

the Man of Iron and the Death Mage

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](http://archiveofourown.org/works/31805035) at <http://archiveofourown.org/works/31805035>.

Rating:	Teen And Up Audiences
Archive Warnings:	Graphic Depictions Of Violence , Major Character Death
Categories:	F/M , M/M
Fandoms:	Harry Potter - J. K. Rowling , The Avengers (Marvel Movies) , Iron Man (Movies)
Relationships:	Harry Potter & Tony Stark , Harry Potter & Sirius Black , Harry Potter/Tony Stark
Characters:	Harry Potter , Tony Stark , Nick Fury , Maria Hill , Steve Rogers , Bruce Banner , Loki , SHIELD Agents & Staff , Peggy Carter , Petunia Evans Dursley , Original Female Character(s) , Beauxbatons Students , Headmistress Maxime , Fleur Delacour (mentioned) , Sirius Black , Sigyn (Norse Religion & Lore) , Obadiah Stane , Edwin Jarvis , Jean Grey , Cyclops , James Howlett
Additional Tags:	Loki (Marvel) is Harry Potter's Parent , Harry Potter & Tony Stark is childhood besties , Genius Harry Potter , Genius Tony Stark , Somewhere, Somehow , HYDRA will get involved , i am the president of the 'We Hate Dumbledore Club!' , (only when it suits me honestly) , i'm tagging as i write! , SHIELD will also get involved , the story nobody asked for (besides my dreams) , this story is all a ploy to get all of my boys (and some girls) together , not necessarily in a romantic way , minor Harry Potter / Original Female Character(s) (one sided) , elegant Harry Potter , tall!HarryPotter , Harry Potter finds his godfather , Harry Potter saves his godfather , sirius black is confused , Asgardian Harry Potter , Reunions , Howard and Maria Stark dies , pouring rain for dramatic effect , Tony Stark doesn't give a flying fuck , Harry Potter knows Asgardian magic , Peggy Carter eats dust , Suicidal Thoughts , it's brief don't worry , and it's Tony , My poor bby , no beta we die like men , eccentric Harry Pottah , Magically Powerful Harry Potter , Hurt Harry Potter , Hurt Tony Stark , Morally Grey Harry Potter , holy smokes
Language:	English
Collections:	Lady Owl's Marvel Library
Stats:	Published: 2021-06-16 Updated: 2022-04-17 Words: 11,377 Chapters: 10/?

the Man of Iron and the Death Mage

by [TheGreatTeaMetaphor](#)

Summary

In a world where Tony Stark and Harry Potter met as children, more chaos than usual ensues. Harry is completely ignoring the British Wizarding World and it may or may not cause him a minor inconvenience. I'm just trying to keep Tony Stark safe, but I'm still hurting him.

*NOTE:

I'm not a writer, merely bored. English is not my first language, so I apologize in advance for any language mistakes.

****I do not own Harry Potter or the Avengers, nor will I ever claim to. That honor goes to J. K. Rowling and Marvel.

Notes

The most pointless story I have ever written.
Or the least depressing story I have ever written.

And probably one of the few I might pursue.

**I'm not a writer, merely bored. English is not my first language, so I apologize in advance for any language mistakes.

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

Tony meets Harry. And Harry meets Tony.

Chapter Summary

This is just a little bit of background information, kinda.

Where it all started.

and

Tony meets Harry. And Harry meets Tony. (wut)

Chapter Notes

Sooo, this was the 1st story i did actual planning for. (i even wrote a few chapters!)

Then i got a new idea.

so. I changed the WHOLE plot.

I'm sorry if my characters seem a little (a lot) flat.

I'm really bad at character building, but i think the moment i've 'established' my plot it'll get better.

(when we get to the meat of the story)

Hopefully.

But enjoy.

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

It all started when Dudley Dursley broke his 3rd computer (*really*) and proceeded to then throw a tantrum and blame it on his cousin. The young pig's father then *punished* his *too* small cousin and then told the 5-year old boy to '*FIX IT, BOY!*' and walked away, laughing. After all, *how could a 5-year old boy, as stupid and freakish as the boy, fix a computer?* And that is how our young savior (not that he knows that tidbit of information) found himself in the dimly-lit interior of his cupboard trying to wrap his fatigued mind around the workings of a computer.

Harry Potter is smart, he knows that. It's how he knew not to call his aunt Petunia '*mum*', it's how he understood to '*not ask questions BOY!*', so Harry Potter understood that his uncle didn't expect him to actually know how to fix the computer. His uncle wouldn't be expecting it back. Finally, something that would be *his*.

It takes the boy a few weeks to fix it, but months to get it switched on. It's a computer, it needed a power source. So, little Harry did job's in the neighborhood to save money for his mission.

After everything was running smoothly he explored its capabilities. That's how Harry found himself in a private chatroom with user @the_mechanic.

Anthony Edward Stark, the son of a billionaire, Howard Stark, was bored. He had built his first circuit board, and NOW he's bored. That's how the 5-year old decided to create a new chatroom and invite the first random person that he sees. That's how Tony found himself inviting @computerfreak to the chatroom.

...

Tony was ten and going to visit his aunt Peggy, who lived in London. After arriving in London Tony explained to his aunt Peggy the situation, and she agreed to take Tony to Surrey and meet his friend.

This caused a fair amount of anxiety in one Harry Potter. Harry tells Tony everything, yes, but he has never told Tony anything about the abuse he endures at home. Both Harry and Tony steered clear of the topic that is their home life.

Harry knows that Tony suspects.

And Tony does. Tony knows, smart as he is, that both he and Harry are equally smart. Tony asked Harry why he doesn't skip a few grades as he himself did. Harry always says that he just doesn't want to.

Tony doesn't believe him, Harry knows as much.

But unknown to Harry, Tony told his aunt about what he suspects. If anyone will notice abuse, it's his aunt Peggy.

She was, after all, in the army and good at reading others.

Harry told Tony to meet him at Surrey mall. That he would walk there and that it isn't too far from his home. And 'no Tony, my relatives are busy and uncle Vernon's job is in the opposite direction.' Tony looked it up. It was true. So Harry dressed in his smallest shirt and his only

slightly frayed pants which wasn't a hard task. He only had 3 shirts and 2 pairs of pants. He puts on 2 pairs of his thickest socks so that Dudley's battered trainers would fit him slightly better.

All his clothes are Dudley's old ones, and Dudley was about 4 times Harry's size.

It was midday and Harry was due to meet Tony in ten minutes. Well actually, Harry was supposed to be weeding aunt Petunia's garden.

But Harry was currently running down the streets of Surrey.

When Tony first saw the boy who he knew was Harry he was immediately suspicious. He watches the too-small boy come closer through narrowed eyes. He and Penny shared a look.

...

Nerves were overwhelming Harry.

He saw the look they exchanged...

Harry was immediately suspicious.

why is there always an ulterior motive?

Harry sat down in the only unoccupied chair at a café called: 'Mug & Bean'.

Harry can't help the excitement (but also wariness) that bubbled within him.

He had never been to any restaurant before.

The meeting went surprisingly well.

There were a few moments of awkward, strained silence.

Until Tony broke it.

Tony rambled and rambled.

Harry had to remind himself to blink his eyes and close his mouth.

So yes, Harry would say that their 1st meeting went pleasantly.

Tony, on the other hand, was livid.

How dare those whales hurt and starve his best friend?! Why do they treat someone as great as Harry like a slave?

Of course, Harry hadn't said anything.

But, if you need the reminder, Tony Stark isn't stupid.

He can see the tell-tale signs of abuse in his best (~~only~~) friend's movements and reactions.

Yeah, rage like he has never experienced before, overwhelmed him.

Tony was going to have a talk with his Aunt Peggy.

Chapter End Notes

...

a plea for help?

Chapter Summary

Tony asks his Aunt Peggy to help his best friend out.

and Peggy? She helps with love.

And Harry: He had to get the hell out of here.

Chapter Notes

Yesterday I tested positive for covid-19.
Today I missed my first mid-term paper.
It sucks.

So all I've been doing is sleeping, eating, writing, sleeping, repeat.
(if you've ever had covid you'll know that sleeping feels more like you're unconscious, or drugged. Not that I've ever been drugged before, but whatever.)

Sooo, another chapter!
Don't expect the others this quick though.
I've never been this excited about a story before!

I hope you enjoy it!

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

After meeting Harry and Aunt Peggy doing some grocery shopping, Tony contemplated how he was going to ask his Aunt Peggy to deal with Harry's abusers.

So, while Aunt Peggy was showering, Tony made tea and scoured through his suitcase looking for the classic shortbread *biscuits* he asked Jarvis to bake before he left for England.

He put the ensemble on the coffee table (is it a *tea* table in Britain?) in a classic way, in a way only a child raised as an heir, as an aristocrat could.

Feeling quite accomplished with himself, Tony sat down on one of the old Victorian-styled sofas.

(How he hated these sofas)

Eventually, he got bored of waiting and stared up at the high ceiling in his aunt's old manor.

(How did she afford this place? Tony couldn't help but think does being military make this much money?)

When Aunt Peggy came down, she was wearing luxurious, rose pink, silk sleepwear, and was pleasantly surprised (and amused) at Tony's effort to butter her up.

When Peggy was seated, she broke the silence.

"So," she said dragging the word out, "what is all this about?"

"Aunt Peggy, do you think Harry is okay?"

"What do you mean, child?"

"Like do you think everything is okay at home?" at the look he received he started to explain (~~ramble~~) "He is just so timid and withdrawn, his clothes are overworn and way too big. And no, before you say anything, his so-called family isn't poor! You saw how surprised Harry was when we bought him food! Food, Aunt Peggy! He was surprised that he got food! And Harry is wicked smart! That's why I love having him as a friend! But he is still in 2nd grade like some average kid! His family doesn't let him skip grades! It doesn't make sense! It's like they don't even care about him! Like what the heck!? And don't you dare tell me that you didn't see the bruises on various places on his body! If you didn't then you're losing your touch, Aunt Peggy! Harry is the nicest, kindest person I know! How can anyone treat someone as wonderful as Harry *so poorly*!?" he said in one mouthful of air.

Tony had to take deep, gasping breaths after all that.

Peggy was greatly amused, but she kept a straight face.

"Anthony..."

...

It was 10.00 pm when Harry got a very enthusiastic message on his computer.

@the_mechanic

I know that you've never explicitly told me that you are being abused, but we both know that I know you are being abused. Anyways. I talked to Aunt Peggy, and she said she'd help you! She's calling in a favor from an old cop friend as we speak! She even said that she would be willing to take you in! How cool is that?! We would be cousins! Aunt Peggy has always wanted children, but according to her, she was just too busy with her career to have time to date, get married, have children, etc. But I call bullshit! I think the real reason she never married and had a family is because she never got over Steve Rogers. And who the hell can blame her?!

Getting back on topic now. Aunt Peggy said that she will come and pick you up sometime in the week to ask you a few questions and probably take you to a doctor for a checkup.

And hopefully clothes shopping (no offense). I wish I could come with you, but my flight back to America is due tomorrow. Sadly. I hope everything turns out alright.....(Tony's message is longer, but I'm too lazy to type it out)

Harry smiled at his friend's message. Warmth settling in his chest. And thankfulness swelling in his heart.

His smile faded. And realization cleared his mind:

He had to get the hell out of here.

...

She pulled up beside the Dursley residence in her cream-colored Cadillac XTS 1980. She admired herself in her pocket mirror. Her creamy, smooth skin was still flawless. Her cheeks were pale with a rosy sheen. Her pristine, ink-black mascara made her beautiful eyes stand out. Her brown curls were pinned neatly to her head. And to finish it all off, was her signature apple red lipstick. All in all, Margaret 'Peggy' Carter didn't look a day over 40. Not bad for a 60 something-year-old. (She wasn't *jokingly* called immortal at her working place after all)

Elegantly, she got out of the car, revealing her hourglass figure, her cream-colored silk blouse, her tight dusty pink shin-length skirt, and her heeled black pumps.

Never say that Margaret Carter can't inspire jealousy.

She marched right up to Dursleys door and rang the doorbell like a lady on a mission. (She pretended she didn't see Petunia Dursley spying on her through a gap in the ugly salmon-colored curtains.)

The key rattled in the door.

Time to face these *monsters*.

Chapter End Notes

What's Peggy gonna do?

I hope you like it!

And thank you for everyone's kind comments on the previous 2 chapters! I really appreciate it! <3

some strange shit.

Chapter Summary

Peggy Carter mourns over the little boy she couldn't save.
What is she supposed to tell her dear Anthony?

...or

Harry Potter has a very weird urge to run.
So, he ran.

a VERY short one, i'm sorry to say.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

" The key rattled in the door.

Time to face these monsters. "

Peggy came face to face with a horse-faced woman.

"Can I help you?" the woman said quite rudely.

"Yes, you must be Petunia Dursley?" at the woman's nod she continued, "certain – um-
problems have come to our attention about your nephew, Harry Potter."

the woman's face paled drastically

"And what concern is that of mine? I have no contact with my family"

Her voice was trembling, out of fear or outrage, Peggy wasn't sure. It was clear that the woman was trying to keep a straight face.

her face was about as straight as Steve Rogers Peggy thought with an inner smirk. ~~(Of maliciousness)~~

"Ma'am, on paper it is stated that you have full guardianship over one Harlan James Potter."

The woman opened her mouth to protest.

But Peggy held up her hand to silence her.

“Ma’am, you signed this document. Are you telling me that someone forged your signature?”

Peggy can practically see the woman’s inner conflict.

She also saw the moment the woman gave in.

“He’s gone!” she yelled shrilly, “the freak is gone! Disappeared a few days ago! Good riddance I say!”

Peggy lets the woman go on with her tirade of half-sane complaints.

She’s not listening to the horse’s shrill, unintelligible neighing after all.

But did she understand right? Harry Potter disappeared?

This couldn’t be happening.

She turned on her heel and marched right back to her car.

She got into the driver’s seat, closed the door, rolled up the window, and allowed her head to fall onto the steering wheel in defeat.

She lets out a dejected sigh.

What is she going to tell dear Anthony?

Luckily Peggy was trained for situations such as these.

Quickly thinking up a new plan she nods to herself in approval, puts her car in gear, and drives away.

Calm as can be.

...

Peggy’s composure was steadily cracking.

She’s been searching for this mongrel of a child for 3 days and nothing. Nothing!

Not one lead!

Peggy was starting to feel hopeless!

She had to find the child and deliver him. And fast.

Not even she, THE Fearless Peggy Carter, lets her boss wait on results.

all Peggy wanted to do was cry. She's so exhausted.

This wasn't the deal!

When they showed her the light, the true way of life, she thought she could stop playing this garish role.

But no! She still has to plaster her face with poison and dress like her late aunt Sherry every day. Every. Single. Day. Okay, she has to admit, she kind of likes the lipstick. But that's it.

She thought she could keep up the act forever. Keep her blood-thirsty tendencies at bay.

But this child is truly pushing her limits to the very edge.

~~Oh, how she wants to make him suffer for wasting her precious time. She wants to drag her razor-sharp blade across his little arms (and watch paper-thin red lines to raise from his creamy white skin) and raise her special whip across his precious little hide (and see the inch deep lashes sink into his skin to stay) She wants to torch his hair with her special pink gas lighter (and smell his burnt hair, so like his diminishing hope)~~

No! she reprimanded herself *bad Peggy! Focus!*

So much hard work and that brat has ruined it all.

So much hard work for nothing!

Oh! What is she going to tell dear Anthony? The child was ever so excited to save his best mate! A real hero! she thought sarcastically.

Ughh. Peggy hates children.

....

Harry Potter isn't stupid. We've established that. He's an intelligent young boy.

You just don't know how intelligent he truly is.

You see, Harry has a rare gift.

He remembers everything since birth.

He remembers cold air stinging his skin suddenly before being embraced with warmth and a sweet scent.

He remembers his dad, a little, he remembers silky black hair, a pretense of indifference and affectionate nicknames muttered fondly.

He doesn't remember his mom much. Only tinkling laughter, warmth, and a floral scent.

He remembers James Potter with his shaggy black hair and sparkling hazel eyes, begging him to say ‘Dada’ or ‘Prongs’ first. (Harry didn’t understand why)

He remembers Lily Potter with her vibrant red hair and emerald eyes (so similar yet so achingly different from his), laughing at her husband and telling Harry to take his time (Harry was and never will be one for patience) but ‘you wanna call me mama first, right?’

He remembers his beloved godfather and his beautifully styled jet hair and sparkling quartz eyes, with his bark-like laughter and his loving words. Harry loves his godfather (‘Padfoot’ was his first word after all)

He remembers Remus Lupin with his curly mousse hair and his sad pain-filled golden eyes, he remembers tracing the man’s scars and how he used to share his chocolate with Harry.

He remembers a man named Peter. But we’re not talking about him.

But most importantly, Harry remembers magic.

He might remember the sound James’s body made when he had fallen to the wooden floor, dead. And he might remember Lily’s heart-wrenching pleads and broken sobs. (Harry caught her eyes before she fell to the green light, they were filled with regret. And yet he can’t mistake the relief he saw in them either.) but none of those matters, because Harry remembers magic.

And that knowledge saved him from an *entire* childhood filled with misery and confusion, it saved him from starving on the streets homeless, it saved his life.

the only memory that hurts is the raw pain in Padfoot’s eyes as he picks Harry out of the rubble, and when he rambles apologies to Harry for losing his parents (it’s his second pair, but his dogfather didn’t need to know that.) the pain in his eyes physically pains Harry as he handed Harry over to the giant man. (And Harry knows he will never resent the man for giving him up)

the point is that Harry remembers magic.

So, when he met one, Peggy Carter, he knew he had to get away.

His magic was restless. Telling him, begging him to run.

Harry didn’t understand his magic urge, but his magic was the only dependable thing he knew (other than the godfather bond that was thrumming with love)

So, he listened.

Harry ran.

Chapter End Notes

reason this took so long: bad Peggy.

OH MA SOUL. i don't know where that came from! i couldn't even find more fics where Peggy is bad.

(i'll admit, i didn't look very hard, but if you know any good ones please comment them. i need all the help i can get)

it hurt to write her bad, she doesn't deserve it.

i have some drafts where i write her good, maybe i'll post those after this story is over.

i'll try to have another chapter up in the next few days. (but no promises)
enjoy the Loki finale.

a jumpy timeline, apparently.

Chapter Summary

previously on...

Announcer's voice

The Man of Iron and The Death Mage:

Harry didn't understand his magic urge, but his magic was the only dependable thing he knew (other than the godfather bond that was thrumming with love)

So, he listened.

Harry ran.

Chapter Notes

I'm alive.

and this chapter is beyond short.

I'm trying to keep the notes short and straightforward.
it's very hard.

Enjoyyyy

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Tony didn't understand.

Harry's gone. Disappeared. Like he never even existed.

He'd told Harry that Aunt Peggy will save him.

Did he run away? Did someone kidnap him?

He was supposed to be saved.

Instead, he's gone.

Each birthday, each Christmas, each and *every* holiday. Tony gets an anonymous gift.

He hopes it's from who he thinks it is.

But if it is from him, then it means he definitely ran away.

Why? Tony didn't know.

Yes, Tony didn't understand.

Well, there's a 1st time for everything.

...

Harry is 13 when the ever-persistent thrumming of the godfather bond, *spiked*.

It happened when he was sitting in his advanced potion class in Beauxbatons Academy of Magic at exactly 11:00.

His vibrant green eyes widened in shock and his heart hammered in his chest, what could it mean?

Harry has been looking for his godfather ever since he escaped from the odinforsaken Dursleys.

He searched through old newspaper archives, muggle and magical.

He asked people on the streets.

He went through old ministry records, illegally might I add.

And he only got one consistent answer:

Sirius Black was killed when he resisted arrest after murdering Peter Pettigrew and 12 other muggles.

And Harry *almost* believed it.

But the bond was still alive, throbbing like a limb that's protesting being unused for the last years. Pins-and-needles.

For the first time, Harry experienced bitter failure: he could not find Sirius.

And it *hurt*.

By Loki, did it *hurt*.

So yeah, it was a shock when the bond changed after so many years of being the only constant in his life.

Now, Harry was regretting writing the Daily Prophet's front-page article headlining that Sirius Black escaped Azkaban as rubbish, off.

That was probably very stupid.

After 2 hours of grueling, usually enjoyable, potion class, Harry found himself walking alone to the Academy's dining area.

His eyes were focused on the floor and his hands were fidgeting constantly.

...

Aurelie rolled her eyes from her place at the back of the dining hall. He was ALWAYS lost in his own world. Whenever she'd ask where his mind was at, he'd only reply, '*it's inventors-syndrome, Aurelie*', in that exasperated tone of voice he'd always adapt when talking to her. Whatever that meant.

Tristan Corbin. The Beauxbatons mystery.

He has been here for 3 years.

And nobody knows where he came from, why is he at the Academy when he's a Brit, what's the incredibly hot trousers he's always wearing, (it's all sorts of stylish skinny jeans), and where the hell is his parents?

Aurelie doesn't mind the mysteriousness. She doesn't understand, but she doesn't *mind*.

She has full access to watch him the entire time, so no worries.

That's the thing about Tristan, he's beautiful, graceful, elegant, etc. Name any desirable characteristic, and Tristan has it.

and he doesn't know.

He doesn't know what effect he has on all of the girls and boys.

Aurelie sighed.

She'd wait.

Mama Dumont didn't raise an impatient daughter.

And by Godric, she'd never beg for his attention.

...

Chapter End Notes

So, I hope you like it.

I hope I can update it soon.

I'm updating this whenever an idea strikes.

the story is getting increasingly complex. And for that, I want to hit myself.

the chapters where their at school won't be very long and meaty. If you know what I mean.

I intend to make the chapters longer, with less time skips and POV changes, when they're both done with school and they can finally reunite.

It's time to go to sleep now.

There is no cause for concern.

Chapter Summary

Beauxbatons Academy of Magic and Aurelie Dumont is sad and Harry looks for his godfather.

Chapter Notes

Hi! I'm alive! I know it's been a long while since I've updated but hopefully, I can get my lazy ass to write more now that I am officially on my summer vacation.

Apparently 231 of you subscribed to this story and I'm honored. I was completely ready to give this story up and wallow in my brief but failed writing career (I'm joking ofc). But really thank you. I didn't think anybody would want to read this and it really means a lot. ♥♥♥

There's no Tony in this chapter, I'm sorry to say. The next will be all about him.

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

It was a beautiful summer morning at Beauxbatons Academy of Magic. The birds were singing and the flowers still smelled sweet. In the fields, magical creatures grazed lazily and some of the students had already ventured out. Ready to start the day.

Usually, Tristan was the first outside. Usually, he was helping the younger students with homework and eating breakfast at this time, Aurelie thought as she gazed at the fountain glistening in the early morning light, then where is he today?

On the surface, it was a beautiful, normal day at Beauxbatons Academy of Magic, but actually, it was an abnormal and devastating day for the Academy.

You see, this morning, like any other morning, Aurelie Dumont was waiting for Tristan Corbin where she usually does: by the staircase closest to his dorm. Aurelie stands up every

morning at the crack of dawn to catch Tristan before his morning workout. But on this particular morning, Tristan didn't show up.

At first, Aurelie decided to wait for a little bit. *Maybe he's sleeping in for a change*, she had thought. But she had waited and waited. To no avail.

Seeing that Tristan hadn't appeared despite the wake-up call to all students, Aurelie decided to inform Headmistress Maxime.

Madam Maxime immediately went to the dorm to check on it only to find it empty.

It is believed that Tristan packed up all of his things during the night before he disappeared, leaving his dorm a painfully empty place.

It doesn't matter what Fleur Delacour said, Aurelie, did not wail at the news. Definitely not.

...

Meanwhile, Tristan or should we say Harry had his own investigating to do. Why: his bond with his godfather has *why*.

Currently, Harry was following a lead he had from a tracker he had recently built. It was simple really. He only had to enter a few of Sirius's unique attributes and a location they were last seen or known to be at, and viola you get a pinned location. He had built it when he was wondering how Tony was doing one year and as he didn't have any blood or hair from Tony like used in more traditional trackers, Harry had to compromise.

The tracker said Sirius was located in a small village near Hogwarts called Hogsmeade, now all Harry had to do was apparate there and find his godfather.

...

The young man walked through a quiet street filled with many stores in silence. Only two of them were still active: the Hogshead and the Three Broomsticks. Harry thought those names were ridiculous.

Following the little pinned location on his tracker, Harry could see he wasn't far off. He followed the directions of *'three steps to the left'* and *'go forward until I say you can stop'* until he ended up in front of a big, black...dog?

“What the hell?” Harry couldn't help but mutter. Is his tracking device defective? Harry found that very unlikely as he had tested it an infinite amount of time before using it to track Sirius.

Looking at the dog properly for the first time Harry noted two things: the dog has strange eyes for a dog and the dog is abnormally large for a dog.

Then: *oh my Odin, the dog has the same eyes as Sirius and Sirius always had a bark-like laugh and their hair is the same color and the dog is malnourished just like he suspected Sirius to be after the last twelve years! He's an-*

“You're an animagus?!”

The dog looked panicked at first but when it saw Harry's excitement it sighed. This is an odd thing to see a dog do if you ever wondered.

The dog motioned for Harry to follow him and Harry did.

They walked until they reached a cave.

“Well, this doesn't look suspicious at all”, Harry said sarcastically.

And suddenly the dog started to change into the form of a man.

And Harry who has spent so many years trying to hide his emotions, who has learned that emotion is a weakness, sprinted towards the man and gave him an enormous bear-hug. Because this man had black hair and beautiful grey eyes. This man was tall and his face was familiar. This man was Sirius Black and suddenly Harry couldn't let him go.

“Harry?”, the man asked hesitantly, or it was really just a rasp which is understandable, “is that you?”

“Yes Padfoot, it's me.”

“How you’ve grown”, he laughed, “strangely you look nothing like your parents.”

Chapter End Notes

I hope you enjoyed this short chapter.

Everything you've ever wanted.

Chapter Summary

Some Tony thoughts, Harry discovering some things about his past, and Peggy Carter finally eating dust.

oh, did I mention our boys are reunited!!!!

in the beginning they are both 14 and in the end 17.

Chapter Notes

two updates in one day? Who am I? I hope you enjoy it!

△ TW: SU1C1D@L THOUGHTS !!!!!!! △

I've changed the rating to teen and up because of some descriptions of violence (should've done that a while ago) and some swearing. But I fucking swear I won't let them fucking swear too fucking much. I'm sirius.

ALSO. not me taking the 'no romance for the foreseeable future' tag away. yes, I like to think that I've grown as a person.

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

The life of Tony Stark is public knowledge. Every A he got in school. Every new venture in the lab. Every unique occurrence in his personal life. Every suit he owns. The public knows about it.

Supposedly.

What the media did not know about is Howard Stark's abuse towards his only son and heir and Maria Stark's cowardice when she has the opportunity to help her son. In Maria's defense, she's a delicate, frail woman, and whenever Howard so much as stands over her she trembles.

What the public also did not know about is Tony Stark's missing childhood friend. Not that he ever plans on telling anybody about him but those he trusts. Like his butler Jarvis and his godmother Peggy.

As Tony's packing for school after summer vacation, he tries not to think about his few years with Harry. Yes, it was long ago but he will never forget his first real friend. As brief as their friendship has been, he will never forget.

Tony zips up his last bag and places it in the foyer where one of his dad's many staff will put it in the car. Tony cannot believe that he has to spend another year in that awful school. He already knows everything they learn there. All 'valuable' thing he has there is no interaction with Howard.

At some point, Tony has gained an unhealthy hatred for his father. No, it wasn't quite a hatred, more like resentment. As a young boy, all Tony had wanted was a hug or some words of comfort, not the harsh, cold words he got instead. But that ship has sailed. Now, all that Tony wanted from his father was distance and space. And he got it. Tony isn't even aware if Howard knows he's giving Tony exactly what he wants. He's probably too 'busy' to even spare his son a thought. Not that Tony cares. He doesn't. He swears.

Sometimes Tony can't help but feel resentment and jealousy for Harry also. Yes, he knew that Harry's abuse had been far worse than his own. But Harry had an opportunity to leave behind the life of idling hits and screams of harsh, angry words in the past. Tony didn't.

It was supposed to be Harry and Tony against the world. Now it's just Tony facing the reality of it all alone. Sometimes Tony feels like he's suffocating. Sometimes Tony can't help but wonder what he's still doing on this earth. He wonders how the sharp shards of Howard's broken whiskey bottles will feel dragged against his skin. Will it be cold? Will the leftover drops of whiskey burn? Will it be a clean or jagged cut? Will it hurt? Will he cry? Will his mother at least show her tears? Or hide them as she hides her opinions of Howard's abuse? But he doesn't act on it. This is just a symptom of increased hormones he has been experiencing lately. Hormones commonly cause teenage anger and suicidal thoughts, don't they? They learned all about it in biology.

Tony doesn't know who he's trying to fool, after all, we have established a long time ago that Tony Stark was too smart for his own good.

...

Things were finally looking up for Harlan Potter. He finally found his godfather! After years of searching for the man, he had finally found him.

After the reunion in the cave, Harry told Sirius everything. He told him about the horrid zoo that was the Dursley's household, he told him about weeding the garden and cooking the food, he told him about remembering Sirius and not blaming him for giving him up, he even told him about Tony. But he never even breached the subject of his adoption.

Harry wanted to. He really did. But when Sirius opens his mouth he calls Harry 'little prongs' or 'James's boy' or 'Lily's gem'. Harry didn't want to break the man's already fragile heart by telling him that he isn't the Potters' biological child. Harry doesn't blame Sirius. Sirius's oath to the Potter's was the only thing that kept him sane in that awful prison Azkaban. Harry didn't want to see how Sirius's fractured mind would react to the news.

He didn't want to lose the only family he had left.

Yes, he still had Tony. But Harry reckoned that he had lost his chance to be family with Tony the moment he denied to be placed in the care of Tony's Aunt Peggy. The woman had frightened him when he had met her all those years ago. Thinking back her smiles were too sharp and predatory and her eyes were vacant of the fondness and love her words reflected. But in Harry's young mind all he knew was to run when his magic told him to. Harry is scared that his denial towards Peggy had been an insult to Tony.

Deep down Harry knew that Tony understands him and wouldn't deny him if he explained himself. Still, the self-doubt engraved in Harry's mind hadn't left him years after leaving the Dursleys. Even if he wants to say it did.

Harry was currently walking around in the forest near the house he and Sirius currently lived in. They had lived there since their meeting in the cave. Turns out Harry is Sirius's heir as

well and by giving his blood as proof to the goblins Harry could get access to some of the Black properties. Including the one, they were currently at.

It was a beautiful manor on the outskirts of Scotland that was surrounded by a beautiful forest. They have been living here for a few months. Sirius just trying to become healthier and Harry working on both his no-Maj and magical education from home. The forest was Harry's favorite place of all time. It's the perfect place to just... *think*. Which is exactly what Harry was doing. When he gave his blood to the goblins to inhabit one of the Black properties, he also gained ownership of a beautiful journal and was told it's a gift from his mother.

He didn't tell Sirius about it and he hasn't opened it yet.

Now, Harry pulls the journal out of his knapsack and couldn't help but admire it. It was an emerald green journal with beautiful details of some mysterious city and forests done in beautiful gold embroidery. It reeked of enchantments.

Quickly Harry cast a multitude of diagnostics spells used for the identifying of enchantments and found nothing.

Ever the paranoid, Harry still opens the journal with the very points of his fingers as if he expects it either to break because of its delicacy or to bite or curse him.

Neither happens.

Inside is loopy handwriting that makes his chest bloom with warmth and his headache with the feeling of memories that he can't quite remember.

The writing was in a strange language he somehow recognizes as ancient Norse.

It read: ***Sigyn Iwaldidottir.***

The name was surrounded by more drawings of forests, but this time it included drawings of a man and a baby. Both were drawn only in black and white but on their eyes were tiny emeralds glued to it. How strange.

What? I thought the goblins said it was a gift from Lily Potter?

Still confused, but now curious, Harry pages over.

There was a letter written in the same handwriting.

My dearest son,

If you are reading this, then I am no longer here for you. I hope your father is still there for you and if not, then I am so, so sorry my son. Your father was always so scared that he was a bad father. But so far, I think, I hope, we can both agree that he is the best.

This journal is my life documented as spells I have learned throughout my life. I sincerely hope that I had lived long enough to teach them to you myself. But if I have not, then here they are.

It is a bit strange to write this to you when I can feel you kicking up a thunderstorm and causing mischief right here in my stomach. But even while you are unborn I cannot put my love for you in words. It's impossible. Unimaginable.

But I'll try.

You, my son, are the biggest gem in all of the realms. You are my heart. You are my love. You are mine. If I was a lesser woman I would not have any love left for your father, but in his words, not mine, I am a woman of many abilities a woman who can do anything and nothing halfway. I cannot fathom the love I have for you. I love you from the depths of Hel

to the topmost point of the highest part of the multiverse. And still, it will not be high enough.

My bright star, still it is not enough.

Just remember my son, you are so so loved.

With my entire being,

Your mother.

Tears stream down Harry's face. He barely even registers that he's crying. He has never had anything of his real parents. It all feels like a dream.

He had to restrain himself not to take his phone out and dial Tony's number. He really misses his friend.

...

....a few year time skip...

...

Tony stands in front of the two tombstones in the graveyard.

They are significantly less worn than most of the others there.

They were smooth and clean and had the names of Howard and Maria Stark carved into them.

The rain was pouring and it soaked Tony leaving him feeling both seen and like a drowned rat.

His parents' funeral was yesterday. Yet, he couldn't find it in himself to care. He would much rather see headlines about him drowning away his sorrows with alcohol instead of being at the funeral than ones about him being at the funeral and not crying or looking like he gives a flying fuck. He'd endure Obie's lecture another time.

He doesn't know how long he's been standing there in his thoughts when he was shaken out of his reverie when a soft hand landed on his shoulder. He swung around and saw his sweet Aunt Peggy. The one person who has always been there for him. The one who was always sweet and kind to him. Jarvis would want to be the same, Tony knows, but he also knows that Jarvis would not keep his job if he does.

The next thing Tony knew he was in his Aunt Peggy's car, with the hollow coldness of a gun barrel pressed against his temple.

"Peggy?", Tony tries to keep his voice from wavering but fails, "aunt Peggy? W-what are you doing?"

...

For the last few days, Harry's been following Tony. Yes, he knows how that may seem, but Harry is not ashamed.

He had heard about the death of Tony's parents, everybody has. The point is, Harry thinks something smells fishy and wants to make sure that Tony is safe.

That's how Harry finds himself at the funeral of both Howard and Maria Stark, not even bothered to listen to the ceremony but to look for Tony.

Scanning the crowd, Harry doesn't see him. Maybe it wasn't the best idea to find out how his best friend currently looks off of a magazine cover.

Then he heard it: two old ladies gossiping, perfect.

"Patrica!", he heard one whisper-yell, "where's the heir?"

They're looking for Tony too?

"I don't know Karen", he heard the other one whisper back to her in a resigned way, "he's probably off drinking somewhere again."

Tony? Drinking?

"Ah, it's such a shame how a handsome man like him is an alcoholic, a drug-user, and a playboy. Such a shame."

Let's rephrase: Tony? An alcoholic? Yep, this conversation is way too informing.

Harry is now sure Tony isn't at the funeral, so he decided to retire to his hotel room.

When Harry got to his hotel room, Harry immediately grabbed his laptop and searched '*Tony Stark latest gossip*'. Harry knows how that may sound, and yes he did not lie, he has kept up with everything Tony was doing the past few years but he didn't bother to read any tabloids as such stuff is usually rubbish. Now he's regretting that decision.

The next day, Harry decided to go back to the graveyard where the funeral was yesterday. Call it intuition. There in the rain, he spots a man that looks suspiciously like Tony. Harry was in a trance. For the first time in years, Harry sees his childhood friend in person. What has Harry got to say? *Tony grew up to be a freakishly sexy person*. Harry hasn't ever really tried to define his sexuality, but right now, after seeing Tony, Harry is ready to live his entire life as a gay man.

The arrival of a second person snaps Harry out of his trance. This time it's a woman. He's unsure of who it is until she turns around to walk back to her car and he sees a flash of her face.

Really? Peggy? Now? She hasn't aged a bloody day, the Witch.

He sees Tony follow her, he sees them get into her car, and just as he gets ready to apperate away, he sees her press a gun to Tony's temple.

Oh my dear Odin. What the fuck woman? You dare to threaten my Tony? OH, you'll get what's coming to you bitch.

And just like that Harry shadow-travels to the backseat of Margaret Carter's car.

...

"Peggy?", Tony tries to keep his voice from wavering but fails, "aunt Peggy? W-what are you doing?"

For some reason that escapes Tony, Peggy laughs derisively.

"Oh child, for years I've put up with you. My co-worker was supposed to finish you off too, instead, they only got your parents. Fortunately for me, or unfortunately for you, I get to finish you off. Like I've dreamt for years."

Tony was speechless, the bitter feeling of betrayal settling in his aching heart. Embarrassingly enough, Tony could feel hot tears stinging in his eyes.

"Get ready to die, dear."

Tony could hear the *click* of the gun and then the pull of the trigger and then...nothing? Hesitantly, Tony opened his eyes, only to see Peggy's, no Margaret's eyes swirling with strange colors, like a kaleidoscope. And then she passed out, her body lay limply over Tony's legs.

All of a sudden her body began to... *float*?

Tony recoiled.

“Sorry about that”, it was a British voice, “I couldn’t just let her shoot you like that.”

Tony turned his head.

His eyes made contact with emerald green. Tony allowed his eyes to roam, inky black hair, lean but muscly build, expensive clothes thin, pink lips stretched into a sheepish smile.

No, Tony wasn’t hallucinating. In his ex-godmother’s backseat sat the cramped, tall body of his childhood best friend.

“What the *fu-*”

....

Chapter End Notes

i kinda like dramatic scenes.

Overdue Conversations

Chapter Summary

We say our (hopefully) final goodbye to Peggy, Tony is in a permanent state of confusion, and Harry is...well, Harry.

Chapter Notes

This chapter killed me. It was so hard for me to write. I mean. So. Much. Dialogue.

I'm not happy with this. Like at all. But I didn't know how else I could write this. I just want to be clear that this chapter is just me building for the next chapter. Originally they were going to be one, but it just got too long and I didn't want to break this, um, entire thing I have going on in this one.

Anyway, I hope you enjoy my blunt sentences, my eccentric Harry, and the end of Peggy.

It's so hard for me not to spill my guts in these notes, as an introvert it's about the only time I do so. But whatever, I'm working on it. And according to Grammarly, this note is 'direct'. so mission accomplished, I guess.

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

“Harry? Is that you?”, Tony couldn’t help but whisper-scream.

“Yes, it’s me but would you shut up for a moment?”, said Harry as he started to do *something* to Peggy.

“What are you doing to her? No! What did you do to her in the first place?”, Tony thinks his concerns are valid and ignores what Harry said.

“Well”, Harry whispers, “I intentionally hit her with a botched mind spell”, he said as if it’s the most obvious thing in the world.

“A *mind spell?!’*”, Tony shrieked.

“Yes, you idiot, now would you please give me a mo-”

“A *mind spell?!’*”, said idiot interrupted him, “like *magic?!’* Don’t bullshit me, Potter!”

“Yes, like magic”, Harry said calmly, “and actually it’s Black now.”

“Why?!”

“Well, there isn’t a valid reason really. He just suggested it and I was like “why not?”.”

“No, no, why did you hit her with your supposed *spell?*”, he spat ‘spell’ like it was some kind of poison and Harry took that as a personal offense.

“She was going to shoot you.”

“Alright”, he said slowly dragging out the ‘i’, “what exactly did you do to her?”

“I, um, *enchanted* her with a botched mind spell.”

“Alright”, he said again mirroring his previous actions, “but why a *botched* mind spell? Why not just a normal mind spell?”

“The fact that I botched it just made sure that the effects are permanent.”

“What effects?”

“Well, usually it’ll give the recipient Alzheimer-like symptoms for an entire day.”

“And it’s *permanent?*!”

“Yeah.”

“Yeah”, he says doing a poor imitation of Harry, “he says. How will you explain this?”

“I thought it was time for her to go where she belongs.”

“And where’s that may I ask.”

“An old-age home.”

“Why the *old-age home?* ”

“In case you haven’t noticed Mr. Self-proclaimed Genius-”

“Not self-proclaimed, my IQ test *proves* it.”

“-she hasn’t aged since the 1950s. So yeah, I’d say it’s about time for her to retire.”

“And what? You’re just going to stroll into the closest old-age home and say ‘*hey, I know this woman aged 60 years in the span of 5 minutes but can you please book her into your facility? ... Mhm, she’s 70*’”, Harry frowned , “*and yeah, we’re pretty sure she has Alzheimer’s*” because that isn’t going to work!”

“I’ll just perform another mind spell”, at Tony’s skeptic look Harry continued, “a successful one this time. One that’ll fool everyone into thinking she aged normally. And then you, the

loving godson that you are, are going to book her into one of the best old-age homes in this area. You're going to tell them that she's been displaying Alzheimer's symptoms for the last couple of months but you suspect with the death of your parents that she started to spiral causing it to become worse."

Then, as if it was scripted Peggy woke up, took a good look at Tony, and mumbled, "Howard? It's that you? I think me and Captain Unqualified fondued", and promptly passed out.

"See", Harry said pointing at Peggy's slumped-over body, "It's perfect, she even thinks she *fondued* with a gay man."

Tony just looked at him with a deadpan look and got out of the car, Harry copying his actions.

"Are you going to walk home now?"

"Usually I'd call my driver, but I just experienced so much crazy, like bags-full-of-cats crazy, that I think I need the fresh air."

"Cool, I'm going to follow you."

"Do whatever you want, like you always have, just shut up."

"Alright. I can do tha-

"I said shut up. Peace and quiet."

"Alright, alright. Chill. My lips are sealed", Harry said making the motion of 'locking' his lips and throwing away the 'key'.

...

"Can I just say: You grew up to be *hot* like holy *smokes*. "

"*Oh for the love of-*"

...

"How did you know where to find me anyway?"

"Well, I've been following you a-

"You know what", Tony interrupted, "I don't want to know", he said bemused.

..

"Why *Alzheimer's* though?"

“I thought you said no talking?”

At the *look* he got in return he replied, “well, she’s been playing mind games for so long, I just thought it was ironic.”

Tony just hummed in agreement.

...

“Are we quiet now?”, Harry whispered.

Tony didn’t even bother to reply and instead opted to take the route of strangulation.

...

“Wait”, Tony said stopping both of them in their tracks, “where’s Peggy? I’m too afraid to ask, but where is she?”

“Oh”, Harry replied taken-aback like he didn’t expect it to be important which almost made Tony reconsider murder, “she’s floating behind us.”

Tony swung around wondering how he missed it but still saw nothing. When he opened his mouth to ask Harry simply said, “Oh, don’t bother trying to see her. I turned her invisible.”

Tony didn’t even know how to react anymore.

...

“By the way”, Tony said waiting for Harry to look at him before he continued, “I think you grew up to be hot too.”

And if Harry blushed, nobody saw, perhaps maybe Tony, but he wouldn’t tell anybody.

...

“So, do you have a way to age her up somehow or do we claim she just aged really, really well”

“I have a way, just give me a moment.”

And with that, Harry waved his hand and produced golden sparkles, and right before their eyes Peggy aged. Tony couldn’t stop the involuntary yelp from leaving his throat.

Peggy is aging before his eyes, it’s *crazy*. He’s imagining all of this. And yet, Tony couldn’t decide if it was a dream or a nightmare.

...

Later when they arrived at Tony's house, Tony unlocks the door, says, "I'll meet you tomorrow outside '*Silverlakes home*' at seven. I'm sure you'll find a way with your, um, *witchy powers*", and promptly walks inside and slams the door in Harry's face.

"Damn, that felt good", Tony muttered.

Outside of the door, Harry leans against the door ready to make some witty remark, until he hears Tony's uttered sentence. His face fell and his heart ached, but deep inside he accepted it and decided that he deserved it.

...

The next morning Harry found himself at 6.30 am waiting outside Tony's house. Why? Well, not even Harry himself would be able to tell you that. Harry feels the odd need to protect Tony, *always*. And if Harry had weaved some protection spells around Tony's home...then nobody needs to know.

Finally, at 6.45 Harry could see Tony get into his car. Satisfied, Harry shadow-walked away. Into Tony's car. Not that Tony knew. Harry just sat in the passenger seat, shrouding himself from Tony's view. Nobody could say that Harry ever did anything halfway.

When Tony pulled up at the old-age home at 7.10 Harry couldn't help but huff a laugh in exasperation. Some things never change, especially not Tony's need to be fashionably late.

When Tony got out of the car, Harry seemingly appeared out of nowhere in hopes of startling Tony. But Tony didn't even jump.

"Well hello to you too", Harry couldn't help but mutter.

"Where's Peggy?"

"She's in your trunk."

Tony is ashamed to say that his jaw dropped to the pavement.

"In my *trunk*? Won't she maybe, I don't know, *suffocate?!'*"

"No, she's fine", he waved a hand in the direction of the trunk and it popped open, "see."

She *was* fine. Tony was almost disappointed. *Almost*.

But, she was still aged up, which definitely surprised Tony.

“Weird.”

“You can gape later. Let’s get this over with.”

And with that Peggy started floating again.

“Won’t someone see her?”

“Nope”, Harry replied popping the ‘p’.

Tony didn’t even bother to ask anymore.

...

When they entered the small office that was labeled ‘administration’, both of them immediately wanted to leave. Everything smelled like *cats*.

“Oh, she’ll *love* it here.”

And the secretary didn’t even look up at them. Instead, she was cleaning her nails, popping her gum, and chatting a mile a minute on the phone causing her too-thick lip gloss to make those pink-streaked sticky strands that never fails to make Tony nauseous.

Tony looked pointedly at Harry to tell the other man that he doesn’t want to speak to her. Harry just rolled his eyes and pointed at his watch and pointing up.

Tony got the message, *‘Hurry up, I’m bored’*, and sighed.

“Um, excuse me miss.”

She just held up a hand at him and continued doing what she was doing.

He cleared his throat.

“Excuse me, do you have a room for my godmother? She’s very ill and I don’t know how to look after her anymore.”

She threw a clipboard with a stack of forms attached to it at him.

“Fill it out”

Tony was about to lose it. She didn’t even give him a pen. But before he could completely lose his cool and say something everyone but he himself would regret, a red and gold pen suddenly appeared out of thin air in front of him.

Sighing Tony took the pen and filled out the stack of papers.

When he finished he gave it to the bimbo and said, “here are the papers. I don’t care if everything isn’t there, here”, he put a stack of cash in front of her, “is some...compensation, just get the job done and hurry before you don’t have a job anymore”, she looked up at him startled and he gave her his most charming smile.

Her eyes went wide.

“You’re, you’re Tony Stark”, she breathed out astonished.

“I’m aware”, smile not wavering, and when she just stared, “c’mon, chop-chop.”

And she scurried away.

A few minutes later a more professional-looking lady outfitted in a blouse, pencil skirt and heels approached them. She introduced herself as Allanah Halifax and asked them (actually she was just talking to Tony) to follow her and walked away from them swaying her hips just a tad too much for Harry’s liking if the way Tony zeroed in on her arse was any indication.

...

After dropping off Peggy for good Tony marched out of the home, got into his car as quickly as he could, and sped off, not giving Harry any time to join him.

With a smug smile, Tony zoomed past mediocre houses and mentally patted himself on the back. Maybe it’s a bit petty, but Tony is done being the one that is always left behind.

“That’s so rude. Honestly. I save your life and this is the thanks I get?”

Tony cursed, “can’t you take a hint? No? Let me spell it out for you: I. don’t. Want. anything. To. do. With. you. Got it?”

“Sure. Just, before I do. Give me one good reason for why I should?”

Tony turned in his seat to face Harry.

“Seriously?”, he asked disbelievingly, “you’re really asking that? You left me, Harry. I was trying to help you and you disappeared. I got you out of that filthy place, but when I turned my back. You were gone. No goodbye. No explanation. Nothing.”

“You’re really so selfish. Don’t you realize that it was never about you? And I never left you. I was always there for you. Maybe in the shadows, but I was there. I’m sorry that you felt I left you, but if you had ever taken a moment to look past your own self-pity, maybe you would’ve realized that the friend you knew would never have just left. Not permanently. But

don't worry. I'll do what you want. You have my word: you'll never see me again. Goodbye Tony."

And then it was quiet.

And Harry was gone. Like he was never even there.

And maybe he wasn't.

Chapter End Notes

I know Harry seems a little bit crazy, but I felt that with both his 'human' magical core (obtained from the Potter's and Sirius's blood adoptions) and his Asgardian magic he should be at least a tad chaotic. And I intend to make him as chaotic as I possibly can.

<3

It's all blurred.

Chapter Summary

It's Christmas morning and Tony can't help but think of his escapades of the last couple of days.

Nothing else is really important. (:

Chapter Notes

Did I change a major part of the plot? Yes. Do I regret it? Yes. Do I know where this story is going? No.

I really do not like this chapter, but what can you do.

I'm going to try to stick to my planning.

Mainly because I already had to scrap so much of it.

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

The next morning Tony Stark woke up confused. And with a headache.

Groaning Tony turned away from the blindingly bright sunshine that was streaming through his open curtains.

He stretched and groaned again when he felt his back pop. The best feeling in the world.

Tony lay in his soft bed and stared up at the ceiling, thinking about everything that has happened in the last couple of days.

His mind came up blank.

The only thing Tony remembered was getting the phone call of his parents' death and then proceeding to drink until his brain cannot execute one coherent thought other than *'just one more to make the pain go away*

Or *'I wanna hit that*. And Tony couldn't help but hate himself for that.

With a sigh of despair, Tony decided to get up from his lovely bed and face the music. Walking down the hall, Tony realized that his house was eerily quiet.

Shrugging it off, he made a beeline towards the kitchen, or more specifically the one appliance he knew how to fully and successfully operate: the coffee machine.

...

While Tony impatiently waits for his coffee to finish brewing he threw a piece of bread into the toaster and decided to check his voicemail, knowing there should be at least one or two from his godfather.

The phone made the weird voicemail sound until the gruff voice of Obidiah Stane filled the kitchen.

'Tony. I'm just calling to let you know that the funeral is on the 23rd. I expect you to be there. You know how bad it would look if you aren't there.'

'Dammit, Tony. where the hell are you? The funeral started 10 minutes ago. Call. me. Back'

'Tony, I'm seriously losing my patience. Call. Me.'

'I cannot believe you didn't show up. Even when your father is dead you keep disappointing him.'

'I'm taking Peggy to an old-age home 10 miles from your place. There's no time for sappy goodbyes, so if you want to see her you should be a man and visit her.'

'Be at your dad's office on Monday.'

And then the soft British voice of Jarvis.

'Sir. There are some holiday foods in the fridge for you. I'll see you in the New Year sir.'

Then the annoying beep filled the room again. And then silence.

Oh, Tony realized belatedly, it's Christmas morning.

Before Tony could wallow in his loneliness, his eyes caught a flash of gold.

Now, looking in its direction Tony sees a big golden box in front of his doors. Strangely with holes in the top.

What the hell?

Tony knows it's time for another one of his annual anonymous gifts. But it still caught him by surprise. Maybe because his mother wasn't there to remind him about Christmas and forced him to decorate his house at least a week before the flashy holiday.

But, like every Christmas, the mysterious gift-giver never fails.

Curious Tony walks to the box and carefully lifted the lid.

The contents made Tony gasp, for there was a little black kitten curled up at the bottom of the box sleeping peacefully.

Shocked, Tony trailed one of his fingers across the baby's spine. The little kitty purred and opened one shockingly green eye and Tony melted into a puddle.

Then, Tony saw that there was a note attached to the inside of the box's lid.

Gently Tony placed the kitten in his lap and pried the piece of cardboard from the lid.

A short message was written on it: ***'I was worried you'd feel lonely this Christmas'***

Tony couldn't believe it. For the first time, the gift had a note. Stuffing the note into his pocket, Tony continued in with his new job of petting his green-eyed kitten.

"Thank you", he couldn't help but whisper, knowing the gifter couldn't hear him.

But unbeknownst to the new cat-dad, the gifter heard from where he was looking through the window, concealed from the naked eye.

He smiled and whispered to the wind, "Merry Christmas, Tones."

And then he disappeared.

...

When Harry popped into existence in the living room of the manor he and Sirius shared, Harry, didn't expect to see him there.

But there he was, wearing a Christmas sweater, nightgown, and fluffy slippers with a mug of hot cocoa in his hands sat Harry's godfather.

"Where have you been, Harry? You missed Christmas", Sirius said, trying not to sound hurt.

"I'm sorry Siri. I had something to do", Harry replied not planning on offering any more explanation.

"Yeah. I've noticed. You disappear every year on the 29th of May and Christmas. But usually, it's only for a little bit. What has gotten into you?"

"Nothing. Just revisiting my past. If you could call it that."

"It's about that friend of yours, isn't it? What's his name again? Anthony Stank?"

"It's Stark."

"Yeah, I know. Just tryna cheer ya up?"

Harry just sighed and rolled his eyes.

"You know what? I'm pretty sure it's still Christmas morning somewhere in the world. Since you missed ours, why not take advantage of theirs?"

"You know we're wizards right? Just grab the time turner."

"Yeah, yeah. But doing magic like that would be way too tasking for what's supposed to be a relaxing morning."

Harry just made a sweeping motion with his hands as if to tell Sirius to 'get on with it, and the next moment they disappeared the only sign that they were ever there being the tell-tale sound of apparition.

...

"Are we in ... *Honolulu*?"

...

The next day godson and godfather were sitting at the small kitchen table at the vacation house in Honolulu an excited James Potter once named '*Pruning Prongs*'.

"Why *pruning Prongs*? It's such a stupid name."

"Well, he thought it was funny. This was supposed to be a getaway for the guys, that means no Lily. And you know what pruning means", Sirius shakes his head, "that one earned him two weeks on the couch. Your dad always had a sense of humor. But nobody ever said that it was good."

“That’s the stupidest thing I think I have ever heard”

“Well, that was your dad kiddo.”

...

We’ve established that neither Harry nor Tony was ever stupid. And Sirius may act like a brainless Gryffindor, but people tend to forget that he was raised by a family of Slytherins.

Yeah, Sirius noticed right from the start that whenever he mentions James or Lily to Harry, that Harry gets all uncomfortable and looks down, shifting in his seat with his fingers fidgeting like that of a guilty man’s. As you can believe, Sirius knows exactly how a guilty man looks like.

Yes, Sirius sees more than Harry gives him credit for, but he still doesn’t know what all of it’s about.

If you’d asked Sirius if James or Lily has ever been suspicious in regards to Harry’s birth, he’d reply without any hesitation *“a hundred percent yes”*

Unfortunately, nobody’s asked him.

But now. *“In what way were they acting suspicious, Sirius?”*

That’d be your first question. Right mysterious questioner?

Well, if Sirius were to answer Sir/Madam/non-binary person questioner, he’d say the most mind-blowing thing: *“how does one pop out a baby if one was never pregnant in the first place?”*

There it is. And also the fact that Lily and James practically begged him to blood adopt Harry. They could’ve at least tried harder not to act suspicious.

Not that Sirius wouldn’t have wanted to adopt Harry, but being raised in a blood-purist family while being both curious and mischievous, Sirius learned quite a lot of stuff that no pureblood enthusiast would ever want him to know. A quick example is that some couples would adopt muggleborns if they’re infertile or one that Sirius thinks is more likely in this situation: adopting a muggle.

If a magical family were to blood adopt a muggle and still want a magical child, that child has to be blood adopted by four parents or only three if one is very magically powerful, as Sirius is.

Sirius isn’t mad at Harry for hiding this from him. But if Sirius isn’t mad, then you, dear questioner, might be asking, *“Sirius, love. If you know about Harry not being born a Potter. Why do you not just tell him you know? Why continue to torture him?”*

For that, Sirius would simply answer in a not whining tone that he wants Harry to tell him himself.

But hey! Sirius is just a reckless, brainless Gryffindor that is not to be trusted with secrets.

And Sirius is grateful for Harry. If it wasn't for him then Sirius would never have been able to walk around as freely as he does.

Harry had gotten Sirius a trial when he was sane enough at the ICW.

And he's free now.

Yes, about 70% of all countries thought that Sirius's long-overdue trial was a farce and yes, Remus still refused to talk to him.

Of course, none of them know that it was all organized by the boy-wonder Harry Potter himself.

Well, it *was* Harry Black now. But details, details.

...

Harry feels bad. He feels bad for not telling Sirius the truth. He feels bad about obliterating Tony. He feels bad for absolutely abandoning Tony all of those years ago.

And he wants to fix it all. But he doesn't have time anymore. He doesn't understand why he's been wasting all of these years without piecing his heart back together.

He doesn't have time, because a megalomaniac is knocking on his door. Harry knows he can defeat him easily.

It's too bad Death has taken the idiot's knocking as a sign that they can waltz in.

Somebody has to get rid of the abominations that want to challenge Death after all.

Harry knows he's a coward.

...

As Tony knocks back yet another egg-nog shot, hey it's Christmas, while watching the news slander him, he can't help but wonder what's next.

He has no father to control him. No mom to love him. No godmother to coddle him. No best friend whose face he can barely remember to stand him by.

All he has is his stone-faced godfather and a friend whom Tony trusts, but hasn't given a chance to.

Standing up from the couch with a new... emotion burning inside of him, Tony walks to his office to grab all of the Stark Industries proposals, budgets, and stocks and set to work.

It's safe to say that Tony Stark immediately called management to get him an assistant ASAP.

And that James 'Rhodey' Rhodes would never let it go.

...

Chapter End Notes

I hope you didn't want to die during this

I WROTE THIS CHAPTER DIRECTLY AFTER THE PREVIOUS ONE, I THOUGHT I POSTED IT! TURNS OUT I ONLY SAVED IT AS A DRAFT!! I'm sorry that I'm an idiot. unfortunately, it can't be helped.

mutants.

Chapter Notes

ahem. ATTENTION! I HAVE UPDATED.

here is the next chapter. sorry it took more than 3 months. I lost inspiration for this fic for a while, but here I am.

I apologize for the length, or rather the lack of.

I hope you enjoy!! :)

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

1 July 2005

Jean Grey was on a mission. She was trying to find one of the speakers at the event she was attending. She had a thing or two to *tell* him. Meaning she actually wants to pick his brain, and then she wanted to scold him because somehow one of the most brilliant minds in existence was slacking off and failed to educate himself in the most recent breakthrough in the genetics world. And *yes*, she is aware that this man was not in fact qualified in genetics in the way she was. In fact, this man didn't even remotely specialize in genetics. He was purely doing this to get in someone's good books. And excuse her for being a bit mad about that. This is a serious event with serious speakers. She doesn't care that the aforementioned man is Tony Stark, she will not have it.

After mindlessly walking around she finally spotted the man and approached him.

"Excuse me, Mr. Stark?", she asked sweetly. He didn't move. He did not make any indication that he even *heard* her. That made her mad. At least a mysterious wind wasn't making its way through the hall yet.

"Mr. Stark", she tried again, gritting her teeth, "do you maybe have a moment of your *precious* time to spare to speak with an actual expert in genetics."

That caught his attention. His back straightened and he turned around slowly, meeting her eyes steadily with a charming smirk adorning his face. Jean's mind blanked.

"Ahh, it's a redhead. Of course, I didn't expect any less. In my experience it's the redheads that are always the most demanding if you know what I mean", he said in a suave manner and ended in a wink.

But Jean's mind was blank. She didn't even have the mental capacity to feel infuriated. She opened her mouth to say something, but nothing reached her mind.

Tony continued. She didn't listen.

Slowly her mind went back to her. With a start, she realized that it was not her mind that was blank, it was *his*. She accidentally tried to read his mind when he looked her in the eyes.

What's wrong with you?

“Mr. Stark, would you please come with me, it's urgent.”

How did Tony Stark manage to block his mind from her?

“Urgent? In what way? If you want to sue me, then no thanks. But if you urgently want to have a good time”, he winks at her, “then you're at the right place, Red.”

Her stomach turned in disgust, she's a married woman for goodness sake.

“Oh yes Mr. Stark”, she replied sweetly, “all of these old, nerdy people are getting my spirits low.”

Now it's time to see if she still had it, despite being married and out of the casually flirting department for a long time.

She forced her left leg in a rather dramatic way through the hidden slit in her dress and pushed her chest out in a way that made her dress straps strain.

She dragged her teeth over her red lips, “I would very much like it if you could urgently help me lift them up again”, she said in a breathless voice and perfected her deliverance with a hopefully saucy wink.

“Now who could say no to that.”

She gave a hopefully cute giggle and dragged him back to the garage in the guise of searching for her ‘car’.

When they got there, she pushed him against the nearest wall, rotating all of the nearby cameras away from them with her telekinesis.

She went in for a kiss and looked straight into his honey eyes before their lips could touch, she whispered, “I'm very sorry about this Mr. Stark”, and before his brain could catch up, she knocked him out with her telepathy.

“I still got it”, she said in breathless wonder, “I seduced *the* playboy, huh.”

Yes, said playboy was maybe drunk out of his mind, but still.

Anybody sober would tell her that her attempt was awful. Luckily for Jean and her pride, nobody saw it.

-

2008

-

Harry was following a lead.

He was currently stealthily walking through a forest somewhere in upstate New York.

He was hired for a shitton of money to succeed in the mission. He was confident, he can basically smell his success.

Currently, he was tracking a dude who made it his life mission to hunt mutants. Not that Harry really cared. It was the job.

He was closing in; he could see the man in his tent and he could smell the canned beans the man was heating up.

He has to wait. He pushed himself against a large tree, facing away from the tent, and waited.

He heard a twig snap. The man was outside of the tent, Harry pulled the gun out of his belt. He stepped out from behind the tree and shot the man between his eyes.

Suddenly there was a flurry of movement.

Before Harry can jump into action, he was hit by something heavy in his back and he fell to the ground almost eating leaves, only grunting at the sudden pain.

Somebody tackled him.

“You absolute baboon, why didn’t you just let me tranq him?”, an incredulous male voice said from somewhere behind him.

“That would’ve been less fun.”, the guy on top of him said in a gruff voice, “And besides, you failed to tranq him before he shot that dude, couldn’t let the dude get away. And also, that’s wolf to you.”

“I didn’t shoot him because *you* told me to wait!”

“I told you that when he was standing still, but I also repeatedly gave you the signal to shoot him when he gave clear signs of moving.”

The other voice sighed. “Are you going to squish him to unconsciousness or are you going to get up.”

Harry could feel the guy on top of him rolling his eyes.

The man got up, hoisting Harry up alongside him by his arm.

“what’s your name?”, the guy with the attitude problem asked him.

He stayed silent.

“What are you doing here?”

No answer.

“Why did you shoot that guy?”

Nothing.

“Do you know who we are?”

Nada.

“Do you know who that guy was hunting?”

A nod.

“Guess we have to take him back to the professor”

“No”

“Logan”, the guy clearly knows about *us*”

“You can’t be sure about that.”

“You also can’ not be sure of that.”

“Do what you want, Bub.”

And that’s how Harry Potter ended up at Xavier’s Institute for Gifted Children.

Chapter End Notes

I hope you enjoyed it!

Now, for whoever is reading this: do you want the reason Tony's mind is closed to Jean to be really dark or actually sort of light and fluffy???

I've been debating which one to follow. but yeah.

NOT A CHAPTER

I hate to be that author, but I'm putting this story on hiatus.

Ive lost motivation to write this fic, even though I have the next chapter almost mapped out.

I want to finish this, but when I come back to it, I'll most likely rewrite certain points of it. I changed the plot of this story like every chapter and it caused lots of plot holes and I don't have the motivation to sit down and fill them. I also feel like my writing style has changed lots, and I just don't feel satisfied with any of the previous chapters.

I currently have started writing a new fic and I would like to maybe finish that without feeling guilty about not updating this.

so yeah. that's it.

End Notes

Sorry.

whispers
not sorry

Please [drop by the Archive and comment](#) to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!