

## Five Bucks on Brand?

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](http://archiveofourown.org/works/661416) at <http://archiveofourown.org/works/661416>.

Rating:	<a href="#">Teen And Up Audiences</a>
Archive Warning:	<a href="#">No Archive Warnings Apply</a>
Category:	<a href="#">F/M</a>
Fandoms:	<a href="#">X-Men (Comicverse)</a> , <a href="#">Marvel (Comics)</a>
Relationship:	<a href="#">Abigail Brand/Hank McCoy</a>
Characters:	<a href="#">Jean Grey</a> , <a href="#">Scott Summers</a> , <a href="#">Warren Worthington III</a> , <a href="#">Bobby Drake</a> , <a href="#">Hank McCoy</a> , <a href="#">Abigail Brand</a> , <a href="#">Kitty Pryde</a> , <a href="#">Victor Borkowski</a> , <a href="#">Santo Vaccaro</a>
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2013-01-29 Words: 1,599 Chapters: 1/1

# Five Bucks on Brand?

by [beckydawolf](#)

## Summary

Or the time Abigail Brand got mistaken for a super-villain by a bunch of teenagers.

Set after All-New X-Men #5 but before Wolverine and the X-Men #24 so SPOILERS for both. Cameo from Anole and Rockslide.

## Notes

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

Earlier that day, the five of them had voted on whether to stay in the future, at least for the time being. Warren was still unhappy about the result but they were doing something familiar, which helped to take his mind off it. That was how the original X-Men came to be playing Monopoly on their first evening at the Jean Grey School.

“That was a six not a seven, Bobby, don't cheat,” chastised Jean, as she moved his piece back one place with her mind.

“But now I owe Warren eight hundred bucks,” he grumbled.

It was a warm night so they had left the window of the room the boys had been given open. The noises of the school flitted in. The shouts of a game of football that was taking place up the far end of the grounds. Something that sounded like a jet engine landed and powered down. The loud bangs from something exploding as Krakoa helped a student with their target practice. Gentle guitar scales of a student practicing nearby.

“Yeah you do, buddy,” said Warren. “Now pay up.”

“Honestly, Bobby,” chipped in Hank. “I don't know why you still insist on cheating. It really is beneath you.”

*I am going to kill Hank McCoy!*

“Bobby!” exclaimed Jean.

“What did I do now!” he wailed.

*I am going to turn him in to a blue furry corpse!*

“Jean?” Scott was suddenly in front of her, face full of concern.

“I – I think someone's here to kill grown-up Hank,” she explained. “I thought it was Bobby at first -”

“Gee, thanks,” he muttered.

“- but it's someone else, I'm sure of it.”

“Could you find them?” asked Scott.

“This is all new to me, Scott. I don't know how it works. I could try.”

“That's all I ask. We might be in another time but we are still the X-Men and no one gets killed if we can stop it. Everybody in?”

Bobby had already iced up, Hank was flexing his toes and Warren was stretching his wings.

*Going to shoot him in the face.*

“The lab!” exclaimed Jean. “They're headed for his lab.”

The young X-Men ran from the dorm room and through the school, heading for Dr McCoy's lab. They got as far as the foyer before Jean heard,

*Going to push him out of an airlock.*

It was stronger this time and, Jean was certain, came from a woman walking brusquely across the academy's entrance hall. She had long green hair tied back in a ponytail and wore a jumpsuit in a slightly darker shade of green. To this outfit she'd added green sunglasses and green lipstick. Attached to her hip was a very large gun.

“It's her!” cried Jean, pointing at the green-haired woman.

“Stop right there, ma'am,” shouted Scott. “We know what you're here to do and we suggest you reconsider. Walk away now and we won't have to use force against you!”

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Anole and Rockslide were walking through the foyer of the school, on their way to raid the canteen, when they saw it: the five original, teenage X-Men surrounding Agent Brand and threatening her.

“Dude, what are they doing?” asked Anole.

“Oh man, are they doing what I think they're doing?” said Rockslide.

“Do they not know the rules?”

“They've been here, like, twenty-four hours, they probably haven't heard them all yet.”

“Yeah but 'Stay the %\$@# away from Agent Brand for the sake of your health and our rebuilding costs' is one of the important ones.”

They paused for a moment and surveyed the scene.

“We should tell someone,” said Anole.

“We should get popcorn,” said Rockslide.

“If we get popcorn, we might miss something. Five bucks on Brand?”

“You're on.”

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“Get out of my way kid, I've got beef with your professor, not you,” snapped Brand. “But if I have to break your nose to do it, fine.”

“Fraid we can't let that happen,” replied Scott, raising his hand to his visor.

“Are we really going to do this?” She drew her gun. “He hates it when I punch kids.”

The X-Men charged.

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When Hank had designed the school, he'd made sure that it was enabled with certain safety features necessary to run an educational establishment full of super-powered teens. One of them was a warning system to alert the staff to any fights taking place on campus.

That alarm was now going off in all the staff areas – his lab, the teachers' lounge, every staff member's office – and the nature of the incident displayed on screens. In his lab and in her office, Hank McCoy and Kitty Pryde both saw the original teenage X-Men attack Abigail Brand. Then, they both had almost the exact same thought.

*Oh, %\$#@.*

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Beast lead the attack, charging at Brand foot first from a handstand. At the same time, Cyclops fired off a shot at her. She ducked both and turned, grabbing Beast's foot with her free hand and sent him flying in to a wall. Using the momentum, she twisted and shot Cyclops in the chest, sending him flying backwards too.

“Get... her.... gun,” Scott wheezed, winded.

Angel dove in from above, attempting to grab the gun from her hands but she wheeled and shot him too, this time in the wing, leaving him to careen off in to a corner. Before Brand could react again, Jean had telepathically ripped the gun from her hands. More annoyed now, Brand tore off her gloves and raised her fists in a fighting stance just as Bobby coated her in a layer of ice. He jumped off his ice slide and landed in front of her.

“Huh,” he said. “She wasn't that tough.”

Behind her ice prison, Brand's fists flared, melting it just enough for her to reach through and punch him in the nose.

“That is enough!” roared the voice of the adult Henry McCoy over the school's speaker system.

“Told you he doesn't like it when I punch kids,” muttered Brand, the rest of the of the ice collapsing off her.

“Brand, what the hell are you doing?” cried Kitty, running through the wall.

“Your brats attacked me, Pryde,” she spat, retrieving her gun from where Jean had dropped it on the floor.

“She's here to kill adult Hank!” Jean tried to explain to Kitty. “I heard her... think it.”

“You read my mind? No one reads my mind. How did you do that?” She leveled her gun at Jean and Kitty stepped in front of her protectively whilst the other X-Men gathered around her, ready for the next attack. “Tempted to take this thing off stun just for you, Pryde.”

“Abigail, put the gun away,” Hank McCoy said behind her.

The five teenagers looked at each other and mouthed as one, “Abigail?”

She holstered the weapon but kept her back to him. “For the record, I’m really mad at you.”

“I’d gathered. Who, uh, told you?” he asked.

“No one.”

“Someone must have-”

“No one told me. I have my people,” she paused. “Have them hack your medical records, from time to time. Just, you know, to keep an eye out for alien infections.”

“You hack my private medical records just so you know I’ve not been too badly injured in some scrape? I don’t know whether to be furious or flattered.”

She spun to face him. “Don’t turn this around on me, Hank! You’re the one who didn’t tell me you were dying!”

“Ah. So this isn’t about the mutation?”

“No, this isn’t about the mutation! You weren’t in the middle of a mission. You weren’t risking your life. You were here, in your lab, trying to fix yourself. And you didn’t call!”

“I’m so confused,” interrupted Bobby. “I thought she wanted to kill him?”

“Agent Brand frequently wants to kill someone,” explained Hank. “She only occasionally goes through with it.” He returned his focus to Brand. “Abigail, you have my apologies. I knew I was mutating, I didn’t want you to have to see it. There was no way to know what I’d become. I couldn’t have you remember me like that.”

“I held your guts in place, McCoy, I think I’ve earned the right to make that decision myself, don’t you? And what’s your excuse for not telling me now that you’re, you know, not dead?”

“I have to admit to being somewhat afraid. Forgive me, my love, but I suspect my trepidation comes from the way I was rather rejected after my last mutation.”

“Hank, after your last mutation, you told the world you were gay. I’m beginning to think you mutate the common sense right out of you too.”

“So you’re really not upset at my new mortal form?”

“Still Hank? Still blue, fuzzy and occasionally awesome? Fine by me. We done with this sappy emotional \$#@%? I want to test drive the new model.”

With that, he scooped her up in his arms and they started off down the corridor to his room, everything else forgotten.

“Well, that was... weird,” said Kitty.

Warren turned to Hank. “Just to check, you're not actually gay, right?”

“Warren!”

Bobby clapped him on the shoulder. “Got to hand it to you Hank, grown-up you's girlfriend is hot. Scary as all hell. But hot.”

At that moment Brand came sprinting back down the corridor, calling behind her, “End of the world, again. Sorry Hank, some other time.” She grabbed her discarded gloves from the floor and ran out the front door.

Beast appeared next to the slightly stunned X-Men.

“God, I love that woman,” he said with a proud grin.

## End Notes

So, Beast was dying at home and no one called the woman he's in a fairly stable relationship with. Then they're on date night and she's totally fine with his new look - good for her - but nothing in between those two points.

That bothered me. So I ficced it.

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