according to his mother George and him were a lot like Fabian and Gideon. Apparently they too were jokesters and mischief makers.

Fenrir smirk was chilling. "I killed them very slowly, and very painfully. Just don't tell the boss that I killed four of his minions and am planning on killing a fifth."

Voldemort closed his eyes and counted to twenty. Dealing with Fenrir was worse than dealing with a teenager at times. "You're not killing Dolohov, he's a loyal Death Eater."

"I am, and I don't care." Fenrir snarled. "He killed my brothers, his bloody heart will be mine."

"Yes! Smash!" The Hulk roared excitedly.

Remus shook his head in disbelief. He had know Fabian and Gideon, he had a hard time believing that they would be friends with a child killing monster like Fenrir. "Did they know that you were a Death Eater?"

"They did, and many of times we saved each other's asses in battle." Fenrir answered honestly. "Remus, I'm not the monster that Lyall and Dumbledore told you that I was."
"You bit me!" Remus roared. "You turned me into a monster who thirsts for human flesh. You also killed my father."

"Only one of those I am guilty of." Fenrir said patiently. "I killed Lyall Lupin, but he wasn't your biological father." Fenrir held his hand up when his son opened his mouth up to deny his claim. "I also never bit you. Remus, you are a born werewolf. You are my son."

"Lies!" Remus cried. "I remember you biting me. I had left my favorite toy out in the garden and when I went out to get it, you bit me. You bit me because my father was a werewolf hunter."

"You planted a false memory in his head?" Fenrir asked Dumbledore in disbelief. He knew that Dumbledore had to have done it, he was one of the rare few talented enough in the mind arts to be able to do such a thing.

Dumbledore didn't even try to deny it. "Werewolves shouldn't be allowed to breed, they shouldn't be allowed to pass their curse onto innocent children. Lyall was also a good friend of mine and he knew that by taking your son, your pup, that it would hurt you more than just killing you."

Remus' knees gave out on him as he slumped to the ground. Shaking his head, he looked up at Dumbledore with tears in his eyes. "Please tell me that it's not true. Please tell me that Fenrir Greyback isn't my real father."

"I can't do that Remus. You are not the biological son of Lyall Lupin, but that doesn't make you a monster like Fenrir. You are not your father, you are a good man."

"This is better than a soap opera." Loki whispered to Clint.

"Remus, don't listen to Dumbledore." Harry said gently. He knew what Remus was feeling, he had been in his shoes when he found out that Lily wasn't his mother. "Dumbledore is a pathological lier who doesn't care about who he hurts. Fenrir is not the monster Dumbledore made him out to be, and he has never hurt or killed a child before. He actually tried to protect me when my dad and Thor showed up at the graveyard."

"Dumbledore has hurt so many people and has ruined so many lives. Why don't you get to know Fen before condemning him?"

Tony cleared his throat loudly. "Well, as fun as this hasn't been, it's really time for us sane people to be getting out of here."

"Us, sane?" Clint chuckled.

" Compared to them." Tony pointed out.

Dumbledore gripped his wand tightly as he watched the muggle lead Harry towards the Great Hall doors. He really didn't want to kill Harry, the poor boy had suffered enough, but he couldn't allow him to walk away from the Wizarding World for good. He also couldn't risk Harry and Loki joining Tom.

Pointing his wand at his students back, Dumbledore whispered a silent apology before casting a silent Avada Kedavra.

***HP

Thor had been silently observing everything that was going on and keeping a close eye on the old wizard. He was a trained warrior and he was pretty good at reading his enemies. He didn't like how
the old man's eyes kept flicking towards young Stark or how he was tightly gripping his wand. The fact that the old one seemed more concerned with Harry than the dark wizard made him feel anxious. The old man was up to something and he wasn't going to allow him to hurt the boy. He may not be blood related to Loki, but Loki was his brother and young Harry was of Loki's blood, so to him that made them family.

Seeing the old man tense and shift his stance, Thor prepared himself for an attack. Bringing his arm back, he hurled Mjölnir at the green light that shot out of the man's magic stick.

Feeling the hairs on the back of his neck prickle, Harry spun around just in time to see the killing curse leave Dumbledore's wand. He knew that he wouldn't be able to get his wand out of his pocket in time, and if he moved out of the way the curse would hit his father. Knowing that he had no other choice, he stood there and waited for the curse to slam into him.

Dumbledore's triumphant grin slid off his face when a hammer came out of nowhere and not only intercepted the killing curse, but completely absorbed it.

The Great Hall was dead silent for all of a minute while everyone processed what just happened before all hell broke loose. The Hulk let loose a roar so loud that it shattered windows while at the same time Tony wrapped his arms around his son and launched into the air.

"In the back! You dare try to curse my mage when his back is turned!" Loki raged furiously.

"Not just any curse." Voldemort snarled as he pointed his wand at his old Headmaster. "That was the killing curse."

"Severus, at my side!" Dumbledore cried, knowing that he had failed and that he was more than likely going to die.

Severus was frozen in shock, he couldn't believe that Albus Dumbledore just attempted to murder Harry Potter...a child. Not just a child, but a child that had his back turned. Shaking his head, he moved to stand at his Lord's side.

Dumbledore paled further when the one person he thought he could trust betrayed him and took up wands with Tom. "Can't you see that it had to be done?" He pleaded. "Harry is too powerful and the prophecy has to be fulfilled. He must die."

"No!" Hagrid sobbed. "No, not 'arry!"

Tony flew his son to the far corner of the room behind the Hulk and placed his son in the corner with him standing protectively in front of him. "Watch our backs, big guy." He ordered before turning his attention back to Harry.

"Are you ok?" Tony asked his son as he started patting him down. He didn't think anything hit him, but he still needed to make sure.

Harry numbly nodded his head. "He tried to kill me. I can't believe he tried to kill me."

"Why didn't you move?" Tony cried, his voice choking up. He was glad that he was wearing his Iron Man suit, his son couldn't see how bad he was shaking.

Harry gave his dad a sad smile. "I couldn't let the killing curse hit you."

"I'm covered in metal!" Tony hissed. "My suit would have protected me."
"You don't know that for sure. I couldn't take the chance. I can't lose you, dad."

Tony ran a trembling hand through his hair. "You're grounded, for...forever! I'm the dad, you're the kid, I protect you. I can live with me dying, but I can't live with you dying."

"I can't live with you dying either!" Harry sobbed. "You're death will literally destroy me."

Tony threw his hands up in frustration. "You're still grounded!" He knew that he wouldn't be able to get through to his son, Harry was too damn stubborn. Just like him.

Harry nodded his head. "I'm sorry."

Tony stumbled into his son when someone pushed him hard on his back. Turning his head, he saw the Hulk step into the path of a red beam.

"Protect Harry boy." The hulk roared as he shook off the curse.

Tony tried to see around the Hulk's massive back to see what was going on, but all he could make out was a bunch of different colored flashing lights.

***HP

Dumbledore easily deflected a curse that Tom shot at him. "You can't win, Tom, the prophecy predicted your downfall."

Voldemort stepped out of the path of one of Dumbledore's curses. "Did you ever consider that the prophecy has been fulfilled? Harry did vanquish me for thirteen years."

Dumbledore briefly looked over to where the green giant and the muggle were protecting Harry. If he wanted to kill Harry it looked like he was going to have to kill the other two to get to him. He didn't like killing innocents, but he was prepared to do what he had to do for the greater good.

Voldemort took advantage of Dumbledore's lapse in attention and hit him with a rather nasty cutting curse. It wasn't as powerful as Severus' Sectumsempra, but it still cut Dumbledore's right arm from elbow to wrist to the none. He could have easily have killed him, but Dumbledore didn't deserve a quick death.

Hissing out in pain, Dumbledore quickly transferred his wand to his left, and uninjured hand. As quick as he could, he shot another curse at Harry. He wasn't sure what curse it was, he was in so much pain that he wasn't sure what he was doing. It didn't matter though, the giant took the curse like it was nothing more than a beam of harmless light. What the hell was he?

***HP

Loki lingered outside the battling wizards watching them like a hawk. He was going to let the dark wizard kill the old human, but if he failed, Dumbledore was his. "How did you know, brother?" He asked knowing that Thor was at his side without having to look. They may not have gotten along the past few years, but he knew that Thor would always be at his side if he needed him. It was kind of pathetic...and sweet.

"I'm a warrior, I know to watch my enemies. I knew that he was going to try something so I was prepared."

Loki shook his head. Thor could be incredibly dense at times, but every once in a while he would catch a glimpse of the king he was destined to be. He owed his brother one, he saved Harry's life.
"Thank you, brother. Harry may have my blood, but I don't know if he would survive a second killing curse. He means a lot to me."

"Young Stark is your family, which make him my family too. Even if he wasn't, I still would have interfered. There is no honor in killing your enemy when his back is turned."

"There is no honor in killing children." Steve snarled as he joined the gods in watching the duel.

"No, there's not." Thor agreed.

"Do you think the dark wizard can take out the old man?" Steve asked Loki.

"Without a doubt. Right now he's just playing with him."

Clint looked over to where Tony was covering Harry with his body, not that he really needed to, not with the green guy covering the both of them. He wondered briefly, with a snicker, if the big guy had a thing for Tony like Bruce. Ugh, now he needed his brain cleaned.

Shaking that sick image out of his head, Clint turned back to his companions. "Doesn't Tony want a piece of the old bastard? If it were me, I would want to be the one to deliver the killing blow."

"I'm sure Tony would love to kill the man responsible for his son's suffering, but his only concern right now is for Harry." Steve pointed out. "His son means more to him than revenge."

***HP

Shaking her head no, Minerva placed her hand over Poppy's wand hand and forced her to lower her wand. "Poppy, Albus isn't the man we all thought he was. He tried to kill Harry."

Poppy's eyes were blown wide in both shock and fear. "If I hadn't seen it with my own eyes I never would have believed it. This is Albus Dumbledore, how could he?"

"I don't think we ever knew the true Albus Dumbledore." Minerva said sadly.

"But it's Voldemort, Minerva, we also can't allow him to take over the Ministry."

"Voldemort, no." Minerva easily agreed. "But I believe Tom Riddle can do great things for this world."

"But he's going to kill Albus if we don't help him."

"I know, but Tom will kill him anyway even if we do help. Albus is getting what he deserves. Don't feel bad for Albus, feel bad for the children like Harry and Tom that he manipulated and neglected."

***HP

Fred looked down at the leather clad breasts that were pinning him to the stone wall. "Damn, if I wasn't one hundred percent gay I would totally be sporting a boner right now."

Natasha rolled her eyes. "Don't be crude."

George looked down at his own chest and pouted when he saw only a small hand pinning him to the wall next to his brother. "No fair, brother, share the boobies with your twin."

"Do you want me knock your heads together?" Natasha growled.
"No..." Fred smirked.

"We want sweet Harry to do that for us." George finished with a shit eating grin.

Both teens cried out in pain as their heads clashed painfully together. "We deserved that." George whimpered.

"That we did, brother." Fred agreed as he rubbed at his temple. "That we did."

***HP

"Remi, what do we do?" Sirius cried as he gripped his wand tightly in his hand. He had been loyal to Dumbledore since he was a teen, it was hard standing by and not helping. He was so confused though, he didn't know who the bad guy was anymore.

Remus was just sitting there with his chin to his chest not really caring about what was going on around him. "They lied to me all my life." He mumbled numbly. "Dumbledore planted false memories in my head. Fenrir didn't bite me, he's my dad."

Sirius gripped his friend's shoulder and gave it a shake. "Come on, man, snap out of it. Things are getting ugly, what do we do?"

Remus slowly looked up. "I don't care, let him kill Dumbledore."

Sirius watched as Dumbledore stumbled and almost fell to his knees. "I knows he's done a lot of bad and has hurt you and Harry, but does he deserve death? Couldn't he just have his magic stripped and then spend his last remaining years in Azkaban."

"He's hurt you too, pup."

Sirius gave a very unmanly scream when he turned to find Fenrir Greyback towering over him. "H-He hasn't hurt me." He stuttered. "And I'm not your pup."

"My son considers you pack, maybe even more." Fenrir added when he saw how close the two were sitting together. "If your my son's pack, then that makes you my pup."

Remus blushed as he looked up at the man that he now knew was his father. "You honestly didn't do all those bad things that Dumbledore said?"

"No, pup, I didn't. I'm not going to say I never killed, I killed plenty of hunters that came after my pack, and I killed Lyall for keeping you from me, but I never killed without reason. As for the rumor about me eating pups, I have never killed or hurt a pup."

"But you have bitten and turned kids?" Remus asked wearily.

"Only those that their parents asked me to. Many don't realize it, but the bite can cure you from many fatal illnesses. I have bitten a few pups who were dying from cancer and I have also bitten a few that were close to taking their last breath courtesy of their abusive parents. Remus, I may be a werewolf, but I'm not a monster....and neither are you."

"What did you mean by Dumbledore hurting me?" Sirius asked when he noticed that his friend was at a loss for words. "He's never done anything to me?"

Rolling his eye, Fenrir shook his head. "You're not as smart as your father, but I guess inbreeding will do that. Pup, do you honestly believe that Dumbledore didn't know you were innocent of
betraying your pack? He left you in Azkaban for twelve years knowing that you were innocent because he needed you as far away from Harry as he could get you."

"No!" Sirius cried as he vigorously shook his head. "James and I switched, he didn't know."

Fenrir raised a single eyebrow. "Who was the bonder of the curse?"

Sirius paled. "But that doesn't mean..."

"As the bonder." Fenrir interrupted. "He would have known when you switched secret keepers."

Remus started shaking as rage seeped out of every pore in his body. He could feel Moony trying to claw and tear his way out. Everything was Dumbledore's fault. His pack had been decimated and he had lived as an omega for twelve years because of the old man. Harry had suffered unspeakable horrors all because of Dumbledore.

Fenrir grabbed the back of his son's neck and squeezed hard. "Get control, pup. Your wolf is too dangerous, too feral, to take control. Do you want to accidentally hurt your pup?"

It was hard, but Remus was able to push Moony back. "Thank you." He reluctantly said.

"I can teach you, pup, how to become one with your wolf. You don't have to live in fear of your wolf, and you don't have to continue poisoning yourself with that slop you take every month. It's not only killing your wolf, but it's also killing you."

"Moony will kill people if I don't take the potion" Remus whimpered.

"Whose Moony?" Fenrir asked, confused.

"His wolf." Sirius answered. "Didn't you name your wolf?"

"Why the hell would I name my wolf?" Fenrir snarled in outrage. "My wolf is not a separate entity. My wolf and I are one. I am my wolf, and my wolf is me."

Seeing that both men were struggling with all that they learned, Fenrir ushered them away from the duel then stood protectively in front of them. For the first time since he lost Remus, he felt hope that he may actually get to know his son. It may be too late to be his dad, but he would take what he could get, even if he only became his alpha.

***HP

Tony cringed as another curse hit the Hulk in the chest. The curses didn't seem to be phasing the big guy, but he still couldn't help but be worried about him and Bruce. "Kiddo, we have to get out of here."

"No, I need to see him dead." Harry protested.

"What? I thought you didn't want anything to do with this?"

Harry looked pleadingly up at his dad. "That was before he tried to kill me. Dad, if I don't see his dead body with my own eyes, I'll always be looking over my shoulder."

Groaning, Tony rested his head on the stone wall behind his son. He understood where his son was coming from, but he just wanted him safe. "Fine, but you do what I say. If I say run, you run like the hounds of hell are hot on your heels. And don't you dare do something stupid, like take a killing curse for me."
Harry winced, "No promises there, dad."

Tony shook his head in frustration. He was wrong, his son was more stubborn than him.

***HP

Stumbling again, Dumbledore fell to one knee panting. "Harry!" He bellowed. "You are the chosen one, it's your destiny to fight Voldemort. Stop being a coward!"

Tony wrapped his arm tighter around his son. Ignoring the green guy behind him growling, he looked his son dead in the eyes. "You are not a coward, don't allow him to manipulate you. You are the strongest and most bravest person I have ever met. Ignore him."

Voldemort shook his head in disgust. "Calling for a child to fight your battle. You, Albus, are the coward."

Dumbledore tried to keep a grip on his wand when a red beam was shot his way. He tried, but the Expelliarmus was too powerful for his weakened body to fight. With a cry of defeat, he felt his wand slip from his bloody fingers.

Voldemort was too disgusted to gloat over defeating the great Albus Dumbledore. Snapping the wizard's wand, he dropped the pieces to the ground then approached the defeated Headmaster. "You're finished, old man. No more destroying lives. It's now up to me to clean up your messes."

Harry tapped his dad on the shoulder. "Dad, I need to see. I need closure."

Tony reluctantly moved just enough so his son could see over his shoulder. He refused to move completely out of the way even though the old man was down. He wasn't going to completely relax until they were back on his jet and up in the air.

Minerva grabbed Poppy and they both turned away from what was happening in front of them. Seeing Hagrid sobbing, Minerva held her hand out to him. She knew that Albus had been a second father to the half giant.

"Go ahead, Tom, show everyone that you're a killer." Dumbledore taunted.

Voldemort stared down at the old man, his eyes cold. "Everyone here already knows that I'm a killer. You won't be able to manipulate your way out of your own death."

Thor leaned closer to Loki. "Brother, why do they talk so much? Why doesn't the dark man just conquer his enemy and be done with it?"

"This is Midgard, brother, they do things ass backwards here." Loki answered.

"I don't understand. Why battle your enemies just to talk to them before killing them?"

Voldemort could ask the old man if he had any last words, but he really couldn't take anymore of his ramblings about the prophecy or his greater good. He has been dreaming of this moment for a very, very long time.

Not taking his eyes off of Tom's wand, Dumbledore placed his hand behind his back and snapped his fingers. Knowing this was going to be tricky, he braced himself.

"What the..." Clint cried when two small brown creatures popped up out of nowhere, one on top of the other beating him around the head with a frying pan.
"You is not helping bad Dumbly!" Dobby screeched as he brought the frying pan down on Small's head again and again. "Dobby is not letting you. Dobby is not letting bad Headmaster hurt his Harry ever again."

Not stifling his laughter, Loki was quick to magically knock out the old man's elf. He could have killed it, but it wasn't the elf's fault that he was bound to the crazed old man. "Damn I love these creatures. I really need to get myself one. Harry, get me one for my one for my one thousand and fifty third birthday."

Knowing that his last chance at escape had been thwarted thanks to one crazed elf, Dumbledore dropped his head in defeat.

"Nice try, old man." Voldemort growled. "Avada Kedavra!"

Gassing, Harry slumped against his father, trembling. For a brief moment there he feared that Dumbledore was going to slip through their fingers. When Dobby and Dumbledore's elf popped up, his heart had stopped beating and his blood ran cold.

"Shhhh, it's alright, love." Tony soothed as his son starting sobbing. Harry wasn't crying because his old Headmaster was dead, he was crying because it was finally all over. Not only was the Dursleys locked away, even Petunia and her obese son, but now the bastard responsible for it all was also dead. Finally, his son would be able sleep at night without fearing that someone was coming for him.

"No smash!" The Hulk roared as he stomped his foot like a toddler throwing a temper tantrum.

Lowering his wand, Voldemort stared down at the body at his feet. He wanted to kick it just to make sure Dumbledore was dead, but out of respect for Minnie and anyone else who had believed in the old man, he decided to cast a diagnostic scan instead. It was time he started building up his image because he was going to become the Minister of Magic. It was time to become Tom Marvolo Riddle again.

"So what now?" Clint asked solemnly.

"Now we take Harry home." Steve answered as he turned away from the dead body.

Harry pulled his head out of his dad's neck when a large hand landed on his head. "No cry, Harry boy, Hulk here."

Harry watched in amazement as the Hulk started shrinking and his green skin started getting paler. When Bruce was left standing in the Hulk's place, Harry threw himself at him. This was his family. This was his heart's greatest desire.

"Can we please go now?" Harry asked as he wiped the tears from his eyes. Despite his tears, he never felt freer or happier. He could now breath easily without the crushing weight of the Wizarding World on his shoulders.

Tony signaled for his team. "We're finished here. Harry's exhausted and I just want to get him home."

Collecting herself, Poppy approached her favorite, and most frequent patient. Reaching into her robe, she pulled out a few vials. "Potter, do I need to tell you what these are?"

Shaking his head, Harry took the potions. "Two Dreamless Sleep vials and two Calming Draughts."

"Five points to Gryffindor." Poppy chuckled sadly. "Take a Calming Draught now and a Dreamless
when you get to where you're going. Potter, you look dead on your feet, rest and recharge. I'm going to miss seeing your handsome face every other day in my infirmary, but I'm happy that you found a family. Put all this behind you and live your life to the fullest.

"Thank you." Harry sniffed as he hugged Madam Pomfrey. "And thank you for patching me up on a weekly basis."

Harry laughed wetly when Professor McGonagall pulled him into a hug. "You take care of yourself, Potter." Minerva said, her Scottish accent thicker than normal because of her crying. "And you better write me. Macusa has special mail depots, just drop a letter in addressed to me and it will find me."

"I promise." Harry said, meaning it. He would write to her, along with Ron, Hermione and all the other friends he made in the Wizarding World.

Harry looked around the hall, his face falling when he noticed that Hagrid was gone. "Harry, don't take it personal, Hagrid loved Dumbledore with all his heart. He knows what Dumbledore did was wrong, but he's going to need time to process everything. He as good as lost a father tonight."

Sirius was next to pull Harry into a hug. "Merlin I love you, pup. I'm so sorry that I failed you, but I'll spend the rest of my life making it up to you. I need to hang around here for a bit longer, Madam Bones is working on getting my name cleared and I'm going to help old Remus connect with his wolf, but I promise that I'll be joining you in America."

Harry was a bit disappointed that Sirius wouldn't be joining him earlier, but he understood why he couldn't. It was probably a good thing to be honest, it would give him more time to bond with his dad.

Remus, looking like he had been drug through the mud, smiled sadly at Harry. "I love you too, pup. I want to join you now, but I really need help with my wolf."

"I understand, Remus." Harry grinned as he hugged the werewolf. "Give him a chance." He whispered in his ear. "I got to know him a bit back at the graveyard and he really loves you. I was at where you are now, finding out that I had a parent that I didn't know existed, I know how scary this is."

"I'll try to give him a chance, pup." Remus reassured.

Harry was shocked when Fenrir pulled him into a bone crushing hug. "You're part of my pack now, pup. You spoke up for me to my son, I'll never be able to repay you for that."

"Be patient with him, he's been brainwashed all his life." Harry warned.

Tony, having had enough with people slobbering all over his son, grabbed his arm and pulled him back to his side. "Time to go, kiddo, and this time we're really leaving."

Looking across the hall to Voldemort, now Tom Riddle, Harry inclined his head. He had no words for the man, they weren't friends or partners or anything. He silently wished the man luck, he was going to need it dealing with the blind sheep that lived in this world.

Tony started leading his son out the hall when he came face to face with Squidward. Narrowing his eyes, he glared at the man. He despised this man...this man tried to make him forget that he had a son.

"I just wanted to apologize for taking your memories, I was just following orders." Severus said awkwardly. He normally wasn't one to apologize, but taking a loving father's memory of his son was
one of the worst things he has ever done as far as he was concerned.

Smirking, Tony raised his hand and gave the greasy fucker the middle finger. Without saying more, he brushed past him and out the door.

Harry's face fell when he encountered Dobby standing by the doors that led out of the castle. The small elf was wringing his floppy ears and had large tears falling from his eyes. "Dobby is going to miss the great Harry Potter sir. Harry Potter is Dobby's bestest friend in the whole world."

"You were the hero today," Harry said as he lowered himself to his knees. "I'm not great, Dobby, you are. You know, you can visit me in America. I'm sure it will be no trouble for a great elf like you to pop on over to America."

Clearing his throat, Tony handed the odd creature his business card. "This is where your best friend will be living."

With a loud wail, Dobby threw himself at Tony's leg. "Harry Potter's father is as great as Harry Potter. Dobby will be visiting his friend, he will. Dobby can snap his fingers and be right there."

Tony awkwardly patted the creature's bald head. What had he gotten himself into by inviting the hyper elf to his tower?

"Harry, do you want me to take you to the jet?" Loki asked as they exited the ancient castle. "My form of transportation is much more pleasant than your father's or my brother's."

"No!" Tony answered quickly for his son. "I'm not letting my son out of my sight for the next fifteen years. I'll take him to the jet, you get the demon twins."

***HP

Finally free of his father, not that he minded his dad being ultra clingy, Harry settled himself on the sofa between Fred and George.

"How safe is this thing?" Fred asked nervously as he wrapped his knuckles on the interior of the jet.

"As long as it stays in the air it's very safe." Clint chuckled.

"That doesn't make me feel any better." Fred said anxiously.

Yawning, Harry snuggled down and rested his head on Fred's shoulder. "I have a Dreamless if you want it?"

"No, you take it, Harry." Fred said as he grabbed the Dreamless Sleep. "You have had a hell of a past few days."

Harry didn't argue as he grabbed the potion and quickly downed it. He needed this, he needed to forget everything for a few hours. He was exhausted both physically and mentally. He wanted to fall asleep now and not wake up until he was back on American soil.

Slipping further down, Harry placed his head in Fred's lap and his feet in George's. His last thought as he drifted off to sleep with a small smile on his face...he was finally free.
Chapter 26

THIS IS IT!!! Woop, the end of Stark Truth. Wow! It took four years, but it's now officially over. I have had some people asking if there will be a sequel...possibly. Right now there are no plans, but I left it in a way that if I decide to write one I can. My main focus now will be updating and completing my other fics. I also have a few other unfinished fics that I never posted.

Thank you to everyone who has stuck with me from the start of this fic, and thank you to all those who joined later. This has by far been my most reviewed fic.

PLEASE REVIEW

***HP

"Don't touch it!" Tony repeated for the fifth time as he placed the wrench down and picked up a hammer. Checking the time, he cursed when he saw that he only an hour left to finish his project. "If you keep it up, you're going to be put in time out with Dum-E."

Seeing a long, crooked brown finger creep into his line of vision again, Tony closed his eyes and counted to ten. What had he been thinking when he handed his home address over to that deranged, frying pan wielding, elf? It was a good thing he was rather fond of the odd creature, Dobby had practically moved in. Hell, for all he knew the creature had moved in. Every time he turned around Dobby was there.

"Dobby, what did I say?"

"You is telling Dobby not to touch." Dobby said in a high pitched voice.

Tony stared down at the creature with one eyebrow raised. "And, what were you going to do?"

"Dobby was going to touch." Dobby answered honestly. "But Dobby is thinking that the color is wrong."

Tony eyed up the miniature version of his Iron Man suit. "What's wrong with the color, it looks just like mine?"

"But Harry is Harry, sir, not Harry's father." Dobby squeaked.

Frowning, Tony placed the hammer back down on the bench. "Sorry, wee buddy, but there's no time to change the color now."

Cocking his head to the side, Dobby quickly reached out and touched the suit. Stepping back, he clapped his hands excitedly as he jumped up and down. "Dobby has made it right. Dobby has made the metal suit perfect for his Harry best friend."

Pursing his lips, Tony walked around the suit as he critically examined it. With a loud whistle, he affectionately tugged on the little elf's ears. "You did good, wee buddy. You're right, it is perfect for Harry now."

Dobby beamed up at Tony with pure admiration. "Dobby is so happy that you's is Harry Potter's daddy. Dobby's best friend is so happy now."
"I'm pretty happy myself, wee buddy. I love my son more than I ever knew was possible to love someone."

"Is it party time yet, Harry's daddy?" Dobby asked excitedly.

Smiling, Tony gave the floppy ear one last gentle tug. "JARVIS, ETA on Harry."

"Sir, young Harry will be here in approximately thirty minutes." JARVIS answered.

"Hi, JARVIS!" Dobby called out loudly, his high pitched voice higher than normal.

"Hello there, Master Dobby." The AI answered back.

Smiling, Tony shook his head. Every time Dobby heard JARVIS' voice he got excited and had to say hi. "Come, wee buddy, let's make sure everything is ready for Harry's surprise birthday party."

Entering the common room that was full of people, balloons, streamers and gifts, Tony wasn't surprised to find Arthur Weasley plugging and unplugging one of the lights. "Arthur, what did I say about touching things, especially electrical sockets?"

Blushing, Arthur plugged the light back in then stepped away from it. "You told me not to touch, that I could get electrocuted."

Tony had a moment of deja vu. Did he not just go through this with Dobby? "Electrocuted." He corrected patiently. "You have to be careful with electric, Arthur, it can kill you." The wizard was like a kid at Disney World and the simplest things entertained him, like the elevator. Arthur must have ridden the elevator two dozen times already.

"Really!" Arthur asked, more excited than scared.

"Arthur, don't touch." Tony reminded again.

"Did you get the suit finished?" Bruce asked from where he was placing some snacks on a table.

"I did, and our favorite little opinionated elf put the finishing touches on it. It's damn good if I may say so myself. Now, give me a kiss as a reward." Tony leaned in and puckered up.

"Reward, huh?" Bruce smirked. "I haven't seen it yet, you're not getting a reward."

"Would you like to see it?" Tony asked saucily. "We have another fifteen minutes before Harry gets here and I would just love to show it to you."

"Hey, doc!" Clint yelled from across the room. "I don't think it's Harry's suit he's offering to show you."

Fenrir, who had been talking to Clint, tossed his head back and started howling with laughter.

Bruce really liked Tony, but he was scared to start a relationship with him. The only thing Tony has ever taken seriously in his life was Harry, and if this relationship failed, Harry would be the one getting hurt. Harry may not be a small child who wouldn't understand what was going on if things didn't work out, but Harry needed both him and Tony and if the relationship ended ugly, he would have to leave. Harry would be devastated if he moved out.

After Tony walked away with a small pout since he didn't get his reward kiss, Pepper approached Bruce. "I have known Tony for a very long time and ninety percent of the time I was the one ushering his one night stands out the door. I know Tony better than he knows himself, and what he's
feeling for you isn't just another one night stand. Tony has genuine feelings for you, Bruce, don't miss your chance at happiness because you're scared."

"If it was just me, Pepper, I would have given in to him weeks ago, but this isn't just about Tony and I. Harry has been through so much and our focus has to be on his recovery. If things were to go south between Tony and I, I would have to move out and that would hurt Harry. I just can't take that risk."

"Have you talked to Tony about this, maybe Harry? Harry will be hurt if he finds out that you're holding back because of him. He loves the two of you so much and I know he wants you and Tony to get together."

"I'll consider talking to him, but not today, today is his birthday."

***HP

Frowning, Neville looked at Ron who was standing shoulder shoulder to him. "Why don't they talk back?"

Reaching out, Ron poked the large screen with his finger a few times. "It's not a talking portrait, Nev, I believe it's called a tevalision."

"Television." Hermione corrected with a giggle. "And Ron's right, it's not a moving or talking portrait. These people are acting, they're putting on a show. There are thousands of different shows and movies to watch with new ones coming out everyday."

"Why?" Neville asked.

"Well, for entertainment." Hermione explained. "Oh, and for learning." Grabbing the remote, she started quickly clicking through the channels until she found a DIY on gardening.

Neville's eyes lit up and a soft smile appeared on his face. "They're talking about plants and flowers." He said excitedly as he moved closer to the large television. "This is incredible."

Ron rolled his eyes. "Well we just lost Neville." Looking around, he sighed wistfully. "I can't believe Harry lives here. This place is amazing. Do you think Harry's dad is richer than Draco Malfoy's dad?"

"Ron, Harry's dad is Tony Stark, he's probably the richest person on the planet. He's probably also the smartest person on the planet too. The man is a genius." Hermione explained in awe.

"Why don't you just marry the guy." Ron snickered.

"Ron, how old are you?" Hermione asked in exasperation.

Natasha threw her arm around the bushy haired witch. "Sweetie, men never grow up. See, when boys hit around the age of twelve, they start thinking with their penises and their poor brains succumb to the testosterone overload and withers away and dies. That leaves them forever stuck in a preteen, immature state of mind."

"Ouch, Nat, that hurts?" Clint pouted dramatically.

"The truth can hurt." Natasha smirked triumphantly.

"You're hot!" Ron blurted out. Eyes going wide, he buried his face in his hands. "I can't believe I
Natasha pointed to the embarrassed red head. "That's my point being made. Thinking with his penis."

"Awe, come on, Nat, cut the boy a little slack. He comes from a world where the girls wear robes all the time. He probably has never seen a woman dressed all in skintight leather before." Clint defended.

Face red, Ron nodded his head. "Leather is awesome!"

Next to him, Neville vigorously nodded his head in agreement.

***HP

This wasn't Sirius' first time in the muggle world, he had thrived on sneaking out as a kid just to piss off his parents, but the last time he got to explore the muggle world was before he was sent to Azkaban. He couldn't believe how different everything was now, how much more advanced they were. He would never admit it out loud, but Voldemort was right about muggles being dangerous.

"Where's my pup and when will he get here?" Sirius asked loudly.

Tony moved to the center of the room and raised his hand in the air and whistled loudly to get everyone's attention. "Listen up everyone, Harry will be here any minute. Earlier today the Captain and the demons took Harry to the American Museum of Natural History. Now, even though this is a surprise party, there will be no jumping out and yelling. He will be surprised enough seeing everyone here without setting off a panic attack by scaring the shit out of him."

"Sir, young Harry is in the elevator making his way up." JARVIS interrupted.

"Show time!" Tony yelled. He was excited, he knew that his son was going to be thrilled seeing all his friends from the Wizarding World. It had been two weeks since the fiasco in the Wizarding World, and despite being free and no longer having to look over his shoulder, his son was still struggling. He still suffered from nightmares, anxiety, panic attacks, insomnia, depression, and a slew of other shit that came with years of extreme abuse. Just last night Harry had woken him up at two in the morning with a bloody arm. Harry had managed to stop himself before he cut too deep or too far, but he had still taken a knife to his arm. He hadn't yelled at him or told him that he was disappointed in him, especially after finding out why he cut himself, he had just cleaned him up, thanked him for coming to him, then put him in bed with him then stayed up the rest of the night watching as he slept.

He hadn't been expecting a miraculous recovery just because the Dursleys were locked away and Dumbledore was dead, but it still killed him watching his son battle his numerous demons. He knew that his son was in for years and years of therapy to help him deal with his past, especially the rapes, and sadly all he could do was be there for him and hold him when he needed him.

He was so proud that Harry came to him last night after cutting, it was the first time he had cut since before the old wizard had kidnapped him, but it was also the first time he came to him voluntarily after cutting. He wished that he would have come to him before he cut, but it was still a step in the right direction. Unfortunately he knew with his son his recovery was going to be one step forward, then two steps back. He felt absolutely helpless because he wanted to take all his pain away now, but all he could do was support him and help pick him back up when he falls.

***HP
Yawning, Harry leaned into George as he looked up at Steve. "Thanks again for taking me to the museum, it was a lot of fun."

"I'm glad you enjoyed it, kid. I admit, I had a great time too. Other than jogging, I don't get out that much. This was my first trip to the museum, I'm glad you picked it for your birthday outing.

In truth, Harry hadn't wanted to go anywhere for his birthday, but he was glad now that his dad had insisted. Like with Steve, he didn't get out much. The city was so big and there were so many people that it made him anxious and scared. The only place where he felt safe was the tower, but he knew that it wasn't healthy to stay holed up at home all the time. It would be so easy for him to just never leave the tower, and that scared him. He didn't want to be one of those people that never left their homes because they were too scared.

As fun as the day was with Steve and the twins, he wished that his dad would have come with them too. He wasn't stupid though, he knew that his dad wanted him out of the tower so he could set up some birthday surprise. He had told his dad that he didn't need party, but when his dad just shook his head and smirked, he knew that he was planning something. He also knew that it wasn't going to be something as simple as a pizza party and a movie, his dad didn't do simple. He didn't even think his dad knew the definition of the word simple.

George carefully brushed the inside of his mate's arm where he knew a fresh cut was hiding under a glamour. It saddened him that Harry had taken a knife to himself again last night, but the therapist had told them that Harry would have bad days and that he wouldn't be able to stop cutting overnight. When he asked his mate why he cut himself last night, he almost threw up when Harry answered. The first time Vernon Dursley had given him to another man had been on his eighth birthday. After that, the man made sure to make every birthday a living hell for Harry.

Tensing, Harry moved his arm behind his back. George touching his arm didn't hurt, he just didn't want him touching it. Last night had been bad, but every night before his birthday had been bad for him. Every year on his birthday Vernon had a new hell planned for him and knowing that made the day before unbearable. Everyday with Vernon was hell, but he always went out of his way to be extra creative on his birthday. He was pretty sure that's why his dad insisted he go out today. He didn't want him sitting around reliving his past birthdays.

Making him leave the tower had been smart on his dad's part because he probably would have sat around all day jumpy and anxious as he suffered flashbacks. Once he got in the museum, he hadn't given his past birthdays a second thought. There had just been so much to see and do, it had been great.

Relaxing once again, Harry looked back up at Steve. "When these doors open, a bunch of people aren't going to jump out yelling surprise, are they? I don't want to ruin anything, I just don't want to have a heart attack."

Steve didn't want to give anything away, but he could see the worry in Harry's eyes. "There will be no jumping out and yelling, but you can expect to see a few familiar faces."

Harry breathed a huge sigh of relief. "Thanks for the heads up, Cap. I don't handle surprises all that well...especially on my birthday."

Steve smiled softly then ruffled Harry's hair. "Your father just wants you to have the best birthday, not send you into a panic attack. His number one rule was no jumping at you and yelling surprise."
Grimacing, Fred looked over his mate's head to his twin. In a few seconds the elevators doors will be opening up to their mother. Their mother that they hadn't seen since they left the Wizarding World with Harry and dropped out of school. She was going to skin them alive, especially since after the third howler from her they had Loki ward the tower against howlers.

George grimaced back at his brother. Despite their physical training with Steve, Natasha and Clint, and the magical training with Loki, he knew that they were dead. Their only saving grace, and it would only save their asses if their mom gave them time to talk before decapitating them, was that they had already taken their NEWTS through MACUSA and had passed with all O's. MACUSA had even offered them a job, but with Tony's backing they were in the process of opening their own joke shop. He didn't know who was more excited over the joke shop, him and his brother, or Tony.

Harry took a deep breath when the elevator was one floor away from their stop. He was nervous because he didn't know what was going to happen, but he was also excited to see who was here. He hoped Sirius and Remus were here, he really missed them. They had exchanged a couple letters, but it just wasn't the same.

***HP

"Remember, no yelling surprise!" Tony reminded when he saw that the elevator had stopped. "And, Arthur, leave the damn lights alone!" He yelled when the lights flickered again.

Harry was shocked when the elevator door opened and he saw almost everyone he cared about from the Wizarding World standing around with huge smiles on their faces. All the Weasleys were here, including Bill and Charlie, Hermione, Neville, Dean, Seamus, Lee, Remus, Sirius, and even Fenrir. How had his dad managed to get everyone here?

"Happy birthday, kiddo!" Tony said with a huge grin on his face.

"Wow!" Harry gasped. "I can't believe that you are all here." Looking at all the faces, he was surprised to find that even Agent Coulson was here. He figured Pepper or Steve invited him since his dad was always moaning about the agent.

"We got to ride in an areaoplane." Arthur called excitedly.

"Happy birthday, dear." Molly said as she pulled Harry into a hug. Looking over the birthday boy's head, she glared at her twin boys.

Fred gulped fearfully. That look wasn't good, that was the look his mom got before going out back and butchering one of the chickens.

Harry couldn't stop grinning. "Mrs. Weasley, thank you so much for coming."

"Of course we would come, dear, it's your birthday. Getting to skin my boys alive is just an added bonus."

"Harry, this place is wicked!" Ron cried. "I heard you even have a pool."

"Ron! Hermione!" Harry cried excitedly.

***HP

Tony watched proudly with his heart full of love as his son goofed around with his friends laughing and having a great time. Just seeing his son this carefree and happy was worth all the hell he had to go through to get so many foreign witches and wizards over on such short notice. MACUSA was
very strict and they didn't like bending their rules. He didn't like admitting failure, but he may not have been able to pull it off if S.H.I.E.L.D and Agent Coulson hadn't stepped in and pulled a few strings.

"Our little boy is growing up." Loki sniffed as he wiped away fake tears from his eyes.

"He cut again last night." Tony said gravely.

Loki wasn't at the tower last night but he had felt when Harry cut his arm. "I know, and it won't be the last. I wish I could make him forget his past, which I can, but it will change who he is. He's also magically strong enough that he could uncover those memories causing even more damage. If he were to get all those memories back at once it would cause him to go insane."

"Just tell me that he's going to be okay?"

"I don't doubt for a second that he will be okay." Loki answered honestly. "He still has one hell of a mountain to conquer, but conquer it he will. He's of our blood and of my magic, there's nothing that can stop him."

"Don't forget his super hero support system." Clint added as he joined the conversation. "Harry's going to stumble and fall, but we will all be there to help him back up. We're a family."

"Yeah, we are." Tony agreed. He never really had a family, even when his parents were alive. His mom was great, but he was always away at school and when he was home she was always traveling with his dad. His dad always cared more about work and finding Captain America, he never had time for him. He was sure that his dad loved him in his own way, but he was never good at showing it. He was never going to allow Harry to doubt his love for a second. He was going to tell him everyday, multiple times a day, that he loved him. Harry would always come first in his life...always.

Tony watched as his son blushed a bright red when Fred leaned in and kissed him on the cheek. "Guess I can't put a stop to that for at least another twenty years." He had only been a father for two months, he wasn't ready for boyfriend drama.

"Those two demons would rather cut off their own heads than hurt Harry." Loki said knowingly. "They won't push him to give more than what he is ready to give. They know what he's been through and they know it's going to be years before Harry is ready for any kind of sexual relationship. You may see cuddling and a few kisses, but it won't go past that for a long time."

"I admit, I like the demons." Tony admitted grudgingly. "Their minds are a scary place though. That joke shop of theirs is going to make millions."

Loki chuckled. "Yes, we have been having fun testing products out on my brother."

Clint started choking on his pizza when he spotted Thor with glittery pink streaks through his hair talking with Remus Lupin. "Please tell me that is permanent?"

Loki snorted. "Sadly, no. It's just a charm that last forty eight hours."

"What a dangerous combination." Clint said shaking his head. "You, the demons, and Tony. The world doesn't stand a chance."

"My mage is pretty devious too." Loki added proudly. "He created Balding Bubble Gum. It's a gum that while you're chewing it, it makes you look bald to everyone who sees you. If you look in the mirror, you will see hair, while everyone will see a bald head."
"That'll will go over great with the school kids." Clint chuckled.

"My kiddo has a lot of ideas for the joke shop." Tony piped in. "But his passion lies in baking. He hasn't said anything yet, but I can see him opening his own bakery in the future. The boy has a gift."

"Excuse me." Molly Weasley said as she joined the group of men. "I'm not trying to be nosey, but as a mother and as someone who sees Harry as another son, I would like to know what you're going to do about his schooling? I understand that you're very rich, but Harry still needs an education and a career. Hogwarts is a wonderful school and Harry has always felt at home there."

Tony's first instinct was to snap at the woman and tell her to mind his own damn business, but he swallowed down the words that wanted to come out. Mr. and Mrs. Weasley seemed like great people, but they had ignored the obvious signs of abuse in his son. Granted, they have their hands full with their large horde of children, especially the demon twins, but being parents they should have noticed that there was something wrong. Hell, he wasn't a parent and he knew immediately that his son had been abused.

"With all due respect, mam, Harry is my son. Coming from a multi-millionaire and I genius, I understand how important an education is, but I care more about my son's mental health than his education. It was his decision not to return to Hogwarts, not mine. Did I want him to return? Hell no, but I would have respected his decision. What Harry needs more in his life right now is family, love, safety, and stability. He never felt safe at Hogwarts, how could he when he had an old man trying to manipulate him and a dark lord trying to kill him?"

"Harry has decided to be homeschooled, both in his muggle studies, and his magical studies. If it takes him until he's twenty to graduate, then so be it. He has a lot to overcome and all we can do is take one step at a time."

"I know that my son has a bright future ahead of him, and no matter what he decides to do with his life I'm going to be proud of him. Hell, I'm already proud of him."

"You should be proud of your boys too. I know you're upset with them for dropping out of school, but they were the only ones who were able to look past that scar on my son's forehead and his famous name to see what was really going on. They stood by him, they helped him, and when my son disappeared, they were the ones who went looking for him and found him. They left their homes and traveled to a foreign county just to make sure Harry was safe. Those boys are caring and selfless and they deserve your praise, not your screeching at them through a letter. Maybe instead of screaming how disappointed you are in them, you should be asking them what their plans are now? Those boys are brilliant. Did you know that they took their NEWTS and scored straight O's?"

Red faced, Molly just stood there in shock with her mouth hanging open. Not only was she not use to being talked to like that, but she also hadn't known that her boys taken their NEWTS. "A-All O's!" She stuttered in disbelief. She knew her boys were smart, but they were always too busy pranking to care much for their studies. She hadn't talked to her boys yet because she didn't want to ruin Harry's party by causing a scene, she had planned on cornering them in the morning seeing as they weren't leaving until tomorrow afternoon.

Tony found it sad that this woman really didn't know her twin boys. She was a good and loving mother, but she had spent years trying to change her boys, mold them into something she believed they should be, instead of embracing who they were. She only saw their pranking and mischief making, not the geniuses behind those pranks. He had only know the boys a short time but it hadn't surprised him when they passed their test with flying colors.

"Your boys have been on pins and needles all night waiting for you to skin them alive. Please go put
them out of their misery so they can enjoy the rest of the party. You raised good boys, but they’re also headstrong and independent and madly in love with my son. If you hurt them, you will have me to deal with.

Still feeling shaky, Molly nodded her head then went to go find her twin boys. Right now she was feeling about two inches tall, and she probably deserved it. Arthur was always telling her that the twins were smart and to not crush their dreams of opening a joke shop, but she had wanted them to have good, respectable Ministry jobs. She knew what it was like to be poor and she wanted more for her boys.

"Well that wasn't harsh." Bruce snickered.

Tony carelessly shrugged his shoulders. "I'm going to be stuck with that woman as a mother-in-law, better to get it all out now. I'm not going to be like everyone else and tip toe around her."

***HP

"Man, I can't believe that you're not returning to Hogwarts." Ron pouted. "It's not going to be the same without you. I'm going to be stuck with just Hermione."

Harry was having a hard time not staring at Fred and George. Mrs. Weasley had pulled them aside twenty minutes ago and was still talking to them. He prayed that she wasn't yelling at them for following him to America, he didn't want Mrs. Weasley to hate him because her son's ran away and dropped out of school because of him.

"Ron, don't be mean to Hermione." Harry said gently. "She's a good friend and she really likes you, she also has trouble making friends and your all she has." He was afraid that without him there to be a buffer, that Ron and Hermione would drift apart...or tear each other's throats out.

"I just wish you were returning, but I guess if I lived in a place like this I wouldn't want to return either." Ron said a bit enviously.

Harry took a deep breath and stomped down his rising temper. He knew that Ron didn't mean anything by hit, he just tended to blurt shit out without thinking about it. "Ron, I'm not returning to Hogwarts because I'm seriously fucked up, and because too much bad has happened to me there. I'm also not ready to leave my dad. Even if my dad was poor and living in a rundown shack somewhere, I wouldn't want to leave him. Ron, I never had a dad before, and I'm not ready to give him up after just three months of having him. Right now I just need to do what's best for me, and staying here with him is what's best."

Ron looked sadly down at his hands. "Sorry, man, I didn't mean to upset you. I know what having a dad means to you, I'm just going to miss my best friend."

"I'm going to miss you too." Harry smiled sadly. "But you can visit me during the holidays and the summer."

"Yeah, that sounds fun." Ron said perking up a bit.

Hermione took a seat on the couch next to Harry, but she was staring off across the room. "He's so dreamy." Sighing loudly, she blushed a bright red when she saw that Ron and Harry were staring at her.

"Who's dreamy?" Ron grumbled with a scowl on his face.

"Captain Steve Rogers." Hermione said in an airy voice. "I just got done talking to him, and not only
is he drop dead gorgeous, but he's also a gentleman."

Fred squeezed himself in between Harry and Hermione. The space was so small that he ended up sitting half in Harry's lap. "Sorry, Mione, but the Captain is already spoken for. It seems our Head of House has been in love with him ever since she was a pimply faced teenager."

"Professor McGonagall?" Hermione gasped.

"How?" Ron asked dumbfounded. "He's like really young, and McGonagall is like over a hundred and twenty. That's gross."

"I don't think she's that old, Ronald." Hermione chastised. "And Captain Rogers is older than what he looks. He was frozen in ice for over seventy years and that stopped him from aging. I don't know how old Professor McGonagall is, but I'm guessing they're around the same age."

At seeing how confused Ron looked, Harry started laughing. "Look, after the party I'll have JARVIS play the documentaries on my dad and the Avengers."

"Oh, that sounds wonderful." Hermione gushed.

"I wanted to go swimming." Ron whined.

Fred gripped his mate's hand when he felt a spike of fear and panic. He knew that Harry was so scared of the pool that he didn't even like sitting poolside while everyone else swam. "The pool here is wicked awesome, but Georgie and I used it to test out our new Swamp Bombs. Instead of a crystal clear pool, it's now an indoor, smelly swamp."

Harry gave Fred a grateful smile. Fred was totally lying, but it gave him a great excuse on why they couldn't go swimming. "Is everything good with your mom?"

Smiling, Fred leaned in and kissed his mate on his forehead. His grin widened when he felt a spike of desire and longing shoot through Harry. "Everything is actually great. It seems your dad talked to her and put her in her place. She's still not overly thrilled with us opening a joke shop, especially after we told her MACUSA offered us jobs, but she'll get over it. Dad's excited though, he can't wait until the shop opens."

"Your dad's great." Harry said, having always liked the man. He was a man so he was never really comfortable around him, but Mr. Weasley had always been warm and welcoming towards him. Mrs. Weasley had always been warm and welcoming too, but her loud voice and more aggressive nature always made him a bit anxious.

Fred smiled wistfully. He was going to miss his family, but he belonged with Harry, no questions asked.

***HP

Dobby was jumping up and down on the couch in front of Tony. "Is it times, sir? Is it times to give my Harry Potter, my best friend his birthday gift?"

Tony was quick to reach out and catch Dobby when his foot slipped. "Wee Buddy, you have to be careful." Having Dobby around was worse than having a toddler.

"Dobby is just excited, sirs." Dobby squeaked from where he was hanging from Tony's arms.

Shaking his head in exasperation, Tony placed the elf back on his feet. "If I could please have
everyone's attention!" He called loudly.

Tony waited until all the noise died down and all the attention was on him. "First off, I would like to wish a very happy fifteenth birthday to my son. Son! Wow, that's a word I thought would never come out of my mouth. I'm sure those here who know me would agree that I was the last person that should ever become a parent. I drank too much, partied too much, and did too much of something else that goes with drinking and partying but there are too many underage ears here to talk about."

Fenrir let out a loud wolf whistle. "You go, man of metal!"

Chuckling, Tony continued. "My summer started off simple, there were just three things I wanted to accomplish. I wanted to make a few more millions, tinker around in my workshop, and charm the pants off the good doctor. Two of those three things I have accomplished, Bruce is still playing hard to get."

"Tony!" Bruce growled, his eyes flashing green.

"Well, all those plans went out the window when Harry walked into my kitchen and interrupted my blueberry muffin orgasm."

Closing his eyes, Harry pinched the bridge of his nose. "I can't believe he just said blueberry muffin orgasm."

"Knowing that I would make a shit father, just like my father before me, I had been very careful with my...well, we will call it my DNA. I'm a genius, I'm not bragging, it's true, so when I laid eyes on Harry I knew immediately that he was mine. I didn't need any official DNA tests to tell me that I was now a father."

"I'm going to let you all in on a little secret." Tony chuckled as he smiled lovingly at his son. "Two months ago, Tony Stark's biggest fear was finding out that he had a kid, that he was a father. I have fearlessly fought villains and alien monsters, but the thought of being a dad terrified me to the bone. When I saw Harry standing in front of me, a miniature version of myself, covered in bruises and with his arm in a cast, the only thing I felt was an overwhelming need to protect. I was shocked of course, but there was no fear."

"I always thought that those parents who said they fell in love with their babies the second they held them were full of shit, but I fell in love with my son instantly." Tony wiped away a tear that escaped his eye. "Having Harry in my life, even this short amount of time, has made me a better person. I now couldn't imagine my life without him in it. I have never loved anyone the way I love my son."

"Harry is an amazing young man and I could easily stand here for the next hour rambling on about how incredible he is, but I have a feeling that you all have seen that for yourselves. Instead, I'm going to put him out of his misery and give him his birthday present." Tony held his hand out for his son to join him.

Flushed red with embarrassment, Harry shyly joined his dad. "You have already done so much for me, you didn't have to get me anything."

"Kiddo, I have missed out on fourteen birthdays, of course I had to get you something. JARVIS, launch the Iron Wizard 1."

Everyone gasped, and Molly screamed, when a suit made of metal came flying through the window and landed right in front of Harry. "Hope you like it, Dobby and I finished it right before you got home."
"Dobby is picking the color!" Dobby proclaimed excitedly.

Harry was speechless. He had messed around with his dad in the shop a few times and had made a gauntlet and a helmet, but this was a finished Iron Man suit. "This..this is for me?"

"Tony, there better be no firearms or lasers on that damn thing!" Pepper scolded.

Tony chuckled nervously. "Come on, Pep, I wouldn't put lasers on my son's suit."

Pepper knew Tony too well to fall for his evasiveness. "And firearms?"

"Define firearms?"

"Tony, I swear..." Pepper hissed.

Tony held his hands up in surrender. "JARVIS", fire at will."

Everyone screamed and ran for cover when the Iron Wizard started spraying the room with hundreds of Nerf darts. Right when they thought it was safe to come out from cover, a rocket launcher appeared on the Iron Wizard's shoulder. A large custom made Nerf rocket shot out of it and hit Sirius right between the eyes.

Fenrir bent over laughing at the downed wizard. "This is the best!"

Harry, who had taken cover behind his dad, stepped around him and approached his Iron Wizard suit. "Can I touch it?"

"Of course, it's yours."

"Wicked!" Harry said as he ran his hands over the black metal suit with emerald green accents. Smiling softly, he hands lingered over the crossed wands on the chest piece. It was so different than his dad's red and gold suit, but it suited him. "I love it."

Bruce didn't want to rain on the birthday, but he was concerned for Harry's safety. "Tony, is it safe?"

"Of course!" Tony scoffed. "I wouldn't do anything to hurt my son. Right now it's on a training wheel setting, JARVIS or myself will have complete control over the suit until I feel that Harry is ready. Even then his control will unlock in stages."

Harry turned to his dad with his eyes sparkling. "When can I try it?"

"Right now!" Tony answered as his own Iron Man suit started covering his body.

Harry didn't hesitate to step into his suit when the front opened up. "Not scared are you, kiddo?" His dad asked over the speaker.

"Hell no!" Harry cried, unable to contain his excitement. "I want to see how fast this thing can go."

Bruce was just getting ready to yell for them to be careful when they both shot off out the window. "JARVIS, watch over Harry."

"Of course, sir." JARVIS answered.

*** HP

Feeling exhilarated, yet exhausted, Harry landed on the roof of Stark Tower with his father at his
side. For over two hours they flew over the city, his dad showing him what his suit was capable of. His suit was incredible and he couldn't wait until he could take over control.

Tony waited until both suits were completely off both him and his son before pulling Harry into a hug. "That was the best time I have ever had."

"That was a hundred times better than flying on a broomstick." Harry said as he hugged his dad back.

"I'm sure it was a hell of a lot more comfortable too."

Harry clung tighter to his father. "Thank you so much for everything you have done for me. I know it can't be easy being saddled with a kid as messed up as me."

"I wish I would have been saddled with you years ago, kiddo." Tony admitted truthfully. "I meant everything I said earlier, son, you have made my life better and I love you so damn much. I wish that I could turn back time and raise you from a baby, or take away all your pain and suffering, but sadly I can't. I'm here for you though, kiddo, I'm not going anywhere. My love for you is not conditional, there's nothing that you can say or do that will make me stop loving you."

"Please don't say that you're messed up, Harry, because you're not. You have been hurt in the most horrific way, but that doesn't make you messed up. I was sad when you woke me last night after cutting, but I was thrilled that you came to me after. I'm praying that soon you will come to me before cutting. I'm not going to judge you for having to do what you have to do to deal with your past, but it does scare me. The fear of you cutting too deep is always at the forefront of my mind."

Harry wished that he could reassure his dad that he would never cut again, or at least come to him before cutting, but if he did he would be lying. When he cut, he normally wasn't in the right state of mind to be able to think about going to his dad first.

Tony could see his son struggling. "Hey, I'm not looking for promises, I'm not even going to ask you not to cut, but I am going to keep reminding you over and over again that I'm here for you. If you need to cry, I have a shoulder, if you need to rage, we'll hit the ring, and if you need to cut, I'll patch you up. You tell me what you need from me and I will give it to you."

"I just need you, dad, always and forever."

Tony allowed his tears to fall unchecked onto his son's head. "Do you want to head back to the party?"

Still in his dad's arms, Harry shook his head. "Can we stay a bit longer, just the two of us?"

Tony wrapped his arms tighter around his son. "I would like that, kiddo. I would like that a lot."
Since I had so many people ask about Spider-Man, and since I think Tom Holland is adorable, I decided to write this little one shot. Hope you all enjoy.

Please Review

*HP

Pursing his lips, Harry took a deep breath then turned his attention back to his laptop. It was Friday night and the last thing he wanted to be doing was his homeschool work, but he was behind in math and his dad had threatened to lock him out of the lab for a month if he didn’t get everything caught up by the end of the weekend.

He had been so relieved when his dad told him he could do his muggle schooling at home with tutors that visited three times a week, but sometimes it was hard to stay focused, especially when there was always something going on in the tower or cool things to build in his dad’s lab. He could easily spend every minute of every day in his dad’s lab, it was his most favorite place in the entire world. Well, that and the kitchen. He loved cooking for his family.

It had been four months since his fifteenth birthday and his life couldn’t be better. He never imagined that he could be this happy. He didn’t know how he lucked out in getting such an amazing and understanding father in Tony Stark, but he loved his dad with all his heart and he wouldn’t trade him in for all the riches in the world. His father was his everything, he couldn’t imagine his life without him...even when the man was bitching at him for not completing his math assignments.

With a loud sigh, Harry leaned back in his desk chair then rubbed at his blurry eyes. He had been staring at the computer screen for hours and his eyes were starting to feel the strain. “Hey, Jarvis, is my dad home yet?”

“No yet. Would you like me to connect you to him?” The AI offered.

Standing up, Harry stretched his arms above his head then stretched his back from side to side. He was stiff and sore from sitting so long hunched over his desk doing not so fun mathematical equations. “That’s alright, Jarvis, I was just curious.” He said somewhat sadly. His dad had been extremely busy lately, he was gone more than he was home anymore. He was trying not to let it get him down because he knew that his dad was a very important man, but he still missed seeing him everyday.

It wasn’t that he didn’t see his dad everyday, his dad always tried to make time for him, but recently he was lucky if he got to see his dad for an hour every night. It seemed like lately his dad was getting home as he was going to bed so the only time they spent together was passing each other in the hallway. He didn’t want to be a whiny, needy brat, but he missed his one on one time with his dad and he missed group dinners where everyone sat down at the table and enjoyed his cooking. Everyone was so busy and off in different directions, he hadn’t even see Clint and Natasha in over two weeks.

Tonight was one of the rare nights where he was completely home alone. His dad was at the office, Clint and Natasha were in some other country kicking ass, Steve was out with a friend he met, another veteran by the name of Sam, Fred and George were back home visiting their parents and
looking into possibly opening a joke shop in Diagon Alley since their joke shop in America was doing amazing, Pepper was at the office with Tony, Thor and Loki were back on Asgard for their monthly meeting with their father, and Bruce was off in another country researching something. It seemed Bruce had been in the middle of researching something when he first met him, but he had put aside his research so he could help him. Now that things were settling, Bruce was back at his research and left three days ago for the Amazon. He wasn’t sure what he was researching, but Bruce had been spending a lot of time in his lab the past few weeks. He missed having everyone around, but he understood that they all had lives before him and that they were all very busy and important people. His family had literally saved the world a couple of times. It wasn’t easy having a team of super heroes as family, but he was proud of them and wouldn’t change anything about them.

Deciding to get some fresh air, Harry opened the door to his balcony then stepped out into the cool evening air. Being so high up and towering over all of New York City still took his breath away. He was still struggling with getting use to living in such a big and busy city, and he only ventured out of the tower when he had someone with him, but he was slowly coming to love his new home.

One thing for sure, there was plenty to see and do in New York City, even just sitting in the park watching was entertaining. There were some pretty crazy people living in New York, just the other day he met a man that had tattooed his entire body to look like a dragon, he had even had his teeth sharpened into points. A few months ago a man like that would have terrified him, but after talking to the man with Happy standing protectively behind him, he found that the dragon man was actually extremely kind and intelligent. He just really, really, really liked dragons. He wished that he could have told the man that dragons were real, but MACUSA would have come down on his ass for revealing the truth about dragons.

Giving a shiver, Harry wrapped his arms around his middle then scanned the night sky looking for Hedwig. She had taken off to hunt as soon as the sun went down like she always did, but he was hoping that she’d return early to keep him company. He doubted it though, normally Hedwig didn’t return until right before sunrise.

“Harry, it is only thirty degrees outside, much too cold to be standing on the balcony in only your shorts and a t-shirt,” Jarvis informed. “Your father wouldn’t be happy.”

Harry grinned, sometimes having Jarvis was like having another father. The AI was always looking out for him, especially when he was home alone. He was doing a bit better with his cutting, he hadn’t cut since Halloween night, but everyday was still a struggle so it was nice having Jarvis when no one else was around. Luckily he wasn’t home alone much, his family still tended to hover over him fearful of him trying to take his own life again, but he was slowly gaining everyone’s trust.

“Thank you, Jarvis,” Harry said softly as he turned and walked back into his room, leaving his balcony door open for now. It was strange, but sometimes listening to the sounds of the hustle and bustle of the city calmed and relaxed him. New York City truly is the city that never sleeps.

Harry was half way back to his desk when he heard a soft thump behind him. Freezing, he slowly grabbed his wand from where he had it concealed in a wand holder against his thigh. Loki still liked to fight him on his wand, professing that he didn’t need it, and he really didn’t, over the past few months he had really gotten good with his wandless magic, but he still liked to keep his wand on him. Loki said it was a crutch, but his wand was special to him and he wasn’t ready to trash it just because Loki didn’t like it.

Knowing that he was no longer alone in his room, but also knowing that it wasn’t his dad who had come just through his balcony in his Iron Man suit, he raised his wand then quickly spun around.

“Oh, hey, yo! Relax! Take it easy! I’m not going to hurt you!”
Harry didn’t relax, if anything he clutched his wand tighter in his hand. His room was over a thousand feet in the air and yet someone dressed in a blue and red, head to toe, skin tight outfit that looked like a spider had just come in through his balcony door. What the hell?

Peter slowly raised his hands up in a sign of surrender. “Uhm, please don’t poke my eye out with your stick!”

“I can do more than poke your eye out with this stick,” Harry said tightly.

Peter tilted his head to the side as he looked at the stick in the kid’s hand. “Dude, it’s a stick, and not even a very big one at that. How do you plan on defending yourself with a flimsy stick? Are you hoping to take me out with a splinter?”

“Who the fuck are you and what are you doing in my bedroom?” Harry growled, both angry and scared. If he learned anything since discovering his father and moving into Stark Tower, it was that there were all kinds of people out there with weird and strange powers. People who weren’t witches wizards. Somehow this guy got into his room from the outside, a room that was over a thousand feet in the air. He was also hiding his face, another red flag as far as he was concerned.

“Sorry! Sorry!” Peter quickly apologized. “I didn’t know this was your room, not that I even know who you are. I just saw the balcony door open so I thought...”

“You would just break in and what, steal from us?” Harry sneered.

“What?” Peter cried in outrage. “No, I would never. I’m one of the good guys. I’m a super hero. I’m Spider-Man!”

Harry snorted. “You don’t sound like a man, and you don’t look very manly to me.” It was true, this spider person was only a few inches taller than him and was thin, not muscular like his dad and the rest of the team. He also sounded young, like a teenager.

“I’m Spider-Man!” Peter repeated. “Haven’t you heard of me?”

Harry snorted. “You don’t sound like a man, and you don’t look very manly to me.” It was true, this spider person was only a few inches taller than him and was thin, not muscular like his dad and the rest of the team. He also sounded young, like a teenager.

“Who the fuck are you and what are you doing in my bedroom?” Harry growled, both angry and scared. If he learned anything since discovering his father and moving into Stark Tower, it was that there were all kinds of people out there with weird and strange powers. People who weren’t witches wizards. Somehow this guy got into his room from the outside, a room that was over a thousand feet in the air. He was also hiding his face, another red flag as far as he was concerned.

“Sorry! Sorry!” Peter quickly apologized. “I didn’t know this was your room, not that I even know who you are. I just saw the balcony door open so I thought...”

“You would just break in and what, steal from us?” Harry sneered.

“What?” Peter cried in outrage. “No, I would never. I’m one of the good guys. I’m a super hero. I’m Spider-Man!”

Harry snorted. “You don’t sound like a man, and you don’t look very manly to me.” It was true, this spider person was only a few inches taller than him and was thin, not muscular like his dad and the rest of the team. He also sounded young, like a teenager.

“I’m Spider-Man!” Peter repeated. “Haven’t you heard of me?”

With his wand still out in front of him, Harry shook his head no. “Sorry, never heard of you.”

Peter’s shoulder’s sagged slightly. “Come on, dude, I have been all over the TV and the internet. I’m your friendly neighborhood Spider-Man.”

“Do you always break into your neighbors home in disguise?”

Peter opened him mouth, then snapped it shut. “I’m not breaking in?” He defended.

“Well, I don’t recall inviting you in.”

“Your balcony door was open,” Peter pointed out.

“That’s not an invitation for you to just waltz right on in. How the hell did you get up here anyway?”

“I’m Spider-Man,” Peter repeated yet again.

Harry would have thrown his hands up in frustration if he hadn’t been holding his wand. “And I’m Harry, but that still doesn’t answer my question. If you don’t answer my question in ten seconds I’m going to blast your ass out through the wall.”

“I’m a super hero...with gifts,” Peter quickly added. “I just climbed up the side of the tower.”
“Like a spider?” Harry asked as he looked the person over again. Guy climbs up Stark Tower dressed as a spider proclaiming to be Spider-Man, he must obviously think that he’s a spider. He wondered if Spider-Man knew the dragon man from the park. He would call bullshit on Spider-Man, if it wasn’t for the fact that he was standing in his bedroom having coming in through a balcony over a thousand feet in the air.

“Exactly, I can do whatever a spider can,” Peter said excitedly.

“Like entering peoples homes without being invited? Do you plan to make yourself a little web home in the corner of my bedroom too?”

“What? No!” Peter cried. “I just came to return Mr. Stark’s phone.”

Frowning, Harry looked to the familiar phone that the spider person was holding out in front of him. The phone was his dad’s, but how did Spider-Man get his dad’s phone? “Where’s Tony Stark?” Harry asked shakily. His dad never went anywhere without his phone, it was like another limb to him.

“Uh, I don’t know where Mr. Stark is, he left my place an hour ago.”

The wand in Harry’s hand wavered. “Tony Stark was at your place?” He asked in confusion. Last he talked to his dad he had said that he was going to be in his office all evening.

“Mr. Stark spent the evening at my place. My Aunt May even cooked dinner for him. I didn’t hurt Mr. Stark if that’s what you’re thinking. Mr. Stark is the greatest, he even made me this awesome suit.”

Harry took a few steps backwards not sure what was going on. His dad had been at the office all evening, he had specifically called and told him that he couldn’t make it home for dinner with him because he couldn’t leave. His dad wouldn’t lie to him like that. Would he?

“Why...why would he make you that suit?” Harry asked shakily. He was feeling so confused and out of sorts right now. He loved his dad and believed in him one hundred percent, but that lonely, abused little boy was whispering in his ear that his father had not only lied to him, but had spent the evening with some other kid. The spider person’s name may be Spider-Man, but he had a feeling that he wasn’t much older than him.

“Because I’m an Avenger!” Peter proclaimed proudly. “Mr. Stark made me this badass spider suit that can do just about anything.”

“You’re not an Avenger yet, Peter,” Tony said as he entered his son’s bedroom. Jarvis had notified him immediately when Peter entered the tower and on his drive home he had monitored his son’s and Peter’s conversation. He could sadly tell by the tone of his son’s voice that he was questioning him. It hurt that Harry still had some doubts about him, but he knew that it was something that they were going to struggle with for years. Harry had been abused horribly, it was going to take more than a handful of months for him to overcome his tragic past and his insecurities.

Peter threw his hands up, flailing them wildly about. “Dude, Mr. Stark, secret identity!” He reminded. “You just can’t go around blurt out my real name.”

Stepping further into his son’s room, Tony reached out and placed his hand over Harry’s wand, forcing him to lower it. “It’s alright, son, Peter isn’t going to hurt you.” Tony’s heart squeezed painfully in his chest when he saw that his son’s hands were trembling.

“Mr. Stark!” Peter cried in exasperation. “You’re not supposed to tell anyone who I am. If Aunt May
finds out that I’m Spider-Man she’ll totally ground me for sure.”

Harry looked between his dad and the stranger not sure what to say or do. “Dad?” He asked in a small voice.

Tony tried giving his son a reassuring smile, but Harry continued to just stare at him, his eyes broadcasting his betrayal. He should have told his son about Peter, but up until just a few days ago he wasn’t sure whether he was going to mentor the boy or not. He knew that Harry needed him and he didn’t want to take any time away from his son to help Parker, but at the same time he didn’t want the kid to get himself killed. Peter was extremely gifted and had the potential to be a great asset to the team.

“It’s alright, kid, Harry won’t tell anyone. Besides, I don’t keep secrets from my son.”

“What! Mr. Stark, you have a son? I didn’t know you had a son. Wow, that’s so cool, dude!”

Harry stumbled backwards when the spider person in tights lunged at him to shake his hand. It wasn’t that he was scared, he just hadn’t expected it and the person moved freakishly fast.

“Sorry!” Peter apologized as he pulled off his mask. “I didn’t mean to frighten you, I was just shocked to hear that Mr. Stark has a Stark junior. This is so cool.”

Harry wasn’t surprised to find that Spider-Man was a kid his age, not with how he acted and talked. “You didn’t scare me, you just caught me by surprise.” Looking back towards his desk, he gave both his dad and the kid a weak smile. “I really have a lot of work to do, so if you don’t mind.”

“Right, yeah,” Peter grinned as he quickly handed Mr. Stark his phone back. “Math, on a Friday night, that totally sucks, dude. Hey, do you want any help, I’m great at math?”

“Maybe some other night, kid,” Tony said, patting Peter on the shoulder. “Thank you for returning this,” he said, pocketing his phone.

Still grinning, Peter pulled his mask back on. “I’ll just get going then. You know, there’s crime to stop and villains to fight. It’s not easy being your friendly neighborhood Spider-Man.”

“Go home, kid,” Tony sighed loudly. “You don’t want to worry your aunt.”

“Yeah, you’re right, Aunt May can be scary. I’ll just get going home then.”

Harry lunged out of his chair and ran out onto his balcony when the kid climbed up onto his balcony railing then dove off. “What the hell?”

“He’s fine,” Tony chuckled and he joined his son out on the balcony.

Wide eyed, Harry watched as the kid fell a few hundred feet before something shot out of his wrist, some kind of webbing, that latched onto the building next to them. The spider person then continued to shoot webbing as he swung between buildings until he was out of sight.

“Told you he’d be fine. The kid is good.”

“What is he?” Harry asked as he continued to stare out into the night sky. He was still feeling a bit out of sorts, a bit lost. His dad had lied to him, he hadn’t been at his office all evening.

“He’s human,” Tony answered. “Well, mostly anyway. The kid was bit by a radioactive spider and now he has a lot in common with the creepy crawlies.”
“Like climbing up buildings that are over a thousand feet in the air?”

“That, and he’s fast, agile, incredibly strong, seems to know when something bad is going to happen, his spidey senses as he calls it, and he’s a damn science genius. After I watched a few of YouTube videos and figured out who he was, I decided to improve upon his original homemade Spider-Man suit. In a few years, after some maturing and training, the kid will make a great addition to the Avengers.

“Wow!” Harry said as he walked back into his room, this time closing and locking his balcony door behind his father. He wasn’t worried about Hedwig, his dad had built her her own little owl door, one she could open and close herself.

“You okay, little chef?” Tony asked in concern when his son went back to his desk and sat down. Normally Harry gave him a hug upon returning home, right now his son would barely look at him.

Harry shrugged his shoulders. “I’m as good as someone who has been doing math for over eight hours can be.”

Tony frowned. “It’s late, why don’t you call it a night?”

Looking to the clock, Harry was surprised to see that it was almost eleven at night. “I only have a few more equations to do for this section and then I’ll call it a night.”

“Alright, kiddo,” Tony said hesitantly. “Other than your unexpected visit from Spider-Man, how was your evening?”

Not looking up from where he was copying down an equation, Harry once again shrugged his shoulders. His evening hadn’t been all that bad, not until the spider kid showed up and told him that his father had been lying to him. Why would his dad keep his visit to the kid’s place a secret and then lie about where he was?

“Alright,” Tony said as he spun his son’s chair around so he was forced to look at him. “What’s going on inside that head of yours, kiddo?”

Hands fidgeting, Harry lowered his eyes, still refusing to look up at his dad. He wanted to ask his dad why he lied to him, but it wasn’t any of his business. He didn’t want to come off as a whiny, demanding brat...he didn’t want to be like Dudley. He was just feeling a bit hurt and insecure, but he’d get over it.

Tony knelt down so he was eye level with his son. “I’m sorry that I didn’t tell you about Peter, up until a few days ago I was undecided on what I was going to do about him.”

Harry finally looked at his dad. “Dad, I’m not your keeper, you don’t have to tell me everything that you do.”

“No, but you are my son and that’s more important than being a keeper.”

Needing some space, Harry got to his feet then backed away from his dad. “It’s alright dad, I understand.”

Tony raised a single, skeptical eyebrow. “Do you?”

“I...” Struggling with his words, Harry closed his eyes then took a couple deep breaths. “You told me you were at the office,” he quickly blurted out, needing to get it off his chest. “You told me that you were too busy to come home for dinner, but the spider kid said that you were with him and his
aunt. I-I don’t care that you didn’t come home, I just...”

“I should have told you when I decided to leave the office to visit with Peter,” Tony interrupted. “I had planned on remaining at the office, but then I finished his suit and wanted to give it to him. I’m sorry if I upset you, Harry.”

Feeling like the biggest ass on the planet, Harry held his breath as he tried to blink away his tears. “No, I’m sorry. I’m such an idiot.”

Reaching out, Tony grabbed his son then pulled him into his arms. “You’re not an idiot, don’t ever say that.”

“I was jealous,” Harry admitted shamefully. “I thought that maybe you didn’t want to spend time with me anymore.”

Tony hugged his son tighter. He had made a mistake. Harry had been doing so good that he stupidly thought that he could go back to working longer hours, but he should have known better. With the team scattered all over the planet, his son needed him now even more. Harry was making amazing progress, but being alone and left with his doubts and insecurities had only set him back.

“How about we go flying tomorrow night, mini me?” Tony asked, his voice sounding rough from his emotions overwhelming him. “It’s been a while since we have been out. I think you’re about ready to take the wheel on your own.”

Harry perked up at hearing that. “Really, I can fly the suit on my own?”

“With training wheels,” Tony stressed. “You will have control, but the first sign of a problem Jarvis will seize control.” They had been flying together for months and he had trained Harry well, it was his own fears holding him back from handing the controls over to his son. It wasn’t right of him though. He had made a suit for Peter and handed it over to him without thinking twice. Peter didn’t have complete control of it yet, but he had more control over his suit than what Harry had over his, and Peter’s Spider-Man suit was more dangerous than his son’s Iron Wizard suit. Harry may not have special abilities thanks to a radioactive spider bite, but he was an incredibly powerful little wizard. He knew that Harry would never want it, but he too would make an excellent Avenger.

Clearing his throat, Tony stepped away from his son. Looking down at Harry’s desk, he scowled at his laptop. “No more math tonight, you can finish it sometime tomorrow. You look exhausted and in desperate need of sleep.”

“Oh,” Harry said with a small grin. “we can go to the kitchen and try the homemade blueberry ice cream that I made for dessert.”

Tony eyes widened. “You made homemade ice cream?”

“Blueberry ice cream,” Harry stressed. “I have been wanting to attempt ice cream, and I figured since it was only going to be the two us, that I could make blueberry since we both love blueberries.”

Tony felt even worse now for canceling on his son. Harry must have been so hurt when he called and told him that he wouldn’t be home for dinner. It was no wonder learning that he had eaten with Peter and his aunt had hurt him so bad. “Who needs sleep when there’s homemade blueberry ice cream to be eaten?”

“Not me,” Harry laughed as he followed his eager father to the kitchen.

***HP
With a trembling hand, Harry dropped the blade onto the sink then stepped away from it. Dropping his head into his hands, he started tugging harshly at his hair. He wanted to cut so bad, everything in him was screaming at him to cut, to just let go of everything that he was feeling. He believed his father when he said he loved him, and he knew that his father didn’t cancel dinner just because he didn’t want to be with him, but he still couldn’t help but to question and doubt everything. He hated himself for making his dad feel guilty for wanting to help the spider kid, and he hated himself for his insecurities and for being jealous.

Turning the water on cold, he thrust his trembling hands under the water hoping that the feel of the cold water running on his warm arms would help take away his desperation to cut. It had been almost a month since he last cut, and even though his dad hadn’t yelled at him for doing it, he could still remember the look of devastation in his father’s eyes when he saw his bloody arm. It was Halloween night, the anniversary of his dad’s and Lily’s death, and he had broken down and cut himself five times on his left arm. It was the worst he had cut himself since his attempted suicide.

“Would you like for me to wake your father, Harry?” Jarvis asked softly.

“No!” Harry croaked out as he watched his arms start to turn red from the cold water. Unless he asked, or unless he was struggling too much or cutting too deep, Jarvis wouldn’t notify his father that he was cutting. It had taken a bit of convincing to get his father to agree, he had wanted Jarvis to alert him immediately, but how was he ever going to learn to deal with his cutting if someone came bursting in on him every time he thought about doing it?

“A rooster lays an egg on the roof of the barn. Which way does the egg roll off?”

Scrunching his face up, Harry looked up at the ceiling. “Excuse me, Jarvis?”

“It’s a riddle, young Harry.” Jarvis explained. “I’m trying to help you redirect your focus. Now, a rooster lays an egg on the roof of the barn. Which way does the egg roll off?”

It was three in the morning and he hadn’t slept at all so his brain was feeling sluggish, but Harry closed his eyes and repeated Jarvis’ riddle in his head. This was a first, Jarvis had never given him a riddle to work through to help distract him. He didn’t know if it was going to help him, but it was better than talking about his feelings, which is what his father would want to do if Jarvis sounded the alarm.

Snorting, Harry smiled shakily. “You almost had me there, Jarvis, but a rooster is a male chicken so he can’t lay eggs.”

“Very good. What is the safest room during a zombie apocalypse?”

“Whichever room Daryl Dixon is in,” Harry snorted having recently gotten hooked onto The Walking Dead, much to Clint’s frustration. Clint liked to point out why a bulky and heavy crossbow wouldn’t be an ideal weapon in a zombie apocalypse. He also found it funny that Daryl never runs out of bolts even though they’re years into the apocalypse and Daryl has shot thousands of walkers. Clint also liked to remind him every time that they were watching The Walking Dead together that he was a much better archer than Daryl and that he was also sexier than him...not to mention he showers everyday where Daryl hasn’t bathed since the beginning of the apocalypse. Personally, he didn’t care, he just liked looking at Daryl Dixon.

“The living room would be the safest place during a zombie apocalypse. Get it?” Jarvis asked.

Shaking his head, Harry chuckled. “I get it, Jarvis.” Taking a deep breath, Harry straightened back up, pulled his cold arms out from under the cold water, then turned the faucet off. Arms dripping
water all over the floor, he took a minute to study his reflection in the mirror. It was almost hard to recognize himself anymore when he looked in the mirror. Gone was the gaunt, too pale boy with dark circles under his eyes. Months of eating healthy and daily and receiving love and care from his family had really changed him. He looked almost like a healthy, normal teenager, except healthy normal teenagers didn’t have a dead, haunting look in their eyes. There was an emptiness in his eyes, like he was missing something...or had seen and experienced too much pain and too much suffering.

Sadly, after months of counseling three to four times a week with his S.H.I.E.L.D psychiatrist and training with Loki, he still wished that he could give up his magic and just be a normal teenager. He was really trying not to blame his magic for every bad thing that had happened to him, but he still saw himself as an unlovable freak sometimes. Deep down he knew that the Dursley’s would have still hated him even if he had had no magic and that Vernon still would have sexually abused him, but it had only been a handful of months since he started getting help and Rome wasn’t built in a day.

Steve had actually talked with both him and his dad the other day about him talking to his friend Sam. Sam is a councilor for veterans suffering from PTSD, and while he had never been in a war, Steve pointed out that his time at Hogwarts and what he went through with Voldemort was almost the same as being in a war. He was a little anxious about talking to someone else, but Steve himself was seeing Sam and he said that Sam was helping him a lot with his issues. His dad said that the decision was up to him, that he’d support him either way, but he had yet to make up his mind.

Looking back down at the blade resting innocently on his sink, he couldn’t help but think that he needed all the help he could get. He didn’t want to cut anymore, he really didn’t. It use to be that cutting made him feel better, made him feel more in control, and while it still made him feel that way, the feeling only lasted and hour or two and then the guilt took over. He knew that each time he cut himself that he was hurting his dad, Bruce, the twins, and everyone else that cared about him. He hated knowing that his actions were hurting the ones that he loved.

Waving his hand over the blade, he vanished it then quickly left the bathroom before he gave in and cut the hell out of his arm. The cold water and Jarvis distracting him had helped, but he still wanted to feel the cold blade against his flesh and watch his blood run down his arms.

Exiting his bathroom, Harry stumbled to a stop when he looked up and saw his dad sitting on the foot of his bed with a first-aid kit next to him. His dad had such a sad, yet resigned, look on his face that it just tore at his heart.

Tearing up, Harry held his bare arms out in front of him. “I-I didn’t do it,” he said brokenly.

Shoulders slumping, Tony closed his eyes and allowed the tension to drain out of him. He had been waiting for over an hour for his son to come out, his stomach all twisted in knots. He wanted to rush into the bathroom and snatch the blade out of his son’s hands, and he had done just that on numerous occasions, but Harry had to learn how to work through his issues and not cut without someone holding his hand every time. As much as he wanted to, he couldn’t be with his son twenty four hours a day, and hiding all the sharp objects in the tower was not an option, not when Harry had the ability to conjure a blade whenever he wanted.

Shuffling his feet, Harry made his way over to his dad then sat down next to him, placing his head on his shoulder. “How did you know? Did Jarvis tell you?”

Placing a kiss on his son’s forehead, Tony shook his head no. “You know Jarvis won’t alert me unless he absolutely has to, or if you ask him to. I hurt you earlier, kiddo,” he explained, his voice wavering. “I made you doubt yourself, and I made you doubt me. When you went to bed I knew you were still hurting so I listened and waited. When I heard you get up and go to the bathroom I knew
that you were going to cut. I’m so damn proud that you didn’t.”


“But you didn’t, kiddo, and that’s what’s important. What stopped you?” Tony asked, his heart bleeding for his son.

“Jarvis asked me a riddle,” Harry snorted. “It helped distract me.”

“That’s my clever little AI,” Tony praised. “His creator must have been an absolute genius. What was the riddle?”

“A rooster lays an egg on the roof of the barn. Which way does the egg roll off?”

Tony started laughing. “Before you entered my life, mini me, that riddle would have been simple. Roosters don’t lay eggs since they’re males. But now, knowing that I knocked up James who was very much a male, I just don’t know anymore.”

Yawning, Harry leaned more into his father. “Sleep here tonight?” He asked in a small voice, not wanting to be alone.

“Was already planning on it, Kiddo,” Tony said as he shuffled up the bed then helped tuck his son in.

With his head on his father’s chest, he was just starting to drift off when he mumbled. “I think I’d like to meet Steve’s friend.”

Carding his fingers through his son’s hair, Tony smiled. “I think you’ll like Sam. I met with him earlier today and I really liked him.”

“Dad?” Harry yawned sleepily, “do you think everyone will make it home for Thanksgiving?”

“It’s your first Thanksgiving, I’m sure everyone will make it, especially the Captain.” Tony wasn’t sure if everyone was going to make it, especially Clint and Natasha who had already been gone for two weeks on a mission. Thanksgiving was still a week and a half away, but he was going to do everything within his power to make sure everyone made it. Harry was really looking forward to his first Thanksgiving, and because of his son, everyone in the tower had something to be thankful for...especially him.

***HP

Harry was laying in his bed feeling a bit drained. It was Sunday evening and he had spent the day wandering the city with his dad and Sam. Sam had wanted their first meeting to be relaxed, a get to know you meeting, not a talk about all the bad shit that happened to you meeting. He had been incredibly nervous about meeting Sam, especially seeing as how Steve really liked the guy, but within a half hour of meeting Sam he could see why Steve liked him so much. Sam was a good guy who was extremely intuitive, smart, patient, and funny. He had really enjoyed his day with Sam and he was looking forward to talking to him some more.

Even though it was only a little after eight at night, he was just starting to drift off when a knocking on his balcony door had him launching off his bed, his wand clutched tightly in his hand. Heart pounding, he looked to the door only to find Spider-Man waving sheepishly back at him.

“What the...” Harry mumbled as he stumbled to the door and unlocked it.
“Hey, Mr. Stark’s son, I knocked this time,” Peter proclaimed as he stepped into Harry’s bedroom. “Dude, I see you still have your eye poking stick with you.”

Harry couldn’t help but to chuckle. “And I see you still can’t enter a person’s home properly. You know, we do have a front door.”

Peter shrugged his shoulders. “This way is much easier, and I knocked so it’s all good. Did you get your math homework finished?”

Harry nodded his head, finding it a bit disturbing talking to someone whose face he couldn’t see. “Can you please take your mask off, it’s weird talking to a face with no lips? Can you even breath properly with that on?”

“Oh yeah, it’s great,” Peter said as he pulled his mask off. “Your dad even made it so it’s heated and has an air conditioner in it. I could wear this all day and night. I could even sleep in it. Your dad’s the greatest.”

Harry shook his head, reluctantly finding himself liking the teen. Peter was just so polite, happy and full of energy, he wished that he could be more like him. “I’m Harry, Harry Stark. I don’t think I properly introduced myself the other night. I was just surprised by everything and feeling a bit out of sorts.”

“Nah, it’s good, man. It was my bad just dropping in on you like that. I’m Peter Parker. Whoa! Do you have your own Iron Man suit?” Peter cried spotting a green and silver suit in the corner that looked just like the Iron Man suit.

“Yeah,” Harry grinned. “My dad and I made it together.”

Doing a front flip over Harry’s deck, Peter landed in front of the suit. “This is so wicked, but what’s with you and sticks, dude?” He asked, spotting the crossed sticks on the front of the suit.

“They’re not sticks, they’re wands,” Harry corrected awkwardly. He didn’t know whether it was alright to tell Peter the truth about him being a wizard, but seeing as Peter was pretty much part of the team, he was going to find out anyway. He also felt pretty confident that someone who was part spider could keep a secret.

Peter ran his hand over the suit, his fingers stopping at the wands. “Wands, like the magical wand that the fairy godmother had in Cinderella?” He chuckled.

“Kind of, but I’m not a fairy godmother. I’m a wizard.”

Peter spun around, a skeptical look on his face. “You’re a wizard? Like magic and Loki?”

Harry nodded his head. “I am actually related to Loki, as is my dad.”

“Shut up!” Peter cried. “You expect me to believe that Mr. Stark is related to Loki?”

“It’s true,” Harry smirked.

“Prove that you’re a wizard,” Peter challenged.

Falling back on his now favorite trick, Harry held out his palm. “Watch.” He barely needed to concentrate now in order to produce a flame. All he had to do was think about it and there it was dancing happily in his palm.
“No shit! How did you do that?”

“Magic,” Harry answered simply. Taking it a step further, he turned the flame into a fireball about the size of an orange. Smiling, he started rolling it back and forth across his hands, just like David Bowie in Labyrinth. It had taken him weeks to teach himself how to do it after watching the movie, but he had been determined to master it.

“That is awesome!” Peter said excitedly. “Dude, you are awesome. Is Mr. Stark a wizard too?”

“I’m afraid not, kid,” Tony Stark said as he entered his son’s room. “But I don’t need magic to make magic,” he added with a wink. “You boys doing okay?” He asked, looking to his son. He really hadn’t been all that surprised when Jarvis informed him that Peter was back, but he was surprised that Harry told him the truth about being a wizard and about being related to Loki. Other than the twins, Harry didn’t have anyone his age to hang out with, maybe having Peter around will be a good thing.

“I caught a spider outside my balcony,” Harry joked, giving his dad a reassuring smile.

“I’m sure I can invent a spray for that,” Tony smirked.

“Hey! Don’t do that,” Peter choked out. “Not all spiders are bad.”

“Oh, that’s right, you’re the friendly neighborhood Spider-Man,” Harry snickered.

“More like Spider-Kid,” Tony added.

“You guys are mean,” Peter pouted. “I’m sixteen.”

Tony smiled fondly when both teens started laughing. “You sticking around, kid? My son made some mouthwatering pastries this morning. You can help yourself to anything but the blueberry muffins, those beauties are mine.”

Peter went to nod his head yes, but stopped and looked to Harry. “Is it alright if I hang with you for a bit?”

“Yeah,” Harry said, looking forward to getting to know Peter better. “I’d like that.”

“Cool!” Peter grinned. “I’d like that too.”
Chapter 28

Why am I still writing for this when it’s complete? I just can’t help it, I love everyone.

PLEASE REVIEW

***HP

“Harry’s nice daddy sir!”

“Jesus Christ!” Tony yelped as he dropped the wrench he had been using on the floor. “Little dude, what have I said about just popping up and scaring the shit out of me?”

“Yous is telling Dobby not to do it, sirs, but Dobby is needing to be telling you that Jarvis is being a bad disembodied voice.”

Tony chuckled fondly. “Are you snitching on Jarvis, Dobby?”

Dobby frowned as he looked up at Tony. “Dobby is not knowing how to play quidditch so he is not catching the snitch, but Dobby just wanted to warn you that Jarvis let the agent man into the kitchen. Agent man is being sneaky and is eating your blueberry muffins.”

Tony shook his head, how had this become his life? Super heroes, gods, aliens, teenagers, wizards, and now strange little bald creatures with big floppy ears that popped up out of nowhere scaring the shit out of him to tattle on Jarvis, his life was insane....and he wouldn’t change it for anything in the world.

Kneeling down so he was eye level with the crazed little house elf, Tony looked at him seriously. “Little dude, are telling me that Agent Coulson is currently in my kitchen eating my blueberry muffins? My last three blueberry muffins?”

Dobby vigorously nodded his head, his ears flopping back and forth. “Dobby is seeing him eat the muffin so Dobby came down here to warn you. Dobby knows how much sirs loves his Harry’s blueberry muffins. I was going to hit the agent man in the head with a frying pan, but sirs said that I shouldn’t hit people with the frying pan unless it was an emergency. Dobby didn’t know if this was an emergency.”

Tony shook his head. “Oh it’s an emergency alright, little dude, but it’s not the type of emergency that calls for braining someone with the frying pan. I’ll take care of the blueberry muffin thief.”

Rushing to his kitchen, Tony growled at his AI. “Jarvis, what have I told you about letting Agent into the tower?”

“Sir, you have told me numerous times not to let Agent Coulson into the tower,” Jarvis answered.

Tony threw his hands up in frustration. First Dobby and now Jarvis, why the hell wouldn’t anyone listen to him? He created Jarvis, Jarvis should follow his orders without question. “Jarvis, you and I are going to have a serious talk about following orders.”

“Of course, sir,” Jarvis replied.
Tony stormed into the kitchen, his eyes landing on Coulson who was sitting at the table with an empty plate in front him and the last muffin in his hand halfway to his mouth. “Drop the muffin or die!” He snarled.

Smirking, Coulson turned the muffin around showing off the large bite that had already been taken out of it. “Looks like I choose death. I must admit, these muffins are worth it.”

“All three! You ate all three of them? That was all that was left, you savage!” Tony cried in outrage.

Coulson shrugged his shoulders. “I have no guilt or regret.”

Dobby popped up behind Coulson with a frying pan in his hand. “Do you wish for Dobby to hit him now, Harry’s daddy sir?.”

Tony tilted his head thoughtfully. “Tony!” Coulson warned, eyeing the elf warily. “Call off your attack elf.”

“But you ate my last three blueberry muffins,” Tony whined.

“I’m sure Harry will make you more.”

Sighing, Tony held his hand up to Dobby. “Sorry, little buddy, I know how much you love beating people with the frying pan, but there will be no braining today.”

“You’re a bad Agent,” Dobby spat before disappearing,

“That little guy has some serious issues,” Coulson said warily.

Tony nodded his head in agreement. “He’s a loyal little guy though and he’d give his life for my son. So, what evil have I committed to end up getting punished with your presence?”

Picking up a napkin, Coulson wiped the crumbs off his face and hands. “I’m actually here because of your son and to give you a heads up.”

“What about my son?” Tony asked, tensing. Even though he worked for SHIELD, he didn’t trust them as far as he could throw them. Harry was an extremely powerful wizard, even Loki said he could be as powerful as him. Fury has kept his distance so far, but he knew that patch wanted to recruit his son. He wouldn’t allow it. Harry was still struggling everyday with his own issues, putting up with the shit from SHIELD was the last thing he needed. All he wanted for his son was for him to be a happy and healthy teenager, not a secret agent or Avenger.

“Relax, Tony, I’m not here to fit your son with an Avengers suit, I know he’s not ready for that and he probably never will be. Tony, Clint got hit,” Coulson said grimly.

Paling, Tony collapsed in the chair across from the agent. “How bad?”

Coulson pursed his lips. “It was touch and go there for a while, he took a bullet to the shoulder and one to the gut. The shoulder didn’t drop him, but the gut did. He was in surgery for a long time and the doctors weren’t sure he was going to pull through, but Clint is a tough bastard. He’s the one who suggested I give you the heads up. He is worried about Harry freaking out.”

Tony ran a trembling hand through his hair. “Shit!” Clint was right, Harry was going to freak when he finds out. Harry understood the importance of their job, but that didn’t stop him from worrying like an old lady the second anyone left the tower. “Is Natasha alright?”
“Other than being pissed at her best friend for stepping between her and a bullet, Natasha is fine. She was a mess there for a while, but now that Clint is awake and talking she’s doing much better.”

Tony blew out a loud breath. “Harry is going lose his shit.”

Coulson nodded his head knowingly. “That boy loves you all with a fiery passion. You’re very lucky, Stark, to have a son like him.”

“Don’t I know it,” Tony said proudly. “Thanksgiving is a week away, will Clint and Tasha be able to make it?”

Coulson snorted. “Clint is already driving the doctors crazy. Just this morning he tried sneaking out. Against their better judgment they’re releasing him, but he has strict orders to not do anything. I figured your son will be better at keeping the stubborn ass in bed than the doctors and nurses.”

“Ah hell, Harry is going to mother the shit out of him. I give it two days before the stubborn ass is begging to be back with the SHIELD doctors.”

Chuckling, Coulson pointed to the empty plate. “Maybe with Clint down that will mean more muffins. I know how Harry likes to stress bake.”

Tony face lit up. “Jarvis, have ten pounds of fresh blueberries delivered to the tower immediately.”

Shaking his head, Coulson got up and left the kitchen. As he was leaving he could hear Tony mumbling about all the different desert the fresh blueberries could go in.

***HP

Peter gave a loud, impressive whistle. “This looks a Ninja Warrior obstacle course on steroids. I can’t believe Mr. Stark has this in his tower.”

“My dad has everything,” Harry snorted. “And if you mention something that he doesn’t have he’ll have it within a week.”

Grinning excitedly, Peter looked out over the large obstacle course, it was at least three time bigger than the ones on Ninja Warrior. “You do realize that this is going to be a piece of cake for me, right? I mean, I could probably do this blindfolded.”

“I know, that’s why I’m going to hover above the course conjuring objects and you have to try to wrap them in a web before they hit the ground. And I’m not going to go easy on you, I’m going to be shooting multiple objects of different shapes and sizes all over the place.”

Peter started bouncing in placing, a huge grin on his face. “Dude, this is going to be awesome, but how are you going to hover over the course?”

Harry pointed to his Firebolt which was leaning against the wall. He couldn’t wait to get back on his broom, he hadn’t been on it since he flew with Loki and the twins months ago at Hogwarts.

“Yeah, I don’t get it,” Peter said skeptically.

Wagging his eyebrows, Harry wandlessly summoned his broom to him. Straddling it, he took off into the air. He couldn’t go as high as he liked seeing as he was still inside, but it still felt incredible to once again be on his broom. He loved his Iron Wizard suit and it was a hell of a lot more
comfortable than a broom handle, but his Firebolt was his first love.

“Holy shit!” Peter gasped. “Did Mr. Stark make that?”

“Nope!” Harry called down from above Peter. “Brooms are a wizarding thing.”

“Sweet! Ok, little Stark, lets do this.”

Pulling his wand out from its holster, Harry started circling the course. He knew how good Peter was, he had spent the past few days hanging out with the teen, so he wasn’t going to make this easy on him. “Jarvis, start the clock.” He ordered.

“Hey, Harry, what’s the fastest time?” Peter asked, determined to beat it. The course was intense, it actually looked a hell of a lot harder that Ninja Warrior, but he was Spider-Man, he had this.

“Jarvis, what’s the fastest time on this course?” Harry asked the AI.

“Captain Rogers currently holds the fastest time at sixty eight seconds. Mr. Barton holds the second fastest time at a minute and thirty two.” Jarvis answered.

“Jarvis, get ready for that record to be smashed!” Peter crowed.

“Good luck, sir.” Jarvis replied.

Harry had no doubt that Peter could smash Steve’s record easily, he was sorta kinda part spider, but he planned on making things a bit more difficult for his new friend. “Jarvis, when you say go.”

Crouching low, Peter waited for Jarvis to sound the whistle. As soon as he heard it he took off, one eye on the course, the other on Harry. He hadn’t seen Harry use much of his magic, but he had no doubt the kid was good, especially seeing as he was related to Loki.

Harry knew he had to be quick seeing as Peter was insanely fast and agile. The second Jarvis’ whistle went off he started firing balls of different colors and sizes out of his wand. His mouth dropped open in shock when Peter blew through the course catching every ball with his web.

Whooping triumphantly, Peter scaled the last wall then did a little victory dance. “Dude, that was easy. I’m not even out of breath. Yo, Jarvis my man, what was my time?”

“Congratulations, Mr. Parker, you have set a new record. You ran the course in fifty seconds flat while trapping two hundred balls.”

Swooping down, Harry landed on the platform next to his friend. “That was great, you didn’t miss one ball. Do you have eight eyes like a real spider?”

Peter chuckled. “Nope, I’m just damn good.”

Both boys turned their attention to the door when they heard clapping. “Very good, kid, Steve’s going to be pouting now.”

“Jeez, thanks, Mr. Stark, this place is really awesome.”

Tony looked to his son, a proud smile on his face. Even now after months of knowing the truth, Harry still liked to hide his magic. He hated that his son was ashamed of something that was part of him so seeing him willingly use magic made him happy. “That was excellent flying and wand work, mini me, I’d love to see you fly some more.”
Harry shyly lowered his head. “Thanks, dad.”

Sighing, Tony looked back to Peter. “Kid, your aunt called looking for you. She said if you would like to see the light of day ever again, you better get your ass home in thirty minutes.”

“Oh shit, I didn’t even notice the time,” Peter cried as he did a flip off the high platform. “See ya, Harry,” he cried as he rushed to his backpack then out the door.

Biting his lip in concern, Harry climbed back onto his broom then flew down to his dad. “Peter’s aunt, she’s...”

“An amazingly wonderful woman,” Tony answered quickly knowing what his son was going to ask. “She’s from Queens, tough as nails and she takes no shit, but she loves her nephew and would never lay a hand on him.”

Harry relaxed at hearing that. He didn’t think that Peter’s aunt was hurting him, but he had to make sure. Peter was his friend and he protected his friends. “I’m glad that he has a loving aunt.”

“She’s hot too,” Tony said with a wink.

“Hey, don’t let Bruce hear you say that,” Harry warned with a grin. It was frustrating for him, the relationship between his dad and Bruce was still progressing painfully slow, but they had gone out a few times and he was pretty sure that he had heard Bruce sneak out of his dad’s room at three in the morning a couple weeks ago. He just wished that they would make their relationship official.

“Yeah, let’s keep what I said between the two of us. The last thing I want to do is piss of mother. You know what a monster he can be when mad or jealous.”

“I hope he comes home soon, I miss him?” Harry said a bit forlornly. “I miss Clint and Natasha too.”

“Me too, kiddo. How about we head to the kitchen and look for some food?”

Rolling his eyes, Harry followed his dad, his broom still in his hand. He didn’t want to leave it behind incase Steve mistook it for a regular broom. “If you’re looking for food, then that must mean you ate all the muffins I made just this morning.”

“Me?” Tony cried. “I’ll have you know, I was being good and saving some muffins for later, but then Agent snuck in and ate them all.”

Harry’s laughter came to abrupt halt when he entered the kitchen and found it overflowing with blueberries. “Uh, dad, what happened in here?”

Blushing, Tony awkwardly rubbed the back of his neck. “Did you miss the part where I said that Agent ate the last of my blueberry muffins?”

Eyes wide, Harry scanned the kitchen, there was a hardly a spot on the counters where there wasn’t blueberries. “Dad, I think you need some serious help. Maybe you need to have a sit down with Sam about your little addiction.”

“Ha! Ha! My son the little comedian.”

“I’m going to need more muffin pans,” Harry mumbled. “Scratch that, I’m going to need another kitchen.”
“The muffins can wait, kiddo, we need to have a talk.”

“Am I in trouble?” Harry asked his voice waverling.

“For what, being the best son ever?” It killed Tony knowing that even after all these months his son was still waiting for him to kick him out or start hitting on him. There wasn’t anything more he could do to prove to Harry that he loved him and that he would always have a home with him, all he could do was keep reinforcing how he felt and be patient.

Harry cautiously approached the table and sat down, his stomach tied up in knots. His dad usually only sat him down in the kitchen to talk when there was something wrong. Taking a deep breath, he waited for his dad to join him at the table.

Tony was nervous about telling Harry about Clint, his son was very protective of them all. “Okay, kiddo, first off I want to start off by saying that everyone is alright.”

Paling, Harry hands started trembling. “What happened? Is someone hurt?”

Reaching out, Tony took both Harry’s hands in his and squeezed gently. “Clint took a bullet to the shoulder and the gut. It was a close call, but the SHIELD doctors were able to patch him up.”

Harry felt his entire body go numb. Opening his mouth, he tried to say something, but he couldn’t talk because he wasn’t breathing. He could feel his heart pounding away in his chest, but his lungs were no longer working. This...this couldn’t be happening.

“Shit, Harry,” Tony cursed as he lunged to his feet then circled the table. Grabbing Harry’s face between his palms, he forced his son to look at him. “Harry, listen to me, Clint is fine and recovering. He’s doing so good that he actually tried sneaking out of the hospital earlier.”

Vision going blurry, Harry could just make out his father’s concerned face. He could see his father’s lips moving, but he couldn’t hear what he was saying over the sound of his blood rushing through his ears.

At a loss for what to do, Tony grabbed a glass of water that was sitting on the table then tossed it in his son’s face, shocking him into breathing again. “Breath, Harry, I cant have you passing out on me.”

Mouth wide open, Harry started gasping, his lungs finally working. With water dripping down his face, he stared unblinkingly at his father. Even though he could now breath, he didn’t know what to say. Clint had been shot. Clint had almost died.

Picking up a towel, Tony wiped the water from his son’s face. “You back with me, kiddo?” He asked anxiously.

Harry very slowly nodded his head, now that he could breath his head was starting to get clearer. “Clint,” He croaked out as his eyes filled with tears.

“Is fine,” Tony stressed. “It’s going to take more than two bullets to take him out.”

“That’s...that’s why Agent Coulson was here earlier today. He came to tell you about Clint.”

Tony nodded his head. “He came specifically because Clint asked him to. He was worried about how you were going to react to finding out about his brush with death.”

“Don’t say that,” Harry whined loudly. “Don’t say Clint and death in the same sentence.”
“I’m sorry, kiddo,” Tony quickly apologized. “You know how inappropriate my jokes can be at times. You just kind of freaked me out there when you stopped breathing for damn near ten minutes.”

“I’m sorry, I just... I just can’t lose any of you,” Harry started crying. “I just got you all, and I can’t... I can’t...”

“Shhhh,” Tony whispered as he hugged his son. “I can’t make any promises, kiddo, but everyone is going to do their best not to leave you.”

Harry clung to his dad as he cried. “Are you sure Clint is alright? Can I visit him in the hospital?”

“He’s hurting, he’s just had a bullet dug out of his gut, but he’s fine. Because of his stubbornness the doctors are even releasing him, but he has strict orders to stay in bed or laid up on the couch.”

“He’s going to need food,” Harry said numbly as he jumped to his feet and started pacing. “He got hit in the gut so he’s probably going to need foods that are easy on his stomach and easy to digest.” Stopping his pacing, Harry looked around the kitchen. “I’ll make soup, that should be okay on his tender stomach. I’ll start with chicken noodle and then make vegetable. Once he gets here I can ask if there’s any other kinds of soup that he likes. I can also make some homemade bread, Clint loves when I make bread.”

Tony watched his son fondly as he rambled on about what he was going to make for Clint. His boy was amazing, absolutely fucking amazing. How had they ever managed without him in their lives?

“Wait a second!” Harry cried he turned and glared at his father. “You knew that I’d end up cooking a lot, it’s what I do when I’m stressed, that’s why you had like fifty pounds of blueberries delivered.”

“Technically it’s only ten pounds,” Tony corrected sheepishly. “And Agent ate my last three blueberry muffins, so I figured...”

Laughing Harry shook his head. “That’s it, I’m making an appointment for you with Sam, you need some serious help, dad.”

“But you love me anyway right, kiddo, and you’re going to make me some more muffins and maybe some blueberry cheesecake, and ice cream, and blueberry pie, and cookies... oooh, how about homemade blueberry jam and syrup?”

Still laughing Harry scanned all the blueberries as he started planning what he was going to make...there were a lot of blueberries. He was going to be very busy, but that was a good thing. He knew that if he wasn’t kept busy that he would obsess over Clint and probably drive the archer crazy with his mothering. “All these berries must have cost a fortune, why don’t you just buy a blueberry farm?”

Tony’s eyes widened. “Why the hell didn’t I think of that?”

“Dad, I was just joking,” Harry sighed in exasperation.

“Jarvis, find me a blueberry farm to purchase,” Tony barked out, already getting excited over owning his own blueberry farm.

“I give up!” Harry cried as he threw his hands up in the air. “Not even Sam can help you.”

“Just think of it, son,” Tony said as he threw his arm over Harry’s shoulder. “Our very own blueberry farm. Come on, you love those little blue berries every bit as much as I do.”
“It would be kind of cool,” Harry admitted, “But you can’t go buying a blueberry farm just because we like blueberries.”

“Oh, but I can, mini me, and I’m going to. The two of us are going to become farmers.”

“Not today,” Harry joked. “Today I have to make soup and bread for Clint and then figure out what to do with ten pounds of blueberries.”

Breaking away from his son, Tony picked up one of the cases of blueberries. “Make that nine pounds, these little beauties are coming with me to my workshop.”

***HP

Harry was trying not to get in the way, or hover anxiously, but Clint had just arrived and was being supported by both Steve and Natasha. He had never seen Clint so pale and frail looking, the archer looked horrible.

“Get that look off your face, kid, I’m not dying,” Clint hissed as Steve gently helped lower him onto the couch. “This isn’t the first hit I have taken and it won’t be my last.”

With tears in his eyes, Harry nodded his head. “Can...can I get you something? I made chicken noodle soup and vegetable soup and I made your favorite homemade bread. If you don’t like those, I can make tomato soup or something else. I’ll make you anything you want, just name it.”

Smiling sadly, Clint held his arms open. “Come here, kid, you look like you need a hug.” He hated that he was causing Harry so much grief, the poor book looked a wreck.

Harry looked longingly at Clint, but then quickly shook his head no. “I-I don’t want to hurt you.”

“Harry, your not the only one who needs a hug, I need one too. Just don’t squeeze and everything will be okay?”

Harry cautiously approached Clint, wrapping his arms around him to where he was barely touching him. “Please don’t ever get hurt again,” He sniffed into Clint’s neck.

Clint too had tears in his eyes, he had never had anyone love and care for him the way Harry does. “I’ll do my best, but I’m going to be alright.”

Standing back up, Harry rubbed at his eyes. “Can I get you something?” He asked, this time a little calmer. Clint’s hug really had helped.

“Like I could ever turn down your cooking. I’ll have some chicken noodle and bread.”

Harry’s smile was blinding. “Coming right up,” he said as he took off for the kitchen.

After Harry left, Clint looked to Tony. “How did he take the news of me being shot?”

Tony closed his eyes as he remembered how his son had reacted to the news that Clint had been shot. “It was bad. Actually, multiply bad times three, there isn’t a word to describe how badly he reacted. He actually stopped breathing, and I mean for minutes. I was so scared that I tossed water in his face to shock him back into breathing. The kid has been in the kitchen ever since he heard the news cooking non stop. In case anyone wants to know, we have a lot of soup and bread in the refrigerator.”

“Damn, I’m sorry about this,” Clint apologized as he gingerly placed a hand on his stomach.
“There’s no apologizing for saving, Nat. I know we all hate putting Harry through this, but this is our life and he’s going to have to get use to it. If I thought it would help I would quit the Avengers today and Harry and I would move to my new blueberry farm in New Jersey, but it’s not going to help because you all are family and he would still worry about you.”

“Wait, you bought a blueberry farm?” Steve asked in disbelief. “When?”

‘An hour ago.” Tony answered without a hint of shame. “A hundred acres of blueberries just for me.”

“You’re crazy!” Clint said rolling his eyes.

“I told him he needed help and that I was going to schedule an appointment for him to see Sam,” Harry chuckled as he came walking back into the room very slowly carrying a tray with soup, bread, and tea on it for Clint.

“Oh, that smells amazing,” Steve moaned, his stomach rumbling loudly.

“I have plenty,” Harry reassured. “Let me get Clint settled and then I’ll feed the rest of you bottomless pits.”

Steve rubbed his hands together in anticipation, there was nothing better than Harry’s cooking. “I heard the new kid beat my score on the obstacle course,” he said with a mock pout.

“More like smashed it,” Harry smirked. “He probably could have finished it in fifteen seconds if I hadn’t been shooting objects around the room that he had to catch with his web.”

“I don’t like the new kid,” Clint grumbled around a mouthful of buttered bread. “Because of him I have been bumped down to third place.”

“You haven’t met him yet,” Tony chided. “You and Peter will get along great. You’re both about as mature as a two year old.”

“I like Peter,” Harry said a little shyly.

“You better not let your twins here you say that,” Clint snorted.

Harry face turned a bright red like it did every time it was brought up that the twins liked him. “I don’t like Peter like that, he’s just a friend. He’s pretty cool with some pretty cool gifts.”

“You have some pretty cool gifts yourself, mini me,” Tony pointed out. “I was watching how you quickly conjured those balls and sent them hurdling across the room. That was pretty awesome.”

Harry shrugged his shoulders. “It...it was nothing. I’m going to head back in the kitchen and get the soup ready for the rest of you.”

“I see he’s still struggling with accepting his magic,” Natasha pointed out with a frown after Harry left the room.

“One step forward, two steps back,” Tony sighed tiredly. “I think Peter is going to be good for him though. That kid loves who he is and his gifts, he doesn’t care about being different.”

“I think you’re right,” Steve agreed. “Peter isn’t like the twins or his other friends from the wizarding world. Up until a few months ago the kid was normal, but here he is embracing his gifts and is happy being different. Peter doesn’t see himself as a freak.”
Tony smiled as he thought back to earlier. “He was flying around on his broom conjuring objects while laughing. I think Peter is already helping him.”

Harry came back out carrying a plate with a few brownies on it. “Brownies, are they for us?” Steve asked, eyeing the gooey, chocolate goodness.

“Did you eat your dinner yet?” Harry asked in a scolding tone.

“I ate mine!” Clint proclaimed loudly as he held his hands out for the brownies.

Smiling, Harry handed them over to the injured archer. “There’s plenty more,” he said to everyone else in the room who was watch Clint shove brownies in his face, “but eat your soup first. Everything is out on the table ready.”

Harry laughed when his dad, Steve and Natasha bolted for the kitchen. “Aren’t you going to join them?” Clint asked when Harry sat down on the floor next to him.

“I have been nibbling the entire time I have been cooking,” Harry lied. The truth was, his stomach was so twisted and tied up in knots over Clint that just the thought of eating was enough to make him want to vomit. Right now all he wanted to do was be close to Clint and look after him.

Clint poked Harry in the back of the head. “Harry, when are you going to remember that I can detect a lie a mile away? And honestly, kid, you suck at lying.”

Harry’s shoulder’s sagged as he lowered his eyes to the floor. “I’ll eat, but right now my stomach will reject anything I put in it. As soon as it settles I’ll eat some soup, but right I just want to sit with you.”

“T’m not going anywhere,” Clint said softly.

“But you almost did,” Harry said brokenly. “When dad told me you had been shot and almost died, I thought I too was going to die. You and Bruce were the first people to ever see me, not the disturbed nephew of Petunia Dursley, and not the wizarding world’s The-Boy-Who-Lived. You didn’t even know me for five minutes and you were already protecting me from V-Vernon. You don’t realize how much you have helped me, or how much I love you. I just can’t imagine you being gone...and I don’t want to.”

“God, kid, I love you too,” Clint said roughly. “When I first woke after my surgery the first thing I thought about was you and how you hearing about me getting hurt was going to upset you. I never had much of a family, and while everyone here lived together and for the most part got along relatively well, we didn’t become a family until you entered our lives. What we do is extremely dangerous, but I have abilities that can help people, that can save lives, and if I die helping people, especially people as amazing as you, then I’ll die happy knowing that I did all that I could.”

“You did save my life,” Harry sniffed as tears fell from his eyes. “You and dad and everyone else here. You all mean so much to me that I can’t help holding on to you all as tightly as I can. I know that I can be a bit obsessive, especially when it comes to taking care of and cooking for you all, but I can’t help myself. I need to know that you all are happy and healthy.”

Clint brushed his fingers against Harry’s cheek, not even trying to hide the tears in his eyes. “Because of you we all are happier than what we have ever been. As for healthy, I’m not sure about your father. Is consuming that much blueberries healthy? I mean, the man’s shit has got to be blue.”

Laughing, Harry scooted closer to the couch so he could carefully lay his head on Clint’s shoulder. “Thank you,” he mumbled sleepily.
Clint started running his fingers through Harry’s hair. “For what?”

“For everything,” Harry answered back. “I’m glad you’re home, I missed you.”

“I missed you too, kid. Hey, there is a bright side to me getting shot.”

Frowning, Harry lifted his head to look at Clint. “I can’t see any bright side to you almost getting killed.”

“Well, because of my gut wound, I will now be home for Thanksgiving, not that I would have missed it. Not even Fury could have stopped me from coming home to spend your first Thanksgiving with you.”

Harry’s face lit up. “You’re right, I guess there is a bright side. Now we just need Bruce, Fred, George, Loki, and Thor and the family will be complete. Ugh, I’m going to be cooking all day.”

“It’s a good thing you love cooking,” Clint chuckled.

Works inspired by this one

[The Stark Truth Cover [FAN ART] by Levinson](#)

Please [drop by the archive and comment](#) to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!