

Malfoy & Potter; Hammer & Scepter

A short story by Henry Cavanaugh

Even fifteen years after he had witnessed the death of Lord Voldemort with his own eyes, Harry Potter still had occasional nightmares about the dark wizard returning from beyond the grave. Having lost his parents, his godfather and many good friends as a direct result of Voldemort's reign of terror, Harry lived in fear that one day his nightmares might come true. It might not even necessarily be the same Dark Lord bringing about a dark cloud over the wizarding world, but rather some disturbed soul who had bought into the ideology and saw themselves as the next big threat to the fragile peace that had existed in the decade and a half since the Battle of Hogwarts.

It was that fear that had driven Harry towards a career as an auror, the wizarding equivalent of law enforcement. He had dedicated his life towards making sure another dark wizard never rose to power and he was currently on the trail of one who was concerningly building quite the following with some of the more unsavory characters that populated the wizarding world. While this wannabe Dark Lord had so far escaped the long arm of the law, the Ministry of Magic had managed to track down a house he had been operating out of, and Harry had been dispatched to investigate.

He hadn't known that he wasn't the only person that the Ministry had sent until he arrived outside the property to find somebody waiting for him. The man who was still sometimes referred to as the "Boy Who Lived" (it seemed he would never shake any of his nicknames, as his colleagues were all too fond of calling him the "Chosen One" whenever their boss was out of airshot) received a jolt of surprise when the man turned to face him and in doing so revealed a familiar face from Harry's school days. Once upon a time Harry had been bitter enemies with Draco Malfoy but the experiences of the Battle of Hogwarts and the long years since then had rather dulled the animosity. It wasn't the first time they had crossed paths - they were both working for the Ministry albeit in different departments - but their conversations had always been brief and impersonal. Although he knew that Malfoy was working as a curse breaker, Harry had never been tasked with working alongside the other... up until that moment, it seemed.

In many ways, Malfoy looked very similar to how he had when they had been at school together: his hair was still a shiny platinum blond, only now it came down to just above his shoulders, and his skin remained as milky white and free of blemishes as Harry could so vividly remember it being. He was moderately tall, standing a few inches above six feet, and slender like a lamppost. He even still had the same sneer that naturally came across his face whenever he was resting, giving him a haughty air that was often

backed up by the arrogance of his tone when he spoke. Despite this, he seemed more bemused rather than displeased to see Harry, which was something of a relief.



The former Gryffindor seeker was aware how much he'd changed since the fall of Voldemort, at least on a physical level. His shoulders were broader, his muscles a little fuller and his once wild hair was cut into a shorter and smarter style. He'd even traded in for a better pair of glasses that made him look like less of a nerd! His closest friends liked to joke that he was playing the role of a "hot cop" and while Harry was bashful in response to these comments, he secretly liked them. It was nice to be appreciated for something surface-level and shallow rather than only ever being seen as the boy wizard who had brought an end to the previous wizarding war. He didn't want to be forever defined by the lightning bolt scar on his forehead and while he knew that he'd never quite escape the shadow of his legacy, the changes he'd made to his image at least gave the illusion of moving on.

The pair of old rivals spared little time for a casual catch up - they were on the job, after all, and there was a very good chance that whatever they'd find inside was incredibly dangerous. Upon a quick sweep of the ground floor, neither man was able to unearth anything too out of the ordinary aside from a few spellbooks that the Ministry had banned almost a hundred years prior. When faced by two staircases, one leading up to a second floor and the other down to a basement, the men decided to split their focus. Harry would descend into the basement while Malfoy investigated the second floor and they'd call for the other should they find anything of interest or run into trouble. It was almost surprising to Harry how easily they'd come to that decision without either one of them reverting to their petty teenage arguments.

Despite being separated by two floors, the men would actually have similar experiences upon separating. Towards the back of the basement, hidden just out of sight behind some shelves, Harry would discover a scepter with a golden handle and a sharp spear-point made of silver, with a bright blue gem positioned carefully at the core. Malfoy, meanwhile, would discover a large hammer resting on top of the plinth, with a brown leather handle and various ancient viking runes upon the large metal block. Although the two men knew better than to blindly trust that each



item wasn't dangerous, they felt the scepter and hammer calling to them through subconscious methods and were quick to fall under the allure of the strange discoveries. Both men would pocket their wands and then reach out to grab at the handles of their respective weapons.

As Harry's fingers wrapped around the cold metal handle of the scepter, a shiver ran right through his body as his core body temperature dropped dramatically. His instant thought was to let go of the scepter but his hand was suddenly locked around it, with his fingers refusing to budge even when he attempted to use his other hand to pry them free! Understandably concerned by this predicament, Harry opened his mouth and called out the name of his former rival, unaware that somewhere above him, Malfoy was going through a very similar experience. He had wrapped his hand around the leather handle of the hammer and with just the slightest pull, had lifted it free of the podium it had been resting upon. Doing so had sent a jolt of electricity throughout the slender man's body and he quickly discovered that he too was unable to remove his hand from the hammer, as if it had been glued right onto his palm!

The changes to each man's body started slow and small - Harry's famous scar vanished from his forehead without so much as a trace being left behind, while the lower half of Malfoy's face became populated by dark blond stubble. This darker shade soon spread to his hair, which also grew down past his shoulders until it settled high on his back, with the sides swept back into a ponytail (the band of which had materialized out of thin air). Harry's hair was growing too, only stopping once it was at his shoulders, although it remained as jet black as ever. Moments later and the glasses resting on the bridge of his nose dissolved into nothingness and to Harry's surprise, he suddenly possessed perfect vision without them!

A gasp escaped each of their lips as the magic imbued within the items they now held transformed some of their internal workings, prompting Malfoy's voice to deepen to a hyper-masculine rumble while Harry's became so silky smooth that it seemed to be eternally laced with treachery. On the exterior, the two men's complexions were shifting towards opposite ends as well, with Harry's sun-kissed skin growing lighter to perfectly contrast his dark hair, while Malfoy adopted a golden tan that better matched his long golden locks.

The differences in each of their transformations was further exemplified by the effects the magic had on each of their physiques. Malfoy's slight frame was expanding as if he were a balloon being pumped full of helium, with his robes struggling to contain the rapid growth of muscles across his upper body. Beneath the layers of fabric, a pair of pecs had blossomed upon a previously flat chest and beneath those pecs a full set of six-pack abdominals established themselves as equally worthy objects of lust. His back and shoulders broadened, with widening lats and boulder-like deltoids, while traps rose

to meet a thicker neck. He also grew considerably in height, his body only settling once it had reached a mammoth six-foot-six that would make him one of the tallest men in any room he entered. Two floors below, Harry was rapidly losing much of the muscle definition that he had built up during his time as an auror. He had adopted a leanness that he hadn't possessed since he was seventeen, with arms as thin as pool noodles and a waistline that was so tight he could actually feel his pants starting to sag! Harry also happened to shrink a few inches until he stood at a mere five-foot-nine, which while still a respectable height, would make him considerably shorter than his counterpart.

One part of the transformation that both men benefited from was in the crotch region, as both Harry and Malfoy gained a couple of inches in length. Malfoy's cock would ultimately end up girthier, but Harry's new bubble butt made up for it by managing to outshine the muscular ass cheeks of his former rival. Each of their robes also changed to reflect their transformed states, with Harry finding himself glad in leathers of black and dark green, while Malfoy was suddenly clad in blue and gold armor, with a long red cape hanging down to his ankles.



With their physical transformations finally complete, the ancient magics contained within the hammer and scepter began to rework the minds of the two young men. They were no longer wizards in their early thirties but rather a pair of Asgardian gods who were both several thousand years old. Harry, who had always been defined by his courage and bravery, experienced a dramatic twisting of his moral compass which highlighted more selfish desires and a wicked love for playing tricks on unsuspecting victims. The whole mindset of Harry Potter was completely scrubbed clean from his transformed body, leaving behind only his new self: Loki, the God of Trickery.

Malfoy, meanwhile, had his tormented past similarly washed away by the power of the hammer Mjölfnir. He was instilled with the fearless nature of a proven warrior, as well as the arrogance of a crown prince who knew that one day he would become the King of Asgard. While he had come to love the people of Midgard and took great pleasure in being one of their protectors, Thor remained as in love with himself as a man could be. He was Thor, God of Thunder, and he deserved to be worshiped! There was nothing he enjoyed more than lifting his arms and flexing his powerful muscles, especially as it often made either his enemies recoil in fear and dread or his lovers cry out in desire!

Confused at finding themselves in a strange house they had no memory of entering, the two Asgardian deities reunited on the ground floor of the building. Despite having a turbulent relationship in the past, Thor and Loki had formed a close bond in recent years. Life was certainly much more of adventure with the other at their side and what was the point of holding onto the past when the future could be so promising?



“Come, Loki, let us call out to Heimdall and return to Asgard!” Thor announced in his typical booming voice as a bright smile spread across his handsome face. “There is much mead to be drunk and revelry to be had!” He kicked open the door and strode out onto the empty street, already calling out to the sky for Heimdall to open the Bifrost and take them home.

Loki smirked and followed the blond-haired man out with a fond shake of his head. He’d never admit it out loud but he was actually looking forward to the party that was sure to be in their immediate future, and the lovemaking that would almost certainly follow that. After all, could it really be called a good time if they didn’t end up naked and drenched in each other’s sweat? No, Loki didn’t think so. Being pinned down by the other man’s strong arms was absolutely a requirement for a good night and he refused to apologize for that perspective. They were gods, what else was to be expected?!