Harry Potter and the Avengers

by Harry_Emerys (orphan_account)

Summary

In a desperate attempt to get some relaxing time away from the pressures of the Wizarding World, Harry heads to New York with the help of Hermione. While seeing the sights, Harry comes across a brown eyed woman and her attacker.

Afterwards Harry finds himself being followed and even discovers that his apartment has been compromised. He soon discovers an entirely new world and a rather irritated man with an eye patch demanding answers that Harry can't legally give.

Notes

Hey,
I hope that you like the brief story, its just to see if anyone likes my idea of a Harry Potter/Avenger crossover. I know something similiar has been done before but I will add twists and ensure that my story is different.
This is my second fic so please leave comments and give kudos if you like my story as well as my writing.
Chapter Summary

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Harry Potter was shuffling his feet through the snow that had blanketed the streets in the last few days. He wasn’t aware of how cold it was when he left his apartment that morning and was only dressed in skinny black jeans and a green polo. Harry folded his arms across his chest as if hoping to shield himself from the onslaught of the piercing cold that had descended upon New York. Officially he was on holidays from the wizarding world and Britain, however unofficially he was searching for peace which for now involved distance from the wizarding world.

Since his defeat of Voldemort, the wizarding world had been suffocating in their affections; he received hundreds of letters at his home address with offers of jobs, dates and the very persistent general fan mail. It had gotten so bad that he wasn’t able to leave his house as wherever he went he was swarmed by his fans. It had been by sheer miracle alone that he had been able to return to Hogwarts and finish his education; while Harry didn’t particularly care one way or the other, Hermione had been rather insistent that he return and with the help of Headmistress McGonagall, the experience hadn’t been too bad.

It was immediately after graduating that Harry had decided to leave and get some space between his past and himself at least for a while. It turned out that Hermione had a cousin that owned an apartment in New York, since they wouldn’t be using it for a few months had managed to get the approval for him to stay there; her cousin was currently overseas himself studying the ancient Egyptians and their pyramids. Apparently having a high intelligence and a thirst for knowledge is written into the Granger DNA.

After four days of complete relaxation in his new apartment Harry decided to go exploring. Coming from Britain, Harry assumed that although it had been snowing he would be able to deal with the cold without a jumper. He continued his walk through the streets marvelling at the sights around him and cursing his stupidity under his breath as he tried to remain as warm as possible. He could easily use a warming charm on his shirt and pants but the downside to living in such a lively city was that he didn’t get much privacy away from his flat. He knew that it would be awkward and difficult to explain, the reason he broke the decree of secrecy was because he was too cold.

As he was rounding a corner he heard a loud bang from one of the alleys near him that made him halt in his tracks. The sound reminded him of the old westerns that Dudley used to watch that involved trigger happy cowboys. After a few seconds of silence, Harry just shrugged figuring it was just a car backfiring or something before he began to move forward through the crowd. Suddenly a woman’s piercing scream followed by a sickening crash sent a horrible jolt through his body. Putting on a burst of speed, Harry spun around and headed into the alley behind him that he thought the sounds emanated from.

Standing barely ten metres in front of him was a tall bald man wearing a black leather jacket and dark
blue jeans. But what really caught his attention was the gun that was in his left hand, pointing directly at the prone woman at his feet. Without thinking Harry whipped out his wand from his back pocket.

“Petrificus Totalus!” Harry screamed flicking his holy wand at the assailant. Instantly the man’s limbs snapped together with such a force that he fell flat on his face next to his victim, the gun on the ground.

Harry ran towards the woman and fell to her other side, feeling secure in the knowledge that his spell would hold over the muggle until the police arrived. The woman was in poor shape and barely conscious; her skin was extremely pale and clammy and she was losing a lot of blood from her stomach to the stage it was starting to pool around her. As Harry turned his wand on the stranger and began performing the limited healing magic he knew, he gently touched the side of her face to get her attention. “I need you to focus on my voice and stay with me.

What is your name?” Harry asked trying to keep his voice calm.

“S-Skye.” She muttered softly in reply as her brown eyes rolled back in her head.
Saving a life

Chapter Summary

After trying to save a woman from being murdered Harry finds himself with two bodies at his feet with limited options. Considering he used magic to save her life, he deciding to take the only real option that wouldn't involve risking the exposure of his world. Unfortunately for Harry he had no idea that everything he had done was being watched and recorded by SHIELD.

What will SHIELD do when they realise what Harry did? Will Skye survive being shot and falling from the top of a building?

Chapter Notes

Hey Everyone,
First up I wanted to say a big thank you to everyone who commented and gave their kudos for my short chapter 1. I really appreciate it, especially since I'm such a new writer feedback is really important. Sorry I haven't updated in a bit been a bit distracted with work and university but I hope you like chapter two. Just a reminder that there will be changes to the story line of Agents of SHIELD, so if your not really wanting to read about any changes then perhaps this fic isn't for you.

Anyway hope you like and make sure that you comment and send kudos to let me know what you think.

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See the end of the chapter for more notes

Harry began to panic staring down at the dying woman in his arms. He couldn’t go to the muggle police as he used magic to save her and he couldn’t risk exposing magic further; he didn’t think he could convince anyone that he took down an armed man with no weapon of his own or hand to hand combat skills. Seeing only one way out of his current situation, Harry placed the woman gently on the ground and got up, moving over to the magically paralysed man whilst keeping his eye on the alley entrance; the last thing he wanted was to have another muggle involved.

“Obliviate” he muttered watching as the man’s brown eyes grow wide and his pupils dilate. Harry had never originally been great at memory charms but with Hermione’s guidance during the war he had gotten passable with them. Harry and Hermione had used them numerous times while on the run from Voldemort and his lackeys, after all if they ever came across a snatcher or deatheater the last thing they wanted was for their enemies to work out their movements. It was rare that Ron performed the spell as the best he could manage was to eradicate the last few minutes of their memory.
Once he felt that he had put enough strength into the charm that the man wouldn’t remember the last few weeks, he turned his attention back to Skye. Bending down he grabbed her ice cold hand and with one last anxious look around, he apparated them back to his apartment.

They appeared in the middle of the packed lounge room with random pieces of paper scattered all over the floor. When Harry first arrived in his temporary home he could immediately tell that the owner was a relative of Hermione’s. The average sized apartment had basically been converted into one large library and study area; the oddest thing he had so far seen was while searching for plates on his first night he discovered that half of the cupboard space in the kitchen was stacked high with academic journals. The only furniture in the entire apartment, other than fourteen bookshelves in a variety of sizes, was a small grey futon and two large desks.

“Mobilicorpus” Harry said swishing his wand over Skye’s body and gently placing her on the futon. As soon as he cancelled the spell and Skye’s body softly sank into its embrace, he launched himself over to his backpack that he had left slumped against the wall this morning. He knew that he didn’t have long before Skye died, considering that she had been shot and judging by the sounds he heard probably fell off one of the roofs that surrounded that alley.

He quickly unzipped his bag and dove into its hidden depths up to his arm desperately searching for Hermione’s gifts. While he loved that his best friend had charmed his backpack with an undetectable extension charm it certainly made things harder to find. Finally after what felt like an hour he removed a small black case out of his bag. The case was a going away gift from Hermione and was filled with a variety of healing potions and substances that he might need if he was to get himself in a difficult situation. At the time Harry hated to admit the likely hood that he would need a healing potion set was highly likely and after only a few days away both he and Hermione were proven correct.

As Harry moved next to the injured muggle, his blood pressure soared as the weight of what he was about to do finally hit him. Without any experience in healing magically or otherwise he was about to remove a bullet and attempt to heal this stranger. Harry shook his head and went back to focusing on the task in front of him, angrily berating himself for getting side-tracked with his own thoughts. Right now the only person that needed his attention was Skye.

He somehow needed to get the bullet out of her stomach before he could even attempt to heal it. Harry took his wand and held it over Skye biting his lip nervously as he did so.

“Accio Bullet” He murmured tensely focusing on where he believed the bullet would be. While it was possible that the bullet could create more damage on its way out, he didn’t really have many other safer options. Besides the only other passable option he could think of was to vanish it, but to do that he would have to be able to see it.

Suddenly a silver bullet dripping with dark red blood shot out of her stomach and landed in his outstretched hand. Placing the bullet to the side, Harry flicked open the black case and removed a small eye dropper from it. He carefully removed the lid to the vial and used the dropper attached to disperse the solution around the wound.

Once Harry had finally finished applying Hermione’s Essence of Dittany on Skye’s wound, he watched the last shred of a wound close up leaving nothing but smooth skin behind. He placed the now empty bottle on the floor next to him and put two fingers on her throat searching for a pulse. Harry smiled in relief and felt his body relax as he felt a weak throb under his fingers.
Nick Fury was sitting in his newly refurbished office pouring over reports from Agent Barton’s recent mission in Paris. He hated reading Barton’s reports as the archer always went into such extreme and unnecessary detail that it took him hours to read. He wearily rubbed his eye as he signed the bottom of Barton’s report and closed the folder. It had only been a month since it had been revealed to the world that S.H.I.E.L.D had been infiltrated and corrupted by Hydra and now he was stuck rebuilding everything from the ground up. The other government agencies had attempted to step up and claim S.H.I.E.L.D’s previous position by aiming to capture Hydra personnel for interrogation. It hadn’t ended well. In fact the CIA, FBI and Homeland Security had all lost some of their most prized agents in their rush to detain Hydra agents and scientists. Once the president had proof just how unprepared some of the agencies were to take on this new enemy, he reluctantly agreed for Fury to recreate S.H.I.E.L.D with some limitations.

Before he had the opportunity to select the next report from the stack on his desk, his office doors slammed open showing a panicked look on his second in command’s face.

“Hill. Report. What is going on?” Fury barked trying to force a calm expression onto his face. Agent Hill was one of the most battle worthy and professional agents on his payroll perhaps aside from Barton and Romanoff. Yet here she was barging her way into his office looking as though Stark had found embarrassing and racy pictures of her on the internet.

“Sir, we’ve got a problem with Agent Coulson and his team.” She replied fighting for breath as though she had run to his office with this news.

Fury pushed away from his desk and stood up nodding his head for her to continue. Agent Coulson and his team had been on the trail of three Hydra assets hidden in New York. They had only been assigned this mission two days ago, which made him gravely concerned of how things could have gotten bad so quickly.

“Yesterday Agents Coulson and May captured a Hydra scientist who was working on new weapon tech.” She recounted stiffly.

“What kind of weapon?” Fury demanded feeling his calm exterior falling.

“Currently unknown however all prototypes, plans and materials have been seized from his laboratory and are in transit for analysis.”

Fury just nodded his head again in approval. “Continue Agent Hill, as there is obviously more you need to say.”

“As ordered I have been monitoring all active agents in the field in hope of offering assistance when required. It appears that an hour ago Agent Skye had been discovered by an unknown Hydra agent who shot her from the top of the Hydra safe house she was sent to investigate independently.” She reported shifting her body so her hands were behind her back, as though just realising she had been in an attack stance.

Fury sighed. Skye had been a new recruit that Coulson had hired personally with his blessing. As their ranks were still lower than he’d like and Skye had proven herself a capable and talented addition to Coulson’s team, it seemed foolish to deny his request. However low on agents he was, he didn’t like the idea that a new recruit had been sent solo into a Hydra site.

“I assume you’ve sent someone to her location and informed Coulson about Skye’s status.” He asked sombrely returning to his desk and the next folder on his desk. He hated losing agents but as he kept
telling himself this was war and a war that they must win, no matter what the cost.

“That’s the problem sir. With no other agents active in the field I was watching Skye’s mission and saw Skye fight the enemy agent and then what he proceeded to do to her. Before I was able to get her any form of help…” Hill paused and pursed her lips before tensely finishing. “…a stranger intervened.”

“What the hell do you mean stranger?” He snarled, his words dripping with malice. Fury hadn’t realised his hands were clenched so tightly at this unwelcome news, until he followed Hill’s eye line and saw that the pen he had been using to sign reports with had snapped in half, causing ink to drip down his hand. Groaning with irritation he flung his broken pen to the side and fixed Agent Hill with a cold stare.

“…well before he was able to kill Skye, the stranger incapacitated him and took her to an unknown location.” She reported unconcerned with Fury’s darkening stare. She had worked with the Director for years and was used to his emotional outbursts.

“What the hell do you mean, he incapacitated him? Have you run his face against military and civilian records?”

“Yes Sir.” She walked forward and produced a black folder handing it to Fury. “His name is Harry Potter and is a British citizen. He arrived four days ago from London and as far as we can tell, has been in New York the entire time. However what I believe to be the more concerning fact about Mr Potter is the fact that when he stopped the Hydra agent he used a stick to do it.”

“He used a stick to stop one of Hydra’s agents?” Fury scoffed. He wasn’t sure what Hill had seen while watching the confrontation but he could almost guarantee that it couldn’t have been a stick.

“Correct.” Hill nodded apparently ignoring Fury’s tone. “He pointed it at him and he simply fell to the ground however the most telling thing is that when he removed Skye from the alley, he somehow…teleported.”

Fury froze a cold feeling overwhelming him. “Teleported?”

“He reached out for Skye and then they both vanished from sight. The most troubling thing is that when he first arrived on the scene, we got a hit on our sensors of an unknown energy source.”

“Spit it out Hill! Is there a similarity between his energy readings and what was taken from Loki?”

Another magic user in New York so soon after dealing with the devastation brought about by Loki was the last thing the new S.H.I.E.L.D wanted.

“No sir. When we compared to two energy readings together it was clear that they weren’t even close to the same. However like Loki we are unable to explain this stranger’s readings.”

“Fine. First I want that Hydra agent brought in for interrogation do whatever you have to, but I want him in our custody. Then track down and bring in Romanoff and Barton and I don’t care how you do it Hill but track down Potter.” Fury ordered as he reached for his phone.

Once Agent Hill had marched from his office to follow his demands, he placed his finger upon the screens surface, waiting momentarily for his fingerprint to unlocking access to it. He sighed heavily as he started dialling a contact. This contact was exceptionally painful to deal with even though they could be counted on for useful intelligence; he would love the chance to knock them on their ass, even if he only was able to do it once it would make him feel a lot better.
Now that he had taken over the healing for this brown haired woman, he still had a few more things to do before he sent her on her way. Harry skimmed the labels on each of the vials in his potions kit, until he found a bright red potion marked ‘Blood Replenish Potion’. While he may not be a healer it didn’t take much thinking to realise that with a bullet wound in her stomach, she would have lost a lot of blood and would of course require something to help with that.

Harry pressed the tip of his wand to Skye’s temple. “Rennervate.”

Instantly the muggle’s brown eyes fluttered open wincing as the light streamed in from the open windows above her head. Harry used her distracted state to stash his wand out of sight.

“W-Who…” Skye croaked in a raspy voice.

Realising her problem Harry rushed into the kitchen before returning moments later with a semi-clean glass filled with water.

“You need to drink this.” Harry requested firmly as he sat on the edge of her sad excuse for a bed. He tried his best to refrain from smirking at the dubious look Skye gave him.

“I can tell from your sore throat that you could do with some water. If you’d like I can take a sip so you know I’m not trying to poison you.” Harry smiled innocently half hoping that she could tell he was humouring her.

Without waiting for Skye to respond, Harry lifted the glass to his lips and took a swig before holding it out in front of his house guest.

Slowly Skye awkwardly sat herself up on the bed with a great deal of help from Harry and took the cold glass into her hands.

“What am I doing here?” Skye asked weakly between sips.

Harry just fixed her with a curious stare. “What is the last thing you remember?”

“…falling…” she replied softly a distant look in her eyes.

Harry quickly decided to give her a muggle version of the events, even though he planned on wiping her memory it was better not to risk things.

“I found you in an alley and took you back here to deal with your wounds. Some guy shot you off the top of a building.” Harry explained.

Skye’s sceptical brown eyes locked onto Harry’s. “Wait, so you’re telling me that you saved me and healed my wounds?” She asked.

“Yes.” Harry answered slowly not sure where she was going with that question.

“I gotta be honest and tell you that I don’t believe a word of it. You look like you should be in school not scouting alleyways and you certainly wouldn’t have the medical skill needed to treat a cold let alone a bullet wound.” She snorted lifting her weak arms to fold her hair behind her left ear.

“Be that as it may, I am the only person here and I did treat your wound.” Harry stiffly responded shrugging off her doubt in his ability.

Skye groaned placing her head in her hands before urgently looking around the room. “Where’s my
“Bag? Did you get it?” She asked her eyes flashing alarmingly.

“I’m sorry but other than you, I didn’t see anything in the alley.” Harry replied.

“Shit.” Skye swore running her hands through her shoulder length hair. “Look thanks and everything I guess but can I borrow your phone?”

“Umm…sorry I actually don’t own a phone.” Harry answered sheepishly. He had been meaning to get one considering he was meant to be living as a muggle while in America; according to Hermione muggle lives revolved around their mobiles.

“You don’t have a phone? Really?” Skye asked cocking an eyebrow.

Harry chuckled at her confused expression; she looked the same way people do when they get trapped talking to Luna about Nargles and Crumple-Horned Snorkacks.

“No, I’ve actually just got to America not long ago and I haven’t had the chance to get a phone. Sorry.” Harry shrugged. He wasn’t lying exactly; he likened it to stretching the truth. Besides it’s not like he could say the real reason he didn’t have a phone was because wizards prefer owls to communicate.

“Well perhaps a computer or laptop? So I can contact my friends for a ride and let them know I’m alive.” Skye said hopefully.

“Nope. I don’t own a computer or laptop.”

Skye gasped looking rather horrified. “You’ve got to be joking. What kind of teenager are you to not have essential technology like a phone or computer?”

Again Harry could only chuckle at this muggles shock however he could understand it perfectly having lived in both the magical and muggle worlds; technology for muggles is life just as magic is for witches and wizards, he supposed it would be like a wizard refusing to have a wand.

“If you can’t help me get into contact with my friends, I’m going to have to go find a different way.” Skye decided setting her jaw into a stubborn line. With that she started to twist around on the futon so that her legs were draped over the side and pushing the now empty glass into Harry’s chest.

“Sure if you want to go, no worries. But drink this before you leave, you lost a lot of blood and this will help you replace it faster.” Harry urged holding out the blood replenishing potion to Skye.

“Look I appreciate that you helped me and everything especially if you were the one to treat me but I’m not taking anything from you. I’m sure you’re not a doctor…” Skye said as she made her way towards the front door swaying slightly.

Harry knew that the chances of Skye making it safely anywhere with the amount of blood she lost was incredibly unlikely. She definitely looked a lot better however anyone could tell just by looking at her that she wasn’t well; she was still exceptionally pale and cold to the touch, her long brown hair was matted with dried blood and not to mention she is completely covered in bruises. Considering what she went through Harry was stunned when he checked her for wounds to find that nothing was broken, she just suffered from the gun shot and a smattering of bruises. As her back was turned to him, Harry just smirked and pointed his wand at her retreating form.

“Confundus.” Harry whispered watching as Skye halted her escape attempt and proceeded to sway on the spot. Seeing his opportunity, Harry jumped up and crossed to Skye’s side.
“Skye…umm my name is Doctor…Phillips and I need you to open your mouth for me. I’ve got some medicine that will make you feel better.” Harry lied quickly spouting the first thing that came to mind.

Without any hesitation Skye nodded her head and opened her mouth wide as Harry quickly emptied the replenishing potion into it. Having used the confusing charm a few times during his years at Hogwarts he was well aware that it wouldn’t last forever, he knew that he’d only have a few moments before it would wear off entirely.

“Obliviate.” Harry muttered watching as Skye’s eyes slid out of focus. Unfortunately mere seconds after Harry cast the memory charm someone started to bang vigorously against the door, shattering his concentration.

“Mr Potter this is NYPD, open this door immediately!” Shouted an angry sounding man.

Harry swore under his breath at this unexpected glitch in his plans. Deciding to react from instinct he turned his wand on his front door.

“Colloportus.” Harry whispered flicking his wand at the door and hearing the satisfying squelching sound of the locking spell sliding into place.

One of the upsides of being on the run from the Ministry and Voldemort for a year was that he had gotten into the habit of having all his possessions in his backpack ready to go. Leaving a magically addled Skye by the front door, Harry quickly gathered up his potions kit that he used to heal Skye and shoved it into his bag before chucking it over his shoulder.

The now consistent hammering upon his door grew louder and started to echo around the small home.

“Mr Potter! You have five seconds before we break this door down!” The police officer screamed through the thin wood of the door causing Harry to wish he’d also cast a silencing charm so he couldn’t hear them continually shout and threaten him.

Confident that everything he owned was on his person, Harry raced over to Skye and started to clear his mind picturing a hospital that he’d past on one of his many walks. As he apparated he couldn’t shake the feeling that his ‘saving people syndrome’ as Hermione called it was getting him into further trouble yet again.

Chapter End Notes

Hey
Hope you liked this chapter. Don’t forget to comment and give a kudos if you enjoyed it.
Thanks
Harry_Emerys
Limited Options

Chapter Summary

Harry successfully saves Skye from her bullet wound and takes her to a hospital to ensure that she'll be okay.
While the saviour of the wizarding world deals with Skye, SHIELD is working hard trying to find out what they can about their HYDRA prisoner and the mysterious Mr Harry Potter.
What happens when Coulson's team joins the search for Harry? Are they out for revenge or is there something more happening under the surface?

Chapter Notes

Hey Guys,
Chapter three is finally out and I hope you all really like it. Voting is still going on and I will list the current tally at the end of the story.
If you like where the story is going or perhaps if you don't let me know, I love getting constructive feedback.
Also chapter four is where I'm going to slowly introduce the Avengers and it is also when the voting will close. So get voting if your favourite pairing isn't winning. :)
Thanks all.

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//Nick Fury – SHIELD HQ \n
Nick Fury was livid as he stared out his office window. Most would be thrilled to have an office as massive as his own and the incredible view from the eighty-ninth floor made it perfect, but Nick Fury wasn’t most people. Six hours ago he learnt that not only did his three undercover agents fail to apprehend Potter but he had also completely slipped their radar. By the time that his agents had managed to get into the apartment, Potter had fled and had successfully booby-trapped his front door; it had taken removing not just the door from its hinges but half the wall along with it. Nick still wasn’t sure how he had done it and even though his scientists had some theories, he was sure that they were just as lost.

Fury assumed that their target had teleported away like he had when he took Agent Skye from that
blasted alley. Unfortunately random teleporting and mysteriously locked doors were two of the variables that they weren’t prepared for. Even though Fury knew it was unlikely that their target would return, he still ordered his agents to keep covert surveillance on Potter’s apartment, just in case.

Along with collecting evidence from Potter’s apartment such as the recoverable door and wall fragments, Nick had his team scan the area for potential alien technology. With Potter still being a huge unknown and their only intelligence on him was that his power was similar to Loki’s, he wasn’t going to cut corners. There was no chance in hell he was going to have a repeat of the New York incident even if that meant taking Potter out.

A set of weak knocks at his office door ripped his concentration away from constructing what he hoped would be a perfect plan to capture Potter.

“Come in.” Fury barked out, turning away from his view to stand in front of his desk Nick stared at the door expectantly with his one good eye.

Swiftly the door swung open to reveal a female agent with short blonde hair and an urgent expression on her face. He could easily tell that she was nervous but he summed it up to being a fairly new agent; Fury ensured that he was familiar with each and every one of his agents and personnel, while he may not know their names perfectly he could easily point out strangers.

“Sir. Agent Hill has found something in regards to the Potter investigation and requires your presence.” She informed him in a rather monotone voice.

Instantly Fury sprung to attention, rushing past the anxious agent and ran out of the room. If Hill had found something then he wanted to know it now and he knew exactly where she’d be.

He sprinted down the corridors with his long leather jacket swishing behind him. He was vaguely aware that he was causing people to hug the walls in an attempt to not being tackled by their large Director, but he didn’t care much. Finally Fury arrived at one of the spare offices two floors below his own to see Hill speaking with a short man with a flirtatious smirk who was casually leaning up against the long polished table that sat in the middle of the room.

He didn’t mind Agent Hill using this particular office for her debriefings as it wasn’t normally used and was protected against any form of listening bugs, even from Tony Stark. Although the scruffy-haired man she was speaking with was another matter entirely. Fury remembered hiring him over a month ago and in their first meeting, he appeared to be a respectable looking man who had just finished his second doctorate. Now it seemed that in celebration for getting the job with SHIELD, he destroyed his suites and had a change of heart about his style; he wore faded navy jeans, white converse and with a tight green polo all under a filthy looking lab coat. He knew the doctor was young but he didn’t realise how young he was until that moment.

“Hill report.” Fury demanded forcefully when neither had noticed his entrance.

Agent Hill folded her arms across her chest and nodded at Fury. “Sir. The Hydra agent that attacked Agent Skye was arrested by NYPD and taken to lock up. Someone had reported hearing a gun shot and when the responding officers arrived on the scene he was found with a gun nearby. With the flimsy evidence discovered by NYPD it was easy to get him transferred to a SHIELD site. This is Dr Cunningham…” Hill added jerking her head at her cocky looking companion. “…he and his team have just finished examining the Hydra agent. Repeat to the Director what you’ve just told me.” She finished.

Cunningham turned his smirk at Fury unknowingly stirring up a desire in him to punch the smug
Fury hadn’t exactly realised at first but the man in front of him had a rather punch-able face. One of the main reasons why Fury didn’t hit him then and there was that the doctor had at least some good sense and lost the flirty look in his stare.

“After analysing the agent in custody I’m at a loss to medically or even scientifically explain my findings…”

“You had better cut to the chase doctor.” Fury growled.

Cunningham’s blue eyes widened in surprise at Fury’s tone, however he couldn’t bring himself to care much if the child found himself knocked down a few pegs. “O-of course, my apologises.” he stuttered. “Firstly he was somehow bound by some kind of paralysing agent; not only could he not move but we were unable to move his limbs at all. The only thing I can liken it to is some severe case of rigor mortis, which as you know, normally only effects a corpse. Rather bizarre…” Cunningham finished looking away distractedly.

Over the years Fury had spent with SHIELD he had trained many agents, one of the first lessons that he drilled into them was focus. Not only had this doctor and his team been unable to discover what a potential enemy used as a weapon to disable a man, but thought it appropriate to finish his report so weakly. Fury was sure that if Cunningham had shrugged his shoulders saying ‘rather bizarre’, he would not only follow through on his earlier instinct to break his nose but he would assign him maintenance duties for a month.

“I’m assuming that you tested his blood?” Fury said darkly imitating Hills crossed arms approach.

“Indeed.” Cunningham confirmed picking up a clipboard from the table behind him. “Although we were unable to get anything from his system to explain it or his other condition.”

“What other condition?”

“…err…well…I-It appears as though his memory has been alt-tered dramatically. He can’t seem to remember anything from the past two months.” The nervous doctor clarified.

Fury was disturbed by this development; SHIELD had methods to remove memories from an individual though even their strongest method was only able to wipe twenty-four hours at best.

“Has this been confirmed? He is a Hydra agent and is exceptionally skilled at lying. Just because he says that he has no memory doesn’t mean that’s true.” Fury reasoned expecting Cunningham to reply with a stream of useless medical terminologies, instead of getting to the heart of the problem. Yet it wasn’t the doctor who answered his question, it was Hill.

“Yes it has been confirmed sir. He had a lie detector attached while being observed by two of our best psychologists. Like Doctor Cunningham, they were unable to explain the memory loss however they were able to declare that the rest of his memory and mind was stable.”

Fury suppressed the need to throw something at this news. It was still highly possible that he was lying after all most of his agents were taught how to beat a polygraph exam and fooling psychologists wasn’t exactly rocket science.

“Doctor Cunningham I will give you and your team another ten hours to find me answers.” Fury said moving forward so that his nose was barely two inches away from the doctor’s. From the moment Fury’s last words left his mouth, Cunningham shot out of the room like a rocket looking terrified. Fury didn’t mind admitting to himself that he enjoyed watching the doctor run out almost tripping on his own feet. While he never was one to bully one of his staff he hoped that the kid learnt something
from their interaction. He mentally noted to himself that he’d have to call Cunningham to have a little one-on-one discussion about professionalism.

“Was that necessary Sir?” Hill smirked.

Fury snorted. “Don’t worry about him. Do we at least know the bastards name?”

“Unfortunately not, it appears as though his指纹 have been burnt off and neither his picture nor DNA seems to be in the database.”

He knew that destroying your past identity was a key part in Hydra initiation but it had been worth a shot. “What about Agent Skye? Has there been any intelligence on her location? We know that she was with Potter at some point.”

“Unfortunately sir not yet. I’ve got people watching every possible hospital and way out of the city. We’ll find him.”

“Son of a bitch.” Fury swore. “Find Potter Hill - by any means necessary. Agents Barton and Romanoff will be here in one hour, they’ll need a location.”

“There’s also something else that we need to consider sir.”

“What’s that Hill?”

“Agent Coulson’s team has already requested twice to be put onto this case. I have a feeling that if we don’t approve their request, they might put themselves into play.”

Over the years, the man had proved himself repeatedly that he was worthy of his trust without question. However there was a reason that protocol demanded that agents were not allowed to work cases that they were emotionally connected to. Since taking Skye onto his team, Phil Coulson had shown himself to be more of a fatherly figure to the young hacker and was certain to have a few feelings on their mysterious Hydra agent and Potter.

“Approved.” He grunted hesitantly. He just wished that Coulson could control himself.

// Harry Potter

Harry had just finished dragging a delirious Skye through the front doors of a hospital he had walked past on his first day in New York. Thankfully the emergency team’s doctors and nurses seemed to be more interested and focused on Skye then Harry. Even though they weren’t blaming Harry for her condition and seemed to believe his story of finding her on the street, it still took well over an hour before he could slip out into the street without being noticed.

He had always considered saving people to be a selfless act and something that should always be done – all life is important. But the downside to saving Skye was that he now had police chasing him and because of that lost his temporary house. He didn’t regret saving her nevertheless he just wished that for once his bad luck for getting himself in trouble would lessen up.

Accepting his fate with a sigh, Harry crossed the road in front of the hospital and headed into the swarm of people. Harry swerved in and out of the mass of people striding down the street, trying not to shoulder barge someone as he mentally worked out a strategy. He knew that he needed to find
somewhere to lay low at least for a moment, but the apartment Hermione had organised for him was out of the question. As he tried to think of alternative locations that he could sleep for the night, a heavenly scent washed over him causing him to abruptly freeze in his tracks. Harry turned to his left and looked in at the small café; he had trouble looking through the frosted windows but the aroma wafting from one of the open windows as enough to make his stomach rumble. With that decided Harry reached out for the door and pushed it open.

The café inside was small but held a fair amount of charm to it; bright red and comfortable looking booths hugged the walls around the café, a large bar sat in the centre of the room with slightly worn looking barstools surrounding it. Harry made his way over to the far corner of the café, and chucked his backpack into the nearest booth as he sank in next to it. He had barely sat down when a plump woman shuffled up to him and fixed her beady brown eyes on him judgingly. He had seen her wiping down the bar when he entered, at first from a distance she reminded him of Mrs Weasley but now he could see that she was nothing like the warm and caring witch he knew. If anything he suspected that even if Mrs Weasley was high while battling a massive hangover on no sleep, she would still look better than the waitress before him.

“Well?” she growled as she reached into her coffee stained apron to pull out a torn pad and pen.

“Sorry what?” Harry spluttered.

“I asked, what do you want?” She replied pointing her pudgy thumb behind her head at the menu hanging above the bar.

“Oh um just tea and a…umm chicken burger please.” Harry sheepishly answered feeling guilty for why he missed her questions. She might be rude but he shouldn’t have thought so badly about her.

She rolled her eyes at Harry’s order before moving off to the kitchen to place his order. Harry began pondering his situation as he waited for his food. He could always go home but he didn’t want to throw his first ever holiday, and his chance to be out of the spot light out of the window. Another repellent option would be contacting Hermione or Ron to ask them to send over the spare gold he had hidden at Grimmauld Place. Even though his friends would do it and probably even change it over to American currency for him at Gringotts, he didn’t want to do that unless he had no other choice.

Feeling less than excited about his limited options, Harry grabbed his backpack and shoved his hand inside. After a moment of fiddling around inside the bag’s hidden depths, Harry pulled out his muggle wallet. The wallet had been a present from Luna after he informed her he was heading overseas. He wasn’t sure about the wallet at first but as Luna pointed out he couldn’t walk around New York with a draw-string pouch, it was sure to draw a bit of odd looks. Harry smiled to himself as he softly traced his hand over the inscription, Luna had etched on the back of the brown leather.

    Even apart your friends will always stand by your side.
    Love Lovegood, Granger, Weasley’s and Longbottom.

He was grateful that the blonde witch had thoughtfully charmed the words so that no muggle could read them. He wasn’t ashamed of the loving words from his friends but it felt more special considering that most couldn’t read it. Harry counted out his remaining muggle funds and sighed dramatically. He only had a few hundred dollars left which meant after he ate, he wouldn’t have enough money for even a two star hotel and therefore leaving him little options.
Harry placed his wallet back inside the safety of his backpack just as the aggressive waitress returned this time holding a plate and a styrofoam cup.

“Here.” She said placing his meal in front of him before frowning darkly. “When your done come up to the bar and pay. I know your kind kid, you’d better not think of skipping out without paying.”

Before Harry got the chance to say a word in reply, the woman and turned around leaving him alone at his booth. Instead of hexing the woman Harry turned his attention to his burger and fries. He groaned in appreciation as his teeth ripped into his burger; he couldn’t tell if the burger was delicious or if he was simply enjoying it because he hadn’t eaten much in twenty-four hours.

Harry looked around the rather quiet café, other than the mannerless waitress there was only a couple customers aside from himself; a woman with bright red hair who appeared to be several a few years older than him sat near the door reading a newspaper and a couple sat a few seats away from him gazing into each other’s eyes. A cold shiver ran down Harry’s spine, causing him to slowly place the burger down on his plate.

For well over a year, Harry and his friends had been on the run from both Voldemort and deatheaters. It was this experience that taught Harry to always trust his instincts and his were going into overdrive. Something wasn’t right.

Without being too obvious he gazed around the room, this time with a more critical eye. He was having trouble placing it but something didn’t feel right. It was almost as if the answer was on the tip of his tongue but the idea refused to make itself known to him. Deciding to live up to Mad-Eye Moody’s teachings, Harry slowly placed what remained of his burger down and reached back over to his backpack.

“Hello Mr Potter.”

Harry swung his head around and stared at the man in front of him. The stranger was wearing an immaculate suit and a pair of dark sunglasses. The only feature Harry could clearly see was his short brown hair.

“I’m sorry, who are you looking for?” Harry asked playing for time as he tried to subtly find what he needed in his backpack.

“My name is Coulson and there’s no point denying it…I know your Harry Potter. I’ve come to tell you that an agency called SHIELD is wanting to talk with you.” He answered. Harry could tell that under his friendly demeanour that this Coulson was a threat. He needed to be ready just in case.

“SHIELD eh? What does this, SHIELD, want to talk with me about?” Harry asked as he finally found the last thing he might need before carefully placing them in his pocket and casually zipping up his bag.

“They have determined that you are a possible threat and therefore must be brought in.” Coulson responded. “However I am going to offer you a chance to rectify your situation. If you help me with my little problem I’ll smooth things over with SHIELD.”

Harry cocked his eyebrow at the offer. “And who do you work for exactly?”

“SHIELD.” Came the simple response. “While my alliance will always be with SHIELD, you were the last one to see my friend. So I’m going to lay your options out for you. Option one is I arrest you and turn you over to SHIELD who will interrogate you…and I should say that their methods aren’t pleasant. Option two, you answer my questions and as long as I deem you innocent, you help and I
prevent you from being arrested. The last option I’d prefer not to use however that depends on you.”

Harry looked closely at Coulson trying to work out just how much he was being offered was real. After all he didn’t have to pick the three options he was given, he could also quickly stun the man and sneak out the back door.

“What is option three exactly?” Harry asked out of curiosity.

“I’ve got three well trained snipers with you in their crosshairs along with another three pissed off agents in the café with us. Option three nobody wants.”

Out of the corner of his eye, Harry watched as the red haired woman dropped the newspaper and moved out of her booth. On her way over she revealed shoulder length ebony hair as she pulled off her red wig. The Asian woman stood next to Coulson and glared down at Harry as though imagining all the painful ways she could beat the snipers to the conclusion of option three.

“Right. And the other two.” Harry replied cheekily looking around the room. Hoping not to attract either agent’s attention Harry placed his hand in his pocket and tightened his grip on his holly wand.

“Waiting. SHIELD operatives are on the way Mr Potter. I suggest you decide on your options.”

While the only safe option would be to apparate out of the café, he knew that it wasn’t a logical one. These people would keep chasing him and even though they are muggles they’d eventually find him; and when they found him, he wasn’t sure that they would offer options one or two again. He may be a wizard but he couldn’t be on edge 24/7 and besides he was sure that they would be watching all flights out of the US. Maybe he should have taken Ginny’s advice and brought a return international portkey instead of flying the muggle way.

Harry sighed. “What are your questions?”

At his implied decision, the agent next to Coulson lessened her battle stance slightly and folded her arms.

Coulson smirked. “Where is Skye?”

Harry blinked twice at the question slightly surprised by the agent; out of all the questions he expected that wasn’t even in the top twenty. At first he wasn’t sure if he should trust this SHIELD agent after all Skye is recovering, this Coulson guy could be working with the guy who shot her. Harry searched the stranger’s eyes for any sign of deception.

“She’s in the hospital.” Harry relented.

“Which one?” Coulson’s aggressive bodyguard sneered.

“I’m not sure what it’s called but it’s about four blocks south.” Harry answered.

“May…go.” Coulson ordered without removing his eyes from Harry.

Without another word, the woman Harry now knew as May, spun around and almost ran out the door. Coulson stood up and fiddled with his navy tie as he fixed Harry with a smile.

“…is that it?” Harry questioned still feeling the familiar warmth of being connected physically to the wand in his pocket.

“Not just yet Mr Potter. You’ll need to follow me. There’s something I need you to do and besides as
I’ve already explained SHIELD will be here in less than two minutes….best not leave it much longer.”

Chapter End Notes

Voting Results so far...

Tony/Harry - 14 votes.
Thor/Harry - 10 votes.
Steve/Harry - 8 votes.
Clint/Harry - 8 votes.

So the voting is pretty close but so far its looking like Tony/Harry. If you'd rather Harry with someone else this is your chance to vote. Hope you liked the story and feel free to comment and/or give kudos.
Victims of HYDRA

Chapter Summary

Harry wakes up at SHIELD where he finds Agent Coulson offering him freedom from SHIELD and any other government agency. Like all things in Harry's life this offer comes with a catch. Will Harry take it or will he be forced to fight his way out of the country with SHIELD on his tail?

Ward is after something...something...special but he will need help. What is Ward planning to do that has Coulson so blinded by anger that he will go against Fury's direct orders?

Chapter Notes

Wow. First I want to say a BIG thanks to everyone to left a kudos and commented - I really appreciate it. Hearing back from you all helps push me to write more. I've said it before but I really mean it...so thanks :)

Okay so the pair voting is over, thanks for everyone who put down their favourite couple. I'll put the totals down the bottom so you all know who won and what to be expecting. Even though there was a winner, it doesn't mean that one of the others might not try for Harry's attention. You'll have to keep reading to see what I'm planning.

Anyway I hope you like chapter 4 and that you all like it as much as my other chapters. I've started to introduce a particular smart ass Avenger but he will play a much bigger part in the next one.

DISCLAIMER: Harry Potter and Avengers are owned by J.K.Rowling and Marvel. I'm only connected to this fanfiction. In no way do I receive any benefits, financial or otherwise for this story. All credit goes to the owners - Rowling and Marvel. Writing this is simply for fun.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

// Harry Potter \
rubbed his sore eyes trying to will away his throbbing headache so that he could concentrate.

Seeing a door Harry pushed off from the desk and started towards the exit, but before he made it a metre towards freedom, he was sharply halted by a painful squeezing of his ankle. The young wizard glanced down and saw a long heavy metal chain than ran from his leg to the floor under the desk. Harry reached down and yanked at the offending piece of metal only to have it tighten further around his ankle.

“I would refrain from doing that again Mr Potter if I were you.” A chirpy male voice called out. “The chain keeps you from getting away and as a deterrent, the metal anklet that it’s attached to tightens when you try to move.”

Harry wheeled around the room searching for the person who owned that irritating voice but he regretted his actions straight away; jerking his head around that quickly had caused his headache to worsen. At seeing that he was truly alone, Harry grew infuriated. He had been manipulated before by Dumbledore, Voldemort and the Ministry and there was no way he was going to let it happen again. While he had recently forgiven Dumbledore about keeping him in the dark about his life, he swore to himself that he wouldn’t ever be stuck in a position like that again.

“Stop playing games and show yourself.” Harry demanded scowling around the room.

Barely a second passed when the door opened and a man with brown hair entered holding a folder. There was something about the stranger that stirred something in his head, almost like déjà vu.

“Good morning Mr Potter. Nice to see you back with us.” The stranger smiled.

“Where am I?” Harry growled, intensifying his scowl hoping that it looked similar to the ones he had received from his old Potions Professor.

Regrettably the stranger didn’t seem at all concerned over his increasingly bad mood. “You are at a SHIELD site and completely off the books.”

Harry groaned. At the mention of SHIELD, everything came flooding back to him about their involvement at the café; being accosted by Agent Coulson and his side kick May, then being essentially blackmailed into helping him. But the one thing he still couldn’t remember was after he reluctantly agreed to help them, how he got to this ‘SHIELD site’.

“What did you do to me?” Harry asked.

“Please Mr Potter, take a seat and I’ll explain.” Coulson requested gesturing at the table behind Harry.

“How about you explain right now?” Harry retorted refusing to move an inch.

“This doesn’t have to be difficult Mr Potter, you agreed to come with us willingly remember?”

Harry frowned at the condescending tone. “And yet I’m chained to the floor like a prisoner. If I am meant to be helping you with something, how about you remove my restraints? Because I can guarantee you won’t be getting anything from me otherwise.”

He kept his eye line directly focused at Agent Coulson hoping that the man would buckle quickly. His headache seemed to be getting worse the more he lost control of his anger. The only change in the agent’s facial expression was the loss of his smile.

“Very well Mr Potter.” Coulson finally relented as he removed a small key from his pocket before
moving over to the table and freeing Harry. “Now please take a seat as we have a lot to get through and not much time.”

Harry could sense the almost desperate tone the older man’s voice suddenly took and considering he needed to sit down anyway, he moved back over to the desk and sat down. He wanted to gently lay his head on the soothing cold of the desk but he thought it to inappropriate especially since he was alone in a room with a man who had essentially kidnapped him.

Once they were both seated and an uneasy tension filled the tiny room, Coulson cleared his throat. “I need to ask you some questions before I can trust you with our mission. After all, you are number three on SHIELD’s most wanted list and after what happened with Skye, many in my organisation are concerned...including myself.” Harry glared again at the man sitting opposite him in his black and white suit. It wasn’t until Coulson sighed and his face fell slightly that Harry was a little taken aback.

“First off I want to thank you. While you’ve been…sleeping…Agent May recovered Skye from the hospital and the doctors have cleared her entirely.” Harry couldn’t help smiling when he heard that his new friend was okay, he was fairly confident that he had healed her gun wound properly but he wasn’t a healer and for all he knew she might have had broken bones. “Apparently when she arrived at the hospital she only had a small amount of bruises. Now I’ve seen footage of what happened to my agent. She had been shot in the stomach and yet the wound had completely vanished. Rather like the way you and Skye vanished from the scene after the Hydra asset was taken out.”

Harry schooled his face and continued to stare straight at Coulson; he knew that the agent was looking for a tell, some twitch of his face that would give a hint to his feelings and any potential secrets – but it wasn’t going to happen. While normally he would be insulted that someone inferred he was dangerous or a liar but could understand why Coulson was concerned. Skye is a part of his team and is probably just concerned about what happened after they left.

“I’m glad that Skye is doing well.” Harry said with as much sincerity as possible. “But don’t think I’ve not noticed that you didn’t answer my question. What did you do to me Agent Coulson?”

“I wasn’t avoiding the issue Mr Potter, I was just asking a question of my own. As you were an unknown, who as I’ve already said is a wanted man by SHIELD, I had an agent place a strong sedative in your burger.” Coulson answered matter-of-factly.

Again Harry could understand that Coulson wanted to be safe but that didn’t mean that he wasn’t furious. Coulson had obviously come to the café with the intention of Harry helping with some mission and drugging him seemed like an extremely bad way to start a cooperative venture.

“You drugged me?” Harry asked anger evident in his tone as he ground his teeth together.

“Of course. Interestingly though, the particular drug they used tends to affect the target within five seconds. Yet for you, it took a lot longer…” Coulson said trailing off while raising his eyebrows suspiciously.

If Coulson thought Harry was going to reveal his secrets based on the intense look he was receiving, the agent would have to try a lot harder. Besides Harry had nothing to tell in regards to the drug; as far as he knew wizards didn’t have a higher tolerance to sedatives or any other muggle drug.

“So even though you came with the idea of getting me to help with some kind of job, you thought our first meeting should be you drugging me? Not a real great way to gain my trust is it?”

“Mr Potter, I’d be happy to talk about it later but right now we are on the clock.”
“Convenient.” Harry huffed folding his arms across his chest.

“Nothing about my team’s current situation is convenient.” Coulson spat out suddenly his face contorting into a sneer. “A member of my team was kidnapped last week by Hydra and last night a friend of mine was taken by the same person.” Coulson said stiffly as he dropped the folder onto the table and flipped it open. “For what it’s worth I’m sorry that we were forced to take that precaution but I will do whatever it takes for my team. Even potentially pissing off a man who seems to have the ability to teleport and wipe people’s memories.”

Harry raised an eyebrow at the agent before him, completely shocked by his passionate tone. At first he had judged Coulson as being a company man but the way he seemed to care about his people struck a chord with him. While Harry would do anything for his friends too, he was certain he would find another solution other than drugging someone.

With a sigh, Harry grabbed the folder and spun it towards him; the first few pieces of paper looked to be some kind of profile, complete with pictures. Upon taking a closer look at the first profile he gazed into the eyes of a handsome man with short brown hair and a heart-warming grin.

“His name is Leo Fitz and is one of the brightest graduates from the SHIELD academy. He was kidnapped while on a three day leave to visit his sister.” Coulson explained. “He’s been a part of my team for a while now.”

“Do you know who took him?” Harry asked as he viewed Fitz’s extremely impressive resume. Harry might have been away from the muggle world for over seven years but he knew anyone with multiple degrees and doctorates was gifted.

“Unfortunately in our business you can’t trust everyone. Over a year ago one of our team was revealed to be an undercover Hydra agent and at one point attempted to assassinate Fitz and another agent. It was this individual who took Fitz; we even have the abduction on camera. Now knowing the history between the two of them, you can understand why I am so eager to get back to finding him.”

Harry just nodded slowly in reply, using the action to buy some time as he thought of a wise response. “I may understand why you want to find him but I’m not sure what you want me to do. You want me to wipe someone’s memory or teleport you somewhere?”

While he knew perfectly well he could do a lot more than teleporting and memory spells, he didn’t want to alert SHIELD about who and what he was; especially when he didn’t have permission from the American Ministry of Magic to reveal the wizarding world.

“Hydra is a dangerous organisation with eyes almost everywhere. If I am going to save my friends I will need the element of surprise and seeing as you’ve only just come onto the scene I doubt they will know about you.” Coulson clarified his lips thin.

Even though it made relative sense to him, Harry wasn’t particularly happy with the idea that he was yet again the secret weapon for someone else’s fight. To distract himself from painful memories he flipped to the next profile in the folder and gasped. Staring back at him seemed to be an older version of Ginny Weasley; the woman had vibrant blue eyes and bright red hair tied in a short ponytail. As he previewed Ginny’s doppelganger’s profile, he was completely gobsmacked. He could tell from her picture that she wasn’t an agent but according to her file, she wasn’t a scientist or intellectual asset either.

“That’s Miss Pepper Potts. She’s a civilian who works with Iron Man.” Coulson informed Harry as he watched him fixate on the woman’s profile.
Harry tore his eyes away from the folder to look at Coulson with a grimace. “Iron Man? I’m hoping that’s a code name or something.” Having lived at Hogwarts for many years, Harry had come across a lot of unique names; he was sure that if his parents decided to call him, Draconis, Severus or Orion he wouldn’t advertise it.

Coulson’s eyes grew wide. “Really? You don’t know who Iron Man is?”

“Is that an odd thing? Who is he?” Harry asked as innocently as possible. Judging from Coulson’s comical response, this Iron Man character was clearly famous in the muggle world.

“Your right in that Iron Man is a code name. His real name is Tony Stark. Stark is a billionaire playboy and owner of a massive tech company. He is a member of a team called the Avengers. They are called in to handle situations that other governmental bodies aren’t able to cope with…essentially he’s a superhero.”

Harry giggled unable to withhold it. “Superheroes?”

“Believe it or not Mr Potter but the Avengers have done plenty to be deemed worthy of that title. Just ask Stark himself, he’d tell you just how fantastic he is.” Coulson smirked weakly.

“Is Iron Man going to be involved in the rescue?”

Coulson’s brief positivity melted quickly away. “No. Fury, who is the director of SHIELD, feels that Mr Stark is too close and would only put Potts and Fitz in danger. SHIELD is attempting to keep Stark in the dark as much as possible while we complete the op.”

Harry didn’t like the idea of keeping this Iron Man in the dark about his friend just because they felt he might do something rash. But it wasn’t his business, the sooner he helped free the two victims, the sooner he could get back to enjoying his holidays before he headed home.

“Look as I said we don’t have a lot of time, either they will force information out of Fitz and Pepper or they may be killed. I need to know right now…are you in…or are you out?”

Harry took his eyes from Coulson’s desperate face back to Fitz’s friendly smile. Fitz is a scientist and even though he’d been working in the field with Coulson for a while, Harry strongly doubted that he could deal with being kidnapped by a rouge organisation. Let alone that the man who carried out the kidnapping had attempted to kill him in the past.

Then there was the woman who reminded him so strongly of his sister in all but blood. He knew that in his heart of hearts he couldn’t leave anybody trapped in the hands of their captors. Just the mere thought brought back horrid memories of Malfoy Manor and the torture they were forced to endure.

Harry set his jaw his decision made. “Fine. Although I have conditions that if you don’t follow or if you betray them or myself, you will regret it and you’ll never see me again.”

“What are the conditions?” Coulson asked quickly his eyes flashing in hope.

“First, you follow through and get SHIELD and any organisation off my back. I want to finish my holiday before heading home and I’d rather do it without you lot pointing guns at me. Also I am to be treated fairly and not chained, confined, drugged or any other means. And lastly and most importantly - do not lie to me. I need to know everything that will be happening, every step of the way.”

“Deal.” Coulson confirmed holding out his hand.
Harry smirked before shaking the agents hand; the fact that he cared enough for his team that he didn’t seem to even think about his conditions spoke volumes on his character. Yet again, the muggle before him proved that he was different than the government employees Harry had dealt with in the wizarding world.

“Come with me Mr Potter. We already have an approximate location of where they are located so all that’s left to do is bring you up to speed.” Coulson smiled standing up and moving to the exit.

// Leo Fitz\n
In the last year alone, Leo Fitz has been in several dangerous situations that he never thought possible; he had been shot at, corrupted by alien technology, poisoned and even helped fight Asgardian gods. While the thought of getting out in the field had been slightly tempting, he wished that he and Simmons had never agreed to it. Currently Fitz was sitting at a long wooden table that was covered in spare parts, large chunks of metal and an assortment of tools; knowing the table wouldn’t be able to support so much weight for long, Fitz had to mount several supports. After all he was extremely confident that if the table collapsed, his slime of a captor would blame him. Fitz felt his blood begin to boil at the mere thought of Ward and his continuous betrayal.

Flashback

Fitz was excited at finally getting some time off to visit his family. His older sister had been so worried about his dangerous job and the fact that he had to keep so many secrets from her only added to her fretting. The only down side, he felt of leaving SHIELD for any particular time was that Simmons would have to stay with Coulson. Since being activated for field work, they had almost always been together. Fitz even felt at times that he was the two of them against the world; Skye and Coulson were fairly easy to get along with but their friendship was nothing compared to what he felt with Simmons. Just before he left, Fitz told Simmons about his thoughts on the team and how much he’d miss her. She smiled warmly before responding.

“Hmm…I’d have to agree with you. We are definitely closer to Coulson and Skye then May or any other SHIELD agents. Perhaps while you’re with your sister, I’ll make more of an effort to bond with Skye.” At seeing his disappointed face she continued, her smile grew larger. “Don’t worry; we’ll always have each other.”

With a sigh, the SHIELD scientist threw his suitcase into the back of the borrowed SHIELD Mazda and jumped into the front seat ready for the extremely long drive ahead of him.

After driving for hours, Fitz had finally left New York and was almost half way to his sister’s home. Fitz’s eyelids began to grow heavy as the long drive began to catch up with him; driving was something that he wasn’t used to, considering he lived and spent most of his time on a plane with the team. Even though he knew his limitations he was certain that he could easily make his destination without stopping. Fitz rolled down his window and almost immediately felt better as the fresh air whipped around his face.

Suddenly an enormous explosion tore up the road in front of his car causing Fitz to slam on the breaks and swing the wheel. Once the car had come to an abrupt halt, he shakenly opened his door and got out. And there, barely one hundred feet in front of him was a large crater that Fitz was certain could easily house a bulldozer.
With all his experiences in the field with Coulson, Fitz had learnt the hard way that it was never wise to rush into a situation merely because he wanted information. Unfortunately his curiosity was already out of control. Slowly Fitz edged forward so that he could survey the area better; judging from the blast and the massive hole that had once been a neglected back road, he was certain that some kind of laser weapon had been used but he couldn’t see anyone or thing around him. He was completely alone.

As he stood on the edge of the blast radius, Fitz knelt down and ran his fingers through the earth. After a minute of close inspection, he began to stand up as he was unable to see anything wrong or suspicious with the upturned earth. The dirt hadn’t been exposed to any outside chemical or radioactive material that might be used in a bomb and yet he had witnessed the event with his own eyes.

“Hello Leo.”

Fitz froze. He didn’t need to turn around to know who was standing behind him.

“Aww come on Leo. Surely you can at least face me, it’s rather poor manners to ignore a former partner…don’t you think?” The cocky voice continued.

Slowly Fitz turned around to gaze at Ward standing casually next to his car. It was in that one moment that his worst fear came to life, dressed in matching black trousers and t-shirt. He had never really recovered mentally after Ward tried to drown him; he was plagued by horrific nightmares about drowning in the bottom of the sea and even Ward returning to finish the job.

“You are way too predictable Leo.” Ward teased his mouth transforming into a cruel smile. “One small unknown event and you leave your car to investigate…completely venerable.”

Fitz bite his tongue as he gathered as much strength as he could. As Ward insulted his lapse in judgement, his instincts were telling him to run as fast as possible but his legs wouldn’t budge. Fitz resigned himself to the situation; if he wasn’t able to flee then he sure as hell wouldn’t say anything in case it riled by the psychotic Hydra agent.

“Maybe you’ll learn one day…maybe.” Ward sighed as he pulled a small silver gun out of his pocket and pointed it at Fitz causing the scientist to let out a gasp and his pupil’s to dilate. “Oh, do you know what this is Leo?”

Again Fitz bite down harder, hoping that Ward would stop talking soon; if he didn’t, Fitz worried that he’d end up with half a tongue. Of course he knew the gun; he’d bloody invented it with Simmons.

“If I remember correctly you called your first prototype the night-night gun. Well I’m happy to say that this isn’t that gun.” Ward supplied as he looked down at the gun with slight awe. “Your version was rather weak and…well…short sighted but thanks to one of my guys we’ve made some changes. Want to be the first to feel the changes?”

End Flashback.

Chapter End Notes
Okay so the final voting scores are:

Tony/Harry - 32 votes
Thor/Harry - 23 votes
Steve/Harry - 17 votes
Clint/Harry - 14 votes

I was thinking of doing a small one chapter story about one of the other pairings but it wont be for a while. I want to put my energy into finishing this one first before I worry about extra stories. But its something to keep your eye out for I guess :)}
Simmons and Iron Man

Chapter Summary

In preparing for SHIELD's rescue mission Harry meets the rest of Coulson's team. While Harry gets ready to help save Pepper and Fitz, Tony learns what happened to Pepper.

Chapter Notes

Hey,
Sorry about the wait, I was having some trouble writing this chapter and considering the next one will be more action packed, I should be able to finish it faster than this one. This chapter is just to introduce Tony and Simmons to the story as well as lead up to the actual rescue. Let me know what you think :)

DISCLAIMER: Harry Potter and Avengers are owned by J.K.Rowling and Marvel. I'm only connected to this fanfiction. In no way do I receive any benefits, financial or otherwise for this story. All credit goes to the owners - Rowling and Marvel. Writing this is simply for fun.

//Harry Potter\n
As Harry followed Coulson out of the small room, he was only just able to refrain from gasping as he looked around. Despite not knowing exactly where he was, he was pleasantly surprised at the warmth around him compared to his little cell. It appeared as though he had just walked into somebody’s lounge room rather than the impersonal coldness he expected from the government agency; four white high-backed chairs and an inviting couch sat in the middle of the room along with a small dark brown table all of which was surrounded by a soft brown mahogany panelling that covered most of the walls. It wasn’t until he looked out a nearby window that he failed keeping his surprise a secret. But as he inhaled he realised that even some muggles would be surprised to see clouds fly by a window, especially if they fell into the trap of thinking they were in a building.

“Welcome to the BUS Mr Potter. This is where my team lives, rests and strategizes…” Coulson explained noting where Harry’s attention was focused. “…and yes it also serves as our main form of transport.”

“Err…have to say it wasn’t what I was expecting…” Harry admitted as he took in every inch of detail around him. As they walked further into the room, he noted there was a massive silver emblem on the back wall, shining brightly as the nearby synthetic light hit its polished surface. If he had to
guess, it kind of looked a bit like a bird.

Unlike most of the magical community Harry had spent time in both worlds and each time he crossed another piece of muggle technology, his appreciation for them grew; how they managed to improve their lives without magic was impressive. Wizards in general still assume that muggles are lesser in almost every way, depending who you ask, but this ‘BUS’ is just one example of how wrong they are. It is clear that even after the war the wizarding world still had further to go in their acceptance of muggles.

To survive without magic for so long, takes skills that he was sure couldn’t be said for a large percentage of today’s wizards and witches. For some, being without their wands makes them completely vulnerable and useless. While on the run during Voldemort’s second rise to power, Harry had the pleasure of watching Ron attempt to light a campfire the muggle way. The fumbling effort from his best friend had been so funny that it had been the one time he could remember truly smiling that year.

Coulson cleared his throat loudly effectively bringing Harry’s attention swinging back around to him. “I’ll remind you again that time isn’t on our side, so a tour will have to wait until we get our people back safely. I’ll quickly introduce my main team so you’ll know who you are working with.” Coulson said stiffly before moving over to a small room with glass walls in the middle the plane.

Standing in the room were two people, yet he was only happy to see one of the duo. Skye was bent over a large table in the centre of the room that splashed artificial light across her face. It was only until he got closer that he was able to deduce that she was working on some kind of computer.

He couldn’t help but smile at seeing Skye alive; even though he trusted the hospital and SHIELD to look after his new friend, it was nice to see her without all the blood and a hole in her stomach. Harry was about to wave in her direction until he realised that Skye was too far gone in whatever she was doing and hadn’t even seen him walk in. Unfortunately the second woman had noticed him.

The other individual was the emotionless Agent May who was standing next to a wall with a large screen attached; the screen showed a large map complete with multiple coloured lines and flashing lights. As soon as Harry had entered, May’s stare quickly evolved into such a heated glare, he assumed her goal had been to melt him into a puddle. Harry internally scoffed at her dirty look, while he could admit it was unpleasant it was hardly scary. For he knew that it was an attempt to unsettle him and let him know that she wasn’t going to let him get away with anything but he had received worse all his life; his Uncle, Snape, Malfoy, Deatheaters and of course, Voldemort himself. Without the look of unhinged evil to go along with her stare, it was more annoying than scary.

“Guys, this is Mr Harry Potter and he will be assisting us with this rescue mission. He has a few… abilities that should make this a smoother operation and get our people back.” Coulson said formally introducing his team to Harry. At Coulson’s words Skye looked up and gasped.

“You?”

Harry smirked. “Me.”

“I… I thought I dreamt you. The hospital had me on a few pills and my memory from waking up was a little foggy but I had been so sure…” She said drifting off with a distant look in her eyes.

Harry knew the real reason she was having trouble remembering anything but decided to let it slide. If the police hadn’t tried to break into his loft while he was performing the memory charm on Skye, she wouldn’t remember anything at all. It worked out far better for him if she continued thinking her memory gap was because of the doctors. “Didn’t Coulson or May tell you I was here? They would
have had me…with them…around the time they got you.”

Harry deliberately ensured that sarcasm laced his words hoping that Coulson would pick up that he was still upset about being drugged. Yet the only face change in the room was a smug smile from May.

Skye smiled sheepishly. “No, well…they did say that someone was in interrogation and I was to stay away…but that was it. I got a little distracted searching for Ward.”

Coulson sighed as he reviewed the map on the screen. “Enough Skye. Fill us in on where we are on tracking Fitz.”

“Err…right sorry. Well I’ve managed to track Fitz’s signal to a group of old abandoned warehouses that according to your files, had been a SHIELD safe house a few years ago.” Skye said as her fingers returned to dancing across the electronic screen in front of her. “It was mainly used for storage until it was compromised.”

Harry watched as the screen before the group shifted until it showed a large iron warehouse; he had seen similar looking buildings when he lived with the Dursley’s, the only real difference between them was that this building was covered in rust and it looked like the windows that ran across the top were shattered and broken.

“How was it compromised?” May interrupted her eyes never leaving Harry. Her penetrating stare was starting to go further than annoy him, it was the same feeling he had when the press or his persistent fan club followed him. It reminded him painfully of how it was to walk down Diagon Alley, with everyone’s eyes and expectations fixed firmly upon him.

Skye shrugged. “No idea, the only information about it I was able to dig up was that it’s abandoned. But that isn’t all. Thanks to a Stark satellite I…umm…borrowed, I’ve got several readings from the site so I know that we have got about seven unknowns inside.”

“One could be Ward.” May muttered finally removing her brown eyes from Harry to focus on the screen. Harry had come across people like May before, if this Ward person was the betrayer Coulson mentioned he was certain that May wouldn’t ever let it go.

“We don’t know that and even if he’s there, Ward is not the primary mission. Fitz and Miss Potts are the first priority.” Coulson ordered.

Harry just nodded, after all the two innocents involved are the main reason he was going along with this anyway. Even after what happened to Voldemort Harry never truly considered himself a murderer, and while he isn’t responsible for their deaths directly, if those two muggles died when he could have helped he knew he’d find it tough getting over it.

“And if he gets in the way?” May growled out.

“If the opportunity comes up where you can take Ward out without risking any allies on our side…do it. I don’t want that bastard doing this again.”

The venom in Coulson’s voice was extremely clear, which from their earlier conversation was not surprising, but how pale Skye got certainly was.

“So what exactly is Potter going to be doing exactly? Distraction?”

Harry frowned at the moody agent. He didn’t doubt that May’s idea of a distraction was pushing him out in front of a firefight.
“We’ll speak about it later.” Coulson said before turning to Skye. “I need to get Potter here ready for the mission - where is Simmons?” Coulson asked turning to face the distressed Skye except he got no response. Skye stood motionless in front of her screen, staring blankly at it.

“Skye!” Coulson barked causing Skye to jump like a skittish cat. “You need to get it together; I refuse to lose anyone else to Ward so everyone better be on their game.”

“Sorry.” Skye whispered. “I think she’s downstairs tinkering.”

“Good, I’ll show Mr Potter down and in the mean time I want you to get the co-ordinates of that warehouse to May and survey the area via whatever number of satellites you need. I don’t want any surprises with this.”

Again Skye didn’t verbally respond to Coulson, the only movement was her fingers dancing quickly over her computer. Obviously not needing a response, Coulson swung around and stalked away. Guessing he was meant to follow, he gave a final look at Skye who was staring determinedly at her computer before following the senior agent’s footsteps.

Harry followed Agent Coulson down a narrow corridor before they descended a spiral staircase to what appeared to be a garage.

“She’s here?” Harry inquired staring at the beautiful red car in front of him. From what he knew about ‘doctors’ in the muggle world, he didn’t think that mechanics could become one. Yet he supposed that when Skye said she was tinkering, perhaps she enjoys it as a hobby.

He had never fully understood what muggles liked about cars so much. The handful of times that he’d been unfortunate enough to be in one, he always seemed to get motion sickness. Harry could still remember the way Hermione laughed when he shared this information with her during their third year; his best friend seemed to see the humour in the fact that while he could soar through the air on his broomstick while pulling off risking dives, he had trouble sitting in a car moving in a straight line.

“Yes but not in Lola, this is our hanger. Simmons is behind you.”

Harry turned around just in time to see Coulson stride forward as an automatic door granted him access to what Harry deduced to be the team’s lab. Choosing to try and ignore the embarrassment he felt at missing the scientific laboratory before him, Harry shuffled forward into the room. The laboratory resembled his old muggle science classroom long before Hogwarts, except he was certain that the gadgets and toys in here were a lot more expensive and advanced.

“Ahem…You ready Mr Potter?” Coulson’s voice called out as Harry was admiring a large and bulky looking gun. He wasn’t entirely sure what kind of gun it was but he didn’t need to know much to understand it was impressive and intimidating. Registering the tightness in Coulson’s voice, Harry tore his eyes away from the weapon to stare at the last member of Coulson’s team – Simmons.

The woman had matted brown hair which she had managed to pull back out of her thin face. She was wearing a large white coat over a pair of jeans and a ruby sweater. It was clear that under normal circumstances Simmons would be a very beautiful woman but she was clearly run down; she had large bags under her hazel eyes that contrasted terribly with her pale complexion.

“Mr Potter this is Dr Jemma Simmons, Simmons we need to get Mr Potter suited up for the rescue mission.” Coulson said. “I’ve got some further details to smooth over with May in my office so I’ll let you finish down here and remember Simmons – ten minutes tops.”

“He’ll be ready sir.” She said giving Coulson a weak smile as Harry reached out an arm to formally
shake the doctor’s hand. It wasn’t until he got closer that he noticed the red swimming around in the whites of her eyes that he knew that she had been crying recently.

With her word that Harry would be ready on time, Coulson headed back upstairs to prepare for the mission. With his departure from the room a tense silence settled over them. Harry wasn’t sure what to say exactly to the clearly upset doctor; Harry had read in the file Coulson had given him about Fitz that both he and Simmons had worked closely together for years. As though sensing the uneasy atmosphere, Simmons decided to end their awkward moment.

“So…umm…Coulson tells me that you’re a teleporter…” Simmons started her British accent giving Harry a twinge of homesickness.

“Err…yeah. I spose you could say that.”

Despite Simmons giving a nod before dashing around the room picking random items from the benches nearby, Harry felt like an idiot at his response. Not only was it a weak reply but it hinted that being a teleporter wasn’t the complete truth.

“Okay so what kind of weaponry do you prefer?” Simmons asked plainly as though she was inquiring into something as mundane as his favourite color.

Harry’s mind was going into overdrive. He had to be careful in answering Simmons so he wouldn’t give too much away, after all she does work for SHIELD and obviously very bright. He had already put his foot in it and couldn’t risk another mistake.

“I’m fine although I’ve noticed that my bag wasn’t with me in my little jail cell. Do you happen to know where it is?”

“Your bag?” Simmons asked, her hazel eyes quickly darting to the left.

Harry snorted at Simmons’s attempt to lie, clearly SHIELD only taught their agents to deceive.

“Yes my bag. I’ll remind you that I’m here to help save your friends and if you actually want me to be beneficial, you’ll fetch my things…now.” Harry kept his voice level hoping to both intimidate and not upset the doctor too much; he needed her to get his things if he was going to be any use but clearly she didn’t need someone yelling at her.

“I-I’m sorry but Coulson had me test your bag and everything you had on your person.” Simmons stuttered nervously before slowly shuffling backwards. “But I can get them for you now.”

Without waiting for Harry’s response Simmons turned around and headed to a large metallic trunk at the back of the room. She carefully lifted the lid before removing Harry’s wand and bag from its depths. As she slowly made her way back over to him, Harry detected a white tag hanging from his belongings.

“Here you are.” She said handing over his prized possessions. As he took his bag and wand in hand, he lifted the pristine white tag that was tied around the arm of his bag.

“What does 0-8-4 mean?” Harry asked cocking an eyebrow.

“Oh sorry!” Simmons said leaning over to gently untie the offending item. “It’s just a…SHIELD…thing. Please don’t worry about it. Although I do have a question for you, if you don’t mind.”

Harry smiled at the scientist. Her natural curiosity reminded him painfully of Hermione; while the pair didn’t look much alike, Harry chalked it up to a combination of brains and her British accent.
“Go ahead Dr Simmons however I won’t promise to answer your questions.” Harry kindly warned as he tucked his wand into his back pocket and placed his bag on the table next to him.

“What is your bag made out of? Even though I couldn’t open the bag nor could I properly test its composition, I’ve determined that it’s not made from anything I’ve ever seen before.”

He was internally thrilled that the SHIELD scientist had trouble with his bag considering that it was made from dragon hide and held not only his favourite possessions but also many items that would break the international statute of secrecy for her to simply look at.

Harry’s smile morphed into a cheeky smirk. “Really that’s weird…it’s just made from animal hide.”

Simmons frowned hearing that it was only made from common material but Harry knew his answer wouldn’t hold her for long.

“But to answer your question I won’t need any…umm…weaponry for this. I prefer other methods.” Harry continued hoping to distract Simmons.

“What? Oh right…I understand. I’m not personally a fan of them either but I guess they serve a purpose. However while you not needing a gun is fine I think you might want to try wearing, something more appropriate.”

Harry glanced down at his jeans and green polo in confusion. Aside from the fact that he had been wearing these clothes for a while now and desperately needed a shower he failed to see why his wardrobe was important.

“What’s wrong with my clothes?”

“I was thinking that black would be better as you’re meant to be subtle and I think that your clothes need cleaning.” She stated pointing to the dried blood on his shirt.

Harry blushed as he remembered that he hadn’t really gotten a chance to change or clean up since he found Skye.

“Alright maybe something in black would be alright.” Harry relented.

Simmons gave him a knowing smile before turning around and heading back towards where she had procured his bag and wand. Harry attempted to suppress a chuckle as he watched the SHIELD scientist begin to rummage through boxes for the second time since his arrival; in her desire to find something for Harry to wear Simmons had started to throw unwanted items over her shoulder onto the floor, before moving onto the next box that lined the walls. He had always thought of brilliant people as being organised and methodical as their impressive minds, it was oddly funny to watch Simmons dash that stereotype to pieces.

Seeing a window, Harry decided to take advantage of his current situation of being alone with the kind woman. Since he had been privy to the meeting upstairs there was a question that was grinding on his nerves.

“Dr Simmons since you asked me a question, I don’t suppose you’ll let me ask one of you?”

“I believe that to be a fair exchange Mr Potter. While we are at it since you are working with us, at least for the time being, please call me Simmons.” The brown haired doctor said warmly as she violently threw a gun belt over her shoulder.

“Only if you’ll call me Harry.” He responded wincing slightly as a discarded metal belt, smashed
into the legs of the table behind her. “I was just wondering why Skye is only tracking Dr Fitz. Wouldn’t it be better to track Miss Potts as well?”

At his question Simmons stopped moving through her third box before standing up and facing him directly. “The simple answer is we can’t track Pepper but we can Fitz.”

“But I thought that you could track mobile phones?” Harry inquired his mind flashing back to an early discussion with Hermione.

“Yes we can track the GPS location of any cell but when Fitz was taken they had left everything we would normally track – mobile and laptop in his car. As for Pepper, she only had her purse and cell with her when she was kidnapped and we found both on the floor outside her apartment.” Simmons explained as she folded her thin arms across her chest.

Harry frowned at Simmons’s words. “But you said that you could track Dr Fitz, right?”

“Unfortunately a little while ago we were all on a mission that went…badly.” Simmons said her voice weakening as her hazel eyes darkened. “After we all eventually made it back in relatively one piece, Fitz decided that he couldn’t be in a similar situation ever again. So I placed a tracker in him that has bonded organically with his system, making it impossible for Ward and Hydra to find.”

Saying that he was dumbfounded wouldn’t be giving his reaction justice. With only a very basic muggle primary school education, it was hard for Harry to understand unless he likened Simmons’s scientific reactions to a powerful tracking spell; while all magic is traceable to a certain extent some wizard and witches were skilled enough to not only hide their magical signature but also mask the effect of their spells. It had taken him five months to realise that Fred and George had placed a tracking charm on him during the Triwizard Tournament.

“Now that we are even Harry, I think we should finish getting you ready. The last thing we want is you to be late for the mission.” Simmons said turning back around to finish her job.

//Coulson\ 

After leaving the two British natives alone in the lab, Coulson made his way up to his office. Now that he had Potter on board, Coulson needed too smooth things over with Fury before they arrived at their mission location. Coulson slide into his leather seat and picked up his cell phone before dialling Fury’s secure line.

“Coulson. You had better have a great reason why you tipped off an enemy agent that we were coming for him.” Fury barked through the phone as a greeting. As his superior continued to shout through the phone at him, Coulson let his eyes wounder around his office taking in his strategically placed collectables; no matter how stressed or lost he got from his work, somehow being around his signed Babe Ruth baseball, his Captain America trading cards or even varying pieces of old spy-tech he had personally restored, always seemed to calm his nerves.

As the dull roar died away in his left ear, Coulson switched the phone to his right as to give his throbbing ear a break. “Sir as you know Ward has taken two captives both of whom I consider friends. I need to make sure that when we rescue them, I have enough resources and personnel to ensure all of our people make it out alive. Potter is an unknown and therefore something that Ward
and Hydra can’t prepare for.”

“Coulson you’ve taken a big risk going against my orders and trusting Potter. For your sake it had better not blow up in your face. What is your plan with Potter?” Coulson could hear the older man sigh heavily.

“Currently all we’ve confirmed about Mr Potter is that he somehow has the capability to teleport and alter memory however I suspect he either has medical training or healing powers as well. With that in mind I was considering sending him in first to scout around and teleport Fitz and Ms Potts away while we offer a distraction to the guards.”

“What if he gets caught? Will you be arming him?”

“He is currently with Simmons getting geared for the mission but if he is caught scouting, he could probably use his memory ability to make them forget they saw him. If he can’t then as I said we’ll be there as backup.”

Fury groaned obviously unpleased with Coulson’s plan. He couldn’t blame the director for worrying as the entire thing is based around faulty intelligence; without knowing the skills of your own agents, it makes planning a mission virtually impossible.

“Was Simmons even able to analyse any of Potter’s belongings?”

“No sir. His bag was impenetrable and comprised of a material that she hadn’t come across. As for the stick she is at a complete loss to explain it.”

“Seems to be a growing trend between Potter and our scientists.” Fury growled. “Keep me up to date with the mission Coulson - I want to know everything as it happens. Also Barton and Romanoff are prepped and ready to go. Send the mission details to them immediately.”

“Yes of course sir.”

//Tony Stark - Avengers Tower\

Tony was sitting behind his workstation, surrounded by a sea of strewn blueprints and scraps of paper as he drummed his fingers against his desk. He had been working for two days straight on a new design for his suit and the only evidence of progress was the mass of rejected plans around him.

“Shall I get Dum-E to start sweeping up sir?” Jarvis asked as his British accent flew out of the numerous speakers on his personal floors at the tower.

He groaned. “Why bother Jarvis…have you managed to get hold of Pepper yet?”

He had been trying to get hold of Pepper for the past three hours without any luck. At first he considered she was just ignoring him in retaliation because of what he did a few nights ago. Admittedly it was only when he looked back that he realised it might have been a mistake to take apart her new Aston Martin without asking. Although in his defence he was curious about their new design and taking apart the car by hand was a lot more fun than pulling up its blueprints.
“I’m sure sir but I have been unable to get hold of Miss Potts. Her home phone just rings out whilst her cell seems to be entirely unresponsive.”

‘Unresponsive…’ Tony thought to himself. For her birthday last week, he had personally created a Stark Phone prototype made from incredibly durable materials as Pepper could be a bit of a klutz at times. Not only that but the phone never required charging as it worked off a microscopic version of his arc reactor. It was virtually impossible for her phone to be unresponsive.

“Jarvis, I want you to pull up the GPS coordinates for Pepper’s cell.” Tony called out to his electronic butler as he pushed away from his desk and moved over to the middle of his garage. The billionaire superhero impatiently stood in front of his new Mercedes and ran his hands across his face, enjoying the feel of his five o’clock shadow against his skin. The habitual act regrettably did nothing to quell the concern that had settled in over his heart. He didn’t care what it looked like, he knew something was amiss.

“GPS coordinates for Miss Potts’ cell are unavailable sir.” Jarvis answered. “Shall I inform the police?”

“Damn it. Okay pull up all surveillance material you have of Pepper from the moment she left her offices and transfer them to the holo.” Stark barked as horrible scenario’s flashed before his eyes.

“Yes sir.”

Instantly the lights around the garage dimmed as four large green screens appeared floating before Tony; with less than a glance he could tell that they were the camera feeds from Stark Enterprises, Pepper’s home, Pepper’s garage and her favourite Chinese takeaway. Tony could see Pepper on each screen and in all of them she seemed fine.

“Where was she first?”

“Stark Enterprises sir. According to her diary, her last meeting was with a Mr George White from the finance department.” Jarvis replied.

Tony watched as Pepper walked into her office and quickly picking her purse up from behind her desk before turning the lights off and hurrying out.

“Speed it up a bit Jarvis, what did she do next?”

The screens quickly blurred as Jarvis followed Tony’s order, causing the nervous Iron Man to dart his eyes from one screen to the other. It hadn’t taken him long to realise that becoming the ‘man in the suit’ had placed his friends in mortal danger; this wouldn’t be the first time that Pepper was threatened or injured because of who he decided to become.

Tony watched as Pepper drove home and parked in her space before getting out of her car, when suddenly the camera feed went black.

“What happened with the garage feedback Jarvis?” Tony barked as he grabbed the floating holographic screen and began to shake it.

“The camera was destroyed sir. What you’ve just seen was the last thing it recorded before it went permanently offline.”

Tony gritted his teeth together in frustration. He had promised Pepper that this would never happen again and barely a month had passed when she was attacked again.
“Is there any movement in her apartment after the camera goes down?”

After a few moments of silence ringing through the air, Tony looked out of the corner of his eye as though trying to glare at the disembodied form of his servant.

“Jarvis?”

“Yes sir?”

“What did you find?”

“It seems there was a person in Miss Potts’ home three hours and twenty four minutes after she disappeared from the camera feed sir.”

Tony frowned. “Show me…”

As though responding personally to his demand, the last screen flickered alive and quickly fast forward. Eventually the tape began to slow down until he froze on an irritating figure that Tony had seen before. Despite his constant electronic tabs on SHIELD headquarters, he had no knowledge if the agent was alive or dead. Yet there was no mistaking the broad shoulders, the thin hair line or the smug attitude of the man before him.

“Agent is alive.” Tony muttered. The last time he had seen Agent was when he was dying from Loki’s hands, now it appeared as though he had been cured somehow.

“Also sir, a SHIELD agent has just attempted to hack into your personal satellite.”

“Right…” Tony said slowly as he worked on a plan to kill two birds with one stone.
After hanging up from his conversation with Agent Coulson, Fury leaned back in his chair contemplating Coulson’s words. It was times like this that Fury considered giving up the position of Director for a more normal life, one that was based on solitude rather than imminent death. Yet there were only two agents he felt could take over from him, both of whom weren’t ready yet.

“Sir?”

Fury looked up from his desk to see Agent Hill standing at his door.

“Yes Hill? Do you have something more to report?” Fury barked slightly embarrassed he hadn’t even heard his door open.

“Sir, Agents Barton and Romanoff have arrived.”

“About bloody time.” Fury grunted as he pushed up from his desk. “Have they been read in on our current situation?”

“Yes sir they were sent all pertinent files via a specialized encrypted server which have now been hard erased. They are waiting for you in the second meeting room upstairs.”

“Excellent. Prepare their transportation, we are behind Coulson’s team and we need to catch up.”

“The Quinjet is fueled and the engineers are currently giving it a once over, ETA is about twenty-five minutes.”

After giving his second in command an approving nod, Fury swept out of his office with his black trench coat swinging around his legs. It was clear to Fury that Coulson would do anything for his
team but trusting a man like Potter could be disastrous. Other than the fact he can wrap memory, teleport and disarm armed man with a stick - they had no real information on him other than his name and home country. After the horror of what Loki unleashed upon New York it was hardly enough to put his mind at ease.

Finally reaching his destination, Fury pushed open the glass door to see both of his expert agents sitting at the room’s only table. At his arrival both quickly sprung to their feet with their arms behind their backs, yet it was their movements he caught before that spoke volumes; Barton was sitting rigid in his seat, drumming his hands across the desk’s polished surface while Romanoff was playing with the blade of her switch knife. They normally held their emotions in to protect themselves so Fury knew something had happened but he would deal with it later.

Barton was wearing a black leather sleeveless jacket over a pristine white shirt and dark pants. While there was nothing different about Barton’s attire there was one signature thing that always seemed to grind on Fury’s last nerve.

“At ease, we have much to discuss.” Fury ordered pointing at the chairs near them as he took a seat himself. “And feel free to ditch the sunglasses Barton.”

Barton hesitated before removing the dark blue sunglasses from his face. Rather than see a reaction from the archer it was Romanoff who suddenly smirked at his request. Fury knew why Barton loved to wear sunglasses but his insistence to wear them inside all the time wasn’t only useless but annoying. He had always preferred being able to look straight into someone’s eyes when they spoke; he had more trouble reading their intentions otherwise.

“So why didn’t you inform us of Coulson’s situation?” Barton said carefully placing his glasses into his jacket pocket as though he was afraid they would suddenly shatter.

Fury’s one good eye twitched in irritation. It appeared as though he wouldn’t have to concern himself about finding out what was wrong with his team. Since the Battle of New York, Fury had been incredibly careful at hiding Coulson’s tracks from the world, especially any of the Avengers. However thanks to Potter his hand had been forced. However he had hoped that his two best agents would have been more focused on the possible threat rather than Coulson.

“Enough Agent Barton! We have more pressing matters than Coulson’s situation.” Fury snapped his head whipping around to glare at Barton.

Romanoff sighed. “Very well sir however I would like to request a meeting with you after this mission is finalized.”

Realizing it was the best response other than a ‘Yes Sir’, Fury nodded at the red-headed agent. The woman otherwise known as Black Widow was wearing skin-tight leather pants, leather jacket and a blood red shirt underneath. Even though the female agent had a gun strapped to her thigh, Fury fully understood that she wouldn’t need it. She was absolutely lethal and other than loyalty, it was something he encouraged from his agents. The similar choice of outfits from the two agents of tight leather seemed to cement their look as a team, along with the light blue SHIELD symbol on their jackets.

“Now Hill has informed me that you’ve been caught up with Coulson and his team’s current mission. Not to mention the sudden appearance of Potter, do you have any questions?”

“How do we know that this isn’t Loki? There are numerous similarities between Potter and Loki that aren’t sitting too well with me.”
Unsurprisingly the archer was correct in his assessment and all avenues that he had mentally been
down already. Many people saw Barton as a weapon or an agent only useful in the field but there
was more to him than that. Regardless of having an above average intelligence, Barton had worked
on missions that required a smart and nimble mind; one wrong call could mean certain death for you
and your allies. If you wanted to survive, you needed to think quick and strategically and there had
been many missions that had tested and proved those qualities in Barton.

“Like what Barton?” Fury said looking over to the suddenly more stoic agent.

“They’ve got the same hair and eye color almost as if they are father and son. Then there is the
power, we have seen first-hand that Loki can teleport and can alter somebodies mind. For all we
know this Potter could just be another of Loki’s illusions or some puppet controlled by him.”

Romanoff nodded in agreement crossing her arms with a thoughtful look. “Then there is Loki’s
staff, it seems to be very similar to Potter’s stick.”

Fury was impressed by his agents quick judgements, all of which he agreed with himself. While
Barton was able to make calculated and judgemental calls quickly it was nothing compared to his
partner. Agent Romanoff was easily one of the best spies SHIELD had regardless of the
troublesome start she had. Years ago the Russian-born woman appeared suddenly on SHIELD’s
radar and originally Barton was tasked eliminating the threat. If the blonde agent didn’t make a
different call that day, SHIELD and the Avengers would be weaker for it.

The only difference was that they hadn’t had a team working on those very questions. “As far as we
can currently tell Agent Romanoff, you are right. I’ve had an expert attempt to study the stick, but
they were only able to inform me that they have no knowledge of what it is or what it is made from.”

Noticing the frown on Barton and how pale he suddenly got talking about Loki’s weapon, Fury
decided to change the subject. “However while they do have physical similarities, we’ve seen that
the energy reading we got from Potter is different from Loki.”

It wasn’t that Fury doubted Agent Barton couldn’t emotionally separate the mission from what Loki
did to him. Aside from the work he had done with the Avengers, Barton had proven himself over
and over again to be a capable agent. Fury just didn’t see a point in making it harder for him.

“So what are our orders?” Natasha asked standing up slipping easily back into her earlier stance of
which her partner soon copied.

“You’ve been given Coulson’s mission and I want you to observe the team. Only step in if you feel
you must. Your first priority is Potter. If he poses a threat to our people or on a grander scale…take
him out.”

“Yes sir.” The two said forcefully.

Chapter End Notes

Did you like the teaser? Think it could end badly for anyone thanks to Fury’s orders?
Please give kudos and comments and let me know what you think.
Harry was grateful when Simmons showed him to the private bathroom at the back of her lab so he could get changed. She had managed to find him a completely new outfit comprised of a black hooded jacket, a pair of dark leather pants and even some boots. He slipped into the bathroom and placed his new clothes on the towel rack to get changed. While he was appreciative of the scientist
for giving him new clothes, Harry’s positive opinion of Simmons became slightly tarnished as he got dressed. Everything fit him perfectly except for the pants which seemed a couple of sizes smaller than he normally would wear.

Once he had finished getting changed, Harry looked at himself in the mirror and sighed. The temptation to put back on his own pants was great, however he knew that the SHIELD agents had a point earlier and would only hassle him about it. Resigned to his fate he sauntered out of the bathroom and back into the main part of the lab with his dirty clothes in his arms, to see Simmons leaning against a table waiting for him.

“You look great!” Simmons declared with a small smile as Harry stepped into her lab.

Harry stood uncomfortably before the scientist unsure how she had reached that conclusion; everything fit him well except for the pants which looked rather tight. For the first time since his holidays took a turn for the worst, Harry was glad that his friends weren’t by his side; he was certain that Ron and the twins in particular would have some embarrassing comments about his current getup.

“I’m not sure about that.” Harry muttered suppressing the blush that threatened to overcome him and light him up like a Christmas tree. “Are you positive you don’t have anything a bit bigger?” Despite knowing that they had taken longer than their allotted ten minutes Coulson gave them, Harry truly didn’t want to go into a fight wearing pants that left almost nothing to the imagination.

“Yeah I’m sorry but I’ve looked everywhere. We don’t keep a lot of different size clothes on the BUS; it’s just normally just what would fit the team. Those are the only male pants we have that are even close to fitting you, so unless you wanted to try a woman’s size you’ll just have to make do. As it was, I had to borrow the jacket from Fitz’s closet. Besides I wasn’t just being polite, you look really nice.”

Harry groaned. It made complete sense when she said it like that but there was no denying that he was deeply displeased with the current turn of events.

“Come on we should go up and meet with the rest of the team.” Simmons said as she swept out of her lab and back out into the hanger. Watching the scientist walk out of the room, gave Harry a sudden idea.

“I’ll be right behind you.” Harry called out causing Simmons to freeze and shoot a hesitant over at him.

Harry could understand the torn look on her face and the concern that shone in her hazel eyes; it wasn’t long ago that he was being hunted by SHIELD and to trust him to be alone in her lab was risky. Eventually she gave him a small nod before heading up the stairs and out of sight.

Now that he was finally alone, Harry needed to properly get ready for the mission. While Coulson’s team made a good excuse as to why he had to change out of his previous muggle attire, there was more that he could do to prepare himself for the mission; especially considering the unexpected limitations of his new ‘SHIELD approved clothing’. But it wasn’t just his gear that he needed to prepare but a decent plan as well.

With a last paranoid look around the room to make sure that no agents were lurking nearby, Harry set to work. He walked up to the messy table in the middle of the laboratory and gently made a space for his bag and wand. Knowing that he wouldn’t have long before May or Coulson came to look for him Harry set to work. He quickly unzipped his bag and threw his dirty clothes into its hidden depths before he started digging around for his wand holster.
He wasn’t sure what kind of plan and strategies muggle authorities would employ on a mission like this but he would need to have his wand just in case. Thanks to his tight pants he wasn’t able to keep his wand in his pocket anymore; which left him little choice but to use his holster. Thankfully Hermione had enchanted it for him with muggle repelling charms and notice-me-not spells so that only he would know he was wearing it. Finally Harry found the holster and strapped the dark grey leather on his left arm before securing his wand to it.

The holster had been an anniversary present from his mum to his dad many years ago. He only had come across it by chance when he went through the Potter vaults deep under Gringotts. While he had been reluctant to have Hermione enchant his father’s holster, he ended up changing his mind after getting some advice from Luna. That one piece of dragon hide leather was a now a connection to his loving parents he lost and the sister he found.

A smile spread across Harry’s face as he let his right hand roam across the rough leather of the holster remembering what it stood for. Somehow having it on his arm always gave him a burst of courage; it almost felt like he was invincible, as if he could do anything. He knew it wasn’t really true and that the only magic on it was Hermione’s secrecy spells but he didn’t care. Perhaps for what he was about to do, he’d need to feel a bit ‘invincible’.

As he was alone with his wand in arms reach, the desire for him to magically enlarge his pants a bit was intense. Unfortunately Simmons had already seen him in the almost skin-tight leather pants and he couldn’t risk attracting more attention. The muggles he was working with already knew too much about him as it was. Deciding that he had probably been gone too long and he was pushing his luck, Harry set off back upstairs where he knew Coulson and his team would be waiting for him.

Harry shuffled his feet along the ground as he scaled the spiral staircase out of the garage trying to gain some extra time to consider his opinions. So far they only really knew about the magic he used when he saved Skye which basically was memory charms, healing and apparition; none of which would be particularly useful in a gun fight. He supposed that it was possible to apparate continually away from enemies but that alone was hardly a solid plan and memory spells weren’t quick to cast unless he wanted to do irreversible damage his target.

During his training to prepare for the war with Dumbledore and the DA, Harry had become fairly adapt at wandless magic. Although while he could do it there were only a handful of spells that he had managed to master; only a couple of which were particularly offensive or defensive uses.

Finally coming to the middle of the plane, Harry saw Simmons standing outside of the glass room he was in earlier looking almost as uncomfortable as he was. Her entire attention was on the three agents inside; it appeared as though Coulson was having an argument with the furious looking May while Skye was at her computer avoiding eye contact.

“Simmons?”

Simmons jumped at her name and whirled around. “Oh…Harry there you are. Sorry I’m a little jittery at the moment.”

The pink that rose in her cheeks made Harry feel a bit bad about jolting the scientist, not that he did it on purpose. “What’s going on in there?” Harry asked nodding towards Coulson and May.

“Well when I left you downstairs I came up here to report to Coulson that you were mission ready. However May got upset and they went in there to discuss it.”

Harry frowned. While May didn’t seem to like him very much, it seemed odd that just because Simmons had followed Coulson’s orders of getting him prepared that she would get so angry.
“Really just that set her off?”

“Well…I told him that I got you new clothes and that you preferred no weapon which May didn’t seem to mind…however I did mention…that I returned your bag…and your…umm…stick.”

‘Bloody May. Surely she understands that if I’m going to be useful in saving Fitz and Potts, I would need my equipment. At least I suppose their argument makes sense.’ Harry thought to himself.

“Seems a bit irrational don’t you think?” Harry asked. “Like I said before, it would be hard to help if I didn’t have my gear.”

Simmons nodded solemnly. “I spose but don’t get offended Harry, she’s just trying to make sure that nothing happens to us again. We’ve been through a lot.”

Harry could relate to that. He and his friends had been through a great deal despite their youth and he was certain that it had changed their view on the world. Knowing that they could both use a change of topic from their dark thoughts, Harry cleared his throat.

“So…what are these pants made out of anyway?” Harry mumbled.

Simmons chuckled causing the tension in the air to lighten slightly. “It’s actually a reinforced leather alloy that Fitz and I designed. It is even durable enough to withstand the force from small explosions like a grenade without causing internal damage.”

Harry quirked an eyebrow at the brunette’s response. If this type of armour was meant to be so fantastic why wasn’t Skye, a member of her team, wearing it when she fell from that building and shot? Surely if it was as strong as Simmons was making it sound, Skye wouldn’t have had as much damage as she did.

Before he got the chance to delicately ask Simmons that very question, Agents Coulson and May stepped out of the briefing room. Unfortunately they left via the door on the far side which ensured that while the pair couldn’t see Simmons or himself, everyone could hear them.

“…he is just going to either slow us down or betray us. You haven’t seen him in a combat situation and yet you happy letting him go in. It would be smarter and safer for everyone if I went in to find Fitz and Potts alone.” May exclaimed. While the agent’s face and body language exuded a calm and controlled exterior, her tone of voice and the fire in her brown eyes screamed something different.

“There are too many risk factors in play May even for you.” Coulson said. “This is the best way and it involves Mr Potter. Now if you’re done, I need to see what is keeping Potter and Simmons.”

Without waiting for a reply, Coulson turned away from May only to see Harry and Simmons a few metres in front of him. Harry smirked seeing the surprise on Coulson’s face; normally he would have felt bad for them or tried to change the subject to help them save face but he hadn’t forgotten how Coulson and his team drugged him before putting him temporarily in chains.

“Everything alright there Agent Coulson?” Harry asked cheekily as he observed the tense looking Coulson and enjoyed the murderous glint in May’s eyes.

Coulson opened his mouth to reply but May had beat him too it.

“I’m going to find somewhere to park, in the meantime watch your back Potter.” May bite out before stomping away towards what Harry assumed to be the cockpit.

Silence filled the room as the easily combustible agent left in a huff.
“I…I’ll just…” Simmons spluttered out nervously before hastily retreating out of the room, leaving Harry and Coulson alone.

“Look Mr Potter I’m sorry that you had to hear that, since Ward betrayed us May has…” Coulson began to explain before Harry interrupted him.

“Harry.”

“What?”

“Basically I prefer Harry and you can’t really go calling me Mr Potter when we are in the middle of the mission.”

Coulson’s shoulders relaxed slightly. “True. Very well…Harry. But I still want to apologise for May, after being betrayed as we have, it becomes hard to trust outsiders particularly when we don’t know much about them.”

Ordinarily he was the first to sympathize with people being kept out of the loop after what Dumbledore had done however if the agent was trying to fish for information, he’d have to try a lot harder than that.

“While it’s not the best to work with someone so against me being here, I’m not here for her so I don’t care. I’ve dealt with many people with worse attitudes towards me than May and I’ve been fine. Besides the way I see it we’re both getting something out of this, I agreed to help save your engineer and friend because it is the right thing to do. In return you promised me safe passage out of the country when it’s time for me to go home.”

“Hmm…I see. Well while you were with Simmons downstairs we arrived outside the target so its time. Come inside so we can discuss your involvement in the plan with Skye.”

Harry followed Coulson into the glassed meeting room, where Skye gave him a warm smile which grew as she took in Harry’s new appearance.

“Looking better now aren’t you.” Skye teased.

Harry blushed as he glared down at his pants. “Apparently. So what is the plan you’ve all been working on?”

Coulson turned to Skye. “Can you bring up the warehouse?”

After giving a nod to her leader, Skye’s fingers immediately sprung to life moving with lightning speed across her table display. The moment her fingers stopped the screen on the wall in front of them had flickered to life showing the schematics of their target. The blueprint revealed a fairly simplistic design with the majority of the space taken up by the main room of the warehouse with four small rooms attached. The odd thing to Harry was the eight red flashing dots moving around the screen and the four stationary green ones.

“This is the blueprints for the warehouse on the wharf where I tracked Fitz’s location. Now to assist in the planning I’ve layered over the feed from the Stark satellite so we can see what the organic sensors picked up and where they are. Unfortunately about five minutes ago a couple of extras came from the south so instead of seven overall we’ve got twelve.” Skye explained.

Harry was impressed at what Skye had accomplished while he had changed. This would definitely make planning easier. “What is the difference between the red and green dots?” He asked noticing one of the red dots exit the building and stop outside what appeared to be the only door.
“The red lights denote Ward and his men while the greens are possibly Fitz and Pepper. It’s
obviously not exact however I based my guess on how stationary the ones I’ve labelled green are.
Since we’ve been watching, the green dots are the only people not to move an inch, so it seemed a
fairly good bet.”

“That’s right. Now the plan is for you to teleport inside and free Fitz and Pepper, bringing them back
to the safety of the BUS where Simmons will be waiting to treat them. Skye will be covering us from
one of the neighbouring boats as our sniper and May and I will go in as a distraction to keep them off
you.”

Harry inwardly sighed. There were several things wrong with Coulson’s plan, mainly the part where
he just ‘teleports’ inside and grabs them before ‘teleporting’ back. Apparating doesn’t work like that;
either he has to see where he’s going, apparate to an apparating point or he has been to have been in
the location before. He can’t just ‘teleport’ into a random room, that’s one of the ways people get
splinched or die.

“What do you think Harry?” Coulson asked folding his arms across his chest.

“No.” Harry simply replied as his mind began whirring hoping to find a response to Coulson’s next
obvious question before he asked it.

“It barely puts you in danger with May and I being the distraction and Skye in position as sniper. What is wrong with it?” He growled scowling at Harry.

Harry ignored the defensive and irritated tone from Coulson. He knew it wasn’t easy when the lives
of your friends were on the line. “My powers don’t work like that. I can’t teleport somewhere I’ve
never been before and seeing as I can’t see the room where we think they are being kept, your plan
won’t work. I need to be able to walk into those rooms if I’m going to be able to teleport them out
safely.” Harry said feeling stupid for using teleport instead of apparate.

Coulson’s peeved demeanour melted away, his face becoming blank as he bit his lower lip. Harry
could almost see the wheels churning behind his blue eyes.

“What about if we…” Coulson started until he was interrupted by the return of Agent May.

“We don’t have time to think of several different scenarios, the longer we wait the more we risk their
lives or being discovered.” She barked her hands on her hips.

Harry was a bit startled by May’s reappearance, as the agent had barely been gone barely five
minutes and yet she had already landed the plane without him even noticing their decent. Like
Coulson, Harry could see that the entire team was taking their friends kidnapping hard, including the
emotionally constipated Agent May. Regardless of whether he thought she made a good point, he
had learnt the hard way that rushing into dangerous situations can get people killed. In his fifth year
at Hogwarts he lost his godfather because he rushed in without thinking, he wouldn’t let that happen
again.

To him May seemed to be an experienced agent, therefore Harry expected her to know the
importance of planning. Deciding to ignore the aggressive agent by the door, Harry considered
another alternative.

“How about I go down and divert the guard away from the door while you two follow? Then you
two go in and distract anyone inside while I sneak in afterwards and teleport both Mr Fitz and Miss
Potts back here. The rest of your plan with Skye and Simmons still works fine.”
“You wanna take out the guard? I thought Simmons said that you don’t like to use weapons?” Skye gasped.

“I can take out one guard without hassle and since I can teleport I’ll be able to get rid of him faster without the risk of exposure.” Harry replied. He knew that his response to Skye wasn’t completely true especially considering he had never seen May or Coulson in a fight but his instincts were shouting that it was the best option for him.

After another three minutes of pointless debate, mainly between Coulson and May, the team was ready.

//Fitz\n
The first thing Fitz felt was cold, as though he was blanketed in ice or thrown into a blizzard without protection from the ferocious elements. It took the brilliant engineer a moment to realise that he was laying bound on his side against a freezing surface with cloth across his face. The last thing he could remember with any clarity was Ward appearing out of nowhere and using his own invention against him. Other than that the rest of his memory was fuzzy. It was almost like someone had completely erased a section of his memory, leaving only the sensation of something missing behind in its wake.

“Ah. It’s about time you woke up Fitz. I was beginning to think that I would have to start inflicting pain to get your attention.” A tenor voice called out. Even with his head throbbing and his teeth chattering of their own accord from the low temperature, Fitz was certain he knew that voice.

Fitz could hear slow and deliberate steps towards him before the cloth was ripped violently off his head. “Why don’t you open your eyes and see your new home.” The man sneered.

Though Fitz didn’t want to follow instructions from either his kidnapper or one of his goons, he felt weakened by his loss of sight. With an internal sigh, Fitz attempted to open his eyes finding it a slight struggle with how numb his entire body felt. Slowly his heavy eyelids complied and creaked open. The SHIELD scientist instinctively tried to lift his hands, hoping to shield himself from the barrage of whirling colours and images flashing before his eyes but they didn’t to respond.

“Aww…what’s wrong? Can’t the brilliant Fitz see properly?” The voice teased before cackling in enjoyment.

Ignoring the childish mocking, Fitz continued to try and focus on clearing his mind and senses; if he was going to survive and find a way out he would need them desperately. As his eyes began to sharpen, Fitz could make out a man with brown hair begin to pace back and forth across the empty room. He felt better knowing that the crazy man he was trapped with had moved away after removing his blindfold.

“Normally babysitting jobs aren’t my cup of tea, especially when they told me my victim had been out for days. You see…there’s not much fun for me when my captive isn’t conscious but once I was told who I would be keeping an eye on…I changed my mind. After all it’s not every day that I get to be involved in taking down the great Leopold Fitz. You know, you’d be surprised just how often you and Simmons were praised at the Academy. It was almost like you were superior to all but then of course you were the one to figure out my little problem.” The man spat with sarcasm and anger flaring up behind his words.
Fitz shivered. Somehow as the stranger ranted, the room seemed to get colder and it was in that moment when it clicked in Fitz’s mind.

“D-Donnie?” Fitz stuttered weakly, causing as a small puff of icy air to waft from his lips.

“Finally!” Donnie declared happily as he started to creep towards Fitz’s prone form on the ground like a predator to its prey. “I was worried that you had brain damage from when Ward used you for target practice. Now that you know who I am we can get started, after all, what is the point of making you scream if you can’t remember who shattered your knee caps.”

A weak scream erupted from Fitz as he felt Donnie’s hands grasp tightly onto his shoulders and pull him into a seated position. Once Donnie released him, Fitz’s chest heaved struggling to get oxygen; he had only been touched for less than ten seconds but it felt as if his frail sounding scream released most of oxygen in his body. In a way he supposed he should be lucky that Donnie let go when he did as his powers to freeze were strongest via tactile contact; if he wanted to he could have frozen him solid.

From his new position he was forced to face his captor. Unluckily for Fitz enough of his vision had cleared that he could make out the cruel glint in Donnie’s green eyes, along with the cocky grin that snaked its way across the young man’s face. It was almost like looking at a complete stranger rather than the young student he had once helped build a power supply.

“Y-you w-w-with Hy-dra?” He asked constantly gasping for oxygen. So far he had deduced that the closer Donnie was to him and the less control Donnie had on his emotions, directly related to the decrease of temperature in the room. At this current rate if Donnie didn’t calm down or stay away, breathing would became impossible for his lungs.

Donnie’s face contorted into a horrible scowl as he spat angrily on the ground. “Hydra is worse than SHIELD! I’m going to enjoy helping eradicate them both the face of the Earth. Ward is onto something different and your death will be my way of proving myself to the cause. Your reputation made my life hell at the Academy, your bloody team locked me up and tried to kill me and now you’re going to make up for it. The end of your life means the start of mine!”

“D-Donnie...” Fitz whispered feeling his head begin to swim as oxygen in the room faded away.

His kidnapper snorted loudly. “Donnie died when SHIELD betrayed me. My name is Blizzard.”

//Harry Potter\}

Harry crept along the deserted wharf to the warehouse up ahead. Using the darkness to his advantage Harry tried to keep to the shadows of ships passed as cover, just in case they had anybody on look out. The warehouse was at the very end of the wharf flanked by two large merchant vessels on either side. The only light was from the full moon that shone an eerily pale glow onto the pier and the water below.

Ever since he stepped off the BUS every part of him was alerted for the slightest sound or movement just in case. After all being Harry Potter, The-Boy-Who-Lived, meant that he had the worst luck imaginable. However as he moved closer to his objective, the only sound that Harry could hear was the water splashing against the boats as he passed. He knew that most people found that sound relaxing but at the moment it was rather unsettling.
In the end the plan was admittedly better than he was expecting for SHIELD to come up with but even with his changes there was still the possibility for errors. Harry was to take out the guard at the front door while Coulson and May crept in via the back window and the skylight. Once the two agents were inside, Harry was to sneak in and teleport out Fitz and Potts. While May didn’t completely approve of the plan she reluctantly agreed to go along with it. Harry wasn’t entirely surprised that she wasn’t pleased with it; he suspected that she would rather barter him for Potts and Fitz first before blowing the warehouse up simply for good measure.

As Harry got closer to the warehouse, he could make out a tall blonde man standing to the left of the rusty door. He was wearing combat boots, baggy black pants and a brown singlet with a decorative skull plastered across it. Thankfully it appeared luck was on his side, at least for the moment, as only one guard would be a cinch to move. Any more than that would complicate his first task considering he was going to try being wandless.

Looking like a stereotypical moronic thug with his bulging muscles, Harry assumed that many would find the guard intimidating. However Harry wasn’t like most people, he barely paid the man’s imposing stature much notice. He was more concerned with the large black gun in the guard’s massive hands. Harry had fought a variety of people in his life but he had never come face to face with a gun. The only small exception to that was when he saved Skye but at that time the gun wasn’t pointed at him. He tried to tell himself that it was just like any other wizarding duel he had experienced during the war, the first to raise their weapon and shoot would survive. The only difference this time is that rather than magic fuelling the attacks, it would be metal bullets flying at him.

‘True but then you had a wand and a variety of spells, and now you can’t use your wand and only have basic magic at your disposal. What is the plan exactly? Levitate the gun away from him?’ A dark voice said from the back of his mind, helping to shatter his growing confidence.

Harry shook his head in a weak attempt to free himself from those unhelpful and depressing thoughts as a plan formed in his mind. Harry repositioned his backpack on his shoulders and tightened its straps. Summoning his Gryffindor courage, he apparated over to the left side of the building with a loud crack.

Harry stuck his head around the corner feeling relieved that the guard hadn’t moved an inch from the sound of him apparating. He knew the easiest and safest option was to whip out his wand and stun the muscle bound oaf, however May and Coulson were somewhere nearby and it wasn’t worth the risk. Carefully Harry stuck his hand out and cleared his mind. His alternative to stunning would require a bit of concentration not only because it was going to be wandless but it would involve more magic.

“Confundo.” He whispered flicking his wrist towards his target. Normally the confundus spell was used to distract or literally confuse the target. Yet if a wizard or witch were to overpower the spell they could suggest things, make their victim more susceptible to their influence. Harry grinned as the guard swayed dangerously, looking more like a drunk rather than the evil minion he was. Feeling his confidence steadily grow in himself and his spell, Harry stepped out from the shadows and strode up to the man trying to rid the cocky smile from his face as he went.

“Ward has just sent me to replace you. Perhaps you wanna take a swim in the water?” Harry suggested lowering his voice hoping it would be close enough to someone the guard worked with.

The guard looked at Harry with meek expression. “Why would I want to do that?”

Harry’s stomach fell at the unsure response; he wasn’t sure if the spell wasn’t strong enough or if the
suggestion wasn’t good enough. Knowing that the spell wouldn’t last forever, Harry tried pushing again.

“It’s really hot tonight and the water would be nice and relaxing. Don’t worry I won’t tell anyone and besides you deserve five minutes to yourself, we’ve all been working hard lately.”

He stared at the magically altered man who was still swaying madly, waiting for him to respond. Finally the man’s face lightened and he beamed down at Harry. “Thanks buddy that would be great.”

With that Harry watched the man drop his gun before gradually walking off towards the end of the wharf where he belly flopped over the edge.

Now that the guard was out of the picture, Harry moved over to the warehouses’ rusty door handle. As he grasped and attempted to turn the handle, Harry swore under his breath when it refused to budge.

“What’s wrong?”

Harry jumped out of his skin twirling around ready to fire jinx’s until he noticed it was only Coulson and May. Both of which looked surprised at his reaction however it was the smug smile on May’s face that rubbed Harry the wrong way. Harry tried to tell himself that it was just karma for when he did the same to Simmons earlier but it didn’t change the fact he wanted to curse May.

“The doors locked.” Harry huffed glaring at the female agent picturing her with boils covering her face from the Furnunculus spell he wanted to cast.

“You weren’t going to risk the mission by going in without us were you?” May whispered her eyes narrowing at him. “By the way what did you do to the guard? You just walked up to him and he went and jumped in the water. He should have shot you.”

Harry rolled his eyes at the agent choosing to ignore her second question. “I was just checking the door as it’s my only way in.” Despite his history with getting stuck in difficult and deadly situations, he didn’t have a death wish regardless of Hermione’s opinion.

“This is not the time to argue!” Coulson whispered harshly his eyes darting from Harry’s apologetic face to May’s trademark stoic stare. “Harry remember to wait five minutes for us to get in position and engage before opening the door. And don’t forget that subtlety will be crucial for you so keep your head down and move fast.”

With his last order hanging in the air, Harry watched Coulson run off and dissolve into the darkness around them as if he was never there. Unfortunately for Harry he could still feel the unpleasant agent May next to him.

“You gonna get in position or stand there glaring at me?” He asked staring at the door rather than look at agent May.

He could feel her stance change next to him in response to his sassy question. “You’d better not screw this up.”

Harry turned around to give the agent a piece of his mind before he realised that he was by himself. He couldn’t help but be impressed with Agents Coulson and May already; it was impressive disappearing into thin air by any method but without using magic it somehow seemed more remarkable. Hopefully their combat skills were just as impressive as their stealth moves.
While the SHIELD agents were preparing for their entrance, Harry decided to follow their lead. He reached out and grabbed onto the door’s handle again.

“Alohamora.”

Harry smirked when the lock on the door gave a soft click. The unlocking spell was one of the first spells he attempted without a wand, so it was little surprise to him that it worked on his first try.

Suddenly the sound of glass shattering broke the unnatural silence that hung over the wharf before gun fire and screaming erupted from inside. An odd need rose up within him to charge in and help Coulson and May. But Harry took a deep breath and squashed those feelings down. He had a part to play and saving Potts and Fitz was the main goal. He wouldn’t risk their lives so he could have the backs of two people who most likely didn’t want or need his help.

Feeling that five minutes was up, Harry carefully opened the door and ducked inside.

Thankfully there were none of Ward’s men directly on the other side of the door. Seeing a large crate in the corner to his left, Harry rushed over and hid behind it so he could get his bearings. The first thing Harry noticed was the immediate and overwhelming hit of rotten fish that assaulted his senses. Thanks to his potions class Harry was used to horrid smells but it still made his stomach churn. Peaking over the top of the wooden crate, Harry surveyed the area so he could think of a plan that would get the two kidnapped victims out safely.

The main room of the warehouse appeared to mainly house stacks of crates; easily hundreds of crates lined the walls, although there were a few smaller boxes littering the warehouse floor. Harry could make out Coulson on the far left of the room using a silver barrel as cover as he engaged in a gun fight with two adversaries. Even though he couldn’t see May, he knew she’d be around somewhere. Harry shook his head and refocused on the mission – Coulson and May weren’t the ones he needed to help. According to the blueprints he studied before arriving at the wharf, there were four rooms that he needed to check; two on either side of the building.

Considering he was still undiscovered and nobody was close to him, Harry pushed away from the crate and headed to the closest door on the left. Carefully Harry opened the door, flinching as it squeaked, before sticking his head in to make sure that there wasn’t any gun wielding idiots. Instead of finding some crazy person with a gun, Harry saw the room had two large wooden tables in the middle covered in enough plates, food scraps and beer bottles that could feed an army. There was even a grey rat sitting on the table chewing peacefully on what looked like a pizza crust. However the rat wasn’t the only living creature in the room.

Around the outside of the room were easily twenty sleeping bags, one of which was moving rhythmically; obviously housing a crony of Ward’s. As Harry doubted that they would allow either Potts or Fitz a sleeping bag, Harry carefully closed the door. Just before he moved away to the next room an idea hit him. He pressed his hands against the wooden door and focused.

“Colloportus.” Harry whispered chuckling at the squelching sound of the door, signalling the spell’s success. Just as Harry turned away from the door, he came face to face with a beautiful woman holding a large gun at him. She had long ebony hair that ran down past her shoulders and hypnotising brown eyes.

“Put your hands up where I can see them.” She ordered her tone promising a bullet if he disobeyed.

Slowly as not to give the woman reason to shoot him, Harry lifted his hands so that his palms were facing her in what he hoped looked to be a show of surrender.
“Who sent you?” She demanded her lips curling into a snarl.

Harry knew that if he answered with the truth she would shot him, and if he didn’t he’d get the same treatment. With only one option, Harry took a deep breath.

“Everte Statum.”

A bright orange light blasted out of his palms knocking the woman high into the air. Harry kept his eyes on the woman as she head-butted the metal wall on the other side of the warehouse with a sickening crunch. Doubting that he would have to worry about her anytime soon, Harry glanced around at the door across from him, the first door on the right.

With the interaction with the deadly woman moments earlier still playing in his mind, Harry didn’t want to risk being spotted again so he apparated over to the door and yanked it open.

Inside was a red headed woman tied to a rickety looking wooden chair. He couldn’t make out her face as her long matted hair was hanging loosely over her face, protecting her identity. Feeling certain that it was Pepper Potts, Harry rushed over to her side and checked for a pulse. He had been worried when she hadn’t moved an inch from when he opened the door.

Harry let out a sigh of relief when he felt a weak beat.

BANG!

Panic ripped through Harry by the small explosion that shook the warehouse, he tore his eyes away from Potts to look out the doorway expecting to be surrounded but they were alone. This realisation regrettably didn’t stop his heart from trying to beat through his ribcage. He wasn’t sure who caused the blast but he doubted it was Coulson or May, and while he wasn’t sure what a ‘sniper’ used as a weapon it also was unlikely to be Skye.

With the depressing thought that Ward and his men caused the blast, Harry knew that his small window for saving Fitz and Potts was shrinking. He had to get Potts out fast and find Fitz. After a quick inspection he noticed that Potts’ legs were tied securely to the chair and her hands were secured behind her back with rope. With no wandless spells coming to mind to aid in this situation, Harry swiftly removed his wand and brought it down in a slash against the rope confining Potts.

“Diffindo.”

The purple light cut the rope perfectly like a knife through warm butter leaving Potts’ clammy skin undamaged. After repeating the spell for her leg restraints, Harry gently put his arm around her before concentrating on the BUS and apparating Potts away.

Harry instantly appeared in the interrogation room with a deafening crack while trying to keep Potts upright. The last time he was in the bleak and dimly lit room it looked like it wasn’t a great place for anybody let alone injured and possibly tortured people. Though it appeared that Simmons had worked marvels in the time they had been gone. The metal desk and chairs had been removed and two soft single beds took their place in the middle of the room surrounded by large pieces of medical equipment that quietly beeped away.

Simmons quickly moved over to help Harry place Potts onto the nearest bed. Without giving Harry a glance, Simmons descended upon her redheaded patient; first checking her pulse before attaching
cords to her body.

Knowing that Potts was safe with Simmons, Harry teleported back to the room he had left. As he arrived back he was startled to see that there was a body lying on the ground at his feet, barely a foot away from where Potts had been tied up only moments ago. Judging from the man’s height and hair colour, he was obviously not Coulson. So Harry stepped over his body and into the main room.

Giving himself a few seconds to survey the area for any enemies, Harry noted that Coulson was holding his own fighting hand to hand against a tattooed blonde whilst May had her boot on some guy’s throat. Glancing around Harry could see a few other bodies scattered around the warehouse floor all with some kind of injury. It appeared that only two enemies were left conscious and as both were being dealt with Harry felt a surge of relief. He could now deal with saving Fitz without worrying about stray bullets or deadly killers.

With the third door in sight, Harry apparated over and opened the door. Rather than seeing a sandy haired scientist that needed his help, Harry found himself in what appeared to be a store room completely void of any people. There were three rows of metallic shelves each filled with containers and odd looking jars. Just as Harry was about to leave and check the other rooms, something at the back of the room caught his eye. He wasn’t sure what it was at first however as he shakily walked forward, he felt sickened as he identified it. Sitting on a shelf towards the back of the room was a unicorn’s horn with the base covered in its’ dried, silvery blood.

Harry couldn’t believe it. Either these muggles had somehow stumbled upon a unicorn’s horn or they were involved with someone magical. A stomach-turning scream echoed around the warehouse, snapping Harry out of his train of thought; he still had to get Fitz back to the BUS as quickly as possible. However as he headed back towards the door, Harry’s eyes roam the different containers on the shelves. While potions and therefore the ingredients required to make them was never his strong suit, he managed to identify some of the items; ashwinder eggs, bezoar, mandrake root and wiggentree bark were only a handful of what Harry estimated to be of the thirty odd ingredients on the shelves.

He would figure something out later but right now, he needed to save Fitz. Harry put on a dash of speed, running out of the magical storage room before slamming the door shut behind him only to abruptly stop at the site before him.

May and Coulson were on their knees, their hands cuffed in front of them with guns pointed at the back of their heads. May had a large gash on the side of her face along with an accompanying black eye, whilst judging from the odd angle of Coulson’s arm someone had broken it. Behind the two SHIELD agents were three men; Harry could tell that the two on the outside were just grunts, with no brain power between them. The tall man between them was different.

He had short dark hair, wide shoulders and a sharp jawline covered in stubble. Even though he wasn’t close being in the middle of the warehouse, Harry could tell that with his muscular form and piercing brown eyes he was very attractive.

‘This must be Ward that they were talking about. He’s cute…too bad he’s evil.’ Harry thought to himself.

“You must be new to Coulson’s team, my name is Grant Ward.” The traitor started before pausing as though expecting Harry to introduce himself. With Harry’s stony silence, Ward continued. “I assume that you and SHIELD are here to save Pepper Potts and Fitz? I’m sorry but I can’t let you do that. You see I need both of them.”

Harry snorted. It was clear that this nice act was entirely for show but Harry couldn’t help wondering
why. He could simply just shot them all or just jump straight to the threatening. Why pretend to be pleasant and give a monologue?

“Need them for what?”

He regretted asking that question as a depraved smile flitted over his face which sent panic signals through Harry. “Fitz needs to help me build something, once my agent is done with him of course and Potts is a bargaining chip. It’s surprisingly difficult to coerce something from Ironman. Now that I’ve answered your questions nicely, so how about you answer mine?”

He knew that he had to think of a plan to try and get them out of this mess. While it would be nice if Skye came through with her ‘sniping’ or whatever it was, he knew he couldn’t count on it; Ward could have already grabbed her. He had to come up with something by himself that could save them without showing what he really was.

“Fine. What is your question?” Harry asked trying to play for time.

“Where is Potts?”

Harry just stared at him. “Ask another question.”

“Where…is…Potts!” He repeated his face turning red.

“Safe.”

Ward gave a small nod to his two minions obviously signalling them to do something. In tandem they reached out and grabbed the neck of Coulson and May before pressing their gun tightly against their skulls.

“Start speaking or you can watch them both die. Your choice.”

Chapter End Notes

Hey All!
Thanks for reading, don't forget to give kudos and leave a comment below. Let me know what you think :)


Saving Fitz and Meeting Metal Man

Chapter Summary

Finishing the mission at the warehouse with SHIELD, puts Harry in many complicated situations. Harry is forced to make a decision between saving himself, Coulson, May and Fitz or breaking the wizarding laws regarding secrecy. Will he do the honourable thing and save them or will he apparate out saving only his own skin and reputation with the ministry.

What is Hydra doing with magical potion ingredients? Does Harry manage to save Fitz from Donnie Gill/Blizzard's clutches?

Chapter Notes

Hey Everyone!

Firstly just want to remind everyone that I'm still looking for a BETA reader, so if anybody is interested let me know. It'll make writing easier and will hopefully get chapters out faster.

Again sorry its taken a while to update. I was hoping to get it out a lot sooner considering the little cliff hanger from chapter seven, but with outside influence it didn't really happen.

BIG thanks to twilightreaderaddict, julietrichan, ebonyheart, smileupward_fah, stargirl1061, lokifirefox, luna_sss, Vi, crankypants, guest, lunasister, itachisgurl93 and marian_sp for commenting on the last chapter. Comments are always heavily encouraged as I love hearing back from readers and they help spur me on to keep writing.

DISCLAIMER: Harry Potter and Avengers are owned by J.K.Rowling and Marvel. I'm only connected to this fanfiction. In no way do I receive any benefits, financial or otherwise for this story. All credit goes to the owners - Rowling and Marvel. Writing this is simply for fun.

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

///Harry Potter///

“What’s it going to be? You give me Potts back and I let Coulson and May live, or I slaughter all three of you?”
Ignoring the arrogant look on Ward’s face, Harry quickly glanced at the two agents. Coulson was staring blankly ahead, as though he wasn’t aware of their situation or the gun pressed tightly against his temple. While it would be easy to misinterpret Coulson’s detached demeanour as simply not caring, Harry was sure it was just a mask. Coulson’s visible injuries alone would be painful for anyone which ranged from the purple bruises along his pale skin to his broken arm. From experience Harry knew that it could make things worse by showing an enemy your weaknesses. During the war when they were captured in Malfoy Manor, Hermione had been tortured relentlessly by Bellatrix Lestrange. Harry and Ron’s reactions to Hermione’s horrific screams only seemed to encourage the cold hearted witch.

If Coulson’s attitude was the definition of calm then May was the direct opposite. The SHIELD agent’s body was tense as though waiting for the opportune moment to spring back into action. Harry wasn’t sure how she would be able to seeing as her hands were shackled together; however the unrestrained fury in her brown eyes spoke volumes. Harry was sure that the wrath exuding from the small agent could even make a Hungarian Horntail turn tail and flee.

Harry was nervously weighing up his options realising that his time to decide was quickly running out. Unfortunately none of his options were very appealing. His first idea was to whip out his wand and stun his three enemies before unlocking Coulson and May’s restraints. Effective in theory but not only was he uncertain that he could cast the necessary spells fast enough before the two gun men fired, but it would reveal his magic to everyone in the room.

His second option was to apparate out and leave Coulson and May to Hydra’s mercy. While it may be an option, he knew in his heart that he could never do that. He mainly agreed to help retrieve Potts and Fitz because he didn’t like the thought of good people getting hurt. To apparate out now leaving Fitz and the two SHIELD agents behind would weigh on his mind for years to come. Therefore there was only one option left open to him and if that meant he would be charged by the American Ministry then so be it.

“You’ll never get your hands on Potts.”

Ward’s lips twitched in amusement. “Pathetically predictable. You SHIELD agents…never willing to make the smart call. In that case I’ll let you watch as your friends die before I end your own life. Moronic decisio- ”

BANG!

An ear-splitting explosion erupted from outside, effectively shaking the weak metal construct of the warehouse. Harry may have had no idea what caused the detonation but he found himself glad that at the very least it managed to interrupt Ward’s monologue. The brunette’s arrogance was almost as bad as he could remember Malfoy’s.

The two Hydra goons looked cautiously at their leader positioned between them as rapid gunfire rang out into the night air. Harry let out a sigh of relief as Ward’s confident smirk vanished as the commotion intensified outside. They seemed to be surprised by the explosion and gunfire, which Harry hoped meant that Skye was finally coming through with backup.

“Gregson, didn’t you say that it was just the three of them?” Ward sneered at May’s gunman who appeared to suddenly acquire a nervous twitch in his left eye.

“It was sir. I-I sent Andrews and Peters ahead to scout as you requested and they reported only three enemy agents.” Gregson replied looking rather nervous.

“Obviously not.” Ward retorted removing a gun from his side whilst glaring daggers at Gregson.
“Who did you call in as backup?”

“Beta and Omega teams were stationed outside.” Gregson answered.

Harry frowned. He didn’t like the sound of that at all however he had to admit he was curious who Skye was fighting; it hadn’t been long since he cleared the only man Hydra had posted outside. While Skye had proven her talents with computers, Harry wasn’t sure of her combat skills especially as it sounded like she was out numbered.

Ward’s cruel smile returned with a vengeance at Gregson’s reply. “Well considering that Simmons isn’t equipped for the field, I’m gonna guess that the person on a suicide mission outside is Skye? Right?”

Harry’s reaction must have betrayed him as Ward’s unsettling smile grew, flashing his white teeth. “At one time I personally trained Skye for SHIELD and I can tell you without a doubt, she won’t survive long against my men. And while this tedious game between us has been fun, you lot have hampered my plans for long enough…goodbye.”

Harry’s eyes widened as Ward’s gun rose to point directly at his chest. Completely reacting on instinct, Harry copied Ward’s actions so that his wand was poised ready for battle.

“Accio guns!” Harry yelled focusing on the metallic weapons.

Instantly the three agent’s guns were wrenched from their grasp before flying through the air and landing unceremoniously at Harry’s feet. Knowing that they would probably be armed with other weaponry Harry didn’t waste any time.

“Incarcerous!”

“Stupefy!”

Thick ropes shot out of Harry’s wand wrapping tightly around Gregson, while the second spell successfully stunned Coulson’s gunman. Seeing his agents be quickly incapacitated, Ward quickly ran towards the back of the room. Unfortunately for him, Harry had zero intensions of letting him escape.

Harry swung his holy wand down and re-performed the incarcerous charm on Ward’s fleeing back. Seeing his summoned ropes capture their target, Harry gave a satisfied smirk as Ward’s body smacked into the ground with a satisfying thud. Knowing that his spell would be strong enough to hold Ward for a while, Harry walked over to Coulson and May.

“Go outside and help Skye with the two Hydra teams, I’ve got Ward and his two goons.” Harry said as he performed the unlocking charm on their restraints.

May gave him an uneasy look as she stood up before her brown eyes suddenly glazed over. The fury pouring off May seemed almost palpable, Harry was unsure whether her attitude was for him or if she was still upset over being captured and almost killed. Rather than swinging a fist at him, May pushed past him and strode over to the pile of Hydra weapons Harry had summoned where she picked two of them up. Now armed with a gun in each hand, the furious May’s head swung towards Ward’s magically bound body.

Regardless of what Ward had done and the man he was, Harry was surprised to feel a bit of sympathy towards the Hydra agent; while he was certain that Ward deserved punishment, he doubted that what Agent May had in mind had anything to do with justice. Agent May took off towards Ward however before she had managed to take more than five steps a strong, commanding
voice filled the warehouse.

“Stop!” Coulson said bringing the pissed off agent to a standstill. “Now is not the time May. We both know Harry is right. We need to make sure that Skye is okay and ensure that the area is secure.”

Harry could tell that Coulson’s words were meant as an order, yet he was shocked when May didn’t budge. While she didn’t seem to approve of Coulson’s earlier decision about inviting him to join the mission, he had deduced that she was a good soldier; prepared to follow her leader’s orders to her last breath. Seeing her hesitate to follow an order especially as it involved helping a teammate, Harry started to re-evaluate his judgement of the agent.

Coulson sighed. “When we get back you can perform the interrogation…no cameras.”

May briskly spun around and jogged for the front entrance however she halted as she passed Harry. “If you let him escape I promise that I will kill you. I don’t care what you are, I…want…Ward.”

Her whispered voice sent shivers down his spine. Her attitude towards Ward hit a chord within himself. When Bellatrix killed Sirius, Harry wanted blood. Even though he never got to exact his personal revenge on the witch who ripped his godfather away, it helped knowing of the curses Molly Weasley inflicted upon Bellatrix. He was surprised that the matronly woman knew such deadly and painful spells.

“I promise that he’ll be here waiting for you.”

As he spoke Harry kept his eyes fixed upon May’s, hoping that it would help convince her that he wouldn’t let her down. Ward had to pay and perhaps May’s unusual methods would be the best solution. Rather than respond to Harry’s words May held her petrifying glare upon him before moving off to the exit. With May gone Harry was left alone with a suspicious Coulson.

“What was that Harry?” Coulson’s earlier fixed glare returned however it was now focused purely on his wand.

Harry winced at the hoarse sounding voice that creaked out of Coulson’s mouth. He had sounded full of power and authority when he dealt with May seconds earlier, however now Harry had difficulty hearing Coulson’s words as screams and gunfire resonated from outside. Either he was in a bit of shock from seeing Harry’s magic or Coulson’s injuries were worse than he thought and he was putting on an act.

“We can talk about it later.” Harry replied instantly regretting his response but they had more important things to deal with at the moment. Fitz needed rescuing, May and Skye needed help outside and Harry had some questions for Ward. “Right now your team needs you outside. I swear that I can deal with Ward and get Fitz out while you’re helping them.”

Despite the hesitant look on Coulson’s face, he obviously agreed that his team needed his attention more as he copied May by picking up the last Hydra gun. Going out into battle with injuries was always a risk and seeing the difficulties Coulson had collecting the gun, along with his useless arm Harry knew he had to help.

Harry lifted his wand and pointed it at Coulson’s arm, ignoring the agent’s flinch at being held at wand point.

“Ferula.”

Coulson’s mouth was agape as a sling materialised around his broken arm. Harry knew that Coulson would need more than a sling before he was fighting fit but unfortunately healing spells had
never been his forte.

“That’ll have to do for now. Now, quickly go and help May and Skye.”

Coulson gave an awkward nod to Harry as he turned and followed May’s trail into the firefight.

While many Gryffindors would want to jump into the fray letting their courage guide their decisions, Harry had grown more complicated over the years. This was never truly his fight, besides it was important that somebody kept an eye on Ward.

Harry glanced around at the three incapacitated Hydra agents. The stunned gunman was completely out and Harry was certain wouldn’t be moving anytime soon. Meanwhile Gregson and Ward were struggling hopelessly against their magical bindings. He would have to question Ward but first he still had to free Fitz.

Crossing to the final door Harry reached for the handle only to yank his hand back quickly as if he had been burnt. However rather than being hot he was surprised that the handle was freezing cold as though somebody had placed a glacius charm over it. While normally it would be extremely unlikely that the hideout for an evil muggle organisation would have magical charms and jinxes on it, he couldn’t rule it out especially considering they were storing magical ingredients.

“Finite Incantatem”. A red light shot out of Harry’s wand hitting the door with a soft thud.

‘Hmm…so not a spell.’ Harry thought to himself. Deciding to throw caution into the wind, Harry cast the reductor curse at the wooden door causing it to explode into a fine mist.

Stepping into the room with his wand drawn, Harry nearly fell over fast first. Once he had righted himself, he stared around the room dumbfounded. The entire room from the walls, ceiling and floor was encased in a thick layer of ice and in the dead centre was Fitz being held in a choke hold by a brunette.

Harry took another small careful step into the room, shocked by how freezing the room was; it was like he had stepped a snow storm. Even though the manic look in the mysterious brunette’s eyes had caught Harry’s attention, it was Fitz he was truly concerned about; the scientist didn’t appear to have any physical injuries however his skin was very pale, it almost appeared to have a blue tinge to it.

“Who the hell are you and where is Ward?” He barked as his arms tightened around Fitz’s neck like a python.

The small puffs of air wafting from Fitz’s mouth were growing weaker and weaker. Harry had enough of Hydra already; this was meant to be his holiday away from fighting and danger. However fate truly enjoyed messing up his life anyway possible.

“Put Fitz down.”

“You think you scare me? You clearly have no idea who you’re dealing with.” The man chuckled mirth dancing wildly in his eyes.

Harry quirked an eyebrow at his comment. Granted, it was true that he didn’t know who the man before him was, however the same could be said of him; the muggle had no idea that he was about to face off against a wizard. Looks could be deceptive and that was exactly what Harry was about to exploit.

“I’m not trying to scare you but you need to put Fitz down.”
“Oh I wouldn’t worry about that. Why would I kill my favourite toy?” The man asked as he stroked the side of Fitz’s head with his free hand, leaving behind a trail of ice against his skin. Fitz’s face contorted in pain as he bit into his lip in an effort not to scream.

Harry was a little taken aback by the show of power from the stranger; however the simple act of touching Fitz had cleared many things up for him. It explained the state of the room and why he wasn’t armed; he was the weapon. Harry wasn’t sure what he was exactly but it was clear that he wasn’t a muggle as they obviously weren’t known to have elemental powers. The only thing he was sure of was that he wasn’t a wizard.

“Just put Fitz down.” Harry repeated as he looked for an opening to stun the ice powered muggle. With how close he was holding Fitz he could only get a good glimpse of his face however it would be easy for him to use Fitz as a shield against any spell he cast.

The man snorted. “I don’t answer to anybody, especially strangers. I am Blizzard. Your with SHIELD, aren’t you?”

Harry suppressed a snort of amusement at how proud the man sounded over his name, knowing that it wouldn’t help the situation if he laughed at him but it wasn’t easy. He was just glad that Ron wasn’t here; if he thought that Draco Malfoy’s name was humorous, then he certainly would make an insulting yet funny comment on ‘Blizzard’. Knowing that responding to Blizzards assumption about being with SHIELD could be dangerous, he attempted to evade it entirely. “You answer to Ward though, right?”

The man’s eyes turned hard and he began backing up against the wall, dragging a weak looking Fitz along with him. “I’ll take your avoidance of my question to mean you do work for them.”

‘Bugger.’ Harry thought seeing this going in a similar direction to his run in with Ward however he began to panic as he watched Fitz’s eyes slowly close and he could barely see his breath anymore despite the room growing colder.

Making a snap decision Harry flicked his wand and shouted. “Immobulus!”

Even though both Fitz and the odd muggle weren’t moving before he cast the spell, the blue light that shot out of his wand had confirmed he had been successful. Knowing that he and Fitz were no longer in danger from the abilities of the Hydra agent, Harry walked up to him and placed the tip of his wand in the middle of Blizzard’s head.

“Stupefy!”

Immediately Blizzard’s green eyes snapped shut, the only external evidence of the stunning spell as his immobilising charm was holding him in place. Harry grabbed Blizzards arms careful to avoid any skin contact and tried to disentangle them from around Fitz. He found it incredibly frustrating as he had to fight against his own immobilising charm the entire way.

Once the two were separated Harry gasped as he put his arm around Fitz. He knew because of Blizzard’s powers that Fitz would be cold but just how cold the man wasn’t a good sign, he was like a human ice block. With Fitz’s condition urging him on Harry quickly conjured an image of Simmons’s makeshift hospital in the BUS and apperated Fitz away.

Harry appeared with a thundering crack for the second time in the newly furnished interrogation room. Before he had the chance to move Fitz onto the spare bed, they were tackled by an enthusiastic scientist.
“Oh, thank god you fou…wait…what’s wrong with him? Why is he so cold?” Simmons asked her voice quickly transforming from happy to horror.

“He had a run in with some guy called Blizzard, I think he blacked out or something during our fight.” Harry answered as he awkwardly placed Fitz on the spare bed. Seeing Fitz on the bed was a little unsettling as in his current condition; he was frozen with his arms held out in front of his face as though he was still holding on Blizzard’s arms as he was choked.

Harry glanced over to the bed opposite, wondering how the other kidnapped victim was progressing. Potts was lying down on the bed, hooked up to several blinking machines. She looked fairly peaceful however Harry wasn’t a doctor or a healer and knew from experience that just because someone looked okay didn’t mean they were.

“How is Potts?” Harry asked feeling oddly better as he noticed her chest moving with each breath; last time he saw her tied up back in the warehouse, it didn’t look like she was breathing and when he checked her pulse it was very weak.

“Fine now.” Simmons replied as she began to thoroughly inspect Fitz. “She is dehydrated and has a few cuts on her arms and shoulder but otherwise she is completely fine. She should wake up in a few hours.”

With Simmons confirmation that Potts was doing well, Harry turned back to Fitz with a worrying frown. He was tempted to cast a few warming charms on the engineer to try and speed the healing up however he wasn’t sure of any possible complications. The warming charm is normally used in winter to combat the nippy weather not to reverse frostbite.

Instead of the warming charm, Harry lifted his wand and performed the counter charm for his immobilising spell. Thankfully as Simmons had her back to him as she worked on Fitz, she didn’t notice his wand or the red light from his spell. “Is he going to be okay?”

Simmons shrugged as she took out a small flashlight and carefully shone it in Fitz’s eyes. “I won’t know exactly what’s wrong until I properly check him out, if it’s just the frostbite I should be able to help without him…losing any extremities.”

Harry nodded kindly ignoring the tears forming in Simmons eyes. “I have to head back and keep an eye on Ward, you sure you’re okay here with Potts and Fitz?”

Simmons didn’t answer, choosing instead to remove Fitz’s shirt and place small circular things to his chest as though Harry wasn’t there. Harry understood her desire to help her friend and knew that his underlying offer to help was hollow anyway. He couldn’t help heal either of them and he was meant to be keeping an eye on Ward, which would be difficult from inside the BUS. After giving Simmons a quick goodbye, Harry apparated back to the warehouse.

He appeared back in the frozen cell that had once housed Fitz, to see Blizzard exactly where he had left him – eyes closed and magically frozen. Like Fitz, Blizzard looked rather out of place with his arms outstretched as though he was hugging some invisible friend. While the immobilising charm would soon fade, Blizzard would remained stunned long enough for SHIELD to arrest him.

With Blizzard under control, Harry spun around and left to check on Ward and his two cronies. As soon as he left the room he was met with several odd grunting noises coming from the tied up Ward and Gregson. Leaving the two conscious Hydra agents to wriggle around on the ground, Harry checked on Coulson’s gunman to make sure that he was still out.

Once he confirmed that he was still unconscious, Harry turned to the nearby Gregson and cast a
silencing spell effectively stopping his animalistic grunting from echoing around the warehouse. Now that he had dealt with Ward’s lackeys, he turned and walked over to their leader who was struggling profusely at his magical bindings.

“You know, not that I don’t mind seeing you imitate a worm but you’re not going to free yourself anytime soon.” Harry remarked in between chuckles as he watched Ward’s continued feeble attempts for freedom. As he reached Ward, Harry used his foot to nudge him over onto his back.

“Now…Ward.” Harry said as he sat down next to Ward on the cold ground. “After having a look around your property I have some questions that need answering. And since you’re not going anywhere and we have a little time you’re gonna help me.”

Ward’s face twisted in fury. “Kill me freak cause I’m never gonna tell you a thing. I’m loyal to Hydra and its interests.”

Harry scowled at Ward’s choice of words as horrible childhood memories came flooding back to the surface. *Freak* was his blood relations favourite term for him growing up and the furious look on Ward was spookily similar to the one they directed at him. Harry aggressively pushed those unwanted memories back down into his subconscious. Now wasn’t the time.

*Crack!*

Harry whirled around at the sound of someone apparating, to see a chunky man with auburn hair wearing a football jersey, black jeans and white shoes leaning casually against the far wall. While he appeared very casual with his choice of surprisingly correct muggle clothes and his body language, the gnarled black wand in his hand that was pointed at Harry changed the atmosphere entirely.

Without warning the man flicked his wand sending three waves of purple light flying quickly at him. Harry just managed to jump to the side in enough to time to successfully dodge the first two spells however the third spell hit his arm, effectively slicing into his borrowed jacket. Harry glared at the strange wizard as he felt his blood trickle down his arm.

“Put your wand down slowly and I won’t have to continue trying to break anything.” He ordered as he glared darkly at Harry like he was the lowest form of scum.

Harry wasn’t sure who this guy was however it was clear that he wasn’t friendly. The only connection Harry could make was that this wizard was responsible for the magical ingredients that Hydra had in storage. Harry could tell that the unicorn horn he found had been violently ripped away from its original owner, which he concluded meant that his guy either attacked and killed a unicorn himself or works with the person who did.

While Harry felt a little guilty about attacking muggles with magic, he felt that he didn’t have much choice in the matter given the circumstances. The Hydra agents were trained and armed with deadly weapons; if he didn’t use magic, at least a bit, he would’ve died. After all magic in a situation like this was just another form of weaponry, they had knives and guns and he had magic. While he knew that kind of logic had several holes in it, it was enough to get him through what he had to do on behalf of SHIELD. However the cocky wizard in front of him was an entirely different story.

Slowly Harry started to bend down, as though appearing to carefully place his wand on the ground whilst keeping a firm grip on the handle. He noticed that the closer his wand got to the floor, the more confident the unknown wizard became. Once his knuckles touched the ground, Harry angled his wand at his opponent’s feet.

“*Bombarda!*” He shouted.
Instantly the floor underneath the wizard exploded, throwing him high into the air. Whilst his target was still flying through the air, Harry jumped up ready to continue their duel.

“Expelliarmus!”

The wizard’s black wand flew out of his hands and into Harry’s outstretched palm. Seeing that the wizard was about to smash into the ground, Harry quickly cast the Mobilicorpus charm. Causing him to hover mere inches off the warehouse floor. Unfortunately, before he could perform another charm to trap the wizard, the stranger apparated out of Harry’s charm with a familiar crack.

“Bugger.” Harry murmured as he ran his hand through his messy black hair.

The only evidence of the confusing encounter was the massive hole in the middle of the warehouse and the stranger’s wand. The wand felt cold and distant as Harry turned it over in his hands. Over the years Harry had noticed that Ollivander wands, no matter the wood type, were polished making them look professional and impressive however this stranger’s wand was different; the wood was rough as though the creator had snapped a branch off a tree and stuffed a magical core into it before calling it a day.

As the fighting outside grew quieter, Harry knew that his time was fast running out. Shoving the black wand into his bag, Harry crossed the warehouse floor until he reached the store room. Very soon SHIELD would be swarming the warehouse and Harry had enough difficult questions to answer without explaining about mandrake roots and ashwinder eggs.

Pushing the store room door open Harry flung his bag open and started clearing off the shelves. Carefully he placed each jar and box inside his bag knowing that thanks to Hermione’s charms, his bag could handle all the ingredients without an issue. As he placed a jar full of horned slugs into the magically altered hidden depths of his bag, Harry knew that it might be a mistake taking the ingredients but he had no idea how else to hide them from SHIELD. He’d have to get in contact with the American Ministry as soon as possible to explain and hand over the ingredients, after all they were evidence.

Once all the ingredients were safely stowed away, Harry repositioned his bag on his shoulders before returning to the main warehouse. Just as Harry reached the middle of the warehouse an explosion hit the front of the warehouse sending smoke and twisted pieces of rusted metal flying. From the crater sized hole that originally had been the warehouse door May and Coulson walked in through the smoke. Harry was relieved that SHIELD had won the fight outside; the explosion was a little misleading. However his relief washed away as he noticed three shadows emerge from the smoke beside Coulson and May.

The three unknown figures were standing at the mouth of the warehouse, each an interesting blend of intimidating, heroic and odd. The man on the left had a black bow and a quiver attached to his back. He was wearing black leather similar to SHIELD’s apparent taste however his shirt was sleeveless, which showed off his tanned muscles nicely. On the right side was a gorgeous red-headed woman who was absentmindedly playing with a curved blade in her hands. Harry was surprised to see that neither of them appeared to be carrying a gun which he had thought were standard for muggles; after all daggers and bows were weapons of the past. While both the redhead and the blonde were a little unsettling they were nothing compared to their companion.

Standing proudly in the middle was a red and gold metal machine, its blue artificial eyes targeted on Harry. Harry was almost ready to believe that it was somehow a new robot or some kind of remotely controlled weapon. However both theories were completely blown apart, seconds later as its helmet moved.
As the gold face shield slid up, Harry let out an embarrassing squeak, as it revealed the handsome features of a man. After looking around paranoid, he was overcome with relief as he realised nobody either heard or at least acknowledged his squeal. The man in the metal suit had intense blue eyes and black hair.

“Was the explosion really necessary Stark? We could have just used the door.” The blonde asked crossing his arms.

‘Stark…Stark…where do I know that name from?’ Harry thought to himself as he took in the strangers before him. He rationalised that as Coulson and May weren’t bothered by their presence they must at least be allies with them.

“Why of course it was my dear Cupid. Now why don’t you and Ginger go secure the area? I’ve got these four.” Stark said confidently.

Harry wasn’t entirely sure what he meant by four, until he noticed that the redhead was looking directly at him; Ward, his two lackeys and…him? He avoided her judgemental stare choosing to instead look at Coulson and May who were moving towards Ward.

“We don’t take orders from you Stark.” The woman kindly labelled ‘Ginger’ said as she glared at Stark. While Harry was glad that the red-head wasn’t staring at him anymore, he was surprised to see her new target smile cheekily at her as though he found her attitude funny.

“I know who you take orders from but seeing as everyone’s favourite spy pirate isn’t here…” Stark said trailing off dramatically.

“Seeing as he isn’t here, we follow our judgement based on our orders Stark.” Cupid sighed pinching the bridge of his nose as he finished off Stark’s sentence.

Harry just realising that he still had his wand out, carefully slipped it back into his holster hoping that none of the muggles saw his ‘stick’ vanish into thin air.

“Well doesn’t that sound fun.” Stark drawled. “Do tell me something though I’ve been dying to find out. Under all Fury’s leather does he have a wooden leg? I swear I’ve seen him hobble around at times.”

Despite everything Harry found himself giggling at Starks comments. He might not know who this Fury person was but Starks’ comments surprised him a bit; Cupid and Ginger’s reactions only made the scene more humorous.

Unfortunately Harry’s giggling had brought the three’s conversation to a halt and forced their attention back onto him. Slowly Stark moved stiffly forward, obviously finding it difficult being graceful in a metal suit.

“Stark!” Cupid called out in warning however Stark just ignored the archer moving closer and closer to Harry. Stark stopped when he was barely a metre away and glanced down at Harry.

With Stark so close Harry could make out the cheeky grin that lit up his entire face and the stubble on his chiselled jaw however it was his eyes that made Harry’s heart skip a beat. The man’s intensely blue eyes were incredibly expressive and beautiful, it felt to him as though they were about to devour him whole. There was no denying that Stark was very attractive.

“The name’s Tony Stark.” He said holding a metallic hand out in greeting.

Harry could feel himself blushing as he accepted and shook the metal man’s hand. “Nice to meet
you. I’m Harry Potter.”

Chapter End Notes

Hey All!
Hope you like chapter eight. The Harry/Tony relationship will take off from this chapter, this was just their little meeting and finishing off the mission to save Pepper and Fitz. Remember to leave a kudos or comment if you like the story/chapter. Let me know what you think.
The Flashbacks

Chapter Summary

Agent Clint Barton wasn't happy with their mission but he wasn't going to let Potter just walk away. If he had to he'd easily place an arrow through Potter's eye socket to protect the world.

Tony Stark having hacked important SHIELD files and worked out where Hydra were keeping Pepper and intended to save her. But what happens when the rash Iron Man clashes with two of SHIELD's best.

This chapter reviews the last mission in parts from the point of view of Agent Barton and Iron Man.

DISCLAIMER: Harry Potter and Avengers are owned by J.K.Rowling and Marvel. I'm only connected to this fanfiction. In no way do I receive any benefits, financial or otherwise for this story. All credit goes to the owners - Rowling and Marvel. Writing this is simply for fun.

Chapter Notes

Hey Readers,

Sorry about the late delay in getting this chapter out, it's a bit longer than the other so I hope that helps :). Anyway I also have a BETA helping me with this story now, so a BIG thanks to Vkookneo_r_bae for checking over everything for me.

Also I want to thank the following readers for their comments. Hearing back from you guys really helps inspire me to write. So another BIG thanks to - Vkookneo_r_bae, 107602, NightFaeChild9, IceLe, LunaSister, Stargirl1061, Psychotic_Avenger, Itachisgurl93, Twilightreaderaddict, But then..., Smileupward_fah, Vladimir_Mitrannder, Dainystarkblack, Arcticstar, Randomplotbunny, Tinker_Titan, Thomasnealy, Purpledixi, Theacer250, Magick1 and CodeRomance.

Hope you like Chapter 9 - The Flashbacks.

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Just a quick explanation of the different conversational styles.

'Thoughts'

"Speaking"

"Secret electronic speaking" (Will mainly be used between Tony and Jarvis when in the Iron Man suit. It will also be written in italics.)

See the end of the chapter for more notes

//Agent Clint Barton\


Clint carefully watched as his target blushed under Stark’s gaze, which simultaneously caused the archer grind his teeth in frustration. He couldn’t believe that their mission had been so badly ruined by the unwanted interference of Tony Stark. The billionaire certainly had a talent for altering SHIELD interests in favour of his own; unfortunately, his current interest seemed to be a critical threat to the Earth.

It wasn’t hard to work out where Tony’s head was, considering his eyes had been rather fixed at Potter’s tight pants since they arrived inside the warehouse. It should have been a simple mission to gather information on Potter whilst offering backup for Coulson’s team. Instead bloody Stark got in the middle – again.

He clenched his hands tightly as he tried to restrain himself. Watching Potter and Stark talking set his instincts on fire; Stark maybe an annoying bastard but he was a teammate and kind of a friend. Stark was too busy flirting to see Potter for what he was.

‘Perhaps for once his perpetual flirting could actually be useful.’ Clint mused to himself as Tony slowly shuffled forward, smirking in response to something Potter said. If they played their cards carefully, they might still be able to acquire Potter without too much of a fuss. However, even with the Hydra agents contained, there was still a lot to do.

With a gameplay in mind, helping to clear his head, Clint snapped out of it. “Coulson you and your team can escort Ward and any Hydra agents back to base. Stark why don’t you and Potter come with us?” Clint asked turning to the billionaire playboy, as Coulson and May started the tedious process of dragging the unconscious enemy agents back towards the BUS.

Clint could feel his blood pressure begin to race as Stark and Potter ignored him in favour of talking.

“Stark!” Clint yelled at the two men. Potter whirled around with wide green eyes and Stark gradually turned his head and feigned innocence; Clint had learnt a long time ago that the word innocence would never define Stark.

“Yes? Something I can help you with Robin Hood?”

“We need to head back to headquarters for a debriefing. Coulson is taking the Hydra agents into custody which leaves just us.” Clint rephrased feeling his mouth go dry.

“Actually, I should probably go check on…” Stark started before Natasha appeared at his shoulder.

“…Pepper is still with Dr Simmons on the BUS and since it’s heading to the same place we are, you may as well tag along. After all, Potter will need someone to keep him company on the ride back.”

Clint found it hard to know what Natasha was thinking as she had her impassive mask firmly in place. Either she wanted to speed things along or had come to the same conclusion he had. For the meantime, Potter and Stark were a package deal, they ensured the others participation. He didn’t like that they were using a teammate, even someone like Stark, to finish the mission but it was the smoothest option.

‘To think, this mission started off hassle free.’ Clint thought bitterly to himself.

-Flashback-
Agent Clint Barton and his partner Agent Natasha Romanoff were patiently following Fury’s orders, to watch over Coulson’s team as they prepared to complete their mission. Currently, the team were still aboard the BUS discussing tactics. From the listening bugs that Fury had secretly planted aboard, Coulson’s team seemed fairly divided on their opinion of Potter; it sounded like Skye and Simmons felt some kind of weary likeability about him, Coulson seemed to see him as an asset while May neither liked nor trusted him.

“Clint, don’t you find it odd that the only Hydra agent on patrol is the big guy at the door?” Natasha murmured from his left.

Clint nodded. “Yeah, I noticed that when we made our first sweep.”

It was troubling that a big criminal organisation like Hydra would operate without suitable backup. When Clint and Natasha first arrived they did a quick patrol around the area as civilians, the level of security made him instantly curious and it appeared he wasn’t the only one. Since they resurfaced the bases SHIELD had found were guarded like Fort Knox, so something was clearly amiss for only one guard.

From experience, he knew that looks could be deceiving and that the warehouse could be packed with Hydra agents. However given the size of the warehouse and the many vulnerable areas surrounding it, it would be moronic not to post more outside. Regardless the situation something didn’t sit right with Clint.

“We’ll have to keep a closer eye on Coulson and May.” She whispered.

Not sure if his partner was expecting a reply or if she was simply thinking aloud, but he internally agreed regardless of their instructions.

During their debriefing Fury’s orders were very clear, they were only to step in and help Coulson’s team if necessary. However considering the potential issues and concerns they were having about Coulson’s mission, they’d have to watch more carefully than planned.

“Just for a change I’d like a mission to go smoothly.” He said as he used the zoom function on his new binoculars to clearly watch the blonde guard readjust the AR-15 Rifle in his hands. Even though he was alone in protecting the warehouse for Hydra, he certainly was armed. Aside from the dangerous rifle in his hands, Clint could tell that he had a backup under his shirt about the size of a glock.

Natasha snorted. “You’d get bored and we both know it.”

He knew that she was right but an easy mission every now and again wouldn’t hurt. He didn’t mind providing backup to other teams but their primary mission was Harry Potter, spreading out their goals could risk the successful completion of either their mission or Coulson’s. Potter, after all, was an unknown threat who seemed to pop up overnight with troubling powers. So far he had shown that he can teleport, wipe memories and somehow make a man unconscious by waving a stick.

Clint could remember a day when he thought real magic was laughable but that time was long
gone; fighting alien monsters being led by the Norse god of mischief tended to alter a man’s perspective. Fury seemed to think that Potter has magic similar to Loki; however, it wasn’t just the prospect of another evil magical god that concerned Clint. It was the one power that this particular British unknown had already displayed that made his skin crawl.

Last time Loki was on Earth he took control of his mind, making him into a puppet for his deeds. It took a long time before Clint could look himself in the mirror without imagining the blue in his eyes from Loki’s magic. He knew he was now back in control, but what he was made to do as one of Loki’s pawns still plagued him. He swore to himself that he would get vengeance upon the trickster god and ensure that it would never happen again. If Potter could wipe and alter somebody’s memories, there was a chance he was able to take control of their minds as well. Clint had made himself a promise and he intended to follow it through - never again.

“They are finally coming out.” Natasha whispered drawing him out of his dark thoughts.

Clint lifted his binoculars to his face as he watched Potter, Coulson and Agent May leave the BUS. Thanks to their current position perched on top of one of the large ships at the wharf, they had a perfect position to see nearly everything around them clearly. Granted it would be difficult seeing into the warehouse itself, but with the windows surrounding the rusted building they would see enough to judge the situation.

“What’s going on Barton?” she sighed as she checked the perimeter with her own binoculars.

Clint ignored her, keeping his eyes fixed entirely on Potter. With both Potter and Loki having magic and even looking fairly similar, Clint had created a mental picture of what Potter would be like. However, the man walking towards the warehouse, with two agents flanking him, wasn’t even close to having the cocky arrogance that Loki had. In fact, if anything he looked a little shaky.

“What?”

He didn’t want to talk especially if she was going to keep asking questions about Potter, but he knew he would end up covered in bruises if he kept ignoring her. They might be close but it was never wise to piss off Black Widow.

“Yeah?” He asked innocently as though he never heard her original question.

“I can hear you thinking. I’m gonna take a guess and say that you’ve got a problem not taking out Potter right now. Am I right?”

Clint gritted his teeth as he watched Coulson and May stand back, leaving Potter to make his final approach to the warehouse alone. Sometimes he hated that she seemed to always know what he was thinking.

“What if he is another Loki?” He growled out only barely stopping himself from snapping. Natasha knew what happened between him and Loki, surely she could understand how hard it was for him not to tap into his assassin side. It was their job to save the public and the world from dangerous beings like Loki and Potter. She should be suggesting it, not preparing to give him a lecture.
Natasha scoffed. “I’m sure the kid is another Loki or perhaps Loki himself in disguise, after all he seemed truly evil when he saved Agent Skye.”

As if proving her point, Clint watched as Potter’s steps started to grow more hesitant towards the mission location now he was alone. Even in his own suspicious mind, it hardly screamed confident mass murderer.

“It could all be an act…” he said sounding weak to his own ears before sighing harshly. “…fine he might not be Loki but that doesn’t mean he hasn’t got dark motives.”

Natasha refrained from replying. He wasn’t sure if she was busy observing Potter, checking the area or if she just didn’t agree. Although, what got him was her sudden change of attitude, back at their meeting with Fury she gave the impression that she agreed with them about Potter. Harry Potter was a risk and had to be treated as such.

Clint watched Potter as he teleported over to the side of the warehouse before he stuck his hand around the corner at the guard. ‘Here we go. He’ll kill the guard with his powers and then that’ll be all the evidence we need to take him out.’ He thought triumphantly to himself.

Although, rather than fall over dead like he suspected, the guard began to sway on the spot. “What the heck did he do?” He asked his partner quietly his eyes glued to his binoculars.

“If you keep talking you’ll miss it.” She snapped back.

Clint almost fell over as Harry strolled out from his hiding place and began to converse with the guard. As lip reading had never been an area of expertise for him, he asked Nat to translate.

She exhaled dramatically. “You realise that the more we talk, the less inconspicuous we are, right?”

He knew she was right but it was a decent request especially as it was mission related. Apparently she agreed with his unspoken statement, as she proceeded to adhere to his request.

“Potter asked if he wanted to take a swim and the guard asked why.” Natasha whispered to her partner.

Clint frowned. Potter must have done something to the guard’s mind. Hydra agents shoot first and ask questions later; normally Potter would have been shot the moment he revealed himself. Returning to watch the events transpire outside the warehouse, Clint watched as the guard suddenly dropped his gun before turning around, walking over to the side of the wharf and jumping into the water.

He was gobsmacked. “W-what…?”

“Err…Potter sold him a story and the idiot believed him. He just…did what Potter wanted.”

Normally, Natasha was superb at hiding her emotions; it was a critical part of their job that the red-headed agent excelled at. Yet, he could tell from her small hesitation that she was surprised. Whatever Potter did to the guard had to have been strong as it was far from
swimming weather.

Together the pair of spies watched as Potter, Coulson and May argued briefly out in front of the warehouse before separating.

“I’ll be back, I’m going to go find the guard. He might have some information about Potter we could use. I’ll stay on comms.” Natasha whispered as she gently placed her binoculars on the ground before standing up.

He wasn’t entirely sure what information he could get off the guard but it was worth a shot. Currently they were basically flying blind and any scrap of information would be better than nothing.

“Alright, I’ll keep an eye on things from here.” Clint agreed as his partner snuck off into the night.

Just as the last member of Coulson’s team entered the warehouse, a smug masculine voice screamed through his earpiece.

“MY DEAR KATNISS, IS THAT YOU I SEE DOWN THERE?”

“Stark….” Clint groaned as he lowered his binoculars and turned around just in time to see Iron Man’s thrusters flare up in the night sky. He was a little embarrassed that he hadn’t noticed or heard Stark coming, especially as he tends to be rather visible at night with his bright red and golden suit coupled with the roar of his thrusters.

Clint watched as Stark touched down in front of him with his usual melodramatic flair.

“So Katniss where’d your girlfriend, the elusive Spy Barbie go? I’m rather eager to talk to you both.” Stark said through his iron face shield, as he looked around as if expected Natasha to suddenly appear out of thin air.

Clint glared at the billionaire. It didn’t take much deduction to work out that Stark was here for Potts and probably wanted to know why he wasn’t brought in on the mission to save her. Despite what Stark wanted to talk about, he couldn’t let it get that far and if possible he needed to get rid of him as soon as possible. They were here on a mission that he was certain Stark would screw up. He could have already risked Coulson’s mission along with their own, after all with the way his suit sticks out like a sore thumb and the fact that his thrusters light up like fireworks he isn’t exactly subtle.

“We are actually supplying cover to a mission right now. Whatever you want to say will have to wait.” Clint whispered dismissively as he returned to scanning the warehouse via his binoculars, checking for any signs of trouble he may have missed thanks to Stark’s arrival. Normally he wouldn’t lie to another Avenger but Stark was a different case.

“Legolas, I don’t care who you are providing cover for…we are going to talk or I’ll fly down into that warehouse right now.” Tony threatened his voice losing some of its earlier happiness.

“Stark are you on our frequency…again?” Natasha’s exasperated voice asked through the comm system, closing down their upcoming fight quickly.
“Ah there is my spy girl.” Tony said, his joy returning rapidly.

Natasha huffed. “What have I said about you calling me that Stark?”

“Hmmm…something along the lines of you giving me a strip tease if I had the guts to call you that again.” Stark said happily.

“…Not even close Stark.”

Sensing a dark tone seeping out into Tasha’s speech, Clint decided to jump in; if anybody was going to kill Stark it was him.

“Did you find the guard Tash?”

“Yeah, he seems to be fine; however, I’ll need Stark to come and get him, he weighs too much for me to lift up to the lookout.”

Clint smirked at Natasha’s request. He had known her for many years, during which she seemed unable to ask anybody for help. If she couldn’t do something by herself one way, then she’d find a new option. Working with the odd agent or himself during a mission seemed to be the extent of her ‘teamwork’ capabilities. So complaining that she couldn’t carry the guard, even though he was a fairly large man, to their hiding spot was rather a weak excuse. She clearly had something else in mind.

“Your wish is my command Red.” Tony declared activating his thrusters and flying off.

-End Flashback-

Clint shuffled forward as a rough shove rocked him out of his daydream.

“Are you right Clint?”

He turned to his red-headed partner and gave her a tight smile. “Err…what?”

“That’s what I was going to ask you, as you’ve been glaring at Stark and Potter for well over ten minutes.”

Clint turned his head away from Potter and Stark to stare at Natasha. “I’m just observing what we both know could be a potential global threat.” He replied defensively.

“Right…well while you’ve been observing the global threat…Coulson and his team have just left to escort the Hydra agents and Ward back to Headquarters for interrogation. All that’s left is our mission now.”

Despite the good outcome for SHIELD, Clint was slightly disappointed that Potter didn’t show his true colours; one arrow to the head and it would all be over.

//Tony Stark – Iron Man\}
Tony smirked at how quickly the British man’s complexion turned pink, before he quickly turned his eyes to the ground. While Tony would have preferred to stare into his intensely green eyes for longer, it did give him the opportunity to look at Potter’s other assets; he was wearing a dirty hooded jacket that hid what Tony suspected was a small lithe frame underneath along with extremely tight leather pants that left little to his imagination.

While Tony could freely admit to himself that he found the enigma that was Harry Potter rather attractive, his keen eyes noticed more than his enticing features. There were a few light cuts on his nose, his round glasses were badly scratched, his right bicep was steadily bleeding and there was an odd cut on his forehead. In Tony’s opinion the cut on his forehead was an odd injury to get in a fight, especially since it resembled a lightning bolt. Instead of questioning the man now he’d mentally added it to his list for further research.

“I must say I’m surprised to see a British citizen working with SHIELD, they aren’t normally known for grabbing tourists and shoving them into missions. I can see why you’re special but I doubt they had different thoughts.”

Potter looked up with comical eyes, clearly surprised by his comments. “How’d you know that? Besides there’s nothing special about me…”

Now that his striking eyes were fixed back where they belonged, Tony found himself saddened by Potter’s now more natural complexion. Something about the way Potter’s face lit up when he blushed made him incredibly cute. He would have to work on seeing that more often.

“I may have hacked onto the SHIELD servers…” He replied with a casual wave of his hand. “…can’t trust SHIELD not to hide things from me. Have to say that coming across your file was a pleasant surprise.”

From their brief interaction so far, Tony had pegged Harry as being rather sweet so as his face tensed and darkness filled his eyes he was astonished.

“SHIELD has a file on me?” Potter hissed.

“Yeah, although it doesn’t say much. Mainly just your name and country of origin really…oh and some interesting video feeds.” Tony revealed quickly, hoping to return to a more enjoyable conversational topic. “But I wouldn’t worry too much about it as they have files on everyone. You should see the files they have on me and Pepper.”

Suddenly Potter’s eyes darted up and gave him a calculated stare. “Wait…Tony Stark as in works with Pepper Potts?”

Tony did a double take at the question. He had been known as many things over the years ranging from billionaire, playboy, Iron Man and even Merchant of Death, yet someone who works with Pepper is a first. “Umm…yes…you could say that. Pepper is my assistant and best friend. Why do you ask?”

Potter’s expression softened as he rubbed the back of his neck sheepishly. “I just wanted to know how she was going. I know she’s with Simmons but considering what she went through…” Harry said drifting off. “…What about you?”

“Me?” Tony asked bemusedly unable to hide his smirk.

“Well yeah. If someone didn’t tell me that a friend of mine had been kidnapped, I’d be livid. I
couldn’t believe it when Agent Coulson told me that they weren’t letting you help.”

Tony snorted. Before the Agent got stabbed by Loki he was a good man. A company man through and through but a kind man nevertheless. Regardless of the Agent’s motivations for keeping Pepper’s kidnapping a secret, Tony knew he would get revenge on him and Fury. Pepper was his friend and he stuck by his friends.

“Pepper is fine. Doc wants to keep her under observation and do some blood tests just in case, but she seemed pretty confident that Pepper was okay. As for me…Don’t worry I’ll get my revenge on Agent Zombie for keeping me in the dark.” Tony replied with a wink.

Harry smiled when he mentioned that Pepper was okay and even chuckled at Coulson’s new nickname.

“Agent Zombie?”

“Oh yeah. I’ve got a few others for him but as he faked his death a while ago, I think it suits him very well.”

At the mention of Coulson dying Harry’s eyes got wide. “He faked his death?”

Stark could hear his name being called with corresponding orders by Legolas but he couldn’t care less. They might be teammates as Avengers, but this was a SHIELD mission, neither of which meant that Legolas could order him around.

“That’s what he told us but I wouldn’t worry about the Agent right now. After seeing that video of you saving Agent Skye, I’ve got an extremely important question to ask you.” Tony said his voice getting deeper as he slowly moved closer to the man. From this new position he was hit with a powerful wave of vanilla, instantly overwhelming his senses. Not only was Harry Potter attractive, sweet, gutsy and powerful but he smelt amazing as well.

“So…tell me something, just between us, what other abilities do you have hidden in that body of yours?”

His low tone succeeded in a small pink hue colouring in Potter’s pale cheeks; seeing Potter blushing before him for something he said gave Tony a feeling of achievement bubbling up in his chest. Normally when he flirted it was to get something like information, something he wanted or a fun night. Something about Harry Potter was different to the others; he couldn’t quite put his finger on it but right now he didn’t care what it was.

Unfortunately, just as Potter opened his mouth to reply he was rudely cut off by a pissed archer.

“Stark!” Clint bellowed his body dropping into an aggressive stance. Potter whirled around causing Tony to lose his visual with the Brit’s hypnotising green eyes. As he shot Legolas a fake innocent smile, he contemplated getting revenge by sending thirty boxes of clown porn magazines to the archer’s office.

“Yes? Something I can help you with Robin Hood?”

“We need to head back to headquarters for a debriefing. Coulson is taking the Hydra agents into custody which leaves just us.”

The last thing Tony wanted to do was go back and explain to Fury or Hill about why he barged into their mission. He needed time to get information from the SHIELD databases on Potter, Coulson and the upcoming interrogations of the Hydra agents. He felt a bit disappointed that he would have
to leave Potter but he would make sure it wasn’t the last time they’d see each other. Besides it didn’t matter if she was still unconscious, Pepper needed him and he wouldn’t let her down again.

“Actually I should probably go check on…” Tony started before Red appeared at Legolas’s shoulder.

“…Pepper is still with Dr Simmons on the BUS and since it’s heading to the same place we are, you may as well tag along. After all Potter will need someone to keep him company on the ride back.”

‘Damn agents mucking up my plans.’ Tony thought to himself until Red’s last sentence hit him. “You know what, you’re absolutely right. Someone has to watch out for our nations cute tourists, as I’m sure you two won’t be any help to him.”

Without waiting to hear a reply from Fury’s lackeys, Tony swung an arm around Harry’s neck and started walking towards the exit.

-Flashback-

As Tony left Clint on the top of the ship and followed Natasha’s directions to her location over the comm system that he hacked, Tony couldn’t help but to let his mind float back to Pepper. Through all the issues he’s had before and after becoming Iron Man, Pepper was his one true constant friend in his life. Sure he had Happy and Rhodes but Pepper was special. Now because of him, Pepper had been kidnapped by Hydra and SHIELD was doing their best to keep him out of it.

Seeing the feisty Agent Romanoff standing behind a dark bait shop with boarded up windows, Tony landed next to a couple of rubbish bins only a few metres away from her. He might not openly care about procedures but he wasn’t about to risk Peppers life by drawing extra attention to himself. However, if the time came and the enemy had been alerted their presence, Tony was prepared to blast his way in and save Pepper; he was confident that the Agent’s team, Legolas and Red, could deal with finishing off Hydra and helping the second captive.

Even with his shield down, he could still smell the putrid smell of rotting fish

“Good evening Natasha. Where is Tubbo?” He asked looking around for the massive man he was meant to move for the agent. “I mean for you not being able to lift him, he’s gotta be bigger than our green friend, right?”

Romanoff was a seasoned and skilled fighter; however, as she had pointed out many times, she didn’t need muscle or technology to excel in her job. Tony knew that normally she would be right but he was certain that more muscles would make lifting the guard easier. Even the mental image of Romanoff trying to drag a Hulk-sized Hydra guard away whilst remaining invisible was hilarious.

“I shot him up with a tranquilizer and stuffed him into the shop.” She said nodding towards the bait shop they were hiding behind. “I’ve already organised a SHIELD team to extract him later once we finish the mission.”
Tony was a little startled. The last time she asked for him to help her do something, it was a trick to get him alone for revenge. Somehow her revenge of slapping him made it onto the Avenger Christmas e-cards he sent out to his friends. He suspected a joint effort between Pepper, Jarvis and Natasha.

“Oh so you wanted to spend some one on one time with me? Flattered as I am, I’ve got my own mission.”

Tony grinned as he watched her irritation grow as he spoke, her jaw flexed slightly as though she was desperate to lash out verbally or otherwise. Natasha was one of SHIELD’s best spies, not to mention that she was also a member of the Avengers. With all her training it wasn’t easy to get a rise out of her, but it just made even more rewarding when he achieved it.

“Stark you have no idea what we are doing, this is a…” she started saying through gritted teeth as she folded her arms against her chest.

“…actually I do know what is going on.” He interrupted smugly. “You should know how easy it is for me to get into the SHIELD servers. So I know that Hydra has taken Pepper and some SHIELD engineer hostage, I also know that the ‘dead Agent Coulson’ is tasked with saving them. The only thing I’ve yet to find out much about is this Harry Potter.”

From the moment he found out that Agent Coulson was alive, he had personally hacked his way into the SHIELD mainframe. Fury seemed to enjoy keeping important secrets from him and the rest of the Avengers and Stark had had enough. Pepper was a human being, not some chess piece for SHIELD to play with. After he had ensured that he had copied everything worthwhile from the SHIELD databases onto his own personal servers, Tony came across some startling information.

Fury believed that another Loki had arrived on Earth yet didn’t bother to inform the Avengers. When Loki attacked the last time, SHIELD wasn’t able to stop him. They had needed to create the Avengers and even then it was a close call. New York had been swarmed by aliens and their pet giant armoured flying worms. Yet, with all of their resources the only thing SHIELD had managed to find out about this other Loki was his name – Harry Potter.

With the information Tony had assessed, it seemed that the only solid information they had on him was his name, that he was British, and displayed unknown abilities. After having watched the footage of Potter saving one of the Agent’s people, Tony had been impressed. Without considering his own wellbeing Potter had run in and saved a complete stranger from being murdered then he had proceeded to get the victim medical treatment. It was these acts that made the idea of Potter being another Loki completely laughable.

The concept of Loki risking his own self-interest to help another, sounded more like the opening line from a comedy show. If Potter was anything in that scenario it was an Avenger. He used his abilities and bravery to save somebody, something that they do on a regular basis. There was no denying that Potter was different but that also could define the Avengers perfectly; after all, they had a muscular thunder god, the gamma irradiated scientist, a dashing billionaire with weapons, and an old super soldier.

At Tony’s comment, Romanoff fell into a battle stance. “Stark…” She said tensely.
“According to the SHIELD files I’ve already found, Potter has been attached to the Agent’s team...even though he is not a SHIELD...anything. Also something else about this whole thing that struck me as odd was that after knowing that Pepper had been taken, my own team mates decided to keep it secret from me. Curious, wouldn’t you say Red?” Tony continued as though she hadn’t interrupted him.

The agent opened her mouth to reply, until the sound of gunfire ripped through the air effectively silencing her. With one brief look at each other, Tony activated his thrusters and Romanoff ran into the shadows and out of sight. Tony headed directly back to where he knew Legolas would be waiting for them.

“Gunfire coming from the south end of the warehouse.” Legolas reported stiffly through his earpiece.

Panic rose up through Tony like a monsoon. He knew that Coulson’s team had gone in and there would obviously be fighting, but that didn’t calm his nerves. Pepper was not a SHIELD agent and wasn’t trained how to deal with these situations. He had to do something.

“Jarvis I want scan for any electronical surveillance coming from that warehouse. I want to see what’s happening in there right now!” Tony said, once he made sure that Romanoff and Barton couldn’t hear him.

“Yes sir.” Jarvis responded quickly as Tony landed back on the ship with Clint.

Tony wasted no time before rounding on the SHIELD agent who had his black binoculars glued to his face. “What’s going on?”

“I can’t see that much from this angle, but it looks like the gunfight is between Hydra, May and Coulson.”

Tony’s stomach dropped. He had hoped that the Agent and his team would try and sneak Pepper and the scientist out safely before engaging Hydra. Risking the lives of everyone in the warehouse first seemed a foolish strategy.

‘Rogers could come up with something better in his sleep.’ Tony thought bitterly to himself before turning his attention back to BirdBoy.

“What about Pepper and the engineer? Can you see them at all?”

Barton lowered his binoculars and turned his head around swiftly to Tony. “Stark there is more going on here than just saving Pepper and Fitz. We know what we are doing.”

Tony felt like blasting the irritating agent off the ship but he needed to save Pepper and injuring a resource might be something he lived to regret. However a distraction in the form of a small red-head offered the perfect interruption.

“Barton report.” Romanoff said appearing from the shadows.

As both the agents didn’t have any useful information and were thankfully busy talking rubbish to each other, Tony’s mind whirled with other options.
He was tempted to follow through on his earlier threat to Barton and go into the warehouse guns blazing, but if HYDRA had someone on Pepper it could end badly. Before another plan could take shape in his mind the speaker near his ear crackled, signalling his electronic friend.

“Sir, there are two security feeds within the area that I was able to gain access to, all of which I believe you would be interested in. I have successfully hacked into them however it appears as if the third camera feed is damaged.”

Tony smirked. “Excellent Jarvis. Play the video.”

A hazy black and white screen flickered before his eyes showing Coulson and May fight numerous HYDRA agents. However as he scrutinized each pixel he couldn’t see Pepper anywhere.

“She’s not there Jarvis, play the second one.”

Instantly an image appeared replacing the black and white one which showed a woman in a white lab coat swiftly dragging two beds into a small grey room. He couldn’t recognise the woman but noted from the feed that she had knotted brown hair and pale skin. Tony’s first thought was that Jarvis somehow had gained access to some random stranger’s home security network. Until she began wheeling in large medical machines and began to set them up.

“According to facial recognition, she is Dr Jemma Simmons of SHIELD. Currently she is attached to Agent Coulson’s field team.” Jarvis efficiently stated.

“She must be preparing to treat Pepper and the other guy.” Tony murmured digesting the new information. “Keep an eye on the Doc Jarvis.”

“Of course sir. Also I have gained access to a heavily encrypted file from the SHIELD databases. It appears that they tried to hide it from my scanning software by converting it into a shadow file. Shall I open it for you?”

Tony chuckled to himself as he pictured a nervous Fury, desperately trying to find a way to keep him away from their servers. In the most condescendingly way possible, their attempts were nothing more than cute.

“Yes great work Jarvis.”

The file contained reports from SHIELD hacks, a video file and several pictures of an attractive man with shaggy dark hair and piercing green eyes. After quickly reading the reports, Tony had Jarvis play the video in which a young man used his abilities to save a SHIELD agent.

‘Ah so that is what you’re up to Fury.’ Tony thought to himself as he thought up a game plan.

-End Flashback-

//Fury\"
Fury was sitting in his empty office half-heartedly reading a report from Hill and Cunningham; he knew it had something to do with a possible 0-8-4 in China, but he was too distracted to properly absorb the information. His mind was still on the communication from Romanoff regarding the status of their mission.

 Barely ten minutes ago, Romanoff informed him that they were bringing in Potter, Ward and several Hydra agents. While he wouldn’t admit it to anyone, he immediately felt elated that his agents had succeeded. Normally he would never doubt his agent’s skills, especially Barton and Romanoff, but shortly after sending them on this mission he had his doubts; if Potter was another Loki he would need to assemble the full Avengers team to take him down.

 Realising that it was a waste of time, Fury chucked the 0-8-4 report down on his desk in favour for contemplating the best way to deal with his arriving guests. He had already given Hill her orders on what he expected her to do, all that was left to do was to carefully plan; he couldn’t let Potter and Ward get away so everything would have to go exactly to plan. Just as he was picturing Potter breaking down from his questioning, a weak knock sounded at his door.

 “Come in.” He croaked checking his watch. While there were always teams of agents at SHIELD headquarters, they usually only disturbed him if there was an emergency at this time of night.

 The door creaked open to reveal Dr Cunningham. One look at the man reminded Fury that he still had yet to ‘professionally scold’ the doctor for his attitude and work attire. Cunningham had to learn that he worked for SHIELD, therefore flirting with female agents and wearing tattered clothes wasn’t acceptable. Tonight he was wearing the same faded jeans and dirty lab coat he was in the last time Fury saw him, the only difference appeared to be that he’d changed into a black muscle shirt.

 Fury kept his eye on the doctor as he shuffled over, in his now stained white converse, to stand directly in front of his desk. There was something different about the scientist that he couldn’t quite place his finger on. Figuring it was just the combination of a lack of sleep and the improper white logo on the front of Cunningham’s shirt that was getting to him.

 “You’ve been given longer than twenty-four hours to find answers. I assume you’re here to deliver your report?” Fury asked glaring at Cunningham.

 He’d given Cunningham and his team twenty-fours to figure out what happened to the Hydra agent who shot Skye. Earlier when the blonde scientist reported that he had no idea how the man was paralysed or how his memory was compromised, Fury wasn’t happy. The unnamed Hydra agent had been their one clue to finding out about Potter and his powers, not to mention delivering important information to them about Hydra. If Cunningham knew what was good for him, he was there to deliver a complete report; which might even help in the upcoming interrogations.

 At first Cunningham didn’t reply, choosing to stare down at the ground rather than meet his eye. It was moments like this when he wished that all SHIELD personnel were forced to undergo similar training methods. It was insolent to not look a superior in the eye and his sheepish behaviour was the final straw for Fury.

 “CUNNINGHAM!” Fury shouted as he sprang up from his chair and slammed the palms of his hands onto his desk.

 He wasn’t sure if Cunningham jumped because of his fists or his voice but regardless it seemed to soothe his temper slightly.
“What did you find out?” Fury bit out now he had Cunningham’s wide blue eyes fixed onto him.

“I-I’m not here to deliver a report sir.” Cunningham revealed with a twitch under his right eye. “I heard that Potter had been captured and I wanted to clarify if he was on the way.”

“Who told you that?” He asked frowning at the doctor trying to suppress his morbid curiosity. Romanoff had only just spoken to him about their mission and wouldn’t have told anyone else. Yet this doctor had been told sensitive information.

“Agent Hill sir. She asked for my help in preparing the usual serums for interrogation.”

Fury relaxed slightly at hearing his explanation. After getting off the phone with Romanoff, he had immediately informed Hill so that she could prepare everything for their arrival. In order for the interrogations to yield answers quickly, he authorized Hill to have several drugs on hand; the information they would receive had to be reliable.

“Whether or not Potter is on his way here isn’t your concern. You should be following Hill’s orders not here questioning me.” Fury barked, noticing how Cunningham’s shoulders slouched at his reprimand. “Now that you’re here however I needed to talk to you about something anyway.”

Cunningham’s eyebrows rose obviously confused at where he was going but Fury knew it would only make this more fun for him.

“When I personally interviewed you for a position with SHIELD you appeared to be well-mannered and professional however your actions lately have changed my opinion. Your continuous flirting with female agents and your chosen attire has put your future with SHIELD at risk. What you are wearing now is a perfect representation of this. Do you think that it is appropriate to wear a tight black shirt under your lab coat with the words ‘Weird Sisters’ on it?”

In a flash Cunningham had swiftly produced a long brown stick from thin air and pointed it at his head.

“Petrificus Totalus!”

Chapter End Notes

Hey Everyone,
I hope that you liked Chapter 9 and Cunningham's reveal. Please leave your kudos and comments below.

There has been a few questions that I've been asked to answer.
1. Does the Character Death mentioned in the tags refer to Harry?
   No Comment :P
2. Is Cunninghman aligned with Gringotts, The American Ministry or the wizard who attacked Harry?
   No Comment :P
3. When does Harry and Tony's relationship start properly?
   Chapter 11.
Cunningham had just finished incapacitating Director Fury within his own office, but for what purpose. What could Cunningham want with Fury?

Hey Everyone.
I'm really sorry it's been so long since my last update. I've been meaning to release my new chapter but I've had a bit of writers block and it just never feels finished. However I feel you all deserve something for your wait so I'm going to release something for you now.

A BIG thanks to everyone who gave kudos or bookmarked this story. I also want to mention everyone who left a comment on my last chapter. I LOVE comments they make we want to keep writing. So another BIG thanks to kuromegane_cross, coderomance, dainystarkblack, pashiradoki, 107602, smileupward_fah, itachisgurl93, crankypants, twilightreaderaddict, stargirl1061, chocpastry, randomplotbunny, silvermane36, lovonya, queenlyssa, katycat612, kaislade, julietrichan, francinemarie, bonze, werebunny87, iptfog. Thanks all!

I hope you all enjoy it!!! Please leave your comments below and let me know what you think.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Cunningham practically felt euphoric as he started magically restraining the obnoxious Agent Fury. He knew he shouldn't feel so good about attacking a no-maj but Fury had been a pain in his arse since he was placed at SHIELD; he constantly belittled, threatened and yelled at him - this was purely payback. It was exactly that reason that he had chosen to place the body bind curse on Fury first before stunning him; the complete shock that emanated from the director's eyes gave him a thrill like no other.

With Fury properly incapacitated Cunningham turned his attention to the orderly office around him. Like many military minded individuals, Fury seemed to organise and clean everything around him meticulously; his papers were neatly arranged and placed at a perfect angle to his desk, the three pens at the front of his desk were arranged by size and even the small metallic waste paper bin by his chair appeared to shine.
‘Who knew that Fury was so OCD?’ Cunningham thought as he giggled to himself.

To give himself some more room, he quickly banished all the furniture in Fury’s office, effectively leaving nothing behind but himself and Fury. With space to enjoy his revenge, Cunningham levitated the stunned Fury to the middle of the room before conjuring a narrow cage to restrain his prey. After all, they’d have to revive him if they wanted answers and the last thing they needed was for him to escape before they were ready.

Options danced around Cunningham’s mind, each fuelled with his bizarre imagination that would both serve him well and make a mind reader sick. He might have a mission to complete but that didn’t mean he couldn’t serve more than one master tonight. By the time he was done Fury would learn that he wasn’t someone to be pushed around, rather someone to grovel before. With his first move worked out in his mind, Cunningham raised his wand and pointed it at Fury’s body with his blue eyes alight.

Just as his first spell as about to leave his mouth he was interrupted by a weak cough behind him. As pathetic as that sound was, it had the power to instantly vaporize his smug grin along with his growing sense of pride. For once everything had been going to plan for him, but it seemed as though fate was against him; just as he had want he wanted it all fell apart.

“Is there a particular reason you’ve gone to such extremes Agent Cunningham? Your orders were to have a calm, yet frank, conversation with Agent Fury before introducing myself. Despite some of the lengths you’ve currently gone to, it’s an order I’m sure you remember very clearly.”

Cunningham rolled his eyes as he spun around to face the owner of the squeaky voice, stowing his wand into his pocket as he went. While he knew exactly the identity of the unwelcome witch from her trademark tone he couldn’t suppress a groan at the sight of ‘Baby Mandrake’. Her nickname fitted the witch to a tee with her chubby cheeks and her voice being similar to the shrill and deadly sound of a crying baby mandrake. It almost seemed wrong to think of her another way.

“Ah, if it isn’t the great and powerful Senior Auror Cardera.” He said with a deep dramatic bow. As he stood back up, he felt a twinge of glee as her hazel eyes narrowed dangerously. Seeing no reason to stop baiting his boss Cunningham continued. “I see you’ve elected to wear your trademark satin robes but I’ve gotta ask. Do all your clothes come equipped with different ugly broaches?”

Cunningham knew that he was just trying to get a reaction from the red-headed witch, but there was an element of truth to his words. Regardless of her young age Cardera seemed to enjoy wearing different broaches from varying sizes, colours and shapes. Normally broaches worn by anyone under fifty was odd, yet combined with the fact they appeared to be made by a blind person it was truly sad. Like today, she was proudly wearing either a metallic representation of vomit or some form of roadkill. Cunningham couldn’t decide. The only upside to her horrible fashion was that it drew the eye away from her hideous scars.

Despite her short time in the auror department, the red-headed witch had been involved in some of the largest busts in over a decade. It was during one of these cases that Cardera had been cursed a few times leaving deep burns and scars on her body. These cases that she had apparently been critically important in unravelling not only tarnished her pale skin but were the reason behind her fast climb up the department hierarchy.

Cunningham wasn’t entirely sure on the details as it was all tagged above his pay level, but according to the rumor mill one of the cases included a vampiric plan to turn the students of Salem Institute. How much she actually contributed is still being widely debated by many, but there is no disguising her cursed scars; she had a long red scar that vertically snaked down the left side of her wide neck, a sickly burn that covered her cheek and the last visible one was a small wound just
above her eyebrow.

“I don’t like the fact that you were assigned to my team for this mission either, but do you always have to act like such an arse?” She asked crossing her arms.

Cunningham shrugged choosing not to answer her question. She may be in charge of the mission and technically his superior, but he had never been the type to roll over. Besides it wasn’t as though the department had anyone else to send in his place; having scientific degrees isn’t normal for a wizard, particularly those who selected the path of an auror.

“So did you come early to check up on me or to have you forgotten how to cast a simple tempus spell? We aren’t meant to meet for well over an hour.”

He didn’t particularly care if he sounded petulant, bloody Cardera was getting in the way of him getting his revenge. After all, it wasn’t as though he wanted to kill Fury after he finished teaching him a lesson. As Fury would go back to running one of the most powerful no-maj organisations on the planet, he had been considering the benefits of transfiguring Fury’s trench coat into a fluffy pink tutu. Cunningham had quickly learnt that blackmail material was always a valuable resource no matter who he had it on.

Cardera huffed. “Of course not. Why would I have to check up on you Winston? It’s not like you went undercover into a no-maj spy agency wearing a Weird Sisters shirt.”

Cunningham ground his teeth together in frustration. Firstly he hated being called Winston, a fact that Cardera was well aware of. And lastly, it realistically didn’t matter if he wore a large broomstick or the words *I love magic* on his shirt. No-maj wear weird things like that all the time, worst case scenario they would consider him odd or a nerd. Last time he checked being called either by a no-maj was hardly breaking any secrecy laws.

He opened his mouth to argue but unfortunately he was beaten to it.

“We don’t have time for this.” Cardera replied pinching the bridge of her nose with one hand whilst raising her other to silence him. “We’ve had to alter our time frame. Unfortunately the Avengers are going to arrive here sooner than we anticipated. Now, I’ve sent Miller to slow them down but she can’t hold them off forever. We need to debrief Fury now and leave.”

“Fine.” He murmured as he snatched his wand from his pocket and roughly placed a ward onto the bars of Fury’s new personal prison. “He won’t be able to escape…he’s ready.”

Cardera gave a shallow nod in acknowledgement before moving forward, brandishing her larch wand towards Fury’s unconscious body. Cunningham watched, easily noting the pattern Cardéra’s wand made in the air as she removed his body bind.

‘Goodbye sweet revenge.’ He thought bitterly to himself unable to stop himself glaring at the pair before him. Whether he was pretending to be a no-maj or working with the auror department, he seemed to have bad luck with having bosses.

“*Enervate.*”

Instantly Fury’s brown eyes twitched open before he jumped up from the ground on unsteady legs. Cunningham could tell that he was trying to maintain a defensive stance but his legs weren’t cooperating. With baited breath, he watched as Fury reached a hand out to one of the bars surrounding him for support. To Cunningham, Fury seemed to move in slow motion as his hand gradually moved to the cold metal of his prison.
‘Perhaps I can get some fun out of tonight after all.’ Cunningham thought cheerfully to himself.

The moment Fury touched his cage the agent tensed up before falling unceremoniously onto the floor breathing heavily. Watching Fury fall for his trap, Cunningham only had a second to clear his cocky smirk from his face before Cardera turned around with a deadly glare. He knew that she’d probably write a report on him but he couldn’t bring himself to care.

“Aww, it looks like the poor wittle spy needs some help.” He taunted whilst trying to keep a toothy grin at bay. Considering his audience wouldn’t appreciate his line he didn’t expect a decent response. Especially as one of them was uppity and the other was yet again unconscious. Regardless of the swirls of fury in Cardera’s eyes, he only thing he felt was regret at not adding more wards to the bars.

“What ward did you place on the completely unnecessary the cage?” She growled out with her teeth barred. While he knew she meant to be intimidating, her high pitched voice made her growl sound more like a pissed off chihuahua.

“Nothing seriously against protocol, especially when you need to think about the person we are questioning.” Cunningham responded with a dismissive wave of his hand. “If he touched the cage he would just receive something akin to a small electrical charge.”

While he had intended to downplay one of his favourite and highly dangerous wards, it didn’t seem to appease Cardera in the slightest. Her hands quickly turned into fists being held so tightly he thought she might even break her wand. “Remove the ward Winston or so help me I’ll make sure you are brought up on charges. This is no way for a wizard or an auror to behave.”

Cunningham felt his eyes twitch at her threat; he knew full well that being the goody goody that she was Cardera had every intention of following through. With limited options if he didn’t want to go on the run, he waved his wand effectively removing the ward from the make-shift jail cell.

With Fury momentarily forgotten, the husky witch slowly stepped closer to him until she invaded his personal space. With each step the senior auror kept her expressive eyes fixed firmly onto him, almost as though she was daring him to do something. Unfortunately for her he wasn’t stupid. From her pinched facial features and body language, he could practically feel the hatred rolling of her in waves. In that moment he knew that she wanted nothing more than to fire him and lock him away.

She lifted her wand and pointed it directly at the tip of his nose. “Make one more move that I don’t like…one more move Cunningham and I’ll make sure that you live to regret it. You don’t like me and I don’t like you but you are on my team and as such your actions reflect upon me. So if you make me look bad I’ll ensure you never darken our department ever again.”

With her sickening perfume assaulting his senses and her wand almost up his nose, Cunningham gave the aggressive Cardera a small nod in understanding. If that was how she wanted to play it, he could bide his time. It was just another person to add to his list.

Gently Cardera removed her wand from his person and swung around to Fury. “I’m going to revive him one last time. If you have done anything else that might jeopardise this, I’ll give you a chance to reverse it without consequence. However don’t expect another.”

Even though she wasn’t looking at him anymore he could tell that her face was still unattractively pinched together. When he didn’t respond however Cardera recast the revival charm on Fury’s body.

With a feeling of de ja vu, Fury slowly rose from his crumpled place on the ground and rose until he was standing. Cunningham was impressed that the agent had managed to stay upright after the amount of shock his body had just been exposed to. The revival charm would have helped but it
wouldn’t have healed the small amount of nerve damage the ward would’ve given him.

For a few minutes nobody moved or said anything, allowing the tense environment to be almost suffocating. Knowing he was already on thin ice Cunningham kept his mouth shut, but he wished one of the two pigheaded morons in the room with him would break the silence. For whatever reason it seemed as though they hoped by simply staring at each other, their opponent would magically reveal their weaknesses.

Finally Cardera cleared her throat, which only had the unfortunate side effect of sharpening the tone of her voice. “Good evening Director Fury. I’m sorry for this situation, it wasn’t planned to be so… hostile.”

“You mean you didn’t mean to knock me out and imprison me in my own office?” Fury rasped out as he nodded to his metal surroundings.

Watching Fury intently, Cunningham could see his eyes carefully observing his surroundings, looking for any possible way of escape. It seemed this stupid no-maj refused to give up.

Cardera shook her head causing her shoulder length hair to sway back and forth. “No. Agent Cunningham was asked to evacuate the floor and organise a meeting.”

Fury’s one good eye glared at the mention of his name, moving his focus away from his empty office to Cardera. “Yes. I noticed the traitorous bastard behind you. Tell me something, who do you work for? HYDRA?”

Cunningham snorted. Since he arrived under the guise of Keith Cunningham, a genius doctor, it seemed like the entire agency was obsessed with HYDRA. “No we aren’t with HYDRA but seriously… that was your first and only accusation? You do realise that SHIELD has more enemies than HYDRA right?”

A tendon in Fury’s neck twitched violently but just as he opened his mouth to retort, Cardera spun around. “You were warned Agent Cunningham.”

The last thing he saw before darkness enveloped him was her brown wand pointed directly between his eyes.

“Stupefy!”

//Agent Nick Fury\//

Fury wasn’t entirely sure what was happening. He seemed to only have a few flashes of memory since his meeting with Cunningham. He could clearly remember Cunningham point something at him and after that he could remember pain but that was about it. However even though he had only been conscious a short time he had been able to deduce a bit about his situation.

The most obvious piece of information was that Cunningham was a spy within SHIELD. He wasn’t sure what pissed him off more, the fact Cunningham had managed to survive so long within the agency or that he had personally hired him. Another thing that was painfully clear was the similarity between the two in front of him and Potter.

Cunningham and the red-headed woman seemed to wield sticks just like Potter. Meaning that they
were either here to protect Potter or take him for themselves. Both of which he couldn’t let happen. If they wanted Potter he must be more valuable than Fury originally thought.

Fury watched with satisfaction as his ex-employee fell to the ground in a heap by his friend’s hand. It seemed a bit odd that she would attack him but the more he considered the blonde, the more it made sense. Cunningham was easily one of the most irritating people he had ever employed; it was extremely rare that he had to hold himself back from striking an agent or asset.

The red headed woman turned back around to face him, taking deep calming breaths. Fury gave her a moment to gather herself whilst he worked on his options. Everything in his room was gone which meant the hidden button under his desk to signal for backup and the beacon in his chair wasn’t going to be any use. There was a secret panel in the far corner of the room but before he could access it he would need to break out of his cell.

“I’m sorry you had to see that unprofessional display Director Fury. Unfortunately wild cards aren’t always a good idea for missions.” She said.

Now startled out of his thoughts, Fury turned his attention back on his last captor. The short red headed woman was easily under thirty, even though her scars were a bit deceptive. Her round face appeared kind and sweet but thanks to Cunningham’s stupidity, he had mainly seen it contort into something fierce and unforgiving.

Fury didn’t negotiate or even converse with enemies, of which these people clearly were but he didn’t have any feasible options. Besides he might be able to get some valuable information on her, Cunningham and Potter in one swoop.

“You seem to know my name but I don’t know yours.”

She nodded running her hands through her hair. “You’re right I’m sorry. My name is Senior Agent Rachel Cardera and as I mentioned before, I had hoped to come here and speak with you peacefully. Something which Agent Cunningham didn’t agree with.

Fury raised an eyebrow at her speech. “Very well Agent Cardera. You’ve got my attention. What do you want to talk about?”

Chapter End Notes

I know its not as long as my other chapters but its something I wanted to release because you've all waited a while for a new chapter.

Please drop by the archive and comment to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!