

## Chapter 1

“Are you sure you want to do this?”

“For the last time Hermione, yes,” replied a tall, handsome man with hair as black as raven feathers and a barely visible lightning bolt shaped scar on his forehead. Harry Potter looked up at the portrait of his dead best friend.

“Do you remember what happened the last time you did a ritual of this scale?” she added, crossing her arms over her chest. Harry winced. He did indeed remember. The pain was horrendous, but the results were more than worth it.

“I remember. It all worked out in the end though.”

“Barely,” she sniped back.

He had been preparing for this journey for quite some time. The ritual she was talking about occurred four years ago and was the first step of his plan. He and Hermione's portrait had come up with a ritual to give him extra strength and power. He was able to choose seven magical items to merge with his body. Each would add characteristics that the items possessed. The first he chose was the Elder Wand.

That opened up the magical pathways in his body so much that he no longer needed a wand or even gestures. Magic simply obeyed his will. It was beyond wandless magic! The second he chose was his invisibility cloak which allowed him to easily become perfectly invisible. The third was Re'em blood which gave him incredible physical strength. The fourth was phoenix tears which gave him super fast healing. The fifth was Dragon blood. He really didn't know what that would do but decided to add it anyway. Dragon blood was extremely magical. It ended up giving him a boost in magical strength. The sixth item he had wanted something to make him smarter. He didn't know what item would give him that, hence why he needed to become smarter! Hermione had the brilliant idea to get the magical brain from the Brain Room in the Department of Mysteries that had once attacked Ron. Aurors were still looking for the thief! That had given

him a huge boost of intelligence! The seventh item was a bit tricky. He figured that he already had all his bases covered with the first six items, so much to Hermione's chagrin, he decided to be a little selfish and vain. He had chosen Veela hair. It had been difficult to get since Veela didn't often cut their hair. Eventually he was able to bargain enough with a Veela enclave and got enough for his purpose. The hair had granted him a near perfect body and stunning good looks. As a bonus, he had also gotten an affinity for fire. He should have seen that coming. Thankfully he didn't end up with blonde hair like a rutting Malfoy!

The ritual wasn't free though. Nothing ever was. He knew beforehand that it would age him exactly ten years, which would be a huge loss for the average person. Not for Harry though. For reasons he couldn't explain, Harry aged much slower than everyone else. He noticed it in his mid twenties. No one could figure out why. Hermione had several theories ranging from the basilisk blood and phoenix tears in his system, to being hit with two separate killing curses, to having lived with a horcrux in him for so long. No one could be sure though. The only thing that they could work out was that he physically aged one year for roughly every seventy. It had been 213 years since he had graduated Hogwarts, and even with the ten years added he still looked in his late twenties or very early thirties. He could end up living thousands of years, which was the crux of his problem.

Everyone that he knew and loved had already passed on. Harry had never had kids since he didn't want

to outlive them. It was very difficult for him to deal with it all. Everything reminded him of someone or some fond memory. He couldn't even leave the house looking like himself. Others had noticed that he didn't seem to age much and wanted the secrets of eternal youth for themselves. People bothered him or hunted him non stop. He hadn't made a public appearance looking like himself in over thirty years and people were still looking for him!

“Do you remember what to do after I'm gone?” Harry asked.

“Yes. I'm to wait three months then go to my second portrait frame at my grandchild's house and tell them exactly how to take down the wards so

they can get in here. I'm to tell them where to find your Last Will and Testament so they can take it to Gringotts.”

“Precisely,” Harry smiled.

“Do you have everything you need Harry?” Hermione asked. She was always a bit of a worrywart.

Harry walked over to his chest and looked inside. “I got twenty bars of pure gold, a wizard's tent, the resurrection stone, some emergency food rations and potions, extra clothes, my laptop, the battle armor we just finished designing, and my super awesome battle axe! There's no room left in the trunk for anything big,” he answered.

“I still don't know why you use that thing! Just carry a sword if you want to use a dumb weapon of some kind!”

Harry chuckled. “If someone comes at you with a sword, you think you might die. If someone comes at you with an axe, you think, *I've got to get the fuck out of here before this lunatic guts me!* . ”

Hermione just rolled her eyes and smiled. “Regardless, I still think it's dumb. Don't forget your research notebook.”

Harry slapped his forehead. “I can't believe I almost forgot! You're a lifesaver!” Harry ran over to his desk and snatched it up. His notebook contained all the notes from the many different experiments he had performed over the years, some magical, some not. He stuffed the notebook into his trunk. *It's a shame I can't expand this thing,* he thought. Harry had created a way to hide an item inside a person's magic or maybe soul, he wasn't exactly sure. Unfortunately it could only be the size of a cigarette pack, which was slightly bigger than a shrunken down trunk. Any larger would cause problems. You also could not shrink a trunk with expanded space, so Harry was stuck with a normal sized trunk that could be shrunk. Closing the lid, he shrunk it down and pushed it into the tattoo on the inside of his left wrist.

The tattoo was a single line of three dozen different runes curved into a circle with an empty space in the center. Harry pushed the trunk into that empty space and with a flash of gold light, it disappeared.

Harry ignored the urge to scratch his wrist. Adding or removing the trunk always made it itchy.

“I *really* hope this works correctly,” Hermione stated worriedly.

“We've done the calculations at least a dozen times. They all check out.”

“I know that! But we both know that it's not guaranteed to work. If it does then you'll be sent to an

Earth very close to ours in the multiverse. That means it should theoretically be very similar. If the calculations are off, or there's some other mistake then you could end up anywhere.”

“I know Hermione. That's why I did that other ritual. I'll be strong enough to survive incase I end up somewhere that's hostile,” Harry added calmly.

He started removing his clothes. The ritual would only allow living, organic matter through the universal membrane. That's why he developed the tattoo after all. Harry noticed Hermione staring at his groin with pink cheeks. Harry laughed, “Checking out the goods?”

Hermione sputtered, “Oh please Potter! Get over yourself. You're not *that* good looking.” She continued to stare.

“You keep telling yourself that. Alright, I'm ready.”

Harry stepped into a circle carved into the stone floor. Much like his tattoo, it had runes in a circle pattern. This circle however had thousands of runes.

“I'm going to miss you Harry. Be careful and stay safe. I love you,” Hermione told him lovingly.

Harry smile back. “I will Hermione, and I love you too. You've been a wonderful friend.”

Without wasting any more time Harry crouched down and added magic into the activation rune.

Staying down on one knee with his head down and fists pressed against the floor, lightning started arcing from rune to rune until a bubble of energy covered Harry's crouched form. With a final explosion of energy, Harry was gone.

“Really Harry?! The Terminator pose?! Ugg! I never should have showed him that movie,” an exasperated Hermione said to no one in particular.

HPxAV

On a small, uninhabited island in the Pacific Ocean, a lightning storm erupted close to ground level.

Bolts of energy struck nearby trees and raked across the sandy ground, building up into a crescendo until finally bursting at the seams and ejected a wayward traveler.

“AAAARRRRGGGHHH!” Thump!

Harry not so gracefully fell from a height of around thirty feet and slammed into the soft sand of the tropical beach. “Oof! That hurt,” Harry winced.

Standing up was a bit of a struggle. The trip from one universe to another was a little bit hellish and more than a little vomit inducing. Harry was gagging and trying to keep his lunch down while he stumbled toward the tree line. Finally reaching his goal, he collapsed into the shade provided by a group of palm trees where he passed out.

Twenty hours later Harry woke up with what had to be the world's worst hangover. Pulling out his trunk he was able to find a hangover cure and pepper up potion, which he promptly drank. Deciding to

take it easy until the potions worked their magic, he sat with his back against a palm tree and took in the sight before him. The island looked exactly like the one he had his lab on. That made Harry smile.

He had chosen this island because it was uninhabited. He really didn't want to appear completely naked in the middle of London after all.

A couple hours later he was starting to feel better so he dug through his trunk and pulled out a t-shirt, jeans, socks, and shoes. Quickly throwing them on, he stood and stretched his aching muscles. After turning himself invisible, he Apparated first to Honolulu since it was the closest major city, then to Los Angeles. Appearing in the planned spot turned out fine for him. Not many people were nearby since judging by the sun, it was a few hours before midday. Harry made himself visible then went over the checklist in his mind. The first step was to find out the date and make sure the world he was now in was safe for habitation. Looking around and seeing people walk by without a care in the world made him smile. It certainly looked safe. Spotting a discarded newspaper on a park bench, he walked up and grabbed it.

“March 20, 2006,” Harry read. He sat down and scoured the paper. It didn't seem like there was anything major going on in the world. At least nothing more than the normal. It appeared that idiots and terrorists were a universal constant. Tossing the paper in the bin, he got up and went to work.

The following week was a bit busy for the wizard. He first needed to get identification and citizenship if he wanted to live freely. That wasn't a problem for him. He simply went to Washington D.C. and found the head of the C.I.A. After a few powerful compulsions and a memory wipe, Harry had a driver's license, passport, social security card, birth certificate, high credit rating, and complete backstory courtesy of the spy organization. All of it was legit, and he was now in the system, so he no longer had to worry about that. After that, he needed to get his finances in order.

Back in L.A. Harry needed to find a nice suit. That wasn't a problem since L.A. had plenty of high end stores to choose from. Waiting until night fall and the shops all closed, Harry snuck into one very high class boutique and searched for what he wanted. He chuckled when he found a beautiful black Brioni suit that was a little bigger than he was. “Perfect. Just like James Bond wears,” he told himself. He also grabbed a pair of black Louis Vuitton shoes and socks that fit wonderfully and a deep red, silk Armani tie and handkerchief set. His pilfering complete, he apparated back to his tent,

which was hidden behind wards in an out of the way corner of the park. After a long night's sleep, Harry dressed in his new suit which was still a little too big on his 6'4" frame. A quick shrinking charm had the suit fitting like it was made for him. He grabbed an empty soda can and turned it into a portkey for the next part of his plan. Activating the portkey had him spinning through a vortex of wind and color before landing hard on his feet in an empty back alley in a small Swiss town. One apparation later and Harry was in Zurich, Switzerland.

Harry had been to Switzerland many times over the years. In his opinion, it was one of the most beautiful countries in the world. This time however, he didn't come for sight seeing. He came to visit the Union Bank of Switzerland. Much like he did with the Director of the C.I.A., he used compulsions to get his account created quicker. It still took a few days since they had to test 20 400 oz gold bars, but in the end he had an account with a little over five million US dollars in it. The only thing he had left to do was figure out what he wanted to do with his life.

He wasn't going to lie, he had grown to enjoy the life of luxury. He loved that he could go where ever he wanted and do whatever he wanted. He was loathe to give up that kind of lifestyle. Unfortunately,

he had to leave behind the vast majority of his wealth. He just didn't have any room to carry it. Five million dollars was a lot, but it would run out quick if he didn't watch his spending. What he needed was a way to make lots of money, preferably without having to work long hours. He had thought about it for years, and a few of his discoveries could indeed make him a fortune. More specifically, Harry had figured out a way to make a special type of ceramic with the use of magic that was nearly unbreakable. That alone would likely make him the richest man on the planet, and that was where he would start.

HPxAV

**January 2007**

Harry took a look around his massive underground complex. All of this was built on 500 acres of land he purchased just outside of Las Vegas, Nevada.

He chose Nevada because it had lots of land that was cheap and had no state income tax. He had been working for months and was still far from opening shop. The biggest part was done however. Upon purchasing his land, Harry set up a temporary warehouse where he built his first nanotube. A nanotube was simple in concept. It was a large metal cylinder with the top quarter turned into a holding tank. You put material in the holding tank and runes would multiply it and send it down the tube where hundreds of runes would shrink it down to around 1/200th the normal size.

Years ago Harry had researched the effects of the shrinking charm on carbon molecules and found that by shrinking them, he actually removed most of the empty space in an atom. That caused the molecular bonds in compounds to become incredibly strong. That was how he made his special porcelain ceramic. By mixing nanoparticles of kaolin, feldspar, quartz, and water, he could make a porcelain that was insanely strong and heat resistant. The best part was that once hardened, the ceramic couldn't be unshrunk with magic! He could make a hundred thousand tons of this stuff with only a ton of each base material since his nanotube kept on multiplying it until the base material needed to be changed. The base material could last around four months in full production before it deteriorated to the point of being unusable.

Harry then used his magic to dig out the massive complex deep into the earth. Once completed, Harry used his first batch of nanoceramic to basically build a giant box in the hole. There were five levels with each level being 1000 ft. by 1000 ft. and 50 feet tall. Normally you had to pour the mixture into a mold then let it dry and harden before firing it. Thankfully, even though you couldn't unshrink the particles, you could still transfigure and reshape the final product. That's exactly what Harry did. He poured the mixture into large square shaped molds, then once dried he fired them in temporary magical kilns. He then transfigured them into a giant box with five floors, each only two milometers thick.

Even with being so thin, they were still stronger than a foot of solid steel. After that, he transfigured doorways and air ducts. There was still so much work to do. Elevators needed to be added along with electrical wiring. He also needed to add a building on top of his complex for loading trucks and



office spaces and whatnot. He was also going to need more money. He had that taken care of though. He had bought out a decent sized gold mining operation in Alaska for a little over a million dollars. He technically didn't need the operation, but if he suddenly started turning up with millions of dollars in gold then the government would start asking questions. Now he had an answer for them. In a few months he would go there and pull as much gold as possible out to fund his new company.

## **July 2007**

The four hundred acre workshop he had built was certainly a sight to behold. It was massive! Harry smiled widely at the sight. He could truly build anything in there! The name HJP Nanoworks printed across the front in stylish letters filled him with pride. He wasn't done yet though. He still had much to do. The bottom level of the underground complex was already filled with material ready to be used.

The storage areas were completely filled. The fourth level was producing metallic hydrogen. Producing metallic hydrogen was actually pretty easy ... if you were magical ... and figured out a rune cluster to increase atmospheric pressures to six million times what they are on earth ... without the device exploding. Harry accomplished this by creating a nanoceramic chamber with walls 10 feet thick and enchanted to become unbreakable. Runes would produce liquid hydrogen and fill the chamber halfway before another set of runes would increase the pressure and heat until liquid turned metallic. Another set of runes would lower the pressure so the chamber could be safely opened. Each chamber could produce two tons of metallic hydrogen per hour and he had fifty chambers. Needless to say, he had plenty stocked up. The upper three levels weren't in use yet.

What he needed now was to fill out the factory. He wanted as much of his workforce as possible to be automated. It was quicker, cheaper, and better all around. Not only that, but he was sure people would try to steal his secrets once he opened up to the public. Not that they could though. The UC or underground complex was completely closed off so only he could enter. He wasn't any good at building machinery like that. The best place to get that kind of equipment was Stark Industries. He had to meet Tony Stark.

## Malibu, California

At 3am in the morning Harry was invisible outside the home of Tony Stark. He had been waiting for several hours for him to come home. The fact that Stark was a party animal wasn't news to him. Harry knew that he could be in for a long wait. Half an hour later a car rolled up and Stark's driver got out and opened the back door. A clearly drunk Tony Stark stumbled out of the car and made his way to the front door of his mansion. Stark stopped for a moment and looked down. Seeing a package sitting in front of the door, he bent down, scooped it up, and went inside. Nodding to himself, Harry apparated to the hotel room he was currently staying in. The package was laced with compulsion charms to make sure Stark would take it inside and open it up. All he had to do was wait.

HPxAV

Tony Stark staggered inside carrying his package like a new born baby. "Jarvis, more lights!"

"Of course sir," replied the mellow, British accented voice of Tony's A.I. The lights in his home brightened to max level. Immediately Tony started squinting and used his hand to block the light.

"Jarvis, less light!"

"At once sir," came the amused voice of Jarvis. The lights dimmed a bit.

Finally being able to see properly, Tony looked at the package that was left on his door step. "If there's an abandoned baby in this box I'm going to be really upset," he mumbled. He tore open the cardboard

box and found a very thin, white colored, square plate of what he thought was some kind of ceramic, a small cube of metal, and a small ziplock bag of black powder. "What is this junk? Oh goodie, a note."

Picking up the piece of paper, Tony read, "Mr. Stark, Please examine the items in this box carefully. I recommend using a stress test on the ceramic.

If you want to learn more, please contact me at the number below. Harry Potter.”

“Stress test huh ...”

Twenty minutes later Tony was looking at the crumpled remains of his hydraulic press. “What is this stuff?” he asked in awe. “Jarvis, analyze the metal and powder.”

After another five minutes of trying his best to destroy the ceramic plate, Jarvis interrupted. “Analysis complete sir.”

“Well don't leave me in suspense,” he said sitting down. He was drunk after all.

“The metal appears to be a hydrogen based superconductor.”

Tony raised an eyebrow. “Metallic hydrogen?”

“It appears so sir.”

“How the hell could this guy make this much?! It would cost tens of billions just to make enough that could be seen with the naked eye!”

“I have no answer for that Mr. Stark.”

“And the powder?”

“Pure carbon.”

“That's all?”

“Yes sir. Though it seems that the atoms are roughly two hundred times smaller than normal.”

“That's it! I'm calling this guy. No one makes a fool out of Tony Stark,” he said as he fell off the stool he was sitting on and passed out drunk.

HPxAV

Harry rubbed the sleep from his eyes as he woke up. A curtain of long, blonde hair fanned across his bare chest as he stared at its owner. She was a pretty little thing. After he had left Stark's home, he went back to his hotel room where he met the blonde in question while getting a cold drink from a vending machine. One thing led to another and before long the couple were rolling around in the bed sheets for hours on end. A fun night to be sure. Harry however didn't come to Malibu for pleasure, as great as it was. Grabbing his phone from the night stand, he checked to make sure Stark hadn't called. He hadn't. Harry guessed that he wouldn't hear from him last night. Stark was way too drunk. *'Nothing to*

*do but wait,'* Harry thought. Sliding his hand down his bed partner's naked back, he squeezed her firm behind and earned him a moan.

“Mmm ... no more,” she mumbled into his chest. “Five orgasms is enough. I'm too sore,” she said quietly before he heard very light snoring. Harry stopped himself from laughing. He didn't want to wake the girl. She had earned her rest in his opinion. Pleasuring girls was easy for him now that he could control magic with such ease and precision. All he had to do was intend on giving her pleasure and his magic would respond. It was almost like the polar opposite of the Cruciatus Curse. Instead of causing immense pain, it caused intense pleasure. Harry always made sure to be careful. He imagined that he could end up harming the girl if exposed to too much pleasure. The next couple of hours were pleasant for him. Laying with a lovely, naked girl was never a chore. The silky, smooth skin felt wonderful gliding underneath his touch. Unfortunately all good things had to come to an end. The loud, annoying chime of his phone going off startled the sleeping girl who sat up quickly. “What the hell ...”

“Sorry. That's my phone,” he chuckled, eyeing her bare breasts which were moving in glorious ways as she rubbed her eyes and stretched. “Harry Potter speaking,” he answered. “Hello Mr. Stark. Yes. Yes.

I'm afraid those are company secrets. Yes I can. Alright. I'll meet you at your residence in an hour.

Alright. Goodbye.” Harry hung up. The girl was looking at him with wide eyes.

“You actually know Tony Stark?!” she asked enthusiastically.

“Never met him. But it looks like I will in about an hour,” Harry replied, smiling.

“Wow! I guess that means you have to go soon,” she said as she flopped back on the bed. His eyes traveled over her soft curves and blemish-free skin.

“I have a few minutes to spare,” he stated, hearing her squeal as he laid between her parted legs and kissed her deeply.

HPxAV

Tony watched as what appeared to be a rental care pulled up to his front door. Out of the driver side exited a stunningly handsome, light-skinned man with dark black hair that was stylishly messy. The guy was tall, maybe six and a half feet, and was well built from what he could tell. He was dressed in a black business suit that fit him perfectly. *'Italian design. Taylor fitted. Very expensive,'* Tony listed off in his mind. The man walked with grace and purpose and oozed confidence.

“Mr. Stark. Harry Potter at your service.” His British accented voice stated as he nodded his head. “I've heard that you don't like shaking hands.”

“You're right about that,” Tony stated appreciatively. “You never know where they've been.”

“Well considering that I spent all night with a sexy blonde, I think you know where they've been,” he said, wiggling his eyebrows and chuckling. Tony had to laugh. Maybe this meeting wouldn't be so bad.

“Please, call me Tony. Every time I hear Mr. Stark I think the IRS is coming for me again.”

Harry laughed. “That's fine, as long as you call me Harry.”

Tony nodded and invited him inside. The interior of Tony's house was what Harry would describe as a combination of modern and futuristic. There

were very few straight line, mostly curves and decorated in whites, beige, and medium browns. On different walls were plates of glass that acted as computer monitors. Built out of concrete on a seaside cliff, the house offered beautiful views of the Pacific Ocean. A woman walked up to them who had to be Tony's personal assistant, Virginia "Pepper" Potts.

She was thin and waifish with red hair and a pretty face.

They walked up to her and Harry said casually, "You know Tony, I was going to complement you on the views from your home, but it appears I found something of yours even more breathe taking."

Taking her hand, he kissed her knuckles. "Harry Potter, at your service my dear."

Harry smiled as Pepper's face flushed red. "Pepper Potts. Pleased to meet you," she shyly declared.

"Down girl! You can play with him after I'm done," teased Tony who walked to his bar. Pepper blushed even harder.

"Tony! Don't embarrass me in front of guests!" she exclaimed, smacking his arm. Harry and Tony just quietly laughed.

"Can I offer you a drink," he asked, already pouring one for himself.

"Thank you. I'll have whatever you're having."

"Well, I'll leave you boys to your business. Mr. Potter, I hope to see you again soon," Pepper smiled.

Harry kissed her hand again and smoothly said, "I hope to see you again as well Ms. Potts. In fact, I look forward to the day when I get to see a whole lot more of you," eyeing her womanly form. Pepper squeaked in embarrassment and scampered out to the house.

"You must be a killer with the ladies," Tony laughed and handed him his drink.

Harry just smiled and replied, "I do alright for myself."

"I can imagine." They sat down at a table and enjoyed their drink. "So, you've managed to catch my attention with that package you left. A pretty smart move if I do say so myself."

"Yes. I can't imagine that you take many meetings with unknown people with wild claims," Harry told him, sipping his single malt whiskey.

"No not many. Anyway, you said that how you make this stuff is a company secret, but how much can you possibly make? I mean, it must be absurdly expensive."

Harry just smiled. "Making this stuff isn't a problem for me. For the metallic hydrogen alone, I can produce roughly 75,000 tons a month. I can also scale up production indefinitely. I can make as much as the market demands. Same goes for anything else I produce. I can make it quickly, and most

importantly, cheaply. For large orders, I'll most likely be charging 1 dollar per pound, or 2000 dollars a ton if you will, not counting shipping. Not only that, but I already have a large stockpile of over half a million tons."

Tony collapsed back into his chair, his eyes bugging out. "Why did you show me though? If what you say is true, then you'll soon be making money hand over fist."

"I was hoping we could help each other out. I know you're a great inventor, so I assume you'd like to get your hands on as much of my product as possible, preferably before it goes on the open market."

"What exactly do you need from me?"

Harry pulled several pieces of paper from his inner coat pocket and slid them to Tony. His face gave nothing away as he read the list. "This is a lot of specialized machinery and technology. That's not even considering the A.I. you want. My company doesn't even produce some of this stuff. The

A.I. and holographic displays are personally made for my own use,” Tony frowned.

“I’m aware. That’s why I think a partnership between us and our companies will be most beneficial.

Once my company is up and running, Stark Industries will be able to buy as much metallic hydrogen as it wants. What your company can’t buy is my nanoceramic. The raw ceramic powder won’t be for sale. Everything made from the ceramics will be produced by my company, hence why I need so much machinery. If we enter a partnership and you’re able to supply me with the tech I need, then I see no reason why I shouldn’t sell you my raw ceramic powder. Just imagine being the only other company with access to that material,” Harry smirked. Tony was licking his lips while thinking.

“I also forgot to mention that I can turn any element or compound into its nano state. Just think of the things you could create, the experiments you could do ...”

“Fine! I’m sold. I’m going to have to run it by the Board. I’m also going to need proof that you can produce as much as you say,” Tony exclaimed, wiping the sweat from his forehead.

Harry smiled and leaned back. “Let’s make a deal then.”