Deadpool's New Job

by megamatt09

Summary

Deadpool receives a job as Argus Filch's Assistant Caretaker at Hogwarts School of Witchcraft and Wizardry. Features much insanity, hijinks, bedlam, and shameless destruction of the fourth wall, all brought to you by everyone's favorite mercenary. Pure insidious crack.
Circumstances brought Wade Wilson to Hogwarts School of Witchcraft and Wizardry. Circumstances and a not so direct threat from Nick Fury to go deep under cover to investigate the wand-waving witches and wizards of Britain of potential nefarious deeds brought Deadpool to this locate.

It was also entirely possible Fury wanted Deadpool out of his hair for about a good seven years. Deadpool found himself with thousands of years of esteemed history. Wade whistled when he walked down the hallways.

Wade Winston Wilson walked into the office of Albus Percival Wolfric Brian Dumbledore. The white-bearded warlock stared at the very oddly dressed man with a twinkle in his eye and a Sherbet Lemon dangling from his upper lip.

"Good afternoon, Mr. Wilson."

Wade smiled.

"Good day to you, as well, Professor Gandalf," Wade said. "No wait, that was Magneto, my mistake."

Dumbledore just looked over Wade with a smile.

"I'm sure we both know why you're here."

"Be sure to explain to the people who are looking in on us while we're here," Wade said. "A lot of people look like I'm insane, but there are people reading every word we say. Some of them are going to end up picking it apart in agonizing detail later."

"Fascinating," Dumbledore said. "Good afternoon everyone."

Dumbledore just looked out to the beyond.

"Actually, they're over there."

Wade pointed across the room towards the right side, somewhere around the area of the Fourth Wall.

"My apologies," Dumbledore said. "Good afternoon, everyone!"

Dumbledore waved merrily. Deadpool smiled and looked at the old man very fondly. He did not know why people on the Internet did not like the man.

"A lot of people think I'm insane for talking to people they can't see," Wade said.

"Just because other people can't see them, doesn't mean they're not there," Dumbledore responded. "There have been many schools of thought of other dimensions existing. Some of them contain higher beings which can influence our actions in any number of subtle and not so subtle ways."

Dumbledore reached for another Sherbet lemon. He offered it to Wade.
"Don't mind if I do," Wade said. "I don't think anyone ever takes these things, do they?"

"Sadly, no," Dumbledore bemoaned. "I looked over your references and you're the strong-willed, mentally-capable individual who can handle the task I'm about to give you."

"Service with a smile," Wade said. "And I don't mean my weekend gig either."

"As you well know, last year, our caretaker, Mr. Filch suffered a mental break. He will be perfectly fine when the new term resumes in the fall. He's demanded I hire him an Assistant Caretaker to help him take care of the school. The pay is quite substantial, and you do get full medical coverage of maladies which happen upon the school grounds."

"What could happen in a magic school anyway?" Wade asked.

"We've had some scares over the years," Dumbledore admitted. "Kids will be kids though, and our healer, Madam Pomfrey is the top of her class. She is very adept in fixing most injuries."

"Well, good because I tend to get in some rough spots," Wade said. "Must be my charming nature."

"Must be," Dumbledore said. "I don't think there's any problem this year. I will keep you appraised on any situations which require your attention. Here is your contract in full, it's for the full seven years as you requested. We can work out arrangements if you wish to leave before the end of the seven years are up."

"I think I'm good," Deadpool said. "Before, I sing this though, I want to ask you something."

"Of course."

"Harry Potter is coming to Hogwarts this year, isn't he?" Deadpool asked.

"Yes, Harry will be attending his first year, but I'm sure he will fit in just like any other student," Dumbledore said.

"Mmm….if you say so," Deadpool said. "I just have to know. Are you planning to steal Harry Potter's inheritance?"

"I beg your pardon?" Dumbledore asked.

"I just want to know if you're trying anything nefarious regarding that Potter boy," Deadpool said. "No stolen gold, no love potion induced schemes, no mind control mumbo jumbo, nothing along those lines."

"I can assure you, Wade, I intend to do nothing of the sort," Dumbledore said. "I can offer you my word as a wizard I will not do anything to deliberately and maliciously manipulate Harry Potter as long as he calls this school his."

"I want a pinky swear," Deadpool said.

"Oh, my, you must be serious."

"Serious is as Sirius does," Deadpool said. "Wait, that's not right."

The two men locked hands in a pinky swear. The most powerful and binding oath known to these two gentleman had been performed.

"Albus, my good man, I'm so glad you're not going to go down that road because I did not want to
be a part of one of those stories,” Deadpool said. "My contract?"

"Your contract," Dumbledore confirmed.

"Excellent," Deadpool said. "And the terms are all what my attorney said they would be. Trust me, she's a big green lady who kicks ass. You don't want to piss her off."

"I can safely say I do not want to run afoul of any woman," Dumbledore replied. "So, is everything to your liking?"

Deadpool scanned the contract, looking for any loopholes. The clause about him not being able to physically harm any students or staff caused him to shake his head. He figured something like that should be assumed, but perhaps he was very foolish in thinking so.

'No weapons?' Deadpool asked. 'Guess it just leaves me with my wits to deal with people.'

'The contract said no weapons, didn't it?' one of the mysterious voices in Deadpool's head.

"Well, if I didn't sign, we'd have an awfully short adventure, wouldn't we?" Deadpool asked. "It would be the most amazing troll job in the world."

'Is a troll job where a troll gives someone a blowjob?' one of the voices chimed in.

'That's probably a fanfic somewhere,' another responded.

"Severus, come in!"

Severus Snape swooped into the office. He stopped and paused at the man in the office. Dressed in a red and black attire, with a mask.

'Yeah, everyone knows what I look like,' Deadpool thought. 'And people do have Google if they don't.'

"Professor Snape," Dumbledore said. "This is Mr. Wilson, he's the new Assistant Caretaker to Mr. Filch."

Snape gave Wade a brief nod in response and then promptly ignored him. Thus ensuring that Deadpool would never give Snape a moment's peace for the next seven or so years.

"Headmaster, I wish to discuss the concern I head earlier about…the project this year," Snape said.

"Oooh, a project, is it super secret?" Deadpool asked.

"Yes, it's quite classified," Snape dismissively said. "If you please, Headmaster…..I'm certain he needs to meet with Filch to go over his duties."

"I'm pretty sure I know my duties," Deadpool said. "I'm the Deputy Caretaker of Magical Sanitation."

"Yes, and you should go take care of things," Snape said. "Take care of things away from here."

"My contract specifically states that I don't start until September the First," Deadpool argued. "Therefore, I'll just hang around this office, hang out with my new buddy, Professor Snape."

Deadpool put an arm around Snape's shoulder. Snape pulled away from him.
"Severus, he was only trying to be friendly," Dumbledore said.

"Where did you find this thing?" Snape asked.

"Hey, I identify as a….."

"Headmaster, please, this is important," Snape said.

"Mr. Wilson, I'm sure you can find your way around the castle alone," Dumbledore said. "And maybe at a later time you can get to know Professor Snape."

Snape started to shake his head frantically and the words "damn you, Dumbledore" mouthed from him, when the Headmaster was not looking at him.

"That's great!" Deadpool exclaimed. "A nice male bonding experience, where we can go out, and get to know each other, we can drink alcohol and watch sports, and make waffles!"

"I do think it would be nice if Severus would join you for a drink at the Hog's Head this weekend," Dumbledore said.

"I don't think it would be nice if Severus joined you at the Hog's Head this weekend," Snape said. "Because Severus….I mean I….I have much work to done. I have an entirely new class of underachievers to fail to make something of, and one of them is the spawn of the king of the underachievers."

"We've been over this before," Dumbledore said. "And it would be good for you to get out. Get out of your dungeon, enjoy the sunlight, and get to know people."

Snape wondered if screaming would help. Likely not, as Dumbledore had tried in vain for Snape to let go of his bitterness of a life of constant failure and disappointment. It was the only thing which kept him motivated and allowed him to face children ten months out of a year.

"I like my dungeon, excessive sun makes me blister, and I find people to be generally abhorrent, "Snape said. "Headmaster, one more time….."

"Yes, of course," Dumbledore said.

Snape and Dumbledore walked out of the office. Suddenly, Snape stopped.

'We just let him to wander freely through Hogwarts.'

Snape briefly contemplated the consequences of what they done. He decided he didn't much care, as long as it did not affect him.

The combined assault of Peeves and the Weasley Twins last year broke Filch and Filch's new underling might have broken Snape. In addition to a Potter, a Longbottom, and another Weasley coming this year, why did Snape think not going to Azkaban was a good idea?

'I hate my life, but I hate everyone else's even more.'

To Be Continued.

So this is a thing that I'm doing now, every now and then. I'm going to keep the chapters short as possible.
Chapter 2

Orientation.

Deadpool pulled a pair of blue coveralls over his body and flipped a backwards baseball cap over his head over his head. The Mercenary stepped into the halls of Hogwarts and walked to the Janitor's closet. The door flung open to greet Deadpool with the smell of ammonia. The Merc took in a nice whiff of the cleaning supply and got very dizzy. He turned around to face a grumpy old man dressed in green. His face looked contorted in one of the surliest looks possible.

"Are you the new assistant Dumbledore hired?" the man asked shortly.

"Yes," Deadpool said. "That's me. Wade Winston Wilson at your service, and you must be Argus Filch. Filch, you know with a name like that, I swear you could have even been a pirate or a janitor. And you're the head janitor of Hogwarts."

"Let me tell you one thing and I'll make it plain."

Filch stuck his finger out in Deadpool's face. Deadpool stepped back from the point of the finger getting directly in his face.

"For once, I'm no janitor. I'm the Caretaker of this school and you better treat me with respect. I'm not only the caretaker of this school, and I'm your boss. You're going to work for mean and you're going to be the one who is going to help me clean this school of filth and troublemakers."

"What about troublemaking filth?" Deadpool asked. "I'm on with you. Captain Filch! Dread Pirate of Sanitation!"

Filch gave a low grumble which sounded enough like an "argh" where Deadpool would allow him. Deadpool watched the grey cat moving around him. He moved over to pet it. Filch knocked his hand away.

"What the actual hell, man?" Deadpool asked.

"That's Mrs. Norris," Filch said. "She's my eyes and ears around this place. I don't like people messing her. I don't like people messing with my pussy. So, keep your hands off my pussy, do you hear me?"

Deadpool snickered. Filch looked at him with a rough gaze.

"Sorry, but you just said…"

Filch slapped the dust pan down on the ground. The Mercenary stepped back. He knew a man who could wield cleaning implements in such a violent manner was no man to be trifled with.

"You better keep your hands to yourself and don't be touching Mrs. Norris," Filch said.

"Can I ask you one question?" Deadpool asked. "If she's named Mrs. Norris, what happened to Mr. Norris?"

"Don't ask me daft questions," Filch said.

"You killed Mr. Norris and stole his wife?" Deadpool asked. "That's cruel."
"There is no Mr. Norris," Filch said.

Deadpool pressed on with all of the tact of a runaway freight train. "That's because you killed him, right?"

"I didn't kill Mr. Norris," Filch said. "Because, there was no Mr. Norris!"

"What about Chuck?" Deadpool asked. "You killed Chuck? Well he's not dead. Wait just one Dad gummed golly jeez minute. You killed Chuck Norris. No wait, he's not dead. You kicked Chuck Norris's ass. You stole his wife. And turned her into a cat. And that cat is named Mrs. Norris."

Deadpool's eyes widened.

"Seriously, man, I'm learning at the foot of the master," Deadpool said. "You beat the greatest meme on the entire Internet."

The Mercenary shook his mouth.

"Wait, the Internet isn't around yet," Deadpool said. "Or maybe it is. I don't even know what year we're supposed to be in right now. The nineties if we're in canon. You never know with this author you."

"What are blathering on about?" Filch asked.

"Sorry, sir, I didn't mean to offend you, Captain Dread Pirate Filch, conqueror of Chuck Norris," Deadpool said. "You truly are a man among man. You wrestle a bear every morning for your breakfast. You have to."

"You're bloody bonkers!" Filch yelled. "Just go and clean up the toilets on the fourth floor and get out of my hair. And the suits of armor, they could do a good shining after what Peeves did to them."

"What did Peeves do to them?" Deadpool asked. "Actually, what is a Peeves?"

"Oh, you'll find out all too soon," Filch said.

He grinned evilly. With any luck, that Poltergeist and that lunatic would take each other out, and Filch would finally get a moment's piece. Filch needed to return to his quarters to prepare for another year of trying to beg Dumbledore to allow him to suspend students from his ankles.

Deadpool walked away.

"Sanitation Dread Pirate Captain Filch and Deputy Caretaker of Magical Sanitation Wade Wilson," Deadpool said. "We're going to make a hell of a team. We could go out in a crime solving van and solve mysteries. All we need is a talking dog."

Deadpool turned around and laid eyes on the sternest looking cat ever. He reached forward to pat the cat on the head. The cat turned into a middle aged woman with dark hair.

"Neat trick, lady," Deadpool said.

"Who are you?" the woman asked.

"My name is Wade Wilson," Deadpool said. "I'm the new Deputy Caretaker of Magical Sanitation."

"Ah yes, the assistant to Mr. Filch," the woman said. "Well, I welcome you aboard to Hogwarts. My name is Professor Minerva McGonagall."
"Pleasure to meet you, my good lady," Deadpool said. "And what's with the witch hat?"

"That's the Hogwarts Sorting Hat," McGonagall said. "You sound like you're not from around these parts?"

"I'm from Canada, eh," Deadpool said. "So, you have a hat to do your laundry?"

McGonagall looked at Deadpool very strangely.

"You know, to sort the darks from the lights."

"We have house elves for that," McGonagall said. "The Hogwarts Student hat will put a student in whichever of four houses it deems to be the best fit. It's all described in Hogwarts: a History. Perhaps you should read it, I have a copy. It will allow you to get educated on this world."

"Well, I'm all about being well learned," Deadpool said. "And house elves, you say?"

"Yes, they are bound to the will of the castle," McGonagall said. "They will be duty-bound to assist the staff."

Duty bound to assist the staff, well that was music to Deadpool's ears.

"Within reason, naturally."

The within reason part caused Deadpool's face to fall.

"Can I try on the magic hat?" Deadpool asked. "Oh, please?"

"It's an irregular request," McGonagall said.

"I don't have lice or anything," Deadpool said. "I won't run around the school wearing it or anything. I just want to wear it, to see what it would say. What house it thinks I should go in, if I can go in a house."

"Well, everyone fits somewhere," McGonagall said.

She handed the new assistant caretaker the Hogwarts Sorting hat. Deadpool rose it up triumphantly. He slid the Sorting Hat on his head.

"WHAT THE ACTUAL FUCK!"

McGonagall looked on in surprise. She never heard the Hogwarts Sorting Hat.

"What foul madness have you allowed to enter my brim?" The Hat bellowed. "Get it off of me! Get it off of me! Get it off of me! GET IT OFF OF ME!"

"So where do I go?" Deadpool asked. "Come on, Mr. Hat, don't let me hanging."

"He thinks there are people watching us from behind screens," The Hat said. "How deranged to have to be to think that? He belongs in a dungeon?"

"So, Slytherin in other words," McGonagall said.

She took the hat back. It was very odd to see the Sorting Hat shudder.

"Okay, suits of armor and toilets," Deadpool said. "I might get some actual work to done."
A spectral gentleman came through the wall. He dressed in a ruffled outfit with straggly hair and facial hair. He had been surprised at the curious man just as surprised as Deadpool looked to come face to face with the ghost of John Cleese.

Who, Deadpool was pretty sure was not dead.

"Then again, given how the Grim Reaper has been a douchebag to celebrities over the last couple of years, you can never be too certain," one of the voices chimed in.

"Hello," he said.

"Hi," Deadpool said. "Just who are you anyway?"

"I am Sir Nicholas de Mimsy-Porpington," he said bending his head forehead.

The neck collar came loose and his head came off. In theory at least, it hung by one strand of flesh which caused Deadpool to jump back.

"Your head came off," Deadpool said.

"If only," the ghost said. "They call me Nearly Headless Nick for good reason."

"Yeah, your head doesn't come off," Deadpool said. "How does that work?"

"Getting hit forty-five times in the head with a blunt axe is how that works," Nick said.

"That's just shoddy workmanship," Deadpool said. "You go a decapitate someone and you don't bring a sharp enough axe for the job."

"Tell me about it," Nick said. "I wish they would have done it properly. It hurt like hell and they didn't finish the job. I've had to be the butt of many jokes by ghosts who did get their head hacked off properly. I can't believe this didn't hold my neck in place. I just went to all of the trouble of getting this new outfit to hold my neck into place."

A logic bomb went off in Deadpool's head.

"Wait just one blasted minute," Deadpool said. "Ghosts can get new clothes? How in the name of Stan does that work?"

Nick seemed to be genuinely puzzled with the question.

"When clothes get destroyed, burned, whatever, do they head to the afterlife as well?" Deadpool asked. "Because, seriously, this raises all kinds of disturbing implications. I think I'm going to need this bleach for purposes other than cleaning right now."

"Well, I wish I could explain," Nick said. "Some things are just are because of magic."

Deadpool thought about getting high on cleaning products. Ghosts clothing stores, the mind just boggled. Clothes might just be sentient. It made him feel bad for all of those outfits that got ripped apart through the course of mercenary work.

The mercenary entered the bathroom. A horrific stench greeted him.

"Wizards, and yet, they can't invent self-cleaning toilets," Deadpool said. "Well, time to get to work."
Deadpool rolled up his sleeves and he went to war with a clogged toilet.

X-X-X

Reeking of the contents of the toilet, Wade Wilson stepped out of the final bathroom.

'Sorry about not giving you all a blow by blow account of cleaning out a toilet,' one of the voices in Deadpool's head said.

'I think that would be a very shitty scene,' Deadpool voice number two said.

A loud rim shot echoed in the background. Deadpool turned and shrugged.

He stepped in in gum on the ground. Deadpool tried to pull it off of the bottom of his shoe. The gum expanded and covered the entire lower part of Deadpool's leg.

"What's the matter? Is Filch's new crony stuck in the chewy gum?"

A water balloon hit Deadpool on the top of the head. The Mercenary looked up and saw a flying monstrosity in the air. Blue skin and a bright suit, he floated in the air, cackling madly.

"You're either an imp from the fifth dimension, or something else," Deadpool said.

"seveeP!" yelled the monstrosity. "seveeP! seveeP!"

The poltergeist cackled.

"Hey, Mr. Wilson!" the poltergeist cackled. "You a bit stuck?"

"Listen up, Dennis, this isn't funny," Deadpool said.

Peeves hurled another water balloon at Deadpool's face and bounced it off of his head. He pounded Deadpool with a greater barrage of balloons.

Deadpool picked up an axe from one of the knights and hacked his leg off! Peeves widened when Deadpool amputated himself to get away from the magically chewing gum.

"Gross," Peeves said. "GROSS! WHAT THE HELL IS WRONG WITH YOU?"

Deadpool picked up his leg and yanked the gum off of it. He flung the clumps of gum at the Poltergeist who dodged. On one leg and one stump, Deadpool jumped around. He grabbed the mutilated leg and put it back against his body.

"Wolverine healing factor, don't fail me now."

Deadpool duct taped his leg back together. Once again, the tool of the true handyman came through in a pinch.

"Alright, Peeves, you're mine! You're not going to get away with making a mockery out of me. Only the author gets to do that!"

Deadpool chased the poltergeist down the hallway wielding a plunger in one hand and a toilet brush in the other. Peeves bolted away as fast as he could go.

To Be Continued.
The Chase is On.

Deadpool rushed down the hallway after Peeves the Poltergeist as fast as he could go. The poltergeist zoomed down the hallway with Deadpool rushing after him. He swung a plunger like a mad man.

"Alright, Poltergeist, I'm going to take you down!" Deadpool yelled. "I'm not going to take you down. I'm going to take you down with cleaning supplies. Do you hear me? I'M GOING TO TAKE YOU DOWN WITH CLEANING SUPPLIES!"

Deadpool shouted at the top of his lungs and rushed around the corner. A teacher clad in purple turban walked up the steps. Deadpool waffled him in the back of the head with the toilet brush, inadvertently, when he came up the steps. Deadpool did not stop running down the hallway.

"PEEVES!"

The third floor awaited for Deadpool. He looked to the left and to the right. He could hear Peeves knocking a priceless vase over. Deadpool dove in with quick reflexes and stopped the vase from dropping onto the ground. Mostly because he was pretty sure it would come out of his paycheck.

"Ah, is Pool Boy winded?" Peeves asked. "Come on Pool Boy! You want a piece of Peeves. Do you want me? Come and get me!"

Peeves made a very lewd gesture. Deadpool threw the plunger at Peeves. Peeves went transparent and the plunger struck into the wall. Deadpool took in a deep breath and saw Peeves go backward. He disappeared behind the doors of a third-floor corridor.

The Mercenary stopped and held onto the third-floor corridor. He slammed his foot into the corridor door. The sound of the door cracking on the other side echoed. Peeves made snarling noises on the end in an attempt to keep Deadpool at bay. It did not work. Deadpool kept slamming his foot against the door as hard as humanly possible.

"You think a locked door is going to stop me?" Deadpool asked. "That shows how much you know. I always see a locked door as a suggestion and not a restriction. I wonder what mystical magical charms are on this door. Well, there's one thing that can unlock any door."

Deadpool reached into his boot and pulled out a standard hairpin. Much like the Boy Scouts, Deadpool was always prepared. He was no stranger to getting through doors which he was not supposed to. He turned the pick through the lock and opened the door.

"Alright Peeves….."

The snarling sound did not come from Peeves. Deadpool stepped back a couple of inches and the door swung shut behind him. Deadpool's eyes fell on the creature above him. Three heads, six eyes, and one hundred and twenty-six razor sharp teeth awaited to him. Not to mention an ever growing puddle of drool. The creature howled and snarled at Deadpool.

"Well…fuck bunnies."

The dog growled and Deadpool stepped back. Death by the mauling of a three-headed dog was not
the worst way he would have died.

"Back, I'm armed!" Deadpool yelled.

The dog snatched the toilet brush out of his grip with those powerful jaws. The sound of the brush snapping in his mouth echoed. Deadpool threw his hand into the air and raised it. The dog snapped his jaws at him.

"Okay, maybe that wasn't a good idea threatening it with violence."

The dog jumped onto Deadpool and pinned him down to the ground. The Mercenary could feel the breath of the dog in his face. Wet saliva splashed onto Deadpool, covering the front of his mask. He was going to have to get the mask dry cleaned.

A sound of someone whistling filled the Third Floor Corridor. The Three-Headed Dog moved back from Deadpool.

Albus Dumbledore stepped into the room and looked at the three-headed dog. All three heads locked onto the Hogwarts Headmaster to give him puppy dog eyes. Dumbledore smiled and extended a hand to allow Deadpool to his feet. The two left the third-floor corridor.

"I see you've met Fluffy," Dumbledore said.

"Fluffy?" Deadpool asked.

"Yes, he's one of Hagrid's unique companions," Dumbledore said. "You see, with Rubeus, the trick is if the creature has a harmless name than he can be very deadly. However, the more fearsome named creatures are pretty much harmless."

Deadpool glimpsed the Hogwarts Gamekeeper. Seemed like the friendly giant type, enjoyed his work, and Deadpool appreciated a man who had that level of dedication.

"You're keeping that thing up in the third-floor corridor," Deadpool said. "No offense, but I don't think a school is an adequate place to keep a three-headed dog."

"I can assure you he's properly housetrained," Dumbledore said with a twinkle in his eye.

Deadpool should hope so. "It's just….well….what if children come across the dog?"

"I can assure you no harm will come to the students of Hogwarts," Dumbledore said. "I will give them a warning that the Third-Floor Corridor is off limits at the sorting feast."

"Perhaps you should put a protection on the door which can't be defeated by a simple lock pick," Deadpool said. "Not that I'm trying to tell you to do your job. I mean, you don't give me detailed instructions on how to pick toilets. It's just, boys will be boys, girls will be girls, and teenagers will do the exact opposite of what you tell them."

"Yes, well, I didn't expect you to be able to open it," Dumbledore said. "I was only able to rescue you because I knew someone opened the door. There are monitoring charms on the door for anyone who tries to enter the door without authorization. It will warn me at once."

Deadpool blinked and stepped back, clutching his chest in pain.

"Are you alright?" Dumbledore asked. "Do you need the hospital wing, Mr. Wilson?"

"No, I'm just surprised that common sense was actually used by someone," Deadpool said.
"Common sense is a grand irony as sense is sadly not common these days," Dumbledore said. "I will see you at the staff meeting, and I apologize for the near mauling."

Deadpool returned with his adventure with the Three-Head Dog named Fluffy. He still could not believe something like that would be put up to the school. It took a moment for Deadpool to realize something.

"He was standing on top of a trap door," Deadpool said. "He was guarding something."

Deadpool stopped a few seconds later and looked over his shoulder. He really could get lost in this place. No one had the common decency to draw this map.

"Oh, well, not my problem," Deadpool said. "My job is to clean the toilets. Speaking of which, duty calls."

Deadpool made his way down the stairs into the Dungeons. He decided he would stop in and say hi to his new BFF, Snape, who had been avoiding him as of late for some reason. Deadpool had no idea why. He had such a charming personality.

He moved his way to Snape's office. The door had been locked. Deadpool raised his hand to pick the lock. Some invisible force stopped him.

'Hey, dipshit,' the lingering amount of common sense Deadpool had left chimed in. 'You remember what happened the last time you opened a locked door.'

'Yeah, it was a scene ago,' Deadpool said. 'But, what're the chances of there being a second three-headed dog in Hogwarts? I mean, even Peter Parker's luck isn't that bad.'

The Assistant Caretaker of Management Sanitation pushed the door open. He caused Snape to jump on the desk and fire a spell at him which caused him to lift off the ground and knock him into the wall.

"What the devil do you think you're doing?" Snape asked.

"Getting hexed, apparently."

Blisters appeared underneath Deadpool's outfit. They itched like a real motherbear. Deadpool made a conscious effort not to scratch himself raw. Despite that fact, he could feel a great deal of agony coming through him. Snape stepped over making no attempt to assist Deadpool back to his feet.

"I just wanted to stop by to see if you would have that drink," Deadpool said. "You know, the one that you invited me on when we first met."

"I'm a very busy man," Snape said. "I have lesson plans to complete. Seven years worth of them, for four houses."

"So, how do you go to all of those lessons?" Deadpool asked. "Because the math doesn't add up when you think about it."

A small smile, a small smile of superiority went over Snape's mouth. "It's a Hogwarts trade secret, I'm afraid. Now, if you excuse me, I've got work to do. You have toilets to clean or some other menial task I'm sure Filch will throw at you. I'm sure Peeves must have smeared slug essence on the trophies by now again."
"Slug essence?" Deadpool asked. "Wait, by slug essence do you mean….."

Deadpool trailed off at the last word. A shudder spread through his body at the thought of what wizards had to do to get essence of the slugs. The Deputy Caretaker of Magical Sanitation shuddered to think about it.

"So, you have much work to do," Snape said. "You did not receive this job so you could pester me. We are colleagues, and nothing more. If you enter my office once again without invitation, you will get more than a stinging hex."

"What if you're on the floor, poisoned?" Deadpool asked.

"I'm a Potions Master," Snape said. "I have an antidote for most poisons on me."

"Most poisons are not all poisons, though," Deadpool said. "What if someone acquires a venom so rare, so deadly, that your genius potion making prowess cannot whip up an antidote."

Snape decided to give Deadpool one of the most serious looks possible. It was so serious it was almost terrifying.

"I'll take my chances," Snape said.

"So, what time will you be done making your lesson plans?" Deadpool asked. "Because, you and I, we can paint the town. Two strapping young bachelors, ready to make the ladies wet in their panties. And by that I mean, we throw water balloons at their crotches."

"Leave," Snape said.

"But…." Snape yelled.

"Leave!" Deadpool yelled.

"I have chocolate!" Deadpool yelled.

"I don't like chocolate," Snape said.

Deadpool blinked at the shock at someone declaring they did not in fact like chocolate.

"Come on, you got to like chocolate," Deadpool said. "Come on, Sevvy, you have to like chocolate. Chocolate is the key to all that's good in the world."

"I don't want any chocolate."

"Sevvy's got a sweet tooth!"

"I say I don't like chocolate, you nitwit!"

Deadpool held out a package with several of those bars of chocolate, the type of box which gets thrown away half-eaten because no person ever likes all of the flavors.

"Come on Snape, open it, and I'll give you a nice sticky treat in your mouth!"

Snape opened to protest. Deadpool shoved the first log of chocolate he could find inside of Snape's mouth. Deadpool made sure to properly ram his log into Snape's mouth.

'And I'll take lines which can be read out of context for two hundred, Alex!'
Snape breathed heavily when he took the chocolate down his throat. Deadpool pulled away with the chocolate from his fingers. Snape started to gasp and cough when the chocolate entered the back of his throat.

"What flavor was that?"

Purple pus filled pimples appeared on Snape's face. He started to get puffy and his eyes began to swell shut.

"Coconut Cream," Deadpool said.

"I'M ALLERGIC, YOU DUNCE!" Snape gasped.

Snape's vision blurred. The horrific reaction to the chocolate allergy made him see three of Deadpool in front of him.

"Okay, fine, fine, fine," Deadpool said. "There's got to be something in here that will save you from a chocolate allergy, isn't there?"

"Bezoar!" Snape yelled. "Bezoar!"

"Oh, that stone thingy!" Deadpool yelled. "Here you go, one bezoar coming up."

Deadpool shoved the hard rock into Snape's mouth. He gasped when the magical restorative properties of the bezoar took effect. Deadpool was not quite sure how a magical antidote rock saved someone from a chocolate allergy. Unless it proved chocolate was magical after all.

Snape dropped down onto the ground and took a deep breath, snarling madly.

"I just remembered, I've got to go to the Quidditch Equipment shed, to make sure all of the balls are in order," Deadpool said. "So, I guess we're taking a rain check on that drink."

Snape pulled himself up and reached into his cabinet. He poured himself a sedative draught and sucked it down in one clear shot. He had a feeling that he would need to keep this at hand in bulk this year.

Especially tomorrow, the new students at Hogwarts would be arriving. Including a Potter, a Longbottom, and another Weasley, Snape would be having a long year.

'I hate everyone's life.'

To Be Continued.
Fresh and Familiar Faces:

The magical day of September the First appeared just around the same time it did every single year. August occurred and September followed, and if September did not occur after August, then the natural order of things would not happen. Deadpool whistled "it's a Small World" after all when mopping up the entrance hall of Hogwarts. He approached Filch who progressively became more annoyed.

"Stop with that insidious racket," Filch growled. "Get this hall all spotty, I want to be able to eat off this floor by the time you're done."

"Of course, Captain Dread Pirate Filch, sir!" Deadpool said as he swung his mop around and just whistled his jaunty tune even louder.

The mop swung back and smacked one of the teachers in the back of the head. Deadpool turned around to see the poor teacher in question. Professor Quirrell stepped into the room, dressed in a perfect shade of purple and wearing his now trademark turban which he wore for reasons which Wade was certain were not nefarious or sketchy.

"I'm so sorry, Professor," Deadpool said. "I'm just engaging in a little Spring cleaning in the autumn."

"Quite a-a-alright, Mr. W-W-Wilson," the Professor said. "I'll just g-g-g-et out of your w-w-way."

Quirrell stepped away from Filch and Wade. Perhaps it was Deadpool's overactive imagination but he was certain that he could hear some grumbling from under the Professor's turban.

"Did you hear that?" Deadpool asked.

"Hear what?" Quirrell asked. "No, I've heard nothing, but you lollygagging around while there's a floor to be shined and it isn't going to shine itself, you know."

"Why isn't it shining itself?" Deadpool asked. "I mean we live in a magic school that's made out of magic. Therefore, shouldn't it just clean itself? Why would we need to do actual physical cleaning? I mean, I read Hogwarts: A History…"

"Bah, no one reads that pile of puke," Filch growled at the top of his lungs.

"Okay, fine, I had one of the house elves summarize it for me," Deadpool said. "That being said, the founders invented indoor plumbing centuries before it became a fashion state. This castle stood tall for a thousand years, at least, without any need for major repairs. So, why doesn't the castle clean itself?"

Filch stuck one gnarled finger into the face of his deputy.

"Do not ask questions you do not want to hear the answer to, bucko!" Filch growled. "Those who ask questions of how magic works, ask too many questions, are taken out of their beds. They are brought before the Ministry. Don't ask questions, because you will never be seen or heard from again."
The Hogwarts Caretaker stopped and realized something about that. A toothless smile spread over the face of the Dread Pirate Caretaker of Hogwarts.

"On second thought, ask them," Filch said. "Ask all of the questions you want. Just keep me out of it. And make sure to keep these floors shining, especially that suit of armor. I think Peeves did something nasty to it."

Deadpool saw and grimaced. That Poltergeist eluded Deadpool's iron grip for the past several weeks and trolled the ground the mercenary walked on. The Mercenary stepped forward. According to Hogwarts scuttlebutt, the Poltergeist only feared the Bloody Baron. Why he feared the Baron it remained a mystery. The most anti-social house would have the most anti-social and mysterious ghost.

Speaking of anti-social, Deadpool noticed that Snape had been avoiding him over the past couple of weeks. Deadpool did not know what Snape would avoid him. Could it be because Deadpool pestered Snape every time the two of them were in earshot? Or maybe it was because he fed Snape something which caused him to break out? Or because Snape was just antisocial in general.

That third one seemed very likely to come to think about it.

The doors opened up just as Deadpool finished off. Dozens upon dozens of Hogwarts students appeared first years by the looks of things.

"OOOOOH, ICKLE FIRSTIES! WHAT FUN!"

And Deadpool could hear in the background Peeves engaging in the time-honored tradition of everywhere of hazing the newbie. The Mercenary parked himself in a chair right next to Filch. Filch rose to his feet, got up, and moved three chairs over.

The students moved into position. Deadpool witnessed one canonical sorting song and one canonical sorting was about ready to begin. The entire Great Hall gasped as Harry Potter appeared to sit in front of the Hogwarts School Sorting Hat.

"Come on, Hufflepuff," Deadpool said. "I would laugh if Harry Potter got into Hufflepuff."

The eyes of everyone fell on the very eccentric Deputy Caretaker of Magical Sanitation. Deadpool just responded with a shrug as the Sorting Hat called out "Gryffindor". All was right in the universe, at least for now. Deadpool had at least seven books worth of shit to screw up, so he could wait. It would be all about biding his time for the right moment.

"I have a few words for you…..

"EXCELSIOR!" Deadpool bellowed.

Everyone looked in surprise as the Assistant Caretaker's outburst interrupted the speech of the Hogwarts Headmaster.

"Yes, thank you, to our new Hogwarts Assistant Caretaker," Dumbledore said. "He has assumed this up far more succulently than I could have. The time for speaking will come after the time for feeding. Everyone prepare to indulge yourself in the finest that the magical world has to offer."

Food appeared in front of the Hogwarts students and a feast commence. Deadpool tore through a juicy hunk of steak which he speared in mashed potatoes. He stuffed his face with as much food as he could get his hands on. Say what you want about the house elves, but they went above and beyond the call of duty.
A few people were looking at Deadpool's antics on the table. Deadpool just waved merrily to a pair of redhead twins at the end of the table who waved at him. For some reason, this action caused both Filch and Snape to groan in unison. Deadpool responded with a shrug and returned to building a tower of mash potatoes, as high as it could be allowed. He stacked gravy all over it before diving into it.

Dessert followed dinner and not the other way around. Deadpool mixed it up that way by having dessert before dinner because sometimes you just had to mix things up. Deadpool let out a hearty belch which got him some looks from the people.

"Hey, if you have gas than you must pass with class," Deadpool said.

The feast ended for a few seconds later. Albus Dumbledore rose to his feet to get the attention of everyone involved.

"And now that you have all be sufficiently fed and watered, I have a few notes which to share for you. The first is the Quidditch trials which will be taken place for all of the teams within the next week. For all who are interested, please contact Madam Hooch. Please do not that first years are not permitted to be on the house team for they are not permitted their own broomstick."

Deadpool snorted in response.

"Argus Filch has increased the number of barred items to a robust seven hundred and ninety-three different items," Dumbledore said. "An extensive list is available on his office door. And remember as always, there will be no magic in the corridors."

Deadpool thought that was actually a pretty sane rule. The last thing you needed was a bunch of eager young wizards whipping their wands out all over the place.

"The Forbidden Forest is still permitted to all students," Dumbledore said. "New students should take note that the forest is aptly named. A few of our older student should remember that."

Dumbledore gave a warm smile and his eyes twinkled in the very obvious direction of a certain pair of twins.

"The third-floor corridor is out of bounds," Dumbledore said. "Anyone who wishes to not receive a painful death should not enter that corridor."

"Trust me, I know," Deadpool said. "I didn't die, but I could have died. And believe me, I've died before."

"Yes, listen to Mr. Wilson," Dumbledore said. "He has made the mistake of running afoul of the guardian of the third-floor corridor. Please do not make the mistake of doing so. It's for your own safety."

Everyone whispered, and Deadpool could place some even odds that someone was going to scurry up to the third-floor corridor as soon as humanly possible. He knew how the minds of children worked. Curiosity got the better of them. They had no sense of not sticking their necks in when danger laid.

Speaking of which, Deadpool needed to take a closer look at that Forbidden Forest.

"And now, before we head off to bed and rest our minds before filling them with knowledge, it's time for us to sing the Hogwarts School song," Dumbledore said. "Everyone pick your favorite tune and away we go."
The students of Hogwarts started singing the Hogwarts song. None of the staff seemed amused by this particular activity.

X-X-X

Darkness fell upon the land, the midnight hour was close at hand, and Deadpool was going to stop that train of thought before he drew the ire of the CUNTs for using song lyrics. The Mercenary crept into the Hogwarts grounds. The sound of owls hooting all around him caused Deadpool to be alert.

"Nothing out of the ordinary," Deadpool said. "Smells like a forest."

The smell of a nasty pile of excrement filled Deadpool's lungs and backed him off. Yes, yes, yes it really did smell like pretty much any other forest. Deadpool stepped into the darkness of the Forbidden Forest. He moved around with a torch in his hand.

"Just another walk through the mysterious dark and depressing woods at night," Deadpool said.

He stopped a few inches to see a figure standing in the distance. From the waist up, he resembled a man. From the waist down, he resembled a horse. Deadpool locked his eyes on the man in front of him with a very obvious frown. His red hair came down past his shoulders.

"Doom is brought to this Forest," the centaur said.

"Victor's coming to Hogwarts?" Deadpool deadpanned.

"You have been warned, there will be doom," he said. "A darkness beyond the likes of which we have never seen before would appear. You will not be able to survive. You will not be able to thrive. Mars will burn bright and the harbinger of chaos will reign his darkness down on Hogwarts."

"What are you talking about?"

"You should not be in this Forest."

Another rough-faced Centaur moved into the picture. Several more of the centaurs moved in, a couple of them wielded crossbows and arrows. The Mercenary stood his ground despite knowing that these centaurs would blast him for everything he was worth if he made one wrong move.

"I should not be in the Forest," Deadpool said. "Because it's forbidden."

"Leave this place and do not come back," the centaur said. "You will interfere with the directions of the stars by your mere presence."

Deadpool turned and looked into the darkness.

"Do centaurs have medium awareness?" Deadpool asked.

An arrow shot Deadpool in the ass which caused him to jump up. The centaur who nailed him in the butt looked very pleased with himself.

'So many lines in this project can be taken out of context,' one of the voices in Deadpool's head said.

'You know, the lines become less amusing when they are just fed to you like that,' another Deadpool voice responded.

"Okay, okay, fine, I'm going," Deadpool said. "You guys are worse jerks than the goblins."
The Mercenary stepped into the forest. Perhaps he should leave. His ass would heal, but his pride was not still intact. Everyone's favorite fourth wall observer kept walking through the forest. He knew after walking for a good hour or so, he got lost.

Deadpool lifted up his hand and lit a lighter. The flash of light caused him to come face to face with a giant spider. Deadpool stepped back a few feet and came face to face with more spiders. A giant spider army surrounded Deadpool from all sides. The mercenary drew in his breath and drew out his breath several times.

He was never afraid of spiders. A spider, a small spider which he found floating in his bathroom. "I swear I never flushed a spider in my life," Deadpool said. "And I'm good friends with Spider-Man, kind of, sort of, okay, we exchange wise ass quips every now and again. But, we're cool. We're mostly cool, mostly. You know, we're kind of cool."

"You should not have come here," one of the spiders said.

Those pincers started clicking when the spiders rose up and fell down to him.

"You should not be here," another one of the spiders said.

"Man, everything in this forest is kind of racist."

The spiders encircled Deadpool and trapped the mercenary.

Deadpool pulled out a large blade and brandished it. His contract clearly stated that he was not allowed to have weapons inside of the school walls. However, it did not mean he did not have weapons outside of the school walls. Deadpool reached over and stepped back only to run into a wall of spiders.

"Fresh meat!" the spiders cheered in unison.

Deadpool wasn't terrified about getting eaten to death. It wouldn't be pleasant, but after getting blown up, maimed, and having karaoke night with Wolverine, he wasn't terrified of the spiders devouring his flesh. He was terrified of the sentience of the spiders. The spiders rose up and one of them grabbed Deadpool.

"No don't eat me! I'm high in gluten!" Deadpool said to them. "Ha, sucker!"

Deadpool stabbed the spider in the stomach and caused him to recoil. The mercenary stepped back and slipped down the path before slipping on a slime trail left on the path. The spiders crawled out and moved his way.

"Look, Basilisk!"

The spiders stopped and stepped back in terror, scuttling back as far as their legs could carry them. Deadpool moved off as fast as his legs could carry him. He ran around the Forest and ran out to the Forest on the other side. A loud thump occurred when Deadpool hit a giant wall of solid flesh.

"Alright there, Wilson?"

"Oh, thank heavens," Wade said.

He came face to waist with the large form of Rubeus Hagrid, the caretaker of Hogwarts.

"You got here just in time," Wade said. "Those giant spiders, they were going to rip me apart."
"Aw, they didn't mean anything by it," Hagrid said. "Aragog was just playing."

"Aragog?" Deadpool asked. "Wait, Aragog?"

"Yeah, Aragog, that's his name, I got him when he was a tiny egg," Hagrid said. He looked very tearful in his remembrance. "They all grow up so fast."

Deadpool did not want to argue with a man and the love for his pets. But, damn it, there were certain things you cannot just let go. Sometimes you had to man up and give another man what for, even if said man towered over the man who needed to man up.

"You know, Hagrid, that's the second one of your pets that tried to eat me," Deadpool said. "I'm beginning to think they hold a grudge against me."

Hagrid looked guilty.

"Fluffy, real sorry about that one," Hagrid said. "He was being territorial, just doing his job. You see we trained him as a guard dog to guard…well, that's not the point."

Deadpool gave a knowing nod

"Yeah, he's guarding the thing for Dumbledore," Deadpool said. "I'm not high up the food chain enough…well nice talking to you, Hagrid. Do you have any other pets that I should know about?"

Hagrid thought about it for a minute and shook his large head. Deadpool hoped the large man would not spring anymore surprises.

"Well, I've got to go," Deadpool said. "You have caretaking to do. And I have sanitation to do."

The two men parted ways. Deadpool decided the Forbidden Forest was pretty much as advertised. This bode well for any kind of future adventures he would have. The Mercenary whistled wondering what hijinks tomorrow would bring.

To Be Continued.
Hogwarts School of Witchcraft and Wizardry had been a hustle and bustle with all kinds of rumors and innuendo, as any school full of preteen to teenage type people would be. Deadpool made his way to the floor with a stick. Pieces of paper dropped to the ground. He stuck the stick through the piece of paper and pulled it up off of the ground. The Mercenary could hear the mutterings of the people around him.

"Hey, did you see him?"

Deadpool perked up. They must have been talking about him.

"Did you see him? He's over there?"

The Mercenary responded with a smile. He obviously made an impression no matter wherever he went. Several students were pointing to a spot which was distinctively behind him. Deadpool turned around and saw the one and only Harry Potter making his way up the stairs followed by some tall ginger-kid. Deadpool shook his head when observing the entirely canonical scene which appeared before him.

"It's almost amusing how they react to a celebrity," Deadpool said. "If this was the non-magical world and about twenty years from now, the kid would have his own reality show by the time he was thirteen. It's insane I tell you the type of things they put on…"

Deadpool almost ran into Nearly Headless Nick or rather ran through them. Ghosts were very transparent people. Deadpool shivered when it felt like he had been dunked into the icy cold water. He dove into ice water just once on a dare naked, but that was beside the point.

"Hey, Nick!" Deadpool called. "Head still hanging in there."

"Unfortunately," Nick said.

"You know, it's a shame you couldn't find the ghost of the guy that did this," Deadpool said. "And the ghost of the ax that he used to do this. Because, if you did, I would haunt that sloppy son of a bitch until he finishes the job. What kind of person can't decapitate a person in that many swings?"

Nick looked sardonic. "Yes, unfortunately, he appears to have gone beyond."

"Gone beyond," Deadpool said. "Oh, he's not a ghost. You're just hanging out there, not quite dead, not quite alive. You're like that guy from the Peanuts who also had a cat in the box who was both alive or dead at the same time, depending on whether or not the box was opened or not."

Sir Nicholas really wished he knew what that peculiar gentleman talked about half of the time. It was a good thing he was already dead because otherwise he would have been frustrated to death by the oddness of that particular mercenary.

"You sure you can't use some kind of ghost dagger or something to take off that extra half-an-inch?" Deadpool asked.

"Don't think I've not tried to look," Nick said. "Unfortunately, it would need to be a magical blade."
And given those are almost impervious to destruction."

"But, almost is not completely impervious right," Deadpool said.

"Yes, but you would need a potent magical element to destroy it," Nick said. "And good luck with that. I suppose you could find the Elder Wand to remove my head, but the chances of it just being in Hogwarts….well it's quite frankly absurd."

"Elder Wand?" Deadpool asked. "Sounds like a magical MacGuffin to me."

"Yes, the Deathstick, one of the most fabled mystical artifacts," Nick said. "It can break even the most stringent laws of magic. It has said to be unbeatable. Numerous wizards throughout history have been known to have held it as it can only change hands by defeating the previous holder of the wand."

"Hold it," Deadpool said. "It can only change hands by defeating the previous holder of the wand. But yet, the wand is unbeatable…how in the name of Stan does that work?"

"Magic is how it works, Mr. Wilson," Nick replied.

With that completely logical and airtight explanation, Deadpool really could not argue with Nick's assessment. He began to notice people got extremely defensive when you questioned them about magic.

Deadpool continued his rounds around Hogwarts, mopping pretty much everywhere he could and cleaning up. He noticed one of the windows had a particular nasty smudge on it. The Mercenary gave a tut and moved over to clean the window.

"Magic castle would just clean itself magically using magic, and it would be very magical," Deadpool said. "Okay, repetitive statement is very repetitive at being extremely repetitive in its repetitive nature of being repetitive at being a repetitive thing that's repetitive in all of its repetitive stuff at being all repetitive and stuff with how repetitive it…"

Deadpool's honest attempt to break both the world record for the longest running sentence and the most repetitive uses of the world repetitive would have to wait. The Mercenary heard a couple of first years who had lost the way home.

"I swear, it should be around here somewhere!"

Deadpool noticed Harry Potter walking behind a tall ginger-haired kid with freckles. They were making their way up the stairs and to the corridor of doom on the third floor.

"NO, STOP!"

Deadpool jumped into the air, his mop brandished, and he nailed Ginger McGee in the face to knock him directly down on the ground. The Mercenary stopped at the corridor standing in front of Harry and that other kid.

"YOU SHALL NOT PASS!" Deadpool yelled.

"Are you okay?" Harry Potter asked.

"Dudes, didn't you listen to Dumbledore?" Deadpool asked. "He said that if you went up to the Third Floor Corridor, you would have suffered a most painful death. Which is pretty bad, and trust me, you don't want to know what's in there. I ran afoul of it on the first day of the job."
"What's in here?" Harry asked.

"Oh, I'm sure you'll find out in a week or two, or about a month, but it's way too soon for you to find these things out," Deadpool said. "I think you don't realize how these things work. Where you slowly learn things throughout the year, and then everything reaches a climax sometime in June. You don't want to blow your load too soon."

Harry turned to that other kid he was with who responded with a shrug.

"The point is, try not to accidentally go into a Forbidden Corridor," Deadpool said. "You don't want to go in there. Trust me on this Harry Potter."

Deadpool slapped a post-it note over Harry's scar which read "third-floor corridor: no go."

"Oh, and here's something a little for your trouble, you might want to read this," Deadpool said.

A thick sheet of paper slipped into Harry's hand and Deadpool turned around.

"Um, thanks," Harry said. The moment he thought the assistant caretaker was out of earshot, he turned to the canonical friend next to him. "Does he seem a bit off to you?"

"Just a bit?" Deadpool asked stopping short. "I must be losing my touch in my rapidly advancing age if you think I'm just a bit off. I'm very off. I'm so off center I would give someone with OCD a fit… and oh, Harry Potter, I know you're excited about making friends…but you can do better."

Deadpool patted Freckles on the top of the head.

"And you…well keep trying kid," Deadpool said.

A sound of a loud siren echoed through the hall of Hogwarts. Deadpool turned around and motioned for Harry and that other guy to head off to their classes before they were late. Four men dressed in jumpsuits descended down from the ceiling to face off against Deadpool. They dressed like police officers. The leader of the men had his hair shaved very finely.

"Wade Winston Wilson," the leader of the pack said.

"That's my name," Deadpool said. "Please don't wear it out. The price for buying a new one is so insane you wouldn't even believe it if I told you."

"You have been issued a citation," the leader said. "You have committed malicious character assassination due to your comments in this hallway today."

"Wait, what are you talking about…"

"You have performed the act of bashing," the leader said, not even bothering to response. "We do not tolerate such behavior regarding any human being. Every character in this wide multiverse should be treated with the utmost respect regardless of any personal opinions you have of the character. Such negative behavior will not be tolerated."

"We are here to stop the malicious bullying of these characters," another member of the strike force said. "We will ensure each fandom is a happy and safe place for all fans of all characters, no matter how polarizing their actions may be. Any statement given against a character, will not be tolerated in this current environment we are in."

Deadpool raised an eyebrow.
"We will not allow your toxic behavior," the strike force member said. "No one is allowed to dislike another character, no one is allowed to say anything even slightly negative towards another character. We must not offend the sensibilities of anyone who may be a fan of that character."

The citation slapped against Deadpool's hand by the character.

"We hope to have a pleasant day, Mr. Wilson, and be mindful how such behavior could be negative and could lead to hurt feelings," the leader said. "We wish everyone to feel safe and secure, and untriggered when they read fan fiction. And to see a character they like being treated in a negative way is potentially triggering to people who do like that character."

Deadpool held the bashing citation in his hand. He could not believe a little light hearted fun got him nailed by these people.

"Well, if they like the character, and they don't like the negative portrayal, can't they just find another piece of fiction or maybe grow a pair or something?"

Another citation slapped in Deadpool's hand before they went on their merry way.

'These people are going to be a pain in my rear view.'

Wade Wilson could not wait to attend Potions Class along with the first year Gryffindor and Syltherin. He opened the door where several first years. One blonde boy, in particular, no prizes to who looked at Wade with a sneer when he showed up.

'Man, he looks like a twat.'

One of the gentlemen who accosted Deadpool in the hallway appeared a few inches behind him and slapped him with another citation.

"To be fair, I said he looks like a twat. I didn't say he is a twat."

Another citation had been slapped onto Deadpool before the man disappeared into the shadows.

Snape looked at Deadpool with slightly narrowed eyes.

"May I help you, Wilson?" Snape asked.

"Yes, there's some...particularly hazardous magical mildew rotting from the ceiling above your head," Wade said. "If I could just take a look at it, maybe scrub some of it off, that would be great, wouldn't it?"

Snape followed the progress of Deadpool and looked at the spot on the ceiling. The gaze of Snape moved from the spot of the ceiling to Deadpool a number of times. The Potions Master's lip curled into the ever-present sneer, the type which needed years of practice to performed. Snape mastered his sneer about as well as he mastered his potions, perhaps even better. Deadpool envisioned the man spending most of his days looking in the mirror to show the contempt for the fellow human being.

"I don't see any mildew."

"You see, this could be a problem," Deadpool said. "You can't see the mildew. Do you know about magical mildew? You wouldn't know if it was there because it magically appears just like magic. It rots away at your floor boards much like a politician's speech. I won't pester you, I swear."

"You swear?" Snape asked.
"Well, in general, I've been trying to cut back on my seven words," Deadpool said. "But, yes, I promise, cross my heart, hope to die, until a cosmic retcon brings me back. I won't bother you. Scot's honor."

The Potions Master did not look that convinced.

"Isn't it supposed to be Scout's Honor?" one of the nameless faceless students in the classroom asked.

Deadpool looked at the student, let's say Seamus Finnegan for purposes of identification, and gave him a sidelong look.

"Are you trying to accuse Scotsmen of being dishonorable?" Deadpool asked. "Man, old Minnie McGee would bust a cap in your ass."

"You're holding up my lesson," Snape said. "You either clean this supposed magical mildew or leave to pester somewhere else."

"You wouldn't want your classroom ruined. Would you? Would you like that? I bet you wouldn't."

Snape lifted an arm to wave his hand in an indifferent motion. He would have liked nothing better than to slap Deadpool so hard on the face that it would render him completely silly. Snape withdrew his hand from the attempted slap. He would remain professional despite every thought possible making him think to slap Deadpool around.

"You don't do anything. You don't touch anything that has nothing to do with your cleaning. If I find one of these priceless potion ingredients out of place, you will suffer."

Deadpool raised his hands up in the air and smiled across the room. Snape kept his beady little eyes on Deadpool for the longest time before he turned his attention back to the students. Deadpool moved on his merry way to do the cleaning which was necessary.

"There will be no foolish wand-waving or silly incantations in this class. I do not expect you to follow the intricacies of the fine art of potion making. The sweet simmering of magically created fluids, as they bubble through a cauldron. But, some you may learn in the next five years what the subtle science of brewing potions is all about. I can teach you many things. I can teach you many things, how to ensnare the senses and bewitch the mind…"

"So, wait, you're making magical roofies?" Deadpool asked.

Snape turned around glared and Deadpool returned to cleaning the ceiling and the walls of Snape's lab.

"I can teach you how to bottle fame, brew glory, and even stopper death…providing, by some miracle, you aren't the same load of dunderheads I normally have the misfortune of having to teach."

The Potions Professor decided to lay eyes on his prey, and it was going to be a good one.

"POTTER! What do get if I add a Powdered Root Asphodel to an infusion of Wormwood?" Snape asked.

"I believe you get a potion known as the Draught of the Living Dead," Harry said.

Snape's eyebrows raised and the Slytherins in the classroom all gasped, as did the Gryffindors. Deadpool gave Harry one thumbs up.
"Well, a broken clock is right twice a day, Potter," Snape said. "Tell me, where would you go if I tell you to find a Bezoar?"

The brunette girl raised her hand, almost knocking her neighbor to the right in the face.

"It's a stone, which can be found in a stomach of a goat," Harry said. "It can help save you from most poisons."

The girl lifting her hand in the air next to that Potter kid looked very disappointment she did not get to advertise all of the books she read and all of the knowledge. Snape looked very sour when looking at the young man in front of him.

"Fine, anyone can get a remedial answer correct," Snape said. "But, Potter, tell me the difference between Monkshood and Wolfsbane."

"There is none, sir," Harry said. "They come from the same plant which is called Aconite."

The entire room dropped several degrees thanks to Snape's rather cold and sullen looking stare. The Potions Master's eyes went around the room for a second. He came face to face with Deadpool who showed he was cleaning. Several moments passed before Snape turned back to Harry.

"Five points from Gryffindor," Snape said. "I hope that teaches you a lesson not to accept help from the Custodial staff."

He personally hoped that Potter would not be corrupted by Wilson's influence. That was the last thing any of them needed.

"Hey, I'm the Deputy Caretaker of Magical Sanitation," Deadpool said. "And I'm promoting high learning and broadening the mind. Is this is all about? Broadening the minds? Making people less dunderhead?"

Snape turned his attention away from Deadpool without a single word of retort. The most obvious thing to do was to block everything this man was saying.

"Today, you will begin your first potion. Ingredients are on the board. You should have all of the ingredients in your supply kits. If you do not have a completely stocked supply kit, then you will receive a T for the day for not being adequately prepared for class. There are no excuses for such laziness."

"Cut the kids some slack, Snapey-bear," Deadpool said. "It's their first day."

Snape extended one finger towards the door and pointed towards it. Deadpool decided to take up and leave. He knew when he was not wanted. The Deputy Caretaker of Magical Sanitation decided to head off where there was floor to scrub, toilets to clean, and portraits make all shiny.

A magical sanitation deputy's work is never done.'

To Be Continued.
Chapter 6

Dumbledore's Dark Secret.

The past few weeks of his job as the Deputy Caretaker of Magical Sanitation went about as well as you could be expected for Deadpool. Not getting fired after a month or him losing his interest in performing his duties, proved not be an encouraging start. Deadpool tried his best to steer people past the third floor whenever possible. There had been a not so surprising group of students who were trying to get to the forbidden corridor to take a look.

'I would like to say a school really isn't the smartest hiding place in the world…nice try.'

The mysterious magical step which caused Deadpool's leg to be engulfed at least three times in his first step almost claimed him again. Deadpool jumped the step, stuck the landing, and stuck out his tongue at the magical step when going past it.

'Whoever designed this school makes some very curious architectural decisions.'

The Mercenary stopped at the corridor and saw Albus Dumbledore sweep through the corridors, moving quickly through a secret passageway, with a mysterious object wrapped in gold foil in his hand. Deadpool frowned, it had been very curious to see Dumbledore heading down the corridor with a mysterious object of mystery. In fact, this was the third time that he saw Dumbledore heading down the hallway in the dead of the night like he was hiding something.

'You know, Albus, you're making it very hard to not think you might be up to something,' Deadpool thought.

He always disappeared into the same passageway. The wall sealed behind Dumbledore to leave Deadpool on the other side without any way to get through there. The loud pounding on the wall did not give Deadpool any sign.

'There must have been some secret Headmaster power for Dumbledore to open up a passage inside the wall, which no one else couldn't?'

Deadpool wondered if it had to do with that mysterious girl, Sally-Anne Perks who disappeared sometime after being sorted into one of the four Hogwarts Houses. The staff claimed that her mother decided to bring her home when hearing about a third-floor corridor which lead students to a strange and mysterious death. Mrs. Perks sounded like one of those parents who got upset when one of those children were put in danger.

He was not buying it for a second. Something very nefarious happened to the mysteriously missing Sally-Anne Perks and Deadpool figured whatever Dumbledore was doing could very well have something to do with her strange disappearance.

'You better not have gone back in a pinkie swear.'

Deadpool thought where there was a will, there was a way, and he needed to be certain what was going on. The Mercenary turned his head off to one side and then proceeded to peer his way up the steps. He wondered if there was an alternate route up there.

'Only one way to find out.'
The Mercenary ascended the steps and walked for about twenty minutes until he had been stopped by a loud boisterous voice.

"Halt, you vile rogue! Who dares trespass on these sacred lands?"

Deadpool turned his attention around to a knight who was standing aside of a fat pony who looked to be prime material for the glue factory.

'\textit{Thanks a lot, narrator, now we pissed off PETA,}' Deadpool thought.

"I dare. It is I, Sir Wade Wilson, and it's a good night to meet a fellow knight."

"You don't look like any knight I've ever seen," the knight in the portrait. "I think you are working for a rival kingdom. You will be after the king's treasure on the third-floor corridor."

Deadpool took one look at the knight in the portrait. He looked like an overblown cartoon character.

"I'm not after anything, I don't want to pass that guardian," Deadpool said. "I'm just looking to see where Dumbledore goes with an object covered in gold foil."

"You shall not pass!" the knight in the portrait bellowed. "For, you shall not get past me without a fight. And we will fight to the last breath, you dark knight!"

"Hey, I'm Deadpool, not Batman," Wade said. "Oh, and good night."

Deadpool threw a tapestry over the painting of the knight who gave an anguished scream in response. The sound of a knight thumping around in the painting echoed around. Deadpool held his ear out.

"Truly, you have been bested in battle," Deadpool said.

"You treacherous snake!" the knight bellowed. "You have used black magic to besmirch me. You will not get away with this! You will not!"

The portrait of the knight continued to sputter with Deadpool making his way further into the school. The long and winding staircase got Deadpool closer towards the top of the steps. He could smell something at the top of the steps. A beaded curtain almost slapped him in the face. The smoke coming up the steps caused Deadpool to get lighter than air the further he climbed up.

"Oh, this must be the North Tower."

The Divination Teacher pretty much ran this particular wing of the castle. Most of the staff considered her as a joke, from what Deadpool could hear through the grapevine. They talked about Trelawney behind her back, although if she really was a seer, she would be well aware of what everything was saying about her.

The smoke got thick, and Deadpool could see the beaded curtain come open. The Hogwarts Divination Teacher stepped out, with her thick glasses and wild hair looking at Deadpool. She wore weird robes, made of multiple colors.

"Doom is coming!" Trelawney yelled.

"You know, there's a lot going on around here," Deadpool said. "Victor's pretty popular."

"It is coming, you will perish in a horrific way," Trelawney said. "You must turn back before it is too late. The end is here, and you will not be happy with the results. You must leave, you must leave
before it's too late."

"Well, that seems…you've been smoking, haven't you?" Deadpool asked.

"I have been merely burning herbs to heighten by connection my inner eye," Trelawney whispered.

"Right, that's what they all say," Deadpool said. "So, I'll keep going….see what I can get into. Don't worry, I'll make sure to see whether or not doom is coming. Enjoy getting high."

Deadpool left the woman, this crazy woman, to return back to what he was doing. He would have to find Albus Dumbledore and figure out what he was doing.

X-X-X

If at first, you don't succeed, well try and see if you can succeed a second time. A sane person would have given up after a couple of attempts. Unfortunately, for Wade, he was not a sane person. He kept stalking the halls while performing his duties as the Deputy Caretaker of Magical Sanitation for Hogwarts School of Witchcraft and Wizardry.

So for, nothing, Dumbledore had not even been seen on that evening. Deadpool was getting frustrated. Perhaps, he was just running into walls.

Actually, Deadpool just randomly ran into a wall which appeared out of nowhere. The Mercenary fell down onto the ground.

'Actually, I'm pretty sure the architects of this castle were real dicks sometimes.'

Deadpool drew in a very deep breath and decided to keep looking. He came across a ginger-haired fifth-year student wearing firmly pressed robes and having an obsessively shined Prefect badge pinned to his person. He made sure everyone saw the prefect badge.

'I believe that's another one of those Weasleys,' Deadpool thought.

There had been so many of these Weasleys who attended Hogwarts, and so many more who attended over the years, that Deadpool had a hard time keeping track. He was pretty sure at this point there were more Weasleys than there were X-Men at this place.

"What are you doing?" Deadpool asked.

"Oh, Mr. Wilson," the prefect said to him. "I'm on patrol. You know, I'm a prefect."

"Yes," Deadpool said. "Yes, you are. I heard you mention that a couple of times and you have the don't just give anyone that badge, do they?"

Prefect Weasley shook his head in response. "No, sir."

"I'm actually glad you're here, my good man," Deadpool said. "As a prefect, you are duty bound to help the staff of Hogwarts, are you not?"

"Yes, sir," the Prefect said.

"And as the Deputy Caretaker of Magical Sanitation, I'm a Hogwarts staff member. Therefore, you are duty bound to help me in any way you can. I think we can both agree about that, can't we?"

"Yes, sir," the Prefect said with a smile. "I'll help you if you want my help…what do you want me to do?"
Deadpool held out a bag and put into the Prefect's hand. It contained dirty laundry. An overwhelming stench almost knocked the Prefect Weasley over.

"I'm giving you a very important task," Deadpool said. "One, that I won't trust with just anyone, Mr. Prefect. Do you think that you can handle it? Do you think you can rise to the occasion? Do you think you can wash my dirty laundry?"

"I…you want me to do your laundry?" the prefect asked. "I would certainly say that the house elves would do a much better job."

"Are you trying to say that there is someone who is better at doing this job than you?" Deadpool asked. "Prefect, I thought that you were made of tougher stuff than this. I thought you were made of sterner stuff than this. I thought there was more to you than met the eye. Am I mistaken about you?"

"No sir, you're not mistaken," he said.

He puffed out his chest with a smile on his face. Being a prefect put an entire load of responsibility on his shoulders to maintain law and order in Hogwarts, and also to help the staff. If he could help the Assistant Caretaker with his laundry, then that was the burden he would have to bare.

"Then what are you waiting for?" Deadpool asked. "I expected those tighty whiteys to be both tightly and whitey by the time you are done. Remember, Prefect Weasley, I'm counting on you. You don't want to let down a member of the Hogwarts staff, do you?"

"No, sir!"

The Prefect looked ready to serve and defend the honor of the school. He would do the laundry and would do it with pride. He moved off, head held up in the air, with a smile on his face. The smile of the young man was even more impressive when he walked off into the distance.

"And that's a good little boot licker," Deadpool said. "And now where was I?"

Deadpool put his hand underneath his chin and thought about it before he remembered what he was doing. He was going to find out where Dumbledore had gone all of those nights. And if it was something nefarious, then Deadpool would call him out on it. He was only the most powerful wizard in Britain until Harry Potter hit puberty. What's the worst that could happen?

One Deputy Caretaker of Magical Sanitation met one normal caretaker who came around the corner with Mrs. Norris. Filch stood up straight and held his hand in the air. He stopped short.

"Get out of my way," Filch said. "There are some trouble makers after hours, wanting to head to the Trophy Room to make a mess. And to think, I cleaned that room for hours on end."

"Well, if you didn't leave that room unlocked all of the time and everyone knew it was unlocked, then maybe you didn't need to spend three hours a day cleaning it," Deadpool said. "I'm just saying."

The Dread Sanitation Pirate just gave an "argh" when motioning for his deputy to step to one side. Deadpool wondered who would be at the Trophy Room after towers. He ran into people in the Astronomy Tower and in the broom closet, way too many times in the broom closet. They were trying to take advantage of the fact that Hogwarts did not have a math program by keeping on top of their multiplication tables.

"Get out of here and go clean something or do something," Filch said. "I can't wait to throw those troublemaking brats in detention. Especially, Potter, he deserves it after all of the trouble his father and his marauding friends caused me. And Weasley, I have had it up to my ears with Weasleys.
Molly Weasley should learn how to keep her bloody legs shut and quit popping them out."

Deadpool blinked for a second at the bluntness

"No, not going to say anything," Deadpool said. "So, who snitched?"

"Does it really matter?" Filch asked. "If you ask me…."

"Well, guess what, I'm not going to stop you," Deadpool said. "I have my own important people to bust tonight. That's right, Albus Dumbledore has a secret room he's going to, and I'm going to find a way inside even if it kills me."

"Well, don't let me stop you then," Filch said.

He really wondered what Dumbledore was thinking hiring this lunatic to be his deputy caretaker. Granted, he cut Filch's workload down by some which were good. He caused a lot of trouble, more trouble than Peeves did, and his war with Peeves continued.

"EVERYONE, CAPTAIN DREAD PIRATE FILCH COMING THROUGH!"

Filch could have sworn. He heard the scrambling of footsteps out from the trophy room and by the time he reached the room, they had been gone.

"Damn you, I could have gotten them," Filch said. "Come on, Mrs. Norris, we might be able to catch them if….."

"A-HOY CAPTAIN!"

Everyone's favorite Poltergeist blasted through the trophy room like a sonic blur and knocked several of the trophies over to the floor. Filch dove down onto the ground to prevent the trophy from breaking into a thousand pieces once again. He took a deep breath as Peeves grabbed a bucket of something green and goopy. He hurled it towards the trophies.

Filch took a bucket of slime to the face to protect himself from hours of cleaning. He dripped from head to toe, slipping and sliding and cursing as Peeves kept chucking erasers at Filch's head.

Deadpool watched the carnage unfold with amusement.

'Somehow, I knew introducing him to Nickelodeon was a mistake.'

X-X-X

Night three, and Deadpool kept searching for something. He heard from Nick, who heard from the Fat Lady, that the rogue Gryffindors made their way to the tower in plenty of time thanks to the inadvertent team up of Peeves and Deadpool.

'You know, I'm surprised she's called the Fat Lady,' Deadpool thought. 'In this progressive world we live in, she would get renamed the Body Positivity Lady.'

'That doesn't nearly roll off the tongue as smoothly,' the voice in Deadpool's head chimed in.

'Maybe,' Deadpool thought to himself.

The hunt for Albus Dumbledore continued and his mysterious secret. A man who could get less obsessed than Deadpool might have given up a long time ago. Deadpool was not a quitter, he was a doer. No matter how many times he got knocked down, he would drag himself back up and fight the
good fight.

The only problem was Deadpool did not know what good fight he was fighting.

Two hours of searching later and Deadpool looked over his shoulder before looking back. He noticed once more, Dumbledore walking down the hallway. The mysterious object wrapped in gold foil set on his hand.

Deadpool ran across the hallway. The mysterious opening in the wall would not close open. He timed it just right and passed through the wall in a blink of an eye. The Mercenary dropped to his knees and looked around in a very dark room.

He was getting some bad vibes with this. Maybe some bodies kept in a basement freezer underneath the meat some guy cooks his family for dinner kind of vibe. Those kinds of vibes which were not very good.

Deadpool stepped down the darkened pathway. He wondered if something happened to cause him to get trapped in the walls of the Hogwarts.

'Well, if that happened, I'm stuck.'

The sound of chamber music came from the down the hallway. Dumbledore enjoyed this type of music according to the back of his Chocolate Frog card. And Deadpool never knew a trading card to lie to him. So, he must have been getting close.

A doorway opened to a room covered completely in lilac carpeting. Deadpool looked up in the room and the horrific scene which visited him caused him to gasp. He could not take his eyes off of the paneling on the wall. The hideous look of the wall made Deadpool gasp several times. He almost started to hyperventilate.

"When's the last time this room has been dusted?"

Deadpool looked around even more. It was utterly absurd. He did not think Albus Dumbledore would be the type of person. Just when you think you knew a guy, he pulled something sickening like this.

"Hello, Wade."

Dumbledore walked into the room and held a knife in his hand.

"So, this is it, isn't it?" Deadpool asked. "All of those nights, this has what you've been doing in this room."

"Yes, Mr. Wilson, you've figured it out," Dumbledore said. "And now, that you know, I'm afraid I can't allow you to leave."

Dumbledore advanced on Deadpool with a knife. Deadpool stood his ground despite the old man brandishing a very sharp blade near him.

The Headmaster of Hogwarts passed and cut something behind him.

"I'm afraid I can't allow you to leave without offering you a brownie. They are simply divine and relaxing as well. Professor Trelawney gave me the recipe."

"So, you're relaxed and mellow when you have one of Trelawney's brownies?" Deadpool asked.
"Why am I not surprised?"

Still, it was rude to decline a sweet. Deadpool took the brownie for a second and was about to eat it. Something clicked in Deadpool's head and he realized it instantly.

"Time out!" Deadpool yelled. "You're trying to drug me to prevent me from finding out your horrible secret. Well, guess what, I'm not leaving here until we have a chat about what you've been doing."

Dumbledore hung his head like a little puppy dog who had been called out for doing his business on the carpet. He looked up and Deadpool shook his head before pointing the finger in Dumbledore's face. He wagged his finger in a very reprimanding manner.

"All of these rare chocolate frog cards on the wall," Deadpool said. "All of them, including ones that are not available. This must be the most extensive collection. Do you realize what you've done?"

'We mentioned a Chocolate Frog Card earlier,' one of the Deadpool voices chimed in. 'That's what we in the business call foreshadowing.'

"Oh, it's more than the out of print cards," Dumbledore said. "Look at this rare card."

He put one of the cards in Deadpool's hand. Deadpool looked at the card which had Salazar Slytherin's picture on the front. Yet, it had Godric Gryffindor's biography on the back.

"This is...well this is..." Deadpool said. "I can't believe the Headmaster of Hogwarts would spend valuable time, resources, and tax dollars to scour the world to have a complete collection of Chocolate Frog Cards."

"Nicholas Flamel actually has more," Dumbledore said.

"Oh, right, the owner of the Philosopher's Stone," Deadpool said. "Or, if you're in the States, it's the Sorcerer's Stone, which is a very generic sounding name for a magical artifact, and not nearly as cool enough. Seriously, are Americans really that stupid that they can't understand the term Philosopher's Stone? Do people really think that Americans are that stupid?"

Eerie ominous music played as a red button with the word "POLITICS" flashed all over it. Deadpool started to sweat, and stammer, and sweat, and stammer before taking a deep breath and collapsing down onto the ground. The ominous chanting ceased.

"That was a close call," Deadpool said. "You won't believe how close."

The Mercenary took a moment to wipe the sweat off of his brow.

"So, not doing any evil schemes in here?" Deadpool asked.

"I'm afraid I can't help you there," Dumbledore said.

"You're not even jerking off to elf porn?" Deadpool asked.

"Not recently, although we all experimented when we were teenagers," Dumbledore said. That was more about Albus Dumbledore that Wade Wilson needed to know.

"Oh, fair enough, hope you can complete your collection," Deadpool said. "As a wise man said, you got to catch them all."
"Indeed," Dumbledore replied. "A good night to you then, Wade."

"Good night, Professor D," Deadpool said.

The moment Deadpool left, Dumbledore took a deep breath. That was a close call, a very close call. He pushed his hand on the wall which shifted across.

He would never have had the bravery to come out of the closet regarding his secret. His eyes fell upon the largest collection known to magickind of "My Precious Unicorn" merchandise.

To Be Continued.
Hogwarts School of Witchcraft and Wizardry was abuzz for Halloween. It was a big day for them and a day of significance. This was the ten year anniversary of the fall of Lord He-Who-Must-Be-Hyphenated and the loss of Harry Potter.

'Ah Hogwarts,' Deadpool thought. 'Halloween is happening and I'm all excited...I wonder what these magic type people think about the Non-Magical world's depiction of witches as ugly green people with warts on their nose....not too many of those here.'

As if on cue, a group of seventh-year Slytherins stepped their way down the corridor. Deadpool whistled at them which got them to glare at him like they wanted to use him as a test dummy to practice their charm work, the really nasty charm work.

'That kind of was inappropriate,' a voice in Deadpool's head thought.

'What?' Deadpool asked. 'They'll legal.'

The legal seventh year Slytherins made their way into the dungeons. Deadpool turned around the corner and ran almost headlong into a grumpier than usual Argus Filch. Filch gritted his teeth when coming around the corner. The surliness coming from the man took Deadpool completely aback.

"Okay, what's wrong now?" Deadpool asked.

"What's wrong?" Filch asked. "Are you kidding me? Are you kidding me? You're asking me what's wrong when Halloween is coming around the corner. All of these little hooligans making a great deal of mess and causing my work to expand by about three times."

"It's a good thing you have an assistant to help pick up the slack."

Those words were the wrong thing to say. Filch gave Deadpool a long glaring look. "Well, your war with that poltergeist has caused my work to increase about five or six more times."

"You really put a lot of thought into this, don't you?" Deadpool asked.

"I'll be cleaning up for days after the feast," Filch said. "And if you do something useful, keep an eye out for those two twin demons. I think they're planning something. As if Potter, Black, and that entire crew were not enough, those two were spawned from the pits of hell."

"Actually, I believe they were spawned by the loins of Molly Weasley," Deadpool said.

"Same difference!" Filch snapped. "Be on the lookout for them. Because they're going to try something. And I'm going to put a stop to them."

Deadpool heard this same spiel numerous times that he could have just as easily set his watch out. He just gave Filch a nice little salute to make sure the Caretaker knew Deadpool was on his side. He would keep a look out of those two twins to see what Halloween fun they got up to.

'This is going to be delightful,' Deadpool thought to himself. 'And by delightful I mean really insane. Let's see what we have to do now.'
He saw the enemy of any janitor. A particularly nasty stain on the wall practically taunted him.
Deadpool frowned, he would see about that getting the better of him. It was time to step forward and head straight into battle.

'Okay you smudge, you're mine,' Deadpool said.

He took out the cleaner and prepared to go to work on the wall. Only, Deadpool stopped the second someone kept creeping around the corner. The last time someone crept around, it was Albus Dumbledore and his obscenely large collection of Chocolate Frog cards.

No, it was not Dumbledore. The Defense Against the Dark Arts teacher crept around the corner. He muttered underneath his breath about something. Not exactly the most insane in the world. Deadpool muttered underneath his breath all of the time and he was perfectly sane.

Okay, most of the time. Regardless, Deadpool found his curiosity grow piqued when the gentleman passed him on his way down the hallway. He would have to take a closer look to see where Quirrell was going. The Mercenary tracked Quirrell and found out he was heading his way up to the mysterious and forbidden corridor.

"Hey, you can't go in there!" Deadpool yelled.

The Defense Against the Dark Arts Teacher jumped with a start. Deadpool slipped on the ground and his bucket of soapy water shot from his hand. The bucket smashed Quirrell in the back of his head and soaked his turban and robes. The Mercenary stepped over and grabbed roughly onto the back of turban, grinding the sponge against the back of it try and dry it off.

"Don't you know there's a monster of a dog in there?" Deadpool asked him.

Quirrell took a deep breath and shook at him. "Y-y-yes, thank you, I must have taken a wrong turn. It's a mistake that won't happen again….I swear it won't happen a-a-a-gain."

The nervous man walked off, and Dumbledore wondered why a Muggle Studies teacher would ever decide to transfer to Defense Against the Dark Arts teacher. That was just one of the mysteries of magic which Deadpool found himself scratching his head about.

An anguished cry came out and one of the first year students rushed out of the Charms Classroom. The bushy-haired witch almost knocked Deadpool into the wall. The Mercenary prevented himself from landing.

"Hey, slow down!" Deadpool yelled. "You can't be running into staff members like that."

The first-year girl stopped and shook. She looked to be on the verge of breaking out into tears for some reason. "S-s-sorry, I wasn't watching where I was going. He just…he just makes me so mad."

"Who?" Deadpool asked.

"Ronald Weasley," she practically fumed.

"Oh, yeah, tell me about it…well to be fair, he could either grow out of it or get worse," Deadpool said. "Because there's normally how these type of things work."

"I was just trying to help him," the witch said.

"Well, were you being bossy about it?" Deadpool asked.
"You know it's rude to call women bossy," she said putting her hands on her hips and speaking in a very bossy woman. "It implies that females cannot be assertive and have a voice."

Speaking of people who could either grow out of it or get worse at age, Deadpool was looking at once. He saw a flash of light, as one of the robed figures slapped him with a citation.

"So wait, thinking is illegal now!" Deadpool yelled.

"Negativity is not permitted," the robed figure said. "You must treat everyone with respect. No one should be criticized...."

"Yeah, because criticizing someone could be triggering and violate the safe space of special snowflakes," Deadpool said.

The witch looked with widening eyes, just wondering what the hell was going on. She wondered if it was better off not to know.

"So, what were we talking about?" Deadpool asked.

"We were talking about how Ronald Weasley was rude and has the manners of a garbage disposal," the bushy haired witch responded.

She stopped mid rant when the robed figure slapped her with a citation regarding the bashing of the character of Ron Weasley. Another robed figure appeared next to the first figure and slapped him with a citation.

"What....you...."

"HA!" Deadpool yelled. "By doing your job and issuing Hermione Granger a citation, you broke one of the sacred rules of the Harry Potter groupthink. Hermione is always right and any criticism laid against her is considered bashing. Suck on that!"

"Would someone explain to me what's going on?" she asked. "You can't apparate or disapparate inside of Hogwarts...it says so in Hogwarts a History...this is...this is completely illogical."

Hermione Granger's head exploded in a fiery inferno and shower the room with brain matter. Deadpool's mouth opened and closed it a couple of times. He looked on in absolute shock.

"We just...we just blew her head up," Deadpool said. "Wait, does that mean she's a robot? Or some kind of magical AI that is powered by the magic of the Hogwarts Library?"

A ball of paper shot out of the sky and slapped Deadpool on the top of the head. The Mercenary staggered back a few inches. He picked up the piece of paper and unfolded it.

Stop spoiling future story ideas.

Sincerely,

Megamatt09.

Deadpool shrugged and crumpled up the ball of people. He turned around and saw a Hermione who had her head completely attached to her shoulders.

"So, we're just going to not acknowledge what just happened?" Deadpool asked. "Is it just me?"

"What just happened?" Hermione asked.
"Your head just blew off of your shoulders and your brain matter was right all over the wall just a minute ago," Deadpool said. "Didn't you?"

Hermione responded with a shrug as if to say she did not know what Deadpool was talking about. Deadpool held up a bottle of magical cleaner and started to read the label.

"What's in this stuff?" Deadpool asked. "So, why did Ron make you so upset?"

"Well, we were doing the Wingardium Leviosa charm in Charms…"

"Ah the good old swish and flick," Deadpool said. "Also a decent enough masturbation technique."

The Wiki-Witch gave Deadpool a glare which Deadpool rated about a five or a six on the Batman death glare-o-meter.

'Wait, we're Marvel, can we be casually mentioning DC like that?' one of the voices asked.

'This is a Megamatt09 story, so you know Kara will show up eventually,' another voice chimed in.

Another ball of paper shot out of the mysterious vortex in the sky and nailed Deadpool on the top of his head. He unfolded the piece of paper and read the words on it.

Knock off the spoilers.

Sincerely,

Megamatt09.

"How is that a spoiler?" Deadpool wondered.

Hermione folded her arms and Deadpool motioned for her to go on. She relaxed for a second and went into the speech.

"I was paired with Ronald Weasley in class, and he was just not doing it right…he was pronouncing it wrong, he was not saying his "gars" nice and long, he was doing them a bit snappy, but that was not the point, the point is, I performed the charm on the first try, and Professor Flitwick gave me five points to Gryffindor, and Ron was all salty, and he was making fun of me, and he triggered me, because he said some of the things my fa…some people I know said about me, and said that it's no wonder I have no friends at this school."

Deadpool found himself mildly impressed that she was able to say all of that without taking a breath.

"So, you don't have any friends?" Deadpool asked. "That's what he said?"

"Pretty much," she said.

"Look, I know you can rub some people the wrong way, but you can't worry about being popular," Deadpool said. "You have to do what makes you happy."

"But...I really do want friends," she said. "It's just, I want to do well in school as well."

"Trust me, Ron's not the kind of friend you want," Deadpool said. "Granted, he could grow out of it, or be on his mother's couch for the rest of his life at the rate he's going. Or he'll be playing Professional Quidditch in one of the worst performing teams in the League."

The Chudley Cannons really were never the same after that farmer wasn't allowed to bring his goat
on the field. Or maybe Deadpool was confusing them for someone else.

"You're young, you got plenty of time to figure out who you want to be," Deadpool said. "Don't worry about what people like Ronald Weasley say. He's just...he's got his own issues. Five older brothers who already have done everything, well, that's going to cause some issues for him. Can't believe he hooked up with Harry Potter. Can you?"

"Yeah, Harry seems...well he seems nice," she responded with a shrug.

"Ron can be, but he has a lot of flaws that you're going to have to overlook and I don't think I can do that," Deadpool said. "Just...be what you want to be. If you want friends, there might be people in this school who have more common with you than you think. Just...try and be a little more tactful next time. As much as Ron hurt your feelings, you might have hurt his. He has a bit of an inferiority complex."

Hermione nodded in understanding. He did have a point. She could come off a little strong at times, and yes, as much as the feminist inside of her protested, a little bossy.

"Guess I've just got some things to think about," she said. "Thanks, sir, you might be a little strange...but you're alright...guess I've got some things to figure out."

She shook her head, having just said that.

"I'll go back to my dormitory," Hermione said.

"To do some homework?" Deadpool asked.

"Maybe later."

She walked off. Deadpool returned to get that stubborn stain done. He heard a loud growling from the distance.

"Well, I really hope someone didn't forget to feed Fluffy," Deadpool said.

The loud scream of Snape could be heard, and Snape pushed his way through the door. He dragged his leg behind him, with blood dripping down onto the floor.

'Looks like Snape offered Fluffy a piece of his leg,' one of the voices said.

'I doubt he offered.'

Deadpool stopped and grew completely serious to see Snape dragging his leg across the ground. He almost collapsed twice until Deadpool tried to help him up.

"For the love of Stan, what happened?" Deadpool asked.

Snape shoved Deadpool away, not wanting to be touched. He did not want germs all over him, and this was the last person he wanted to touch him.

"That...dog bit me," Snape growled. "Had to check something...ran into trouble."

"What would you have to check?" Deadpool asked. "You don't look so good. You look like you're in pain."

"Yes, because when a dog mauls the back of your leg, you're going to be jumping around for joy," Snape said through gritted teeth.
"TROLL!"

Deadpool blinked at the sound of something. Snape reached for his wand and did some rudimentary healing magic. Unfortunately, the gashes in the back of his leg only closed properly.

"Should you really be doing magical surgery on yourself? Deadpool asked. "That's….oh god that's a troll."

The troll roamed one floor. It was ugly, gruesome, with snot dripping from his nose. It reminded Deadpool of his ninth grade history teacher. The troll shopped at the same store as the Incredible Hulk, with the same pants and all, at least by the looks of things.

"Hey, come on!" Deadpool yelled. "I just mopped that."

Deadpool dropped down off of the banister. He pulled out a mop from behind him and prepared to do battle with his enemy.

"Back!" Deadpool yelled. "Back, trust me you don't want to know where this has been."

Deadpool twirled the mop like a baton and pointed towards the charging troll. The troll raised his club and howled before smashing the club.

"She could be up here!"

The troll spun around and nailed Ron Weasley in the face to drop him down onto the ground. His nose broke and blood splattered upwards. Harry Potter stood, seeing his fellow first-year fall to the floor behind him.

"Sorry boys, Hermione isn't up here," Deadpool said. "I stopped her from heading off to the bathroom for a good cry but….."

Deadpool received a club to a face. His skull caved in for a moment and caused a resounding ringing feeling to split through his skull.

Harry Potter's eyes widened and he took one look at the troll when it walked over towards him. The troll's eyes widened and he raised the club.

Deadpool's injuries healed and he jumped at the troll. First team up with Harry Potter, and likely not the last. The troll lifted up Deadpool and slammed him into the wall repeatedly, which caused smudges to splatter on the wall from Deadpool's bloodied body.

The troll finally let up and allowed Deadpool's deflated carcass to drop down onto the ground. He turned his attention towards Harry Potter. Harry raised his wand and took a deep breath.

"Wingardium Leviosa!" Harry shouted.

He intended to lift the troll's club out of his hand. Harry did not expect to lift the entire troll, club and all into the air. The creature rose up in surprise before Harry let go of him.

The troll fell to the ground and landed onto the stone floor with a thud. The whiplash caused the troll to snap back and drop down to the ground.

Directly, after the danger was over, Harry Potter dropped down to the ground, breathing. Professor McGonagall, Dumbledore, and Quirrell made their way over. They came across a very injured Ron Weasley on the floor.
"Hospital wing," Dumbledore said.

The Headmaster found himself glad to have invested in a good pair of earplugs for the howlers. Snape joined them, hobbling on one leg. He watched when Ron Weasley and his smashed in face were taken to the Hospital Wing.

"That's the troll," Snape groaned. "Someone got a troll into Hogwarts."

"H-h-how can it b-b-be," Quirrell said.

"Well, you're the Defense Against the Dark Arts teacher," Snape dryly responded. "And what were you thinking Potter?"

Harry noticed the funny way Snape walked. He looked him straight in the eye.

'It's a trap!' Deadpool shouted in his head.

"I was…well….."

"They were going after Ms. Granger after Mr. Weasley drove her away, and they thought…they thought she was upstairs in the bathroom crying," Deadpool managed. "Oh, it hurts to breathe?"

"So, that happened?" Dumbledore asked.

"Yes, and I'm in pain," Deadpool said. "Just because I heal easily doesn't stop having your heart and lungs being splintered with your ribs hurt like hell!"

Deadpool collapsed down on the ground.

"Yes, Ron….well Hermione can be a bit…."

"She can come on a bit strong, I believe," Dumbledore said.

"Yes, "Harry said. "Still, she might be…well, nothing gave Ron the right to be so mean."

"Yes, I believe his mother will not be pleased to hear of his conduct, but not as much as his injuries," Dumbledore said. "But, I'm sure Madam Pomfrey will be able to restore his teeth, nose, and orbital sockets to optimal health."

Dumbledore stopped and looked at the troll on the ground. Most certainly dead and almost a pity, but Harry only defended himself.

"Oh, and twenty points to Gryffindor," Dumbledore said. "Although, I do caution you against using that spell on actual human beings until you've worked on your control."

He let Harry head off to bed without another word.

The doors opened and Argus Filch stepped through the doors. He looked down at the broken form of Deadpool, the injury of Snape, and the dead troll on the ground. He was very disinterested by that. What caught his eye was the mess, the blood, the dirt, the shattered glass, and porcelain on the ground.

"NOOOOOO!" Filch yelled.

Deadpool would have shaken his head if he could move. He would just wait until the injuries healed to get back and back to his usual Deadpool self.
To Be Continued.
Wade Wilson's Wacky Whimsy.

The events of Halloween passed and naturally, rumors were somehow less outlandish than the truth. They had been passed around like diseases in an area of ill-repute. So much insanity, and hysteria, and also people speculating how a troll got let into the school, and also the rumors of what exactly happened a certain deputy caretaker of magical sanitation at Hogwarts School of Witchcraft and Wizardry.

Okay, the rumors about Wade were not that prominent. Be that as it may, after his injuries healed, Wade was back on the prowl inside of Hogwarts.

'So what happened since I've been laid up?' Deadpool thought. 'Well, the entire school is going mad with rumors. Also, Ron Weasley has been sent home.'

Understandable, that Ron suffered injuries after being walloped in the face with a troll. Deadpool could see why Molly Weasley freaked out about her youngest son being walloped in the face by a troll. She was a mother, it was her right to freak the hell out any time one of her children got injured.

What was not understandable was the fact that Molly Weasley pretty much howler bombed the Hogwarts staff. Deadpool might have been laid up in the hospital wing at the time, but that did not matter. He heard each and every screaming word about how the staff did not protect her poor little boy.

Ron was sent out of the picture because of his mother brought him home. Whether or not Ronald Weasley would be allowed to return to Hogwarts, Deadpool could really not really say for sure. Molly wanted to pull her other three children who were in school out of school.

'Understandable she's upset, although her insane mollycoddling is going to hurt her kids later on,' Deadpool thought. 'Huh? Molly Weasley….coddling….equals Mollycoddling….no that can't be a coincidence."

Regardless, Deadpool stepped out to resume his duties. He came face to face with Albus Dumbledore. Dumbledore looked about as jovial as a man who had his ears heavily bandaged could look.

"What happened to you?" Deadpool asked.

"I have been rendered completely deaf," Dumbledore said. "It appears that Molly got overly anxious with her howlers."

"You think?" Deadpool asked. "Wait, if you're deaf, then how can you hear me?"

"I can read lips," Dumbledore said. "Yes, even yours, Mr. Wilson, I can see them through your mask."

"Oh, I thought you were just doing your magic mind Jedi thing," Deadpool said a second later.

Dumbledore just gave Deadpool a knowing smile. No matter what anything thought of what Dumbledore did in the past, what he might do in the present, and what he might do in some kind of alternate future, it still was hard not to feel a little bit bad.
"I've come to the conclusion that howlers are not exactly the kindest thing to inflict on the students of this school, or the staff, or any innocent bystanders," Dumbledore said.

Complete befuddlement appeared underneath Deadpool's mask and through his body language. It took him a couple of seconds to regain any sense of himself.

"You really…you're really coming to this conclusion now?" Deadpool asked.

Words failed Deadpool, which was sure a rare occasion it should have been marked down on the calendar. Deadpool's mouth hung open for a couple of seconds and then he closed it.

"Yes, well, perhaps it's long overdue that they are banned from Hogwarts halls," Dumbledore said. "I hoped that allowing howlers would promote freedom of expression, but it appears all they do is embarrass the occupants who receive them."

Dumbledore really wished that he could continue this conversation. He gave Deadpool a smile and the two of them parted ways.

'Time to check in with the big boss,'

The Sanitation Captain Dread Pirate Filch sounded pretty upset about the damage was done to the hallway with Deadpool's first team up with Harry Potter against the troll. He moved down to a part of the school which had been taped off. Filch had been on his hands and knees on the floor. He grumbled when rubbing a particularly gruesome spot on the floor.

"You know, I hear that singing a jaunty tune makes cleaning a whole lot easier."

Filch bounced up to his feet and almost sent the bucket flying. "Oh, it's you."

The Caretaker swallowed for a few seconds.

"And nothing makes this job a lot easier with those hooligans making mess and muck all over the school," Filch said. "And it's going to be worse after this weekend. You know what's this weekend, don't you?"

"Well, I've been laid out with a troll related injury," Deadpool said. "And no, I don't mean I ended up headdesking when I started reading YouTube comments."

The joke just flew over the head of Argus Filch.

"Thanks for the fruit basket by the way."

"I didn't send you a fruit basket!" Filch snapped.

'And the fine art of sarcasm fails to enrapture another man,' Deadpool thought.

Still the rotten look Filch's already foul face meant something got his dandruff up. And his dander as well, but mostly his dandruff, because it looked like he needed some good head and shoulders right about now.

"It's Quidditch!" Filch yelled. "And what's worse it's Gryffindor against Slytherin, and those two houses about ready to play are going to make my life a lot harder."

Deadpool figured it was something along those lines. Filch never really cared much for any kind of fun and games, so obviously not liking Quidditch would be directly up his alley.
"Yeah, well, I'm sure it won't be too bad," Deadpool said.

Grumbling came from Filch, with Deadpool turning his attention away from the caretaker. Deadpool was pretty sure the state of the toilets turned gross, much like any other public restroom.

"Whimsy Wady Wilson!"

Peeves the Poltergeist popped up pretty much out of nowhere. Deadpool prepared for his arch nemesis.

"Peeves," Deadpool said. "What have you been up to?"

"Oh, nothing special," Peeves said. "It has been boring without you here. I mean I can torment Filchy-kins over there, but he just yells a lot and threatens to have me expelled. As long as there is chaos, there will be Peeves, and a bunch of witches and wizards going through puberty are going to cause a lot of chaos. So why wouldn't I hang around the school?"

Deadpool hated to say the Poltergeist had a point, but he made a good point. To banish Peeves would mean banishing all of the students. And to do that would not mean much of a school.

"But, Peevey has made you a pie," Peeves said. "To celebrate your glorious return to carrying Filch's mop bucket."

The comment about him being good for carrying Filch's mop bucket was not something Deadpool was excited about hearing. Still, he was just a sucker for pie to be perfectly honest.

"So, do you want it?" Peeves asked. "Do you really want Peeves to give it to you?"

"Yes, Peeves," Deadpool said. "If you really have a pie then give it to me!"

Peeves reached from behind his back and put the pie in Deadpool's hands. Deadpool looked surprised at a second. He thought for sure when he asked Peeves give him a pie, Deadpool was going to get a full facial with the pie.

The Mercenary decided to dig into the pie. It did not taste half bad to be perfectly honest. Perhaps this was the beginning of a more cordial relationship between himself and Peeves?

A loud cackle followed as Peeves zoomed out of the other end to hit Deadpool over the head with a particular large cake.

"Almost forgot the cake!"

Now, that was more like the Peeves Deadpool knew. The Mercenary slipped and slid in the green frosting on the ground. It was very hard for him to gain a footing.

"You just wait! You just wait! I'll get you! I'LL GET YOU!"

Deadpool did a face-plant onto the ground. One of these days, one of these days, he swore, Peeves would get his, and it would be delicious.

The first Quidditch Match of the year took place between Gryffindor and Slytherin. Deadpool took his spot in the stands with the other members of the staff. He climbed in between Snape and Filch both of them who looked disgusted.

"Potter," Snape said. "He always gets special treatment."
"You're just upset that he has cleaner hair than you do," Deadpool said. "Besides, your little snakes are out there tonight."

"Please don't refer to them as my little snakes ever again," Snape said.

Deadpool patted Snape on the shoulder which caused him to move over as far as possible. The Mercenary might have let Snape off with a warning.

"So, tell me, will your little snakes rise to the occasion and become hard enough to defeat the Gryffindors?" Deadpool asked. "Or will tonight, in the jungle, the mighty jungle, the lion sleeps ton…"

Deadpool stopped to prevent song lyrics from inadvertently going into the story. He watched Marcus Flint, who looked like a candidate for the Big Book of British smiles, shake hands with Oliver Wood. Who caused Deadpool to slip and called Oliver Queen. They shook hands, going straight for the hand crusher.

And the Quidditch people were off, doing Quidditch type things. Balls were being passed around and shot through the hoops, points were racked up, people were flying on broomsticks. Really, there was only so many ways to describe a Quidditch match, so Deadpool's mind began to wander.

There were the fouls as well, oh boy where there were the fouls. The elbowing someone accidentally on purpose, the good old knocking the end of someone's broomstick, and a fishhook to the mouth, they all were pretty much used by the Slytherin Quidditch team.

'Kids these days,' Deadpool thought. 'If you want to foul someone, go straight in for the family jewels.'

The Quidditch match went on and on and on with a lot of points being racked up. Deadpool rose up to his feet and tried to get a wave started in the crowd.

Absolutely no one bit on the obvious hook Deadpool tried to deliver.

"This is Quidditch!" Deadpool shouted. "This is Quidditch! This is Quidditch!"

And still, everyone was trying to ignore Deadpool. He had one more trick up his sleeve.

Some of the Muggle-born students started to chant along, even though the purebloods were baffled.

"Ole! Ole! Ole! Ole! Ole! Ole! Ole! Ole! Ole! Ole! Ole! Ole! Ole! Ole! Ole! Ole! Ole! Ole! Ole! Ole! Ole! Ole! Ole! Ole! Ole! Ole! Ole! Ole! Ole! Ole!

Anyone who had not been distracted might have seen Harry Potter lurch for a moment on his broomstick. The chants in the arena got louder and more continuous.
Quirrell seemed visibly annoyed as the chants kicked up in the arena.

"Ole! Ole! Ole! Ole! Ole! Ole! Ole! Ole! Ole! Ole! Ole! Ole! Ole! Ole! Ole! Ole! Ole! Ole! Ole! Ole! "

'So are people getting annoyed by this running gag?' one of the voices in Deadpool's head.

'Well, obviously.'

'Behold! The most shameless attempt of stretching out a word count to date!'

"Ole! Ole! Ole! Ole!" Deadpool chanted. "Oil of Olay...ALL DAY EVERYDAY!"

To Be Continued.
'Man, it's been a long time since we've been here,' one of the voices in Deadpool's head remarked.

'Actually, hasn't it been a good two weeks in the real world?' Deadpool asked.

Everyone's favorite mercenary moonwalked down the halls of Hogwarts School of Witchcraft and Wizardry. He twirled his mop while also carrying his bucket in one hand. The bucket filled with soapy water splashed around. Deadpool dropped the bucket down onto the ground.

'So, I believe in the last chapter we had some Quidditch type stuff,' Deadpool thought. 'And then Harry Potter caught the snitch. And some other stuff happened, but anyway we are heading to the end of the winter season.'

Deadpool washed the suits of armor with his really long mop of death. He had used it previously to attempt to lay the smackdown on a troll, but it did not go completely well. Deadpool washed the suits of armor in the hallway and started to dance to an invisible tune.

He moved down the steps to see Hagrid moving his way up the steps with a large tree in his arms. The Great Hall looked very great, coupled with decorations.

"Oh, Holiday Tree, oh Holiday Tree!" Deadpool sang. "We can't call it a Christmas tree. Because everything is so PC."

Filch came around the corner. He stepped back and noticed pine needles laying on the floor of the Great Hall. Filch looked like he had been shoved in the groin with a fireplace poker.

'Nice visual imagery,' Deadpool thought.

"I hate Christmas!" Filch yelled.

"What don't you hate?" Deadpool asked.

Filch ignored pretty much everything Deadpool said for a moment. He looked around the hallway with those hands placed on his hips and a very ugly snarl on his face. More ugly than usual anyway.

"Pine needles everywhere all over the floor! Tinsel all over the ground. A bunch of punk kids standing underneath the Mistletoe and doing Public Displays of Affection, which are strictly forbidden in the Hogwarts halls."

"Wait, are you saying they hang Mistletoe and ban kissing in the Hallway?" Deadpool asked. "What kind of screwed up mixed messages does that send?"

Filch did not say anything. He frothed at the mouth so much Deadpool wished he had a tranquilizer gun at the ready just in case.

"I hate Christmas, the whole Christmas season!" Filch yelled. "If I could find a way to keep Christmas from coming, I would!"

Deadpool stopped and scratched the top of his head. He took a second to scratch the top of his head for a second as he tried to figure out.
'The Filch Who Stole Christmas?' Deadpool asked. 'Nah, that's crazy talk.'

Everyone's favorite mercenary moved around from the ranting Filch. He could see Harry Potter coming to the Great Hall. After Ron Weasley had been brought home to Hogwarts and Hermione Granger remained but decided to become a less prominent presence in the world of Hogwarts, Harry Potter found some new friends.

'New friends, who weren't his canonical friends,' Deadpool thought.

'Who did he befriend?' a voice in Deadpool's head asked.

'Well, hmm, let's see,' Deadpool thought. 'There's Susan Bones. She has a bad ass aunt in the Ministry who is one of the only competent adults in this world. That could come in handy.'

'Don't forget Padma Patil,' another voice replied. 'And I guess, we'll throw in Daphne Greengrass. She's pretty popular for someone who never appeared in the actual books.'

'Are we really making all of Harry's friends female?' Deadpool thought. 'He really should have a male friend.'

'Why?' another Deadpool voice asked.

'Well, you know,' another Deadpool voice commented.

'What do I know?' Deadpool asked.

'Reasons!'

'What reasons?'

Deadpool threw his head back as the very fractured parts of his personality continued to bicker. Everyone paid no attention to the mentally detached Assistant Caretaker of Magical Sanitation.

'REASONS!'

'Fine, if we have to have a token male friend in there...Longbottom seems to be a decent option, he's well-liked by enough of the fandom to work,' Deadpool thought. 'Plus, in some alternate universe, he is Harry Potter, well in a matter of speaking.'

'I don't know, Neville's a decent bloke and all,' another voice commented. 'But, Neville Longbottom and the Philosopher's Stone doesn't quite have the same ring to it.'

Deadpool stood out in the middle of the Great Hall and shrugged. He snapped somewhat back to life, back to reality, by Argus Filch ranting about how he hated pretty much everything. It was good to be back.

X-X-X

Late night at Hogwarts and Deadpool walked around the school after performing some janitorial style tasks. He had a particular stubborn toilet.

'You would think with the magic of magic, you would be able to have self-flushing pipes,' Deadpool thought.

'Hey, you said magic of magic,' one of the voices in Deadpool's head commented. 'Every time you see the words magic of magic in a Megamatt09 story, you should take a shot.'
A mysteriously half opened door caught Deadpool's attention. He should have known by now not to walk into areas of Hogwarts which he did not know what was exactly inside. Despite the fact, he should know better, nine times out of ten, Deadpool chose not to know better.

'*If you get eaten by a giant plant, it's your own fault,'* the rational part of Deadpool's brain said.

Deadpool smacked himself repeatedly on the head with a toilet plunger to get the rational part of his brain to shut up. He thought that would have long since been shut down.

With that bit of buffoonery out of the way, Deadpool stepped into the room. He noticed a giant mirror in the middle of the room. It had an inscription on the bottom. Deadpool stepped in front of the mirror and read the encryption.

"Erised stra ehru oyt ube cafru oyt on wohsi."

A second passed with Deadpool blinking a few minutes.

"Oh, I see."

Deadpool looked into the mirror. What he saw was completely shocking, so shocking that Deadpool was completely blown away by the image of the mirror. The image in the mirror completely blew Deadpool's mind. It rocked his socks. Despite the fact, he was not even wearing socks, his socks had been had been completely rocked anyway.

It was the best, the most breath-taking thing on the face of the planet. No matter how many times Deadpool saw the image in the mirror he would have been blown away.

"Whoa!"

Deadpool pumped his fist in the air. The image in the mirror stared back at him for a long moment. Deadpool's eyes remained transfixed on the image in the mirror. He could not believe how amazing it looked. You never really what you truly desired until it reflected back to you in a mirror.

"This is…this is…shocking!"

Across from him in the mirror sat Deadpool's own mirror image. He saw himself in the mirror. The only difference was he wore an extremely fancy new hat.

'*We do look fabulous,'* Deadpool commented and everyone was agreement.

"That is a nice hat, Mr. Wilson. Perhaps one day, it will be yours."

Deadpool turned around and noticed Albus Dumbledore standing in the midst of the room. He had a smile on his face.

"The Mirror of Erised is a very powerful magical artifact," Dumbledore said. "And not one to be trifled with. It has driven many men and women to despair as they see something which is not there."

"And yet you have left it in the middle of a room where anyone can just happen upon it," Deadpool said. "It makes perfect sense for me."

Dumbledore chuckled in response. Deadpool could see there was much more to what was going here than met the eye. He was just going to have to ride it out and see what happened.

"Well, I am only storing it here temporarily, until I'm able to move it to a more permanent and secure location," Dumbledore said. "Everything will be ready after the first of the year. Given the low
number of students who choose to remain at Hogwarts over the Christmas holidays, I believe the chances of anyone happening upon this mirror are very low."

"Which means someone else is going to come across this mirror," Deadpool said.

"Well, I will have been alerted should they come across it and I will be able to properly steer them away from it before the effects become too long lasting," Dumbledore said. "Those who have too constant of an exposure to the mirror can succumb to madness."

"The train's already left the station for me, methinks," Deadpool said. All Deadpool received in response was a smile and a twinkle in the eye of Albus Dumbledore.

"So, have you ever been tempted to peek in the mirror?" Deadpool asked.

"A time or two," Dumbledore responded.

"And what have you seen?" Deadpool asked. "Surely, the great Albus Dumbledore has some desire deep down."

"Socks," Dumbledore said. "I would like a nice warm pair of socks."

"Well, sometimes the simplest things are the best," Deadpool commented. "Socks are nice, and nice woolen mittens, knitted by a loving grandmother, and a nice hat to cover your ears."

"Yes, those would be quite lovely," Dumbledore agreed. "Unlike others, our desires are in reach. Those who have had darkness in their heart have been twisted even further by making the events depicted inside of this mirror a reality. And those who have light as well. The magic of….."

"Don't say it," Deadpool said.

"Magic," Dumbledore said. ’Everyone take a drink.’

"Is a magnificent thing."

X-X-X

It was the night before Christmas, and all through Hogwarts, not a creature was stirring, not even Lord Voldemort.

’That could have rhymed a bit better.’

Deadpool sensed something was off the moment he prepared to head off to bed. The house elves had been acting a bit strange at supper time, even stranger than usual. They always tripped over their feet, it was almost terrifying to see the lengths that they would go to serve the true masters of Hogwarts.

"Finally! After all of these years, victory will be mine!"

’That sounded like Dead Sanitation Pirate Filch!’ Deadpool thought. ’And he's making off with the Christmas booty!’

’Best porno name ever,’ Deadpool voice commented. ’Wait, Filch is stealing Christmas!’

Argus Filch slowly pushed a wheelbarrow containing several wrapped presents out of the front doors
leading from the Great Hall. He struggled, sneered, and dripped with sweat when he grunted.

"Hold it right there, Filch!"

Filch stopped and looked at Deadpool who stood at the end of the Great Hall. The two stared each other down with neither backing up from their position.

"I can't believe it, you're actually stealing Christmas!" Deadpool shouted. "That's a new low for you."

"I'm sick of this entire Christmas mess!" Filch yelled. "Year after year, I find all of the junk that these little brats don't even want laying around in the hall. I could build a bloody house out of all of the Fruitcake I had to clean up. And now, it's worse than ever. I'm going to take this presents to the Forbidden Forest. Take the entire load to dump it!"

"You can't do that!" Deadpool yelled. "You can't steal Christmas. Have a heart, Filch, have a heart."

"Bah, I don't have a heart," Filch said.

"Wait, so you're a zombie?" Deadpool asked.

"That's not what I meant, you daft git!" Filch growled. "I mean, I'm going to ruin Christmas. I never got what I wanted for Christmas. Each and every year, I wrote a letter to Father Christmas, and asked me to give me the one thing I knew that only he could give me."

"What's that?"

"I wanted him to give me the gift of magic,' Filch said.

'Boy this took a turn the tragic,' Deadpool thought.

"Wait, you can't perform magic?" Deadpool asked.

"No, I can't perform magic," Filch said. "I'm a squib."

"But, you only have two arms."

"I said squib, not squid," Filch said. "That's a kid from pureblood parents who doesn't have a drop of magic in his veins. Oh sure, he can see magical buildings, but he can't perform the bloody stuff. And what's worse, I heard about Angus and how he was the preferred son. He can do magic. He was the prince, even before I didn't get my letter to Hogwarts."

Filch clutched his fists and breathed in and out.

"And now, I have to see those little shits get the magical education that was robbed from me!" Filch yelled. "They're so happy. Even when I try and make them miserable, they're so happy. Because they have magic, and I don't! They enjoy what they're doing, and I have to wallow in their filth, cleaning up their messes. All without magic!"

The caretaker's long gnarled finger pointed towards Deadpool.

"I'm going to destroy all of these presents and there will be no Christmas for anyone!" Filch yelled. "And you're going to help me do it!"

"What?" Deadpool asked. "What makes you think I'm stepping aboard this crazy train?"
Filch gave him a nasty grin, all of his yellow teeth showing.

"Because I'm your boss. And you have to do what I say."

Deadpool reached into his bag and pulled out his contract. He read over it.

"It says here I don't have to work holidays," Deadpool said. "Unless you pay me extra."

"I'm not paying you extra," Filch said. "Fine, if you don't want to help me, then I'm going to dump it myself. And when I get back, you're going to be out of Hogwarts. You've been nothing, but a nuisance over the past few months."

The Mercenary refused to budge from his particular position. Filch reached behind him into the wall and ripped a large candy cane off of the wall. He pointed it at Deadpool.

"Get going, or I'll bludgeon you with this giant candy cane."

Deadpool snickered before he pulled the candy cane off of the other side of the wall. The two faced off against each other before Filch charged Wade.

Both of them battled against each other with their candy canes clashing together like swords. The two drove the candy canes into each other with sparks flying everywhere.

"I'm going to bring you down!" Filch yelled. "You're not going to ruin my plan to ruin Christmas!"

Peeves popped his head out of the wall and started to hum the theme from Star Wars as Deadpool and Filch kept fighting against each other. Their candy canes clung together as Filch backed off against the wall. The two continued their battle against each other.

"What's this rumpus?"

Deadpool dodged the attack and Filch nailed Severus Snape smack dab in the face with a giant candy cane by accident! Snape dropped down to the ground and Deadpool came back to nail Filch with a shot which sent him flying across the Great Hall.

"Finish him!" Peeves yelled. "FINISH HIM!"

Deadpool rushed towards Filch and jumped high into the air. He nailed Filch in the side of the face. The candy cane rose up and waffled Filch right in the gonads and caused him to slide down onto the ground. Deadpool stepped back, the undisputed victor of this duel of giant candy canes against Argus Filch.

"Ladies and gentlemen, Christmas has been saved!"

The groaning form of Argus Filch collapsed down to the ground. Deadpool stepped back, over a concussed and bleeding Severus Snape.

"Um, we better get you to the hospital wing," Deadpool said. "After I deliver all of these Christmas presents to their rightful owners."

The Mercenary noticed one package in particular which tore open. He noticed a silver cloak dropped down onto the floor. Deadpool took the very priceless and important object into his hands.

'Hey, it's *Harry Potter's Invisibility Cloak which is in no way a super powered Macguffin that will be important in six years,' Deadpool said. 'Wouldn't want this to not get to its rightful owner.'
Deadpool stopped and looked at the cloak. He wrapped it around his body and ran around the Great Hallway. Nothing, but a disembodied Deadpool head ran around the Great Hall. He cackled merrily.

Albus Dumbledore stepped into the Great Hall to investigate. He noticed Filch down on the ground in pain. Snape down on the ground in pain. Two slightly destroyed giant candy canes laid out on the floor. Several Christmas presents loaded up in a rickety looking wagon and Wade Wilson's dismembered head floating around the Great Hall at quick speeds.

'I should cut back on the lemon drops.'

To Be Continued.
Mrs. Norris roamed the halls of Hogwarts in the days following Christmas. That weird man, Filch, who adopted her, went off the deep end yet again. Christmas triggered him due to it being a very painful reminder of his traumatic childhood. It was only the eighth or the ninth time during his time at Hogwarts where he attempted to steal the holiday season.

He would be back, Filch would always be back. Norris allowed herself to roam the halls because of an old nuisance she hoped to find. The ginger kids had a rat which smelled familiar. It had the smell of someone who tormented her all those years ago at Hogwarts. Norris crouched down on the ground and the cat gave a meow as she sniffed the creature out.

Vengeance would be hers, on dish best served cold, and that dish would be quite delicious. The cat prowled around Hogwarts to search for this rodent. She gave a hiss when seeing it scurry across the ground. The worn ear, the missing toe, there was something strange about this rodent.

'Finally,' the cat thought in glee.

Norris stalked the creature and moved closer towards him. She crept on the floor and prepared to pounce on the ground. So close to grabbing the creature, but yet some far was a pair of hands caught her before she pounced.

"There you are, I've been looking for you."

That weird masked man who that weird Filch man hired grabbed her. Norris hissed in anger and tried to scratch away at the man who held her. The man, this Deadpool as he was known, held Norris in tight.

"I'm afraid Argus is not well."

Norris resisted the compulsion to roll her eyes. That mad had not been considered well in quite some time. In fact, this man holding her was not well. Beard man was not well as well, he was the least well of them all.

'Stupid humans. One day, you'll be doomed."

Her mind drifted to a moment in time before being Mrs. Norris. She was actually a witch, a witch who had been popular but might not have been the most beautiful person in the world. Still, she had been well known and very rich. There were those who were very jealous of her success and turned on her.

That one who turned on her, Norris hissed at thinking about her. Life might have been easier being turned into a cat, except when the humans did not want to leave her alone. She hated when all of these humans wanted to pick her up and pet her. She hated them even more than the ones who kicked her just to get back at Filch. Although those were bastards as well.

"It's going to be okay, Mrs. Norris. Argus will be back soon. Why don't we get you some place safe so you stop roaming around Hogwarts? No one likes a loose pussy."

Norris's mind returned back to her days as a stupid human woman. Those days, she had been gullible
and less cunning, but still, what happened to her was done out of jealousy. No one bothered to look for her, taking the word of the bitch who transfigured her into a cat that she just up and left with a note. The Ministry did not question the note. They forgot about her.

"There you go. Have some nice dinner. It's on me."

Norris looked at the bowl of food placed down onto the ground and pulled a nasty face. She hated this particular brand of food. It turned her stomach.

"Come on, Norris," Deadpool said. "I know that you miss Argus."

The cat hissed angrily and almost overturned the bowl.

Deadpool never saw a cat this disagreeable. He figured there was something else happening. He looked over to notice the rat who Norris went after.

'Hey, that's the rat that was with the ginger kid who hung out with Harry Potter for a couple of months before a troll waffled him in the face,' one of the voices in Deadpool's head thought excitedly.

'Thanks for the exposition,' Deadpool thought.

"Hey, did that Weasley boy leave you behind?"

The rat looked up and backed off. Deadpool grabbed the rat by the tail and pulled him off of the ground. A nervous squeak came from the rat who looked very nervous.

"Kids these days," Deadpool said. "No responsibility for pets."

The rodent looked terrified. He never thought Ron Weasley would be ignorant enough to leave him behind.

To be honest, the rat liked Percy a lot better than Ron, because at least Percy actually paid attention to him and did not complain about him. He enjoyed sleeping in Percy's bed and how warm he felt when snuggling against his cheek. He could have chosen a better name than Scabbers, but that was just a mild problem.

"Okay, I think that there might be some kind of lost and found for pets around here," Deadpool said. "Maybe, I should take you to the Headmaster."

The rat tried to get away. Dumbledore might have figured things out if he saw him up close. The jig, as the Muggles said, would be up. The rat almost bolted, with Deadpool grabbing him by the tail.

"You've got a lot of fight in you, don't you?" Deadpool asked. "You haven't been neutered have you? The last thing we need is you taking up with some girl rat and having to pay rat alimony or something."

The rodent shook its head wondering what the hell this man's problem was. He had been fixed. As if Percy Weasley would have allowed him to run around without being properly fixed. And most certainly that shrill harpy who Percy's mother would not have let something like that happen. She most certainly would not have been irresponsible enough to allow something like that to happen.

"I'll take good care of you until I figure out something," Deadpool said. "Maybe I should go to Snape. He might have something to calm you down."
Snape was even worse than Dumbledore. The rodent recalled Snape and knew how much that foul greasy bastard and his little gang of junior Death Eaters used to bully him at Hogwarts.

Mrs. Norris observed her chance of revenge leave. She put her paw on the wall and scratched it. Her stomach rumbled and she needed something to eat. It was time to start begging the Hufflepuffs for table scraps. They were gullible enough to fall for the poor worn out pussy act.

Still, she would get her revenge on that awful Dolores Umbridge for turning her into a cat. Even though her life had gotten much better, revenge would be had on the general principle of the matter.

Not much of note happened over the last few weeks at Hogwarts. There had been some Quidditch match between Ravenclaw and Gryffindor coming up, and there were rumors that Snape wanted to be the referee which got everyone up in a stir.

'I'm sure Snape will call things right down the middle,' Deadpool thought. 'I mean, if Ravenclaw wins than Slytherin has a better chance. But still, fair game and all.'

One of the most surprising sights ever was Hagrid creeping out of the library. Hagrid and library did not go together instantly. And he held a large black book behind his back.

'Hmm.'

Deadpool held Scabbers the rat against his chest for a second. The rat had been his constant companion because Deadpool had not gotten around to see either Dumbledore or Snape about him just yet. The day would come, Deadpool thought.

"Hey, Scabby, I think we've got another mystery on our hands."

The rat squeaked a couple of times, sounding rather frightened.

"I wonder what Hagrid is hatching in his hut."

Full panic mode came into the rat. Deadpool pulled out a cracker dipped in cheese, and tried to feed it to Scabbers.

"Maybe you'd like the peanut butter ones better."

Scabbers would have to agree that the peanut butter ones were even better. He looked at Deadpool, pacified for a brief moment.

"I think you can agree that Hagrid hatching anything might not be that good."

The rat would have to say that it went without saying. Regardless, he was being dragged on this insane adventure by Deadpool. The Mercenary stopped short and noticed Harry Potter making his way out, and he was talking to both Daphne Greengrass and Susan Bones.

"If he's after a dragon, that's not good," Susan murmured underneath his breath. "I'm not going to be the one to turn him in."

"No, I won't either," Daphne said. "But, he's absolute rubbish at keeping a secret. You know that. I know that. Everyone knows it."

Deadpool had a feeling these three would be on the hunt to see what Hagrid was up to. The words dragon caused Deadpool a certain amount of dread. The last time he encountered a dragon, it ended poorly for him.
"I know I shouldn't do it. I know there's no way I should do it. But, I can't help myself."

The Mercenary moved closer. After all, he was a responsible adult, legally speaking. And he would have to make sure those children did not get themselves into too much trouble.

Outside of the hut, Deadpool moved around. He held Scabbers close who tried to keep getting away in the night.

"I swear, you must be the only rat in the world with ADHD," Deadpool said. "It's going to be fine. It's just some….potential dragon that Hagrid's hatching. I mean, how big can a dragon get?"

Deadpool realized something.

"Oh, Hagrid," Deadpool said. "You live in a wooden hut."

"It's a restricted item," Susan said. "And it's bound to attract attention. And I'm not sure if you could afford the fine. How did you even get it?"

"I won it," Hagrid said.

"You won it?" Daphne asked.

"Yeah, in a game of cards," Hagrid said. "The guy wasn't very good. He kept revealing his hand, and it was easy to win. I thought he was taking me for a minute, but he raised the stakes."

"Well, the guy could be having a laugh, I suppose," Harry said. "I mean, what's the chances of this being an actual dragon egg?"

"Pretty high," Daphne said. "If this is a forgery than it's a good one. It's a pretty good one. I don't even think that anyone could make a forgery this good."

She paused and moved to the door. She swung it open and held her wand out. The paranoid nature of the Slytherin came on through. She only relaxed slightly.

"It's that weird temporary caretaker."

"Hey, it's the Acting Weird Caretaker of Magical Sanitation and Maintenance."

Hagrid looked up suddenly and relaxed when he realized it was only Wade Wilson. Had it been someone else, or one of the other students, he would have been terrified.

"Hey, Wade, come in, have a pint."

Harry put his hand on his head. Those two drinking could not be anything for trouble.

"I've got something to ask you, I can't stay wrong," Deadpool said. "Is that an actual dragon? As in a dragon? A real actual dragon that is real?"

"Yeah, it's going to be beautiful," Hagrid said.

"I really hope I don't have to tell you and the dragon to get a room for when it hatches….and YOU'RE HATCHING A DRAGON!"

Deadpool reached over and slapped Hagrid in the face. Every single bone in his arm shattered after hitting him in the face. Hagrid looked concerned with Deadpool holding his arm.
"Are you okay?" Hagrid asked.

"Yeah, it will heal," Deadpool said. "Eventually…but seriously man…A DRAGON?"

"I've been reading about it, and I think I can take care of it," Hagrid said.

"Oh, yeah, a dragon," Deadpool said. "You know, there could be a problem if you try and raise a
dragon in a wooden hut. And keep it a secret in a school full of nosy children."

The brow of Hagrid crinkled up. His hands pushed on the top of his head as he looked at him in
confusion.

"It's abusive to the poor creature to keep him cooped up in here," Deadpool said. "Dragons need
wide open spaces. They need to roam free. They need to be free. A hut is no place for a dragon to
grow up."

Hagrid extended his hand. He did not think about that. He never wanted to harm a magical creature.

"And did you ever think of how the person had the dragon egg? He could have been a poacher. A
poor mother could have been killed to get that dragon egg."

"That's…it's awful," Hagrid said sounding horrified.

"Yes," Deadpool said. "How long is it before the egg hatches?"

Hagrid scratched the head and thought about it. It took his mind a little bit to work before nodding.

"It's going to be any day now," Hagrid said. "What am I supposed to do? It will kill him before he's
even born, and I can't get that."

"How do you know it's a he?" Deadpool asked.

"Well, no one knows for a few years," Hagrid said. "The female is the far more vicious of the
species. They can really rip you up and be rough, especially when you threaten their eggs."

Misty eyes showed that Hagrid felt some regret. Daphne, Susan, and Harry set back.

"Kids, you should go," Deadpool said. "Let us take care of this. I would say you should get back to
the school before Filch sees you but….."

Deadpool trailed off for a second.

"I'm technically Filch," Deadpool said. "So…don't let me catch you out after hours again, or I'll
have you scrubbing toilets with Snape's toothbrush."

"Right," Harry said. "I guess we better get back."

Susan and Daphne nodded, but they saw someone looking in the window. And Deadpool saw him
as well and bolted out of the door in an instant.

"Hey, buddy!"

Deadpool knocked Draco Malfoy down on the ground. Malfoy struggled against the grip of the
Merc with the Mouth.

"I need to tell…..Snape…dragon!" Malfoy yelled. "Let me go you stupid Mudblood!"
"Hey, that's racist," Deadpool said. "And inaccurate as well. Eleven billion points from Slytherin!"

The blonde ponce underneath Deadpool's grip went completely red in the face.

"You can't do that!" Malfoy yelled.

"Maybe, I don't know, I never tried," Deadpool said. "And guess what. For contradicting me, you get to spend the next week as my toilet buddy. Detention!"

"Can't I just write lines?" Malfoy asked.

"No, good old toilet scrubbing will learn you some respect," Deadpool said.

"My name is Draco Malfoy, and you can't make me scrub toilets!" Malfoy howled. "Just wait until my father hears about this!"

Harry, Susan, and Daphne exited the hut. Hagrid watched the spectacle with widened eyes and a smile twitching underneath his beard. It did the old heart good to see a Malfoy get knocked down a peg.

"Oh, and for your information, you're not just scrubbing toilets," Deadpool said. "I'm sure I can find some other disgusting tasks for you to perform."

Malfoy sputtered in anger. His best robes were covered in dirt and now he was expected to scrub toilets like a glorified house elf. To make things worth, Deadpool dragged Malfoy into the school by the ear.

"Let go of me!" Malfoy yelled. "You just wait. I'll get you fired. You won't be fit to work in Knockturn Alley!"

"Hey, I'll have you know all of the best magic whorehouses are in Knockturn Alley."

Confusion spread over Malfoy's face. Deadpool answered with a sigh, even though he did not relinquish his grip on Malfoy's ear.

"Ah, that will make more sense in a couple years."

To Be Continued.
Chapter 11

A Dirty Detention.

'And that's a chapter title which can be taken entirely differently if it was written in the Breeding Ground.'

A sound of a throat being cleared echoed throughout the room. Everyone's favorite mercenary with the mouth began to speak and take in a calming and deep breath.

"Previously on Deadpool's new job, Argus Filch had a meltdown and tried to steal Christmas. No one quite knows where he would be back. Your deputy caretaker of magical sanitation became the main character of magical sanitation. Harry Potter got some new friends. Also, Hagrid got a dragon egg, from a mysterious hooded man in a pub, who we're all certain isn't mysterious and partaking in any illegal activities. Draco Malfoy snooped around where he didn't belong and tried to invoke the spirit of his father. And now I put him in detention."

"Who the devil are you talking to?"

Everyone's favorite mercenary turned his attention towards Severus Snape. Snape gave Deadpool the same look which he generally gave everyone and that was an extremely sour look. The two locked eye to eye with each other.

"You put Malfoy in detention for a month," Snape said.

"So, you heard?" Deadpool asked.

"Who didn't hear? Malfoy would complain about how some human house elf threw him into detention? I had to tell him to be silent because he's making a scene."

"And for the record, I only put Malfoy in detention for a week and not a month."

Snape took a moment to survey Deadpool. He figured Malfoy did embellish the facts. If he was anything like Lucius, he could be overly dramatic at the worst possible time.

"There's something going on," Snape said. "Malfoy refuses to tell me why he was caught out of bounds."

"Don't you have potions to loosen his tongue?"

The cold and blank stare of the Hogwarts Potions master fell on Deadpool's face. The temperature in the room started to lower and Deadpool could barely even hold his head up. Snape's frigid expression grew even more so when falling on Deadpool's face.

"I do have my means to make people like Malfoy speak. But, once he informs his father of what happened, it's not going to be pretty. Providing he hasn't already written to his father already."

"So, his father is going to try and get me fired," Deadpool said. "Well, wouldn't that be an abrupt end to this story if that happened?"

Snape blinked for a moment. He thought about saying anything. The thought turned to nothing when he realized it was best during times like this to keep his mouth firmly shut.
"Don't even stop down to his level, Severus. It's not worth it."

"If we are fortunate," Snape said. "I would suggest you go easy on Draco's detention. Unfortunately, Dumbledore refused to allow me to rescind it."

"Do you think I should stoop down to the threat of bullying?"

It was Deadpool's time to stand tall and proud and looked Snape square in the eye.

"People like him aren't going to take me down. I've fought people far more fearsome than some pompous ponce with a pimp cane. Let, Malfoy come up here if he thinks I'm worth fighting his little precious prince over. Draco Malfoy was violating rules by trespassing outside after hours without the permission of the staff. And now he's being a snitch. That won't go, no sir, it won't go."

Deadpool held out a fireplace poker and put it on Snape's face.

"I refuse to be bullied by snitches. Malfoy wants to complain about getting detention for a week. Well, tell him that he's to come to meet me at the Great Hall tomorrow after dinner. And tell him it's now two weeks if he cries to Daddy. And if Lucius wants to come here, I dare him, I double-dog dare him. I triple-dog-dare him to come and do something about it. He thinks he's something, but you know, he's nothing."

"I'm not your lackey," Snape said. "Tell him yourself."

Snape figured something was going on. The Hogwarts Gamekeeper was acting more strange than usual, and Potter seemed to be up to something. And now Malfoy had gotten chucked into detention and refused to tell him the reason why.

An angry expression spread over the face of Draco Malfoy. He could not believe this was happening. He could not believe he was in detention. Malfoy looked up at that glorified sanitation worker. He did not respect him at all.

"There's no need to have your wand for this."

Deadpool locked his eye on the face of Malfoy. A few seconds passed and Deadpool extended his hand out to give Malfoy's wand.

"You are ignorant if you think I'm going to give my wand to you."

"No, but, if you don't surrender your wand, you will be expelled," Deadpool said.

"You can't do that," Malfoy said to him. "I'm Draco Malfoy…..."

Deadpool held up his hand in an instant. Malfoy shut up, about as much as he was going to at this point. The Mercenary extended his hand. Malfoy looked over his shoulder and noticed a figure coming down the hallway. He relaxed when it was Dumbledore.

"Headmaster, you need to tell him that I'm not going to hand over my wand."

The twinkle in Dumbledore's eyes shifted to the grandfatherly look of disappointment. "I'm afraid that I cannot tell him such a thing Mr. Malfoy. You will need to serve your detention, or I'm afraid I will have no choice but to suspend you from Hogwarts. We have had some complaints from several students about you, and I hope these detentions will teach you a lesson of treating others like you want to be treated."
"If it was Potter, you wouldn't be….."

"Mr. Malfoy, I will hold onto your wand. I can assure you, it can be picked up after detention. There will be no lasting harm when you are under the watchful eye of Mr. Wilson."

"Yeah," Deadpool said. "I won't rough you up. Hope you don't like those robes too much though."

Malfoy handed the wand over to Dumbledore. This kind of behavior would not be tolerated. Draco wondered why his father had not answered his letters yet. His father should have dropped everything and come out to Hogwarts.

Deadpool whistled and shoved a large bucket full of cleaning utensils in Malfoy's arms.

"You just wait! You just wait! My father will have your head for this."

"Please, HYDRA already had my head a long time ago," Deadpool said. "It reattached to my body eventually. All I needed was some duct tape, some chewing gum, and a little elbow grease. You know, the old home remedies."

"I don't understand how….."

The Mercenary cleared his throat which made Malfoy look at him with a scowling look.

"I don't understand how your parents got together. I saw your mother. I so totally would."

Malfoy was at a loss as to what this weird caretaker would do to his mother. Deadpool patted on the head which caused Draco to recoil and drop the bucket on his foot.

"Ah, you'll understand me more in a couple of years. So, off to our adventure."

"Adventure?" Malfoy asked. "You call this an adventure?"

"Have you ever cleaned a public toilet?" Deadpool asked. "Trust me, things happen in those bathrooms which are best left unsaid."

Malfoy had no desire to dirty his hands with a public toilet. The young wizard had been forced to go on this detention with this potentially unhinged lunatic of a caretaker.

'My father will hear of this.'

Malfoy stepped into the restroom and stepped in water which was overflowing from the toilet. Deadpool stepped inside of the bathroom.

"You can't expect me to clean this toilet without magic," Malfoy said.

"Hey, I've had to clean all of these toilets without magic," Deadpool said. "And it's time for you to learn a very important skill. Ladies love a man who can unclog a toilet. I think they do at least. And I'm sure other men do as well if you're so inclined to swing that way."

"Swing what way?" Malfoy asked. "What are you talking about?"

"Hey, I'm not judging," Deadpool said. "People should feel free to love whoever they want, as long it's consensual. It's the current year after all."

Once again, Malfoy did not really say anything. All he could do was take that one weird thing with
"It's called a plunger," Deadpool said. "I call her Miss Betsy. She can't steer you wrong."

The toilet clogged with feces, toilet paper, and heaven knows what else was in there. Malfoy pulled a face and he shoved the plunger in the toilet. Every time he plunged it up and down, he pulled a place.

"This is barbaric!"

"Yeah, so I've heard," Deadpool said. "It's a dirty job so….."

The toilet started to overflow and shoot the nasty water into Malfoy's face. Malfoy slid back a little bit and looked disgusted.

"Don't these people know how to flush a bloody toilet?" Malfoy asked.

"Well, it looks like the scion of the honorable house of Malfoy isn't good enough to fix a clogged toilet without magic."

An expression of well-defined agitation spread over Malfoy's face. This Mudblood didn't think he was good. Well, Malfoy would have to show him. He plunged the plunger into the toilet and started to move it out. He moved and prepared to flush the toilet.

The toilet exploded in Malfoy's face. Draco Malfoy flew backward and had the contents of the toilet splattering over his body. He dripped in sewage when pulling back down. A cackling and multi-colored man appeared. Peeves the Poltergeist showed up and cackled while juggling urinal cakes in his hand.

"Ah, is Bad Faith a little washed up? I think he's feeling a little bit flushed!"

The only thing which would be better in the mind of Peeves if he had taken out Harry Potter with the old exploding toilet trick because there would be nothing more poetic than Potty getting taken out by a potty.

"You disgusting poltergeist!" Malfoy yelled. "I'll have you expelled."

"Oh, I'm disgusting," Peeves said. "Poor Bad Faith, he's the one dripping in piss, shit, and other unspeakable bodily fluids!"

Peeves hurled one of the urinal cakes directly at the face of Malfoy. Malfoy screamed in agony when one of the objects smacked him in the face. Another one of the urinal cakes smacked Malfoy dead on in the face as hard as possible. Malfoy kept opening his mouth and got one directly in the mouth.

"You're taking the piss now!"

Deadpool chuckled, but then looked at Peeves. He was pretty sure as the closest thing to a responsible adult in this room, he should intervene on the student's behalf. Malfoy slid as much as possible and crashed into the wall. A scream of agony spread as he remained on the bathroom floor in agony.

"Okay, Peeves, fun's over. Time for me to mop up."

A large mop came out in the face of the Poltergeist. Peeves just responded with a smile when staring down Deadpool and he held out the toilet plunger on the ground.
"Hey, Mr. Wilson, eat this!"

The plunger flew and smacked Deadpool onto the face. The contents of the toilet seeped in through his mask. The Mercenary picked up and took out two cleaning products and put it into the bucket. The contents of the bucket bubbled with Deadpool throwing the cleaning bucket at Peeves which caused the wall to explode. A shriek echoed from the Girl's Bathroom on the other side of the room.

"Sorry, Myrtle!" Deadpool yelled.

"Oh, I think you made her really cry. Good going, you bully!"

Peeves laughed when he zoomed out of the way. Deadpool took a deep breath as the screaming and the angst from Hogwart's resident toilet ghost escalated from the other room.

"Oh, I think I swallowed some of it," Malfoy said. "I'm going to return to the Common Room and take a show….

Malfoy slid back and landed on his keister when he tried to escape the bathroom. Deadpool threw down some rags and some cleaning products.

"You should really mop on that mess before you go out of here. And we still got the trophy room to deal with. I think Peeves has been using slug essence on the trophies again."

Over Snape's shoulder, he stopped at the door. He saw Deadpool with his mask smeared in toilet water. He saw a half-wrecked bathroom, an exploded toilet, and Malfoy on the floor frantically scrubbing the overflowing toilet water which spilled in from the adjacent bathroom as Myrtle threw a fit.

Wisely, Severus Snape turned around and returned to his Dungeon without another word or backward glance. History would declare it to be the smartest move he ever made.

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To Be Continued. Maybe even in soon.
Tonight is the Night.

Nefarious goings on were happening at Hogwarts School of Witchcraft and Wizardry. And those nefarious goings on were plenty insane as well. If insanity was going to go on, then Wade Wilson, better known as Deadpool would be directly smack dab in the middle of everything. It took every fiber of self-control he had not to rub his fingers together in delight.

'Something's going to happen tonight,' Deadpool thought.

Exams were in the process of wrapping up. Deadpool knew he would have a full day off. Word on the grapevine was Filch would be back from his sabbatical just in time to enjoy having to clean up after the students. Deadpool leaned back and saw all of the students whispering. Many of the other students attempted to smuggle in some banned substances from underneath the school.

'You feel all that?' Deadpool asked. 'I don't know how to explain it. Tonight's the night, though. I can't really explain…well, tonight's something is going to happen?'

"Did you ever get a feeling that something insane is about to happen?"

Severus Snape stopped and stepped back from the person he was talking to. A few seconds passed as Snape debated hard whether or not to even acknowledge he was being spoken of by this complete mental.

"Every time I see you lingering around the corner, yes," Snape said.

The Mercenary broke out into a fit of laughter. His howling laughter only grew louder at Snape who looked like he had been force-fed one of those sour candies which made everything sour. Deadpool slapped his hand on Snape's shoulder.

"Oh, Sevvykins, such a kidder. Actually, I was being serious for once in my life."

Snape's eyebrows rose up. "Do you have anything to go on? Or are you just reaching?"

"Well everything just seems so tense," Deadpool said. "Maybe I'll feel better if I spoke to Dumbledore."

"As much as I hate to burst your bubble," Snape said. He offered a brief smile which made it look like he loved nothing better than bursting Deadpool's bubble. "I'm afraid that's impossible. The Headmaster has left. The Minister has called him away on an urgent matter."

"An urgent matter," Deadpool said. "Why at the end of the school year?"

Snape just give a noncommittal shrug. Knowing Fudge it could be any number of reasons why Dumbledore had been called away from the school. Snape could only begin to guess.

"I overheard some students talking about how Vol-.

"Do you mind?" Snape asked.

"Mind what?" Deadpool asked.
"Saying the Dark Lord's name in public like that," Snape said. "That's a good way to get yourself ki….on second thought, do continue."

"Right," Deadpool said. "As I was saying there were students talking about how Voldemort might be after the Philosopher's Stone. Or is it the Sorcerer's Stone? Regardless, it's one of the two. Anyway, it's the magical artifact which is hidden underneath the three-headed dog on the third floor of this school and also underneath a buttload of magical enchantments if I had to guess. Enchantments which I'm certain would give any wizard with his salt trouble, or witch, to be fair."

Snape wondered if there was any point to all of this rambling. He looked on in a mostly patient fashion.

"The point is no one can get to the stone."

"Who were these students?" Snape asked. "Because I saw Potter lurking around outside. And I would think that with Miss Greengrass and to a lesser extent Miss Bones, they would understand the need not to get involved in certain matters…""

"I thank you for giving my niece the credit she needs."

Deadpool broke out in a smile the second he saw Snape just backward. Snape caught a glimpse of Amelia Bones standing in the corridor with a few Ministry trained Aurors.


"The Headmaster, I wish to speak with him," Amelia said.

"Oooh, I think someone is in trouble for hiding a dangerous magical artifact in a school full of children," Deadpool said in a sing-song voice.

The Head of the Department of Magical Law Enforcement decided to brush off the comments of this quirky custodian. Snape looked at her, his expression completely blank.

"The Headmaster is already on his way to the Ministry," Snape said. "I can assure you the item on the third floor is completely secure."

"Mmm, well, I'll see," Amelia said. "I'm taking a group of curse breakers up there right now."

Deadpool could not help and be amused. Susan Bones had enough sense to write her aunt after Harry relayed his suspicions to his new friend.

'And now one of the most, and by most I mean only, somewhat competent adult authority figures in this world is coming to make sure the Duck Lard doesn't get his hands on the stone,' Deadpool said.

The Mercenary moved back to get on with his duties. He looked over his shoulder and could see someone creeping down the hallway. Quirrell hunched over and muttered something underneath his breath.

"There's going to be a problem, my Lord. It's Bones. She's here. We might have some difficulties getting the Stone."

The Defense Against the Dark Arts Teacher spoke to some invisible force on the other side of the turban. Deadpool slumped against the wall and listened.

"I have to move now. Yes, I understand. Snape is… Snape's under orders from Dumbledore not to
allow anyone near that corridor tonight. We're going to use it to our advantage….yes my Lord, I'll kill him afterward."

“Well, this isn't good.’

Deadpool did not know what was happening on the floor below him. He moved and accidentally knocked a vase over. The vase shattered to the ground.

Quirrell turned himself away. His eyes moved Deadpool who held out a mop in his hand.

"Stand back, I know how to use this!"

Quirrell snapped his hand and fire shot from his wand and incinerated the mop. Deadpool flung against the wall with a huge impact.

"That annoyance again," the voice under Quirrell's turban muttered.

"Shall I kill him, Master."

"No," the mysterious voice replied. "Bring him with us. He might be useful."

Quirrell raised his eyebrow and wisely said nothing. He knew they did not take much time. Ropes shot from his wand and wrapped around the form of the down acting head of magical sanitation. The gag appeared over his mouth and wrapped him up tight for good measure.

"I do wonder why Dumbledore hired such a wild card," the voice of mystery said. "He's up to something."

"Wilson?" Quirrell asked.

"No, Dumbledore."

An invisible force forced Quirrell's hand to raise and smack himself hard in the face. The minion staggered back and lifted up to bring him into the room.

"Do you have the harp?"

"Of course."

X-X-X

Snape had no idea how this could have gone off of the rails. He would never have thought the Ministry would have been involved.

"What's on the Third Floor?" Amelia asked.

"Would you believe me if I told you?" Snape asked.

The Head of the Department of Magical Law Enforcement looked at the man who would not even have a job or even freedom, had it not been for Dumbledore vouching for him. Snape stared the woman down for a few seconds. The woman stared back him with a very stern look. She was one woman who could give McGongall a run for her money.

"Dumbledore is keeping a Philosopher's Stone on the third floor," Snape said.

The cold vibe in the air made Amelia take about two or three steps. The Aurors followed her a few
steps behind her. The door remained sealed shut on the other side.

"Stand back," Amelia said.

She heard a growling sound on the other side of the door. The growling grew even louder yet. The party on the other end of the door sounded very agitation. Amelia rose up and pressed her ear to the door. A second passed before Amelia turned her attention back to Snape.

"Dumbledore's having the Stone guarded by a pack of wild dogs?" Amelia asked.

"No," Snape corrected her in the driest voice possible. "One dog, three heads."

Amelia motioned for the Aurors to get into position. One of them screamed out when they heard the growling from the other end of the door. The dog scratched and tried to break his way to the door.

"He's already here," Snape said. "Well, this could complicate things. At least Potter is not involved."

Potter being involved would be a lot worse. Then again, Potter being involved always makes anything worse. Hideous growls brought Snape's attention back. The lock clicked open and the Aurors moved their way towards the dog.

The dog, all three heads, bared and looked angry. The three-headed dog jumped towards the Aurors. They fired off stunning spells. The red light nailed the dog and dropped it to the ground.

"What is that thing?" one of the Aurors asked.

"Fluffy," Snape offered unhelpfully.

"Fluffy?" Amelia asked.

"I didn't name it," Snape said. "Hagrid was the one who named it."

The dog rose back up to the ground and started to snap. It went after Snape and very nearly put a bite into his arm. The Aurors blasted the dog back.

"Do any of you know how to deal with this thing?" Amelia asked.

One of the Aurors pointed with a harp on the ground. Someone charmed it at least from the looks of thing. Amelia closed her eyes and figured out it. The old phrase of music soothing the savage beast had been reminded. She scooped up the harp and started to strum a tune.

It wasn't the violin, but it would have to do. The dog barked loudly and then started to grow more docile. The first two heads drooped down to the ground. Amelia charmed the harp to keep playing and the dog's third head dropped down. All three of the heads had been put to sleep.

"Door," Amelia said. "It should keep playing for the next ten minutes."

The Aurors all nodded. One of them stepped forward and unhooked the latch on the trapdoor. Snape cleared his throat and the Auror who was about ready to take the plunge paused.

"Watch out for the Devil's Snare."

A painful throbbing came over Deadpool's head as he tried to wake back up. The last thing he knew, he ran into Quirrell who was talking to someone. Then the next thing he knew, Quirrell attack him and knocked him out. He took a deep breath and wondered if he was dead.
"You're a very interesting person. I really don't know what to make of you."

Deadpool would have said something in response. He would have made some kind of very witty quip. The fact the gag had been put around his mouth made it very hard to say something.

'And somehow, you only have yourself to blame for this. Because, if it wasn't for your presence, then Harry Potter might not have made some new friends and gotten some sense to actually get authority figures involved. Granted, putting a kid in danger is wrong. And I'm glad he isn't going to die before he's a teenager at this rate. But...this is bad.'

"I suppose you are wondering why I haven't killed you."

Deadpool's eyes rolled back. Yes, he wondered. He was not complaining. The Mercenary Janitor wondered why this mysterious voice attached to the back of Quirrell's head was not going to kill him.

"Remove his gag, Quirrell."

The man in the purple turban paused at the orders coming from underneath said turban. He took a half of a step into the picture and pulled the gag off of him.

"Did you wash that thing before putting it in my mouth?"

"I'm curious about something," the voice said. "Let me face him. I want to see him."

"Master, are you sure?"

"Yes," he said. "I'm sure. I'm certain I want to look him directly in the eye before I use him to get what I need."

Quirrell unwrapped the turban around from his head. Deadpool's eyes opened up and he came face to the back of the head of a snake-faced individual.

"Oh, it's...you!" Deadpool yelled. "You're him. You're that guy. You're the guy who is the guy who is the man who does things to the other man!"

"You have no idea who I am, do you?" the snake-faced man asked. "I am the most feared Dark Lord of all time. My name is Lord Voldemort."

"Oh, yeah, I thought you looked familiar," Deadpool said. "You look nothing like the pictures in those children's story books where Harry Potter is so kicking your ass. New haircut?"

"Albus Dumbledore hired you," Voldemort said without missing a beat. "I'm curious to know why. Then, the answer has hit me all of this time. You're the one who is the key to lifting the Philosopher's Stone from the Mirror."

"What me?" Deadpool asked. "Why me?"

"Why not you?"

That particular airtight logic hit Deadpool with all of the force of a runaway freight train. He could not say anything. He just took in a deep breath. Quirrell motioned for him to move over.

"Hell, genius, I'm still tied up. I can't move."

Quirrell snapped his fingers and the ropes disappeared from Deadpool. He took a few minutes to get
his bearings and walked over to the mirror.

"Tell me, what you see."

Deadpool walked in front of the mirror. He looked at himself and he was wearing a nice new hat on the other side of the mirror. The eyes of the Dark Lord burned in the back of his head.

"Do you mind?" Deadpool asked. "And here I thought the TSA was bad."

"Tell me what you see, Mr. Wilson," Voldemort said after letting out his voice in a hiss.

No point in telling a lie when the truth would work just as well. Deadpool looked at the mirror. "I see myself wearing a nice new hat. It's a very nice hat. And it's new."

This answer did not suit well with Voldemort. Quirrell spun to force his master to look away from Deadpool.

"You're lying. You have to be the key. We're running out of time. They're on their way."

"What do you mean?" Deadpool asked. "You asked me what I saw in the mirror. I told you what I saw. What more do you want?"

The tension in the air could be cut by a cold night. Voldemort's eyes widened when he looked at it.

"He must be the one. Dumbledore must have used him to hide the stone. What's his nefarious scheme?"

"Well, there's his secret stash of rare chocolate frog cards, which I wasn't supposed to tell anyone off," Deadpool said. "Also, I think his lemon drops are laced with LSD. But, I'm not one hundred percent sure about that."

Deadpool collapsed down on the ground. Quirrell put his wand in the back of Deadpool's neck.

"Tell me, Wilson! What do you see?"

"I don't see anything...fine I was lying. It's Snape and Dumbledore and...they're doing the Chicken Dance!"

'Where's that stupid stone?' Deadpool asked. 'I have to find it before they do. But where could it be?'

He could feel something probe the back of his head. He realized something. They were probing the back of his mind. Deadpool started to blast a rendition of "It's a Small World After All" back through the attempted mental link. Voldemort stepped back in agony.

"He knows something!" Voldemort yelled. "He has the stone."

"I don't have the stone!" Deadpool yelled. "See, I'll show you. Just let me turn out my pockets."

Deadpool pulled out a bottle of ammonia, some yarn, and Scabbers the rat who squeaked in surprise. His eyes as if he sensed something bad happening. Scabbers dangled from Deadpool's hand.

"The other pocket."

He turned out his pocket and a small red stone slipped out of it into his hand. Deadpool jumped back and almost dropped the stone in surprise. Quirrell glared at him.
"Um, I don't know how that got here," Deadpool said. "I swear."

"Give me the Stone," Voldemort said.

"The Stone?" Deadpool asked. "What does this thing do?"

"It's far beyond your comprehension," Voldemort said. "Hand me the stone or you will suffer the consequences. You can't get the better of me. Dumbledore can't, and neither can Harry Potter."

Deadpool pulled the Stone back and threw it against the wall. The Philosopher's Stone slid between the crack and the floor and into the chamber below.

"NO!" Voldemort yelled.

Voldemort used Quirrell's hands to try and strangle Deadpool. Deadpool hurled the ammonia in Quirrell's eyes. Quirrell screamed out in agony as his eyes burned. Deadpool threw himself behind the Mirror of Erised.

"I'LL KILL YOU!" Voldemort shrieked at the top of his lungs.

"Master, please, you're tearing me apart!" Quirrell yelled.

The mirror flipped over and Voldemort tried to grab Deadpool around the neck. Deadpool rolled around on the floor with Quirrell and hurled him towards the exit.

Quirrell flew through the magical fire guarding the stone without a potion going through his system. He screamed in agony as the fire consumed his body.

"YOU!"

Voldemort broke free from the fire. The spectral form rushed towards Deadpool and decayed the air around him.

"I'll kill you if it's....."

A fist shot through Deadpool and punched spectral Voldemort right in the face. The Dark Lord exploded into thousands of tiny wisps.

Peeves the Poltergeist appeared in the distance with a bucket swinging his head.

"Voldyshorts needs a time out!" Peeves yelled at the top of his lungs.

"Ah, good timing Peeves," Deadpool said.

Peeves dumped the contents of his bucket onto the head of Deadpool. Deadpool dripped with brown water as Peeves zipped back through the wall.

"DAMN YOU, PEEVES!"

The fire disappeared. Dumbledore appeared on the other end of the fire just on cue.

"Bad guy's been defeated, another bad guy's been defeated, and I believe the Ministry's right behind you," Deadpool said. "I want a raise!"

The day was saved once again thanks to Deadpool, with a little assistance from Peeves. Thankfully dignity prevented Deadpool from collapsing to the ground.
Amelia, Snape, and the Ministry Aurors turned up after breaking through all of the traps. They turned up just to see Dumbledore and a very haggard looking Acting Deputy Caretaker of Magical Sanitation.

To Be Continued.
Chapter 13

Year One's End.

Wade Wilson's body hated his brain for some of the decisions it made right about now. The wisecracking mercenary would question his own sanity for going up against the Dark Lord Voldemort and managing to defeat him, somehow. Granted, he didn't necessarily beat him. He just threw cleaning products in Quirrell's eyes and knocked him into the fire. And a Wild Poltergeist punched the spirit of the Dark Lord directly in the face to send him back to whatever hell he rose up into.

"What a day," Deadpool said. "We actually got through the first year as well….there's a fairly decent chance I could be here for another six years. Maybe less, but unlikely more, it really depends."

The Mercenary stopped face to face with Dumbledore who stepped inside. Deadpool acknowledged the Headmaster.

"Did Amy B give you an ass chewing?"

"Well, she had some few choice words about keeping the Philosopher Stone in Hogwarts without informing the Department of Magical Law Enforcement of the fact," Dumbledore said. "I've given her assurances that I will not do anything like that. It was a desperate move in the end. And Nicholas, well he's….he's resigned himself to the fact that the Stone needed to be destroyed."

"Or so he claims," Deadpool offered.

"Yes, so he has assured me," Dumbledore said. "And I've destroyed the stone."

'You know, there's a pretty good chance Flamel has the know how to just create a new stone,' the sane part of Deadpool's brain thought. 'Or he didn't even allow Dumbledore to have the Stone in the first place. You know, because why would he keep his most prized possession in a bank vault in a bank run by a group of creatures who enter rebellions constantly?'

'Hey, quit making sense!' one of the voices popped in. 'We'll have none of that in these parts.'

"I do hope you do not resign over this," Dumbledore said. "I can assure you that this year's events are out of the ordinary at Hogwarts."

"Well, this is going to happen for seven years, but I'm pretty sure nothing that strange happened before this seven year period which Harry Potter just happens to attend Hogwarts."

"Hey, I'm game for another year," Deadpool said. "It would be a shame if I let a little near-murder at the hands of the Dark Lord color my experiences of this school."

'Besides, I've got a lot more shit to screw up,' Deadpool thought. 'I just have a funny feeling second year is going to be fun. And fifth year even more so for some reason, although I can't put my finger on why right now.'

"Have a pleasant day, and have a nice summer," Dumbledore said. "I expect you back here in August for the staff meeting. And Mr. Filch I believe has been cleared."

"This job isn't nearly as exciting with Captain Dread Sanitation Pirate Filch," Deadpool remarked. "I think I've done a good enough job in holding down the fort in his absence."
"Yes," Dumbledore said. "I have to prepare for the pre closing feast staff meeting, so if you excuse me….."

"Hey, good luck," Deadpool said.

Deadpool stepped a couple of feet and noticed a Ministry official standing at the end of the hallway. He held a very imposing looking envelope in his hand. He marched down the hallway with a purpose.

"Wade Wilson?"

"Yes, sir," Wade commented. "The one and only."

The man shoved the envelope in Deadpool's hands. Instantly, he had been curious and a little bit apprehensive. Deadpool allowed the envelope to slide in his hand and frowned.

"Does this mean I'm getting fired?"

'Well if that's the case, thank you all for reading, because this story is wrapping up.'

"Open it, Mr. Wilson."

Wade opened the envelope to receive an official letter from Cornelius Fudge, the Minister of Magic himself. The Minister himself acknowledged his existence. Wade put on a pair of thick reading spectacles and looked at the contents of the letter.

"It says here I'm qualified to receive the Lancelot Award."

"Yes, for helping save the school from Quirrell and the magical parasite he picked up in his trip to Albania," the Ministry official responded. "We just need to assign you this, and you will have your plaque mailed to you in four to six weeks."

Deadpool frowned and looked at it. He knew from experience it was best to read anything you signed. You never truly knew when you were going to get your kidneys sold off to Russian mobsters or something along those lines.

"Wait, a minute, this looks a lot like a liability release form. You mean, I could receive money from the Ministry for damages if I wanted to apply for it. In the tone of a hundred galleons per year."

The Ministry Official began to sweat nervously as Deadpool mulled over the liability release form on his hand. He wondered why he was receiving the Lancelot Award, and not a standard Order of Merlin, even a Third Class. He wondered what a Lancelot Award was.

"So, I can either take the Ministry for gold, or I could get a plaque declaring that I defeated a very powerful dark wizard," Deadpool said. "Is the plaque shiny?"

"Yes, Mr. Wilson, it's very shiny."

"Well, good enough for me," Wade said. "I'll sign here and here, and…here and put my X here and we'll be good to go."

"Thank you, Mr. Wilson and you are a hero for your services to this school."

Deadpool gave the man on the other side of the hallway a big grin.

"I just do what any Deputy Custodian of Magical Sanitation would end up doing. It's nothing big
really. Just someone who is doing his job."

The Ministry official stepped back with a brighter smile on his face. He stopped dripping buckets of sweat when walking off. Deadpool moved away and prepared to head off on his duties. He saw a very familiar face at the end of the hallway. His spirits picked up.

"Filchy! You're back!"

Argus Filch took a half of a step back. He dressed in his usual moldy tailcoat and scowl on his greasy looking face. His hair looked all in disarray like he had been through a hell of a time. Filch took a step forward and walked up to Deadpool. Deadpool extended his arms forward to offer Filch an embrace. Filch calmly walked past him a couple of minutes later.

'Denied.'

Deadpool looked at Filch who paused and turned around. He got one look at Filch's bloodshot eyes.

"You still here?"

"Yeah, I'm still here," Deadpool said. "The Ministry's giving me a Lancelot Award for services to this school."

Filch snorted at the word coming from him. That fool did not really know what a Lancelot award was. It was a sham award to keep people from suing the Ministry for putting them in danger. It came with a decent amount of gold as well, but nowhere near enough.

Then again, Filch really couldn't get the Ministry for charges if he wanted to thanks to an agreement he signed in condition to work for Hogwarts.

"Well, good for you," Filch said. "Where's Mrs. Norris?"

The Caretaker turned his nasty gaze onto Deadpool. Deadpool took a deep breath when seeing Filch peer down onto him.

"You better not have done anything to my pussy. If you molested my pussy in any way, you're going to pay."

"That's what she said!" Deadpool popped up.

Filch took a few seconds to debate whether or not he would acknowledge the statement of this madman in any single way whatsoever. He turned his attention away and started to look around. Deadpool turned his head. Mrs. Norris scampered down the hallway and tentatively "meowed" at Filch when making her way into position.

'There's nothing more beautiful than seeing a man reunite with his pussy.'

X-X-X

Harry Potter moved his way from the Gryffindor Common Room. Deadpool caught sight of the hero of this particular world. Who he just robbed out of a chance to perform those particular heroics, but that was neither here nor there. Deadpool moved into position in front of Harry.

"I heard you ran into him," Harry said. "Are you okay?"

"Kid, I've had much worse," Deadpool said. "Well, maybe not much worse. Voldemort was a shade of his former self and yet still dangerous. Things might have gone a lot different. You did a smart
thing telling your friend to tell her aunt. I wish I had that kind of sense when you were younger."

"What would you have done if you were my age?"

Deadpool would have likely gone down into there to fight the Dark Lord and gotten his ass stomped. Maybe, Dumbledore would have rescued him just in time. Maybe he wouldn't, or maybe something else would happen.

"Nothing smart," Deadpool admitted. "Regardless, I think this year turned out pretty well. The Philosopher's Stone is safe, in fact, according to Dumbledore it was destroyed."

"Yes," Harry said. "And he also gave me fifty points to Gryffindor for using a cool head and logic."

"I'm sure his critics on the Internet would not like him being portrayed in such a positive way," Deadpool said. He received one of those confused looks from Harry. He was pretty used to receiving looks like this from anyone, especially from Harry. "Don't worry about it. I'm sure you should make your way to the feast. You wouldn't want to lose out on any of the food there."

"Right?" Harry asked. "So, I guess this is it. Back home after the year."

Deadpool noticed the look on Harry's face resemble someone who had been just told their number was coming on death row.

"Hey, two months go by pretty quickly," Deadpool said. "And you never know, I might be in the neighborhood for reasons. So I might stop by and meet your relatives. I'm sure they'd love to have me for tea."

Harry responded with a very obvious snort. He could only imagine his Uncle Vernon's reaction to the Deputy Caretaker. Petunia's would be equally hilarious come to think about it.

"Why would you be in….well on Privet Drive?" Harry asked.

"Oh, I do a lot of pest extermination in the summer months," Deadpool said. "It's some dirty work, but it helps pays the bills. You got to do what you got to do."

Harry just responded with a nod. He did not have it in him to argue with him. Deadpool clapped him on the shoulder. Just a second later, Susan came around the corner.

"Aunt Amelia says you did the right thing," Susan said. "She just wishes that Dumbledore didn't put the Stone in the school. The Ministry's investigating what happened right now."

Susan and Harry walked off to leave Deadpool. He figured he should make his way to the feast as well.

'Hell of a year. Had some adventures, and Harry Potter traded up to a better redhead. Oh, and saved an evil wizard from getting his hands on the Stone. Good times, good times.'

Something told Deadpool that year two would be an interesting one with whatever madness happened. But first, Deadpool had to give some serious thought of how he would spend his summer vacation.

To Be Continued.
How I Spent My Summer Vacation

Privet Drive was your standard community of people who hung onto the values of what it was like to be normal. Everyone, mostly everyone, worked respectable jobs. They always had the nicest cars. Their houses were not in any disrepair. Their lawns mowed completely. They all dressed nicely and had their hair cut. No one wore anything which would stand out in a crowd. They were a typical suburban neighborhood. Everyone remained in bed until the sunrise without a care in the world.

A loud crash came through the neighborhood as a gate flew off of the hinges. A large tank barreled down the roads and veered around in an insane manner. The occupant of the tank appeared to have a moderate amount of control over the tank. A light post knocked over and sent glass shattering in the midst of the road. Someone's flower bed received a huge trampling.

The tank skidded to a stop just inches away from crashing into the back of Vernon Dursley's new company car. The tank popped open and the one and only Deadpool popped out of the tank.

"You were expecting Squirrel Girl?"

The Merc with the Mouth shook his head and smiled before he dropped down onto the ground. The smell of chaos followed him down the road. One old lady peered at the door with her mouth agape. An insane scream came close to coming out. She could not say a word.

"How are you doing?"

The old woman fell back onto the porch with an impact which could have shattered her hip. Deadpool reached into the tank and pulled out an energy pack along with a glowing green rod. He raided it from a HYDRA base during an off-screen adventure in between the previous chapter and this chapter. He held the magnificent rod in his hand. The rod twitched and pointed in the general direction of Number Four Privet Drive.

"I think there's something rotten in the state of Denmark," Deadpool said. "I've heard a rumor that Harry Potter lives here during this summer and he has not answered his correspondence in the past couple of weeks."

The Gamekeeper Hagrid, who had struck up a kinship with Harry, had sent him a correspondence which had not been responded to well over a week ago. Deadpool heard this rumor a couple of weeks ago. He smelled some kind of magical interference in the area.

The magnificent rod clutched in Deadpool's hand started to beep when he pointed it in the direction of the bush. The door at Number Four Privet Drive opened and a large man who resembled a Walrus came down the steps. His face blotted red as he breathed.

"What the devil are you doing?" the large man growled.

Spittle flew all over the air and showered Deadpool. The Mercenary recoiled a few seconds to recover from the spittle being spread on his face.

"My name is Wade Wilson. I'm the Caretaker of Magical Sanitation at Hogwarts School of Witchcraft and Wizardry, a mercenary, a really swell dancer, and the guy who you just showered with spit. That's quite disgusting. So, who are you?"
"I'm Vernon Dursley," he said. "And you're trespassing on my property."

"Hey, I'll be gone if you tell me what you've done with Harry Potter."

Vernon's eyes narrowed. His face grew even redder and even splotchier when taking a couple of deep breaths. He peered across the way into the eyes of this man in front of him.

"I don't know anyone by that name."

"Yeah, and I'm the Queen of England," Deadpool said. "I'll level with you, Vern, mind if I call you Vern?"

Vernon Dursley obviously did in fact mind hence the reason why Deadpool was going to keep calling him Vern to the level of agitation. Vernon cringed the second Deadpool threw his arm around the shoulders of the larger man. Vernon's teeth gritted the very second Deadpool pulled him in.

"Vern, it says in the official school records Harry Potter lives here. And I know school records are not fabricated. Especially due to the single fact that they are magical records."

The head of the Dursley household recoiled in horror. Vernon's hand grabbed over his heart when the heartbeat continued to go over his body.

"Don't...you...dare...speak...that...dirty word."

"What?" Deadpool asked.

"The M-Word!" Vernon yelled.

Deadpool tapped his head and looked thoughtful. He held the giant glowing rod in his head to look for the strange pulse of foreign magic in the air. It could not be for certain whether or not it had been adjusted properly.

"Oh, magic you mean!"

Vernon's head whipped back like some shot him in the chest at the forbidden word.

"I'm sorry, I can't talk about magic, without saying the word magic. How can I talk about magic, without even mentioning the word magic? I mean, magic would not be so magical if you can't say magic. It would hard to talk about magic without saying the magic word of magic. It wouldn't be very magical."

The large bulky man threw his head back and a pained scream came out of the back of his head. Vernon's head started to roll around his neck. The Mercenary raised an eyebrow as he could see Vernon staggering back. A woman with a long neck peered said neck out of the door and gave a gasp in surprise.

"I think your husband is having a heart attack. Or being a drama queen."

"What are you doing here?" the woman shrieked.

"I'm here to represent Hogwarts, and check up on one my students....."

"Dumbledore swore he would not send anyone from here if we took him in!" the woman yelled at the top of her lungs. "You shouldn't be here!"

"Harry's not been receiving his mail. You haven't been keeping his owl locked up underneath the
stairs or something, have you? Because that's cruelty to animals, and you're going to feel the wrath of PETA."

"I haven't locked his owl under the stairs!" Vernon yelled. "I've only locked his belongings in the cupboard he slept in when he was younger. He's damn lucky that I didn't lock his ungrateful ass in that cupboard along with….""

A loud smack dropped Vernon down to his knees. Deadpool drove his large rod into Vernon's face. The impact caused Vernon to clutch his nose and scream out in pain. Deadpool looked towards a horrified Petunia who waved her frying pan at him.

"There's something obviously magical and potentially dangerous lurking around in this neighborhood. At least if I have this magical tracking thing calibrated properly, and there's a pretty good chance I might."

The face of the man on the porch contorted and he fell back onto the porch with a huge thud. He started breathing heavily and hyperventilating. Deadpool looked down at the man on the sidewalk, leaned down and whispered one single word in his ear

"Magic."

The arms and legs of the man started to twitch madly on the porch. Deadpool waved his big rod right in Petunia's face who recoiled at the rod's immense size.

"There's something strange in the neighborhood. I wonder what could be causing this strangeness."

"That's what I'd want to know."

Deadpool jumped into the air straight into the arms of Petunia Dursley. Petunia recoiled in horror and dropped this escaped mental patient to the ground. An imposing redheaded woman appeared on the front porch right in front of Petunia.

"Mrs. Dursley, isn't it?"

Petunia did not see any reason to answer the question in the negative. She just responded with a nod. The woman surveyed her for a few seconds.

"My name is Amelia Bones. My niece and your nephew have struck up a friendship, and she wrote to him twice in this past week. She has not received any correspondence back and she requested that I see if everything is right as Harry has mentioned that he has a strained relationship."

"Whatever fairy tales the boy is telling you…." Petunia said before taking a deep breath. "He hasn't received any post. Whatever is blocking it might be on your end."

Amelia surveyed the woman. Petunia felt very anxious. Her husband passed out from over-exertion and just laid completely on the sidewalk.

"I want you to do something about this maniac who drove a tank all through our neighborhood and disrupted the peace!" Petunia shouted at the top of his lungs.

Amelia turned over towards the tank and tapped her want on it to check for any magical enchantments on the tank. She found it was one hundred percent normal and devoid of any magic. She turned back to the scowling one.

"I'm afraid that since the tank has not been enchanted that it is out of the jurisdiction of the Ministry
of Magic," Amelia said. "He may be in trouble with the Muggle…non-magical authorities."

'And I'm pretty certain she had a worse reaction from the word non-magical than she would have from the word Muggle,' Deadpool mused. 'And she's giving me that death glare. Oh boy, that's not good.'

"Where did you get the tank?"

Deadpool swallowed the lump building in his throat. He tried not to lose all sense of composure even though it would be the easiest thing in the world to do. "I took the tank from Nazis. You'll find in the non-magical world it's perfectly legal to steal from Nazis and in some cases punch them in the face without their consent. Therefore, I was well within my rights to acquire this tank."

The Department of the Head of Magical Law Enforcement wondered if she dared asked any more questions. The intense beeping of the pulsing rod clutched in Deadpool's hand went off. She narrowed her eyes. She followed the progress of Deadpool's eyes towards something which shifted in the bushes.

"Come out!"

A little head appeared in the pushes. The most grotesque looking creature Deadpool ever laid eyes on came out of the push. He jumped back and fell next to Vernon Dursley's body.

"IT'S A GREMLIN! DON'T LET IT GET NEAR WATER!"

Amelia frowned, a house elf had been stopping Harry Potter's mail, but why? She looked at the house elf who shifted nervously.

"Please tell me your name and what family you serve," Amelia said.

"My name is Dobby, miss, and I serve the most Noble and Ancient House of Malfoy."

He trembled nervously at giving this information. The nice woman had been so polite in saying the question that he could not help and answer the question.

"You've been stopping Harry Potter's mail," Amelia curtly stated.

Dobby threw himself onto the ground and balled up his fist. He hyperventilated when staring at the woman and threw his head back with a wail. Dobby clutched his hands to the top of his head and screamed out to the heavens. The house elf sobbed very madly.

"Please…Dobby….meant….no…harm….he just….he just…..he just!"

The magic binding Dobby to his family house caused him to break down in a very hysterical round of sobs. Amelia noticed all of the hallmarks of an abused elf when she saw one. It was a shame because house elves were eager to serve, it was in their nature, and to free them would be a crime to their nature. It was the best thing to treat them with respect.

"Did your Master order you to stop his mail?"

Dobby shook his head in response and threw his head back against the ground.

"Bad Dobby, Bad Dobby, Bad Dobby!"

SMACK! Deadpool slapped the house elf straight across the face.
"Get ahold of yourself, man!"

"Dobby is sorry, strange sir, it's just… it's just… I don't… no, Master did not order Dobby. Dobby did on his own… to… to help save Harry Potter. Bad things are going to happen and Harry Potter must not be at Hogwarts when it happens."

"Mmm," Amelia said. "Did Lucius Malfoy mention what bad things there were?"

Amelia could not get a word out of the house elf. Dobby’s throat stuck and he shook his head instantly. His fingers dug into the side of his face. Dobby looked to be struggling to mime something. He cradled something in his hand and rubbed the side of his face. His eyes rolled up in the back of his head before sobbing once again.

"Master will not be happy if I'm not home in time for dinner," Dobby said.

"I'm afraid you're going to have to come with the Aurors, Dobby," Amelia said. "Tampering with someone's mail is a very serious offense, especially when that someone is Harry Potter. Once you get settled in at the Ministry, we will inform your master of what you've been up to."

"Master will not be happy," Dobby said. "Master will…"

Dobby started to wonder what his master could do to him and it terrified the elf. Deadpool guided the elf to his feet a few seconds later.

The door opened and a very ragged looking Harry Potter appeared at the front door. Amelia pursed her lips when getting a good glimpse at the Boy-Who-Lived's dress and state of dishevelment. Petunia tried to mime to Harry to go back inside, but the damage already had been done.

"Mr. Potter, I think you should get cleaned up," Amelia said. "We have reason to believe that you may be targeted in a potential assassination plot."

"Again?" Harry asked.

"Unfortunately," Amelia said. "Mr. Wilson, if you could help Harry collect his things, we can get this settled."

A very cynical person might think that Amelia Bones had been looking for an excuse to legally have Harry removed from Number Four Privet Drive. The assassination plot on his person and the potential investigation of a house elf being able to circumnavigate the protections Dumbledore was certain were foolproof resulted in an excuse which few would have the nerve to dispute.

Deadpool gave a salute to the Department of the Head of Magical Law Enforcement before he proceeded indoors to get Harry's things. Harry just shrugged his shoulders. He got out of the Dursleys early, who was he to bitch and moan about being brought to the Ministry?

'One thing I say about that kid as he goes with the flow.'

"What about my husband?"

Deadpool stopped and kicked Vernon in the ribs which caused him to thrash on the porch.

"No worries, he's still alive."

To Be Continued.
Chapter 15

Meeting of the Minds:

Everyone's favorite mercenary janitor appeared on the grounds of Hogwarts school of Witchcraft and Wizardry as he whistled. Deadpool moved into Hogwarts after his little meeting and side trip with Harry Potter. Deadpool stepped into Hogwarts and came face to face with the one and only Argus Filch. Filch looked Deadpool in the face and saw the jaunty step in his body.

"I don't know what you're happy about!" Filch snapped. "Every day brings us one day closer to a new school year starting. These monsters are going to wreck this school. I've finally got the trophies clear and the floor clean enough where you can eat off of it."

A cackling figure zipped through the floor with a bag of Dragon dung dangling from his hand. Peeves ripped the bag open and splattered the contents of the manure bag on the floor in front of Filch.

"To the trophy room, a-hoy!" Peeves yelled.

"Hey, get back here you pest of a Poltergeist!"

The Hogwarts Caretaker rushed toward Filch. He scrambled over and slipped on the floor to land hard on the floor. Filch laid on the floor. Every time he tried to sit up, Peeves hurled a clump of dragon dung at him and laughed with madness dancing through his eyes. The mercenary kept blasting his adversary with the dragon dung before going up the steps.

Deadpool dumped a bucket of soap over Filch and took a mop before starting to clean Filch off. Filch gurgled and growled as he did not appreciate the unwanted shower. He thrashed back and forth on the floor with Deadpool pulling back from him.

"Well, that's a thing that happens."

The mercenary took a couple of steps forward and came face to face with Severus Snape. He looked towards Deadpool for a few seconds and looked back towards him as time passed.

"Where have you been?" Snape asked.

"Do you really want to know?" Deadpool asked.

"Not particularly," Snape admitted. "But, Dumbledore seems to be all in an uproar because you've caused a lot of chaos. That squib who lives on Harry Potter's block is causing havoc. I wondered if the boy would have done something, but I figured that you would make so much more sense."

A frown curled into Snape's lips with his arms folded over. Deadpool scooped up the bucket of soapy water before it swung back and forth in his hand.

"If you must know, I checked up on Harry Potter when he did not respond to his correspondence on behalf of Hagrid."

"Leave it to Potter to be poor at answering his mail," Snape said.

"Well, actually there was a perfectly logical reason," Deadpool responded. Snape raised his eyebrow
in response and just motioned for him to continue. "There was some kind of gremlin who was
blocking Harry Potter's letters. So, I drove all the way in there in a tank and wrecked his aunt's lawn.
She didn't seem too happy."

For one fleeting second, Snape found some amusement in his life at the thought of Petunia's face at
that senseless destruction. It was difficult for Snape to keep a straight face as he kept imagining
Petunia's horrified face and came inches away from laughing before he pulled back.

Snape tried not to show his outward amusement and his expression almost broke. Unfortunately,
Deadpool would not have the joy of having Snape perform an expression other than scowling or a
malicious grin. He always kept a stoic expression of two of the most powerful wizards in the world.
He could do it from some mentally deranged nutjob who thought he was a character in a fictional
story.

"Snape! Snape! Severus Snape! Snape! Snape! Severus Snape!"

Peeves bobbed up and down behind Snape and did bunny ears on the back of his head. The wizard
turned around just in time to get doused with a bucket of water. He blasted into the hallway as Snape
clutched his fist together and rocked his hand together.

"I swear, I'm surrounded by idiots," Snape said.

He might do something drastic to the next moron who stepped to the door. Snape was at his wits end
between Peeves, Wilson, and Dumbledore. The trio brought Snape's agitation to a brand new level
of frustration.

"Hey, don't look at him," Deadpool said.

"I try not to."

The doors opened up and a blonde haired man with blinding teeth came through the doorway. He
had his hair styled with the finest products and struck a very heroic pose. He dressed in a bright
violet set of robes.

Snape put his hand over the side of his face. The man in front of him was Gilderoy Lockhart and
Snape just detested this man by looking him. His books were ripe full of inconsistencies. Every time
Snape pointed them out, people claimed he was jealous because of Lockhart's good looks so Snape
did not bother.

"What are you doing here, Lockhart?"

Suddenly, fear struck Snape when he realized something about him.

'Ooh, no.'

"Severus Snape, have you lost weight?" Lockhart asked.

"No," Snape said. "What are you doing here? This isn't one of your book signings so why are you at
this school. Only teachers and staff are allowed on the school grounds before September First."

Lockhart put his hand around him. "Ah, Severus, my good man, we're co-workers now. Did you
ever look into that potion I told you about? I'd always help an aspiring potions master improve at his
craft."

Snape's stomach turned into an agonizing knot. There was only one position which was open.
Surely, Dumbledore could not have been stupid enough to….no, he could not have hired this charlatan to a position as the Defense Against the Dark Arts teacher. This was Dumbledore's worst staff appointment ever.

"It's going to be great. I'm going to be the Defense Against the Dark Arts teacher. I can't wait to give the students the benefit of my experience."

Snape turned to Deadpool who responded with a shrug. The newest teacher turned his attention to the mercenary and pushed the briefcase into Deadpool's stomach which doubled him over. Deadpool gasped when feeling the full force of the case going into his stomach.

Lockhart patted Deadpool on the back. "Take this up to my office, my good man. I've had a long trip. That's a good fellow."

Deadpool staggered underneath the heavy case which broke open. Several mirrors dropped out of the case and shattered on the ground. Several portraits of this Lockhart and several copies of his books dropped on Deadpool's foot. He dropped up and down.

"Oh, no, that's awful!"

Lockhart bent down and he looked at the portrait of himself. The duplicate of Lockhart in the portrait turned his nose into the air. Lockhart tried to wave his wand to get the mirrors together, but the mirror crumbled on three tries of Lockhart trying to repair it.

'It's a simple repairing charm,' Snape thought. 'And Dumbledore hired him as the Defense Against the Dark Arts teacher.'

"Good afternoon, gentlemen."

Dumbledore stepped into the room and saw a scowling Snape, a very annoyed Deadpool, and a very agitated Lockhart as he tried to put the mirror back together. Dumbledore took pity on the man and caused the mirror to stick back together. He packed up the case with another mild wave of his wand and smiled.

"Thanks, Professor," Lockhart said. "My trip must have been longer than I thought."

"You're Portkey lagged," Dumbledore said while shaking his head. "It happens to the best of us."

Deadpool shook his head behind Dumbledore's back and repeatedly mouthed the word "bullshit" behind his back. Snape caught Deadpool's eye and nodded in agreement. He realized he was agreeing with Deadpool and stopped cold.

"I do love those hair curlers though," Dumbledore commented very lightly. "They really do give you the right spring in your hair when you have to look your best."

"Of course, Professor," Lockhart said. "You don't want to go in there against the forces of darkness looking like an unmade bed. And you have to tell me where you got those robes. I like the color, it's a very nice shade of lilac. It really looks good on you."

"Thank you, you are too kind," Dumbledore said. "Why don't we head up to my office so we can have a discussion about high magical fashion. And we can have a house elf take care of this briefcase and make sure that it gets up there safely without any problems."

Dumbledore turned his attention to Snape who looked very flushed.
"Are you okay, Severus?"

"I'm ill," Snape replied. "I believe it would be prudent if I lied down."

Lockhart jumped into the picture. "Oh, my grandmother has this home remedy that will really perk it up. I can brew it for you."

Snape preferred not to. He remembered Lockhart being a few years above him at Hogwarts and he made Neville Longbottom look like…well, he made Longbottom look like Snape in the art of potions. He would not trust him with any healing spells or enchantments or potions or anything.

"Well, I'm going to rest my foot, which I dropped a bunch of heavy books on," Deadpool said.

Snape moved off, Lockhart and Dumbledore moved off, and Deadpool stood in the hallway all alone.

'So, they hired this guy to be the Defense Against the Dark Arts teacher. What does Dumbledore have in those lemon drops?'

Deadpool had a feeling this year would be intriguing and potentially for all of the wrong reasons. He got his hands on a copy of the Daily Prophet which had the headline of "Lucius Malfoy under fire for potential assassination plot on Harry Potter, House Elf Implicates Malfoy."

'Well, the plot thickens.'

To Be Continued.
The day before Hogwarts School of Witchcraft and Wizardry was to start the latest school year brought everyone's favorite mercenary janitor who was currently getting the Great Hall into shape. He moved back and forth while playing the theme from the 1966 Batman television show and humming a merry tune whilst dancing around. The mercenary gained some momentum when bobbing back and forth. He cracked his neck back, pumped the mop into the air, and swept it down across the ground. The mop splashed against the floor with Deadpool's actions continuing. He moved back with a wicked grin on his face.


Deadpool swung around and waffled Argus Filch in the face when he came around the corner. Filch staggered back a few inches to feel the cleaning products burn into his face. Filch gargled a few seconds later when staggering back.

"What in the devil are you doing?" Filch demanded.

The mercenary bobbed his head and swept across the ground. He rocked to the music which had now since long stopped.

"I'm cleaning the room, and paying tribute the recently departed Adam West. QUICK, TO THE BAT CAVE, OLD CHUM!"

Filch really had no idea what this man was talking about. Deadpool started to bop up and down.

"We must fight as deputized agents of the law against the forces of grime and corrosion," Deadpool said. "There's a particularly nasty spot on the wall."

The main Hogwarts caretaker just swallowed the lump in his throat. "I don't see what you're so happy about. These little tyrants are about on their way to the Hogwarts Express. They're going to track all sorts of rubbish into the castle. And bring their little prank items where they end up blowing up half of the school."

Deadpool climbed on top of a stool and started to dust the wall. A loud cloud of dust rose up the wall and resulted in Deadpool coughing.

"Don't see why you haven't retired yet. I mean, after all of these years, you must have a pension coming to you."

Filch let out a loud "ha" and continued to escalate his loud belly laughter to the point of genuine absurdity.

"Oh, where the hell else do I have to go, anyway?" Filch asked. "My old man, he was a mean bastard. He told me that Muggles were less than animals. The moment I didn't get my letter, boom, I went out the street on my ass. Tossed out like rubbish I was."

"Wow, that's oddly tragic," Deadpool said.
"Yeah, well, the old bastard drunk himself to death, so I guess we're even, we are," Filch said.
"Anyway, those two twin tyrants are returning this year. Guess their Mum doesn't want them underfoot. She's keeping the youngest Ginger male at home, and she's not letting the girl come either."

"Wait, the Weasley girl isn't coming?" Deadpool asked.

"Yeah, well if she's anything like her mother, she will be in a couple of years, if you know what I mean."

Deadpool did know what Filch meant and wondered if he had spent his time inhaling cleaning products. Still, the two youngest Weasleys would be attending Hogwarts and instead would be homeschooled. Deadpool could not put his finger on why this was going to be so interesting. Both Ginny Weasley not attending Hogwarts during this year in particular and Lucius Malfoy being in trouble, both felt like they caused shifts in the matrix.

"BOO!"

Peeves caused Deadpool to topple over from the stool he stood on. He landed into a pan of soap and cleaning products. Deadpool pulled himself up and started to slip and slide.

"Damn it, Peeves!" Deadpool snapped.

One of these days, one of these days, he was going to punch that Poltergeist all the way to the mood. Sure, Peeves saved him from the spirit of Voldemort. It didn't give him a right to abuse or to pelt balloons full of a substance of what Deadpool hoped was mayonnaise.

The newest batch of students had been sorted.

'You know something, I'm disappointed the Hogwarts school hat didn't rap like we suggested.'

'Yeah, maybe, but if the hat would have rapped, the author would have had to write the rap. And he's the whitest man who ever lived and he should not be writing a rap. How white is he? He's so white, he makes Casper look street.'

The Mercenary noticed something moving around the corner. He saw an eleven-year-old girl standing in the hallway. She dressed in the Hogwarts robes which was the most normal part of her. She had her hair clipped back with what appeared to be bread ties, and had a pair of goggles on her head. The girl stared across the hallway at Deadpool for a few seconds.

"You've been sent here to fix things," she commented calmly.

"What?" Deadpool asked.

"You've been sent here by a higher power to fix things," she repeated calmly.

"Who, Stan Lee?" Deadpool asked.

"No," she answered. "We are merely just players in a wider game. And someone has seen the past. Already, I see something has changed. Harry Potter is friends with several more people than he might have been had it not been for your intervention. There's a calm and a peace in Hogwarts which should not have been here. You are…they are here, in the air, aren't they?"

Deadpool found himself flummoxed by this peculiar blonde first-year student.
"Well, yeah, they're here, always here," Deadpool said. "I mean, look over there…well you can't really see them unless you really are able to open your mind."

"Oh, I believe I can open my mind a little bit," the blonde said.

The blonde stared at the fourth wall which Deadpool pointed at.

"But, perhaps they are shy," she said. "You say there are people there. There are people there, and people who are from the beyond. Or maybe they are in the beyond?"

Deadpool bobbed his head up and down. He did not know what to make of her still. She was one of the students sorted into Ravenclaw. Lady Rowena may have had her eccentrics in life, but this girl really embodied the more creative spirit of Rowena's legacy.

"They're always there. Some of them are watching. Some of them might be watching us without any pants. They are beyond the fourth wall. They are observers and to us, our life is fiction."

"I figured as much," the girl said with a smile. "Mother always said there were beings of a different plane watching us from beyond. They can watch our every move. They see us when we are terrified. They watch us when we are scared. They just watch us period."

"Right," Deadpool said.

"But, now that they know the game is afoot, they may try and silence you," she said. "Oh, and my name is Luna Lovegood. I'll be seeing you around, Mr. Wilson."

Luna turned her heel and walked into the shadows. Deadpool turned around from the corner and noticed a knife flying out of the corner. The knife rammed into the wall from behind him. The mercenary rushed as fast as his legs could carry him to the other side of the wall. He checked out the hallway. He moved to the left, and to the right. He opened the door to the broom closet, saw two teenagers do what teenagers normally do in a broom closet.

Luna turned her head. Deadpool turned around from the corner and noticed a knife flying out of the corner. The knife rammed into the wall from behind him. The mercenary rushed as fast as his legs could carry him to the other side of the wall. He checked out the hallway. He moved to the left, and to the right. He opened the door to the broom closet, saw two teenagers do what teenagers normally do in a broom closet.

The mysterious person who tossed the knife did not show his face. Or her face. Or it's face.

"Today is going to be big! I can feel it. They're all going to see how brilliant I am!"

Gilderoy Lockhart took a couple of steps forward and walked side by side with Deadpool. The celebrity smiled at the mercenary. Deadpool averted his eyes not to be blinded by the glare of Lockhart's teeth.

"So, wish me luck?" Lockhart asked.

"Go, break a leg," Deadpool said.

"Here, have a copy of my autobiography," Lockhart said. "It's ranked number one on the Witch Weekly's Best Selling List Books list over the past twenty-three weeks."

Lockhart autographed the book for Deadpool and put it in his hands. Deadpool took the book in his hand and flipped through the first few pages.

'Wow, this book would be more compelling if someone just masturbated all over the pages. Hell, I'm not sure if this book isn't Lockhart doing that. If this was number one, I'd really hate to see what number to was. Or there are a lot more bored housewives with disposable income.'
Deadpool walked over to a rubbish bin. He lifted the book and put it in the bin.

The bin spat up the copy of Lockhart's book and slammed it into the back of Deadpool's head. Deadpool staggered a couple of feet.

"Oh, a wise guy hey."

Deadpool tried to bin the book a second time. The bin coughed up the book and smacked him in the face. Deadpool staggered back and landed on the ground.

"And what are you up to now?"

Snape appeared at Deadpool's shoulder. Deadpool smiled and handed him a book.

"Happy Birthday, Severus! Sorry, I forgot to wrap it."

"First, it's not my birthday," Snape said. "And I already have a copy of Lockhart's bile, thank you very much. He insisted on giving the book to all of the staff members. I would hate to deprive you of the honor of having a couple of the book yourself."

Deadpool wondered how he could get rid of a copy of Lockhart's autobiography. It might damage his reputation.

The Mercenary decided drastic time came for drastic measures. He moved to the school bathroom. Deadpool stepped over the bathroom and opened up the stall. He threw the book into the toilet.

A loud scream echoed from the toilet and the book shot out of the toilet. A squat girl with glasses and an angry glare in her eyes burst out of the toilet. She burst into tears.

"I'm so sick and tired of everyone trying to flush Lockhart books down my toilet!" Moaning Myrtle howled at the top of his lungs.

Deadpool blasted through the door of the bathroom through the sheer voice of Myrtle's tears. The Mercenary tried to swim out of the loud puddle of tears. He could almost hear Filch screaming from several floors above as Deadpool tried to pull himself up out of the toilet water.

"Anyone want a slightly wet copy of Lockhart's autobiography!" Deadpool yelled.

All of the students who passed by ran in terror as Deadpool waved the copy of Gilderoy Lockhart's best-selling autobiography back and forth in the air. They wanted to get as far away from the book.

"Come on!" Deadpool yelled. "You want a free copy of one of the best-selling books in the entire history of magic! You have to pay five galleons for this book in the stories. I'm giving it away for free here?"

The students grumbled. They all had to read Lockhart's books for his class. They did not want to get saddled with reading his autobiography.

"Anyone want to have this book?" Deadpool asked. "Anyone! Anyone at all! I'll give you Ten Galleons! Twenty galleons! Thirty galleons!"

"We'll take it off your hands if you give us a hundred galleons."

Fred and George Weasley popped up with a pair of grins. The two twin terrors looked at Deadpool with wide smiles on their faces.
"What do you need with a hundred galleons?" Deadpool asked. He could not help, but be a bit suspicious in spite his eagerness to get this blasted book off of his hands.

"Well, we need it for product research," either Fred or George said. Deadpool didn't know, and he doubted the twins knew either.

"So, give us a hundred galleons and the password for the Slytherin common room and we'll take Lockhart's book off of your hands," the other twin said. "It would take care of Mum's Christmas present as well to get her a signed copy."

"Plus, it might buy us some credit when we don't become Prefects next year," the other twin said.

"Oh, you never know, I could put in the good word for you, and you might be surprised," Deadpool said.

The twins looked at Deadpool with mock sorrow at his threat. "Why do you hate us so much to get us the prefect position?"

"So, how about it mate?" a twin asked. "Give us a hundred galleons and the password for the Slytherin common room, and we'll take that book off your hands?"

Deadpool held the book in his hand and pondered.

"Give me a moment."

Deadpool stepped into the crowd and came face to face with Draco Malfoy. Crabbe and Goyle stood in front of Malfoy, their arms folded.

"Hey, Draco, remember those incriminating photos I took of you last year, that I said I was hanging on to for leverage."

"You better not have shown those to anyone!" The Malfoy heir snapped.

Given Deadpool tattooed the words "I Heart Muggles" on Malfoy's head when he was unconscious when snapping the picture, Malfoy remembered. He remembered the horrific time it spent and the nasty potion Snape had to use to remove the taboo tattoo.

Deadpool held out the envelope in front of Malfoy's face and beckoned him over. "Hey, relax….I'm willing to sell you those photos for a hundred and fifty galleons and the password of the Slytherin?"

Malfoy snapped his fingers and another one of the Malfoy family house elves appeared. Because why would they only have just Dobby? He held out a satchel and Malfoy rifled through it, putting some gold in Deadpool's hand. He jotted down the password to the Slytherin common rude.

"Pureblood?" Deadpool asked. "Why don't you change the house symbol from a snake to a swastika while you're at it?"

"Give me the pictures, Wilson," Malfoy said.

Deadpool put the envelope into Malfoy's hand. "I'm a man of my word, Malfoy."

That pompous prince bought the pictures back, but he did not bother to ask for the negatives, which Deadpool kept in his back pocket. Deadpool moved across the hallway to Fred and George and presented them with the money involved.

"It's been a pleasure doing business with you, sir."
They took the book, the Slytherin password, and the money off of his hands which lead Deadpool with a cool fifty galleons.

'Well, you're never a success in life if you don't make a profit.'

He stepped back and heard a loud scream. Hermione Granger rushed down the hallway and almost smacked headlong into Deadpool.

"Please, you need to help us! Professor Lockhart's class has gotten out of control!"

"He's forced you read his books?" Deadpool asked.

"Oh, his books are quite brilliant," Hermione gushed.

Deadpool did a double take at the supposed smart girl gushing over a complete charlatan.

'Girl, you supposed to be smart,' Deadpool though with a tragic shake of his head.

"There are freshly caught Cornish pixies in the school! And they are trashing the classroom and some of them might have escaped. We could really use a hand....and I figured going for a responsible adult is the best thing."

Deadpool cottoned on to her quickly. "And since you couldn't find one, you went for me."

Hermione nodded and Deadpool just allowed her to lead the way. He stepped back and pulled back a section of the wall to grab the package he smuggled into Hogwarts. A very high tech laser cannon came into picture with Hermione's eyes widening.

"Isn't that a bit dangerous?"

The Mercenary Janitor with a laser cannon just smiled. "Well, in the words of a certain cartoon duck, Let's Get Dangerous!"

He had pixies to stomp, and by no means did he mean the mutant either.

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To Be Continued.
Operation Pixie Hunt

Operation: Pixie Hunt.

Deadpool stepped down the very silent corridors of the school he had vowed to protect. He stopped and took a full view of his surroundings. Someone slammed the door of the Defense Against the Arts Classroom shut. Deadpool instantly saw something was up. He just had to figure out what was up and put a stop to it.

He double checked everything. Weapon completely on his shoulder, eyes completely opened, and he also had a full and clear head. Deadpool had everything he needed to stomp some pixies. The only thing he required to complete the endeavor was some pixies to stomp on his own. Everything locked and loaded and it was time for Deadpool to get physical with some pixies.

'Not in that way,' Deadpool reprimanded.

A very nervous Hermione Granger stood back behind him with shaking hands. Deadpool wondered what the hell about these pixies was different than the normal average garden variety pixie. He decided to take some adult responsibility.

"You better stick back here," Deadpool said. "If I have trouble, then you might want to tell Professor Dumbledore things got a bit hairy out there. The password you need to get in his office is Sherbet Lemon if British and Lemon Drop if you're not British. Trust me, the difference is very specific with that magical gargoyle."

Hermione nodded in understanding. Now that bit of business was out of the way, Deadpool resolved to deal with the next bit of business. He pulled the door open and saw one of the pixies fly headfirst into a closet after he smacked headlong into the wall.

Harry Potter and several other classmates backed against the wall. One of the pixies cackled madly when swinging a fire axe at the captive students.

'Okay, just two questions? Who give a pixie a fire axe. And how does a fire axe get into a magical school?'

"Alright, you little blighter. Come at me, bro!"

The pixie turned around and widened its bug eyes at Deadpool. It allowed Harry to open up the door and to get the remaining students out of there. The pixie waved his fire axe repeatedly at Deadpool. Deadpool waved his mega-blaster, all rights reserved, at the pixies. The pixies hovered in the air.

Two of them shot from underneath the desk and hoisted Deadpool up into the air. A third pixie hovered in the air and stuck its tongue out at Deadpool. Deadpool pulled out his lucky toilet brush and waffled one of the pixies in the face. The creature dropped down to the ground and dropped Deadpool along with him. Deadpool down to the ground and reclaimed the mega-blaster, all rights reserved.

"SMILE, YOU GRUESOME SONS OF BITCHES!"

One great big ball of fire shot through the mega-blaster and caused one of Lockhart's portraits to cause it to set on fire. Deadpool just shrugged his shoulders and fired directly at all of the other portraits. An anguished scream came from underneath the desk.
"Okay, now that's settled!" Deadpool yelled. "Onto you."

One of the pixies stuck its tiny fingers into its tiny ears and blew a raspberry at Deadpool. Deadpool blasted him in response to this declaration of war. The pixie backed off from what happened.

Three pixies snapped together in a cage. Harry walked into the classroom after having herded them out.

"Oh, is this our yearly team up?" Deadpool asked. "Fighting pixies."

"Cornish pixies," Harry corrected him.

Deadpool took out a bottle of cleaning solution and Harry tapped his wand to it. The cleaning solution bubbled and hissed before exploding into a makeshift bomb. The pixies screamed in horror.

"Yeah!" Deadpool yelled. "Who wants some?"

One of the pixies pulled Deadpool up by his underwear and gave him a wedgie in mid-air. Harry reached into Deadpool's bag of fun and banished a urinal cake at the pixie. The pixie scattered back into the cage which he had come into.

Deadpool reclaimed the mega-blaster, all rights reserved. He fired at the horde of pixies who scattered. They ended up in giant floating magical set of bubbles thanks to Harry before he sucked them into the cage. They all screamed and cursed in their own little pixie language at Harry.

"Sorry, but I can't let you out of Hogwarts."

The fire axe wielding pixie returned to the battle and caught Deadpool between the legs. Deadpool doubled over as every male, including Harry and the quivering man underneath the desk, winced in sympathy at what happened to Deadpool.

Harry deflected the axe away from him and dropped the pixie all the way down to the ground. The pixie returned to the cage.

"Are you okay?" Harry asked. "No offense, but you...."

"Got hit in the nuts with a fire axe, yeah, I'm aware," Deadpool groaned.

Pain racked every inch of Deadpool's mangled scrotum. A healing factor was very nice and would be even nicer if it canceled out the rest of the pain. Deadpool turned his attention towards the area of the classroom. He turned to the really fancy bust of Lockhart who looked over the classroom. Deadpool pointed the Mega-Blaster, all rights reserved, before blasting the bust into thousands of tiny little pieces.

"You knew the pixies were dead, right?" Harry asked.

"Yeah, I'm aware," Deadpool said. "You...you should go."

Deadpool waited for Harry to leave before tapping on the desk. The figure underneath the desk started to quiver.

"You can come out now!"

The head of Gilderoy Lockhart pushed out from underneath his desk. His nervous hand twitched and looked up towards him.
"I was….well that was a teamwork exercise that got out of control," Lockhart said. "I….I didn't really expect for the pixies to….naturally I was luring them into a false sense of security. I thought they would target me and not the children. Please tell me no one got hurt, because that would…well that wouldn't really sell well."

Lockhart would have to track any child who got hurt down at the hospital wing so he could work his magic and make everyone who was present forgive and forget. It was how things worked.

"Other than my severely mangled scrotum there was no casualties," Deadpool said.

The Defense Against the Dark Arts teacher looked up. The debris in his classroom did not hit him completely off. He noticed several of his portraits lying on the floor and a large piece of the very fancy bust he put on the desk. Lockhart clutched his hands to his head and dropped down hard to the ground.

"NO!" Lockhart yelled. "My bust…my beautiful bust!"

Deadpool watched as Lockhart had a breakdown. Lockhart held the representation of his crumbling face in his hands. The Best Selling Author freaked completely out. Lockhart crossed his arms together and dragged himself across the floor. He started to whimper and scream and brush across the floor. He started to scream out loud and whimper.

"No, No, No, No, No, No, No, No, No, No, No, No, No, No! No, No, No, No, No, No, No, No, No, No, No, No, No, No, No, No, No, No, No, No, No, No, No, No, No, No, No, No, No, No!"

Lockhart kept screaming his head off at the horror of the busted bust. He rocked back and forth and screamed out loud. The Defense Against the Dark Against Teacher shifted his head back and whimpered.


Draco Malfoy walked past the Defense Against the Dark Arts Classroom and looked in at a blubbering and blustering Lockhart. The Malfoy heir just sneered at the whimpering excuse of a human being and teenager."

"What a drama queen," Draco drawled.

"Oh, no, no, no!" Lockhart blubbered. "Oh, no, no, no! Oh, no, no, no. WHY? OH, WHY? WHY…..WHY DID YOU DO THIS TO ME!"

Deadpool picked up a large antique vase and smashed it over Lockhart's head and knocked him completely unconscious.

"What the hell are you doing, you motherfuckers!"

Peeves, dressed as Dumbledore, appeared in the doorway to say this iconic line. He looked at Deadpool and through a large bin of chalk erasers before zipping off and cackling like a madman. Chalk dust filled the classroom trying to get some kind of visibility.

The dust cleared and Lockhart's classroom had been covered in dust, broken portraits, a broken bust, and carnage as well. The pixies remained in the cage.

"Yeah, I don't really know what happened there either," Deadpool said. "Hey, at least Peeves didn't end up releasing all of the pixies."
"Thanks, pal!"

Peeves zipped into the classroom and released all of the pixies from the cages. They swarmed Lockhart's unconscious body and then lifted him up. The pixies took the unconscious Lockhart out of the school and zipped straight into the night with him.

Deadpool just shrugged and prepared to clean up his classroom. He whistled a merry tune while sweeping up the chaos of the classroom.

Dumbledore appeared in the doorway and stared at Deadpool for a second. Deadpool turned around to face the Hogwarts Headmaster.

"Where's Professor Lockhart?" Dumbledore asked.

"Somewhere to the East," Deadpool said. "He was kidnapped by the pixies he brought to school."

Dumbledore was afraid of that. He stepped back and moved across the hallway.

"Severus, I'm going to need that emergency bottle you keep under your desk!"

It was time for Deadpool to mop the floor and clean up Lockhart's classroom. If Lockhart was coming back, well he didn't know?

"So, everything okay?" Harry asked.

"Yeah," Deadpool said. "So, what happened to you after you were taken from the Dursleys?"

"Well, that's a long story," Harry said.

"Well, I'll be here until at least the next chapter is ready to post," Deadpool said. "Wouldn't be a bad time to tell me honestly."

So, Harry did.

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To Be Continued.
Chapter 18

The Strange Disappearance of Gilderoy Lockhart.

Previously, Gilderoy Lockhart had been hauled off by his own Cornish Pixies in some sick and twisted bit of irony. Very few people knew where he went and very few people even cared. Yet, Albus Dumbledore moved down the hallway and looked very tense. He prepared himself for the barrage of howlers coming his way by angry House witches who were pissed at the fact their hero and savior had been hauled off to meet his fate by Freshly Caught Cornish Pixies.

He came face to face with Peeves the Poltergeist. Peeves bounced up and down like a kid in a candy store. Dumbledore's eyes fell on Peeves and his expression fell a moment or so later at Dumbledore's disappointment.

"Do you have any idea where the Pixies might have taken, Professor Lockhart?" Dumbledore asked.

"Professor Blockhead…how did I know where the pixies took him?" Peeves asked. "Peeves just let them out of the cage. What they do there is completely up to them. But, I'm sure such a brilliant man like Lockhart would have eventually fought them off. After all, didn't he Wander With Werewolves?"

Peeves cackled. The Poltergeist thought Lockhart was full of a whole lot of bullshit. He was a clumsy boy at Hogwarts, oh Peeves remembered him. Lockhart was one of his favorite targets until it ceased being fun.

"This is serious, Peeves," Dumbledore said.

"No, Black's still in Azkaban," Peeves said.

Peeves zipped off and Dumbledore could only roll his eyes at the very clichéd and overused joke being done.

'I'm getting too old for this,' Dumbledore said.

He thought about wanting to get a bottle of Firewhiskey or something to ease his news. The Hogwarts Potion Professor stepped around the corner. Snape shook his head.

"You didn't find him?" Dumbledore asked.

Snape would be lying if he only just made the most barest token effort to hunt down Lockhart and said he did. "I'm sure he'll be fine. After all, his books depict a great hero."

"All great heroes have their bad days," Dumbledore said.

Nothing could be said so Snape just nodded. Snape did wonder if Dumbledore had been so desperate he hired the first person on the street.

"So, until Lockhart makes his heroic return, you're going to need someone to take over his classes, aren't you?" Snape asked.

"I believe that if he doesn't return in the next week, it would be prudent to find a replacement," Dumbledore said. The Headmaster stroked his beard deep in thought. "I wonder if I send Remus a
call would he be interested in taking the position until Gilderoy finds his way home."

"Remus?" Snape asked. "As in Remus Lupin?"

The very suggestion Lupin would receive that job made Snape feel like he just been punched in the gut.

"Yes, Remus Lupin, do you know any other gentlemen by that name?" Dumbledore asked. "He was one of the top students in Defense Against the Dark Arts of his year, I believe he beat you in his OWL and NEWT Examinations."

"Yes, by one point," Snape said. "Utterly abysmal at Potions though from what I've heard."

"Well, that's your expertise, isn't it?" Dumbledore asked. "Anyone, Remus is game for becoming a teacher, and given the new advancements with the Wolfsbane, he should be mostly safe. And I'm certain you can brew it."

Snape's nose crinkled up at the thought. "Of course, I can brew it."

"Very well, then," Dumbledore said, patting him firmly on the shoulder. "I have full confidence in your Potion brewing abilities, as I always would. And if I can convince Remus to come here…..perhaps he can fill the gap for Lockhart."

"Are you sure his furry little problem won't be an impediment?" Snape asked. "And it might not be easy to get him here now as the full moon is in a few days."

"Yes, yes, there is a problem," Dumbledore said. "And Mr. Snugglebuns aside, there are some complications for bringing Remus here. Who should I choose to fill in as the Defense Against the Dart Arts teacher?"

Deadpool stepped out from the Defense Against the Art Classroom.

"Forces of evil, beware!" Deadpool cheered. "There's no one on Earth who could withstand the mighty attack of Deadpool. The Darkest forces in the world cannot withstand the might of everyone's favorite Mercenary with the mouth."

The protracted groan coming from Snape echoed long and far as Dumbledore turned to Deadpool. He had that look on his face which indicated he had some kind of idea.

"Am I to realize that you have some experience with the Dark Arts?" Dumbledore asked.

"Dark Arts?" Deadpool asked. "Oh, yeah, I know all about the Dark Arts and am against the Dark Arts, and all they stand before. I mean, if you aren't against the Dark Arts, you're a Nazi or something?"

"Professor Wilson, you're the new Defense Against the Dark Arts Teacher until Professor Lockhart returns," Dumbledore said. "Congratulations."

Snape yelled "what, him?" at the same moment Deadpool stated "who, me? Dumbledore just smiled and patted his new staff member on the shoulder.

"Does it mean I get two paychecks?" Dumbledore asked.

"I'm sorry, Professor Wilson, but I've gone selectively deaf and don't have any idea what you're talking about. Your first class is with the Slytherin second year students in the morning."
'Whoa, what a twist, I get to deal with Malfoy and the gang,' Deadpool thought.

He watched Dumbledore walk off while cursing old wizards and their very selective hearing.

The look of abject disgust on the face of Draco Malfoy hit a brand new level the second he observed the Deputy Caretaker make his way dressed in wizards robes and a pair of eyeglasses. Snape apologized this morning to the Slytherins for Lockhart's replacement and Malfoy had no idea what he meant.

"This has to be some kind of practical joke," Malfoy said. "It's not April the First, is it?"

"Good afternoon, boys and girls," Deadpool said. "Welcome to the School of Hard Knocks, not be confused with the school of Hard Knockers, and today's lesson is against the Dark Arts and how to defend against them."

The Slytherin students watched the Hogwarts Deputy Caretaker of Magical sanitation and some of them wondered if Dumbledore had lost what passed off as his mind. Deadpool stepped back in the classroom and put his hands on the tarp.

"I'm going to show you what the dark arts look like," Deadpool said. "And how to recognize it and most certainly how to deal with it."

Deadpool pulled a tarp off of a painting. The painting depicted a terrified gentleman who had been hooked to a table with several knives hovering over the top of him. One could hear the obvious scoff coming from Malfoy in the back of the room. The background of the painting had several dark colors and one could see splotches of red very visible on the bottom of the painting.

"Ladies and gentlemen, here are the dark arts!" Deadpool yelled. "Can anyone tell me the symbolism of this painting?"

Goyle raised his hand in the back of the classroom. Deadpool took his long pointer and pointed it at the second year Slytherin. Goyle opened his mouth and began to speak in a cultured voice.

"The painting symbolizes a tortured and troubled soul who obviously had a reason to be very angry with the world. They conveyed their deep-rooted subliminal desires to maim their enemies through their art and channeled their aggression through the violent and broad brush strokes you've seen before you. It is simply their way to channel and summon their aggression to the surface of their canvas. It is quite elementary really."

The Slytherin students all looked at Goyle like he grew a second head.

"Dude?" Millicent Bulstrode asked. "Are you okay, bro?"

"I mean the guy was mad and stuff," Goyle said. "So, he was angry and he hated Mudbloods!"

The Slytherins all sighed in relief at the natural order of the universe being restored. Deadpool took a second to smile.

"A correct interpretation, Mr. Goyle," Deadpool said. "Ten points to Hufflepuff!"

"But, we're Slytherin," Crabbe asked. "Aren't we?"

"Yeah, we are," Pansy said.

"Of course, you are and it's nice you have the ability to retain simple information," Deadpool said.
"Take ten points for Gryffindor for your strong recollection skills and your ability to remember what house you belong to."

"You idiot, you can't just give points to a different house!" Malfoy yelled. "Honestly, wait until my father hears about this….."

"Twenty points from Slytherin, Mr. Malfoy," Deadpool said. "And another ten points for tattling. No one likes a tattletale. So why don't you go and sit over in the corner?"

"You can't make me sit in the corner!" Malfoy yelled.

"If you're going to act like a five-year-old, then you're going to be treated like a five-year-old," Deadpool said. "Go sit in the corner right now, and don't make me tell you again. You wouldn't write me to write to your mother, would you?"

"I DON'T WANT TO SIT IN THE CORNER!"

Malfoy stamped his feet on the ground like a three-year-old throwing a temper tantrum. Deadpool pointed to a stool sitting over in the corner and Malfoy wanted over in a sullen way. His arms swung side by side. All of the other Slytherins tried to hold back their laughter.

"What a bitch," Millicent murmured underneath her breath.

This caused Daphne and Tracey to break out into laughter, and Pansy even laughed, along with Crabbe and Goyle, followed by Nott and Zabini, and all of them laughed at Draco's misfortune. Draco turned around, his face red and blotchy.

"Okay, that's enough," Deadpool said. "Mr. Malfoy, I'm afraid you need to learn a lesson. Now sit in the corner for the remainder of a class like a good little boy."

"Yeah, Draco, you've been a bad widdle boy," Crabbe taunted before laughing.

"Hey, I won't have one of my minions speak out like that!" Malfoy snapped.

"Hey, I thought we were your friends," Goyle said. "Is that what you think of us?"

"I'm beginning to think he's just a big, meanie, Goyle," Crabbe said as he made his best boo-boo face.

Malfoy just scowled and turned around to face the corner. Deadpool put a paper hat on his head which had the word "dunce" on it which added to Malfoy's humiliation.

The rest of the lesson went on without innocent with Deadpool teaching them how depraved and disturbed the dark arts could be, by showing them several portraits made from disturbed individuals.

"And now you know," Deadpool said. "And knowing is half of the battle. For homework, I want you to research famous dark artists and their paintings. And how these paintings can interpret and predict a would-be Dark Lord before they happen. You're dismissed."

The Slytherins left and Deadpool cleared his throat.

"That means you too, Draco," Deadpool said.

Malfoy rose up and walked across the classroom. He cleared his throat.

"Crabbe, Goyle, let's go!" Malfoy demanded.
Crabbe and Goyle kept walking and did not turn around to engage Malfoy. The Pureblood heir watched Crabbe and Goyle leave.

"Goyle, Crabbe, did you hear me?" Malfoy asked. "Damn you, you're not supposed to leave without me."

Malfoy tripped and fell causing his bag to fall out of his hands.

"Crabbe! Goyle! CRABBE! GOYLE! CRABBE! GOYLE!"

"Did you hear something, Vinnie?" Goyle asked.

"Nah, must have been the wind, Greg," Crabbe said.

A trampling of first year Hufflepuffs stomped over Draco Malfoy's body as they can in for their lesson during the next period.

"Mr. Malfoy, I'm afraid loitering is against Hogwarts rules," Professor Deadpool said. "Report to detention, seven o'clock, in Moaning Myrtle's bathroom."

"You just wait!" Malfoy yelled. "You just wait!"

"Yeah, you'll write to my father, heard it before," Deadpool said. "Now, off to History Magic you go. You wouldn't want to be late you're your nap. I heard that you get cranky when you don't get your nap."

The first year Hufflepuffs laughed at Draco's discomfort and misfortune. Given how much of a bad impression he made on them even after a few days of knowing him, they could not say it could not happen to a nicer person.

To Be Continued.
Just Hanging In There:

Deadpool's Defense Against the Dark Arts classes for the first two days received rave reviews. Wade had been shocked that Dumbledore had not come to his senses. His running theory was that whatever was in those lemon drops still put Dumbledore loopy. Still, Deadpool decided to give the benefit of his wisdom of the dark arts and how disturbed the individuals. Perhaps if they were lucky, he would tell them the best way to kill a giant was with a giant bazooka. Of course, Deadpool tried to stop a rampaging Hulk with one and got trampled. It was the most painful death he received that week.

A loud "tut" brought Deadpool out of his mental recap. The solemn and morose face of Nearly Headless Nick clutched a letter in his hand.

"Again!" Nick yelled. "They...they can't have...they should just let me in. This is discrimination!"

'Someone get this ghost a Tumblr,' Deadpool thought.

"Hey, Nick, you hanging in there just fine?" Deadpool asked.

Nick's attention focused on Deadpool. His head cracked and hung by one inch of flesh. Nick put his hands on the side of his neck and slid his head back on his shoulders. "Yes, and that's a problem. My head is hanging in there despite constant efforts to try and find a way to remove it. And then, I've received a letter saying that once again my membership to the Headless Hunt has been denied."

It was hard not to feel bad for Sir Nicholas and his very unfortunate flight. Deadpool placed a hand through Nick's shoulder and felt like a bucket of cold water came on him.

"Yeah, man, that sucks," Deadpool said. "There's a very obvious and disgusting case of discrimination here. If you ask me, they should check their headless privilege."

Nick took a few seconds to ponder his flight. He would have loved nothing better to get into the Headless Hunt to just say he had. The lack of inclusion made Nick's afterlife become quite hollow.

"My five hundredth deathday approaches," Nick said.

"Congratulations, I think," Deadpool said in a very uncertain tone of voice.

Nick nodded so fast that his head almost slipped off his shoulders. If it slipped completely off, Nick would have been so happy. Instead, it just hung there very awkward.

"Exactly how did you come to be almost headless anyway?" Deadpool asked. "I know about the entire failed decapitation, but how...."

"Tax evasion," Nick said. "I thought I could cheat the King on paying my fair share of taxes. He disagreed."

"Well that makes sense," Deadpool said. "That's how they got Al Capone...well before the syphilis did."

Nick shrugged his shoulders. He spent the last one of every one of his last four hundred and ninety-
nine years, ten months, and one week thinking about what might have happened if he had not had been given the misfortune of such an incompetent executor.

"No ghost guillotine exists, no ghost knives….."

"Hey, Nick!" Peeves yelled. "Heads up and off!"

Something glowed when wrapped between the fingers of Peeves and hope entered Nick's eyes. A knife flew out of the corner and flew through Nick's small sliver of skin and almost hit Deadpool. Peeves blew a raspberry at the end of the hallway.

"You'd think that would get annoying after a while," Nick said in a morose voice. "Because he does that to mock me every time he does. One time I think…he might have found ghost blade and this is the time that Poltergeist actually does some good and lops off my head properly. But, no, he just lives to annoy me."

"He can be a bit of a troll," Deadpool admitted.

"I wouldn't say that Peeves in any way looks like a troll," Nick said. "They have much better hygiene for instance."

Deadpool opened his mouth and was about to explain that wasn't anywhere what he meant. Nick peered at the letter.

"How do ghosts send mail anyway?" Deadpool asked. "Actually, how are you even holding that letter? Doesn't everything just go through you?"

The universe righted itself with the letter falling through Nick's fingers. He sighed and moved over. He hovered in a cross-legged position.

"There are times where I wish I could end it all," Nick said. "Then, I realize it's already over and there's nothing end. I'd be doomed to eternity as nothing but a ghost with an improperly decapitated head because they couldn't even bother to sharpen a blade."

"Wow, this Headless Hunt is a big deal," Deadpool said.

"Yes, hundreds of ghosts who have been decapitated have been invited to join because they lost their heads clearly before passing on," Nick said.

"So, is there something about losing your head that makes you come back as a ghost?" Deadpool asked.

Nick only responded with a remorseful sigh. He kept throwing his head back as if thinking that it would remove the strand of flesh. Every time Nick failed to do it, he sighed. Filch walked out of the side corridor with Mrs. Norris following at his heels.

"He didn't get in, did he?" Filch asked.

"No," Deadpool said.

"Have some dignity, mate!" Filch yelled at Nick. "Things could be worse. You could be forced to clean up after a bunch of magical brats for the rest of your life because that's the only job you're qualified for."

Filch stopped and realized how depressing this was. He held up the bleach and considered his
options before deciding it was not worth it. Knowing his karma, he would be forced to work here for all eternity even as a ghost.

"You two…I'm going to go hang out with Myrtle," Deadpool said. "She's just a bit more cheerful than the two of you."

Deadpool departed the scene and only walked about thirteen and three-quarters steps before a large regal owl with a pompous demeanor appeared in front of Deadpool. It held a large brown package in his hand. The package dropped on his head before the owl disappeared.

The mysterious package put in front of Deadpool's hands made him very curious. And when something made him very curious, it was only natural for Deadpool to want to delve deeper into the package. He opened up the package and a very old diary fell out.

"Mysterious diary is mysterious," Deadpool said. "It says it belongs to good old TM Riddle… whoever that is?"

Deadpool would have liked to see that name rang a bell. He just could not really put who this mysterious gentleman was. The copyright date of this diary looked to be about fifty years ago. Deadpool flipped through the diary.

"Why would someone send me a diary which was written in fifty years ago?" Deadpool asked. "Could they be a time traveler? Could they be someone pulling my leg?"

It was very odd that the book enticed Deadpool so much. He thought about turning it into Professor Dumbledore.

"On the second thought, I want to keep this book around," Deadpool said. "Maybe, the person who sent it to me will reveal himself. Given how Dumbledore seems to be huffing gasoline these days, I wouldn't want to burden him."

"THINK FAST!"

Three bottles of ink flew through the air and smashed over Deadpool. The book knocked open and Peeves chunked a fourth bottle of ink at him. The ink smashed onto the floor and splattered all over the open pages of the book.

The Poltergeist adopted the classic hands on hip pose when looking towards Deadpool. Deadpool shook his fist at him.

"You were supposed to think fast, Willy!" Peeves cackled.

Deadpool watched as Peeves zoomed off into the distance. He turned his attention to a whistling girl off to the side. Luna Lovegood stepped around the corner wearing nothing other than a potato sack and a pair of slippers. Deadpool stared at the girl for a minute.

"Luna, where are your robes?" Deadpool asked.

"I think I must have misplaced them," Luna said. "Or, Malgoth took them, mistaking them for socks."

"Malgoth?" Deadpool asked.

"Yes, Malgoth," Luna repeated. "You know, those socks which end up missing and don't have mates? Well, it turns out they don't end up missing. They are stealing by an interdimensional entity
who feasts off of socks. He never can take both socks, just one sock. He socks them into a hole where they disappear."

"Well, they have to be some place," Deadpool said.

"Yes, someplace," Luna said. "But they are in a place where no man dares to trend."

Luna's eyes shifted to the book in Deadpool's ink.

"How very peculiar," Luna said. "It appears this book has been created from the egg sacs of Wrackspurts. That's the only reason why it's making your mind all fuzzy. And make you want to read a book where there's nothing here. Poachers...they can be quite nasty, especially against rare creatures."

The quirky Ravenclaw answered with a sigh.

"No wondered Crumple-Horned Snorkack is so shy," Luna said. "She fears those poachers."

"Yeah, there are a lot of people who just get off on hunting," Deadpool said. "I've got stories to tell you about this guy, Kravinoff, he's really sick in the head. I'd do his wife though, you know she's got to be into some freaky stuff."

"Oh, you mean like doing bobbing for apples in maple syrup?" Luna asked.

"Yeah, something like that," Deadpool said. "I hope your robes reappear."

"They normally do," Luna said. "Good luck and...I wonder if the Pixies have made Professor Lockhart their new Queen yet?"

Deadpool did not bother to correct Luna on his statement. A small part of him wondered what happened to Lockhart. Deadpool's attentions span diverted to trying to figure out the home of this mystical sock stealing creature Luna spoke of.

Oh, and also trying to figure out this diary which absorbed the ink into the page like it was a sponge who may or not have been wearing square pants.

A ragged Gilderoy Lockhart ran his way through the woods. This would make a hell of a book if he survived long enough. The Pixies were bored of playing with him and dropped him off in the wilderness.

'I swear, you take one group of creatures away from their natural habitat and they get way too offended by it.'

Lockhart's eyes glazed over. It took him a couple of seconds to realize where the hell he was and more importantly which direction he had to go. Lockhart turned his head back about an inch and then back around. He coughed.

The foul smell penetrated the air. Lockhart collapsed on the edge of a picket fence and took a deep breath. The sound of Banjo music echoed through the air.

'I got away from the Pixies. I have to get back to the school. I'm going to get that Poltergeist for doing this, and that caretaker. And Harry Potter, I'll get him as well...he's done...he made me look stupid!"

Lockhart picked himself up against the fence. The loud strumming of Banjo music got even louder.
"YEE-HAW!"

A gruff looking gentleman wearing overalls and a straw hat with half of his teeth missing stepped over. He wore work boots which looked like it went through the ringer.

"Hey, fellas, look here," he drawled. "We've got a visitor on our property."

"Man, that's just trespassing."

A larger thicker gentleman who was shaved completely bald stepped out. The wife beater top caused the man's great belly to come out. He waddled over to the fence.

"Hang on, Billy-Bob," the hick said. "I think that fellow is lost. He came from that done magical forest."

A third hick, who was about half of the size of the first two and dressed in what appeared to be a car mechanics uniform came in. He wore his hair in a Mohawk and spat chew all over the ground.

"And you know what's up in that forest," the shortest of the three Hicks said.

"That them magical ponies!" the first hick yelled.

They all whooped and started to dance. The men of the soil all stopped when seeing their visitor staggering over. He hung onto the fence.

"Boy, you better stand up straight!" one of them yelled. "You're going to done hurt yourself, and that could be one of them liabilities on this property."

"I need to get back to the castle," Lockhart said. "I'm going to get him. I'm going to get them all. I'm going to Plunder that Poltergeist."

"You see that guy right there. He's crazy!"

Lockhart wondered if he had seen the last of those pixies. He came face to face with three gentlemen who did not look very kept.

"I just to get back to Hogwarts," Lockhart said.

"Hogwarts?" one of the men asked. "Why would a hog have warts?"

"Isn't that what happened to your sister?" one of the hicks asked.

"Nah, my Mama," the hick said. "Who might be my sister come to think of it. Pa didn't really tell me one way or another, bless him."

Lockhart wondered what he blundered into.

"Look!" Lockhart yelled. "I need to get to Hogwarts."

"Man, I know what he is," the third hick said. "Hogwarts must be one of those kinky clubs where you tie the person up and shove something up his hind end."

Lockhart's eyes widened in response. Where was that Banjo Music coming from anywhere? Lockhart reached for his wand, only to realize he didn't happen?

"Man, you must be one of those call girls!" one of the hicks said.
"No, I'm a teacher…"

"Well, we don't have much for that fancy learning," the hick said. "But, hey we might be able to help you. We'll get you fixed up all nice and proper like. People around here, they don't fancy those city folks."

"Yeah, there's Old Man Smith up by them hills," he said. "He hunts city folk down and cooks them for dinner."

"He cooks people for dinner!" Lockhart yelled.

"Shush, son," Billy-Bob said. "You don't want to be too loud. You see, he hates the noise more than anything. Well, other than opera music."

Lockhart's face dropped in confusion. "But, I like opera mus….."

One of the hicks put a rag over Lockhart's face and caused him to black out. The Defense Against the Dark Arts teacher dropped to his knees having been put down by the foul stench of the grease soaked rag.

"Quick get his clothes off!" Billy-Bob yelled.

"Is this the part where take him in the hind hole?" the third hick asked. "My Pa got taken in the hind hole by some grey space men."

"We ain't taking anyone in no hind hole," Billy-Bob said. "Now, help me get his clothes off and get him into something more respectable…..and give this hippie a haircut."

"I've got the sheep sheers!"

The rednecks proceeded to shave Gilderoy Lockhart's hair as he quivered unconscious on the ground.

"Man, he's got all of his dang-gum teeth. We better get a hammer, or he'll be outed as one of city folks."

A shaven and soon to be naked and toothless Gilderoy Lockhart was given a Hillbilly Makeover by these three friendly gentlemen.

To Be Continued.
Chapter 20

Mystical and Magical Diary of Doom (But Not Victor, Just Plan Doom)

Wade Wilson stepped into the broom closet he used as an office. Lockhart had far more too many photos of himself in his office for Deadpool to bother to remove. Therefore, he decided to commandeer one of the little-used broom closets as an office. He moved the bear trap out of the way to catch some snogging students. He sat down on one of the buckets inside of the closet. He carefully balanced a candle and took out the diary.

'Mundane enough, but mundane could be very suspicious,' Deadpool mused to himself. 'After all, a toilet plunger could secretly be a Doomsday weapon.'

Okay, so Deadpool did not really run into a toilet plunge Doomsday weapon. It was just he could have run into a potential Toilet Plunger Doomsday Weapon. The Mercenary placed his finger down on the diary.

"Okay, show me the money!" Deadpool yelled. "Open says me! I command you to tell me what you yield!"

The Mercenary tapped the diary on the side of it. He had a feeling that it would be prudent to write in it if nothing else to figure out what nefarious secrets the diary would yield.

Deadpool scratched at the words. "Knock, knock, anyone home?"

The ink sucked into the diary no sooner than Deadpool lifted his quill off of it.

Might I Ask Who is Speaking?

"My name is Jack Kirby," Deadpool wrote.

The ink soaked into the diary. Deadpool waited for a few seconds to tap onto the diary. The Mercenary spent the next couple of minutes waiting for the diary to respond back. He had a feeling it was deliberating taking it's time for dramatic pause.

"Hello, Mr. Kirby," the diary wrote back. "My name is Tom Riddle. How did you come across this diary?"

Deadpool hesitated for a second. He decided to write the next message.

I've found it buried in the burned-out wreckage of a post-apocalyptic wasteland. It was a terrible, terrible world. Not many people survived the Great War.

A long pause followed with the diary pausing as if reconciling what Deadpool said. He had no idea how a magical diary would react. He could see how much fun he might have before the diary responded.

What is this Great War? Was it a battle between Magical and Muggles?

The long pause followed and Deadpool waited for a diary.

A Muggle is a person without magic. A magical person is a person with magic.
Deadpool sensed a condescending tone through the writing in front of him. The Mercenary decided to see how far he could gaslight this diary before it caught on the fact it was being bullshitted.

I don't know anything about magic. Are you talking about Dungeons and Dragons, and that sort of thing?

The longest pause followed and Deadpool almost would have thought the diary did not want to respond to him. The Mercenary scratched out another note to his mysterious, inanimate penpal.

Yo, Tommy Boy! You still with us?

A very prominent pause came out from the diary. Wade could have sworn the diary gave a very ominous red glow.

There are dragons involved, yes. You can't be a Muggle though. You must be a squib.

Deadpool scratched the next notation on the piece of paper.

Don't you mean a squid? If that's what you mean, no, I'm not a squid.

No, I mean squib, squib, as in...well, I'm sure that knowledge has been suppressed in the Great War. You're saying you know of no magical people, no magical governments, nothing that regulates the magical people?

He had been prodding for some very specific information. Deadpool wondered where this one was going. Did he have his ideas? Oh, he had plenty of ideas, and many of them were going to get him into trouble. Deadpool placed his pen on the diary.

Nothing, just a war between sentient ponies and sentient bears which wiped out a good chunk of humanity.

Deadpool could sense another pause burning deep within the diary. He wondered what would happen when it came on through. The Mercenary scratched his pen against the edge of the diary and waited for some kind of answer.

Explain.

A small smile could be barely seen with the shadows. Deadpool placed his pen on the side of the diary and started to scratch out some kind of response.

The Great War occurred when the nefarious Rainbow Dash and her even subordinate Fluttershy, had been let out of the Negative Zone by an emo vampire named Ebony. Or maybe it was Enoby. These entities, joined by the diabolical duo of Scrappy-Doo and Jar-Jar Binks, stormed the land and wiped out everyone. Several brave entities fell to these Dark Lords. But, Dark Lord Scrappy and Dark Lord Jar-Jar met their match against an army of bears, who were known as the Care Bears. They lived in a mysterious realm where they could make people care, even if their lives were shit. They used a variety of tactics to mentally manipulate people and rewrite their minds into being less evil. They were the last hope to stop the word after many others have failed.

Maybe, Deadpool was mixing up the fan fiction he was working on with reality.

There were a series of epic battles, the likes of which had been debated by people on the
Internet with no social life for years to come, along with who should hook up with who and who was really a villain and who was a misunderstood stole who should have been put in tight leather pants. But, regardless the battle ended, and the world was lost. We were among the last hope.

The diary began to write back after a long pause.

You can't expect me to believe that, can you, Mr. Kirby? A war between sentient bears and ponies destroyed the world...and what kind of Dark Lord name is Scrappy?

Deadpool started to write in the diary.

Well, that's not the lamest Dark Lord I've ever heard. There's this guy I have to tell you about, he's a real loser. Ugly, guy without a nose, leached off of the back of someone's head. His name is Voldemort. Man was he lame, he's a laughing stock. You see, he's so bad. Voldemort actually lost to an infant.

The diary glowed black for a minute.

It's impossible.

Those words were so blunt and so to the point, Deadpool almost had been surprised by the cadence they had been given to.

What's so impossible about it? I've seen this Voldemort guy just before the Great War started. He's just a chump, a rank amateur. He'd be nothing. I think he has some obvious Mommy issues as well. Never got hugged enough as a child.

The diary smoked only for a second. Deadpool dropped it down on the table. He pulled out a fireplace poker and lifted it over his head. The poker stabbed into the diary and melted the second it stabbed into the pages.

'How very odd,' Deadpool thought.

How is this possible? Tell me. Explain.

The diary settled down although the damage to the fireplace poker and the lack of damage to the diary caused Deadpool to step back. He almost decided to just abort this entire conversation. Deadpool took the quill.

Don't really know. Maybe he threw a loaded diaper or something. Or maybe his mother did something, Lily Evans was a powerful witch and a very attractive woman. But the point is, Harry Potter grew up to eventually be married to several women and have an oversized harem which the size of which was complained about. Because, you know, the Internet. Internet was built on two things. Porn and complaining about things you don't like.

A very long pause followed and Deadpool jotted down the next note of this afterthought.

Mostly porn.

A pause followed with Deadpool awaiting the diary's response. He would not have been surprised if the diary had just shut up.
I need some time to contemplate. Write to me again in a week.

Deadpool wondered how much a diary could contemplate. This was no ordinary diary. The melted fireplace poker showed Deadpool something was up.

Yeah, that Dark Lord Scrappy, that's some heavy shit.

I mean about how some child can defeat the Dark Lord Voldemort. Good night, Mr. Kirby, if that is your real name.

A deep shudder came over Deadpool's body. He stuffed the diary underneath the bucket and exited the broom closet.

A bear trap snapped over his ankle. Peeves floated up above him and tore off his mask. The Poltergeist recoiled in horror when he saw what Deadpool's face looked like with all the tumor scars and general disfigurement.

Peeves slapped the mask back on and fixed with duct tape before zooming back into the night.

Gilderoy Lockhart woke up with a groan. The last thing he remembered, well he remembered getting dropped off by the pixies. Lockhart put his hand on the top of his head and recoiled.

Lockhart rubbed the top of his hair. He stroked his hands through hair that was not there. He found a little bit of it, in rude tufts. Lockhart put his hands and opened his mouth to scream, but something felt off.

The Defense Against the Dark Arts teacher reached into his mouth and felt for his teeth. Several of them were missing. Lockhart rose to his feet, dressed in a pair of overalls and scruffy looking work boots. He smelled of motor oil and cheap booze.

"What happened?" Lockhart asked.

The leader, Billy-Bob, and his two cousins/sons/brothers/uncles, Zeb and Jeb, stepped into the picture. They looked over Lockhart. Zeb whistled.

"Boy, howdy, you look about as good as Mama did on her wedding day," Zeb said. "I should know because I was the flower girl."

The other hicks whooped and hollered when Lockhart looked around. He looked at his own reflection. For the first time ever, Lockhart had been repulsed by the sight of his own face.

"What did you do to me?" Lockhart asked.

"Hey, you should thank us, because you've just saved yourself on a lot of hair care products and toothpaste as well," Billy-Bob said. "That's highway robbery, those fancy pants dentists. They scam you, and I bet a lot of them own those candy companies on the back end, so they can double dip. It's a dang-fangled conspiracy."

Lockhart's dreams of a six-time winner of the Witch Weekly's most award went up in flames. He dropped to his knees and started to sob.

"Man, calm down," Billy-Bob said. "Ah, I know what will just perk you up. Granny's old secret Chilli recipe. It puts hair on your chest and makes your pubes about as hard as steel wool, it does."
All Lockhart wanted was his beautiful hair and teeth back. A large woman with pigtails and missing teeth squashed in a tight black sundress.

"Ah, Billy-Bob, my dear cousin, were you keeping this hunk of manhood a secret for your dear old sister!"

Billy-Bob waggled his finger at his sister.

"Now-now, Crystal Meth, you don't want our friend to be uncomfortable. You best be putting on your good britches when we have company.

"But, I just made a batch of Granny's special Chilly," Crystal Meth said. "And I'm sure our good old friend would like to try some of my special pie after dinner."

Crystal Meth pulled out a spoon and shoved it into Lockhart's mouth. Lockhart screamed as the chilly tortured him. This was worse than being under the Cruciatus Curse for about twelve hours straight. Granted, Lockhart was never under the curse technically, just wrote about it in a book.

His tonsils burned and he screamed out in agony. Lockhart felt like someone shoved hot coals down his throat.

"Water!" Lockhart yelled. "Water!"

He moved over to take a jug off of the shelf.

"Hey, wait, that ain't no water that's…"

Lockhart downed the contents of the jug and now he felt dizzy and rather sick. He vomited all over himself. The putrid mix of Chili and booze covered Lockhart's body.

"Well, that done stinks," Billy-Boy said. "We better get him cleaned up."

Crystal Meth fluttered her eyelashes until she got one stuck in her eye.

"Ah, dang it!"

Deadpool prepared to perform his duties as both the Defense Against the Dark Arts Teacher and the Assistant Caretaker of Magical Sanitation. He stepped down the hallway and came face to face with Snape.

"So, any lock on finding Lockhart?" Deadpool asked.

"No," Snape said. "He hasn't turned up dead anywhere at the very least."

Those pixies might have mauled Lockhart to piece. To be perfectly honest, Snape could barely bother to care. Lockhart was out of the way and not a bother to him. That was really all that mattered to him at the moment.

"Well, that's handy," Deadpool responded. "I don't suppose that there's any leads on…"

Suddenly, Cornelius Fudge, the Minister of Magic, showed up at the gates of Hogwarts. He looked very tense and walked next to Dumbledore.

"We have to do something about this entire Lockhart thing, Dumbledore," Fudge said. "I've gotten several letters every day demanding that I find Lockhart. Do you know what it's like of being
bombarded by thousands of howlers every day from angry housewives? It's driving me mad."

Fudge looked from the left to the right and back into Dumbledore.

"Mad!" Fudge yelled.

"What do you want me to do about it, Cornelius?" Dumbledore asked.

"How should I know?" Fudge asked. "If I had all of the answers, I would find a way to not get bombarded on a constant basis with these letters and these demands. Who do they think they are to demand anything of the Minister of Magic anyway?"

Dumbledore did not even bother to say anything. He stepped closer towards Fudge.

"You'd like me to hire a private investigator to track Lockhart down?" Dumbledore asked.

"Anything to get those shrill harpies off of my back!"

"Fine, I suppose it is for the best we actually find out whether or not our Defense Against the Dark Arts teacher is living or dead."

Fudge went about fifty shades of gray.

'Um, ew,' Deadpool thought. 'Because, I've envisioned a Fifty Shades of the Grey-style spin-off, starring Fudge and everyone's favorite pet toad. Take that image to your nightmares tonight.'

"Oh, please don't let him be dead," Fudge said.

The Minister of Magic made plans to increase security in his office. The last thing he wanted or really needed was to be bludgeoned by a group of irate housewives.

"Just get something done, Albus, I don't want to get killed by a mob of housewives," Fudge said. "If he isn't ready to receive his sixth annual Witch Weekly's most charming smile award, then there's going to be trouble."

"Well, we'll find him," Dumbledore said. "I'll hire someone who can hunt him down and bring him in."

Fudge nodded and left the premises. He felt like someone is watching him.

"Professor Assistant Caretaker Wilson?" Dumbledore asked.

'Yes, Headmaster,' Deadpool said.

"It says on your application you have certain life skills which may be a benefit," Dumbledore said.

"Hey, I've got a guy who can track Lockhart down, whether he's alive or dead," Deadpool said. "He's got this keen sense of smell, I and him go way back."

"Is he good?"

Deadpool nodded at Dumbledore's questions. "Oh, yeah, he's the best in the world at what he does. Even though what he does, isn't very nice."

"Good!" Dumbledore cheered. "You can go and contact this man. The two of you can ensure Gilderoy comes safely home. Or he receives a proper burial."
"I am willing to fill in for Professor Wilson until he returns," Snape offered.  

A bright smile and the twinkle in Dumbledore's eye became very obvious.  

"I'm certain Mr. Filch will appreciate the assistance," Dumbledore said.  

"I wasn't referring to that job, I was referring too....."  

"Now, Severus, time to roll up your sleeves and get to work," Dumbledore said. "Mr. Wilson, good luck on your mission."  

"If I'm not back in a week, assume that this story's abandoned," Deadpool said as he gave Dumbledore a salute.  

The Headmaster smiled and prepared to return to his office. It had been a long last couple of days. Life had Hogwarts had never been more interesting.  

To Be Continued.
The Hunt for Lockhart.

Wade Wilson stepped out of the magical world and into the actual world. The mercenary stepped a little bit off to the left and sought out an old friend. He needed to return with Lockhart. And he would, although Deadpool could not necessarily mean that Lockhart would be in one piece. They would have to see.

Deadpool stepped into the magic kingdom of Canada and looked around for a few seconds before waiting for something to break. The loud sounds of something going on in a bar nearby made Deadpool's senses tingle. He walked down the stone pathway and towards the front entrance of the pub.

A loud scream and several of them stampeded out of the bar. Deadpool stood back for a minute to allow the dust to clear before stepping into the pub. He viewed a sight which was all too familiar.

Logan, better known as the legendary Wolverine, slammed back against the ball with a loud growl. The dark haired scruffy mutant with claws and a bad body odor rose his hands up and looked up towards his enemy. The enemy charged him with scruffy hair, a wild bear, a trench coat, a white shirt, and a pair of jeans.

'Victor Creed, better known as Sabretooth,' Deadpool narrated. 'He and Wolverine have been at each other's throats for years...even before the Weapon X days.'

"Fine, you want some!" Logan yelled.

"Yeah, I finally got my hands around your throat, runt!" Victor yelled.

The two of them slammed through the tables and sent glass flying. Deadpool did not know what the hell started this latest dispute. It was just when the two were in sniffing distance of each other, they were about ready to throw down.

Deadpool picked up a pool cue dropped to the ground and swung it. The pool cue cracked over Sabretooth's head to dislodge him from Wolverine. He turned around with a huge hideous growl on his face. Deadpool stepped back with his eyes widened.

"You!"

Sabretooth charged Deadpool to get him down. Deadpool dodged the attack and whipped out a cannon. He fired a cloud of bubbles at Sabretooth which staggered him back.

"You've got to be kidding me," Wolverine said. "What the hell were you thinking?"

Sabretooth grabbed Deadpool and hurled him over the counter. He slid down the entire counter smashing bits of it before landing down at the edge. He slammed down onto the counter with another growl.

"I've been waiting for you this entire time!" Sabretooth yelled. "Do you realize how long I've waited? After what happened in Toronto, did you really think I was going to let that one go, Wilson?"
"Yeah, and your breath doesn't smell any better," Deadpool said. "Look, I need your help….I'm on a job and looking for someone."

Sabretooth's own curiosity got the better of him. The sadistic mutant released from Deadpool's throat. He fell down onto the table and started breathing.

"What have you gotten yourself into Wilson?" Logan asked.

"Wait, you two aren't beating the hell out of each other?" Deadpool asked. "Is this like that cartoon with the sheepdog and the wolf, where they're only enemies when they're on the clock and good friends when they're on the clock, or something?"

Sabretooth and Wolverine could come to terms on very few things. The one thing they could come to terms on was Wade Wilson had been very obnoxious. Wilson held his head up.

"What are you doing here, Wilson?" Logan asked. "What the hell kind of trouble did you get yourself into this time? And why do I have a feeling you're going to want to drag us along for the ride?"

Deadpool smiled. "Well, it all started over twenty chapters ago."

Severus Snape did not intend to be Filch's assistant caretaker. Still, he would have to make the most of it. And he would do a good job. He had one tool which Filch or Wilson did not have. He had the wand and the ability to perform magic. Snape figured no matter how hard the mess, he would have this castle shining so good you could eat off of the floors.

"I'll take this, Severus."

Dumbledore removed the wand from Snape's hand which caused him to stagger a bit. Snape opened his mouth.

"What's the meaning of this, Headmaster?" Snape asked.

Dumbledore broke in with a jovial smile. "Well, you said you would fill in for Professor Assistant Caretaker Wilson. And to properly fill in, you will need to get into the spirit of the matter. That means you will have to clean this castle without the aid of a wand or without magic."

"What about if…."'

"Severus, my dear child," Dumbledore said. "You will be able to collect your wand from my office. And maybe you can have a lemon drop if you were a good boy and cleaned the castle."

Given Dumbledore's attitude over recent years, Snape did not even want to know what his lemon drops were laced with. Snape feared for the Headmaster's sanity and if he did not pledge his service to Hogwarts for the rest of his life, in exchange for Dumbledore vouching for him at his trial, Snape would have tendered his resignation.

'Some days, I think Azkaban might have been the better option," Snape said. 'Well, the fool forgot that I could perform wandless…'

A click indicated a pair of bracelets came around Snape's wrists. His thought paused as he noticed what looked to be a pair of fuzzy looking handcuffs, only not linked together. Dumbledore gave him a smile and patted him on the head.
"Almost forgot you can perform magic without a wand," Dumbledore said. "Therefore, I'm afraid that I'm going to have to put those inhibitor cuffs on you...I used those for alternate purposes during the day, you know."

Dumbledore's eye twinkled. Snape did not know. Snape did not want to know. Albus Dumbledore's sex life was not his or anyone else's business to be perfectly honest.

'Okay, it's just cleaning,' Snape thought. 'What could go wrong?'

Peeves the Poltergeist zipped in and poured a bucket of rancid milk over Snape's head The Potions Professor's lips curled into a snarl as that nasty poltergeist zipped off into the shadows laughing like a madman on speed. Snape would have loved nothing better than to take his wand and perform any number of creative curses to the Poltergeist. Only, he remembered, Dumbledore took his wand away.

'Damn you, Dumbledore!'

Wolverine crawled on the ground and sniffed at the air. The sample of hair gel Deadpool gave to him held a very agitating aroma. The man took a couple of steps off into the distance and drew a deep breath. He could smell that nasty hair gel, how could he not?

"He's close," Wolverine said. "Not sure if someone like him could survive out...he's out in the backwoods."

The sound of banjo music echoed in the distance which put Deadpool on edge. Sabretooth snarled and clawed at the air. He moved closer down the path.

"I swear," Sabretooth said. "I'm going to find out who is playing that stupid banjo and shove it up their ass...."

A girly scream came from the barn. Deadpool raised his head in the air as a figure came into the distance. A figure with a messy Mohawk and only a few teeth dressed in overalls with no shoes stepped in. Disgusting mold grew on his toes and feet. The man staggered into position and almost collapsed down to the ground. Wade blinked in surprised and he could not.

"Get back here, love muffin! It's time for your sponge bath!"

"Gilderoy?" Deadpool asked. "Yay, I found you..."

Deadpool picked up Lockhart and received a face full of Lockhart's breath which smelled like a combination of onions, vomit, and cheap booze. Both Sabretooth and Wolverine stepped back from the man and growled.

"You!" Lockhart yelled. "YOU!"

Lockhart pulled a screwdriver out of his hip pocket and charged Deadpool. Both of them scrambled with each other with Deadpool restraining Lockhart all of the way. He got out of breath when trying to fight out the Mercenary. Lockhart threw him down to the ground.

"This is all your fault!" Lockhart yelled. "This is all your fault...."

"Hey! You rascals better get your hands off of my man."

Crystal Meth stampeded forward towards Deadpool and rose her arms into the air. The large hillbilly lady got into a sumo stance and tackled Deadpool to the ground. The Merc with the Mouth went
flying into the pig slop. The pigs moved over and started to lick Deadpool as he thrashed and slid in a pig in slop. He coughed with a hideous attempt to rise up and then dropped down onto the rock. Deadpool collapsed into the pig slop and the breath had been knocked out of his body when he dropped down.

Wolverine raised his hand up and the woman held a large hoe. She screamed in agony and swung it. Wolverine sliced the claw out, and Wolverine grabbed her before pushing her down onto the ground.

"Calm yourself," Wolverine said. "We've just got to pick up this guy. He's needed back at Hogwarts."

"Hey, get your mitts off my sister."

Billy-Bob stepped into the picture wielding a shotgun. He fired a shot and knocked Wolverine on his ass.

Deadpool wiped himself up for the pig slop and Billy-Bob held the shotgun up. He held his gun up as well.

"We're going to have one of them Mexican standoffs boy," Billy-Bob said. "So, what do you got? Are you lucky punk? Tell me, are you lucky?"

The Mercenary pointed the bubble gun at the shotgun. The two fired, with Billy-Bob nailing Deadpool with a shot blowing his head clean off of his shoulders. Deadpool's decapitated head flew off of his body.

"Ah shit, not again," Deadpool grumbled.

Sabretooth stepped over the fallen body of Deadpool which did a crab walk.

"Warmer!" Deadpool yelled. "Warmer….now you're cold…you're more frozen than a nun's vagina now….okay warmer…warmer…warmer…you're hot…you're on fire!"

Billy-Bob watched Sabretooth walk over and grab a huge jug of wine. The redhead's teeth gritted. "Hey, git your damn hands off my booze."

Sabretooth jumped in the air and knocked Billy Boy down onto the ground. He smashed Billy Boy head first into the ground and grabbed him around the head before tearing at his face.

Wolverine grabbed Sabretooth around the head and pulled him off. Sabretooth smashed Wolverine in the face and the two of them started punching each other again. Sabretooth grabbed Wolverine and hurled him through the face.

Crystal Meth pulled herself up to her feet as Lockhart tried to crawl underneath the fence. The large hillbilly woman grabbed Lockhart around the heel and dragged him off like a caveman. Lockhart screamed like a pig stuck underneath a gate.

Deadpool held his head onto his shoulders and fastened it to his shoulders with duct tape. The Mercenary patched himself up and cleared his throat. Crystal Meth turned around and stared down the mercenary. Deadpool lifted the hand which was not holding his decapitated head firmly on his neck for the international sign of just bring it. The hillbilly woman picked up a horseshoe. The two circled each other, ready to fight.

"Hey!"
Wolverine hurled a chocolate cake into the air. Crystal Meth screamed like a banshee and rushed through the cake, diving for it before it. The woman dropped down onto the ground and drew in a couple of deep breaths. She ignored Lockhart in favor of saving her precious chocolate cake.

Everyone's favorite Defense Against the Dark Arts Assistant Caretaking Merc propelled himself high into the air and curb stomped Crystal Meth directly into the face. Chocolate cake flew into the air after Deadpool drove her down onto the ground. Sabretooth staggered back to get caught with a face full of cake before Wolverine punched him down.

Deadpool staggered back to celebrate today's flawless win over the woman and reclaiming the Defense Against the Dark Arts Teacher, the regular one, as a token of his win. Lockhart whimpered as Deadpool rendered him completely unconscious and take him back to Hogwarts.

Severus Snape smelled of numerous foul odors and not the ones that he normally smelled of. He smelled of rancid milk, dragon dung, and bleach, which made him cough and sputter. That Poltergeist disappeared into the night and left a mess. He turned to Filch who cleaned the white stains left on the wall by the Poltergeist.

"Do you now understand why I hate my life so much?" Filch asked. "At least when those cuffs come off, you can perform magic. I won't ever come close to performing magic….."

A sound of a trumpet cut through the air to cut Filch's pity party short. Dumbledore stepped out into the hallway to look at the progress. He stopped and looked around the hallway while sniffing in the air.

"What is that smell?" Dumbledore asked.

"It's me, sir," Snape said.

"Oh, well, you must have a new cologne," Dumbledore said. He perked up high suddenly. "Acting Professor Assistant Caretaker Wilson, you're back and you have Professor Lockhart."

Lockhart whimpered after being dragged across the floor back into Hogwarts. He detached himself from Deadpool's grip and crawled backward. Lockhart looked around in absolute terror when looking up and down at the Headmaster of Hogwarts School of Witchcraft and Wizardry.

"Well, Gilderoy you look a little rough, but there's nothing that a warm shower and a glass of hot chocolate can't fix," Dumbledore said. "And I expect you to go back to work Monday morning, as the Defense Against the Dark Arts teacher."

"Look at me, I can't be seen like this!" Lockhart yelled. "My hair, my teeth…and I have this horrible disfiguring skin rash. I smell like pig grease. I can't...I can't go on. I'm done…my beautiful smile, my beautiful beautiful smile, oh why…why…why?"

Lockhart scrambled to his feet and ran up the steps straight to the Astronomy Tower sobbing. Dumbledore, Deadpool, and a very half-hearted Snape followed him. Lockhart howled in agony and prepared to throw himself out of the window, but a field bounced him back and caused him to slam on his back side.

"Why couldn't I jump and just end this cruel existence?" Lockhart howled.

"Because Hogwarts a History clearly states there are suicide prevention charms on the school," Deadpool said.
Hermione Granger popped her head out of a pathway and raised her eyebrow. She glowered at Deadpool. "You'll be hearing from my attorney."

She popped back out and left everyone confused. Lockhart sobbed, then giggled, and then sobbed some more. He tried to tug out non-existent hair. Lockhart jumped up to his feet and grabbed Deadpool by the neck. Unfortunately, with his head not properly reattached.

Nearly Headless Nick popped out of the wall widened his eyes and looked at the perfectly decapitated man on the floor.

"That's not fair!" Nick pouted before zooming back through the wall.

Peeves lifted up Deadpool's head and zoomed out of the nearest window, cackling like a madman.

"Peeves, you really don't want to do this, do you?" Deadpool asked.

"SCORE!" The Poltergeist cheered before Deadpool's head flew over the skies and deep into the Forbidden Forest.

Dumbledore looked at Deadpool's headless body and then to Lockhart who pounded his fists on the floor. The Headmaster threw his hands back in the universal sign of surrender.

"If anyone needs me, I'll be in my office, sorting through my socks."

Deadpool's headless body ran around the school until a painful grimace could be heard and Deadpool grew a brand new head right before their very eyes. The disgusting process caused even Snape to want to.

Hermione jumped in randomly. "Oh come on, that defies all logic!"

"I know I'm going to regret asking this," Snape said. "But, what of your original head?"

"Ah, it will grow a new body eventually," Deadpool said. "That means there will be at least two of me running around."

Snape took two different cleaning solutions and mixed them into a pail. Inhaling the fumes from the pail put Snape in his happy place. He sat on the floor in the corner and got high off the fumes, giggling like a schoolgirl.

"OW, OW, OW!"

All three of Fluffy's heads played catch with Deadpool's decapitated head in the Forbidden Forest. His spinal cord started to come back and was used as a chew toy.

This Absurdity Is To Be Continued.
Nearly Headless Nick awaited his five hundredth deathday with a very morose expression on his face. The Gryffindor House ghost would have liked to get into the Headless Hunt by now. He made appeal after appeal, and they had been shut down. Nick stepped down every avenue to attempt to upgrade his nearly headless status to a status of being completely headless. He asked the help for students in the library, talked to several of the teachers. He even went straight to the Bloody Baron for help, but even the Baron was no help to him. Nick's dismal thoughts came through his mind with a couple of deep breaths.

"Why are sound like you're having trouble catching your breath? You would think that wouldn't be a problem."

"Unfortunately," Nick said. "I would have welcomed heart failure by now."

Deadpool leaned against the wall, a new head had grown on his body. He could not figure out the whereabouts of his previous head, even after all of these weeks. He was certain that he could locate it given time. There was a sense that the head ended up somewhere on the Grounds.

Growing a new body took a bit longer than growing a second head and was far more painful. The most painful process of all, at least from what Deadpool remember, was regrowing that third leg.

"Maybe Dumbledore can speak in your favor, or help you," Deadpool said. "Or how about Binns? That guy was teaching here since the school was built. Maybe he has a couple of ideas."

Nick shook his head so hard it almost came off, but still hung in there. That half of an inch mocked the Nearly Headless One. Deadpool reached up and tried to adjust his head. Nick sighed when his eyes locked back onto Deadpool's.

"I tried to speak to Professor Binns," Nick said. "He gave me a stirring lecture talking about the Goblin Rebellion of 1797, and then called me Nathan at the end of it. I think that trying to get any information out of him is a lost cause."

"Be thankful you only didn't lose your head."

A very despondent looking Gilderoy Lockhart stepped inside, wearing black robes, with what grew back of his hair unkempt and greasy. His toothless mouth curled into a grimace. Lockhart responded with a very obvious sigh and sat down on the chair. He rocked back and forth and hummed lightly.

"My dreams, up in smoke," Lockhart said. "I was going to have a best seller, writing about the greatest adventure of all, teaching. Instead, it went up in smoke."

"So what's stopping you from writing this book anyway?" Deadpool asked. "Surely a tale of whether you escaping certain failure must be exciting."

"I have an affliction," Lockhart said. "It is causing my ideas to fail to pass from my mind. The words are no longer coming where it used to be."

"You have Writer's Block," Luna said after popping around the corner. "It happens to all of us."
Lockhart hummed and pulled a guitar and started to strum on it. He rocked back and forth.

"Where did you get a guitar?" Deadpool asked.

"My life is full of woe, oh I really have to go," Lockhart said in a melancholy voice while strumming on his guitar. "Oh, don't you know, my hair no longer does flow. There is nothing, but darkness in my life. I really wish I could cut myself with a knife."

"Yeah, I'm going to be over here," Deadpool said. "So, what's the deal, Nick?"

"I've invited several ghosts to my Deathday Party," Nick said. "Including the leader of the pack, Sir Patrick Delaney-Podmore and his perfectly decapitated head. When he was caught in bed with the King's wife, they used an actual sharp blade he did and it was off in one hit."

"It was off in one hit," Lockhart said strumming his guitar. "But, when Nick was decapitated, their ax was kind of shit! Now he has it hanging on by one inch. But, at least when people look at his smile now, they don't want to flinch!"

Filch stepped over down the hallway, stopped, and threw a handful of Sickles down on the ground at Lockhart's feet before walking off in the other direction to deal with Peeves crashing half of the suits of armor over.

"This Patrick bloke, he's that good?"

"Yes, perfectly down the neck," Nick said. "One hit, his head flies completely off. BOOM! And I'm sitting here with this half of an inch of flesh. Just hanging on, by a strand. And there's Patrick, Leader of the Pack, and bragging about his goalkeeping skills in Headless Hockey!"

Nick moved off in the other direction. Deadpool thought this place was getting a bit too emo for his own liking. He decided to check up on his friend in the diary. Deadpool lifted up the diary.

'Good day, Mr. Kirby,' the diary wrote. 'So, does Halloween approach?'

'Yes, it does,' Deadpool wrote. 'You know what happened in Halloween? Voldemort lost to a year old child.'

YES, I KNOW!

The diary font looked very jagged with Deadpool stepping back to the diary. He looked at the pages.

But, seriously, I'm glad Halloween is almost here. We better kick up the pace of this story if we want to get through five more years. Or at least until year five, because something big is coming there. Can't quite put my finger on it, but I think there might be a meeting of the minds.

Riddle scrawled back. "Yes, as you said...I wished for you to put my diary underneath your pillow as you sleep tonight."

"Okay, that's....that's weird," Deadpool wrote. "Look, I'm flattered, maybe a little bit curious, but we're from two different worlds. You're a sentient talking diary, and I'm a crazed mercenary who went nuts after they injected him with Wolverine's healing factor to try and cure his cancer. So, I'm not sure how this works?"

"Trust me....you will be glad you have....I believe together we can do great things."
Deadpool curiously eyed the diary and thought about it.

"So, have you had any strange dreams lately?"

Deadpool took a moment to write down the dream.

Well, there was this dream where I was at a funeral. And I had to get a eulogy for the guy who was dead. But, the problem is, I didn't know the guy. Everyone was mad at me and started yelling at me and calling me mean names. And then, I was up and realized I wasn't wearing any pants and the people weren't people. They were giant muffins who were cannibals, and they tried to chase me and eat me. And then, I fell into a vat of tapioca pudding. And that's when I woke up.

Several, as in more than three or more minutes passed. The diary shook and started to ooze ink for a second. Deadpool eyed the diary rather nervously.

Wouldn't the muffins eat other muffins, instead of you if they were cannibals?

Deadpool stopped short and drew in a deep breath.

I was a muffin in the dream.

Harry Potter stood in the back of the Defense Against the Dark Arts classroom with their teacher. Several of the Gryffindor and Hufflepuff students who took Lockhart's class stared the man.

"Gaze upon what happens, children, when you are a victim of a horrible fate," Lockhart said. "Gaze upon what happens, when you are a bit too arrogant for your own good….and gaze upon the price of fame."

"Professor are you sure you're well?" Hermione asked out of genuine concern.

"Yeah, Professor, you…well, no offense but you look terrible," Dean Thomas said.

Lockhart turned around to all of his portraits in the back of the classroom. All of the past Lockhart's screamed in fear at what they become and ran for cover, unable to look at what they had become. They started to shriek and freak out until Lockhart threw blankets over them.

"The dream is over," Lockhart said. "I am not the man I am once before."

"Professor?"

"Yes, Miss Granger," Lockhart said.

"Surely, it does not matter what is on the outside," Hermione said. "It only matters the type of person you are on the inside."

Peeves the Poltergeist stopped outside of the room, looked around and let out a very sarcastic "aww" before zooming out into the distance. Lockhart spent a second considering Hermione.

"You receive ten points to Gryffindor for your idealistic nature," Lockhart said. "Cherish your moments of enjoyment now, Miss Granger. For they will be ripped away from cruel reality."

Lockhart reached over to the cage in his classroom which once contained Freshly Caught Cornish Pixies. He pulled back the tarp and pulled out his guitar. Lockhart strummed his guitar and started to
"I've written best-selling books. Great adventures, was simply my greatest hook. One day, I decided
to become something more. But, all my plans, they went straight through the floor. Life is nothing,
but disappointment and woe. It's just a difficult road you will have to hoe!"

Lockhart strummed on the guitar. Harry flinched at the very awful sounds and Lockhart's abysmal
attempt to carry the tune.

'Still better than Marge singing in the shower,' Harry thought with an unfound shudder in
remembrance.

"Oh, the end is near. I fear, that the end is here! I fear that it is all over. Life just takes you and bends
you over. You go straight to the top and then you fall down as nothing, but a flop. I'll give anything
to get it back. I'll do anything to get all back on track. But my life is over. Oh, my life is over! OH,
MY LIFE IS OVER! There is no use to try. Oh, why can't this evil Headmaster just let me die!"

Lockhart threw his head back with his greasy hair and toothless grimace visible.

"You know, look on the bright side," Megan Jones whispered to anyone who would listen. "This
sure beats having to read his books."

"And now, I will share to my prose about how Severus Snape is the worst human being alive."

Lockhart received cheers at that statement from half of the class. Snape could have made him a
potion to grow his beautiful smile back, but Snape claimed that the ingredients were very rare. Snape
just did not want to do any actual work.

"You're a mean one, Severus Snape!" Lockhart bellowed. "Your head is shaped like a grape! You're
as handsome as a Donkey's rear, your face makes everyone wants everyone to want to get eaten by a
bear, Severus Snape! You are a greasy git. Your breath smells just like a skunk's slit, Severus
Snape!"

Needless to say, Gilderoy Lockhart was well on his way to becoming one of the most popular
Defense Against the Dark Arts teachers in quite some time with his bashing of Severus Snape.

The Five Hundredth Deathday Celebration of Nearly Headless Nick took place, and the Gryffindor
House Ghost stood at the edge. He floated up and down against the floor and waited for some of the
ghosts to make their way there. Nick tapped his finger through the wall.

"Thank you for coming, Lady Helena," Nick said.

"Well, I can't stand to see a dead man cry," The Grey Lady said. "The Baron…he isn't coming, is he?"

Nick shrugged his shoulders. The Baron just glared at him when asking. He never knew if it was a
yes type of glare or a no type of glare. You never really knew with the likes of the Bloody Baron.

"Good day, Nick!"

Nick had been surprised to see Deadpool stepping into the Deathday Party and he wheeled a large
catering table full of rotting food.

"I've spent the better part of the last evening roaming behind the bakery dumpsters," Deadpool said.
"So, when are the Headless gang showing up?"

"They should be arriving with the rest of the guests," Nick said with a sigh.

"Hey, is that former United States President Millard Filmore?" Deadpool asked as some of the ghosts floated in. "I can't believe Dumbledore gave you this entire dungeon."

"Well, Dumbledore says that it was just going to waste," Nick said. "They're coming and….damn it, why won't you come off?"

Nick tried to tug at his head to pull it off. The damn thing would not budge despite Nick trying to pull it off over the past two months.

"He's still working on it?"

Moaning Myrtle stepped out with a remorseful look on her face. She actually looked rather composed all things considered, although Deadpool knew that it would take the slightest thing to trigger her.

"Hello, Myrtle," Deadpool said. "So what have you been doing lately?"

"I've been talking to Professor Lockhart about how unfair life has been to both of us," Myrtle said. "Can you believe he called me privileged for being dead?"

Deadpool believed it, to be honest, he believed it. He decided to look around to see whether or not his arch-nemesis was here. He knew there was no way in hell Peeves the Poltergeist would have dared not show up at the party.

"Got your conk!"

Peeves popped up and squeezed Deadpool's nose. He dropped down onto the ground as Myrtle screamed in horror. Peeves lifted up the rotting tuna fish grabbed for the party and threw it up into the air. The tuna flew through Myrtle who screamed in horror and ran off in the other direction sobbing.

"Peeves."

The grumbling voice of the Bloody Baron showed up with an ax in his hand. Peeves gulped when staring down the Baron who swung the ax and smashed it on the ground. The ghosts scattered when the Bloody Baron threatened Peeves with his ghost ax.

"Hey, Baron," Deadpool said. "How about you take that ax over to Sir Nicholas, and…you know?"

"I have sworn ever to use this ax upon a fellow Hogwarts house ghost," Baron said. "And I am a man of honor and valor, and I will not raise my blade to another ever again."

"Come on, Baron, be a pal!" Deadpool shouted. "You know Nick would have done the same thing to you if you asked for it."

"I think his quest to join this Headless Hunt is futile," The Baron said. "He may think it's what he wants, but we never truly know what he wants. And he will shred his soul in obsession for the unattainable!"

The Baron floated over to loom in the shadows. Lockhart reached over and put his hand on Nick's shoulder, putting it on Nick's shoulder.
"I know how you can lose that head," Deadpool said. "But, you're not going to like it."

"How?" Nick asked.

"You're going to have to steal the Bloody Baron's ax," Deadpool said.

Nick turned about fifty shades of grey at the thought of stealing from the Bloody Baron of all people.

"Come on, man, you're the Gryffindor House ghost!" Deadpool yelled. "It's just an ax...the blade should be enough to pop that one last inch of skin off, or a half of an inch, or something?"

"Yes, but the Bloody Baron doesn't like people touching him or his ax, especially without permission," Nick said. "I asked him for it, but he refused. And it's a code of honor among ghosts to respect his wishes, especially when he's the Bloody Baron."

"But, you want to get in the Headless Hunt, don't you?" Deadpool asked. "Every one of the five hundred years of your death, hasn't that been what you've wanted?"

"Yes, but...."

"Then there's your chance," Deadpool said. "Take the ax, and get someone to lop it off, and you'll see the smug expressions on the faces of those Headless Hunters when they see that you're Finally Headless Nick."

Nick hesitated. The heard the sounds of a familiar trumpet.

"The Hunt approaches," Nick said.

"It's now or never, Nick," Deadpool said. "Come on! Do it! You know you want to!"

Deadpool turned around and cleared his throat.

"Hey everyone, it's Elvis!"

All of the ghosts turned around in excitement and Nick had a choice to make. He would have to decide whether or not to make his move.

'Ooh, come on, author, don't be a dick.'

To Be Continued.
Chapter 23

Hunt for the Hunt.

The loud clopping of the horses signifying the Headless Hunt's arrival made Nick make a decision. He eyed the blade held into the hand of the Bloody Baron. He spent the last couple of seconds agonizing over whether or not to grab the blade. Nick made a pretty obvious snap decision. He rushed to the blade and pulled it out of the hand of the Bloody Baron. The Bloody Baron spun around as the ghost axe was out of his hand.

"I need someone to chop off the rest of my head!" Nick called.

One of the ghosts rushed over to grab onto the axe. The Bloody Baron's eyes snapped towards the ghost and the ghost gulped.

"Put down my axe immediately!" The Bloody Baron yelled. He raised his hand and rushed towards the poor ghost. Nick grabbed the Bloody Baron by the back of his robes. "Let go of me, Sir Nicolas! You don't know what you're doing."

The Bloody Baron flung through the table by Nick launching him off. The ghost swung the axe down against Nick which caused Nick's ghostly body to slice completely in half. A hideous scream came from Nick when he had been ripped at the waist.

Deadpool cringed at Nick's spectral body being torn completely in half by the attack from the ghost axe. The ghost's thick glasses slid off of his face and he aimed the axe.

"Don't worry, I can get it!"

Completely Cut in Half Nick became Armless Nick after the ghost sliced his arms completely off and missed his head completely. Another axe swing came close to striking Nick until the Bloody Baron grabbed the axe and pulled it from the ghost's hands.

"That's enough." The Bloody Baron said in one of his most cruel voices possible. "Perhaps you should have learned why you should not have messed with my axe."

Nick's arms were sliced off, he was sliced in two, and yet his head still hung limply by one inch of flesh. This particularly damning frustration made Nick groan even more. He had been so close to losing his head, it was almost frustrating. Nick balled his fists up, with his ghost arms now detached from the rest of his body.

The doors broke open and the delegation for the Headless Hunt arrived. Sir Patrick Delaney-Podmore prepared for his declaration but stopped when he saw the hideous state of Nearly Headless Nick.

"Nick, my old friend!" Patrick exclaimed. "Tell me, is your head still hanging in there?"

Nick rolled his eyes. The joke was not funny the first time. It was not funny the next four hundred and ninety-nine times he heard it. The shame of having that half an inch of flesh made Nick want to disappear into some oblivion.

"Yes, obviously," Nick said. "And it wasn't due to any lack of trying."
"Well, that's the thing about ghost weapons," Patrick said. "They don't cut it!"

The other members of the Headless Hunt broke into laughter. Some of the other ghosts laughed and Nick looked on in shame. The Bloody Baron moved over and bent down to give Nick a very stern look.

"I warned you!" Bloody Baron yelled. "I told you not to meddle with these things."

"Well, better luck next year," Patrick said. "I'm sorry, my old friend, but the rules are rules, and you keep hanging onto the hope that you can get into the Headless Hunt."

Patrick turned to his fellow headless ghosts and smiled.

"Much like that head keeps on hanging in, eh, boys?"

The laughed and this caused Deadpool to jump in angry. He poked his finger through Patrick's chest which caused the ghost to jump back and his head to drop out.

"You should be ashamed of yourself," Deadpool said. "All of you, you ghosts, you should be ashamed of yourself. How can you live with yourselves with such cruel behavior?"

Patrick cradled his head, eyebrow raised in the air. "Well technically, old bean, none of have to live with ourselves. You see because we're ghosts."

Deadpool once again poked his finger through the chest of Patrick repeatedly and endlessly. The ghost grew amused and then slightly annoyed at Deadpool poking him through the chest approximately one thousand, eight hundred, and ninety-five times before he continued.

"You are coming against this man from a position of power and authority over him. You see, all of you, each and every one of you, you might have had gruesome demises. But one thing you can say is that your heads came completely off. Boom! They came off, chopped off. While Nick, Nick has to leave with the indignity of becoming Nearly Headless for all of his afterlife. Do you think that's easy? Don't you think that Nick wishes for a more dignified death?"

The members of the Headless Hunt all took their heads off their shoulders and hung them in shame.

"You just had to come to some guy's five hundredth deathday party and ruin it!" Deadpool yelled. "You know how many times you celebrate five hundred death days…one. And you just ruined his party by acting like an entitled cunt."

The strumming of the guitar in the distance caused the floating heads all to look in. The greasy looking Gilderoy Lockhart kept strumming his strings in the corner.

"All Nick wanted to do was join the hunt. But Sir Patrick, he had to act like a cunt. All he got for his efforts was pain. In the end, there was nothing to gain. But, despite it all being said, you all should feel lucky that you are all just dead."

Everyone grew silently, and Patrick just picked up his head off of the ground.

"So, Nick," Patrick said.

"Yes, Sir Patrick," Nick stiffly responded.

'Stiff like Nick's corpse after being almost Headlessed?' a voice in Deadpool's head asked.

'Dude, that's too soon,' another voice said.
"You've suffered all throughout your afterlife," Sir Patrick said. "It would be an honor if you would accept lifetime afterlife achievement award for as a striking example and inspiration for ghosts everywhere. And I would also be honored if you would be the Honorary Chair Person in Charge for Bookkeeping."

Deadpool looked very much insulted. "Wait, first of all,...what bookkeeping is involved for an organization made completely of ghosts. I mean seriously, that just doesn't make any sense and...." 

Peeves silenced Deadpool's sudden burst of logic by shoving a rotted pumpkin over the top of his head. The mumbling grew even louder. Everyone turned to the Bloody Baron for his input.

"I'll allow it," the Baron said.

The Mercenary ripped through the pumpkin and took a deep breath. The taste of disgusting and rotting pumpkin seed filled his mouth.

"They give you some BS position about bookkeeping and I still don't know that works," Deadpool said. "And they give you a participation trophy....are you serious?"

"Sir Patrick, I accept your proposal!" Nick cheered.

"Come on man, have some dignity," Deadpool said. "It's like one of those everyone gets a ribbon ribbons. Everyone gets a trophy trophies!"

Sir Patrick shook Nick's amputated floating arms.

"Oh, Nick got a trophy, no less," Lockhart said while strumming on his guitar. "But, Mr. Wilson thinks it's just a bunch of BS. Does it really matter in the end? After that one inch of flesh will not bend. But you can see, can't you tell? It's not bad being dead. Being alive, that's the true hell!"

The doors broke open and a second Deadpool stepped into the office doing a merry whistle.

'Oh, right, that was a thing,' Deadpool-Prime said.

"Hey everyone, sorry I was late!" Deadpool the Second called.

"Oh, my word!" The Fat Friar screamed like a girl. "There are two of them...my heart can't take it!"

The Fat Friar dropped to the ground in a faint. Every single person in the hall looked at him. A voice sniffed and then there was a loud "HEM, HEM!" coming from the hallway.

Both Deadpool shrieked and ducked for cover behind the table. The other ghosts scattered because some chill came through the air at those words. Lockhart just shrugged.

A floating ghost with purple hair came out from underneath the table and crossed her arms. The ghosts all groaned when she

"Excuse me, but we do not call him the Fat Friar," the ghost said in a nasally voice.

The Fat Friar sat up in confusion. "But, I call myself the Fat Friar!"

"It's completely offensive and like body-shaming to call someone fat," the ghost said, talking over the oppressed person she spoke on behalf of. "We call him the Body-Positive Religion Representative. And it's misogynist to say someone screamed like a girl."
"Lady, it's just a figure of speech!" Deadpool yelled.

Everyone cringed as the ghost turned to him.

"You can't just assume my gender!" the ghost screamed. "You are worse than Hitler!"

The woman gave a hideous banshee like scream when she bared down on him.

"You sexist, you racist, you transphobic, you Islamophobic, you deplorable, deplorable white male!" she howled like a banshee. "You're white... you're disgusting... you're deplorable... you're an awful piece of human garbage!"

The ghost spat ectoplasm in Deadpool's face and moved out. Myrtle returned to the party and stared down the ghost in horror.

"She's overly dramatic," Myrtle deadpanned.

Lockhart strummed his guitar and caused all of the ghosts to groan.

"Deadpool made a blunder. Now his reputation is going to be torn apart on Tumblr."

"Wait a fucking a minute!" Deadpool yelled. "How do you know what Tumblr is in..."

Peeves smashed a pumpkin over Deadpool's head to silence him. Everyone in the Death Day Party decided to take their leave. When the ghost of Sylvia Justine Walker showed up to any party, it always got ruined as everyone had been afraid to offend the ghost banshee. And when she got triggered.

'It's time, Wade.'

Deadpool rolled over in the cot. A voice whispered in the back of his head and started to prod at him. Deadpool groaned and then pushed his head underneath the pillow.

'Wade, it's time. It's time to rise.'

"Five more minutes," Deadpool grumbled.

'You said five more minutes twenty minutes ago,' the voice in Deadpool's head said. 'It's time for you to get up. It's time to open the Chamber of Secrets.'

'Is that a code word for vagina?' Deadpool asked.

'NO!' the voice in Deadpool's head exclaimed. 'It's time for you to rise. It's time for you to remove my snake from the Chamber of Secrets.'

'Yeah, that's really not something I feel comfortable interfering with,' Deadpool thought to himself. He rolled over onto his side.

Deadpool's arms trashed in bed and the covers kicked up out of bed. Something slipped into the back of his head. Deadpool took his deep breath.

'It's time for us to release my snake onto the students of this school!' the voice in his head said. 'Those unworthy Mudbloods will not dare walk about my school unmolested.'

'I think I need an adult,' Deadpool thought.
'UP!' the voice yelled.

'MAKE ME!'

The frustration of Tom Marvolo Riddle increased. He was dealing with this petulant man who absolutely refused to obey him.

'Get up so you can release my snake from the bowels of Hogwarts,' Riddle said. 'My secret snake needs to be released on the students of this school. They will wall tremble before the might of my mighty Basilisk!'

Deadpool trembled. He has actually terrified that the voice of some kind of serial molester was inside of his head.

'I want all of the children to look up and bow before their rightful master.'

Deadpool reached over and grabbed the lamp. He broke free of the room and rushed towards Dumbledore's office. While the Hogwarts Headmaster was a bit off kilter these days, Deadpool figured, that he might want to know that the ghost of some kind of crazy perverted ghost was in Deadpool's head.

'Repetition for the win,' one of the voices in Deadpool's head stated.

'What is this madness?' Riddle asked. 'Get out of here, whoever you are.'

'Hey, buddy, we were here first,' he said. 'Time for you to scoot and find someone else to bother!'

"I'M HEARING VOICES INSIDE MY HEAD!" Deadpool yelled.

"He hears voices inside of his head!" Lockhart sang. "He can't understand what they said! It's looking very grim because they talk to him!"

Out of the blue, Lockhart's slightly changed song lyrics summoned a wild Randy Orton from twenty-five years in the future to hit Lockhart with an RKO out of nowhere to lay him out.

The time traveling professional wrestler disappeared into a flash of light and his random cameo appearance in this story was never spoken of again.

Deadpool ran around screaming like a chicken with his head cut off. The second Deadpool, who had just finished cleaning the toilets, popped his head from the doorway.

"Help me, I think I've been possessed!" Deadpool prime yelled. "PEDO GHOST! PEDO GHOST! HELP!"

The Mercenary hurled himself against the wall. A loud thump echoed with Deadpool smacked head first into the wall. He stampeded over Lockhart's deflated body and caused him to fly up into the air and crash down onto the ground.

The second Deadpool waffled the first Deadpool over the head with a bucket and knocked him unconscious. Deadpool secured himself on the ground before storming into Dumbledore's office.

"Chocolate Frog!" Deadpool the second said. "Professor Dumbledore!"

Dumbledore sat in his office bathing nude in a vat of hot oil with a mud pack slathered over his face. The Mercenary stopped and shielded his eyes to not see a bit more of the Headmaster than nature or sanity intended.
"I'll come back later."

Deadpool the second stepped outside of the office and almost ran into Severus Snape. Snape held up a hand and caused Deadpool to stop before he started.

"No," Snape said. "Just no."

Snape retired to his office to get high off of potion fumes. Deadpool the Second waited as Deadpool Prime moved over to Moaning Myrtle's bathroom and dunked his head into the toilet which caused Myrtle to burst out of the toilet and scream in terror.

"HOW RUDE!"

Myrtle zipped off in the other direction. Deadpool Prime staggered to the entrance and suddenly, his body grew slack.

"Rise!" Deadpool yelled. "Open!"

The Chamber of Secrets opened once again. The second Deadpool appeared to the office. The sheer size of the snake rising out of the chamber made him stiff and dropped him to the ground.

"At last!" Deadpool yelled. "Slytherin's monster will rise again and all will succumb to its might! I will have vengeance. I will have justice. I will have Chimichangas."

The Dark Lord had no idea where that came from, but he just rolled with it.

'You...you better get out of my head, or I swear to god, I will make you look at all of my memories of my trip to Tahiti.'

"Excuse me?" Luna asked.

Everyone turned around and saw Luna Lovegood had been walking the grounds of Hogwarts, taking her pet rooster out for a walk. The Basilisk hissed as the rooster stared at it and crowed.

Lord Voldemort's snake had been no match for Luna Lovegood's cock.

To Be Continued Although We May Have Jumped the Shark.
Hey everyone, want to take a trip into Deadpool's brain? Everyone buckle up tight now!

Journey to the Central of the Pool.

A swirling vortex of insanity opened up and dropped the shade of Tom Marvolo Riddle in the middle of some kind of field. He had no idea what he had. He swung his arms looking around. The Heir of Salazar Slytherin took a couple of steps into the ground which sank.

Riddle opened up the Chamber of Secrets and tried to unleash the monster in to cleanse the school of the filth. Interference and a rather insane vessel presented some difficult challenges. Riddle conceded the fact he should he ensured the roosters were all properly strangled. Some little girl and her pet rooster foiled the plans of the great Lord Voldemort.

Opening up the Chamber of Secrets on Halloween Night would be some kind of symbolic event for many reasons. Halloween had been a magic night for many reasons, and it was the night Lord Voldemort, in his future guise, fell to Harry Potter. This Wilson reminded him many times.

'How could I have grown so incompetent?' Riddle asked. 'And more importantly, where I am?'

Riddle spoke this chilling statement and moved closer to the center his intended destination. The Dark Lord heard hideous whispers going about in the background.

"You're not in Kansas anymore, Dorothy!"

The giggling forced Riddle to spin around on a constant basis. He resembled some kind of demonic washing machine when walking into the center. Riddle wondered what the hell happened.

"I'm Lord Voldemort! Do you hear me? I AM LORD VOLDEMORT!"

The Dark Lord's eyes flashed. He suddenly appeared on the high seas with the water crashing against the seas. Riddle looked back and came face to face with the mercenary. A couple more changes came to the man. A fluffy white shirt, a dark eye patch, and a peg leg along with a hat with the fabled skull and crossbones combination added to the assemble. He held a saber and pointed it towards Riddle.

"Arrgh, Matey!" he growled. "You better keep your hands of me booty!"

Riddle staggered back swinging his arms a little bit. The saber pressed against his chest to scrap the edge of it. Riddle reached over and found himself rocked by the high seas.

"See, here's me booty!"

Deadpool slapped his ass and caused a ripple effect.

"You are to tell me how to get out of here immediately!" Riddle demanded. "Do you know who I am?"

The loud laughter echoed in response. The sea rocked against the rocks and flipped Riddle out onto the rocks. Riddle rolled over onto the beach. Riddle looked up and saw an old man with a white
beard dressed in a speedo standing on the beach.

"Dumbledore?" Riddle asked.

Dumbledore strutted around in his tight white speedo leaving nothing to his imagination. He stepped over to apply oil on the back of a greasy haired man who laid face down on the beach.

A large volleyball hit Riddle in the back of the head. A group of Deadpools crowded around which caused Riddle to stand back from them. He rushed to the edge of the beach and jumped into the air.

'There has to be an exit out of this madhouse.'

Riddle floated off the ground blasting as far away from the scene and more importantly as far away from Albus Dumbledore's wrinkled balls as possible. He flew through the air and moved past a figure dressed in a red mini-skirt, a tight blue shirt with an "S", a red cape, and blonde hair coming out of a mask. The figure turned around to reveal the mask of Deadpool with a blonde ponytail sticking out of the back of it.

"Hi!" she cried. "My name is Karapool! I'm faster than a speeding bullet, more powerful than a locomotive, and able to make hate-readers cry bitter tears in a single bound!"

Riddle smashed into a building and dropped down to the ground. He landed in the middle of the ground and skidded down with a breath coming from him.

A bunch of figures snapped their fingers as they stood on either side of the street. A catchy beat began to play as an army of Deadpools stood on one side dressed in red and black and an army of Deadpools stood on the other side dressed in black and red. They kept snapping their fingers.

"Forget about it!" one of the Deadpools yelled.

"You forget about it!" another one of the Deadpools yelled.

"You forget about it!" the first Deadpool declared. "This is are turf, you see!"

They snapped their fingers and moved around to face each other. Their hair whipped in the breeze as they prepared to rumble with each other. The ground shifted underneath Riddle causing him to blast into the air. Riddle rode the turbulent waves rocking the ground.

The Dark Lord's annoyance increased the further he blasted high into the sky. He landed in the middle of Hogwarts and stood in the middle of the groups of students. They all laughed at something.

"Look at me, I'm Lord Voldemort!" one of the students mocked. "I'm a lame idiot with a bad name who lost to one year old baby!"

They all laughed until Riddle had it. He would kill all these little bastards just like he killed that punk who made fun of his nose that one time. He intended to get it reduced should his body return back. Voldemort whipped out his wand only to realize his wand turned into a dildo.

'What in the name of Merlin's beard is this madness?' Voldemort asked.

A loud laughter echoed as Riddle dropped into the court room. He surrounded by a jury all of them who dressed to Deadpool. The honorable Judge Pool stepped out to the middle of the courtroom.

"How do you plead, Mr. Riddle?" the Judge asked. "On the charges that you are a failure who can't
even beat a child."

"I'LL KILL YOU!"

Voldemort jumped over the rail and at the bench. The ground shifted and now he waded in a ground covered in nothing other than pudding.

"Let me out of here!" Voldemort yelled. "Let me out of here!"

The walls blasted open off to the side and flung Voldemort across the room. The Dark Lord turned his attention to the edge of the wall. A figure dressed in black stalked him. More features came into the picture with long dark hair and green eyes vibrant as the killing curse itself.

"Who are you?" Voldemort asked.

"I'm Harry Potter!" he yelled speaking in a Southern American accent for some reason. "And you're my little bitch boy."

One flicked finger dropped the Dark Lord down. Riddle spiraled down to the ground. He reached for a wand which dropped down onto the ground. Riddle slung any number of curses at Harry. The demonic mental figure with glowing green eyes stalked Voldemort with malicious intent in mind. The Dark Lord's hands gripped his wand firmly the wood standing up straight as he refused to let go.

"Yeah, that's a problem with a lot of men," one of the Deadpool jurors commented.

"AVADA KEDAVRA! AVADA KEDAVRA! AVADA KEDVAVRA!"

Each killing curse struck Harry Potter. The harder Voldemort whacked him the bigger Harry Potter got. He grew massive and towered over Voldemort's puny body. Riddle stepped back and drew in a deep breath. The Killing Curse did not work.

"No!"

It was almost like as Potter grew, Riddle shrank. He felt impotent before this very powerful wizard.

"Tell me more about your wand problem," Freudpool stated as he jotted some notes down. "Is this symbolic of any inadequacy you may feel ze bedroom?"

Riddle screamed and he rushed towards the man. "LET ME OUT OF HERE!"

True terror coursed through Riddle's body when Harry Potter turned from a giant boy wizard into a hideous looking purple dinosaur. Riddle could not put his finger on why but a giant purple dinosaur going after him was the most terrifying thing ever.

A hand wrapped around Riddle and the purple dinosaur devoured him. Riddle screamed when he came into the stomach of the dinosaur. His horror increased when the realization of being surrounded by several versions of Deadpool was his eternal fate.

"Hey guys!" one of them shouted. "I found a way out of here. It's a little bit messy though!"

A loud explosion happened and Riddle appeared on the ground. A giant lion, a tinman, a scarecrow, and a brunette girl dressed in blue started to skip down the Yellow Brick Road which he landed on. Their faces all had the Deadpool mask.

"We're off to see the wizard. The wonderful wizard of…."
A troll with the letters "CU" on his shirt popped up and pointed his finger at the singers which prevented them from singing any further.

A blonde girl with a dreamy expression wearing a top hat appeared and gave Voldemort a sardonic smile.

"It's a strange and whimsical world isn't it?" The Luna Hatter asked. "And you are just in time for tea."

Riddle's next destination found himself boiling in a giant tea cup where a large white rabbit with Deadpool's mask reached in to drink it. He jumped out of the scalding hot tea and ran into a wall made entirely of Deadpools. Deadpools to the left, Deadpools to right all surrounded Voldemort. Big ones, short ones, fat ones, skinny ones, Deadpools of all fifty eight genders as defined by Facebook surrounded the most feared Dark Lord that ever lived.

"You don't get it, kid, see?"

A mobster Deadpool stepped closer to Voldemort. Riddle stepped back.

"This mind here, this is Big Pool's mind, see," Mobpool said in thick Brooklyn accent.

"Where's the way out?" Voldemort demanded.

"You think of me as a snitch? You think of me as a stool pigeon? You can't get Rocky to squeal. Rocky ain't like that. See?"

Voldemort stepped back and peered up at a giant billboard with the words "Be Sure To Drink Your Ovaltine" scrolling over. It repeated in neon letters repeatedly.

The Dark Lord rushed towards a door which had been opened. He faded into a swirling cyclone of light.

Wade Wilson popped up like an overdone piece of toaster. Snape happily zapped him with a giant magical cattle prod as he shook on the bed.

"Severus, I think he's awake," Dumbledore said

"One more time for good measure?"

Snape zapped Deadpool one more time with the magical cattle prod for good measure. Deadpool thrashed all about with Snape brandishing his big black rod over Deadpool's face.

The diary on the side sizzled and broke open. Hideous screams emitted from the diary and red ink oozed from it.

The words "KILL ME" flashed over the diary constantly. It had a spastic fit and shot blots of ink high in the air.

Harry Potter stepped into the hospital room out of nowhere, calmly picked up a Basilisk Fang, and stabbed it through the diary. Black smoke hissed from the diary and it bled its ink. The diary sizzled with black ink splattering against the table in the hospital wing.

"Congratulations Mr. Potter, you've destroyed a Horcrux," Snape said.

"What's a Horcrux?" Harry asked.
Dumbledore elbowed Snape in his ribs to tell him to stop spoiling things he didn't intend to tell Harry for about four years.

"Mr. Potter, I just said I had to wash my socks," Snape said. "Five points to Gryffindor for your shoes being untied."

"I'm wearing slippers," Harry dryly replied.

"And a further ten points from Gryffindor for contradicting me," Snape said.

"Professor Dumbledore, what is a Horcrux?" Harry asked.

"Yes, Mr. Potter, I believe you should go wash your socks," Dumbledore said. "In fact, why don't we all go change our socks and leave Mr. Wilson in peace."

Dumbledore turned to Deadpool on the bed.

"You shouldn't eat food at a Deathday Party again. Unless you want to attend Nick's next one as one of the ghosts."

Deadpool had no words for Dumbledore. Just sign language, particularly one middle finger.

To Be Continued.
Tis the Season For Insanity:

The sound of loud bells rang throughout Hogwarts. It was hard to believe that insane Halloween and the day after Halloween just passed through. Deadpool did a merry jig through the Hogwarts after doing his duty as the Deputy Caretaker of Magical Sanitation. This entire Christmas Season put Deadpool on guard though for one reason.

As many recall, last year Argus Filch went insane and tried to steal Christmas. Filch had been his normal grumpy self and had not tried anything to that level just yet. Deadpool hoped things would not turn around for the worst. He took the mop out of the bucket and wiped some splatters off of the wall. Someone smeared some kind of animal guts across the wall or something.

"Come on, it's Christmas,' Deadpool thought to himself. 'Why are you so nervous?'

'Well,' the cynical part of Deadpool's brain said. 'It's just weird nothing of note has happened in two months. The main threat of the year has been dispelled two months ago through a series of unfortunate events. It just feels like something else is bound to happen.'

Filch smacked into the Christmas decorations which the house elves strung up. The Hogwarts Caretaker curled into a grimace.

"Are you serious?" Filch asked smacking the decorations out of the place. "Why does this holiday actually happen?"

The strumming of the guitar brought Filch's attention off of the rant. Out of the blue, the Defense Against the Dark Arts Teacher Gilderoy Lockhart stepped into the picture. He played a little tune before stepping into the picture.

"Joy to the world, we'll soon be dead. No matter what we can do, we can't get ahead. Does it really matter? All of this pudding is just making us fatter. What's the point of life no one knows. It just completely blows. Joy to the world, we'll soon be…..."

Filch turned his attention to Deadpool. "Don't worry, I'm not going to steal Christmas again. I learned my lesson after last year."

"That's good to know," Deadpool said. "You wouldn't believe how rare it is that someone learns their lesson around him."

A figure dressed in black walked down the hallway. She looked extremely pale to the point where Deadpool debated how much the woman had seen sunlight in years if at all. The mysterious woman did her hair up in spikes, with black lipstick, and nails done black. She topped off the outfit with so multiple piercings.

'Something tells me that going through airport security is a problem for her,' Deadpool said.

"Excuse me, I'm looking for Gilderoy Lockhart," the woman said waving a hand to show numerous cutting scars on her wrist.

The strumming of the guitar started up. Filch and Deadpool stepped away.
"I used to be known for my charming smile. My books sold for a while. Then I encountered a bunch of hicks. They were infested with teeth. They ripped my teeth and cut my hair. I learned that life is not fair."

'Wouldn't think you that his hair would grow back after three months, magic or not?' the nitpicking part of Deadpool's brain asked.

'Quiet you,' Deadpool thought. 'Don't make me sniff paint thinner to shut you up.'

"Oh, so you are Lockhart," she said. "Excuse me for a minute."

The woman took out her wand and muttered a spell, slicing her wrists. Filch gave a yelp of agony when blood splattered from her wrists and all over his clean floor.

"You crazy bitch, what the hell is your problem?" Filch asked.

"I have to cut myself, it's the only thing that gives me a thrill," the woman said as she looked pleased from the pain.

"I don't care if you cut your wrists," Filch said. "Go ahead, and slice an artery for all I care, but don't do it on my floor."

The woman bandaged the wrists and stopped the bleeding just enough. She would no longer get the thrill of pain if she died.

"Lockhart, how are you?" she asked.

"My life has turned out for the worst. With the most charming smile I used to be the first. My life is no longer swell. My looks have completely fell."

"So, would you have to say you're miserable?" the woman asked.

"Yes," Lockhart said.

"Absolutely fabulous," the woman said. "You are an inspiration to us all. Showing than one of them can become one of us. My name is Margot Dingle, I am the chief editor of Alternate Witch Weekly."

She took out a vial of pixie dust and lit it with her wand. Margot inhaled the scent and got all loopy.

"We've detested you for years, Mr. Lockhart," Margot said. "We think you're a fraud, a charlatan, a hoax, a disgusting individual. But you know how we see you here?"

"A failure?" Lockhart asked.

"Absolutely!" Margot cheered. "You're a failure. You're a glorious failure. Your life is miserable, and misery is what gets us hot at night."

Deadpool and Filch met eye to eye. Filch made the international sign for "this chick be crazy" before straightening up.

"We think you're an inspiration of how miserable you must be to lose the good looks which was the only thing that was worthwhile in your life," Margot said. "That time of inspiration must be rewarded. Therefore, I'm going to invite you this May to receive Alternate Witch Weekly's Rock Bottom Award. For you, Mr. Lockhart, are truly magnificent with how much your life has failed."

She tapped Lockhart's face.
"Those teeth are gone, your hair just isn't growing back," Margot said. "And you've put on a few pounds."

"I have?" Lockhart asked feeling around his gut worryingly. "Oh, god, I am. What in the name of Merlin's testicles has happened to me?"

"You have become one of us," Margot said in monotone. "You are now on the other side. You have stepped away from the mainstream after you've lost everything."

"I...can't this be the most awful thing that has ever happened!" Lockhart yelled.

"YES!" Margot screamed almost as if she was getting off on Lockhart's misery. "I know!"

Both Deadpool and Filch stepped back from them. Moaning Myrtle stuck her head at the loo, shook her head at this crazy woman who was completely mental unstable, and stuck her head back into the bathroom at the blink of an eye.

"I'll see you this May, where all of your formerly adoring fans will see how far you've fallen," Margot said. "Your misery as they all turn on you will be absolutely gorgeous."

The woman disappeared as suddenly as she appeared. Lockhart sank down and started to murmur to himself. He gave some dry racking sobs bemoaning his lost beauty and how freaks adored him. Freaks would not spend money.

"I can't stand to see him like this," Deadpool said.

Filch grunted and shook his head. "You're right."

The Hogwarts Caretaker picked up a tarp and threw it over Lockhart's morose body. The Caretaker dusted off of his palms and walked off to leave Lockhart to stew with his sad guitar strumming. Everyone's favorite mercenary moved around to back to his usual guitar strumming.

Harry Potter stepped down the hallway and almost ran into Deadpool.

"Hey, if it isn't Harry Potter," Deadpool said. "You know, the reason why all of us are here in this world."

One of those long looks had been given to Deadpool by Harry. The Mercenary put his hand up and make a brushing sound as if showing something flying over someone's head.

"So, what's your plans for the winter holiday?" Deadpool asked. "Surely you're not heading back to the Dursleys."

"I actually have to go the Ministry of Magic for a hearing," Harry said. "Madam Bones is going to allow the Dursleys to defend themselves, but it's not looking too good. Her team took a lot of evidence at the Dursley house, and Petunia swore that she did not take me in willingly."

It wasn't clear whether Dumbledore blackmailed her or just merely guilt-tripped Petunia out of doing so. Harry did not know and it was time to find out.

"So, I'm heading to Susan's for the holidays," Harry said.

"Hey, that's great," Deadpool said. "There's really nothing going on here since the big bad for the year has been eliminated. And I'm sure you could do with a couple of weeks off of the sad ballad of Gilderoy Lockhart."
Harry broke out into a smile. He could really do without that. He did not really know what Deadpool was on about half of the time. The man most certainly had a lot of oddness about him, but that added to his charm. Harry did need to get the next couple of things packed.

He would never have to see the Dursleys again after next week. And that was a good thing, as Harry was concerned. He walked across the hall before disappearing into the pathway.

'A shame he's kind of dropped off in this story,' Deadpool thought. 'I mean, he's only the main character of this entire franchise and he's regulated to be a bit player.'

'Yeah, but, it would be even more of a problem if the author didn't have a few other Harry Potter stories to read where he was the central player,' another voice in his head responded.

'I'm sure he'll show up to do awesome things,' Deadpool thought. 'Wait, what the hell is that?'

A large knife flung from out of nowhere and came very close to stabbing Deadpool. Deadpool jumped up and wielded his mop in a circle. He was looking for this mysterious knife thrower who after all of these chapters moved to attack him once again.

The sounds of a Banjo came over the country road as a toothless man with thick glasses, a straw hat, and bib overalls without a shirt underneath and a hairy chest slammed on the breaks. A large tracker trailer full of hillbillies whooped and hollered. Among them was Crystal Meth, who was a woman on a mission.

"Alright, listen up here ya'll," Crystal Meth said. "No one is going to stay my honeycakes when we are about ready to get hitched. I don't know who this here Deadpool thinks he is, but he's been messing with the wrong girl."

The rednecks whooped and hollered. One of the men finished up with a pig.

"Man, whoever said you can't put lipstick on a pig ain't knowing nothing," he said. "Man, look at Betty-Lou, she looks sure purdy, doesn't he?"

A pig dressed in a cheerleader outfit with lipstick on it looked on with widened eyes. Crystal Meth looked up at the pig.

"She'd look even more purdy as the center course at my wedding reception," Crystal Meth said. "My honeycake is going to me….where did you say this Hogwarts was?"

"I knew this fellow who claimed he was a squid," one of the cousins said. "Yeah, you get all kinds of weird folks with that alternate lifestyle stuff, but he claimed he was a squid and he claimed that Hogwarts was in Scotland somewhere."

"Does anyone know where Scotland is?" Billy-Bob asked.

"Ah, I think that's somewhere North of Canada or something, isn't it?" one of the cousins asked.

"Finally, I'm getting hitched and I'm going to ride my stud to stable," Crystal Meth said as she bounced up and down shaking the back of the tractor trailer with her immense weight.

"What if he don't want to get hitched?" one of the twins, either Zed or Jed, asked.

"Grandpappy?" Crystal Meth asked.

A crazy old man about three feet tall held out a shotgun which he polished. "Yeah, I reckon I've got
ways in persuading him."

"What if he has someone else?" another one asked.

"I'LL KEEL THEM ALL!" Crystal Meth shouted which caused windows to crack from miles around.

Everyone shook in terror at the horror that was their sister-cousin. It was worse than the time their Mama denied her cake. They never did find Mama after that.

"Clyde, what in tarnation are you messing with now?" Crystal Meth asked.

"I found these glowing green rocks," Clyde said. "Picked them up in Kansas."

He opened the bag to reveal several glowing green chunk of alien space rocks.

"Is that where they went to see the Wizard?" Zed or Jed asked.

"You better be careful with them rocks, boy," one of the other cousins said. "They've been known to do strange things to people…give them all kinds of super powers and stuff."

"Man, glowing green rocks giving people super powers," Clyde said. "I swear, that ain't going to happen as sure as I am that two plus two equals thirteen."

"Boys, you better settle down or I'm going to get you a whipping," Crystal Meth said. "How soon are we going to get to Hogwarts? I'm getting mighty testy here."

"We should be there about May or so," Grandpappy said.

To Be Continued.
Love is the Air

Rather by the numbers and unremarkable holiday season passed for Deadpool. The Mercenary stepped back into Hogwarts School of Witchcraft and Wizardry. He enjoyed the holiday away by catching up on his Golden Girls Erotic Slash Fan Fiction. Now he was back in business, Deadpool sought out Albus Dumbledore in the hallways of Hogwarts.

Dumbledore sat in the middle of the stool against the wall. Splattered on the wall was a fresh coat of paint. Deadpool frowned and approached Dumbledore. Dumbledore stared intently, almost transfixed at the paint freshly applied at the wall. He noticed Snape and Filch watching Dumbledore watching the paint drying on the wall. And for a brief moment, Deadpool watched Snape and Filch watching Dumbledore watch the paint dry on the wall. Before he turned back to Dumbledore and cleared his throat.

"Headmaster?" Deadpool asked. "Are you alright?"

"Yes, I'm quite right Deputy Caretaker Professor Wilson," Dumbledore said.

'It's odd that they haven't stripped me of my professor title after not teaching a class in almost three months,' Deadpool thought. 'Unless you count the time that I broke into History of Magic and made the class more interesting. And I was never welcomed back to class again.'

"So, if you don't mind me for asking, why are you staring at paint drying on the wall?" Deadpool asked him.

"Rita Skeeter claimed that one of my speeches at the Wizengamot was about as exciting as watching paint dry," Dumbledore said. "I wanted to verify whether or not watching paint dry was an exciting endeavor or of Ms. Skeeter was embellishing the truth about the overall stimulation of paint drying."

Deadpool did not have it in his heart to tell Dumbledore that wasn't what Rita meant.

"And I find it an oddly interesting activity," Dumbledore said.

"So, I heard that Harry Potter was taken away from the Dursleys," Deadpool said. "And he will never ever to go back there ever again."

Dumbledore answered with a neutral nod. One could not see anything positive or negative from his words. A tinge of disappointment came through his face and he looked a little bit older. Deadpool hoped this would not get too serious.

"They weighed all of the evidence," Dumbledore said. "Madam Bones thought there were more positives than negatives than moving Harry to an undisclosed location over his summer holidays."

The Headmaster took a moment to contemplate and to return to watching the paint dry. He thought that Rita might be on to something. There was a certain calming quality to viewing paint dry.

"And the Minister of Magic agreed with her assessment to have Harry removed from his relations," Dumbledore said.

Dumbledore honestly figured Fudge only agreed because if he did not, it would look like he was
choosing a Muggle over a Wizard, and if he lost the Alt-Pureblood support, which amounted to magic first, then he would lose a great deal of his support. Plus it looked good to the voting public for Cornelius to be seen righting what was an injustice.

And to think, he hoped Petunia could get over her bitterness. It appeared that she could not unfortunately. Dumbledore was saddened at people like that. It brought a tear to his beard.

"So, I guess that means that your evil plan of keeping Harry at the Dursleys is not going to take place," Deadpool said. "You must be enraged about that."

"No, not particularly," Dumbledore said. "It's unfortunate that a relationship between family members had to come with this. I would have preferred things to get worked out, but unfortunately, things happen. I guess Petunia could not do the right thing and let her prejudice get in the way."

Severus Snape responded by rolling his eyes. He could have told Dumbledore, Petunia was a spiteful wench who would allow her prejudice to get in the way. Hell, he had told Dumbledore that fact several times. Not as really caring about Potter, but really just as a general thought.

"Well, it's glad to see you're handling this in a mature way which doesn't involving you twirling your mustache," Deadpool said. "And it just so happens I brought you a present from the future."

"Oh, lovely!" Dumbledore said bouncing up and down on his heels after rising up.

"Yeah, that looks better when an attractive chick with a rack does it," Deadpool said.

Dumbledore, thankfully for all of their sakes, ceased that behavior. Deadpool pulled out a large bag.

"May I touch your sack?" Dumbledore asked.

"Hey, this is a family story," Deadpool said. "Oh, you mean the sack with the actual item, sure you can, Dumbledore."

Dumbledore always enjoyed the texture of a well formed and full sack. Just the way the leather of it pushed underneath his fingers brought a twinkle in his eye. Deadpool stepped back and opened up the sack to reveal a three sided metal spinning device on an axis.

"It's a Fidget Spinner," Deadpool said. "I saw this to a trip to the current year to the holidays, and while I'm pretty sure that fad will be outdated by the time you read this chapter, I just had to pick up and bring it back from the current year to this past year."

"Oh!" Dumbledore yelled. "It spins!"

Dumbledore was jubilant as he played with the Fidget Spinner. Snape looked at Filch at the Headmaster's continued joyous playing with the toy.

"Do you have of that bleach?" Snape asked.

"Don't think you're getting out of this," Filch said with a stern finger waving in Snape's face. "If I have to go through this, then guess what, you have to as well."

Snape looked like that someone shot his puppy. Deadpool turned to him.

"Don't worry, Snapeybear, I got you one as well," Deadpool said. "You're right in the target audience for a Fidget Spinner."

Snape held the Fidget Spinner Deadpool handed over.
"This is the most childish and inane thing I've ever see," Snape said as he mockingly played with it. "How can anyone get any enjoyment out of this Fidget Spinner? Watching it turn around and spin and spin and spin on its Axis without any effort whatsoever."

Snape's eyes glazed over as he continued to watch the Fidget Spinner move around. He would not admit it out loud but this was oddly relaxing. He glazed over when viewing the item in question and watched it keep spinning around.

"The way it spins, the way it's so shiny, the way it spins," Snape said. "The way it reduces my stress and anxiety of having to deal with these dunderheads and their inability to create the most rudimentary of potions."

"So, you like it?" Deadpool asked.

"No," Snape said as he hurled the Fidget Spinner into the garbage can. "It's the most inane thing ever."

"Well, fair enough," Deadpool said. "Good luck on the paint watching."

Dumbledore returned to watching the paint dry. Deadpool disappeared off into the corridor to do Deadpool things. Snape eyed the trash can for a few seconds and then pulled back, shaking his head. He viewed Dumbledore having a grand old time playing with the Fidget Spinner and watching paint dry.

'The most powerful wizard over several generations,' Snape thought. 'Just watching it spin like that. No respect. Watching it just spin around and around and around, playing with it. The foolish old man playing with his Fidget Spinner and I've never seen him so happy.'

The Hogwarts Potion Professor knew that he would never hear the end of this. He looked from Filch who watched Dumbledore with contempt.

"Argus, one of my Slytherins overheard that the Weasley Twins are persuading Peeves to wreck the East Corridor on the Fifth Floor," Snape said.

Argus's eyes bugged out in a pretty cartoonish manner. "What? Oh no, I just spent three days scrubbing that floor. THREE DAYS!"

The finger of the Hogwarts Caretaker started to waggle and he rushed forward to go off to take care of business. The moment Filch disappeared, and with Dumbledore occupied, Snape dug the Fidget Spinner out of the trash can and discretely pocketed it.

Gilderoy Lockhart woke up and looked at the calendar on the date of February Fourteenth. His agitation increased when he realized what day today is.

"Valentine's Day," Lockhart said. "A day which I used to look forward to with millions of trinkets from my devote fans."

Several house wives spent their holiday season in consoling and the consoling just continued. Lockhart could not be in consoling, he had been secured to this castle during the holiday season for his own health. Lockhart closed his eyes and took a moment to sigh.

"Another day which I am reminded how awful my life is," Lockhart said. "And how no matter what, my teeth and my hair and my good looks are not returning back."
Lockhart felt very bloated as he looked in the mirror and sighed. The mirror cracked when he looked at it. Lockhart sighed.

"Seven years bad luck," Lockhart bemoaned. "Not that my life can get any more dire."

The Defense Against the Dark Arts Teacher turned his attention to several short and ugly men dressed in togas who appeared in his office. The leader, who wore very thick glasses, peered up at Lockhart.

"We're here to deliver the Valentines as you requested, sir," the dwarf said.

"Valentines?" Lockhart asked. "Oh, yes, right."

Lockhart, months and months ago, contracted dwarves to deliver Valentines to the people who wanted to them. It would spread the spirit of love back when Lockhart believed in such a thing. Now he did not believe in such things. He turned to tell the dwarves off, but suddenly, they all dropped to the ground in front of him.

"What?"

"My apologies Gartet, I didn't know you had returned," the lead dwarf said.

"He has risen!" one of the dwarves yelled in an excited voice.

"Gartet?" Lockhart asked.

Gilderoy Lockhart had never been so confused in his entire life. These dwarves looked up at him with reverence and Lockhart turned over his shoulder.

"Moxie!" Lockhart called.

A house elf appeared in front of him. "Professor Lockhart, you're not having thoughts about killing yourself again, are you?"

"No," Lockhart said. "Well yes, but also no….I need you to fetch me Hermione Granger."

The house elf found absolutely nothing peculiar about that comment. She disappeared and popped to grab Hermione Granger dressed in a pink bathrobe, hair curlers, and cute little bunny slippers. She dropped down onto the ground and looked very agitated at being dragged out of her bedroom.

"Professor Lockhart?" Hermione asked. "Pardon my Professor language….I mean pardon my language, Professor, but what the actual hell?"

"Miss Granger, I need to ask you a question," Lockhart said. "I know you know things."

"Yeah," Hermione said. "I know a little bit."

"What is Gartet?" Lockhart asked.

Hermione woke completely up and clasped her hands together in joy. She bounced up and down with excitement causing her bunny slippers to side off her.

"Oh, that's the Dwarvian word for deity," Hermione said.

"Oh, that means the dwarves think I'm of great power," Lockhart said.
A little bit of his old personality and spirit shined through. He desperately clung to the thought of someone, anyone, worshipping him as a god.

"No, to them, a god is someone who is obscenely ugly, and who most people recoil to in light," Hermione said. "Which...no offense, Professor, but you are very ugly."

The dwarves bowed down before Lockhart. The Professor's heart sank as he realized that there was no hope of being respected out of anything again.

"Professor, is it really healthy for you to have this job?" Hermione asked. "I mean, you are just surrounded by constant reminders of the man you used to be."

Lockhart looked around his office towards the portraits of him who had cowered the moment Lockhart's hideous toothless mouth and balding scalp pointed in their direction. One of them had acquired a flaming torch and a pitch work and kept stabbing it outward as if Lockhart was some horror movie monster to be warded off.

"Miss Granger," Lockhart said.

"Yes, Professor," Hermione said.

"I need a hug," Lockhart said.

Lockhart's foul breath came through the air and made Hermione recoil.

"Sorry, sir, but...I have Haphephobia," Hermione hastily said. "Why don't you ask...um, Professor Snape or something?"

Hermione excused herself from Lockhart's office and left him with nothing other than dwarves.

Severus Snape needed to get away in solitude. The dungeon smelled of rotten eggs thanks to some incompetent third years. He could not get angry though, not when he had his Fidget Spinner. Snape stepped into the privacy of the Astronomy Tower to go and play with his Fidget Spinner along in the darkness.

"Yes, you and I, nothing can drag us apart," Snape said. "Nothing...nothing can tear us away from each other."

Snape kept playing with the Fidget Spinner becoming more and more transfixed by how shiny it was. He kept spinning it around and around. He was distracted by the flare coming from it.

"Talk to you later."

Snape stopped playing with his Fidget Spinner just in time to see Harry Potter walking from the Astronomy Tower. The Potions Professor Stood up, angry that Potter walked in on him playing with his Fidget Spinner. He put it behind his back instantly.

"Professor Snape?" Harry asked.

"Potter," Snape said. "What are you doing here?"

"I'm...I was sending a letter," Harry said. "What were you doing here?"

Snape responded in the most crisp and curt way possible.
"I was masturbating."

This received a very disturbed reaction from Harry. Snape glared at him.

"Teacher have needs as well, Mr. Potter," Snape said. "How dare you assume we're not human? Five Points from Gryff…"

Snape stopped and saw a figure moving outside of the window. He blinked and made sure he was not seeing things. The figure, whoever it was, had disappeared.

"Potter, I saw a flying girl outside of the window," Snape said.

"Professor Snape, are you serious?" Harry asked. "I mean, you can't tell potentially believe a girl could fly. Are you sure you're not inhaling Potion fumes again?"

"Are you accusing your teacher of engaging in illegal substances?" Snape asked. "Take another five points from Gryffindor and you can spend the next night in detention?"

Deadpool appeared out of the corner and looked from Snape to Harry.

"Is there…a slash fan fiction going on here?" Deadpool asked.

"I have no idea what that is," Snape said.

Deadpool leaned in and whispered something in Snape's ear. The word "Dumbledore" and "Cooking Oil" were the only two things Harry heard. He did not really want to know.

"Absolutely not," Snape answered a moment later.

"Okay," Deadpool said. "Fair enough."

"I saw a flying girl outside the window," Snape said a second later.

Deadpool frowned and looked from Harry to the window and shrugged.

"I really have no idea who that could be."

Deadpool turned to the fourth wall and winked.

To Be Continued.
Chapter 27

Voodoo Hillbillies.

The last few weeks turned into about a month and nothing too out of the ordinary occurred. Gilderoy Lockhart refused point back to leave his office since Valentine's Day as something upset him greatly. He only ordered House Elves to bring him chocolate, wine, and lots of it. Deadpool found it his civic duty.

Thanks to the agreement Dumbledore had all of the teachers signed, Lockhart could not kill himself. Deadpool was at a loss to how this particular contract agreement worked. He was pretty sure there was some kind of magical explanation. He stepped down the hallway and came face to face with Snape.

"I think Potter's up to something," Snape said.

"Did you check the sky to see if it's blue as well?" Deadpool asked.

Snape wisely ignored this very snide comment on the part of Deadpool. "I've seen her. Not directly, but I've seen Potter talking to someone who has flown up to the window. And she was there before I could get a closer look at you."

"You sure it isn't the Potion fumes?" Deadpool asked.

"Yes, that's what Potter, Dumbledore, Filch, and several of my Slytherins all said," Snape said. "But, I know what I've seen and there's some kind of flying girl. And she's not permitted to be on the school grounds."

"Well, technically if she's flying than she's not on the school grounds," Deadpool said. "I mean she's above them."

Snape's eyes narrowed at Deadpool contradicting him in such a way. Deadpool's hands just spread apart with a smile on his face.

"I'm just saying, that's all," he said. "She's not on the grounds. She's above them."

"It doesn't matter," Snape said. "Potter's breaking Hogwarts rules, I'm almost certain of it. And I expose him and have him expelled."

"First of all, it's making me slightly uncomfortable to hear you talk about students being exposed," Deadpool said. "And secondly…have you thought about just letting it go?"

Snape did not say anything. He just turned around and walked down the hallway. Deadpool turned around and walked up the way to Lockhart's office.

'There are times where I wonder whether or not Dumbledore has given up on running a school,' Deadpool thought. 'Then again, it's not like the Ministry's much better. Or so I've heard.'

Deadpool stepped through the doorway and knocked on it three times. A very muffled "go away" came from the office. Deadpool opened the door by a hair pin. He stopped in shock at how easy it was to open up the door. The Mercenary took a deep breath and stepped into the office.
Chocolate wrappers and wine bottles covered the ground. Deadpool walked around the maze and the mess. He saw Lockhart rocking back and forth against the wall with blood shot eyes. Deadpool spent a second looking at Lockhart and the sad state. He looked to be close to four hundred pounds and looked even worse off than he was before he disappeared on Valentine's Day.

"Gaze upon the face of pure ugliness!" Lockhart bemoaned. "Gaze on it."

"You're not ugly."

Deadpool held a mirror out and Lockhart's reflection screamed out in horror before the mirror shattered into little bit pieces. The Mercenary held up the mirror with a very evident frown on his face. He shrugged his shoulders.

"Okay, fine you could be better looking," Deadpool said. "But, we all have your problems. And what you lack in looks you can make up in personality."

The word almost came out deflated when he realized who he was talking to. Deadpool turned to Lockhart's portraits. All of them hissed angry and they shielded their eyes at the ugliness of Lockhart. Lockhart rose up and gazed dup on his former glory. A tear came down his cheek. It was almost sad to watch.

"Oh, come on, suck it up," Deadpool said. "I thought that you were over this!"

"I'll never be over this!" Lockhart yelled. "I bet you anything those hillbillies put a curse on me."

"Are you saying they were Voodoo hillbillies?" Deadpool asked. "Because, if so, that's amazing."

"No, it's terrible," Lockhart bemoaned.

"Are you kidding?" Deadpool asked. "Voodoo Hillbillies is the best band name ever!"

Deadpool shook his head. He would have to patent that name as soon as possible and let the money roll in. The only problem was he needed to find people who were capable of playing in a band and that could be a problem to honest.

"Are you sure those Cornish Pixies didn't put some kind of bad luck spell on you for capturing them?" Deadpool asked.

"No," Lockhart said. "Well, they could have, but I'll be honest, I don't know what they're capable of."

"Well, there's the answer," Deadpool said. "We're going to have to find the Pixie King or Queen and plead to them to reverse the curse."

Lockhart's expression was very dubious. Deadpool put his hand around Lockhart's shoulder.

"Come on, all we have to do is find the magical Pixie Forest," Deadpool said. "And hunt down the Pixie King or Queen, and make them reverse your curse. You'll be back to your normal self in no time."

Lockhart looked very dubious about this, but he figured there was no arguments coming.

The Hillbilly Truck and Tractor Trailer laid across a garbage barge which was going across the Atlantic.
"Man, it was sure nice of that fellow to give us a ride on his Garbage Barge," Clyde said. "I guess it would be called a Garbrage!"

The other hicks raised their eyebrows as Clyde was the only one who was laughing. Zed, or maybe Jed, scratched his head.

"I don't get it," one of the twins said.

"Man, he thinks he's all fancy with his fancy fifth-grade education," the other twin said. "Look at him, Mister Fancy Pants… ."

"Thinks he's better than the rest in his fancy pants," the other twin finished. They responded with a chuckle.

"Man you all best hush up right now," Crystal Meth said as she held a slice of cake which had chunks of green rock in it. "Dang Gum it, Clyde, you got your damn fancy rock in my cake!"

Crystal Meth held the slice of cake up and belched in a very unlady like manner. She studied the cake for a few seconds.

"Are you sure you should be eating that?" one of her cousins asked.

"What, as long as I can digest it, I'm fine," Crystal Meth said before shoving the meteor rock infested cake into her mouth. Crystal Meth groaned with the cake going deep into her mouth.

They watched as glowing cake crumbs went everywhere. Crystal Meth shoveled the cake into her mouth and belched before eating some more of the cake.

"Grandpappy, we'll be there by the end May, won't we?" Crystal Meth said.

"Yeah, darling, we will be there, I reckon," Grandpappy said. "Got to get there pretty fast, so we can get you hitched to that man who was done looking at you."

Deadpool stepped into the office of Albus Dumbledore. Dumbledore sat at his desk and played with the Fidget Spinner. Deadpool cleared his throat a couple of times.

"Headmaster, may Gilderoy and myself go to the enchanted forest and search for the Pixie King who put an enchanted hex on him to make him bald and ugly and fat?"

In Dumbledore's distracted state, this made perfect sense. He reached for another candy from the dish and enjoyed the sweet taste of them while flicking his Fidget Spinner.

"Okay," Dumbledore said. "Just make sure to bundle up nice and warm. That forest could get pretty chilly at night. And be careful for mischievous spirits."

"Oh, don't worry, I will," Deadpool said.

He made his way out of the door where Lockhart waited for him.

"He said yes," Deadpool said to him. "Are you ready?"

Lockhart shrugged in a non-committal way. Was he really ready? He supposed he did not have no choice. Everything just went to hell after he let those pixies loose in class and now his entire life went downward for the past several months.
"I don't have anything else left to lose," Lockhart said in a morose tone.

Deadpool slapped a hand over Lockhart's shoulder. "That's the spirit!"

The two of them walked off to the exit of Hogwarts ready for this weird and wild adventure. Both of them stepped out of the front door of Hogwarts to adventure and wonder.

'Ooh, there's going to be adventure,' Deadpool thought. 'Maybe we should have mentioned that before.'

Molly Weasley sat in the kitchen of the Burrow dressed in black. She sent her two youngest children off to be with Aunt Muriel because she could not bear to them to see their mother like this. Molly could not even bother to compose a howler or raise her voice. The woman felt completely and utterly wrecked with deep breath coming out of her body.

Poor Gilderoy Lockhart suffered a fate worse than death by his good looks being removed. Molly feared for her fellow house wives, some of them had stopped cooking, some had stopped cleaning, and far too many of them had stopped berating their husbands into submission. It was a national tragedy which threatened to turn into an international epidemic if Molly did not try and stop it.

Molly had to call in a favor. They needed Gilderoy back. Otherwise, men would start talking back to their wives and no longer did they have control of the house. Molly's hand shook when she clung onto the side of the tea kettle.

'Be strong, ' Molly thought. 'Be strong for them all.'

The fire place in the Burrow brought to light. Horace Slughorn stepped out into the picture and brushed the soot off of his traveling robe.

"Thank you for coming, Professor Slughorn," Molly said.

"Now, Molly, I haven't been a professor in about ten years," Horace said. "Call me, Horace. I think you've earned the right."

He gave the winning smile which Molly returned. Horace pulled out a bottle and poured the contents out into two glasses. He gently pushed the glass into Molly's hand.

"Drink up," Horace gently said. "You're going to need it."

Molly could have used a good stiff drink now. She took the amber colored liquid and swallowed it down. Molly felt a little bit better as the contents entered her mouth. She drew in a deep breath and smiled.

"I'm sure you've heard what happened to Gilderoy Lockhart."

An approvingly smile crossed over Horace's face. Gilderoy Lockhart had been his favorite writer of extraordinary magical fiction. There were only a couple of problems which Gilderoy's work. Horace was not sure he was on board with Lockhart self-inserting himself as the role of the protagonist. And also, the books were mistakenly labeled as non-fiction.

"Yes, it is quite sad what happened to him," Horace said. "He was a good kid. He had big dreams to be something special and he did."

"And, this is what I've gotten from Hogwarts," Molly said. "This is what's putting house wives all
Molly showed a picture to Horace which did not resemble the formerly handsome Gilderoy Lockhart at the very least. It was quite horrifying and Horace could see why housewives the world over had been turned into a very catatonic state.

"Oh, I've seen this once before," Slughorn said. "And it's pretty nasty."

"Do you think you can fix him?" Molly asked. "Please, I don't know how much longer I can take this. I'm losing the will to run my own household. Arthur is starting to…oh it's horrible."

"I'm sure Arthur will understand what you're going to," Slughorn said.

"He told me off last week and said that I was wrong," Molly said. "And I…I…I agreed with him!"

Molly stammered and shuttered at the thought of her husband being right. The man was never right. He never was right in any kind of relationship fight. The woman was always all right and all knowing. And Molly started to see herself as wrong. Would this be a beginning of a trend? This went against everything Molly's mother raised her as, and everything Great Auntie Muriel preached.

"We can restore him stronger than ever, give him back his hair, his teeth, and his good looks," Slughorn said.

"We have to hurry," Molly bemoaned. "If he gets that award from Alternate Witch Weekly, he will be lost forever. And we will never be able to run our homes ago."

"Oh, you need to break the curse."

Molly Weasley and Horace Slughorn turned around to see Xeno Lovegood of all people standing in the back door. The Editor in Chief of the Quibbler Magazine stepped into the back door as if he just stumbled in by accident. He smelled of several burned herbs and spices. One could say Xeno fell completely down the rabbit hole after his wife's mysterious death. She really was the only thing that kept him sane.

"A curse?" Horace asked.

"Yes, there can only be one person responsible for this curse," Xeno said in a low voice. "Or one group of people responsible for it."

Xeno peered over his shoulder and then looked forward without blinking. His tone grew deadly serious as if he informed a family member of a deceased loved one.

"It's the Voodoo Hillbillies."

Deadpool stepped into the enchanted mist of the enchanted Forest. Everyone's favorite mercenary took in a deep breath and just smiled when looking from the left. Lockhart stepped into him, waddling in the Forest. Several of the creatures cowered from Lockhart.

"Are you sure you captured those pixies here?" Deadpool asked.

"Yes!" Lockhart yelled. "For the last time, there are there. We should find the Pixie Queen here providing we don't get attacked by anything."

A bear trap broke open and caught Deadpool. The Mercenary groaned and pried it open. His mangled and bloodied leg dragged across the ground. Lockhart staggered in and started to breath.
"You're not having a heart attack, are you?" Deadpool asked.

"Oh, please, yes!" Lockhart yelled. "Sweet heart failure strike me down!"

Several flittering eyes flashed in the distance. A circle of pixies surrounded around. They hissed and recoiled in horror. A cloud of dust exploded.

"Oh, look, I'm walking on rainbows!" Deadpool slurred. "Hey, pretty lady let's dance!"

He grabbed Lockhart and forced him to do a waltz throughout the forest bed. Deadpool twirled Lockhart and caused him to slap down onto the ground. Deadpool strutted around the ground as the pixie dust flowed through his body.

"Hey, look at me!" Deadpool yelled. "Look at me, I'm a Fairy Princess! Look at me! Look at me, look at me dance and prance and shake my….."

Lockhart snapped up in the air and had been surrounded with a net. Deadpool looked up and laughed at him.

"Oh, hey….I need to go, I think that rabbit is going to steal my Lucky Charms," Deadpool slurred. "I don't think so, Tony the Tiger, you're not getting my Captain Crunch."

A figure with dark red-hair and crystal colored skin dressed in the most minimal amount of clothing possible. She was two feet tall, but somehow managed to convey anger and rage. The pixies circled around Lockhart.

"You!" the Pixie Queen growled. "You were the one who captured my people."

"I was going to bring them back!" Lockhart managed.

"You will be put on trial for your crimes against the entire pixie race," Pixie Queen said. "Do you wish to have representation?"

"I'll represent him!" Deadpool yelled.

Lockhart's entire face looked like he had been forced to eat rotten eggs. He was doomed.

"Don't worry, buddy, what's the worst that can happen?" Deadpool asked.

"If this poacher is found guilty of his crimes, then both of you will be sentenced to the Pit!" the Pixie Queen screeched.

"Oh, something like that, yes," Deadpool said. "Don't worry, Gildy, you can count on me!"

"Well, at least it will be over soon," Lockhart said. "Doomed, doomed, doom!"

Lockhart took a deep breath and screamed out the next word.

"DOOM!"

Somewhere in his castle, Victor Von Doom woke up from a slumber and looked around. Doom dressed in a green night gown, a shower cap, and bunny slippers with his prominent mask on. He clutched a Teddy Bear with a Doctor Doom mask on its face.

He could have sworn someone yelled his name, but no one appeared to be around.
"Accursed Richards," Doom grumbled before clutching his Doom Teddy and going back to sleep.

To Be Continued.
Severus Snape knew sooner or later he would get ahold of something which would incriminate Potter. He walked around the corner and saw Harry in deep discussing with Daphne Greengrass and Susan Bones. Snape knew better than to get involved. If word got back to Daphne's mother, or to Amelia Bones, then Snape would have a lot of uncomfortable explaining to do.

He knew the flying girl would be coming back. Potter could not be surrounded by witnesses forever. Snape watched a few seconds later as Potter turned around and sighed.

"May I help you, Professor Snape?"

Snape flinched a moment afterward. Susan and Daphne looked over their shoulder. Both of the second years frowned when Snape locked his gaze on them.

"Miss Greengrass, Miss Bones, I wish to have a word with Mr. Potter in private," Snape said. "I can assure you I wish him no lasting harm."

"We'll be right around the corner," Susan said. "My aunt may be speaking to you soon regarding the drop of enrollment in the Auror academy since you became the Potions Professor."

Snape just nodded, and had been angered about the implications that it was his fault he had been saddled with a bunch of dunderheads. He motioned for Harry to follow down the hallway. The Boy-Who-Lived followed Snape down the hallway.

"I know you're up to something, Potter," Snape said. "And when I find out what, I'll make sure you get expelled."

"You know, Professor, that threat really doesn't do anything to me," Harry said. "It would be a nightmare for public relations at the Ministry of Magic if the Boy-Who-Lived was expelled. There are countless other magical schools who would take me in and have that honor. And I'm certain that if they pushed the issue too far, you might find yourself out of a job."

"You arrogant child, you don't know what you're talking about," Snape said.

Harry refused to back down and blink from Snape. Snape noticed something about his eyes. They maintained the illusion of maintaining eye contact while shifting very much away. Someone smartened him up, likely Miss Greengress. If Snape called him out on it, then he would only confirm it to Potter.

"I will find out what you've been up to, Potter," Snape said.

"Oh, you will?" Harry asked. "Professor, with all due respect, this level of obsession is not really healthy. Perhaps you should get a hobby, or something?"

Snape's eyebrow raised up and he leaned closer to Harry. Harry stepped back and moved around the corner.

"Are you implying that we teachers don't have a life outside of teaching you brats?"
"Of course not, Professor Snape," Harry said. "Although, I think that Professor Dumbledore should take the mental health of all of the teachers more seriously if they believe they are seeing imaginary flying girls."

"She's not imaginary and I'll prove she's real!" Snape snapped.

The door opened up and several seventh year Ravenclaws came down the hallway. One of them was a noted gossip, and no doubt news of Snape's growing mental instability would spread by dinner time.

"Yes, and she's currently cruising around in a UFO with the Easter Bunny, Bigfoot, and the Tooth fairy," Harry said.

Luna Lovegood popped around the corner. "Seriously, Harry? Bigfoot flying in a UFO?"

The spacey girl responded with a smile. Her fellow Ravenclaws rolled their eyes until Harry gave them one of those looks. They backed off.

"We all know he has a jetpack," Luna said. "How is he supposed get away from people who see him? Very shy fellow, nice guy…I met him after I had some of Daddy's special mushrooms."

Deadpool paced up and down the murky fields which pressed into the bottom of his feet. His attention had been turned to the pixie jury who lined up. Lockhart dangled in the cage in the pit. Deadpool sat in a three piece suit affixed over his usual uniform and a wig with a ponytail. A monocle fused to his mask gave Deadpool the sense of sophistication.

"Now, can you prove that Gilderoy Lockhart was competent enough to capture Cornish Pixies?" Deadpool asked. "Look at him, and look at this man. Is he someone you think is capable of?"

Lockhart looked up at Deadpool and responded with a very brief shake of his head.

"He puts himself across as a hunter of dark magical creatures," Deadpool said. "He banished banshees, wandered with werewolves, travelled with trolls, and took a voyage with vampires. You can see all of his books described in this flowchart."

Deadpool pointed to the chart.

"Do you see any pilfering of pixies on this list?" Deadpool asked. "Because, I think that Lockhart was not the one that captured these pixies. No, they willingly agreed to go with him."

"Are you saying that our pixies willingly went with this man?" the Pixie Queen asked. "Are you saying that they lied?"

"I say that they could have," Deadpool asked. "Did you interrogate witnesses before just assuming? Did you check every single inch of their story from scrutiny? Did you double up on the people you interrogated until they screamed in terror?"

Deadpool turned to them and waved his fingers.

"You, I remember seeing you at Hogwarts," Deadpool said.

The pixie buzzed and looked at Deadpool.

"Yeah, don't think I forgot about you," Deadpool said. "And don't think my crotch has forgotten about you either after getting a fire axe to it."
The pixie buzzed and looked at Lockhart. His eyes rolled from one side to the other.

"Did you assault Wade Wilson with a fire axe at Hogwarts?" Deadpool asked. "Did you assault the Deputy Headmaster of Hogwarts? And did you dump Gilderoy Lockhart in the middle of the backwoods of West Virginia instead of bringing him straight to this forest?"

The pixie buzzed and buzzed against. The Pixie Queen turned to the subject who swallowed his throat.

"Are you saying that you took this Lockhart and dumped him in the middle of nowhere?" the Pixie Queen asked. "Are you trying to say that you tried to perform your own brand of justice without giving him his proper trial?"

Constant and repetitive buzzing from the pixie came across. He looked very anxious and the Queen bared down on him. The pixie pointed from Lockhart to the rest of the Pixies, and then made a throat slashing motion. Deadpool adjusted his monocle to look at the pixie.

"Can you provide a witness where you can verify my client, Gilderoy Lockhart, threatened you?" Deadpool asked. "Or is this just hearsay?"

The pixie sweated instantly, or did whatever pixies did when they were under a lot of stress? Deadpool extended one big arm.

"I can verify that this pixie attacked me with an ax," Deadpool said. "Harry Potter can verify, along with several other students, that I was attacked with an ax. And then Gilderoy Lockhart was taken out of the school. Most likely to cover up the fact that this pixie…what was your name again?"

The pixie gave a frantic buzz.

"Buzz," Deadpool said. "If that is your real name, then Buzz conspired with several other of your pixies to cripple human and fey relations and cause a magical war which would put the world into absolute chaos."

The pixie buzzed madly and swayed back and force pointing his way.

"Yes, I did it!" Lockhart yelled. "I captured you pixie and I intended to sell you all for slavery! Yes, I am a rotten human being, and I deserve to be sent down into the pit!"

"Do you really think that this man is capable of doing anything rotten and malicious?" Deadpool asked. "Look at him, look at this. Is this the face of a mastermind? Or the face of someone who was duped?"

The Mercenary's eyes flashed and then reached through the bag. He pulled out a copy of Gilderoy Lockhart's autobiography and flashed it at them.

"This doesn't look like a man who would maliciously attack pixies and trap them in caging before turning them into lanterns!" Deadpool yelled. "This is a man who looks like he's getting ready for a glamor shot. He's unassuming, and he was manipulated and framed by the true evil malicious mastermind of this entire case, Buzz!"

Buzz the pixie started buzzing around and making motions with his wings. The other pixies bagged off of him.

"No, I wasn't manipulated!" Lockhart yelled. "I did it all! SENTENCE ME! AND SENTENCE HIM AS WELL! THIS IS ALL HIS FAULT!"
"Be silent," the Pixie Queen said. "I've heard more than enough. And I've decided that this man, Gilderoy Lockhart is not responsible. It is you, Buzz, who is responsible for this malicious activity to punish your fellow pixies by selling them into captivity. Why?"

The Pixie guards moved on in and angrily glared at Buzz. Buzz brushed passed and pulled out a large axe before swinging it. Deadpool's eyes widened as the axe smacked him directly between the legs.

"Fuck, not again," Deadpool groaned.

Buzz moved in and swung his axe as his fellow pixies. The pixie gave an angrily screech and moved back.

The ropes holding Lockhart's cage high above the ground broke and slammed onto Buzz's body. The cage burst open and the bulbous and ugly form of Lockhart came out. The pixies all stepped back as Buzz.

"Unfortunately, it had to happen," The Pixie Queen said. "You murdered him."

"Yes, throw me into the Pit!" Lockhart yelled. "Do you not understand that you will be doing me a great mercy?" Why have you done this to me? Why have you cursed me so?"

"We have not cursed you," the Pixie Queen said. "This would be fully and completely beyond our magical capabilities to curse you like this. No, someone else is."

Lockhart pulled himself to his feet and wondered who could else who would cause it. He dug a nail into the side of his face and frowned.

"It must have been those Voodoo Hillbillies!" Deadpool yelled.

The pixies buzzed in fear and all scattered for their lives. If this one had the stench of the Voodoo Hillbillies on him, then they would be affected by them. Lockhart looked towards Deadpool who responded with a shrug.

"I think that means that you're off the hook."

Margot Dingle felt absolutely wretched. She was upset about how happy she came close to feeling due to giving Gilderoy Lockhart the Alternate Witch Weekly's Biggest Fall from Grace Award. She could not bother to look through his books.

She stuck her hands into the fire to burn them. Then when that interest passed, Margot smiled.

"Oh, it will be wonderful to see you again, Miss Dingle," Dumbledore said with a smile on his face. "But, I'm afraid Gilderoy might not be too pleased to have such an honor bestowed upon him. It may push him over the edge."

"I know!" Margot said in a miserable, yet cheerful voice. "I know! I know this could...he wouldn't be the first one to get sent over the edge. But, I can assure you that suicide is a beautiful thing, and it is a magnificent thing to see one's life being snuffed out by their own hand. Suicide is the answer to all of our problems."

A very authority voice over cut in through the story.
"The following is a public service announcement by Wade Wilson."

Wade Wilson, better known to most of you as Deadpool, appeared on the screen. He flashed a very sad smile when looking at everyone.

"I would like for people to know that opinion that suicide is the answer is that of Margot Dingle, a fictional character, and not any rational person in the real world," Deadpool said. "It is not as easy as finding a person to talk to sometime, but if you do have suicidal thoughts, then talking to someone is a good first step. Taking your life is never the answer, and remember, the people around you would never be better off if you had. Thank you."

"The following is a public service announcement from Wade Wilson."

"We're going to have to disagree with that point, Ms. Dingle," Dumbledore said. "I will allow you to attend the award ceremony in Hogsmeade, if you can behave yourself."

"I'll be there, cutting myself as I wait," Dingle said.

"Splendid, I'll be playing with my Fidget Spinner," Dumbledore said. "Hope to see you soon at Hogsmeade."

Margo disappeared from the fire to go do as she said.

It was time.

The Voodoo Hillbillies drove down the streets. One of them read a map upside down as the huge tractor trailer came down the street. They moved in front of a rickety old shack.

"Why don't get out and ask the fine fellow in the shack for some direction?" Crystal Meth asked. "Make something useful out of yourself?"

"Alright, sis," Clyde said. "Or are you my ma!"

"Damn if I know!" Crystal Meth said. "So, why don't you get out there and ask that guy in the shack if he knows where Hogwarts is?"

Clyde stepped into the shack and walked over. He knocked on the shack three times. The door burst open and a scraggly looking man with broad shoulders and a beard answer.

"We're looking for Hogwarts," Clyde said.

"Hogwarts?" the man asked. "What do you guys know about Hogwarts?"

"We know that Lockhart fellow lives up there," the hillbilly said. "We think it might be one of those alternative strip clubs."

"I don't know," the scraggly man said. "Fudge don't like us telling us to Muggles about that world."

"You talk to your fudge?" Clyde asked sounded utterly bewildered. "Why you folks, you be very weird? And Muggles…hey, Grandpappy, what's a Muggle?"

"That's some kind of dog, son," Grandpappy said. "I think he was calling you ugly."

"Man, you aren't no prize pear yourself!" Clyde said. "That makes me so gosh darn mad."
The hillbillies appeared at the front door and glared down at the scraggly man. Zed looked at a magazine in the corner and saw the face.

"Hey, Crystal Meth, here's your bride!" Zed yelled.

He passed the magazine down. Crystal Meth put down the meteor rock infested cake and looked at it.

"Well, I'll be happier than a porcupine in a balloon factory," Crystal Meth said. "Guess we got an awkward ceremony to crash."

It was time.

Molly Weasley drew in a deep breath. She watched as the cauldron simmered on the stove. She turned to Slughorn and Xeno who both nodded.

"It's time," Slughorn said.

"You've just wasted your time," Xeno said. "That potion won't cure him. You're going to need to fight the Voodoo Hillbilly Queen in combat to reverse the curse."

"I'll do what's necessary," Molly said in a somber voice.

She did not yell, she did not scream, she did not even take over everything and push people around. Time ran out.

It was time.

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To Be Continued.
The Fan is Hit:

Hogsmeade had been set up for the honorable ceremony for Gilderoy Lockhart to receive Alternate Witch Weekly's award for the most spectacular plunge to rock bottom. Snape rolled his eyes.

"My plunge was more spectacular," Snape said. "Where's my accolade?"

"Severus, you get the joys of teaching students over the past eleven years," Dumbledore said. "What could be more enjoyable than the honor of enlightening so many bright and young minds?"

"A car battery hooked to my testicles for one thing," Snape dryly said.

Dumbledore raised his eyebrow for a second. He had no idea Snape could be into such interesting ways to spend a Saturday night. Truly though, the private kinks of a person should remain private and should not be shamed. Filch stepped out of the school, dressed in his best musty tailcoat. Deadpool dressed with a black tie over his normal uniform and a torn suit jacket.

"Where's the man of the hour?" Deadpool asked. "You don't think he hasn't show up?"

"Oh, I've taken liberty in ensuring he shows up on time to receive his honor," Dumbledore said.

The Headmaster looked over his shoulder and about a dozen house elves marched outside. They carried Lockhart his massive girth straining their small bodies.

"Sir, should really go on a diet," one of the house elves said.

Lockhart threw his head back. The people of the Daily Prophet showed up to take pictures of him. Alternate Witch Weekly people did not seem happy with the Prophet people being here. Lockhart was not happy with any of the press.

"So, the rumors are true, are they, Gilderoy?"

Rita Skeeter turned up with a smile on her face when she looked at Lockhart. It was only a shame she did not catch wind of this sooner because a beloved icon of magical literature like this falling this far was just too rich to pass up. Rita never really was a fan of Lockhart, but unfortunately, her boss at the Prophet was. The only piece her boss denied straight up was an article where Rita described all of the inconsistencies in the timeline across of Lockhart's books. She thought it was well researched and there was no need to puff it up, because the reality was damming enough.

"Rita, I'm hideous," Lockhart said.

"Well, at least you still have your personality," Rita said. She frowned when she realized. "Oh, you poor dear."

The condescending tone if Rita's voice made Lockhart's teeth gnash together. He took a few seconds to calm down. His day could not get any worse. Two large men stepped in. The hand placed on Rita's arm.

"No need, I'm leaving," Rita said. "I wouldn't want to be a part of this…press conference."

A few more photos had been snapped by the Prophet's cameras. Deadpool lifted his hand and
waved. Scabbers the rat turned up on camera in Deadpool's hand. Scabbers squeaked in terror at the flash as Deadpool waved his paw with one toe missing at the camera for the world to see.

'And that's what we call foreshadowing, kids.'

Deadpool gave a thumbs up. Margot Dingle made her way in flashing a sardonic smile at the people around her. She looked from the left to the right and then to them. She cleared off with a cough as anyone went through.

"Life sucks and then you die," Margot said.

"Amen," Snape murmured underneath his breath.

"Fortunately, you're going to be dead a lot longer than you'll be alive," Margot said a few seconds later. "But, some people are very lucky to receive a miserable existence, to really enjoy what misery life brings into another level. They don't allow people to pollute their life with toxic positivity. No, they are not going to allow people to make their lives better. They are not going to allow their lives to be infected by this toxic positivity, where everyone's life can be good, if only they have the right attitude. No, our lives are bad, and we enjoy it. We thrive on being misunderstood. We thrive on the entire world shitting on us."

Dumbledore raised his eyebrow. Not that he was one to kink shame, but it did seem a bit odd.

Deadpool spent a few seconds waiting for something to happen. Something always happened, he just waited for his moment to strike.

"And now, I bring to you, the man who has hit rock bottom harder and faster than anyone else," Margot said. "He will never win Witch Weekly's Most Charming Smile Award. And I look forward to seeing what he does going forward, how low he'll go before he ends it all."

Several of the emo witches in the crowd got moist in their panties at the thought of the formerly handsome man committing suicide. Deadpool skidded back in his chair. He wanted to be as far away from these crazy people.

"Everyone, the man who has had it just a little bit awful than anyone else in the world, it's Gilderoy Lockhart!"

Snape pulled out his magical cattleprod and shocked Lockhart to force him to stand on the stage. They handed him the award, a stand with a razor blade and a noose on it.

A loud rumble of a truck motor interrupted the festivities. Deadpool listened and pointed out to the distance.

"I know that Banjo music anywhere!" Deadpool yelled. "Voodoo Hillbillies!"

"Voodoo Hillbillies!" Dumbledore yelled. "Quick, someone get the Headmaster!"

"You are the Headmaster," Snape said in disgust.

"Oh, yes, of course I am," Dumbledore said. "Everyone stay calm."

An army of hillbillies on a Tractor Trailer pulled up. They snorted when fixing their eyes on Lockhart. Crystal Meth climbed out of the truck and leaned over. Deadpool did not like the unhealthy green glow in her eyes.
"Snugglebuns!" Crystal Meth said. "You better not be skipping out on your bride."

"You're marrying her?" Margot asked.

"You got a problem with that?" Crystal Meth asked bearing down on the skinny woman. "Because, I'll tell you this, little Missy, I've seen more meat on a carcass after the vultures have been by."

Margot's mouth opened up wide and she just smiled at the cruelty this woman gave to her.

"Oh, you're so beautiful, I had no idea," Margot said.

"Whoa, whoa, whoa, hold it down, Missy," Crystal Meth said. "Now, I got no problems with the Queer Folk, hell I've got cousins that fuck sheep, one of them is marrying a pig."

Betty Lou the Pig looked up in terror. Dumbledore burst up with a smile.

"My brother-in-law is a goat," Dumbledore chimed in with a twinkle in his eye.

Wade Wilson found himself in the uncomfortable position of being the only sane person in the room. It terrified him to be in this particular position.

"The point is, I'm getting hitched and there's nothing you can do about it," Crystal Meth said. "Maybe you should eat a sandwich or something, and you might get a chance to be with a real man."

Margot and her ilk looked horrified.

"You meat eat food without purging?" one of them asked. "That's just…that's just….but, we can't do that? Food tastes good."

"Oh, you should try Grandpappy's chili, because you might be force to eat those words," Billy-Bob said with a knowing smile. "And you words, they taste better than Grandpappy's chili….."

"Okay, enough fussing here," Deadpool said in a southern drawl. "Why don't you just go get and don't come back now you hear?"

Crystal Meth widened her eyes when locked onto the familiar face. This was the yokel who stole her beau out from underneath her. She grunted and looked at him.

"You," Crystal Meth said. "You wanted him all for yourself, didn't you?"

"No, contrary what shippers might believe, no I didn't," Deadpool said. "You want Lockhart. You're going to have to….."

"Take him over my dead body."

Molly Weasley appeared and everyone who was in the room screamed. Lockhart looked up and he took one look at Molly Weasley stepped into the picture. She pointed to Crystal Meth.

"You're the Queen of the Voodoo Hillbillies, aren't you?" Molly asked her.

"What's it to you?" Crystal Meth asked.

"You're going to release Lockhart from your curse," Molly said. "AND YOU'RE GOING TO DO IT NOW!"

The hillbillies screamed and threw themselves to the ground. The shriek of Molly Weasley dropped
them to the ground. Deadpool cupped his ears in horror and he was not the only one.

"I'll rassle you for him," Crystal Meth said. "Listen here, city girl, you don't want to mess with me."

"Excuse me," Margot said. "Excuse me, this is supposed to be a celebration of…"

"SHUT UP!" Molly yelled.

Margot dropped to the ground and caused herself. Molly turned her attention to Crystal Meth. Crystal Meth cracked her knuckles and moved closer. Deadpool peeked out from the edge of the truck and wondered if it was just his imagination or was Crystal Meth growing in mass? She shoveled cake in her mouth. The eight foot tall woman moved around as long as a house.

"Hold on," Dumbledore said. "I've been informed that I was the Hogwarts Headmaster. And therefore, I much discourage a display of violence."

"But, I need to fight for my husband's honor," Crystal Meth said. "You remind me of my Daddy, so I figure I should treat you with some respect."

"I want Lockhart back," Molly said. "I can't have my husband talk back to me any longer, do you understand, Dumbledore?"

"I purpose a "your mama" off," Deadpool said. "The first person to flinch loses. It's that simple!"

"Fine, I'll school you, Missy," Crystal Meth said.

"Ladies first," Molly said in a snide voice.

"Your Mama's so fat that they needed a Tow Truck to get her off of the couch!" Crystal Meth yelled. Molly did not flinch. "Your Mama's so fat that she makes the Fat Lady look anorexic!"

Crystal Meth fired back. "Your Mama's so fat that your Daddy needed mountain climber gear to knock her up!"

"Your Mother's so fat that You-Know-Who needed two wands to kill her," Molly fired back.

"Your Mama's so fat that when she rolls over in bed, she ends up three county's over," Crystal Meth said.

Molly gritted her teeth and continued. "Your Mama's so fat that she crashes the entire Floo Network when she transports."

"Yeah, well your Mama's so stupid that she sold her car for gas money," Crystal Meth said.

"Well, your mother's so stupid, she used her wand as a back scratcher," Molly said.

"Well, your mother's so stupid she tried to clean her fish with dish soap," Crystal Meth fired back. Both women sweated as they tried to back and forth. They fired back and forth with the titanic struggle with neither backing in. The two titans refused to go.

"Your mother is so ugly that she caused a blind man to scream in horror when he saw her," Crystal Meth said in response.

"Well, your mother's so ugly, she makes Snape look like a Playwitch Model," Molly said.
"Hey!" Snape yelled.

"Yeah, well your mother's so fat that a parachute tried to land on top of her when he mistook her for a target," Crystal Meth said.

"Well, your mother's so stupid that she walked outside because she thought that the trees were calling you," Molly said.

"Your mother is so fat that she sweats grease," Crystal Meth said.

"Yeah, well your mother is so fat that your Daddy got himself arrested because at least when his cell mate cuddles him, he doesn't roll over and crush your father."

Crystal Meth's eyes widened. Grandpappy started to whistle nonchalantly. "Hey, that's hearsay! Do you hear me, Hearsay?"

"Ha, you flinched!" Molly said. "I've won, I've defeated you!"

Molly did a little victory dance which caused Deadpool's eyes to widen in response. Deadpool shook his head at Molly Weasley being a poor winner.

"Yes, Molly Weasley has won and defeated the Voodoo Hillbilly Queen!" Deadpool said. "Please don't ever do that victory dance again."

Molly stopped immediately. Lockhart's eyes widened for a second. He was looking more miserable than before if it was even possible. Margot Dingle looked completely and utterly happy. Lockhart threw his head back and looked completely miserable.

"Hold up there!" Grandpappy said. "I've come here for a hitching, and there's going to be a hitching. So why don't you get your happy ass in line. Or I'm going to blow you away!"

Grandpappy held his shotgun at Lockhart. Lockhart stared down at the shotgun and then sunk down to his knees. His arms spread out and he held his hands up into the air.

"Please do," Lockhart shouted. "Please blow me away. End it all now!"

"You can't!" Molly shouted at the top of her lungs. "You are an inspiration to so many of us. If you die, then our dreams are over. Your books are an inspiration."

"MY BOOKS WERE A FRAUD!" Lockhart yelled. "Don't you people get it! I'm nothing! I know that now! The only thing that I was able to do was erase people's memories and steal credit for their work. I didn't do those things, I couldn't have done those things. I'm a big phony!"

Molly clutched her chest at the horrible revelation hitting her. She took a deep breath and gave an agonizing scream. Molly could not believe it. She screamed and collapsed.

"Now, I'm the winner!" Crystal Meth yelled. "I'm the winner! I'M THE WINNER!"

"Please, no!" Lockhart yelled. "Shoot me you old man. Just shoot me already."

Grandpappy held the gun and pointed it at Lockhart. Lockhart held his arms out.

"No, Gilderoy, you have a lot to live for!" Dumbledore yelled.

The gun cocked and fired. The gun shot off, with Grandpappy missing Lockhart and striking someone behind him
"NO!" Clyde yelled. "BETTY LOU!"

The bullet struck the pig and killed her in one shot. The hillbillies all gasped, and Grandpappy turned his gun around to point it at them. He shot the gun and missed a second time. The bullet ricocheted off and hit Dumbledore right in the beard. Dumbledore raised his eyebrow and pulled the bullet out of his beard.

"Give me that!" Crystal Meth yelled snatching the gun from Grandpappy. "If I can't have him then none of you can! Do you hear me, none of them can...."

A magical cattle prod stuck Crystal Meth right in the back. Deadpool yanked the cattleprod back. Crystal Meth rose to her foot and started to huff and mouth. Deadpool held the magical cattle prod at me.

"Come at me, Bro-Lady!" Deadpool shouted.

Crystal Meth’s face turned green as she expanded. He stuck her in the chest with the magical cattle prod again. Crystal Meth grabbed Deadpool around the neck and hoisted him up.

"I'll chew you up and spit you out!" Crystal Meth yelled. "You're going to go right in mah belly!"

Her putrid breath hit Deadpool’s face as she opened her mouth. It turned into a blackhole which sucked everything towards her. People grabbed onto furniture.

Deadpool dropped the magical cattleprod. Crystal Meth prepared to suck him into the blackhole which became his mouth. Filch and Snape looked on excitement. Dumbledore clutched onto his beard.

"Oh, the humanity of it all!" Dumbledore yelled. "It's a shame that Dumbledore isn't here! He would know what to do!"

Crystal Meth swallowed Deadpool whole. Everyone gasped as she grew bigger. Deadpool went inside of her and not in the good way either. The glowing woman moved forward and picked up two random witches who looked excited as they were about to get eaten hole.

"Now, put them down, you don't know where they've been...." Grandpappy started before Crystal Meth sucked him and the rest of the Voodoo Hillbillies into her mouth.

Crystal Meth grew bigger the more she absorbed and she started to suck every magical person into her mouth. Dumbledore, Snape, Filch, and Lockhart stood up against her. Lockhart picked up the magical Cattleprod.

"Stand back!" Lockhart yelled. "Get ready to write my final book, Hassles with Hillbillies!"

Gileroy Lockhart turned up the magical cattleprod to its highest setting before taking a running start and jumping straight into the mouth, into the belly of the beast herself.

Crystal Meth’s eyes widened. Her skin started to crack after the energy overcharged through herself.

"Uh, Oh!"

Crystal Meth screamed in agony as she exploded into glowing green space rocks. They shot out in
every direction throughout Hogsmeade and onto the Hogwarts grounds

"Great," Filch said. "I'm going to have to clean up this bloody mess."

Dumbledore hung his head in silence. Lockhart's noble sacrifice would not go in vain. Most of everyone who attended this press conference had been sucked up, leaving only the trio of Snape, Dumbledore, and Filch to stand alone, across from an unconscious Molly Weasley.

"Our Defense Against the Dark Arts teacher is dead," Dumbledore said with a regretful sigh. "Again."

"Yes, again," Snape said.

"And so is our Deputy Caretaker," Dumbledore said.

"There's another Wilson in the Hogwarts Hospital Wing currently petrified," Snape reminded him.

"True enough," Dumbledore said. "I believe the Mandrakes will be ready to wake him up within the next couple of days."

"Yes," Snape said. "Unfortunately."

Scabbers the Rat poked out from underneath the wreckage, petrified beyond all belief, but happy he survived this battle.

To Be Continued.
Chapter 30

Tying it All Together:

Wade Wilson woke up with a blurred vision. He really had no idea what happened. The last thing he remembered, well actually he remembered hearing a commotion in the bathroom. Then he saw the reflection of a giant snake. And then boom, Deadpool woke up. It was like no time at all had passed. Wade's eyes flickered open and he came face to mask with the Hogwarts Healer, Madam Pomfrey.

"Well, Hello Nurse," Wade said while waggling his eyebrow at the woman.

A humorless expression popped over Pompfrey’s face a second later. "Well, at least we know you're awake. The Mandrake draught worked. Professor Snape will be both pleased at his work and disappointed that it benefitted you."

The Hogwarts Healer made her rounds. Deadpool looked up and noticed Albus Dumbledore standing across the way from him with the ever-present twinkle in his eye. Dumbledore placed his hand on Deadpool's shoulder.

"It's good to see you awake, my boy," Dumbledore said.

Deadpool noticed an object in Dumbledore's hand. Was that what he thought it was? What person in their right mind would give Albus Dumbledore a fidget spinner? It just seemed rather odd to be honest.

"So, I've been out since Halloween," Deadpool said. "What happened?"

Seconds passed as Dumbledore just frowned. "More than I can explain here, I'm afraid."

"Can you just tell me through a series of meticulously drawn out flashbacks, spread out during the course of a year?" Deadpool asked. "I feel like I missed something big. Granted, I could go back and re-read the story, but who has the time to leap down that particular rabbit hole?"

"Well, I suspect that you'll be up and back to work soon," Dumbledore said with a twinkle in his eye and a smile on his face.

"I should take it easy for a while," Deadpool said. "I'm sure Dead-two can pick up the slack while I'm gone."

The face of Albus Dumbledore fell completely. The instant it happened, Deadpool could tell something was up. He did not expect Dumbledore to be too forthcoming about what happened.

"I'm afraid that your other has moved on," Dumbledore said.

"Wait, I quit?" Deadpool asked. "Or…wait a minute? What did you do, Dumbledore?"

Deadpool had the Headmaster and looked him in the eye. Dumbledore turned around and did not quite meet Deadpool's face. Many different possibilities entered Deadpool's mind.

"Okay, that's fine, I'll come back," Deadpool said. "I mean, just in time for some big event, the other me will return again. This is comic books. Death isn't all that it's cracked up to be, you know. Well, she is, but…that's another story entirely to be perfectly honest with you."
Thanos cursed him with that entire immortality thing and suddenly, Deadpool kept coming back from the dead. It was very insane, beyond crazy in fact.

"Well, I'm certain he's in a better place," Dumbledore said.

"That's it?" Deadpool asked. "You allowed me to die...however temporarily, and that's all that you can say? You say that he's in a better place? Are you serious?"

Dumbledore turned away from Deadpool and kept working with the Fidget spinner. This actual caused Deadpool to slam his fist down on the table of the Hospital Wing.

"Damn it old man, quit playing with your Fidget spinner, and have a conversation with me!"

And again, Wade Wilson wondered what was the idiot who gave Albus Dumbledore a fidget spinner. The thought just defied pretty much all logic and most reasoning.

It had been good in some ways to get back to work. Not just because Madam Pomfrey kicked Deadpool out of the hospital wing either. He came across Filch who wrinkled his nose. Several banners of Gilderoy Lockhart filled the hallway. A group of students gathered around as they told stories.

"I heard Gilderoy Lockhart wrestled a Manticore with his bare hands!"

"I heard Gilderoy Lockhart had a staring contest with a wall and won."

"I heard Gilderoy Lockhart saved a burning building full of orphans and then put out the fire with his breath!"

They all traded Gilderoy Lockhart stories to Filch's growing agitation. They were not technically breaking any school rules or really making any kind of mess. It was just very annoying.

"So, what's going on here?" Deadpool asked.

"Oh, you're awake," Filch said. "My day's just gotten even worse."

"Your day's gotten worse?" Deadpool asked. "You didn't find out that your clone self died."

"Well, not sure if he died," Filch said. "He got sucked into some kind of super powered hillbilly woman who was eating meteor rock infested cake or something. That's Quibbler level stuff right there, right up there with Firewhiskeys turning owls transsexual."

"Actually, it's butterbeer," Luna chimed in popping around the corner. "That's a nice banner...Professor Lockhart will be missed, even if he was part of a Ministry conspiracy to distract them from their schemes of kidnapping goblins and baking them into pies."

"Well, I'm sure he may have been an unfortunate pawn," Deadpool said.

"Perhaps," Luna said. "I do wonder if the Ministry orchestrated the entire Voodoo Hillbillies thing to shut Lockhart up. You just have to wonder about it."

Luna tapped her nose in response. Several of the Hogwarts students all chanted when the leader of the Lockhart fan club chugged six butterbeers at once. Filch's eyes widened.

"Wait for it," Deadpool said waving his fingers back.
The young man hurled the contents of the butterbeer all of the floor. Filch scrambled and almost slipped on the ground.

"You hooligans!" Filch wheezed.

Deadpool turned around and noticed Harry Potter leaning out the window.

"I'll meet you when we get off of the train," Harry said.

Deadpool raised an eyebrow and he stepped in just in time for Harry to straight up.

"They were saying that you got ate by a Hillbilly woman," Harry said. "Why is it that all of the strange stuff always happens when you're around?"

"Well, if Lockhart hadn't riled up this pixies, none of this would have happened," Deadpool said. "None of this would have happened at all...but I guess that would have made for a not so interesting year."

Harry just shrugged. He thought that it was better Lockhart got all of this attention. He could just do his own thing with the people he mattered.

"I wonder how long that they can keep this up before it goes pretty absurd," Harry commented.

There was a shadow of a smile popping over Deadpool's face. "Well, you know what they say, Dead Authors are always better than live ones. And the way Lockhart went out would be the talk of magical folklore for months to come."

Severus Snape finished off the last few exams which he had to mark. As always, his best efforts and talented had been wasted on a bunch of dunderheads. Some of them would have been dead had it not been for Snape's constant supervision and making sure they did not mix ingredients improperly together.

The curtain flipped up and Snape looked up from his essay. He dropped the quill onto the desk after viewing something very interesting out of the corner of his eye. Snape bounced up, mouth hanging wide open. The Potions Professor noticed the flying girl which was with Potter.

Snape jumped up to try and catch the flying girl in the act. He turned around and moved down the hallway when he heard something go down the hallway. A blue and red blur came down the hallway. Snape pulled out his wand and sent a blast of ropes down the hallway.

Minerva McGonagall fell down in the hallway having been tied up with ropes. The Deputy Headmistress fell to the ground.

"What the devil, Severus?" Minerva asked.

"I thought I saw that flying girl of Potter's," Snape said.

McGongall's eyes narrowed at the Hogwarts Potion Professor. There were many times where McGonagall had some serious questions about Snape's mental stability. Needless to say, this was one of those times where she did have a lot of really big questions.

"Flying girl of Potter's?" McGonagall asked Snape. "Are you sure you're not losing your sanity, Severus?"

Snape swallowed a lump in his throat. He was certain he saw it.
"I would advise you to get to the Hogwarts Hospital Wing," McGonagall said. "I wonder about the exposure of potions fumes and how it effects your mental instability."

Snape stepped back after freeing McGonagall. He heard a gust of something, the same red and blue combined blur, and then all of Snape's papers toppling off of the desk. Snape jumped up and down and whirled around in a very absurd manner. He pointed through the doorway.

"SEE! SEE!" Snape yelled. "There's a flying girl there. I can see her."

"I think it's the wind," McGonagall said. "Come on, Severus, I'll walk you to the hospital wing."

Snape ignored this gesture and decided to head to the finishing feast. He really hoped the Cult of Lockhart would have died down by now. The man publically confessed regarding the fact that he was a fraud. No one really listened to Lockhart's statement about frauds, they just liked him just as much. It seemed very inconceivable someone that Lockhart would just blind that many people.

'This world is filled with morons.'

"Wands out for Gilderoy!"

Snape's face contorted. Deadpool moved over and Snape had to sit next to him. That was what his life had come to. Deadpool had been one of the sanest people in the school and he did not know how to feel about this.

"I can't believe any of this," Deadpool said. "I died."

"Well, you got better," Snape said. "And to be fair, you only got sucked into oblivion. And technically it was not you, it was a clone version of you."

"Actually, he might have been the original and I was the clone," Deadpool said. "Or maybe it was……" Deadpool clutched his temple. It was best not to think about the insanity of trying to figure out clones. It would lead to years of frustration, many retcons, and one confused fanbase. On the stage, Albus Dumbledore stepped out and looked over everyone.

"I can't believe I didn't get compensating for dying," Deadpool said.

Snape's eyes widened, his nose twitched, and he broke out into an endless amount of laughter. The Hogwarts Potions Professor's laughter grew even more intense when he started to bob back and forth. The laughter only increased for several minutes.

"Are you done yet?" Deadpool asked.

"Nearly," Snape said. "Are you seriously thinking that you should get compensating for getting sucked into some Hillbilly woman's black hole mouth?"

"When you put it that way, yes," Deadpool said.

Snape laughed so hard that he hit his head on the table after blacking out. A large smear of grease dragged off of the table. Deadpool hastily dropped a table cloth over Snape's body and used him as a makeshift footrest.

"Ladies and gentlemen, I would like to offer a beloved moment of silence because we lost one of our own."
The cult of Lockhart grew all excited. Deadpool rose up.

'Maybe he's going to finally give me my just do,' Deadpool thought. 'Fingers crossed and all of that that he would.'

Something told Deadpool he would not be that lucky. Hope sprung eternal for him though. The Mercenary crossed his fingers.

"I would like to offer a moment of silence for the fate of Betty Lou the pig. Truly, she has sacrificed her life for a noble cause."

Deadpool picked up a piece of meat and it had a piece of a cheerleader costume in it. Suddenly, his appetite had been lost.

"I think we can agree that she wanted it this way."

They would have to agree to disagree.

Sirius Black spent the last eleven years in Azkaban Prisoner as the most notorious prisoner. He was in and what was worse, Black did not commit the crime. If only Sirius killed the vermin, it would have been worth it.

A copy of Alternate Witch Weekly blew into Sirius's cell and smacked him in the face. One of the Auror guards must have been using it to wrap his lunch or something. There were smears of grease on the paper. Still mostly readable, and Sirius would read anything.

He noticed some nutter in a red and black mask waving a rat around. Sirius knew that rat anywhere. The rat looked terrified for his life thanks to this nutcase.

'He's at Hogwarts.'

Sirius shifted into his canine form as the Dementors made their hourly sweep. The screams of the prisoners echoed all around.

For the first time in a long time, Sirius had clarity. The only thing he needed now was an opportunity.

To Be Continued.
Chapter 31

Aww, it's a zombie! Kill it!

"My name is Wade Wilson. For five years, I was lost on an uncharted island. Everyone was dead. I think. And then we all ate Gilligan. After that adventure was over, I went to a magical school of magical things and magical people that taught the magic of magic, and the magic was magical. I needed to do something in my life, where I would become something else. Therefore, I became something else. I decided to become the Assistant Deputy Caretaker of Magical Sanitation at Hogwarts School of Magic and Fun. I am Deadpool."

Wade spreaded his arms out wide to get a disgusted look from one Severus Snape.

"Do you mind?" Snape asked. "The sooner we get this staff meeting over, the better. I have important things to do."

"Like what?" Deadpool asked.

"Things!" Snape yelled. "To do!"

"Okay, fair enough," Deadpool said.

'So remember, any continuity errors you see, just put your hands in the air, take a deep breath, and scream 'damn it, Barry!'"

Deadpool whistled a merry tune and danced a merry jig. He entered the staff room with Filch, McGonagall, Sprout, Flitwick, Vector, Sinistra, Babbling, Burbage, Trelawney, Hagrid, Moe, Larry, Curly, Doc, Dopey, Happy, Bashful, Grumpy, Sneezy, Sleepy, Sleezy, Scooby, Shaggy, Velma, Fred, Daphne, Paul, Ringo, John, and George.

A few of those names might have been invented in Deadpool's head for comedic purposes.

'Seems like a crowded room.'

'I know, am I right?' Deadpool responded. 'Wait, did we call one of the dwarves Sleezy?'

'Yeah, but it's funny, so we're not changing it,' Deadpool's voice number three thought. 'And way to point out the joke, you chucklefuck.'

'I'm pretty sure that's the one that was hanging out with Bill Cosby,' Deadpool voice number four thought. 'Jello should really not have been used in that way.'

The "too far" alarm went off.

'Well that was fun, people, see you in another ten months,' Deadpool thought.

To Be Continued.

'Psyche!'
"Hi, Albus, I'm Deadpool," Deadpool said. "Alcohol has affected my life in so many ways, and I think that….'

"It's not that kind of meeting, Mr. Wilson," McGonagall said.

"That's not until next week," Trelawney said knowingly.

Hagrid nodded sagely. Dumbledore cleared his throat.

"I wish to talk about the planned expansions of Hogwarts, to add 3 new bathrooms for each of the seventy-one genders as dictated by a Muggle Social Media Platform that will not be invented for another twelve years," Dumbledore said.

'Is it?' Deadpool asked.

"No bloody way in hell I'm cleaning that many more toilets," Filch said.

"Do you even clean the restrooms to begin with?" Deadpool asked.

"No, but it's the bloody principle of the matter," Filch said. "Where do we draw the line? Back in my day, there were only two genders, boys had a penis...girls had a bloody vagina...especially once a month, am I right, guv?"

Filch raised his hand towards Snape for a high five.

"I don't think so, Argus," Snape said.

Filch dropped his hand down, denied by the only person in this school that he somewhat considered his best friend, if he was capable of having friends.

"You're going to get some hate on tumblr for that," Deadpool offered.

"Bah!" Filch spat. "Why do I bloody care what a bunch of gymnasts care about anyway? I'm a crusty old man! I hate everything. Why should I care what they think?"

Argus Filch, the hero you all deserve, and yet absolutely no one wants. Not even his own mother.

Deadpool responded with a shrug. "Fair enough."

"And what about if a wizard happens to lose his happy wand in an incident involving his brother and a goat?" Dumbledore asked out of the blue.

Everyone in the entire office went silent when Dumbledore made this statement. The Headmaster ammended this statement.

"Asking for a friend," Dumbledore said.

No one decided it was best in their own interest to not ask any follow up questions whatsoever.

"Headmaster, if we could stay on topic," McGonagall said.

"Right," Dumbledore said. "After the incident last year involving our previous Defense Against the Dark Arts teacher, I daresay we may need to fill that staff vacancy."

"Of course, Headmaster," Snape said. "Might I suggest…..."
"Therefore, I will be happy to announce that Remus Lupin will be the new Defense Against the Dark Arts Teacher at Hogwarts School of Witchcraft and Wizardry," Dumbledore said. "I believe you know him, don't you Severus?"

Snape could not believe Dumbledore would have forgotten the fact that Lupin and Black conspired to kill him at Hogwarts.

Granted, Lupin was not technically part of the joke, but why let a little thing like facts get in the way of holding onto a grudge from your teenage years?

"Yes, Headmaster, but I must wonder if Lupin is the right fit given...recent events," Snape said. "Given that he was friends with our Prisoner of Azkaban…"

"Tee-hee, he said it!" Dumbledore giggled like a three year old on a sugar high.

Snape wondered if it was too late to take up another career path. Or perhaps join Lockhart in the void with the Hillbilly cult.

"As you know, Sirius Black has escaped from Azkaban Prison," Dumbledore said. "It's supposed to be impossible, but he found a way to do it. And now he may be after Harry Potter."

"So, did you tell Harry about this?" Deadpool asked.

"Well, no, but you see it would be a lot easier if we didn't," Dumbledore said. "Because, if Harry found out, he may overreact and then that would be trouble. No, I think that it's best to not tell Harry until the absolute last minute, if it all. Therefore, if he never finds out, then he will never have any reason to go after Black. Problem solved, am I right?"

"Well, if Harry finds out later and finds out you're keeping shit from him, then there could be trouble," Deadpool said. "He might be mad at you, or even go on a three chapter shopping spree and remember a goblin's name and buy a trunk with seven compartments! Seven!. Do you really want to be responsible for something like that?"

Deadpool pointed his finger in Dumbledore's face and tapped him on the nose.

"Three...chapter...shopping....spree!" Deadpool cried, yelping out each word for emphasis. "So, why don't you tell him and get it over with and build trust so you can work together to some common goal later on."

Silence occurred in the room.

"Oh, I have some lint in my belly button," Dumbledore said. "I better get that cleared out and quickly."

"And this is why everyone writes you sodomizing kittens," Deadpool said. "With all of your lies, manipulation, and downright shady activity."

"Oh, don't you think that you're overreacting," Dumbledore said. "I've never sodomized a kitten."

A long pause followed with Dumbledore clearing his throat.

"As I was saying, there will be new security measures," Dumbledore said. "Minister Fudge declined to send Aurors to the school, despite it being a time of peace. Therefore, he's willing to send the Azkaban Guards to be around Hogwarts. They are soul sucking monsters called Dementors who leech all the happiness out of people...and I don't like them, but considering we need to pull out all of
the stops to catch Black...."

"Who would have gotten past said guards in the first place to escape Azkaban," Deadpool said.

"Well, when you look at it from that angle, it is silly," Dumbledore said. "But, surely the same thing
could not happen twice. I mean, wouldn't Black find it much more difficult to get inside of Hogwarts
than it would be to get inside of Azkaban? After all, it's the safest place on Earth."

"Sure, just keep telling yourself that," Deadpool said. "It's about as safe as the Titanic was
unsinkable."

"So you see my point," Dumbledore said. "I'm sure though if we tell the students that are not to
wander astray, they will not go afoul of the Dementors. We need to do what we need to prepare the
Head Boy and Head Girl for what's to come, therefore they can lead Gryffindor, Slytherin...and the
rest of students at Hogwarts."

"Of course, Headmaster, I'm certain the rest will do what they can to make sure this year will run
smoothly," Flitwick said.

"Indeed," Sprout said.

"Sointy," the ghost of Curly said. "Nyuck Nyuck Nyuck"

"But, we must be wary," Trelawney said. "For the grim approaches, and he stalks Harry Potter
around every turn. He will forever be a presence, until The Boy-Who-Lived will be the Boy-Who-
Died!"

Everyone, looked at Trelawney in despair.

"Seriously?" Vector asked. "Why did you hire her?"

"Would anyone care for a lemon drop?" Dumbledore asked.

"No, thank you, Headmaster," Babbling said.

Deadpool wondered what kind of train wreck this year would bring. If this pre-year Staff Meeting
was any indication, sht would be going down.

"Perhaps, it would be prudent if we warn the parents that there will be dementors at the school,"
Vector said.

"Oh, no, that can't be done," Dumbledore said.

"Are you serious?" Deadpool asked.

"I am!" Dumbledore cried out. "Well, of course, it would be a shock. I would be the last person that I
would expect of being Sirius Black...but if I'm Sirius Black...then I must contact the Ministry at once
and surrender...but...no wait, if I was Sirius Black, then I would not be serious enough to turn myself
in, because...I would have used some serious dark magic to turn into Sirius, seriously speaking. But
the magic had to have been botched...if that means that Dumbledore is in Sirius's body and bumbling
around...ha serves the old goat right! Suck it, Dumbledore!"

Everyone feared for Dumbledore's sanity as he popped another lemon drop into his mouth and
sucked on it slowly, with his eyes rolling back into his head in sheer bliss as he made moaned.

And promptly caused everyone's chairs to scoot back from him.
"Headmaster, I believe you're not Sirius Black," Snape said.

"Well, obviously, I must have had you bamboozled," Dumbledore said.

He took another lemon drop and his eyes darted all over the room. They looked extremely red and puffy.

"What are in those lemon drops anyway?" McGonagall asked.

"Oh, it's a special bag that the charming Miss Lovegood gave to me, you see it was her father's creation," Dumbledore said.

"I believe you have enough, Dumbledore," McGonagall said.

McGonagall took the bag of lemon drops away from Dumbledore. Dumbledore crossed his arms.

"Headmaster, I believe that we can handle the rest of the meeting from here," McGonagall said. "Why don't you go with Mr. Filch and Professor Snape up to the hospital wing? That way Madam Pomfrey can give you a check up. After all, isn't good health important?"

"Oh, yes, I would agree, given that I instituted the policy of routine wellness checks at Hogwarts," Dumbledore said. "Both physical and mental...good thing the Headmaster can't fire himself. Because that would be a conflict of interest, you know what I mean, guv?"

Dumbledore raised his hand for a high five, but Snape blew him off.

Somewhere the cheers of Slash fangirls echoed in the distance, before they realized that's not what the narrator meant.

"Come on, Dumbledore," Snape said. "Let's go."

"Do, I get a lollipop?" Dumbledore asked.

"I'll give you something to suck on, if I could get away with it," Snape grumbled.

"Oh, Severus, not in front of the children," Dumbledore said.

A loud smack echoed as Snape whirled around. It was Filch kicking the chair out of the way and stubbing his toe. He swore.

Everyone who was left in the room turned to McGonagall who gave the defeated sigh. Years of working at Hogwarts left her pretty much dead on the inside.

"Yes, I know, but he still is the most powerful and influential wizard we have," McGonagall said. "And the only one that You-Know-Who fears."

"I bet Tommy Boy would fear space ducks if he met them," Deadpool said.

"I highly doubt that, Mr. Wilson," McGonagall said.

"Well, maybe if I introduce him to Howard, then we'll see," Deadpool said.

The staff meeting went on without any further incident. Or at least any incident worth noting.

X-X-X
"I'm Deadpool. Can't be a fool, got to be cool, ain't no tool because I'm Deadpool!"

Deadpool danced with a mop to do some pre-Hogwarts cleaning.

"D is for dashing, daring and dramatic."

"E is for everyone dance now... . "

"A is for always all the lulz"

"D is for dude I've got this."

"P is for pretty rad dude."

"O is for oh yeah."

"O is for only the best."

"L is for let's all get chimichangas"

Deadpool started to breakdance on the ground at Hogwarts and popped up.

"There will be doom!" Trelawney yelled.

X-X-X

Somewhere, Victor Von Doom sneezed.

To Be Continued(This Time for Real)
Diagon Alley was a magical place made of magic.

'Didn't we already do this joke before?'

'Yeah, but a joke is really not perfect until you perfectly beat it into the ground.'

'It was sure nice that Filch sent us to Diagon Alley to pick up supplies for Hogwarts. I think we're beginning to form some kind of bond.'

'Either that, or he wants to get rid of us for a couple of hours.'

Regardless of the reason, Wade Wilson stepped into Diagon Alley with a scroll of scrawled items. He did wonder where one would buy magical cleaning skills in Diagon Alley. He assumed that Dumbledore ordered them in bulk. But, assuming anything about Dumbledore was not exactly an ideal thing. And people always knew what assumptions.

"All purpose magical cleaner, three magical scrub brushes, a new pail, slug essence remover, toilet scrubber, sponges, and floor polish," Deadpool said.

'Hey, if it was all purpose magical cleaner, would we really need the slug essence remover or the floor polish?'

'Quiet you.'

The wanted pictures of Sirius Black stared Deadpool in the face. He was quite the scruffy one. Then again, there were three photos that never turned out well. Driver's license photos, school pictures, and mugshots. Black's mug gave a very pained growl and he appeared to be leaping at Deadpool through the wanted post.

'I wonder what would happen with three-dimensional magical images?' Deadpool asked.

That question would have had to wait for another time. The rat known as Scabbers, who Deadpool acquired from Ron Weasley upon his unfortunate sabbatical from Hogwarts, tried to escape. It was not the first time Scabbers tried to make a run for it.

"Okay, what the hell is up for you?" Deadpool asked. "You don't have some kind of rat disease or something? Because, seriously, I don't know anything about any magical vets and stuff."

'Maybe he has a girlfriend.'

'Who would love someone like me? Look at the state of him, he's skinny, with fur falling out. And his tail, it's seen better days.'

'All he needs is a little pizzaz. Maybe a makeover.'

One magical shopping trip later, Deadpool acquired the items that he wanted. He stepped into a creepy alleyway which served a shortcut. Behind him, a dog appeared behind him.

The dog started to growl and moved closer behind Deadpool.
"Hey, Poochie," Deadpool said as turned to the dog. "No, tag...wonder who you belong to? Not sure if the wizard type people have a pound, but you best get going...."

The dog jumped on Deadpool and knocked him onto the ground. The dog started to growl and rip at Deadpool's pockets

"Hey!" Deadpool yelped. "I don't look like a sausage...what the hell is your problem? Do you...."

Scabbers jolted out of the pocket and the mysterious dog chased after him.

"Come on, bro, dogs aren't supposed to chase rats," Deadpool said. "That's just not on."

Deadpool reached out and grabbed the dog around the neck as Scabbers shot underneath the pin. The dog shifted in Deadpool's hands and turned into a man.

"Oh, my Stan, he turned into Gary Oldman!" Deadpool yelled.

'You fool, that's Sirius Black, he's the Prisoner of Azkaban.'

'Tee-hee, you said it.'

Deadpool shifted his attention to the ragged looking Black who had a wand. Exactly how he acquired a wand remained to be determined. Surely, he wasn't allowed on in Azkaban. A blast of purple light fired out of the wand. Deadpool danced to the left, and danced to the right.

"Okay, Black, you want some of this!" Deadpool yelled. "I don't know how you got the wand, but you and I, we're going to rumble."

"You don't understand!" Sirius yelled. "I have to get the rat."

Deadpool sprung high into the air and send Sirius flying back. The wand blasted Deadpool in the stomach. He wondered what curse Black hit him with, being a master of Dark Magic.

He broke out into a fit of insidious laughter. It was some kind of trickling spell, which caused Deadpool to break out into laughter. He could barely keep a straight face, knocking several trays out of the way. Deadpool reached over and grabbed a spoon off of the ground.

"Get back here, Black, so I can spoon you good!"

'That's a fan fic somewhere!'

Black disappeared like it was nothing, fearing Deadpool's mighty spooning skills. He almost collapsed down to the ground, his lungs hurting from the intense laughter Black forced on him. He was pretty sure someone could perform a countercurse. He almost collapsed to the ground.

"Scabbies! Where are you man?"

Deadpool lost that dirty rat. He would find him, find him, ah there he was, cowering underneath a newspaper. Deadpool barely could hold onto him, so he was bent over, laughing so hard that he wet himself.

'That's embarassing.'

X-X-X

Severus Snape completed a year's full of lesson plans for another generation of dunderheads. The
doors of his office burst open and Deadpool scrambled inside. He was bent over and laughing like a mad man.

Snape wondered if he should have got involved. Wilson swinging his arms like this, threatening to knock over priceless potions ingredients, threatened Snape's livelihood. The smell of urine made Snape crunch his nose in disgust. An expression he wore a lot around this nimrod.

"What did you do this time, Wilson?" Snape asked

Wade's constant waving in his hands was more annoying that his ability to speak. Snape raised his wand and performed the spell to eliminate the laughing.

Hogwarts Assistant Deputy Caretaker of Magical Sanitation dropped to the ground, breathing heavily. It felt as if his lungs had been fired. The smell of bodily wastes finally snapped him out of it.

"Now...do I really want to ask?" Snape asked.

"It was Sirius Black," Deadpool said. "He's after that rat that I rescued from that redhead kid with the freckles."

Snape stopped for a second. He did not know whether Azkaban had made Black lost his mind, Wilson grew further detached from reality, or some combination of the second thing. The Potions Professor took a few seconds to consider his story.

"Was it truly Black?" Snape asked. "Why would he target you or a rat?"

"I don't know, I mean, one minute I was doing my shopping. And the next minute, there was this dog. And the next minute, Black attacked me, and then the rat...look at the thing, he's terrified to death."

Snape recoiled in horror when Deadpool put the rat in his face.

"Get that thing away from me, you don't know what diseases it has," Snape said. "I don't even know why the Weasleys were allowed to keep this vermin in the school to begin with. The Hogwarts class list stated that there should be no other pets, other than a cat or a toad or an owl, but not all three."

"Did someone try and take all three?" Deadpool asked. "How about an owl and a cat? Or a cat and a toad? Or a toad and a cat or..."

"Wilson, why don't you have this conversation with Dumbledore?" Snape asked. "It it was Black, then you should be protected. It would be a pity that something happened to you, due to the fact that Black had lost touch of reality. Maybe he believed that the rat was Potter, somehow? I daresay it's a mistake many would make."

Privately, Snape wished that Deadpool and Black took each other out. But, if life taught Severus Snape one lesson, that was that it was unfair and cruel, often times for no reason at all.

"Where is Dumbledore?" Wade asked.

"Knowing the Headmaster he could be riding naked somewhere in the castle on a floor buffer," Snape said. "Now, if you excuse me, I have lesson plans to get back to. Another year of misery, and with Lupin."

"What do you have against the guy?" Wade asked.
"I suggest you find the Headmaster to inform him," Snape said without missing a beat.

X-X-X

Thankfully, or unfortunately, Albus Dumbledore was not riding around on a floor buffer naked. Deadpool just finished telling his tail. Dumbledore rifled through his desk drawer and pulled out the fidget spinner that he had been gifted with during the adventures of the previous year.

"So last year."

Dumbledore threw the fidget spinner in the trash and turned his attention to Deadpool.

"So, you're saying that Sirius Black mugged you?" Dumbledore asked.

"Mugged me and tried to attack the rat that I took from the ginger kid," Deadpool said. "How did they get allowed in a rat? I would think that Percy the Perfect would not dare break school rules."

"Why are you asking me for?" Dumbledore asked. "Do you think I'm the Headmaster or something?"

"Actually, you are, Dumbledore," Wade said.

"Of course, I am," Dumbledore said. "So, Sirius Black attacked the rat...why don't you let me have a look at this rodent?"

Deadpool put Scabbers on the desk. The rodent looked up and came face to face with Dumbledore.

"Rats like sherbert lemon, don't they?" Dumbledore asked.

Deadpool shrugged. Scabbers furiously shook his head as Dumbledore unwrapped a piece of candy and popped it into Scabbers mouth.

Several things happened at once. The rat started to choke on the candy and he started to twitch on the desk. Suddenly, the rat shifted into a rotund man with a finger missing, who kept roughing and spit the sherbert lemon. The rotund men broke out into hives and swelled in the face.

"Peter Pettigrew!" Dumbledore yelled.

With a surprising display of reflexes for a man of his age, Dumbledore stunned Peter before he could gain his barings.

"What the hell?" Deadpool asked.

"Peter Pettigrew, he was a friend of James Potter, Sirius Black, and Remus Lupin at Hogwarts, he was believed to have been killed by Sirius Black in the same explosion that killed twelve other Muggles. I believe there's a pretty good chance that The Potters switched Secret Keepers, from Sirius to Peter. They didn't inform me of the change, but it does make sense. I would think that Peter would be...well it would make sense how someone of Peter Pettigrew's low self esteem would decide to join Lord Voldemort."

"You know, maybe Hogwarts could have a school counselor for this thing, so they can talk to teenagers who have problems," Deadpool said. "You know, if they've gone through traumatic ordeals or are being bullied or abused or...you know, things like that. You know, actual show some compassion and empathy so they don't grow up to be sociopathic dickheads who hate the entire world."
"Did I hear you volunteer for this position?" Dumbledore asked.

"Well, no…"

"Splendid," Dumbledore said. "You will be the new Student Grief Counselor of Hogwarts School of Witchcraft and Wizardry, in addition to your duties as the Assistant Deputy Caretaker of Magical Sanitation."

"So, do I get paid extra for this?" Deadpool asked.

"I'm sorry, but I did not hear you, Wade, for I now have a buildup of ear wax," Dumbledore said. "And before I forgot, I should inform the Minister of magic of these new events.

X-X-X

Ten minutes later, with Deadpool flicking peanuts off of the head of the unconscious Pettigrew as he waited, Dumbledore returned. He returned with Fudge, Amelia Bones, and a toad-faced looking woman dressed in pink. For some reason, when she showed up, loud and dramatic music played in Wade's head.

"Is that…Pettigrew?" Amelia asked.

"It can't be!" Fudge cried. "Pettigrew is dead, because Sirius Black killed him."

"Never found a body," Deadpool said. "Do you comic book?"

"He was blown to smithereens," Fudge said.

"Yeah, I get blown to smithereens twice a week," Deadpool said. "Still alive, still, breathing….,get the message now, Corny."

The Pepto Toad stood up straight and stared Wade straight in face. Unfortunately, he did not have anything to blow her away with, otherwise he would have so blown her away.

"You can't talk to the Minister of Magic with such disrespect, Mr…,who are you?"

"I am Wade Winston Wilson, the Deputy Director of Magical Sanitation, Hogwarts Grief Counselor, and Former Substitute Defense Against the Dark Arts Teacher, who the hell are you?"

The Pepto Toad puffed up.

"I am, Dolores Jane Umbridge, the Senior Undersecretary of the Minister of Magic and I am a Ministry of Magic Certified Magical Educational Expert."

"Yeah, well I'm an ordained Minister," Deadpool said. "I took the exam online. I am Doctor Professor Reverend Wilson."

'Did that really happen?'

'Does it matter….oh she's boiling now.'

'About the only time anyone would have called her hot.

The two stared each down, a relationship of instant loathing formed between the two of them. Amelia cleared her throat.
"We're getting off the subject," Amelia said. "I will call a squad of Aurors...and if it's, Pettigrew, then we will get to the bottom of this."

"Are you saying that you kept him as his pet rat?" Fudge asked.

"Well, the Weasleys did, and I found him, after he was about ready to be eaten by my boss's cat, who he took from Chuck Norris," Deadpool said. "And Black attacked him."

"Black must have found out and wanted to finish the job," Fudge said. "He's still a menace."

"Yeah, well Jameson says the same thing about Spider-Man about every other day," Deadpool said. "And you know something. I'm pretty sure if you interrogate Pettigrew, he'll be sure to tell you everything. And Dumbledore said that they could have switched. Although, I'm surprised this didn't come up at his trial."

"Given that I can't find a transcript of Black's trial, I couldn't be certain what was said or done there," Amelia said. "I'm beginning to think that Black didn't have a trial, which would be a severe breach of protocol."

"Crouch and Bagnold did it, I had nothing to do with it," Fudge said.

"And Dumbledore….why didn't Dumbledore have Black tried? Mmmm?" the Pepto Toad added, with the most detestable "gotcha" expression etched in her eyes.

Dumbledore was too busy picking bread crumbs out of his beard to respond. At least until Amelia cuffed him on the shoulder. The entire Harry Potter diabolical caused her to have some severe questions about Dumbledore's declining mental state.

"Dumbledore, surely you didn't throw an innocent man Azkaban without a trial, did you?" Amelia asked.

"Crouch insisted that we had him sent to Azkaban and thought him to be guilty, so I didn't argue with it," Dumbledore offered. "There was such a public outcry, and people were calling for heads to roll, because the Potters were such a beloved family. I really had no choice."

Amelia Bones could see two possibilities. If Black was He-Who-Must-Not-Be-Named's second in command, then they missed an opportunity to get more names and get more dangerous criminals off of the street. Several dangerous people ran free for almost twelve years because someone did not want to follow proper Ministry Law. If Black was Number Two in his inner circle, then he may have had valuable information that was lost by chucking him straight into Azkaban.

And if he was innocent, then more heads were going to thoughts passed as three Aurors showed up to help escort the prisoner to Azkaban. They handcuffed him.

'So, that was almost too easy,' Deadpool thought. 'Who knew so much trouble could have by giving a rat a sherbert lemon?'

'Did we just end the plot of the year before the year this time?'

'Mmm, I'm sure something wacky will happen to fill the time. You know how these things are.'

To Be Continued.
Chapter 33

For those who are triggered by forced public nudity of politicians, viewer discretion is advised.

Pants Not Included.

The events of the previous day mandated Dumbledore to call another emergency staff meeting. McGonagall, Snape, and the rest appeared, with everyone's favorite Deputy Caretaker of Magical Sanitation and New Hogwarts Grief Counselor appearing in the flesh. He fiddled with a very amazing looking device, to the point where Snape glared at him.

"What the devil are you doing?" Snape demanded.

"Oh, I'm just adjusting the time on my antique, vintage, Golden Girls watch," Wade said. "You know back in the day, watches only told the time and nothing more. And the only thing phones did was you could call people on them, crazy right?"

Snape did not bother to answer this particular statement. He knew it would be for the best if he did not say a single word, not wanting to run the risk of incriminating himself.

"But, still it's a priceless antique worth a small fortune," Deadpool said. "You don't know how many people I had to kill to get ahold of it. It's a one of a kind."

"It's just a watch," Snape said.

Deadpool could not bother to explain the monetary value of such a priceless antique. The clearing of his throat brought their attention to Dumbledore who was going to explain what happened.

"It has come to my attention that an unregistered Animagus was living in Hogwarts for at least a period of seven years," Dumbledore said. "More troubling yet, it appears that he is a long dead wizard, and one who we have believed to be murdered. That being Peter Pettigrew."

Everyone in the staff meeting gasped. One particular individual looked queasy for a second. Remus Lupin, the New Defense Against the Dark Arts Teacher, obviously had a personal attachment to this entire situation. And when he found out that Peter was alive, well it threw everything that Remus thought he knew into severe question. It threw his entire world, already messed up about twelve years over.

"Yes, that's shocking," Remus commented a few seconds later.

"Of course, that doesn't necessarily mean that Black is innocent," Snape said.

"Thank you, Severus," Dumbledore said. "And he's still at large as well and given his time in Azkaban, he may have been completely unhinged."

Dumbledore took a second to reflect. To be fair, he had been blinded by the thought that he knew everything going on. He did not expect the Potters to pull a fast one over him and switch the Secret Keeper to someone else. Of course, the charge of betraying the Potters to Voldemort was only one minor thing. The murder of twelve Muggles and one wizard, even if it had been downgrounded to attempted murder, was potentially problematic. And even if Pettigrew was responsible for the explosion, there was still an intent.

"If it wasn't for me, we wouldn't have...none of this would have happened," Lupin said.
"Remus, you can't blame yourself."

"Yeah, I barely know you...my name is Wade Wilson by the way," the mercenary said. "Deputy Assistant Caretaker of Magical Sanitation and Hogwarts Grief Counselor."

"Wait, Hogwarts Grief Counselor?" McGonagall asked.

"Yes, he suggested it and volunteered for the job, so I gave it to him on top of his other responsibilities," Dumbledore said.

"And I was under the assumption that a grief counselor was supposed to help the students, and not cause them more drama," Snape said.

"Hey, I don't see you doing a better job," Deadpool said. "Doesn't Dumbledore have you teach sex education?"

"Unfortunately," Snape grumbled.

Remus tried to keep a straight face. Still, there had been some questionable appointments in the Hogwarts staff that were eyebrow raising. Namely the fact that he had kept Binns on. No one knew quite when he started.

"You must beware the full moon!" Trelawney yelled. "For it will be doom for you! Doom!"

"Hey, stop saying his name in vein," Wade said. "You want him to come up here and kick all of our asses?"

"DOOM!"

"Yes, amazing prediction, telling the werewolf that the full moon will mean doom," Snape dryly commented.

"Wait, you're a werewolf?" Deadpool asked.

Lupin answered with a nod, and Wade just shrugged in response.

"We're getting off the subject," Flitwick reminded them.

"Of course, of course," Dumbledore said. "Now where were we?"

"I should have never...if I hadn't gotten bitten, they would have never...." Lupin said and he sighed. "They never would have become Animagi."

"I KNEW IT!" Snape yelled. "I knew they were becoming Animagi illegally. I told you Headmaster! I've been vindicated! Do you hear me? VINDICATED!"

Snape pointed his fingers to each of the staff members of the room and shouted "vindicated" when he made his way around the room. Lupin just blinked a second.

"You do realize how dangerous that is, don't you know?" McGonagall asked.

"Yes, but they insisted to keep my company," Lupin said. "I tried to talk them out of it, but you know how James and Sirius were when they...when they set their mind to something."

The staff members who were there nodded in grim acceptance. They knew all about what those two were up to all too well.
"They were breaking both the school rules and the Ministry law," Snape said.

"Yes, nearly fifteen years ago," Lupin said.

"And to fair, Lupin wasn't an Animagi, it was Sirius, Harry's Dad, and Scabbies," Wade said.

Referring to Wormtail as Scabbies caused Lupin far much more amusement than it should of. It was a pity that Wade was around during their time at Hogwarts. He would have made a hell of a Marauder.

'I smell plot bunny.'

'Nah, that's just what we had for dinner.'

'Oh right, that chili, really hits the spot.'

"Yes, I think that if Peter, Sirius, and James come back to class, I will arrange to have them put in Detention," Dumbledore commented. "Of course, it would be a tad bit difficult, given one of them is dead, another is in Ministry Custody, and the other's whereabouts is unknown. And also, they have left Hogwarts almost fifteen years ago."

Snape looked like someone punched him in the gut.

"Also, fifty points to Gryffindor each for successfully becoming an Animagus without supervision," Dumbledore said.

"But, they did so fifteen years ago and they're long since gone from Hogwarts," Snape protested. "You can't do that...that's just not done...and they were breaking Ministry Law."

"Yes, well some people in this room have done far worse to break Ministry law, Severus," Dumbledore warningly retorted.

"Oooh!"

Everyone turned to Deadpool, and the mercenary just shrugged his shoulders.

"But, we do have something troubling," Flitwick commented. "Perhaps we should monitor any unregistered Animagi coming into Hogwarts. I believe there are charms which we can set up."

"I'm sure Wormtail is an isolated incident," Dumbledore said. "We don't need to strip down the Hogwarts wards to add further protections inside. The chances of there being another unregistered Animagi coming into this school or anyone disguised underneath the Polyjuice Potion are slim to none."

"Do you know Murphy?" Deadpool asked.

"No, I'm afraid I haven't met him," Dumbledore said. "Is he a friend of yours?"

Deadpool thought about face palming.

"What about the Dementors?" Vector asked. "Surely the Ministry is not going to station them here, are they?"

"I will have to talk to Cornelius," Dumbledore said.

"Speaking of which, I'm late for the Ministry," Deadpool said. "They want to talk to me about the
entire Black thing, and Pettigrew, and you know….I should go...pleasure meeting you Professor Lupin. Hope you have a better year than Lockhart did."

"What did happen to Lockhart?" Lupin asked.

"Oh, he was abducted by his own classroom by pixies, taken to the backwoods where his hair was shaved off and his teeth was removed by voodoo hillbilly cultists. And the queen of them tried to force Lockhart into a shotgun marriage. Also, he was worshipped by some dwarves somewhere in there, and won the Alternate Witch Weekly's fastest descent to rock bottom award. And then the Hillbilly Voodoo Queen came to Hogwarts and tried to force Lockhart to marry him. And she lost a "your Mama" off to Molly Weasley. And they she tried to eat us all up. She swallowed a clone of me and Lockhart sacrificed himself. Oh, and the Green Meteor Rock irradiated guts of the exploding Hillbilly Queen blew all over Hogwarts and Hogsmeade, but I'm certain there will no consequences for that."

Lupin blinked as Wade dropped all of this exposition without taking a breath.

"Well, I have a lot to live up to," Lupin said a few seconds later.

"Yeah, best of luck to you," Wade said.

Deadpool left.

'I wonder if anything is going to come off from that woman exploding into meteor rocks.'

'What I want to know is how long we're going to go without the main character of this franchise showing up?'

'At least one more chapter?'

X-X-X

"State your name for the record."

"Wade Winston Wilson. I was hired as an assistant deputy caretaker of magical sanitation and I work for Argus Filch."

Wade sat as angelic as a choir boy where Fudge, Amelia Bones, the Pepto Toad, and a group of witches and wizards who will remain nameless watched him. And also, Percy Weasley, who would have normally been as excited to be in the Ministry, but he was frowning when he realized the reason why he was here.

They were in a closed courtroom, the press was not involved. Hell, Deadpool was not certain that they knew about Pettigrew. Last he checked, there were still reports of the latest Sirius Black sightings and they acted like he was a fugitive.

Still, Deadpool vowed to help out the justice process as much as possible.

"And you were hired, despite not having a drop of magical blood in you," the Pepto Toad commented.

"Well, you don't need magic to clean magical toilets," Deadpool said. "Just like you don't need common sense to be able to properly run a government."

Everyone in the room glared daggers at Deadpool. What did some non-magical person know about
"And how did you come across Mr. Pettigrew?" one of the nameless Ministry witches asked.

"Almost two years ago, I found him nearly being ripped apart by my boss's cat, Mrs. Norris, who I believe is the transfigured wife of Chuck Norris...."

"That is a lie!" The Pepto Toad.

"Then why are you swearing?" Wade asked. "Unless you know more than you're letting on about the fate of Mrs. Norris."

"Mr. Wilson, if you would please stick to the facts," Amelia said.

"Right, I rescued the rat from the cat and he became my companion over the next two or so years. Before that, he was a pet of Ron Weasley and I understand that he was the pet of Percy."

"Mr. Weasley, how did you come across who you referred to as Scabbers the rat?" Amelia asked.

"Well, I found him in the garden when I was six, it was the middle of winter," Percy said. "I felt sorry for him and nursed him back to help. I convinced Mum to let me keep him...and she did...."

"And you never once had cause to believe that Scabbers was not a rat?" Fudge asked.

"Well, no, why would I think something like that?" Percy asked.

"And why is it that you brought a rat to Hogwarts despite it being against the rules?" Deadpool asked.

"Mr. Wilson, you're not to ask any questions," Amelia said.

"Look, I thought that he was a rat, he looked like a rat, okay, maybe it was a bit odd he lived for so long, but you know ,we took good care of him," Percy said. "I was a good owner...I loved him. He was my best friend."

"But ,why did you give him to your brother?" Deadpool asked.

"Would someone put a silencing spell on him?" Fudge asked.

"I gave him to Ron because...well I didn't think he would make any friends," Percy commented. "Because.....well....I wanted to let him have someone he could talk to, like I did. Besides, I didn't need a rat to talk to, because I was a prefect, so I must have been popular."

"But, you did not know he was a human, not even the slightest hint," Umbridge said. "One of the top students in your year...the top student in your year, rather, and Dumbledore made you Head Boy. And you couldn't figure out that there was something off about this rat?"

Deadpool hated to admit that the Pepto Toad had a point. Didn't stop her from being a bitch, and someone that he would like to drop a plane on, in sheer principle, but she had a point.

"He was my best friend, don't you realize that this is hard on me too?" Percy asked. "I was mad that Ron lost him, and now...now he's....he's...he's...he's...he's...."

Wormtail gazed at the floor, not wanting to look his former caretaker in the eye. The healer on staff slipped Percy a calming draught which calmed him only slightly.
"Someone like that, not able to see that his pet was an Animagus. Not Ministry material."

Percy's eyes shot up in rage. He could not surely have lost his dream job at the Ministry before it even started over this. And yet, his stomach turned. He had harbored a mass murderer, unwillingly for years, if these allegations were correct. No one at the Ministry would want to touch him because had been the boy who had harbored a mass murderer.

Percy prayed the allegations were not true. Perhaps, Scabbers, Peter, whoever, was just hiding, because he didn't want the Death Eaters to kill him off. But, somehow, it still looked bad for him.

It could not be true, this was a nightmare. It was all that Deputy Caretaker's fault. If he didn't expose Scabbers to the world, then Percy would not have been blackballed from the Ministry. Sure, Black would have been captured and kissed, but Percy had been robbed of his chance.

"Peter Pettigrew, do you have anything to say for yourself?"

"Please, it didn't mean to betray them, I thought that Dumbledore would have got them out of there," Peter said. "And Sirius should have never cornered me like that, I had no choice. And I never intended to blow all of those Muggles away, I swear to God."

Amelia frowned at that statement. And Percy's shoulders sunk. He had taken in a murderer, there was no question about it. Fudge was looking at him and shaking his head.

"And the evidence from the healer states that Peter Pettigrew was part of a Fidelius Charm," Amelia commented.

"Black's still a threat," Fudge commented. "I want him hunted down and brought in, it's for his own protection after all….and I want Pettigrew to be given the Dementor's Kiss, immediately."

"NO!" Peter yelled. "Please….don't….do this to me!"

"You committed murder," Fudge said. "And you're a risk to run. Given your abilities."

Fudge would not be made a fool of. He would have Pettigrew kissed and when Black got captured, the Dementors would give him the kiss. Granted, he would have to order the execution of the Dementor who performed the deed, but it was only a small price to pay.

The Aurors pulled Wormtail up and lead him to the outside of the room. He screamed and squirmed, as they lead him to the outside.

Deadpool whistled and he could see Percy's hateful gaze directed at him.

'Well, shit's just got all kinds of fucked up,' Deadpool thought.

'The question is, do you think that he's actually going to get kissed.'

'On screen or didn't happen!'

"What of Black?" Fudge asked. "He still went after Pettigrew with an intent to murder. I'm not convinced he isn't responsible for blowing up that street."

"A full inquiry will be made regarding the investigation on that day," Madam Bones said.

She would be having a long and very uncomfortable talk with Bartemius Crouch about the lack of trial transcripts. Of course, it became more obvious with each passing moment that the lack of transcripts meant there was no trial.
Deadpool stepped from the bowels of the Ministry of Magic. Percy Weasley's Ministry Career Prospects went up in flames. And Wade very nearly, almost felt sorry for him, but not really. He was a brown noser, and Wade did not really have as much time to feel sympathy for someone like that.

As for Wormtail, well he had been sentenced to the Dementor's Kiss due to his crimes. And Deadpool hoped that would mean that Sirius Black would be cleared of the crimes that he was accused of.

Suddenly, Wade Wilson came face to face with the Malfoys. Lucius, with his stylish pimp cane, Draco, looking all smug, and Narcissa, in all of her MILFy glory.

"It's him, Father," Draco said. "That's the janior…." "Hey, I'm the Deputy Caretaker of Magical Sanitation," Deadpool said. "And I'm the Hogwarts Grief Counselor."

Lucius gave him a long and searching look.

"You forced my son to do the work of a house elf," Lucius said. "And I believe you are responsible for losing mine."

"And you were very lucky to escape Azkaban," Wade said. "And you must be Draco's mother. I must say, Draco's Mum has got it going on."

Narcissa gave him a look as if she did not know quite what to make of him. He was almost amusing, although she needed to maintain the mask of casual indifference. Because as a pureblood, that was the role she had to play.

"You better stay away from my mother!" Draco yelled.

"Draco, enough," Lucius said. "Rest assure that your days at Hogwarts will be numbered, Mr. Wilkens…." "Hey, hair gel for brains, it's Wilson," Wade said. "And I can take you. I so can take you."

Lucius just sneered and Draco matched his father's expression.

"Didn't your mother tell your face could freeze like that?" Deadpool asked.

"Yes, many times," Narcissa said. "Draco, that look is unbecoming of you."

Draco got the pouty expression on his face.

Before this confrontation can escalate any further, kazooos started to play in the distance. Deadpool wondered what the hell was going on and suddenly a large dragon appeared outside of the Ministry. The dragon was ridden by a small army of Goblin Warriors. One of them dropped down to the ground, wearing a big puffy shirt, a pair of leather pants, wearing a human skull for a hat, and brandishing a sword.

"What the devil of you?"

The goblins dropped down and began playing their kazooos. The goblin with the puffy shirt and the human skull cap started to speak.
'Five hundred years is much too long.

We've been telling you humans that you've been doing it all wrong.

For you fools expect us to keep your gold.

It's getting pretty old.

We have you, we own you.

You need us, we don't need you.

All of those months ago, a group of us were in Hogsmeade, making a plot.

When a shower full of meteors dove from the sky, quite the lot.

But it opened up our minds.

We are not quite blind.

You see, you humans are filthy and dirty and dumb.

You are lower than scum.

You cannot be trusted with any gold.

Therefore we're going to stop you cold.'

The goblins in the back started to sing as they started to crowd around them.

'We are taking it back.

We are goblins on the attack.

We are going to reclaim our gold.

You humans without us are going to fold.

In a year, you will be ours.

Because without Gringotts keeping that far.'

The goblins swiped the bags of gold off of the bewitched Malfoys. One of them took Narcissa's pearl necklace off of her, another took Draco's expensive shoes, and the other took Lucius's pimp cane.

'Anything made of goblin flavor, we take.

You do the labor, or you will expose yourself to be fake

We are the goblins, you can't get back what we took.

I am the leader, Captain Griphook.'

The mysterious Goblin, who Deadpool never heard in his life kept dancing around and looting various Ministry officials of all of their valuables. Some of them were getting stripped down to the bare facts, their silk robes, made by goblins being taken. Gold, watches, and all the other valuables.
'I was nothing, if it's all the same.

But when we've taken it all back, you will know our name.

You will know who has what you took.

**GRIPHOOK, GRIPHOOK, OLD GRIPHOOK!**

The goblins kept dancing around and looting all of the possessions from the rich and powerful wizards. They broke open the fountain and gold coins came flying out. They cheered.

'You humans are done

We are the ones that are having fun.

It's time to bend over and do your duty.

So we can take your booty.'

Deadpool started to hum along with the beat, dancing as they moved around to frisk him.

'You forgot who I am

You humans will be victims of my scam.

You will know who has all that you took.

**GRIPHOOK! GRIPHOOK! GRIPHOOK!**

The goblins all piled up the gold and valuables and flew off into the night, leaving the spellbound Ministry officials.

'Man that was catchy.'

'So what was that goblin's name again?'

'I forget....but I'm sorry if it's important, we'd remember it.'

Lucius shook his head, unaware that he had been stripped to his pink peacock feather speedo.

"As I said, Wilkins, one toe out of line and I will make you pay," Lucius said.

"Hey, Malfoy, you've been robbed," Wade commented.

"You won't get one over on me…"

"No," Deadpool said poking his finger in Lucius's chest. "You've been robbed!"

Lucius reached in to grab his wand, only to find out it was gone along with the rest of his clothes, his valuables, his gold, and worst of all, his pimp cane.

"NOOOO!" Lucius yelled dropping to his knees.

The other Ministry members screamed in horror as they ran around. There had been a daring robbery.

'So the Meteor Rocks gave the goblins the power to bewitch anyone who heard them singing and
allowed them to steal without anyone fighting.’

'Thank you Captain Exposition.'

Deadpool saw something that caused him to go completely blind. Dolores Umbridge streaking past him, howling like a banshee.

"AAGGH!" Deadpool screamed, digging his fingernails into his eyeballs. "I'm blind, and I still can't unsee it!"

The Ministry was in a state of chaos, more so than usual. Deadpool slumped down onto the ground.

"My gold…"

"My watch…"

"My teeth!"

"My vibrating broom!"

"SOMEONE GET UMBRIDGE A PAIR OF PANTS!"

Deadpool could not see anything, but he could hear plenty. He reached to his watch, only to find it missing.

Those thieving, those filthy goblins, they took his collectors edition Golden Girls Watch.

"First they caused me to see Umbridge naked, and those goblins took my watch!" Deadpool yelled. "They're really pissing me off!"

He would have to get his own band of Marauders to take down these thieving, fast talking, singing goblins. But, where would Deadpool find any Marauders? It was not like Marauders came easily?

'So how many more times are you going to say Marauders?'

Deadpool was in need of a guidance counselor at Hogwarts to unsee that unholy image. Or a memory charm. Of course, having his memory erased ended up correcting itself every time it happened. Therefore, Wade remembered everything including some really messed up shit.

Part of his curse really.

To Be Continued.
Casually Racist Goblins

Casually Racist Goblins:

The doors of Hogwarts School of Witchcraft and Wizardry sprung open, causing Filch's cleaning supplies to fly. The Cranky Caretaker cursed the second that Wade Wilson, his deputy entered. Filch's eyes narrowed, looking rather beady and disgusted when he faced off against his understudy.

"What the devil are you doing?" Filch asked. "I spent two hours mopping up that floor."

"It was stolen!" Wade yelled. "There were these singing goblins, and they came down on a dragon, and they stripped everyone completely naked and I saw Dolores Umbridge in the buff."

Severus Snape appeared just at Wade's shoulder. A few seconds later, Snape shuddered at hearing the describe of Dolores Umbridge in the buff. That was not something that anyone should think about.

"Must you put such an unholy image in my head, Wilson," Snape said in his usual Snapey tone. "You should not joke about that woman being in any sort of state of undress."

"You really shouldn't body shame people, Severus," Dumbledore said popping out of nowhere. "Each and every woman is a gift from the heavens and should be cherished. They are all beautiful in their way."

"It's nice you believe that Headmaster," Snape said. "Because, I daresay you cannot find any beauty within Dolores Umbridge."

"Well, you may have to go a bit deeper," Dumbledore said.

"Start digging, we may be there within a few years," Snape said.

"I don't think anyone is taking me seriously," Deadpool said. "Maybe I should show to you what happened."

Deadpool pulled out a stage and a series of puppets. Dumbledore clapped and looked positively giddy.

"Oh, goody, we're going to see a puppet show," Dumbledore said.

"Oh, look at me, I'm Lucius Malfoy, and I walk uptight like someone shoved my pimp cane up my ass," Deadpool said in a smarmy voice.

Snape chuckled in spite of himself before going very serious.

"And this is my wife Narcissa, who I overachieved with," Deadpool commented. "And this is my son Draco, he is a little putz...and here's...the dashing, the daring, the amazing, the devious, Deadpool....and we're just having a confrontation when suddenly...."

Deadpool cleared his throat and started to hum some dramatic music. Dumbledore started bee-bopping back and forth.

"Is it just me or is he just getting more wacky the longer this story goes on?" Deadpool asked.

"Headmaster, focus," Snape said.
"Oh, Severus, you got to admit, it's a catchy beat."

"And then...here come these goblins on a dragon and they were lead by....well....I don't know...but they swooped down and they stole my Golden Girl's Collectors Watch, and a few other valuables from a few other people."

Deadpool's puppet drooped sadly, almost like he had his strings cut.

"My name is Dolores Umbridge, and it's naked time!" Deadpool said in a girly voice.

He represented Umbridge with a potato and hurled her around. Filch just smiled and turned to Snape, nudging him.

"Don't know about you, but I'd still hit it," Filch said.

Snape calmly reached into the side of his robes and withdrew a vile. He downed it in one hit, allowing to to enter a delirious and dreamy state of sunshine and rainbows and unicorns and no disgusting women being completely full.

"And then the goblins left, with their leader....well I don't know, but I'm sure if he was important, I would have actually remembered his name."

A long sigh followed.

"I'm pretty sure his name is Cheesedick or something like that," Deadpool said.

"Calm yourself, Mr. Wilson," Dumbledore said. "I'm certain that the Ministry of Magic will be investigating this little incident to the best of their abilities and everything will be as right as rain. They will get your watch back, but in the meantime, perhaps you should arrange a discussion with Hogwarts New Grief Counselor?"

"I am the new Hogwarts Grief Counselor!" Deadpool protested.

"Splendid," Dumbledore said. "Then you should be able to figure out a time which is good for both of you."

And this is why you should not get high off of magic markers. Or whatever Dumbledore was indulging in these days, after he had his lemon drops taken away from him.

"I will swear revenge on these goblins!" Deadpool yelled. "Captain Cheesedick and his marry crew will not get the better of me. Do you hear me? I will be vindicated. Do you hear me? VINDICATED!"

Deadpool waved his finger casually around and pointed at everyone around him. Snape and Filch appeared to be indifferent and Dumbledore gave him a smile and that twinkle that he was well known for.

"That's splendid my dear boy," Dumbledore commented with a clap on his shoulder. "You have goals and you will succeed at them. That's good...that's brilliant."

X-X-X

Wade Wilson, as the Headmaster suggested, came across the office of the Hogwarts Grief Counselor. He stood at the door, looking awkward as everything.

Quickly, Wade made his way to the council and slipped on a pair of glasses and a tie. He held a
"Mr. Wilson, I've been expecting you," Wade commented. "Come in and take a seat, tell me what happened."

Wade patted on the chair and then he got up, throwing his glasses, tie, and clipboard back onto the couch. He plopped down on the chair.

"Well, you see, I was assaulted by this group of singing goblins outside of the Ministry of Magic," Wade said.

Wade switched back to the glasses, tie, and clipboard.

"Mmm, and did these goblins touch you anywhere?"

And another switch back to Wade's position on the chair, without the glasses, tie, and clipboard.

"Mmm, no, they didn't do anything like that, but they took my watch," Wade said. "I had been hunting from coast to coast, from sea to sea for years for that rare piece of memorabilia. And those goblins stole it. They stole it right from underneath my nose and I was taken off guard by their hypnotic tune."

"Yes, I can see," Wade said.

"So, you do see?"

"Yes, indeed, my dear boy," Wade said. "I believe you have been distracted due to some trauma in your life. Would you like to talk to me about the events of the last year?"

Another switch and Deadpool took a deep sigh.

"Well, technically, there was an entire ten months of my life being lived by a clone when I was petrified," Deadpool said. "And that clone was sucked into a blackhole by a deranged meteor powered Hillbilly Queen."

"Did the Dangerous Meteor Powered Hillbilly Queen touch you somewhere?"

"No, because it technically wasn't me, well it was me, it was a clone of me, but I still feel responsible because I thought that I lost a part of myself," Wade told Wade.

Back on the chair, with the clipboard, the glasses, and the pen, Deadpool lightly tapped it into his chin, humming lightly when he entered a deep thought.

"I see, I see, I see," Deadpool commented three times in succession. "Well, I believe that….I believe that you need to find that part of yourself that you lost. You aren't whole...you need that added zeal. You need to find him, to be at peace."

"But, he was sucked into oblivion along with Lockhart!" Deadpool yelled. "And by facing him….I will be facing...."

"Or you could just chop off the head of the goblin who stole your watch," Wade commented, rolling his eyes at Wade's behavior. "But that could get messy and kickstart another goblin rebellion that Binns would not shut up about for about five hundred years."

"That could be problematic," Wade said.
"People who say things are problematic are the problematic ones," Wade said, looking across the empty spot on the chair over his glasses.

"Well, people who say that people who say problematic are problematic are really problematic," Wade argued with Wade.

"Well, I say that people who say that people who say that people who are problematic saying people who are problematic are problematic are the ones that are...leave the psychology to me kid."

Wade hurled his fist into the air, teleported, and got slapped in the face by himself. How this worked, he didn't know.

"Listen to me, and listen to me good, kid. You've got to stand up, or you've got to back down....and you've got to be the one to take control of your own problem, your own destiny. You've got to put on your big boy pants and face your greatest mistakes."

"Oh how much time do you think I have?" Wade asked. "So, you saying that if I defeat Captain Cheesedick, I will become whole again?"

"Yes, or you find out where you were sucked into oblivion," Wade said.

"You know, maybe the goblins weren't the only ones who were empowered," Wade suggested. "I mean, someone else had to get zapped by their meteor rocks. Maybe, under our nose, the world's greatest heroes are here, who can avenge things and assemble into a team of heroes."

X-X-X

Somewhere, Tony Stark prepared to tell his legal department to send a cease and desist to Wade Wilson, although he was not quite sure why.

X-X-X

"Sure, why not?" Wade shrugged. "But, the goblins didn't touch you, did they?"

"No, they just made me see Umbridge naked."

Wade kept darting from chair to chair, shuddering in both guises. This went on past the point of being funny and then became funny again and then became less funny and then became extremely funny. And then Wade just became bored and decided to walk out because he really needed to take a leak.

X-X-X

Another year finally came around the corner at Hogwarts school of witchcraft and wizardry. Gossip flew through the air faster than a speeding bullet as many ot the students discussed the potential wackiness that would happen next year. Needless to say, things randomly picked up ever since Harry Potter decided to go to Hogwarts.

'So, is the main character of the franchise actually going to show up?' Deadpool asked to no one in particular.

'Maybe, maybe not, let's see.'

Everyone caused their attention to turn to Professor Albus Dumbledore, the man who ran this insane school of magic and mystery and magical mystery. Everyone muttered excitedly.
"Now that you've been befuddled by this magnificent feast, I should warn you that there are going to be precautions taken around this school for this year," Dumbledore said. "The Ministry of Magic is in the midst of an investigation regarding Sirius Black. There is evidence that has surfaced that Black was innocent. However, the Ministry feels that while Black is still at large, he will be a danger to the wider magical community at large."

No matter what he said, Dumbledore had this ability to make everyone hang on every word. There was a lot of whispers about Black across the table.

"Therefore, the Ministry of Magic has loaned their Azkaban guards, the Dementors. Despite Black's innocence, the Minister feels that he could be a threat to children...but there should be no need to fear the Dementors. They are only here to prevent Black from entering Hogwarts, after he has been driven to madness due to constant exposure to the Azkaban guards."

Deadpool's eyes widened and he was not the only one giving Dumbledore the side eye. To be fair, Dumbledore did not look too pleased with the situation as well.

"It is not within the nature of the Dementors to show compassion and understanding," Dumbledore said. "Therefore, the teachers, our prefects, the new Head Boy and Girl, and everyone else will ensure that Hogwarts is as safe as and secure as it always has been."

Dumbledore cleared his throat.

"First of all, I would like to announce some new changes of staff," Dumbledore said. "After the tragic and heroic sacrifice of Gilderoy Lockhart against the voodoo hillbilly queen, we will need a new Defense Against the Dark Arts teacher. Professor Remus Lupin has agreed to take this important position."

There was applause, light and casual around the table. Deadpool just smiled. He had to take his hat off to Dumbledore. He could say some true insanity without even cracking. But, it did help when you were a little bit mad.

"And secondly, Professor Kettleburn has retired so he can enjoy the remainder of his days with his remaining limbs," Dumbledore said in stone-cold seriousness. "Therefore, our very home Gamekeeper Rubeus Hagrid has been given a spot as the new Care of Magical Creatures Teacher."

A good portion of the students cheered, at least in Gryffindor. The Slytherins, well the usual group of assholes looked miserable.

"And finally, our Assistant Caretaker of Magical Sanitation Mr. Wilson has agreed to be the Hogwarts Grief Counselor to no extra charge," Dumbledore said.

"Well, no extra charge is pushing it," Deadpool answered.

"Therefore, you should not feel uncomfortable if you're having a hard time," Dumbledore said. "There is someone here for you in your time of need and Mr. Wilson's office is always open, at any time, day or night."

"Except between four and five on Wednesday night," Deadpool said. "That's Wade's time."

"My mistake," Dumbledore said. "Also, beware of goblins. A group of rogue goblins have been reported to stealing from our citizens. Gringotts does not endorse this behavior, but we are confident that the criminals will be taken down."

"Oh, you betcha," Deadpool said.
"Indeed, so please if you see any goblins then… ."

The windows of Hogwarts flung open and a dragon zipped into the room. Hagrid rubbed his hands together with glee, as the members of the staff stood up. Dumbledore rose up to his feet, and Deadpool sprung up onto the table.

"Hey, you thieving piece of puss!" Deadpool yelled. "You have something that's mine, so give it back, Captain Cheesedick."

'Oh, this is the center of the magical world, all of the lies come from here. '
'The goblins are nothing, but something to fear. '
'All you know about us how we revolt a drop of a hat. '
'But, I think we've had enough of that. '
'You better bow before our leader, and except all he took."

"GRIPHOOK, GRIPHOOK!"

The goblins moved around the Great Hall and robbed several of the pureblood students. Once again, Draco Malfoy had all of his possessions stripped from him and there was not a damn thing that he could do about it.

'We are without peer. '
'There is no need to fear. '
'Our time is here, you need to see. '
'No matter what, we will have everything, your debt will not be free. '
'You will bow before the man who has all he took. '
'Griphook, Griphook!"

All of the goblins moved down from the table, and took Lupin's briefcase. He tried to snap out of the song. Dumbledore started to dance, bopping his head back and forth.

'All you humans will understand our creed. '
'Even this filthy, this disgusting, half-breed. '

One of the racist goblins bopped Flitwick on the head and cleared off of the table, running to the exit and ascending to the dragon.

'Now, it's time to fly. '

'Catch us if you can, you never can catch us in the sky. '

'You will never get all we took. '

'For we must approve our Captain Griphook, Griphook!"

Dumbledore rose to his feet a second later, as screaming students filled the Great Hall. Deadpool snapped out of the trance that he had been put into.
'They got me again, I can't believe this,' Deadpool thought in despair.

'Still don't know who that goblin is. Pretty sure is name is Cheesdick, though.'

At that moment, Harry Potter burst into the Great Hall, dressed battle armor and covered in the blood of some dangerous creature. He pulled a bone spike out of his arm and winced slightly.

"So, what did I miss?" Harry asked.

It was a good thing that Harry Potter had plenty of experience in dodging flying dinnerware.

To Be Continued.
Days passed since the second attack of the thieving singing, casually racist goblins. As always, the Hogwarts Deputy Caretaker of Magical Sanitation was on the case, trying to find one clue. He got his Sherlock Holmes on, and prepared to scour the Hogwarts grounds for any clue of what happened, but at this point in time, he found absolutely nothing, which was something.

"How did the meteors affect the goblins?" Deadpool wondered. "Why did they get affected? Are there any more Hogwarts students who got special powers? Any of the staff? Who is this mysterious singing goblin? Questions, questions, questions!"

Deadpool swung his back and inadvertently bopped Argus Filch in the face.

"Watch where you're swinging your fist, you crazy!" Filch barked. "And let me tell you something, you think these damn goblins are going to get the better of me again."

"Well, they got the better of everyone," Deadpool said.

"Well, I'm going to catch one of those foul things and he'll lead me to his pot of gold," Filch said. "I can't be dealing with this school and it's bullshit anymore. Between Voodoo Hillbillies and now singing goblins...well I'm looking for a way out. I'm fixing to retire in twenty two thousand, eight hundred, and sixty nine days."

Deadpool mentally did the math in his head.

"Wow, that's a lot of days," Deadpool said.

"You damn skippy," Filch said in a low growl. "So, I'm building this goblin trap that some goon named Fletcher sold me. Cost me two years salary to get it, but the jokes on that guy, because I'll be getting in the money. Just because I'm a squib, doesn't mean that I'm a sucker."

"No, it just means you squirt ink everywhere when you're excited," Deadpool said.

Filch took out a hammer and prepared to assemble the goblin trap. He hit himself on the thumb and swore.

"Ah, the days of your youth when your father did home improvement," Deadpool wistfully said. "And how you learned so many colorful words when he did so."

Deadpool turned around just in time to come face to face with Draco Malfoy.

"You!" Malfoy yelled. "I need to talk to you."

"Why?" Deadpool asked.

"Because Snape told me to come to you if I had a problem, and since you're the Hogwarts Grief Counselor!" Draco shouted. "And I'm in grief for what those goblins did to me."

"Did they touch you?" Deadpool asked.

"They stole my robes!" Draco yelled. "They were hand sewn by goblin made silk, the finest products, and now I have to wear these standard robes."
Draco did a spin, showing off his standard, normal, ordinary Hogwarts robes. He looked practically snooty when doing so.

"Well, you look fine just the way you are," Deadpool said. "Actually, your robes look exactly the same as everyone else, so I don't see what the problem is?"

"Listen up, I should have the finest robes," Draco said. "Because, I'm the finest little boy. My mother said so, so it must be true."

Deadpool chuckled into the back of his hand, but grew serious.

"Well, I got my watch stolen by those flying rogues," Deadpool said.

"Who cares?" Draco asked.

"You know something,' Deadpool said. "If you occasionally had apathy for people other than yourself, then maybe people would feel sorry for you."

Draco scoffed at that deplorable notion. Feel sorry for other peoples? Misfortune happened to other people, not Draco Malfoy. He was Draco Malfoy, the most noble child of Slytherin. He was special, just ask his mother, she would set you straight.

"What is that idiot squib doing?" Draco asked.

"He's building a goblin trap."

Draco eyed the trap.

"Does it work?" Draco asked.

"Maybe," Deadpool commented.

"YOU BLOODY WANKER!"

"I think he's going on smoothly," Wade told Draco. "But…maybe if he had a little bit of help….."

"When he builds the trap, you're to let me know," Draco demanded. "Because, we're going to use to the trap to catch the goblin who took my finest silk robes."

"Don't forget the family pimp cane," Wade chimed in.

Draco wrinkled his nose for a second. How could he forget his father's precious pimp cane? Lucius Malfoy took a term for the depressing ever since losing his pimp cane. He started to laze around the Manor, in nothing but his peacock feather underwear, eating caviar and shrimp all day long, until he gained about thirty or so pounds. And that was nothing compared to the dodgy poetry that Lucius sent his son every day, lamenting his loss in life.

If Lucius was not careful, that Margot Dingle woman would be sniffing around, and boy did she give Draco a case of the creeps. To think someone got off from someone hitting rock bottom like that.

"How could I forget?" Draco asked. "We need to get back my robes and my pimp cane and my mother's pearls….."

"I would give your mother a pearl necklace any time she wants one," Wade chimed in.
'Wow,' one of the voices in his head stated.

"How could you afford it with how Dumbledore pays you?" Draco asked.

"You'll understand when you get older," Wade said with a knowing smile. "But, maybe if you gave Filch a hand… ."

"That sounds like a house elf thing to do," Draco said almost bored. "You're go come to me at once when you finish the job."

"Do I look like a house elf?" Wade asked.

Draco turned his back.

'You know, he wouldn't be half bad if he wasn't such a self entitled brat,' Deadpool thought.

Wade turned around to face a surly Severus Snape, which distracted him from Filch managing to work all seven words into a tirade.

"You're doing well today," Wade said.

"No, I'm not," Snape shortly snapped. "All of my cauldrons have been stolen by those goblins. And the best local cauldrons are goblin made. I'm on the hunt for a local shop which sells human made cauldrons."

"Why not buy internationally?" Wade asked.

"I prefer local," Snape said. "Cauldron standards are a bit deplorable overseas. It's made of cheap material which leaks on through, and destroys the cauldron. It's a racket, but only complete idiots buy cauldrons outside of Britain. Of course, the prices are going to go up now that those infernal goblins are stealing the cauldrons that are goblin made."

"There seems to be a lot of goblin made things in this world," Wade said.

"Yes," Snape said. "Yes, there is. Because for the most part, we have grown too dependent on goblin-made products and they are one rebellion away from crippling the entire magical economy."

"Why don't wizards have their own magical type bank that can be run by humans?" Wade asked. "I mean, there surely has to be some wizards who were good with math, isn't there?"

One could see the long stare given from Snape to Wade, with Snape's expression being like Deadpool is quite frankly daft.

"The point is, I must find some locally made cauldrons," Snape said. "And I hope this problem is resolved soon. I shudder to think what would happen if someone like Longbottom was forced to buy an international cauldron. He does enough havoc with a British cauldron, in all of their thick bottom glory."

"So, you a fan of thick bottoms?" Deadpool asked.

"Yes, the thicker the better," Snape said.

He shook his head. There was no way that Filch was going to complete that goblin trap without magic, but unfortunately, Snape had better things to do with his life. He doubted very much the goblin trap would work anyway.
"Bloody wanker...Morgana's period blood!"

The cursing of Argus Filch continued when he tried to erect the goblin trap. He collapsed down onto the ground, breaking out into a frustrated scream and a howl of agony. Filch rocked back and forth, his ribs hurting like hell.

X-X-X

Deadpool scoured the Hogwarts grounds for any hint of the meteor rocks that blew all over the Castle and the grounds. If he found a fragment of the rock, then perhaps he could figure out a way to get some kind of immunity towards goblins.

The one and only Luna Lovegood stumbled out of a side entrance of the castle, her usual dreamy expression on her face.

"Hello, Deputy Assistant Caretaker Wilson," Luna said. "How was your summer?"

"Pretty interesting, until those goblins robbed me," Wade said.

"Yes," Luna commented. "People are stealing my things all the time. They turn up. Except for that one sock, which never turns up. That's sad."

Luna cupped the underside of her chin, closing her eyes and humming. She would like to know where all of those missing socks went. Maybe they had some kind of secret sock party. She hoped they were having a good time.

She frowned when adjusting the X-Ray spectacles.

"What's wrong?" Wade asked.

"I think these X-Ray Spectacles are defective," Luna casually said. "They're supposed to see through people. But, they only see through clothes."

Wade just offered a smile when Luna turned her head around and slipped the spectacles down before walking off as dreamily as she arrived.

'Didn't we do that joke in another story?' Wade asked.

'Damn if I remember,' another voice commented.

Wade turned face to face with Percy Weasley. Percy jumped halfway up into the air and pointed his finger at Wade.

"YOU!" Percy yelled.

"Me?" Wade asked. "What did I do know?"

"I was supposed to be working for the Ministry of Magic, but now you've ruined my career prospects by exposing the fact that my former pet rat was really a wizard who killed the Potters," Percy said.

"Well, it wasn't intentional," Wade said.

"What am I supposed to do with my life?" Percy demanded. "You're the Hogwarts Grief Counselor...so council me!"
Percy shrieked these last words in a way that would very nearly put Molly Weasley at her finest to shame. Wade slipped his glasses onto his face and took out his clipboard.

"So, perhaps we should start with your childhood," Wade said. "Do you think that your desire to advance in the Ministry of Magic is a way to stand out from your brothers and your sister?"

"Well, obviously I'm better than any of them," Percy said. "Ginny is neurotic, Ron is a chronic underachiever, Fred and George are menaces to society, Charlie is a death seeker, and Bill...well, he's Bill. Everything that I've done, it doesn't matter. He was prefect first, Head Boy first, he got twelve OWLs first. The only thing that I have over Bill is having a respectable job and you took that away!"

Percy jabbed Wade in the chest, poking that angrily.

"Okay, your problem is that you don't stand out in any way beyond your siblings," Wade commented. "You don't have anything other than your pompous personality, and you are average looking!"

"I'm not average looking!" Percy pompously yelled.

"The point is, you need to be more comfortable in your own skin and who you are," Wade said. "You won't get anywhere by following others around, trying to please them. Your problem is you never will be considered anything other than a puppet...for your mother...for the Ministry...for the teachers...and for your older brothers!"

"I'm no puppet!" Percy yelled.

"Prove it then!" Wade shouted. "You need to get out there and do something...anything to stand out on the pack. You need a whole new look...and a whole new you...and you need to be a whole new Percy Weasley!"

Percy raised his eyebrow for a second.

"So, you're saying if I do something dramatic, then the Ministry will have to hire me," Percy said. "If I do something, like say stop those goblins who are robbing people blind, I will be able to get any job I want in the Ministry of Magic."

"Yeah, sure, let's go with that," Wade said.

"I'm going to show that I'm the best in my family!" Percy yelled. "I'm going to show that I'm not a puppet. I'm going to be a hero! Everyone will know my name when I take down those goblins. I'm going to be Percy Weasley, goblin slayer!"

'That kid's going to get murdered,' one of the logical parts of Wade's mind commented.

'Nah he's going to be fine,' Wade thought. 'Okay, maybe a little bit murdered'

Percy danced around, just as Draco Malfoy stepped outside.

"What are you doing, Weasley?" Draco asked.

"I'm going to take down the goblins!" Percy yelled. "I'm going to be the hero that saved the wizarding world from the evil goblins!"

Draco just broke out in bemusement. Now he would pay to see this one. Weasley getting ripped
apart when he tried something against the goblins. Percy Weasley wouldn't last five seconds against a goblin warrior.

"Well, that's interesting," Malfoy commented. "You'll be more famous that Harry Potter, Dumbledore, and Merlin all rolled into one, if you keep this up."

"YES!" Percy yelled. "I will live in infamy!"

"That's right, you will," Malfoy said. "I've had my own problems with the goblins! Therefore, I suggest the two of us join forces to take down those filthy creatures and get back my father's pimp cane! And my robes! And my mother's pearls."

"And my dignity!" Percy yelled.

"Too late for that," Malfoy muttered.

"Wait, a Weasley and a Malfoy joining together?" Wade asked. "What's next, dogs and cats living together?"

Percy did not hear any of this statements. He just jumped up and down in the air.

"It's finished!" Filch cheered. "My goblin trap is finished….all I need is the perfect bait to lure them here...something goblin made."

The entire party pondered what goblin made thing they could use. Suddenly, Percy Weasley pondered himself into a brainstorm.

"My Great Auntie Muriel's Tiara," Percy said. "It's goblin made."

"And about the most expensive thing in your family, right?" Draco asked.

"Well, your mother is the cheapest thing in your household, Malfoy," Percy fired back.

"That...was kind of lame," Deadpool said.

"What's this Muriel chick like anyway?" Filch asked.

"Well, she's no chick," Percy said. "She makes Mum look like Fred and George."

Filch lost all desire. He almost collapsed down to the ground a few seconds later. As if that harpy was bad, someone who made her look as carefree as those hellion twins, no Argus Filch did not want at all. Suddenly, Luna turned up at their shoulders, as if appearing out of nowhere.

"Oh, are we going to go on some kind of adventure?" Luna asked.

"We're going to trap a bunch of goblins with a magical tiara," Wade said. "Do you think Muriel will let us use it as bait?"

"Well, no, but I suppose that….we could borrow it for a couple of days and return it before she misses it," Percy said.

"Don't you mean that you would steal it?" Malfoy asked.

"No, I'm merely borrowing it without asking," Percy said.

"Which is stealing," Draco commented.
"Look, I don't need to get a morality lesson for a Malfoy...."

"Weren't you the one who was keeping a murderer for a pet rat?"

"Weren't you the one who was keeping a murderer for a father?"

Deadpool clapped his hands as Percy and Draco stared down at each other.

"Don't make me send either of you to the dunce corner," Deadpool said.

The two glared at each other, their arms folded at each other. Draco had no desire to return to the dunce corner.

"Let me get my tools from Dumbledore's office and we'll be off to get the tiara!" Deadpool cheered.

Luna, Deadpool, Draco, Percy, and Filch all entered the school when they came face to face with Severus Snape.

"What are you doing?" Snape asked, eying the least likely party of people he could have ever come up with.

"We're going to steal...."

"Borrow!" Percy corrected Draco.

"Fine, we're going to borrow a tiara, without asking, and use it to trap the goblins to get our things back," Draco said. "So my father stops writing me dodgy poetry, so Weasley can attempt to get some dignity, so Filch can retire, and so Wilson can get his stupid watch back."

"It's not stupid, it's a collectable!" Wade yelled.

"Fine," Draco said with a disgusted shake of his head. "And I'm not quite sure why Lovegood is coming."

"The goblins might be hoarding socks," Luna said. "I should put a stop to such behavior."

"And where are Crabbe and Goyle in all of this?" Snape asked. "Didn't your father pay them to be your friends?"

That caused Malfoy to wince and Percy to giggle.

"The Head Boy shouldn't be bullying students, Weasel-Breath!" Malfoy snapped. "And I'm not sure where Crabbe and Goyle went...last time I heard from them...they were talking about going to a trip to Rand McNally. It was some place they saw on a map...and I guess they wanted to go on a holiday there...they must still be looking at it."

"Why hasn't anyone noticed that Crabbe and Goyle haven't shown up for a month?" Luna asked. "Oh, and Rand McNally is a beautiful place. Nice view of the ocean."

Snape wondered why he had the misfortune of being surrounded by lunatics.

"I'm coming with," Snape said. "Those goblins took my cauldrons, and I will get them back."

Plus, he wanted to see most of this group get ripped apart in the attempt to rob goblins. Or Muriel Prewitt, which would be even more amusing. That old bag made Molly look very subdued and Snape wanted a first row seat of the carnage.
"What's all this then?"

Albus Dumbledore stepped out of one of the many secret passageways to Hogwarts.

"Headmaster, we're going on a trip to avenge ourselves against the goblins," Wade said.

"Well, as the Headmaster, I should strongly discourage you from this excursion," Dumbledore said.

"You really should, shouldn't you?" Luna asked. "Oh, I have those Sherbert Lemons that you just love, Headmaster."

"GIMME!" Dumbledore yelled like a three year old with a sugar high.

He tore into the lemons. Minerva swiped his stash earlier this year. He had no idea what Xeno Lovegood put in those things, but bless him for it. Why Albus Dumbledore could see magic.

"While the Headmaster is tripping balls, I suggest we leave," Snape casually said. "Weasley, you should lead the way."

Percy nodded, but he had some misgivings. But, surely, it was not stealing, if you intended to return the item in question right. And besides, it was for a good cause, to prove himself to be a hero.

"Maybe we should have asked Harry Potter to come along?" Luna asked.

"The main character of the franchise actually showing up in this story?" Deadpool asked. "Perish the thought.

"Potter, what good would he do?" Snape asked. "Still haven't caught that flying girl that he's hanging around with, but I will."

"Professor Snape, with all due respect, perhaps you should get a hobby?" Malfoy asked.

Snape gave him one of those looks, that cause Malfoy to just barely hold control of his bladder. It was a good thing that Draco was a Slytherin because otherwise he would be boned and not in the fun way.

'Wouldn't the Draco and Snape pairing be shortened to Drape?'

'It is now.'

Regardless, this motley crew departed from the grounds, into danger, mystery, and destruction, risking life and limb to get a cauldron. Percy Weasley, Draco Malfoy, Luna Lovegood, Argus Filch, Severus Snape, and last, but not least, Wade Wilson, were on the hunt for adventure and fun.

Dumbledore was too preoccupied studying a spoon to care.

To Be Continued.
The Hunt:

The party of Wade Wilson, Severus Snape, Luna Lovegood, Argus Filch, Draco Malfoy, and Percy Weasley all arrived outside of the gates of the house belonging to Great Auntie Muriel. Outside, Luna casually pulled out a kazoo and began playing "Ride of the Valkyries" on it, much to the bemusement of some and the amusement of a couple of others.

After the Luna show ended, Wade turned towards the group at large.

"Okay, we go in, steal…"

"Borrow without asking!" Percy snapped.

"We borrow without asking the tiara, get out of there without Muriel finding out, use it to bait the goblin trap, snag the goblin when he tries to get the treasure, and then we get our goods back."

"Not to mention my sweet, sweet, retirement!" Argus yelled.

"Yes, there's that," Wade agreed. "Which would make me the Head Caretaker of Hogwarts, I guess, given that you're going to retire."

"Heaven help us all," Snape said. "Let's get this all over with."

"What could go wrong?" Draco asked.

Snape's eyes narrowed at that particular statement coming from Draco. A second passed before he breathed in and breathed out, stalling for time and dramatic affect.

"Why would you say something so ignorant?" Snape asked. "Do any of you have any ideas onto how to get inside...Weasley? Anyone?"

"I'm not sure, Professor," Percy said.

"To say I have a plan is really stretching it most of the time," Wade admitted. "I just fly by on the seat of my pants, just go with the flow, and hope I don't hit the floor."

"Why don't we knock on the front door?" Luna suggested.

"That's a stupid idea," Draco said.

"Well, you're not a nice person," Luna nonchalantly said.

'So, how long is going to be before people start shipping them.'

'Give it about three chapters.'

'Still a better love story than Twilight.'

Draco decided to look around at the entire group and looked pretty smug in the process.

"Here's what we're going to do to steal…"
"Borrow!" Percy corrected.  

"FINE!" Draco snapped. "We're going to go around the backdoor, past that patch of vines, we're going to sneak in through the windows, and then one of us is going to snag the tiara. And then, we're going to head back to Hogwarts and trap the goblin and stop my father's budding poetry career before it really starts."

Draco paused and shuddered at the thought of his father sending even more poetry, as he spiraled into a further and further depression thanks to the loss of his beloved pimpcane.  

"Weasley, you should go first," Draco said.  

"Why me?" Percy asked.  

"Because, you're a Gryffindor, you do the heroically stupid things all of the time," Draco said.  

"Scared of your own plan failing?" Percy sniped back.  

"I'm very brave, my mother would tell you so!" Draco bit back.  

"Is that with or without the nightlight?"

"Professor Snape, the Headboy Weasel is bullying me!" Draco whined.  

"Draco, quit whining, and don't be a snitch," Snape tensely said. "Weasley, focus...you should know the easiest way inside...are you even certain that your Great Aunt would be at home?"

"Well, I don't know, but where is she going to go, being a hundred and some years old?" Percy asked in a nonchanantly. "Well, I guess this is it. I mean, it's just borrowing right, we're going to just return it back right...."

"Yes, Hermione, we are," Wade said in a tense voice.  

"Um, sir, I'm Percy...."

"Well, you can be anything that you believe you can, it is a much more progressive time," Wade said. "Well, maybe not in this particular universe, or this particular year, or this particular community of magical wizards who perform magic, but...."

"We're stalling for time, get going!" Filch yelled.  

Filch made an attempt to slap Percy on the backside. He stepped on a vine and suddenly, the vine snapped up, and then dragged Filch into the jaws of a maneating plant where it swallowed him whole.  

"Oooh, that's hideous," Luna said.  

"He's just a squib," Draco said.  

"You aren't a nice person," Luna said.  

"Are you flirting with me?" Draco asked. "Because if you are, you're kind of creeping me out."

"He was one day away from a potential retirement and he's been swallowed whole," Deadpool said. "I guess that's what we call retirony."

Luna just sighed, wondering what kind of madness she signed up for. She turned her attention
towards Professor Snape, who looked absolutely nonchalant. Then again, when you were dead on the inside like Snape was, there was not that much that bothered you anymore.

"Can we get Mr. Filch back?" Luna asked.

"In about eight to twelve hours yes," Snape said. "Unfortuntaely...you won't recognize him."

Suddenly, the plant made a disgusting sound and Filch was shot out of the plants mouth, covered in slime. The Hogwarts Caretaker groaned, still alive, although completely disgusted and covered in some kind of plant sludge which he slipped and slid around.

"Filchy, you're alive!" Deadpool yelled as he threw his arms around Filch and hugged him from behind.

'And now the shippers go mild,' one of the voices in Deadpool's head commented.

"Well, that was revolting," Snape said. "Enough games, Weasley...the door, if you please."

Weasley opened the back door and they entered the long cavernous hallway of Muriel Weasley's house. There were priceless antique vases lining every corner of the hallway, along with other affects. Percy knew better than to touch anything in his aunt's face.

"Don't touch anything," Percy said. "If we break something, she'll know."

This was extremely suspenseful, and then moved through the hallway. Something started to rumble behind them which caused them to all jump up in defense. Luna threw her hands up, and gave a sheepish little smile.

"Sorry," Luna commented softly.

She took a granola bar and chewed down onto it.

"No eating outside of the kitchen!" Percy yelled.

Filch almost slipped on the rug and came close to knocking over a vase. Percy rushed over and stopped it from falling onto the ground with a noisy clatter. He broke out into a very relieved sigh.

Only, he sneezed, drop the vase he caught and knocked over about eight more, then falling like a domino effect.

"Weasley, you imbecile!" Malfoy yelled.

Suddenly, something underneath them back to creak, and the floor collapsed from underneath them, causing the entire group to fall down into a large cavernous room, underneath the main house. The torches flickered on and the entire group was now in between two large stone walls, closing in, with razor sharp spikes on it.

"What kind of nutter has a secret room with trick walls with spikes on them?" Draco howled in misery.

"Your father?" Luna asked.

"He doesn't count!" Draco yelled.

Wade thought this was well made, the spikes had good craftsmanship at the very least. And they were very likely to be crushed to their doom, if they were not careful.
Calmly, Luna walked behind one of the closing walls and casually walked up a set of stairs leading
to the main floor. The others followed her, some of them looking very annoyed that they did not
think of such an obvious trick to get out of Muriel's death room.

"Of course it is," Wade said. "I just thought of something."

"Oh no," Snape groaned. "What?"

"What if we go through all of this trouble and find out that the goblins have already swiped the tiara
that we wanted to bait them with?" Wade asked.

All eyes looked at him and Filch just grumbled. He still smelled like that foul plant in that crazy bag's
garden.

"Why would you even suggest such a loathsome thing?" Filch growled. "Alright, let's go through
here...where did you say the tiara was?"

"I think it's down that hallway," Percy said. "But, we're not allowed to go down. If Great Auntie
Muriel finds out, she's going to kill me, and then Mum is going to kill me again...."

"Technically, your mother couldn't kill you if you were already dead," Luna said.

"Yeah, Weasley, what is she going to do, learn necromancy?" Draco asked.

Percy grew pink around the ears at the logic bombs being thrown at him by the two younger
students. The moment he had a chance, he would find an excuse to put them in detention. He took a
deep breath and Wade put his arm around.

"Remember, you can be a hero!" Wade cheered. "You can be the Minister of Magic!"

"Oh, yes, I can if I stop these goblins from running amuck!" Percy yelled.

"That's the spirit!" Wade yelled.

Percy stopped short of the edge of the forbidden hallway, leading to his Great Auntie Muriel's private
chambers. No one was allowed inside, not even Fred and George would dare, and they were Fred
and George. Snape held up his hand and put it on his shoulder.

Snape waved his wand in a zig-zag pattern and pointed towards the red lines lining the hallway.

"You step there, and we'll be burying what's left of you in a matchbox," Snape said. "You need to
cross the room, and disable the security so we can steal...."

"Borrow!" Percy yelled. "Borrow without asking."

"Weasley, would it be possible for you to stop moralizing everything that you're doing?" Snape
asked a second later.

"Um, I guess, sir."

"Then one of you needs to go and sneak past the security, before prying the rune stone from the
wall," Snape said. "Someone expendable."

His eyes peered onto Deadpool who naturally knew that he had been volunteered for this amazing
task. He took the first step through the laser grid. It was no different than breaking in a HYDRA
base.
He stepped on one of the darker stones and the walls opened up to reveal poisoned shape darts which shot out of the wall and impacted Deadpool in the stomach and the neck causing him to hideous scream and stagger around, threatening to be sliced ribbons by the security system.

"No officer, I swear to drunk I'm not God!" Deadpool slurred when trying to almost fall over.

He made it, just barely at the edge and then ripped the rune stone from the wall, disabling the security system. Percy briskly lead the way, with Luna following, then Draco, and a smelly Filch coming behind them, with Snape leading to the ring.

"Are you the Fairy Princess?" Deadpool slurred while groping Draco's robes in an attempt to stand up straight.

"Yes, he is," Luna commented. "We need to steal the tiara to stop the vicious goblins from taking us over...right?"

"Yes, of course, I love tiaras, because they make me feel like a pretty, pretty, princess," Wade said as he almost knocked another randomly placed vase off of the wall.

There it was, Auntie Muriel's goblin made tiara, just in front of him. Wade slipped it off.

"Careful with that, we need it in one piece!" Percy yelled.

"Oh, will you give it a rest, Weasley?" Draco asked.

The second the tiara slipped out, the floor dipped into a large slide, which they slid down. Coming down the slide, was a giant boulder, chasing them to oblivion.

"Everyone run!" Draco yelled, shoving Filch into the path of the border and nearly crushing him flat.

They ran, with Luna playing the theme song from Indiana Jones on her kazoo when they were running towards the nearest exit. They staggered and slumped, before making it to the exit, just as the giant rock is about to squash them flat.

"I wonder if she always had that security, or if she added it for the goblins," Deadpool said.

"Let's go, we got the tiara!" Percy yelled.

"And after all that, it better be worth it," Draco said.

"Oh, it will be worth it," Percy said.

'Youngest Minister of Magic, here I come,' Percy greedfully thought.

'Early retirement, here I come,' Filch said.

'Cauldrons, here I come,' Snape thought.

'Golden Girls Watch, you will be mine again, my sweet,' Deadpool thought.

'End of my father's poetry, you will be mine,' Draco added.

'I wonder if Professor Dumbledore was ever convinced he was not a hummingbird,' Luna thought.

The entire group surfaced at the edge of the gate. They all took a couple of large breaths, smiling when they crossed the threshold of the gate.
"Well, we smashed up half of her house, but I'm sure that she won't notice," Wade said.

"Her house more like smashed us up," Snape muttered underneath his breath.

"Well, at least we have the tiara, so now we can plunder that damn goblin booty," Filch said.

"Hee-hee, he said goblin booty," Luna giggled.

Suddenly, an enchanted song announced the arrival of goblins, riding on the back of a dragon, which swooped down.

'Oh, you have had your fun.'

'But your journey is near done.'

'We will hit the sky.'

'All of your hopes and dreams are about to die.'

'We thank you for doing all of our dirty work.'

'But now, we take our treasure, you stupid berk.'

'And remember our Captain's name when you figure out what we took.'

'GRIPHOOK, GRIPHOOK, GRIPHOOK!'

Captain Griphook swiped Auntie Muriel's goblin made tiara out of the hands of a disoriented Deadpool and hit the skies.

Oh, and they also knocked more of Muriel's house over, on top of Deadpool, squashing him flat or knocking him unconscious for a few months.

"So, wait a minute?" Draco asked when he came too. "We...went through all of that to borrow the goblin-made tiara...."

"Only for those goblins to steal it straight off!" Filch howled.

Severus Snape blinked several times and then he realized that he had only course of magic. He dropped to the ground, curling up into a fetal ball, and went into shock.

"All that for nothing," Draco said. "Professor Snape...."

"Is he going to be alright?" Luna asked.

"Lucius, I told you that unicorns are high in fiber!" Snape howled giddy in excitement.

"I think he just needs a nice long sleep," Luna said. "Mr. Filch?"

"No!" Filch yelled staring up to the heavens.

"NOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO! MY RETIREMENT FUND!"

Percy collapsed as well, his aunt and mother were going to kill him. And more importantly he would never become Minister of Magic.

"Wade?" Luna asked.
A loud pop echoed from outside of the gates and Muriel arrived home to see the carnage which transpired.

"WHAT IN THE BLOODY HELL!?"

"I think we should run," Draco commented.

Luna grimly nodded, leaving the adults, or near adults in a state of various stages of depression and dismemberment, with Luna playing the theme from "The Benny Hill Show" on her kazoo when making a break for it, before Muriel could get her claws on them.

Eventually, our heroes would be retrieved by….oh, let's say, Flitwick.

To Be Continued.
Peeves Is Very Triggered.

The last thing Deadpool remembered was a bunch of singing goblins, bricks falling, Filch losing his mind, Snape having some kind of Nam flashback, Lun's kazoo, some dancing penguins, and some drag queens doing a conga line. Although, to be fair, Wade might have been making up some of the things in his head. He woke up in the hospital wing, to see the snow blanketing the grounds of Hogwarts.

"Well, you're awake."

He noticed Snape hovering about him, bringing a potion to him.

"Don't worry, I didn't poison you," Snape said. "I would not want to run the risk that your ghost would haunt me for all eternity, despite all logic and reason."

Of course, Snape would never poison him, because he and Snape were BFFs. They were closer than brothers. They were bosom bodies, besties all the way. They were about as close as two friends could be, without crossing any boundaries which would indicate a relationship other than friendship.

At least for now. Who knew what the future could would bring.

"Good thing I can't technically die anyway. There's this thing with this jackass called Thanos. You might have heard of him, I think he was in a movie relatively recently or something…"

Snape just did what was best in this situation. He smiled, he nodded, and pretended he understood what the hell Wade Wilson was talking about it.

"There's snow on the ground," Deadpool said.

"Yes, you were out for the past three months," Snape commented. "I fear the situation has gone worse."

"How bad?" Deadpool asked.

"The singing goblin army has now had control of Gringotts, and has cut it off from the rest of the world," Snape said. "That's lead to a hyper inflation. In a matter of months our economy will collapse, and I fear that it will cause repercussions that will spill out until the Muggle World, exposing us all. And then the ramifications will be more dire."

They could have ended this all months ago, had they managed to bait that trait. But, they played in the hands of those damn goblins. Despite his best efforts, Wade could not do anything.

"What's Fudge doing about this?" he demanded.

"What do you think he's doing?" Snape asked. "He's lying to the magical public that everything is fine, while begging for Dumbledore to fix his mistakes."

"That's about right," Wade said. "What's Dumbledore doing?"

"He's certain that he can reason with the goblins behind this," Snape said. "He believes they are misunderstood."
"Oh, I don't think that I misunderstood then dropping an entire building on my head and knocking me out for three months," Wade said. "It might have caused a convenient time skip, but...that's not the point."

Luna appeared at the front door, wearing a smile on her face, and brandishing a pie. Deadpool looked at it and Luna just broke out into a smile.

"Hello, Mr. Wilson," she said. "I'm glad that you're doing much better now. I've baked you a pie."

Deadpool took the pie and noticed something particularly peculiar about it.

"Um, Luna, is there a reason why there's a hacksaw and a file in it?" Wade asked.

"Oh bugger, I got the wrong recipe," Luna said snapping her fingers. "That was supposed to be the pie you bake someone when they're in prison, not when they're in the hospital wing. The wrackspurts must have mixed up the recipes."

"Well, mistakes happen," Wade said. "Those damn wrackspurts."

"I know right," Luna said.

"HELLO FRIENDS!"

Suddenly, Wade saw someone who did not show up since very early in this first year. He was pretty sure he had been banished from the school by his mother. Ron Weasley stood before him, dressed in a stylish pinstripe suit, glasses, and brandishing a pimp cane, although not the infamous Malfoy family pimp cane.

"Weasley, you're...you're back?" Snape asked.

Snape calmly reached into his robes and downed a flask containing a potentially lethal amount of alcohol. He downed the lot in one swig.

"Yes, S-Money, Ron-izzle is back in the hiz-ooww!" Ron howled slapping his thighs. "Now Big Mama, she be getting up in my grill, talking about how I'm not fit to be in the old Hog to the Warts, but bitch be tripping!"

Ron did a little jig and did a little dance.

"And now, all my hoes be wondering where their Ron-john is," Ron commented.

'\textit{So the concussion that the troll gave him?}' one of the Deadpool voices commented.

'\textit{Yep,}' another voice commented.

'\textit{Can't tell if improvement or more annoying,}' a third voice commented.

"But, I'm back and it's a Ronor to meet you all," he said with smug little smile on his face. "I be chilling in this hizzle for shizzle, and we be getting on this, like stank on a swing, if you know what I'm saying."

"Well, sure, why not," Deadpool said.

"Man, that man's alright," Ron said. "Mmm, Looney-G! What up in this hizz-zow!"

"Yo, dawg," Luna casually commented.
Luna and Ron exchanged a very complicated gang style handshake which caused Deadpool to snap his head back and Snape to wonder if he needed a more potent brand of alcohol. Or if accepting a lemon drop from Dumbledore the other day was a mistake.

"Oooh, girl, you be fine, you be so fine, I can pimp you out any time," Ron said.

Wade was pretty sure that it was kind of creepy and extremely inappropriate for a thirteen year old boy to say that he would pimp out a twelve year old girl. Kids these days, honestly.

"Well, um...I think that it's good that you're doing well," Luna said.

"Ooh, yeah, we can do what we can to make it a Ron!" Ron said. "I be laying some of that Ron Magic on you, you be so tight, mmm, so chill, about as chill as a Dementor's bits, you know what I'm saying?"

"Of course," Luna said.

All things considered, Luna Lovegood might have been one of the few people to actually know what Ron was saying.

Ron turned around just in time to see Draco Malfoy who took one look at Ron's cheap bling and outlandish suit, and ten knut pimp cane and just chortled.

"Yo D-Train, how's it hanging?" Ron asked. "Low and to the right, bro?"

"I'm not your bro, Weasel," Draco said. "I thought that I was done with you, I guess Mummy couldn't stand you either, so she shipped you off to school."

"Man, man, back it off bro, you be doing out the haterade," Ron said. "This cracka be tripping, dawg. You know what I'm saying?"

"No, no one knows what you're saying!" Draco yelled. "You don't make any sense."

"Man, no need to get all up in arms, come on, bro, just chill, be cool, be like Ron-Nizzle, For Shizzle, My Nizzle!" Ron said.

"I'm not your nizzle, Weasley!" Draco snapped before he stormed out in the hallway.

He stopped and came across Hermione Granger, who just happened to be on her way from the library. Or maybe going to the library. Some part of her travels involved a library.

"Granger!"

"Yes, Malfoy," Hermione curtly replied.

"You know things," Draco said.

"Yes," Hermione said.

"What's a nizzle?" Draco asked.

Hermione motioned for Draco to come forward.

"You better not get your Mudblood germs all over me," Draco said.

Hermione bitch slapped Draco across the back of the head.
"My father…"

"Writes bad poetry," Hermione said. "Now, I'm a very busy person."

"What is a Nizzle?" Draco asked.

"A what now?" Hermione asked.

"A nizzle!" Draco yelled.

"It's a slang word for…"

Hermione whispered something in Draco's ear.

"A what now?"

Hermione frowned and whispered something into Draco's ear once again.

"What's a Ni…"

Hermione shoved a ball gag into Draco's mouth with a wave of her wand, causing him to gag.

"That word's not to be said, especially to black people," Hermione said.

A ghost popped out of the floor, smug, sniffing, with pink hair, and four hundred pounds. Hermione groaned, it was the ghost of Sylvia Justine Walker.

"Actual, you should not refer to them as black people, because that's like so problematic and racist," SJW commented with a sniffle. "They are to be referred as African-Americans, thank you very much."

"Well, what if they're not American and they've never even been to Africa," Hermione said.

"OH, I'M SO TRIGGERED RIGHT NOW!" SJW screeched.

With a loud "reeee!" SJW disappeared into the distance. Hermione rolled her eyes, she had never met someone even more insufferable than she could be. But, there you go.

Draco struggled to remove the ball gag from his mouth. He looked completely agitated, almost offended.

Hermione thought it was quite interesting that someone who looked like they were straight out of Hitler youth would be offended by a racial slur.

"Although the er version is more offensive than the a version," Hermione commented casually as she motioned Draco to come closer.

The moment the ball gag had been removed from Draco's mouth, Hermione Granger and Draco Malfoy were in a compromising position just as Peeves the Poltergeist swooped in.

"Hermy and Bad Faith sitting in a tree."

"K-I-S-S-I-N-G"

"First comes love, then comes Marriage, and then comes a baby ferret in the baby carriage!"

"We weren't kissing!" Hermione yelled. "I was explaining to him what a word meant, and I had to
shove a ball gag in his mouth to prevent him from saying anything."

"Oh, and tell Peevesie what word you were saying?" Peeves asked.

"I don't...I don't want to."

Teaching Peeves a new word especially like this would be a very bad idea.

"Come on," Peeves said. "I'll be your friend. I'll show you a special expanded edition of Hogwarts a History, if you tell me what super spicy word Bad Faith was not supposed to say."

Hermione whispered something and Peeves's eyes widened in horror.

"YOU WATCH YOUR MOUTH YOU RACIST HITLER!" Peeves yelled. "NEVER IN ALL MY DAYS HAVE I HEARD SUCH SLURS!"

Such language had no place in a respected magical institution. And it had no place in Hogwarts either.

"But you...."

"I'VE NEVER BEEN SO TRIGGERED BEFORE!" Peeves screeched. "WASH YOUR WHORE MOUTH!"

He shoved a bar of soap into Hermione's face, which exploded all over her face and dropped down on her knees. He casually tore the front of Draco's trousers open before zooming off with a loud "reeeeeee" noise as he escaped into the shadows.

People ran over, just in time to see Hermione on the ground, her face covered in thick white cream, with Draco slumped against the wall with ripped trousers.

A snap of a camera indicated that Colin Creevey took a picture of the entire compromising situation.

"GET BACK HERE!"

Draco rushed Colin Creevey who sprinted off down the hallway. Malfoy's pants ripped even further, as he chased Colin down the hallway in his boxer shorts.

Luna played the theme from "The Benny Hill Show" on her kazoo once again, as Draco chased Colin through the hallways of Hogwarts.

Wade whistled nonchalantly.

"Well, that escalated quickly," Wade said.

"Man, that shit be tripping, dawg," Ron said. She looked up at Hermione. "Mmm, Hermy Mione, what's happening, big pimpin'?"

"I have to head to the bathroom to wash it off," Hermione said. "And then I have to go to the library."

She completely ignored Ron's antics. Ron made a series of facial expressions.

"Man, did you check out the booty on her?" Ron asked.

"Legally speaking, I can't because she's fourteen," Wade said.
"Ah, the Po-Po be busting our nuts all of the time," Ron sagely said.

X-X-X

A few days later, Snape, Wade Wilson, and Argus Filch had been invited to Albus Dumbledore's office. Well, invited would mean that they would have a chance to decline, but Dumbledore was insistent that they showed up.

Filch was still in a bad mood, even after having a few months to cool his heals.

"Those damn goblins," Argus said. "Why didn't you nab them?"

"You were right there," Wade said.

"I'm a squib!" Argus yelled. "Which means I can't perform magic."

"Well, neither can I!" Wade yelled. "Unless it's the magic of friendship!"

"Which is the greatest magic of them all, Mr. Wilson."

For a second Wade thought about throwing up in his mouth, but he just embraced it. It was the best way to survive the madness of the magical world. Dumbledore turned up, and he had been joined by Remus Lupin, and a grim looking black dog.

"Well, gentlemen, I'll be blunt," Dumbledore said. "We have only one final trump card to pull that might entice the goblins to come here so we can right the wrongs. But it's a risk."

"And what is that, Dumbledore?" Snape asked.

He pulled out the Hogwarts Sorting Hat and pulled out the Sword of Godric Gryffindor for them.

'Oh, that's right, Harry never made it to the Chamber of Secrets, and thus he never pulled the sword from the hat,' Deadpool thought.

'Thanks Captain Exposition.'

'To be fair, it's been over a year if you've been reading this story in real time.'

'And after that, Harry stopped showing outside of an odd cameo.'

'To be fair, he's above this clown show.'

"The Sword of Godric Gryffindor was won in battle with Godric's battle with Ragnok the First," Dumbledore explained. "The goblins have hated the fact that the sword has been in the possession of Hogwarts for the past thousand years."

"And they would not be able to get the sorting hat out of the sword," Snape said.

"Correct," Dumbledore said. "It's ingenius how only a true Gryffindor can pull it out of the hat, but only when the school is in need. And everything, and everyone that we know and love is in need."

"But, the goblin's song is hypnotizing," Remus said. "How, are we supposed to counteract it?"

"We're just going to need a song more shrill and more high-pitched that the goblins to counteract their spell," Dumbledore said.
As if in cue, the form of Sirius Black appeared at the office. Instantly, Snape whipped out his wand and almost shoved it into Sirius's face.

'And the shippers go mild,' Wade thought.

"Sirius Black!" Snape yelled. "You do realize he's wanted by the Ministry still…"

"Pettigrew committed the crimes, and Sirius has agreed to assist us, in exchange for the charge of escaping prison and attempted murder being dropped," Dumbledore said.

"To be fair, attempted murder is such a bullshit charge," Sirius said.

"Really does seem like the participation trophy of crime, yes," Dumbledore agreed.

"Attempted murder?" Wade asked. "Honestly, do they give out the Nobel Peace Prize for attempted Chemistry?"

'And thus proving there's a Simpsons quote for everything.'

"Sirius might be the weapon that we need," Remus offered. "Because, I've heard him sing in the showers."

"Separate showers," Sirius interjected.

"The Internet believes different," Wade said.

"What's an Internet?" Sirius asked curiously.

"Trust me, you're better off not knowing," Wade said. "All kinds of weirdos. Some of them write fan fiction about fictional characters. Bunch of loons they are. There's this one guy who is obsessed with Supergirl that…"

Snape tutted loudly and Wade fell back into line.

"Now's not the time," Wade said. "Now's not the time."

"So, what makes you think this plan is going to work this time when it didn't work the last time?" Filch asked.

"Because, I'll be leading you personally," Dumbledore said. "The school holidays are not, which means it's the best time to bait a trap. Between Sirius's singing, Wade's wit, and my diplomatic skills, we can't lose."

The entire group peered at the Headmaster who broke into a smile.

"What could possibly go wrong?" Dumbledore asked.

"Oh, damn it, Albus, are you serious?" Wade asked.

"No, Sirius is over there," Dumbledore said.

"Meh, I got bored of that one in my second year," Sirius said.

"The last time you said that, nearly ten years ago in Aspirations, you ended up getting knocked off of a cliff to your death," Wade said.
"I would think that I would remember dying," Dumbledore said. "Granted, there was this one time that I went to a nude beach where…."

Snape cleared his throat.

"Now's not the time, now's not the time," Dumbledore said.

"Yes, shall we leave?" Remus asked.

"Worried about running into that time of the month?" Sirius asked.

'You know, I'm pretty sure that Remus would get more popular as a teacher if he came out as a werewolf.' Deadpool commented. 'You know, amongst the furies.'

"I think we'll be fine," Dumbledore said. "We have a plane, we have the perfect bait. What could possibly go wrong?"

Wade wanted to face knife right about now. The group moved out, just stopping long enough for Draco to chase Colin Creevey down the hallway past them.

Once the coast was cleared, they moved to take two of trying to bait the signing goblins lead by Captain...well Deadpool still couldn't remember his name.

"Wait, we have a plane?" Deadpool asked.

"I said we had a plan, Mr. Wilson," Dumbledore said.

"No, you clearly said plane," Deadpool said.

"No, I'm pretty sure I said plan," Dumbledore said.

"No clearly…"

"Let's get this over with," Snape said.

"That's what she said!" Filch interjected with a huge belly laugh.

No one laughed, rather they kept moving to adventure, this time for real.

End.
Reclaiming the Booty

The party of Dumbledore, Deadpool, Snape, Lupin, Filch, and Sirius made their way across a valley of thorns and vultures, across lakes of molten hot fire, over rickety cliffs, and through a Twilight fangirl convention before reaching their final destination.

"And now, we're here, finally!" Deadpool yelled.

"Would have been sooner if Remus had been soon moody during that time of the month," Sirius said.

"That joke ceased being funny in my third year, Padfoot," Remus said. "And I can't help it if I have cravings. Be thankful it was for chocolate, and not something far more exotic."

"And now we're heading to the really dark and spooky crave, in the quiet and abandoned city," Deadpool said. "So, we sure this is the place?"

"The Minister of Magic has received intelligence....."

Sirius, Wade, Remus, and even Filch broke out into a loud round of laughter. Dumbledore looked bemused and Snape just rolled his eyes.

"Sorry, continue," Sirius said.

"As I was saying, the Minister of Magic has received intelligence....."

Even more laughter followed from the entire party, and even Snape chuckled, before going back to the usual Snape demeanor of being sullen and being very Snapey. Dumbledore found it very hard to find out.

"What is so funny?" Albus asked.

"Cornelius Fudge receiving intelligence," Sirius said.

"I don't get it," Albus said. "As I was saying....the Minister of Magic has...well he told me that he thought that the goblins would be here. He would have sent a squadron of highly qualified Ministry wizards to do the job for him, but unfortunately, people tend to do dangerous work without being paid."

"Wait, are we getting paid for this?" Snape asked.

"Do we ever get paid for any of the Headmaster's stupid schemes?" Filch asked.

"Point well taken," Snape said. "Continue, Headmaster."

"We have a plan, a plan which will allow us to get the drop on the goblins," Dumbledore said. "And don't forget....if our Sirius plan doesn't work, then we will have to try something else. Which is where our super secret weapon comes in."

"Doorknobs!" Deadpool yelled.

"No, Wade, not doorknobs," Dumbledore said. "Our super secret weapon...well there's no need for
They all nodded, and they made their way into the dark dank caves. Dumbledore had the sword of Godric Gryffindor, one of the last bargaining chips they had to take down these goblins.

"We should split up," Dumbledore said. "We'll cover more ground."

"Right, I'll go with Sirius, Snape will go with Filch," Deadpool said. "Headmaster, you go with Remus, Shaggy, Velma, and Scooby will go off in one direction, Freddy and Daphne will go off...because that always happens...even though everyone knows that Freddy's in the closet and Daphne and Velma are lesbian lovers...."

Snape snapped with a loud throat clear.

"Right, I'm serious," Deadpool said.

"No, I am."

Deadpool and Sirius fist bumped because of the groaning from the rest of the group. Regardless, three different paths, with Sirius and Wade taking the darkest, dankest, creepiest path.

Sirius lit the wand that he borrowed from some random Ministry asshole. Deadpool opted for a torch, besides it could double as a weapon when he burned it.

Their pathway had been blocked by a group of feral looking goblins. They all growled at Sirius and Deadpool, looking much like wide beasts.

"Who are you?" one of the goblins asked.

"My name is Inigo Montoya," Deadpool said. "Perhaps you knew my father?"

The goblins growled and pointed their sharp and pointy weapons at them. They did not seem to be the singing type of goblins, rather the stabbing type of goblins. Not that the stabbing type of goblins could not sing as well.

"Relax, I've got this," Sirius said. "I know Gobbledygook".

There's a part of Deadpool who wants to believe this is on the level. And another part of Deadpool who feels a burst of anxiety coming through him.

"Are you sure?" Deadpool asked.

"Trust me, everything is fine," Sirius said.

Sirius managed to speak to them. And whatever Sirius said, did nothing to appease these rabid goblins. The daggers, the swords, and the spears pointed at them.

X-X-X

The next thing they knew, Sirius and Deadpool had been hanging above a vat of boiling water, with these feral goblins preparing to stew them to death.

"What did you tell them?" Deadpool demanded.

"My Gobbledegook needs a bit of work," Sirius said. "I bugged the translation."
"WHAT DID YOU TELL THEM?" Deadpool asked urgently.

"I told them I wanted to anal fist their mother," Sirius said in a small voice.

Deadpool could have just banged his heads against the rock.

"I'm guessing this is bad," Deadpool said.

"Well, telling someone you would anal fist their mother normally is," Sirius seriously said. "However, with goblins...it's a justifiable cause for them to boil you and cook you alive...and feast upon your flesh."

"Oh, come on, you've got to be kidding me!" Deadpool yelled. "Hey! Goblins...you don't want to eat me...you don't know where I've been...and you don't want to eat him...because he turns into a dog and loves rolling around in his own shit."

The feral goblins licked their lips and Sirius groaned.

"Mate, goblins love the taste of both shit and dog," Sirius said.

"That's TMI, good buddy," Deadpool said.

"I'm not your buddy, pal," Sirius said.

"I'm not your pal, guy," Deadpool said.

"I'm not your guy, man," Sirius said.

"I'm not your man, chief," Deadpool said.

"I'm your your chief...friend...."

"ARGH, JUST COOK THEM AND BE DONE WITH IT!"

The pissed off form of that one goblin who caused all of this mess turned up. Along with is singing goblins. They started to play a catching tune.

'Great, serenaded before we're sizzled,' Deadpool thought.

Captain Whatshisname started to bop back and forth, singing.

'Oh, we are in for a treat.'

'You humans are too good to eat.'

'Because human is the other white meat.'

'We boil, we bake.'

'Just is good as we take.'

'We don't care if it's fresh.'

'We love to sizzle on your flesh.'

'We will nibble at your feet.'
Deadpool never thought he would be baked and ate by goblin's because someone said that he wanted to anally fist a goblins' mother. It did not help that Sirius hummed along with the song, bopping his head. Deadpool gave him the side long look.

"You have to admit, it's kind of catchy," Sirius said.

"Would you be serious?" Deadpool asked.

"Always, bro," Sirius said.

"I'm not your bro, buddy," Deadpool said.

"Well, I'm not your buddy, mate," Sirius said.

"Well, I'm not your mate, pal," Deadpool said.

"Well, I'm not your pal, chum," Sirius said.

"And I'm not your chum...."

"WILL YOU BE SILENT!" the singing goblin yelled. "You're ruining my harmony."

"Oh, there was a Potion Master who had a stench, and Snivellus was his name-o," Sirius sang. "S-N-I-V-E-L-L-U-S, S-N-I-V-E-L-L-U-S, S-N-I-V-E-L-L-U-S, oh he reeked and his grease was not too sleek, because Snivellus his name-o!"

The goblins clutched their ears at Sirius's bad singing.

"Oh, there was a Potions Master who was lame-O, and Snivellus was his name-o," Sirius howled which made the goblins clutch their ears in pain. "N-I-V-E-L-L-U-S, N-I-V-E-L-L-U-S, N-I-V-E-L-L-U-S, oh he reeked and his grease was not too sleek, because Snivellus his name-o!"

Suddenly, the walls leading into the torture room blew open and debris followed.

"Who the devil is that?" Captain Griphook demanded.

"The name's Snape, Severus Snape, I'm the Potion Master at Hogwarts," Snape said. "And here I thought Longbottom's concoctions would not come in handy."

Snape threw another preserved potion, made by Neville Longbottom and it exploded into the air with a huge explosion. He had intended to keep Longbottom's potions preserved, just to see how badly someone can be and how inept they could be. However, they packed a punch when Snape ignited them and sent them.

"I never thought I'd say this, but I'm really glad that you're here Snape," Sirius said.

"I don't know how you got yourself in a position to nearly got cooked by goblins," Snape said. "I would think you told a goblin that you wanted to anal fist their mother, but even I thought that you would not be that incompetent."

Snape cut the rope and Sirius crashed down, along with Deadpool.

Inside the room, Argus Filch appeared and wielded a mop.
"Alright you filthy goblins, it's time to mop you up!" Filch yelled.

Filch swung the mop and smashed the goblins in the face. Filch picked up a bucket and threw it at the goblins, to clonk them.

And then promptly fell face first after slipping on his own cleaning solution.

"Oh, the most bad ass thing Filch ever did, and he fell on his face," Deadpool said.

"Come with me if you want to live!" Snape yelled. "Although, I won't twist your arm."

Deadpool dragged Filch out as several goblins hurled daggers. Another fastball special with a Neville Longbottom created potion caused the ground to explode.

Remus and Dumbledore appeared and Dumbledore pointed down the hallway. They made their way down a maze of caverns, as the howls of goblins happened.

"Is that a dragon?" Deadpool asked.

"Keep running!" Snape yelled.

"Too bad Hagrid wasn't here," Deadpool said.

Suddenly, they smashed their way through the doors of a giant vault. Where piles and piles of treasure extended as far as the eye could see.

"Well, it's Lucius's pimp cane, I'd recognize it anywhere," Sirius said.

"And Narcissa's pearls," Deadpool commented. "I'd tap that any time."

"I would too," Sirius said.

"Aren't you cousins?" Deadpool asked.

"I'm pureblood," Sirius replied.

"Point well taken," Deadpool said. "Ooh, and Draco's robes...and there's Muriel's....tiara thing...and Snape's cauldrons...and then....oooh!"

Deadpool gave a whooping cheer as his Golden Girl's Watch sat on the top of the mountain. His limited addition Golden Girl's Watch, oh he could taste it.

"YES!"

Deadpool scrambled up the piles of treasure to get his prize. Suddenly, an arrow flew and stabbed Deadpool in the wrist, pinning him to a particular gaudy looking shield.

"Barton, now's not the time!"

The goblin warriors broke up Deadpool's attack. Where the leader of the crew appeared. Deadpool pulled himself free, and his watch rolled down the hill, into the hands of the same goblin that stole it.

"Hands of me booty, you rogue!" the Captain said.

"That's what they told Harvey Weinstein," Deadpool said.

A rimshot echoed in Deadpool's head, and then crickets because absolutely no one bought it.
Deadpool slid down to face Griphook.

"Alright, goblin face, hand me the watch, or I'll make you so ugly that your mother won't even recognize you," Deadpool said. "I don't know who you are, but you're messing with the bull and getting my horns right in your face, while I fist you in the face."

Deadpool swiped his hand in the captain's face.

"The name is Captain Griphook," the goblin said.

"Sheep Dick?" Deadpool asked.

"Griphook!" he snapped. "I've taken pretty much everything...the only thing left to take is the humans and seal them in our vaults."

"Wait, you can't do that!" Dumbledore yelled. "That's kidnapping."

"It's taking back what is ours," Griphook snarled. "This is our Reparations...you humans have treated us goblins like second class citizens. You think that you can get away with this, well we're going to seal you in the vaults, and there's nothing that you can do about it."

"Sirius, now!"

Sirius started to sing a melody of Beatles songs which caused the goblins to clasp their ears. At least until Griphook stuffed a sock in Sirius's mouth and prevented him from sing any more.

"Cut down in the prime of his life!" Dumbledore yelled. "Oh the humanity of it...."

Dumbledore stopped and started to break out into mad laughter, which caused everyone, including the goblins to look at Dumbledore like he had finally lost it.

"I finally got it!" Dumbledore yelled.

'Really, because we thought that you finally lost it?'

'Did he ever have it?'

'Well, if that's not the pot calling the kettle black, I don't know what it is.'

"Mmph, mmm, mppph, mmp, mmm, mph!" Sirius groaned.

"Most eloquent thing you've said, Black," Snape said.

"And now it's time to take what is ours," Griphook said.

"Not yet," Dumbledore said. "Gentlemen, your secret weapons."

The goblins prepared themselves for some weapons. Snape, Dumbledore, Wade, Sirius, Remus, and Filch all pulled out...fluffy pink earmuffs, and put them over their head.

'Thank you Professor Sprout.'

Griphook started to sing his song, but it fell on deafened hers.

"Surprise, pickle puss!" Deadpool yelled.

He punched Griphook in the face, and knocked him down. Griphook popped up, wiping the blood
from his mouth, and pulled out his sword.

Deadpool pulled the sword of Gryffindor from Dumbledore’s sheath and blocked it. Deadpool and Griphook circled each other, and the sounds of swords clanging together echoed throughout the cavern. Deadpool and Griphook fought up through the caves.

The Merc with the Mouth smiled and dodged some of Griphook's blows. He was pretty sure that Griphook said something amusing, only he could not hear it. The sounds of battle echoed from high above.

Suddenly, they fought on the edge of the cliff. Fire shot through the room and then the sounds of rain echoed, dripping from the open ceiling. Because, it would not be a fight scene without rain or fire.

Griphook ripped Deadpool's earmuffs off and sent him flying over the edge of the cliff with a scream.

Deadpool clung to the edge of the cliff, in an attempt to struggle up.

'Oh, we've got to get up there,' Deadpool said. 'No one likes a cliffhanger.'

Griphook held both the Sword of Gryffindor and his own sword with triumph, and he leaned down to smile.

'Let it go, let it go.....'

"Hey, that's copyright," Deadpool groaned. "You want to get this story deleted?"

Yet, Deadpool's fingers started to slip, and Griphook looked up in triumph.

"I will stuff your corpse, and mount it in my office."

"You and Kraven should get together sometime."

A loud explosion and whirls of chaos caught Griphook's attention. And Deadpool's as well. Deadpool looked up in the sky.

It was not a bird. It was not a plane. It was Peeves!

"Weee!" Peeves yelled.

Peeves hurled Snape's entire bag of Neville Longbottom potions at Griphook, while shoving fireworks into it, and lighting them.

The explosion sent Griphook falling to his doom like he was a Disney villain.

Instantly, Deadpool pulled himself up, and the held Griphook's sword in the air if triumph.

"And that makes me the goblin king!" Deadpool yelled. "Suck on that, Norman!"

The rest of the goblins shook their heads, as if they had cleared out of some kind of fog. The entire party of Dumbledore, Snape, Sirius, Filch, and Remus joined Deadpool.

"Well, we've done it," Deadpool said.

"Do any of you have any idea how to get all of the goblin's stolen goods home?" Snape asked.
"By with the magic of magic of course, dear Severus," Dumbledore said.

"Everyone take a shot!" Deadpool said.

"I looted some goblin wine," Sirius said.

"Cheers to that," Filch said. "You know something Black, you're only a pain of the ass most of the time."

"Thanks Flchy, you're just swell," Sirius said.

"And how are we going to get out of here?" Snape asked.

"Magic," Dumbledore said.

The Hogwarts Potion Master groaned at Dumbledore's non answer.

"Why do I even bother?" Snape asked.

They had a lot to do to even get out of the caves, never mind return to Hogwarts. And also make sure all of the stolen goods returned.

"I believe I might have a suggestion," Harry said.

"Potter, how did you get here?" Snape asked.

"I flew," Harry said.

"I KNEW IT!" Snape yelled. "See, flying girl, flying girl….

"Oh, will you give a rest," Sirius said. "Oh, I'm Sirius by the way, your cool godfather...and you know everyone else."

"Yeah, I heard," Harry said. "Nice to meet you…"

"Mushy reunion later?" Sirius asked.

"Yeah," Harry said. "Anyway, I believe we can get the loot out of here."

Suddenly, several figures flew into the cave, with portals opening throughout the wide multiverse.

"I TOLD YOU!" Snape yelled.

"Professor, you said a flying girl, not fifty-two flying girls!" Harry said in exasperation.

Snape sputtered, but Dumbledore just patted him on the shoulder, trying to console him.

"He's got you there," Sirius said. "Wait, fifty-two?"

"Yeah," Harry said.

"That's my boy," Sirius said. "Here have some goblin made wine."

Harry took the wine in good grace.

"As a responsible adult here, I should say something," Deadpool said. "But, damned if I know what it is."
To get all of the goblin loot out of here, this looked like a job for the Legion of Supergirls.

To Be Continued.
Chapter 39

I realize that opening bit of this chapter will not make any sense unless you followed it on a certain other fan fiction website. So, fair warning.

One particular thought entered Wade's head as he entered the office.

"What a year!"

Wade stepped in and got together his things. The goblins have been defeated and the wizarding world returned to, what could be classified as order. Of course, being gone for several months left huge parts of the school in disrepair, and Filch almost blew a gasket. And several of the core teachers along with the Headmaster disappearing left a lot of questions.

'Seriously, this year seemed a lot shorter than the last year. Even with the multi month gap in between chapters, after the author took his ball and went home.'

'To be fair I think he lost his smile.'

'Well, to be fair we spent a lot of time traveling through the goblin's hidden lair.'

Wade stopped in the hall just in time to see Colin Creevey run as fast as his legs could carry him. Draco Malfoy rushed behind him in a sudden blur, as fast as his legs could carry him.

"And that's still a thing," Wade said.

The office of the Defense Against the Dark Arts Teacher opened up and Wade could see Remus Lupin packing up. Curiosity killed the cat, but thankfully not being a feline made Wade immune from getting smothered.

"So, what's the deal?" Wade asked.

"I've resigned as Defense Against the Dark Arts teacher," Remus said.

"Wait, what? why?" Wade asked.

"Well, you see I'm a werewolf and Professor Snape, under the influence of goblin made wine, let it slip that I was one at breakfast the other day," Remus said. "And unfortunately in this world, pureblood money can get a lot done. And there are a lot of parents who have a grudge against me from their time at Hogwarts, especially with students in Slytherin."

Granted, it was ninety-five percent because of James and Sirius, but Remus learned to let those things go.

"So, you're just leaving," Wade said.

"Yes, with my head held high, and with pride," Remus said. "If I inspired one student to study this year, then it will be worth it, even if the end."

Oh, Wade had dust in his eye or something. The Merc brushed a tear from his eye.

"Besides, I'm sure Dumbledore will find a suitable replacement," Remus said.
"Hope so," Wade said. "Of course, his track record has been spotty there. Can't you believe that one year, Defense Against the Dark Arts was taught by a chicken. And it took them almost the entire year before they found out."

"Well, yes, Dumbledore had some lean options," Remus said. "I'm just grateful for the Wolfsbane and Snape making it for me."

"Yes, Snape is a bit softie deep down," Wade said.

Remus just smiled. He could just imagine Sirius's response if he was here. It would likely be very snarky.

"I'm off on a new adventure, once I say goodbye to a few people," Remus said. "Someone has to keep Sirius in line...to make sure he doesn't get sent off to Azkaban for real this time."

There was a part of Remus for a hot moment that thought that Sirius purposely went away to Azkaban to avoid the paternity suits against him, but it was beside the point.

'And the main character of this series makes a cameo.'

Harry slipped in to the office door to have a word with Remus. And Wade exited stage right.

"Can you keep a secret?"

Dumbledore bounced up and down to the agitation of Snape, McGonagall, and Filch, and the bemusement of Wade.

"Is this is about the fact that you've killed Sally Anne-Perks, cut up her body, and processed it for meat?" Wade asked.

"Wade, my boy, I told you that she moved away after her father got a job in a different country," Dumbledore said.

Wade snorted, a likely story.

"And I've got a big announcement to make," Dumbledore said. "I need all of you to keep a secret, because if this gets out, the students are going to go banana!"

"Is the Ministry going to go nut if the word leaks out?" Deadpool asked.

'Is anyone reading this story going to get the reference we're making?'

'Obviously not, but since when has that stopped us before.'

'Touche.'

"Just let it out, Dumbledore," Snape said. "What did you do this time?"

"For the first time in centuries, Hogwarts is going to host the brand return of the Triwizard Tournament," Dumbledore said.

"The Triwizard Tournament?" McGonagall asked.

"Yes," Dumbledore said.
"You've arranged for a tournament to come back which has one of the highest death tolls of any magical event in history," Snape said.

"Cornelius thinks, after I mentioned to it, that it would be good to erase all of the bad feelings of the past couple of years, with Voodoo Hillbillies and singing goblins," Dumbledore said. "The Minister is happy for this to happening for the purposes of International Magical Cooperation. And what's better, the tournament's happening at Hogwarts."

"You're holding the tournament here?" McGonagall asked.

"Yes, I know," Dumbledore said with giddiness dancing in his voice. "We have a chance to restore our reputation. Everyone in Britain knows that Hogwarts is the safest place in the world. But we have a bit of a reputation outside of the country as being insecure."

"Was this before or after Harry Potter came to Hogwarts?" Deadpool asked.

"See, Potter's the problem, expel him," Snape said. "Even this nutcase agrees with me!"

"Severus, if you please."

Snape snapped his mouth shut. Perhaps one of these days he would get the Headmaster to listen to reason and sense. And one of these days, he would be out of this dead end job, teaching dunderheads.

"We've had a few isolated incidents, but Hogwarts will be the safest it will ever be," Dumbledore said. "I will assure our foreign guests that they will have nothing to worry about and we'll be able to make all kind of new friends with our guests."

Call Wade a cynic, but he doubted that anyone running this tournament or competing in it, had any interest in International Cooperation, other than Dumbledore who was in fact that delusional. In the case of Fudge, he wanted bragging rights for his country's champion to beat the champions of the other two schools. And the other two competing schools wanted to humiliate Hogwarts and their champion, along with Dumbledore and Fudge on the grandest stage of their own, on their own turf.

Only Albus Dumbledore lived some fantasy land where this tournament was about International Magical Cooperation.

"So, how many champions will be in this Triwizard Tournament?" Wade asked.

"Three of course, one from each of the schools," Dumbledore said.

"And what would happen in a fourth champion got entered into the tournament under some nefarious circumstances?" Wade asked.

Dumbledore responded with a fully formed belly laugh.

"There's a powerful magical artifact which cannot be bamboozled,' Dumbledore said. "It's inconceivable that any fourth champion can compete in this Triwizard."

"But what if it happens?" Wade asked.

"If it's and buts were soda and nuts, we'll be having a party!" Dumbledore sang.

McGonagall put a hand on Dumbledore's forehead. He was not running a fever, but she still wanted to have him checked out and potentially sent on an extended vacation.
"I don't know why you're worried," Dumbledore said. "I've taken every step possible to make sure that nothing bad will happen and the tournament will go smoothly."

"You mean like you did with the Philosopher's Stone," Wade deadbanned.

"Exactly," Dumbledore said. "But, I'm going to convince my close personal friend, Alastor Moody to come out of retirement and help oversee the security of the Goblet of Fire He's very detailed oriented. I know the man, better than I know the back of my hand."

Dumbledore lifted up the back of his hand to examine it. He had been caught off guard by something peculiar on his hand.

"You know, I've never noticed that before," Dumbledore murmured calmly.

"To be fair, Moody's a paranoid kook, so no one will try anything when he's around," Snape grudgingly admitted.

The other members of staff responded in nod. Perhaps, Dumbledore had done something right and hired the one man who would prevent tampering of the Goblet of Fire.

Well unless Moody got replaced by some kind of doppelganger before he arrived at Hogwarts. But, what were the odds of that? Not even Bagman would gamble on something so inconceivable.

"And now, we feast," Dumbledore said. "Hogwarts, Hoggy Warty Hogwarts, teach us something please….

Everyone bolted to be spared of Dumbledore's singing. Out of nowhere, Luna joined him, playing a Kazoo, and Peeves played the always classic pots and pans.

Lord Voldemort simmered deep in the deepest, darkest forests of Albania. For the past three years, Voldemort stewed in nothing but the hatred and thoughts of revenge. He would gain his unholy revenge on Harry Potter, Albus Dumbledore, and most importantly, that Deputy Caretaker, Wade Wilson. Revenge would be sweet.

He possessed as many snakes as possible who came to his area of the Forest, but it was not enough, it was never enough. Voldemort hoped to be strong enough to be able to return to Little Hangleton one day, to reunite with his familiar, Nagini. These snakes were extremely weak compared to Voldemort's precious, his greatest creation.

But, for now, Voldemort would have to live off of any rodents and rabbits, and the rare lost child who stumbled into the Forest. Although, Voldemort only ate small children as a course of necessity. Eating children gave the Dark Lord gas.

Someone stumbled down Voldemort's area of the forest. The Dark Lord's attention perked up. A mysterious woman dressed in a buttoned up cloak.

"My Lord, are you here?"

One of his followers finally came for him? The only woman who had been fanatical enough to be able to join the Inner Circle was Bellatrix and Voldemort learned she had been sent to Azkaban, rather than renounce him. This pleased Voldemort. Spineless fools like Malfoy pleased him even less.

And yet, this woman came into the clearing.
"I know you're here. Something has gone wrong. Wormtail was executed!"

So Wormtail lived long enough to be executed by the Ministry of Magic. Voldemort barely spent time thinking about that useful idiot. Although he would have been desperate to find any help.

Voldemort could only speak Parseltongue in this form which made it difficult to communicate with him.

"I must gain her attention," he hissed.

"There you are."

A silver haired young woman appeared. Something about her seemed a bit off to the Dark Lord, but he could not put his finger on it just yet.

"My Lord, this time I won't fail you. The timeline has been ruined. The woman who now rules Europe has overrun it with squirrels."

Yes, quite mad indeed.

"Wait, can you understand me?" Voldemort asked.

"Yes," she said. "My name is Delphi Riddle. I'm your daughter."

Voldemort thought that she was quite mad indeed. He did not have any brats running around.

"We haven't met, Daddy, because I haven't been born," she said. "And if you don't leave this forest, I'll never be born."

Something about anyone calling him "Daddy" brought chills down Voldemort's nonexistent spine. Ever since Lucius drunkenly did so at the first and only Death Eater Christmas Party one year. Voldemort taught the elder Malfoy a few things about moderation on that day.

This also reminded Voldemort of the time he tortured an uppity Mudblood for saying that he should not say Merry Christmas, he should say Happy Holidays instead. Good times, very good times.

"So, your my daughter from the future," Voldemort said.

The strong magic coming from her caught Voldemort's interest and attention more than anything else.

"Yes," she said. "I am the most brilliant witch since Rowena and the most powerful since Morgana."

"And so modest as well," Voldemort hissed. "I have to admit, you are not what I would expect."

The child seemed a bit unwell, but Voldemort could feel a pull towards this woman.

"I need to help you, return back to power," she said. "I can restore you back…"

"You're perfect," Voldemort hissed.

"Yes, I know I am."

"The perfect vessel."

Black tentacles shot out of the snake in the forest and latched onto the mysterious child, whose name
escaped Voldemort's mind. All that mattered was she was a willing human host which would allow him to get his revenge. And unlike Quirrell, Voldemort seeped into her mind and took her over utterly.

A power Voldemort overlooked that he could possess his bloodline. Mostly due to the fact that he murdered the rest of his bloodline years ago. And so Lord Voldemort entered his daughter and made her his.

Power seeped, as Voldemort finally had a body one more time, although one that was inferior to what he wanted. But, this cursed child's body worked to give him mobility and be the first step so he could to power.

Now, Voldemort would be one step closer to achieving ultimate power and revenge. Against Potter, against Dumbledore, and against that Caretaker.

To Be Continued.
Chapter 40

Are You Ready for Some Quidditch?

You Better Not Drop the Quaffle You Bitch!

There will be Bludgers Too.

But Only the Person Who Catches the Snitch is Cool!

Deadpool swayed his hands on the camp stop of the Quidditch World Cup of the Year 1994 as some drunken Irishman started to sing that ditty.

'Is it racist to call Irishmen drunk?' one of the voices asked.

'Is it sexist to call Irishmen, Irishmen?' one of the voices in Deadpool's head asked.

'Of course, we're always sexy,' one of the Deadpool voices commented in an extremely sultry tone of voice.

Deadpool just smiled. He had been here for some Quidditch action. Ah, Quidditch, the sport that would be fun to watch, amazing to play at least once. But, writing descriptions of the action can be a bit of a bitch.

'Hey, leave the breaking the fourth wall to me, pal,' Deadpool thought.

The Quidditch final was going to be Bulgaria who had a wish-washy team, but who cared, because they had Quidditch prodigy Viktor Krum on the team as the Seeker. And they had gotten into the finals despite having inept Chasers, because Krum always caught the Snitch before they were beaten.

Then the Irish team, they had bang up Chasers who were a well oiled machine. Their seeker, whoever their seeker was, a bit clumsy.

"I can't wait to meet up with so many interesting people at the Quidditch World Cup," Deadpool narrated to himself. "Why there's Harry Potter, actually making a cameo in his own story! And there's Cedric Diggory, healthy and in the prime of his life. And he doesn't sparkle, which is always a plus. And then there's Luna Lovegood...she's simply Luna. And there's...oh no.

"What's up, D-Money? How's it hanging, big pimpin'?"

The one and only Ron Weasley, better known as Ron-izzle, for his hoes, turned up, dressed in mismatched clothes which made Deadpool almost blind by looking at them.

"So, you're back for more, are you?"

"Dawg, I can't wait," Ron-izzle said. "Where's my dogs out, where they are that?"

"In the pound?" Wade asked.

"Just like I pound the bitches, just like Krum will get the snitches," Ron-izzle said. "And Krum is going to punk that shit straight. Krum's got this in the bag dawg, and he's going to win the Cup. It's going to be whacked, you dig?"

"With a shovel," Wade said.
Ron-izzle held his hand up in the air and turned out to see his twin brothers, Fred and George showing up from the curtains.

"Ron, don't be running off like that!" George exclaimed.

"Yeah, bro, you don't need another head injury," Fred said.

"We want to keep that noodle straight," George said.

Fred motioned for Wade to get up.

"Really sorry about him," Fred said. "Mum said none of us couldn't come unless Ron was allowed to come."

"Man, I got this, I got this, no need to player hate," Ron-izzle said. "Don't player hate, resperate...you know what I'm saying?"

'Reperate, is that even a word?' Deadpool asked.

'It's a product that lowers high blood pressure,' a posh voice said.

'In other words, the opposite of what Ron does,' the voice in Deadpool's head said.

The Ministry of Magic officials stumbled in to deal with the untamed wizards. On the bright side, some of their attire made Ron one of the least outlandishly dressed person at the cup. Wade almost felt bad for the Ministry stooges, almost, but not quite.

'Do we even have tickets to the cup?' Deadpool asked.

'Does Dumbledore pay us enough to afford tickets to watch Quidditch?'

'Does Dumbledore pay us anything?'

'The minimum amount required by Ministry law,' the posh Deadpool voice thought.

Fair enough. Wade Wilson saw a lot of familiar faces all over the world. He was on the eye out for secret HYDRA agents who integrated within the wizards. Because, you never knew when those people pop up. One cuts off a head and two more grow in their place.

Wade's eye spied a very motley crew coming towards the top box. Lucius Malfoy, having reclaimed his pimp cane, and looking like a proud peacock. Draco Malfoy, looking pompous as always, with a sneer on his face. Mostly directed towards the nearest Weasley. And Narcissa Malfoy, a smoking hot MILF, although who had an upturned nose as she walked in.

Honestly, Wade could see why. Because, the Malfoys had with them, Wade's least favorite flavor of fudge, Cornelius. Wade moved over.

"Hey everyone!" Wade yelled. "I'm here...are you ready for some Quidditch?"

"Oh, it's you," Lucius commented.

"Hey, don't it's you me, Lucy my boy," Wade said. "I was the one that got your pimp cane back and I gave your wife a pearl necklace."

It was at this point the Weasley Twins passed by and started to snicker. They gave each other a high five before flashing Wade the double thumbs up.
"And I saved the world from the plague of the singing goblins," Wade said. "I am…"

"Making us quite late," Lucius said. "Cornelius, this is Filch's errand boy...I doubt very much he can afford a ticket..."

"He's not going to be a problem, is he Lucius?" Fudge asked. "I can call for the Aurors and get him evicted."

"Yes, that would be wise," Lucius said.

"Draco, you can vouch for me, can't you?" Wade asked. "You know I won't be any trouble."

"That menace made me clean a toilet with my bare hands!" Draco yelled.

"But, I thought we were bonding!" Wade yelled.

'Apparently not,' Deadpool thought.

"Get him out of here!" Fudge snapped.

Fudge appeared to conjure two puffed up Ministry gorillas out of nowhere. They hoisted Wade up by the arms and marched him through the crowd.

"Wait, if you're working for the Ministry, why aren't you using magic?" Wade asked.

"Oh, a wise guy, eh?" one of the Ministry stooges asked.

They hurled Wade out back into the campsite where he landed straight into a puddle of mud. Then one of the Ministry assholes kicked mud directly in his face. And stomped on his wrist, to scratch Deadpool's special collective Golden Girls watch.

The same one he got back from the goblins after it had been stolen for months.

"I can overlook Fudge going out in public in that hat, with that hair cut," Wade said. "I can overlook him throwing me out of an event that I didn't have tickets for. But, you don't fuck with Bea Arthur!"

Wade gave a war cry, only to slip on the mud. The gates closed and him stranded in the campsite.

"Okay, now I'm upset."

"Psst, kid!"

Wade cranked his neck around. He wondered who else could rub the salt into the wound that was already just rapping and awful by this point.

"What?" Wade asked.

"Over here!"

A pair of goblins, dressed in pinstripe suits with old fashioned hats, appeared at Deadpool's feet. Given the last time Deadpool had to deal with goblins, he was on his guard.

"Looking to get in the Quidditch Cup, kid?" one of the goblins asked.

"Well, I would like to get in there, but the tickets are out of this world expensive," Wade said. "Unless you know someone."
"Alright, listen here," the goblin said. "My name's Vito, and this is Guido."

"How you doing?" one of the goblins asked.

Vito and Guido, obviously the names of two goblins which Wade felt at ease with thrusting. No way whatsoever that these goblins would put the screws to him. Unlike Captain Driphook and his friendly crew, who had been taken down.

"So, you do us a little favor, kid, and we'll do you a solid and get you prime tickets to the Quidditch Cup," Vito said. "How about it, you do a little something for us, and we do something for you? Capice?"

Wade just pretended to just nod in response. He really wondered what those goblins had in store.

"What kind of favor do you want me to do?" Wade asked. "Because, if it involves killing someone, then...the price just might be right. And you do realize that I was the one who killed Captain Slipdick and his good friends, wasn't it?"

"Gringotts goblins?" Vito asked. "Man kid, I like you already."

"Nothing more than a bunch of Sfigato," Guido piped in. "But, you do is a solid and we'll get you these prime tickets to the cup. Right in the top box."

"High as you can go," Vito said. "Well, without some mid-altering stuff."

"In fact, let's just give the kid the ticket,' Guido said. "He took down those Gringotts goblins. Those Figlio di puttana, deserved everything that they got."

"Wait, so you're going to give me the tickets for taking out a bunch of Gringotts goblins?"

"Kid, we're going to give you the ticket, if you deliver a message to Ludo Bagman," Vito said. "Tell him that the next time we see him, he's going for a nice little swim."

"Are you going to take him to the beach and everything?" Deadpool asked.

The goblins laughed and passed off the ticket to Deadpool. Who whistled very merrily and made his way to the front gates.

"Everyone get out of my way!" Deadpool yelled. "I've got a ticket for the top box. And I only had to kill a bunch of goblins to get it!"

X-X-X

The Quidditch Cup was a great one, spectacular, one for the ages. And one where you really had to be there to see it. Naturally, Wade spent most of the time pestering Fudge and Lucius. The game was over before he could be properly thrown out on his ass yet again.

Bagman did not seem too happy about Wade's message about goblin gangsters wanting him to take to the beach for some reason.

"Man, that Krum," Wade said. "He managed to catch the Snitch before his team could actually get their ass in gear. Guess, he should have been a bit better to get that Snitch sooner."

Some of the Krum fans jeered Wade. Their hero had to fight against the hardest, roughest, most frustrating odds.
The Ireland supporters on the other hand, prepared to get rip roaring drunk.

X-X-X

The Quidditch World Cup proved to be an ideal time for Lord Voldemort in his new form, co-opting the body of his daughter from the future, to plan his revenge. Unfortunately, Harry Potter remained out of his grasp, being surrounded by a group of skilled witches and wizards.

And Voldemort thought just striking the Boy-Who-Lived in the woods would not be revenge fitting of someone of his stature. Best to plan outlandish scheme which would lead to a climatic confrontation with Harry Potter at the end of the school year. That was the ticket.

The sounds of drunken celebration faded away to panic. They were screaming. Voldemort had been taken off guard to hearing cries of terror which he had not been the cause of. Much more than he had been taken off guard by the entire peeing sitting down thing.

Granted, Voldemort had not had the need to use the loo for the past twelve years, due to not having a body, but it was the principle of the matter.

Suddenly, an army of Death Eaters appeared in the woods, torturing a group of Muggles. This sight caused Voldemort's blood to boil in anger.

No, not the Muggle torture part. He approved of that. The fact the Death Eaters, who denounced him under the claims of an Imperius Curse, decided to dressed up as Death Eaters and attack some Muggles. Drunk, unrefined, and sloppy. Levitating Muggles up the air ceased to be an amusing form of torture.

The vomit was disgusting for one thing.

Voldemort approached the Death Eaters, ready to give them what for. When suddenly, one of them grabbed Voldemort's new body by the shoulder.

"Looks to be a little Mudblood decided to go for a stroll tonight," one of them said with a leer.

"I'm not a Mudblood, you idiot!"

Voldemort recognized that drunken noxious breath as MacNair's. He had all of the game of a mountain troll. With the Hygiene to match. Of course, he made Crabbe and Goyle look like Lucius. And speaking of those three, they were among the drunken idiots, the people who claimed the Imperius Curse.

"You are fools," Voldemort said. "You denounced Lord Voldemort and claimed you are under the Imperius Curse....."

"You should not speak the Dark Lord's name," the silky voice of Lucius Malfoy stated.

Voldemort adjusted the skirt. How witches walked in these things, he would never know. After spending a number of weeks leaving as a teenage girl, Voldemort had a number of other reasons why men were the superior gender.

"Time for you to learn a lesson, little girl," Avery said. "Don't worry, we're real men and we'll take good care of you."

"I don't see any real men there," Voldemort said. "I see pathetic little cowards who can't commit to a cause. The minute things get tough, they flee."
A blast of dark energy nearly hit Voldemort in the cheek. The disguised Dark Lord turned around and was about ready to smite the person who dared fire a spell at her. They would not dare attack Voldemort if they had only new.

"Get away from m'lady, you swine!"

The situation, as Voldemort saw it, grew even more idiotic. An individual, dressed all in white, appeared in the trees. He wielded a shield and a blade, dressed in a white cape. A white helmet covered his face.

"You better learn how to treat a lady properly, you misogynists!" mysterious man in white said. "And I will teach you how to properly treat a lady right. I bet you didn't even get her consent to hold thy shoulder, you pieces of garbage!"

"What the devil are you?" Lucius asked.

"I be the White Knight, the protector of all of the fair maidens in the land," The White Knight said. "I will defend these fragile flowers from the overwhelming oppression of the Patriarchy, and just how special and beautiful all women are."

"You are a fool if you think all women are beautiful," Lucius said. "Never met Dolores Umbridge for one thing."

The Death Eaters all cackled and started exchanging high fives. The White Knight adjusted his stance the tree and jumped down, almost waffling Voldemort in the face with a shield and causing the disguised Dark Lord to stagger and fall ass over tea kettle.

"Let me help you to your feet," the White Knight said.

The White Knight pulled the downed girl to her feet.

"Get your hand off of me!" Voldemort howled. "All of you....I will kill all of you."

"Well, someone is a bit cranky," one of the nameless faceless Death Eaters said.

Voldemort howled and tried to tear the person's mask off.

"Hold tight, flower," White Knight said. "You must not debase yourself to their level. A strong and independent woman stands by and watches her protector as he defends her honor. And I am here to defend m'ladies honor against these refuges of toxic masculinity."

"What did he say?" Crabbe asked.

"I think he called your mother fat," Goyle said.

"What?" Crabbe asked.

"I would never call another woman...that vile word," The White Knight said. "Women should be of all sizes, and no matter how...abundant a woman is...we should encourage them and reinforce the fact that they are all beautiful."

"Even if the weight is unhealthy and could cause health problems for them in the future?" one of the Death Eaters asked.

"YOU KNOW NOTHING!" The White Knight yelled.
"I vote we kill this guy," one of the faceless Death Eaters said.

"You know that I only speak for...."

Several spells knocked the White Knight onto the ground. The Death Eaters closed in, preparing for the White Knight to get turned into the Red Knight. The Death Eaters chortled and had forgotten about Voldemort.

Suddenly, Deadpool appeared in a flash of light and the Death Eaters turned their to him.

"You know, we should kill him as well," Lucius said. "Just to be sure...."

"Well, you could kill me," Deadpool said. "But, is that what you really want to do?"

"Yes," Lucius replied blandly.

The fight to the finish, Deadpool against a gang of Death Eaters was fixing to take place.

Several red lights rained down on the Death Eaters who disappeared. One of them hit Deadpool in the back of the head and caused him to crumple down on the ground.

The Death Eaters disappeared and the Ministry Aurors arrived. Voldemort stepped back from the tree to survey the situation. The White Knight disappeared into the shadows.

Voldemort's disloyal followers disappeared into the night. They would all pay. Every single last one of them. She would butcher them all.

And then, there that deputy caretaker. The one who was responsible for Voldemort not getting the Philosopher's Stone. Who hit the Dark Lord in the face several times when he was on the back of Quirrel's head. Vengeance would be hers.

"Are you alright, sweetheart?"

And Voldemort turned to his least favorite flavor of fudge, Cornelius, walking around the corner. The Ministry Wizards looked at Voldemort, who as far as they were concerned, had been a scared teenage girl, who had been victimized by the pathetic wastes who somehow managed to talk their way out of Azkaban.

A very wicked idea came in Voldemort's mind. This could be the perfect opportunity to get close to Dumbledore and Harry Potter and gain her...his ultimate revenge.

Too much time in a woman's body, and you started identifying as one.

"Minister, you saved the day!" Voldemort squealed.

It hurt his soul to act like a teenage girl. But anything for revenge. And Fudge's ego being appeased played into Voldemort's evil master plan.

Fiendish delight spread though Voldemort's body.

To Be Continued.
One Two, Murphy's Coming For You:

Wade Wilson whistled at the motley collection of fools he was in the room with. Cornelius Fudge, the Minister of Magic. Bartemius Crouch, who looked like he should be goose-stepping in 1940s Germany with that mustache. Amos Diggory, who was looking down at Wade with suspicion. And one Pepto Toad, who Deadpool wanted to kick in the uterus on sheer principle.

"What did I do?"

In the crux of this situation, stood a young girl, who had been harassed by Death Eaters. Someone had shot the dark mark into the sky and caused a disturbance, best Wade could recall.

The biggest scandal happened to be the house elf found, which belonged to Crouch. Oh, he had been in a lot of hot water, and had been angry as hell that his elf. After sending the elf on her merry way, Crouch turned his aggressions to the one man on the scene of the crime.

"I'm telling you, it was Lucius Malfoy."

This did not go over well with all of the people involved. Fudge's eyes narrowed, almost as if Deadpool had slapped his cancer stricken mother directly across the face.

"Lucius Malfoy has an alibi," Fudge remarked. "Several prominent members of the pureblood magical community have vouched for him."

"Did you check their alibi?" Wade asked. "Or the fact that they might have been involved in that handy little mess?"

Fudge held up one finger. He did not want to hear about it. Especially from some glorified magical custodian.

"You have no right to meddle in the affairs of wizards," the pepto toad said. "Cornelius, I think that we should take a closer look at Hogwarts. After some of the more questionable decisions that Dumbledore has made."

"Now, Dolores, I'm certain that Albus is doing the best he could with the resources available," Fudge said.

The Pepto Toad just snorted and kept her eyes firmly locked onto Deadpool for a good long minute. It almost sickened Wade to his core.

"Come on, slap her, slap her."

"Yeah, that's a good thing to get put in the pound me in the ass wing of the local prison."

"Excuse me," the young girl said. "I was the one who had been assaulted….by these goons."

"Who are you?" Fudge asked.

The young girl stood up. She looked about seconds away from taking Fudge's head off.

"My name is….Rebecca...Black," she said.
'I wonder if she likes Fridays.'

The entire Ministry looked at the girl in response. Crouch was the one who narrowed his eyes at her in suspicion.

"And how do I know you weren't behind this?" Crouch asked. "Another Black...we know what they're all about. Why Sirius Black...."

"Was cleared of all charges," Deadpool reminded them.

"You stay out of this, squib," Crouch said.

'We're not going to correct him, are we?' Wade's inner voice queried.

Wade stood up to his feet, only for a snap of a wand to bring him back down. Amelia Bones, the only sane woman, or person for that matter, to ever work for the Ministry of Magic entered the room. She eyed the entire group, who stared back at her.

"What is going on?" Amelia asked.

Fudge stood up, chest inhaling and exhaling. "She claims her name is Rebecca Black, Amelia. We don't know who she is or what Black...."

Rebecca, carefully chimed in. "Regulus Black was my father. My mother died and she told me to go to Europe to reconnect with my family."

A carefully constructed lie, Voldemort thought. But one that the Ministry bought and one that could easily be fooled by any heritage tests.

"We'll be the judge of that, Miss Black," Fudge said.

"Judge how you want, Minister," Rebecca said. "I would expect nothing less of a man of your caliber to get to the bottom of this. Just like I expect that you will solve the mystery of who was behind this disgraceful attack."

Voldemort, or Rebecca now, thought the attack had been disgraceful, due to the fact that the Death Eaters risked public identification. Had it not been for the fact that Lucius had the Minister by both the nuts and the pocket book, there would have been serious, serious trouble.

"My dear, we will see," the Pepto Toad said with what she thought passed for a charming smile. "In the meantime, you will be in the custody of the Ministry, until your parentage would be verified."

"Of course," Rebecca said. "I would be happy to assist the Ministry....but I did want to attend Hogwarts. It was a dream, to go to the most prestigious magical school in the world. A credit to the Minister of Magic, helping run such a school no doubt."

Inflating Fudge's ego had been very essential for her plans to go through. Of course, the mere presence of this toadish terror in pink just made Rebecca want to stab the woman in the throat.

"We'll make the arrangements," Fudge said. "As for you...."

Here, Fudge turned his attention towards Wade who folded his hands into his lap, like a good little boy going to church. Or what passed as a good little boy going to church in his world.

"I'm going to let you off with a warning. One more toe out of line, and I will see you out of Hogwarts and into a Ministry holding cell."
"And you better watch yourself," the Pepto Toad said.

"Oh, I'll be a good boy," Deadpool said. "So any luck on that White Knight guy that we encountered?"

"It's none of your concern," Crouch said. "But, I can assure you that we are investigating the matter. And the person under that hood will be punished to the highest extent of our law. We do not tolerate vigilantes of any sort in the magical world."

'You would really hate New York.'

Regardless, this entire issue had been over.

"Come Ms. Black," Amelia said. "We will verify your identity."

"Yes," Rebecca said.

Voldemort always respected the magical potential of the Bones family. It was a pity she, he, had to kill so many of them. Because they decided to support ideals which conflicted with the Dark Lord's plan.

Regardless, Voldemort managed to keep a smiling face of a naive little girl. The only kink in Voldemort, or Rebecca's, evil plan happened to be that malicious mastermind, Albus Dumbledore. The entire world saw him as some kind of grandfatherly figure with growing senility, but Rebecca knew better.

And yet, she had to get into Hogwarts as a student, and get close to Harry Potter. And when the time was right, she would return to her old form, and Lord Voldemort would rise again.

A small part of Rebecca thought she had been growing a bit too comfortable using feminine pronouns.

Albus Dumbledore whistled when walking down the hallway. Anyone who knew the score knew that Dumbledore's good mood could mean any number of things. Hopefully something mundane like a new brand of lemon drops coming out on the market, but one could never know with Albus Dumbledore.

Snape sighed, it had been much too early in the summer to deal with Dumbledore's bullshit. And speaking of bullshit, Wade Wilson just came down the hallway.

"So, you encountered them at the Cup," Snape said.

"Yes,' Wade said.

Snape snorted, amateur hour at it's finest.

"I would have give them the old one-two," Wade said. "But the Ministry got involved, and that's when things got messy. They thought that I was the one who conjured the dark mark. Can you believe it?"

Given that Wade Wilson had no magical prowess whatsoever, Snape could in fact believe that the Ministry, in their infinite degrees of stupidity, would do so.

"It would have been a tragedy if you had gotten yourself killed," Snape said. "A true and utter tragedy to say the very least."
Wade claimed his cleaning supplies and decided to tidy up the castle a little bit. "But, I guess there will be no adventures this year. Because the Minister said that he would personally see to me."

"And since when have you listened to reason?"

Snape would have liked to think that Wilson would have listened to reason.

"And what is life without a little adventure?"

Dumbledore popped up right at their shoulder, so fluidly that it almost made Snape jump and do a stumble into the bucket. Peeves, who happened to be passing by, cackled as he zoomed past the shell-shocked Snape.

"I have great news."

"You're retiring?" Snape asked.

"No, Severus, not until Harry Potter's seventh year," Dumbledore said. "Of course, it would be a tragic twist of irony, if I had died before then, but what are the chances of that happening?"

Deadpool just cringed and put his hand on Dumbledore's shoulder. "Headmaster, one should not tempt Murphy."

Dumbledore's brow crinkled in confusion. "Who is this Murphy? Is he a student here at Hogwarts who has it out for me? Or perhaps some assassin who you have met on your various adventures around the world?"

Sometimes, even the eccentric behavior of Albus Dumbledore baffled even Wade Wilson.

"The announcement, Headmaster," Snape said.

"Oh, yes, Alastor has agreed to teach for one year at Hogwarts," Dumbledore said. "Aren't you excited?"

"Tingling," Snape dryly said.

"Alastor?" Deadpool asked.


"Oh, right, Mad-Eye Moody," Deadpool said.

Dumbledore bounced up and down like a teenage girl with a fresh new vibrator. "And it's going to be great, it's going to be fantastic. Me and Alastor are closer...closer than any two men can be without being brothers....I know him like the back of my hand."

To demonstrate, Dumbledore held up his hand and then stopped with a stare.

"How long as that blister been there anyway?"

Dumbledore just shrugged. Regardless, Moody was here, and Moody would be one of the most interesting additions to the Hogwarts staff, since he opened up a position for a deputy caretaker of magical sanitation.

"Beware of being accused of smuggling poisons in your socks," Snape advised him. "And being cursed for breathing."
"Wade whistled. "I'm sure he's not that bad."

"Trust me, age has not made him mellow."

Snape took his leave to construct new lessons plans for a fresh batch of dunderheads. They did seem to get more and more inept at Potions as time had gone on. And Dumbledore refused to permit Snape to leave his post, until at least the year after Harry Potter's seventh year of Hogwarts. Where Snape was going to get a very handsome sum of gold which he could retire in solitude and isolation.

Would be a pity if Snape had died before he could receive that gold and be able to retire, free of students. A real shame indeed.

'What is with these wizards and flipping Murphy off?'

The Hogwarts sorting feast had begun. Dumbledore stood up tall to address the students.

"And now, I have an announcement to make," Dumbledore said. "The Triwizard Tournament will be returning this year."

Everyone started to talk about the tournament and who would be involved in it. Everyone agreed that it would be three tasks, which every student at Hogwarts could easily see when they watched it. To think that one of the tasks, never mind two out of the three would be impossible to spectate, seemed like pure lunacy and poor planning for the magical world.

"Now, in previous years, the tournament has been known to have quite a death toll, which was unfortunate. But, I can assure you, steps have been taken to ensure the tournament's safety. And I make a solemn guarantee that no student will die, thanks to anything in the tournament."

'And so the Death March of Murphy begins,' Deadpool thought to himself.

"Our two visiting schools will be arriving around Halloween," Dumbledore said. "And through an impartial judge, the most qualified student of Hogwarts will be chosen. There will be three champions, no more, no more less. Because, the name indicates that this is a Triwizard Tournament…and having more of three students will be completely illogical."

For some reason, which he could not say, Harry Potter started coughing. He shrugged and allowed Dumbledore to continue his spiel.

"And now...the sorting..."

The doors opened, and a gruff man, with scars, a pegleg, and magical eyeball stepped into the room. He just looked at all of the students with contempt, giving a pair of first years a good looking over.

"And ladies and gentlemen, our new Defense Against the Dark Arts teacher," Dumbledore said. "Professor Alastor Moody."

"Would you like to take a seat, Professor?" Vector asked.

"As soon as I check that chair for curses," Moody said. "You can't be too careful…they are everywhere…."

Moody's eye whirled around. He sat down at the table dropping next to them. He gave Wade a long look, suspicious at his masked face.

"Why in the devil are you wearing a mask?" Moody asked. "Got something to hide?"
"Um, you really don't want to look underneath that mask."

Moody did so anyway, violating Wade's personal bubble. He recoiled in slight horror.

"Well, you have a valid reason," Moody said. "What the hell happened to you?"

"Badly healed cancer," Wade said.

Moody responded with a gruff nod and looked at the students. First-years, all of them seemed shifty, all seemed to be plotting something. Whispering among themselves. Nervous, almost as if those little scoundrels were hiding something.

The sorting begun after the hat's latest song. The girl which Wade encountered in the woods stared up.

"There's something off about that one," Moody said. "I'd keep an eye on her."

"Alastor, you say that about everyone," Dumbledore said.

"I trust you, don't I?" Moody asked. "Although Merlin only knows why."

"Black, Rebecca."

Says she's the bastard child of Regulus Black and some unknown witch, and it had been officially verified by the Ministry of Magic. Hogwarts newest student arrived.

Voldemort used his knowledge of the mental arts to create Rebecca's persona, to fool even the sorting hat. Although the Dark Lord had been angered that she, he, pronouns tripped up even the darkest of wizards, would have to contend with that nutjob Moody, in addition to Dumbledore. The Dark Lord had not been fooled for a single instance of the rumors of Albus Dumbledore's growing delusions and being disconnected with what passed for reality. She would not buy it.

He would not buy it. Bloody pronouns.

Dumbledore was putting on a charade. Voldemort personally believed he was also robbing Harry Potter blind and also setting up him to be underneath a love-potion induced marriage to the daughter of one of his most devoted acolytes. Likely a Weasley, there were a well few of them, and Voldemort made a mental note to help thin out the Weasel population.

For now, Voldemort has his list of people he intended to kill. Potter obviously, the Janitor, Dumbledore, and Dolores Umbridge, who rocketed to the top of Voldemort's hit list due to the fact that he spent several days in her presence. Something about that woman just sounded instantly hateable.

Regardless, Voldemort shifted into Rebecca mode, and adopted her character. Slytherin was out of the question, due to that would put Rebecca under close watch. The prejudice, which Dumbledore did nothing to discourage, that all Death Eaters came from Slytherin worked for Voldemort in certain circumstances, but worked against him in this circumstance.

It turned out that only about sixty two percent of Voldemort's supporters were Slytherin. And that number was only so high due to the fact that the meathead Gryffindors bullied them and pushed them further into his support. Not that Voldemort complained at all due to his number of red shirts being swelled.

While Gryffindor was appealing due to being close enough to get his unholy revenge on Potter, it
would cause getting Slytherin allies to be difficult.

Hufflepuff was out of the question.

That left only one place.

'Well, Ms. Black, I mind like yours has only one place which it could flourish.'

"RAVENCLAW!"

Rebecca just smirked. She sauntered over to the table, sitting next to a peculiar looking blonde with radishes for ears.

"Say, do you like Fridays?" the girl asked.

"Why do you ask?" Rebecca asked.

"Oh, no reason," the girl said. "I like Thursdays myself. Close to the end of the week...but I think that it gets overlooked and underappreciated for Fridays."

All Rebecca could do under the presence of this girl was smile and nod. The rest of the students got sorted, although they were of no concern to Rebecca.

Lord Voldemort returned home to Hogwarts. And only had to possess the body of his descendant from an alternate timeline to get there.

This year would be interesting.

To Be Continued.
Chapter 42

Eye On You:

On top of his role of the deputy caretaker of magical sanitation, Wade Wilson also took on the post as the Hogwarts Grief Counselor. Sure the pay was pretty much nonexistent, but the fact of the matter was, Wade was able to help people with their problems. Although, there were times where Wade thought the staff needed some kind of assistance more.

One could say that Wade would not be qualified for the job. But since when did not being qualified for a job stop any staff appointments from being done at Hogwarts?

A knock on the door brought Wade out of his musings and monologing at a knock at the door. Two gentlemen visited him, which Wade did not expect. Fred and George Weasley, the infamous Weasley twins, the last two people Wade thought would ever want any kind of counseling.

"What can I do for you gentlemen?" Wade asked.

"Wait, are there more people behind us?"

One of the twins whacked the other twin across the back of the head. "He's talking about us, you dipstick."

Wade permitted them to enter his office. Unlike Dumbledore, he did not have lemon drops. Instead, Deadpool had a bowl of skittles in his office. And they were not drugged either, because if there was anything Wade promoted, it was clean living.

"Skittles?" Deadpool asked.

The twins helped themselves to the Skittles on the desk.

'So are we sponsored now?' Wade asked.

'Yeah, like Skittles or anyone would sponsor this madness,' another voice commented in.

"So, is there any reason that you're here other than eating my Skittles?" Deadpool asked.

"Well, we are concerned about the Triwizard Tournament," one of the twins stated.

The other twin picked up where the first twin left off. "Yeah, we're almost seventeen. I mean it should count...we're going to be seventeen in April....April First of course."

"Oh, April Fool's Day?" Deadpool asked. "That explains a lot."

"I don't understand," George said.

"Well, you see April Fool's Day is a magical day where you pull pranks on everyone," Deadpool said "And then when you fool them, you shout 'April Fools!'"

The twins blinked. At least three times.

"And how is that different from the other three hundred and sixty-four days of the year?"

"Three Hundred and Sixty-Five days for leap year?"
"Other than the part where you shout the deal about it being April Fools."

Wade decided to help himself to a Skittle.

"No real reason," Wade said. "And I understand your conundrum. Between you and me and everyone who might be overhearing this conversation, I have it under good authority that Dumbledore is going to be having that Goblet guarded through a series of magically complex rituals will prevent anyone under the legal age of seventeen from entering the tournament. There will be no hijinx, no under age entries...no fourth champions...nothing like that...although I suppose there are ways that you could get around the protections which Dumbledore may or may not be doing."

"We'll give you a Galleon if you tell us what those protections are," one of the twins said.

"Come on boys, what kind of fool do you think me for?" Wade asked. "You're going to have to cough up at least three galleons and nine sickles before I part with any information that Dumbledore told me not to tell. And you're lucky I didn't pinky swear it."

The twins rummaged through their pockets and produced the needed gold. Sure, it was about all of the money they had between them, but it was for a good cause. And if they won that prize money, that thousand galleons, it would be better.

Deadpool checked the gold and it appeared to be on the level.

"It's more than I make in a year at Hogwarts," Deadpool said. "But, kids, remember this, it's not what you make, it's what you save, that matters. Just some good old financial advice from your Uncle Wade."

The twins filed that useful tidbit away for later.

"So, what do you got?"

"An age line ,my boys," Wade said.

The Weasley twins crowded around him and they were thinking.

"Perhaps an aging potion...."

"Oh, that won't do at all," Wade said. "You see, an aging potion will not fool the age line. Not the way that Dumbledore has it constructed. The age line works for mental and emotional age...not physical age...and the aging potion only ages you up physically."

The twins looked particularly crestfallen.

"There's no magical method to cross this age line," Wade said. "But, you have to think outside of the box to get into this tournament...if you want in."

To demonstrate, Wade made a paper plane and hurled it into the wastebasket. Then he created a makeshift slingshot with a rubber band and flung it carefully into the wastebasket as well.

"Do you get the message, my friends?" Wade asked.

The twins responded with wicked grins and reached forward to shake Wade's hand. They moved out and bowed before him, before leaving the office. Wade just smiled and counted his new gold.

"Well, I could make a side business out of this," Wade said. "Although, I wonder how long it will take before Dumbledore would shut me down."
Standards at Hogwarts had really fallen in recent years. The sooner Lord Voldemort could take over and rid the world of Albus Dumbledore and his utterly inept way of educating people, the better off they all would be.

Rebecca swept her way into the Library. She had gotten all her homework done. Really what took more time was dumbing down her answers to ensure no one could figure out. Although Moody, Moody kept popping out of weird corners and watching her. To the point where if she actually was a real girl and not the Dark Lord in disguise, it would have been honestly very creepy.

Almost out of the blue, Rebecca came across Luna Lovegood, who stood in the hallways, completely barefoot, and wandering around.

"What happened to your shoes?" Rebecca asked.

"Someone stole them," Luna said. "Along with my socks."

Rebecca frowned. Sure she tortured, killed, maimed, and did all sorts of nasty things, but stealing someone's socks was crossing a line that not even Lord Voldemort would cross. She, he, had principles damn it.

"And who are these people?"

"Oh, they're just confused," Luna said. "They don't know they're doing any wrong."

If Lord Voldemort had been capable of feeling any kind of empathy, he would feel sorry for Luna Lovegood. And yet, being the master manipulator he was, Voldemort senses an opportunity.

"You need to assert yourself more," Rebecca said. "You need to stand up for yourself."

"Oh, it's no real big deal," Luna said.

"You will be pushed around by people your entire life," Rebecca told her. "Do you want to be the type of person who would be walked all over like a doormat? Do you?"

Luna answered by shaking her head. She really did not, but she did not want to offend people. People already treated Luna because of her father's work.

"You need to stand up to them and make sure they can't mess with you again. Make them think twice of stealing your socks and your shoes ever again. Then they will understand that their actions have consequences."

"Ooh, that seems...maybe if I just explain how it hurts me, they'll give my things back," Luna said. "Because, it is mean."

"Bullies sense weakness," Rebecca said. "They will keep pushing. The best way to deal with a bully is not to turn the other cheek...not to go to an authority figure...it's to strike back. They will respect you."

Luna considered it for a few seconds and Rebecca turned her attention towards that janitor, who had been walking down the hallway, whistling a merry tone. It would be so easy to follow him into some kind of corridor and stab him straight in the back.

Or it would have been if Mad-Eye Moody had not came around the corner, watching her every move. Staring at her...with that magical eye, which could see through everything.
The sooner Voldemort got back his superior male body, the better.

Moody left, but the janitor had been out of sight and out of mind. Next time, next time Voldemort would get that Wade Wilson for foiling his plans to steal the Philosopher's Stone.

A group of older Ravenclaw girls made their way into the room.

"Well, look who it is?" one of the Ravenclaws asked. "Looney No-Shoes!"

All of the bitch bullies started to chant "Looney No-Shoes" at her. Rebecca felt disgusted at their disgusting lack of creativity. They were supposed to be Ravenclaws.

Yet another unfortunate reminder of how much standards had fallen since the Dark Lord had attended Hogwarts.

"That's not very nice," Luna said. "I'm not too happy about what you're doing."

"Oh, what is No-Shoes going to do about it?" one of the bitch bullies asked. "Is she going to cry to her Snoracks?"

"Or maybe she's going to cry to Mummy!" one of the girls taunted.

"You know my mother is dead," Luna said. "You're not being very nice."

Rebecca whispered something into Luna's ear and she raised her wand. The other girls stopped mocking her as Luna raised her wand towards the leader of the bitch bullies.

"Pizza Faceiem!"

The bitch bully screamed when several pimples popped onto her face. Disgusting, almost about ready to burst with puss. The girl screamed and her fellow bullies screamed. Luna held her wand, very confused, but very pleased.

"Make it stop!"

The bitch bully's screams grew even louder as the pimples popped and rained puss all over the nearest of her fellow bitch bully posse. Who had been infected by the puss and pimples started to grow on her face.

"PLEASE!" the girl who had been cursed yelled. "MAKE IT STOP! MAKE IT STOP!"

One of the girls ran off as fast as her legs could carry her. The woman returned and threw a bag, with all of Luna's shoes and socks on the ground. At least six of the eight girls had been infected by the magical puss and screaming their heads off. The pimples appeared to heal and had written nasty, depraved words on their face.

"There's your socks...and your shoes...and here's twenty Galleons!" the girl said frantically. "Please...make it stop!"

Rebecca just smiled and shook her head. The girls dropped to their knees, screaming in agony.

"What do you want from us?" she asked.

"You could say that you're sorry," Luna said.

"We're sorry!" the girls all screamed.
Rebecca snapped her fingers and the curse had been lifted. The girls face had been cleared. They all looked at Luna and turned around, scrambling down the hallway.

"I think I went too far making them all cry like that," Luna said.

"No, trust me, you didn't the right thing," Rebecca said. "They will know you're not a witch to be messed with. And they will respect you more...and you will have all kinds of new friends."

Luna looked off with a dreamy expression. She would have been content with just having her socks back, but friends, friends, that was what truly mattered in life.

Argus Filch walked around the corner and saw the puss on the ground, the disgusting mess left behind.

"Damn kids!" Filch swore at the top of his lungs.

Rebecca caught sight of the Assistant Deputy Caretaker making his way to the library. She crept behind him, ready to take him down. Why he would be in the library was a mystery?

Moody crept out from behind a bookshelf and peered at Rebecca. The thought of stabbing Wade Wilson in the back would have to wait. Rebecca hastily dropped herself down onto the table.

She came across a Gryffindor Fourth Year, a Mudblood, named Hermione Granger, who always seemed to be in the library when Rebecca showed up.

"The library again?" Rebecca asked.

"Well, O.W.L.s are coming up," Hermione said.

"In another year."

Lord Voldemort took the matter of studies seriously, but there was such a thing as too much of a good thing.

"Which means that I should have started studying in my third year," Hermione said. "There's been a lapse....a lapse that I'm not......I say what is he doing?"

Wade walked out of the Restricted Section of the library. Hermione caught a glimpse of what he was doing, he returned a book to the cursed and dangerous section.

"Just putting it back where a book like that belongs."

Hermione's eyes traveled up and noticed the title of the book. It had been entitled "Fifty Shades of Grey." Hermione never heard of such a book in her life, but something told her that even she would be not compelled to read such a wicked text.

"Moody's everywhere these days," Rebecca said. "Doesn't it bother you that he has an eye that could look through everything?"

Hermione looked positively scandalized at the fact that anyone would dare say that a teacher would be involved in something wrong.

"He's a teacher, he wouldn't do anything like that?"

"Well, Dumbledore did have a man on his staff for an entire year without knowing that Lord Voldemort was on the back of his head."
The name made Hermione shudder and the shudders at hearing Lord Voldemort's name made Rebecca wet. Such fear excited her, in such a way which would not have been possible had been in a male body. The Horcruxes took care of that.

Or so it seemed. The girl whose body Lord Voldemort possessed seemed adamant she was his daughter.

Hermione could not have formulated a response to that. So she buried herself in the text, checking her Arithmancy calculations. Rebecca peered over her shoulder.

"So, what would you do if I told you there is a much easier way to solve those equations?"

Hermione's frown only deepened and one could see the agitation spreading through her body. She just shrugged.

"Never mind," Rebecca said.

Students who always wanted to do things by the book, they amused Rebecca. Very easy to kill because once you put them into a situation that they could think in their feet, it was hard.

Rebecca almost kicked herself for not thinking of this idea before. She blamed the female hormones making her a fair amount more stupid than the average male. The truth is, she had the idea, a brilliant idea, an idea so brilliant that it excited her.

Lord Voldemort, Rebecca Black, made her way to the office of the Hogwarts Grief Counselor, the Deputy Caretaker of Magical Sanitation, where they would be all alone, under a locked door.

"Come in!"

Rebecca swept into the hallway, making sure to keep the vial of poison, slow acting, in her sleeve. Ready to slip it in at the most opportune time and poison this bastard, who had foiled her plans.

"Ms. Black," Deadpool said. "What can I do for you?"

"Well, I'm concerned about Mad-Eye Moody," Rebecca said. "He's following me around everywhere...with that eye of his. I'm supposed to be underaged...isn't there laws against that sort of thing?"

Deadpool chuckled and patted her on the shoulder. "Moody just wants to have every bit of information he can on a person. Up to and including the type of underwear they're wearing."

Wade leaned forward and added, almost as an afterthought.

"Joke's on him, because I'm going commando."

Lord Voldemort filed that little bit of nasty detail underneath the realm of information that she did not need to know. She noticed Wade take his eyes off the tea for a second. Casually, she slipped the poison into the sugar, and Wade slipped the poison into his tea. Rebecca watched, it would only be a matter of time before he ingested it.

And with seventy-two hours, he would be stricken by severe illness and then seventy-two hours after that, death. Any attempts to cure it through normal means would just speed up the poison.

"Dumbledore trusts him."
"Mr. Wilson, Dumbledore couldn't tell that Lord Voldemort was sticking out of the back of a teacher's head for a year," Rebecca said.

A round of laughter followed and Rebecca raised her eyebrow at him.

"I just remembered I hit Voldemort in the back of the head several times during that year. Or technically his face, which was the back of Quirrel's head...good times."

'Oh, these callbacks are great.'

Rebecca tapped her finger on the edge of the desk. She recalled it. Recalled it, and would relish in Wade Wilson's slow and agonizing demise just that much more.

"Aren't you going to drink your tea, sir?" Rebecca asked.

The door burst open without knocking. Mad-Eye Moody stared down Rebecca before he turned his magical eye completely on Wade.

"Professor Dumbledore wishes to see you for a staff meeting about the security measures for the arrival of Beauxbatons and Durmstrang," Moody said, spitting out the last word with bile. "You should return to your dormitory...girl."

Rebecca rose up to her feet and walked off. Well at least Wade would drink his tea when he got back. And he would be dead in about six days.

Wade left the office next.

Moody tutted angrily and he waved his hand at the cup, vanishing the tea and the sugar. So sloppy to leave drinks and food unintended. Just an easy way to get poisoned.

If the bloke wanted tea, then he would end up fixing a fresh cup. Moody would not have anyone get poisoned under his watch. No sir. And that Black girl was still pretty shifty, hiding something. And Moody would get the bottom of it.

To Be Continued.
Chapter 43

That One With the Goblet:

'Wow, this year has been pretty quiet all things considered.'

Wade Wilson, Deadpool, everyone knew and loved him by now, had went along the halls of Hogwarts, doing his many duties. Most of them had been busting dust-bunnies at Hogwarts. And a particular nasty horde had been taking over the fourth floor right about now. Guess, dust bunnies were an appropriate term, because they sure seemed to be breeding like rabbits.

'First year had the guy with Voldemort on the back of his head. Second year had the Voodoo Hillbillies. The third year had wacky singing goblins who stole everything. And this year...well nothing.'

Another one of the multitude of voices in Deadpool's head piped up. 'Not unless you count the crazy old man. He keeps yelling about some woman named Constance or something.'

Wade whistled until he ran smack dab into Argus Filch. Who, in the ultimate of shocks, had been in a bad mood.

"You know what today is, don't you?" Filch asked. Before Wade could answer, Filch jumped in for the response. "It's the day those dirty rotten students from the Triwizard Tournament comes to this school. Making me three times the mess and three times the work to do."

Wade placed a hand on Filch's shoulder, at least until Filch withdrew it like poison. "Don't worry, Captain. Your good old deputy Deadpool would arrive."

Filch just did not say anything. Today had been a bad day, given how Peeves dumped a tub full of, well Filch was not quite sure what it was, right over the suits of armor. He had been in a rare mood this year, for some reason.

Wade turned around and wielded his broom. The one you cleaned with, not the one that you flew with.

'So the Triwizard Tournament is going to be good. With only three competitions, not four competitions. Because having four competitions would mean it was not a triwizard tournament. And that would be silly, having four competitions in a triwizard tournament.'

X-X-X

Somewhere, Harry Potter sneezed.

X-X-X

Wade continued his cleaning and came across Luna Lovegood, who had a posse of girls. Luna looked pretty pleased with herself for some reasons. One of the girls laid her jacket across the dirty ground and allowed Luna to walk across.

"Luna, what's going on here?" Wade asked.

"Oh, I'm just hanging out with my new friends," Luna said. "Isn't that right girls?"
"Yes, Lady Luna is one the bestest, most prettiest, and most awesome girls in all of Hogwarts," the former leader of the bitch bully posse said in a sing song voice. "She is utterly pure and her smile just brings so many amazing things to the world, and she's not a creepy little girl. She talks about magical creatures that so totally exist, isn't it right?"

The girls all nodded in response.

"Well, I guess everyone can change with the right kind of motivation," Wade said.

Something in peculiar happened, although Wade could not quite put his finger on what it was. Perhaps in time he would figure it out.

"Unfortunately, I have to go to detention tonight," Luna said.

"Wait, detention, you?" Wade asked.

Luna shrugged. "Yes, Professor Snape, was being completely mean and cruel and I decided to tell him how not nice he was. He didn't like it. He also didn't like the fact that I hexed some Slytherin who talked about how my mother was very easy, and caused devil horns to sprout out of the back of his head. But, Rebecca was right, the only way people respect you is if you give them a good firm hand. I guess Daddy didn't know what he was talking about, when he told me to turn the other cheek."

"But, you got detention out of it?" Wade asked.

"Okay….I'll find a way to make Snape see the light," Luna said.

Wade wondered what was going on. Luna's former tormentors escorted her new queen across the hallway.

X-X-X

The night of Halloween fast approached and Wade walked out, to do some last minute cleaning. Snape arrive, scratching himself.

"What happened to you?" Wade asked.

Snape blinked a few seconds later, as Dumbledore slid behind them.

"Luna Lovegood, I believe she ended up dousing me with some kind of itching powder," Snape said.

Dumbledore's mouth hung open and he looked completely aghast. "Luna Lovegood. But that's impossible. She's such a sweet little girl. She would never do anything against a teacher."

Snape gave Dumbledore the side eye. "Something is off with her. Even more so than usual. And now...I can't keep scratching myself."


Wade just whistled. Luna had been sitting at the edge of the Ravenclaw table, where some girl, Edgecombe Wade thought her name was, had been allowing Luna to use her head as a footrest. Several of the other girls fed Luna grapes and other food. Wade just pondered, pondered deep and hard, wondering what the hell was going on.
'Curious and curiouser.'

The arrival of the students from the two competing schools would be arriving soon, and the Triwizard Tournament would begin.

"I hope there isn't any difficulties with the Goblet of Fire," McGonagall told Dumbledore.

"It would take an act of Merlin with an assist from Morgana to breach the security."

Wade chuckled underneath his breath. "Oh, my sweet summer child."

He could just feel something off was going to happen. Maybe nothing absurd like four champions competing in a Triwizard Tournament, but something would happen, somewhere, sometime.

And Harry Potter sneezed once again at the Gryffindor table.

X-X-X

The delegation of the other two schools arrived. Karkaroff seemed like he should be tying someone to a set of train tracks on a Saturday afternoon movie serial. Just everything about him screamed tacky supervillain.

As for Maxime well she seemed pretty aloof, and also towered over pretty much everyone, other than Hagrid. Who was giving her the bedroom eyes. Something that Wade did not want to think of.

And speaking of Hagrid, Wade wondered about his newest creation. Blast-Edged Skrewts. He had been at Hagrid's hut, and decided to get him to spill the beans, with the help of Deadpool's good friend, Jack. Daniels that was.

For such a large man, Hagrid could get drunk easily.

'Andre the Giant is rolling over in his grave with how easily you get drunk.'

With that said, Hagrid wobbled a little bit, hanging onto the table.

"So, how did they do it?" Wade asked.

"Well, me parents?" Hagrid asked. "Ya see, Wade, when a man and a woman love each other very much, they have certain feelings that have to be enacted on when they are from two different worlds….and they just have to give into the steamy fashion they feel…..

"No, not your parents, the Skrewts...how did you...how did they do it?" Wade asked.

Hagrid just chuckled in spite himself. "Oh, that...well you see, that's very simple. I got meself a Manticore and mated it with a Firecrab."

"Firecrab?" Wade asked. "You mean those things that shoot fire out of...well at you!"

"Yes, those things...nasty little buggers they are, especially when you feed them that Taco Bell," Hagrid said with a chuckle. "But, the thing is...you just got them in the right mood...and when it's mating session, those Manticores...you isolate them enough...and they'll jump anything, with the right motivation….they would try and hump a dragon if you catch my drift."

Deadpool could only imagine. He tried to image the mechanics.

"But, that's the beauty of nature, seeing new species being created. Seeing the magic of life...and the
Skrewts...they're some real beauties aren't they?"

Wade downed the rest of the bottle. "Oh, yes Gorgeous."

"But, she's the real beauty," Hagrid said. "I would never think that in a million years I would ever meet anyone like her...but I suppose that I've got a real chance...do you think that I have a chance?"

"So, what are we talking about here?" Wade asked.

"Oh, you know, Maxime," Hagrid said. "She has to be...she's French...but I wonder if it's on her mother's side or her father's...suspect that it would be impolite to ask without getting to know her."

Hagrid slurred his speech, but somehow he sounded more coherent than when sober.

"Wink, wink, nudge, nudge, know what I mean, say no more, eh, Wade?"

Deadpool just nodded in response. He checked his way.

"It's time to get up to the school," Deadpool said. "Sure, you can make it, big guy?"

Hagrid just gave his loud booming laugh in response. "Please, I can still see straight."

X-X-X

"The candidates have all been placed within the Goblet of Fire and now the Triwizard Tournament will commence...give the Goblet of Fire just one moment to process."

Harry sat at the Gryffindor Table and sighed.

"My Horoscope said that I would be entered in a magical tournament against my will," Harry said.

Parvati and Lavender both gasped, being the type of people who would believe such a bit of fortunetelling. Neville just frowned and Hermione scoffed.

"That seems oddly specific," Neville remarked.

"You can't believe such rubbish," Hermione said.

Harry just turned away from that weird girl that he barely knew, but yet liked to give her opinion. Off to the side, Harry caught Susan's eye at the Hufflepuff Table. Cedric Diggory looked to be the favorite to enter the tournament, although thought, he was glittering, thanks to a prank from the Weasley twins gone wrong.

"And now, the first champion, from Durmstrang….Viktor Krum!"

Much like a bear shitting in the woods, people could see that coming a mile away. The hero of the Quidditch World Cup and Durmstrang senior student, Viktor Krum made his way up to the podium.

"Well, Snidely seems pleased," Wade said.

Snape, because he knew the reference and knew Karkaroff, chuckled for a brief second. And stopped because it would be unwise to encourage Wilson's bullshit.

"The Champion from Beauxbatons is Fleur Delacour."

The stunningly hot and extremely beautiful Fleur Delacour walked down to the Entrance Hall like a
model walking down the runway. And several of men and many of the women could not keep their
eyes to themselves.

"If I wasn't a member of staff and it would be an ethical breach…” Wade casually commented.

"And the Hogwarts Champion is…..Rebecca Black?"

Everyone seemed stun, as this odd, eccentric Ravenclaw first year became the most qualified
champion out of Hogwarts. How she got her name into the Goblet of Fire, it was unknown right at
this moment. What was known was that Rebecca walked up to the Entrance Hall, and barely anyone
could see the smile on her face.

Dumbledore recovered quickly. Maxime and Karkaroff looked very amused that the most qualified
Hogwarts champion seemed to be some first year. The tournament, as they say was in the bag.

"And now we have to…"

The Goblet of Fire started sputtering once again. Harry just looked at Hermione, with a smug little
smile.

"That doesn't mean anything, you wanker," Hermione murmured.

A piece of paper shot out and hit Dumbledore on the hand.

"Harry….Potter."

Harry just broke out into laughter and Parvati and Lavender both gasped.

"See, the Horoscope was right!” Parvati yelled.

Harry just shrugged his shoulders and walked up to the Entrance Hall.

Dumbledore, Snape, McGonagall, Moody, and Wade all followed. The entire Great Hall erupted
into Chaos.

'And that's a good spot to leave it hanging.'

To Be Continued.
Chapter 44

The Walls Have Ears:

Chaos reigned throughout after the drawing of the Triwizard Tournament. Much yelling, much screaming, a whole lot of cursing followed, and no one seemed to be speaking that coherently at all. Dumbledore finally cleared his throat.

"It appears we have some kind of problem."

"Yes," Crouch said. "We do...and we had thought that you secured the Goblet so no underage competitors would get into the tournament. And yet we have two. And one of them is a first year."

Bagman almost made a comment about how this student looked a bit too mature to be a first year, but given how such comments made him a subject of a Ministry inquiry in the past.

Karkaroff twirled his goatee. Krum looked around a bit confused at the entire situation. Fleur held her nose up in the air. And Maxime just appeared beyond baffled by the entire ordeal.

"Two champions, Dumbledore?" Karkaroff asked. "I was unaware that Hogwarts was able to get two champions...."  

"Don't know what you're complaining about," Harry said. "Given that the two champions are underaged, it should be a walk in the park for the other champions."

"Boy, you should be quiet when your betters are talking."

"Well, if any of my betters ever speak up, I will keep that in mind," Harry said.

"Oooh, burn," Wade said.

Everyone cast the Merc/Custodian one of those looks. Wade just zipped his lips, doing his best impression of his alternate counterpart in X-Men Origins: Wolverine, by not saying anything. At least not for now.

"Do not mind Potter's disrespect, Karkaroff, he has been crossing lines since...."

Snape would have said more, but he had to excuse himself thanks to a sudden itching fit.

"I have at least fifty-three different alibi witnesses who can account for my whereabouts during the time which the Goblet was active," Harry told them. "And the fact is...someone put my name underneath a fourth school. Do you honestly think that a fourth-year student can trick one of the oldest magical artifacts in the world to put his name into the tournament underneath a different school?"

"Boy's got a point," Mad-Eye conceded. "It's going to take a very powerful Confundus spell to bewitch an artifact of that power. Dark magic of the highest magnitude...almost like the type of the former followers of Lord Voldemort would be capable of."

Here, Moody's eye, both magical and otherwise, fell on Karkaroff, who frowned.

"I don't like the fact you implicate me in this, Moody."
Moody just gave the Durmstrang Headmaster a crooked grin. "Whose doing the Implicating, Karkaroff? Guilty conscience, eh? Not surprising from when someone sleeps with one eye open, holding their pillow tight...."


"And we both know the reason why."

"You know nothing about me, Moody," Karkaroff said.

Dumbledore cleared his throat.

"It is possible that I made a mistake with the age line...."

"Dumbledore, please," McGonagall said. "No mistake can account for a fourth champion in a Triwizard Tournament."

"But, it could account for Ms. Black's participation in the tournament," Dumbledore said.

"How did you get in, girl?"

Crouch rounded upon Rebecca a few seconds later. Rebecca did not back off and just stared Crouch in the eye.

She had to keep the Lord Voldemort thoughts shoved to the back, with Dumbledore being so close by. The temptation to divorce Crouch's head from his body almost overwhelmed the Dark Lord

"I put my name on a slip of paper and made a paper airplane," Rebecca said. "It got it over the protections of the Goblet and into the cup."

"You couldn't have done it with magic," Bagman protested.

"Not magic, skill," Rebecca said in a bored voice.

"How did you come up with that idea?" Crouch asked.

Rebecca just fixed a sheepish grin across her face. "I overheard the Weasley twins saying that's how they were going to enter the tournament. They got the idea from Professor Wilson."

"He's no Professor, girl," Crouch said.

"Shut it, Barty," Wade said.

"As a wizard, you should offer me respect," Crouch said. "I can't believe you're allowing a Muggle to work at Hogwarts...how did he even see the place anyway?"

Good question, and one which answering would take too much time away from the lulz, at least Deadpool thought it.

"Wade, could you explain yourself?" Dumbledore asked.

"Well, I only told the Weasley twins because I was well compensated," Wade replied and everyone groaned. "Hey, they're almost seventeen...they're about as qualified as anyone. I didn't expect anyone else to use that idea."

Rebecca just gave a grin and decided to twist the knife in further. "Who would have thought that a
first year student would be the most qualified Hogwarts student to compete in the tournament? I was just doing it, for fun. I didn't really want to enter the tournament."

"And yet, you will have to compete, as Hogwarts champion," Mad-Eye said. "Pretty convenient….you just managed to circumvent the Goblet."

"What are you trying to say?" Rebecca asked

Moody got into the face of the student. "What I'm trying to say, girl, is that if you circumvented the Goblet to get your own name in, you likely were the one who bewitched the Goblet to get Potter's name in as well."

"Alastor, I'm afraid you can't accuse students without any proof," Dumbledore said. "Innocent until proven guilty."

Dumbledore looked Rebecca straight in the eye and saw nothing but images of unicorns and rainbows. Sugar, spice, and everything nice, everything that little girls should have been made of.

It almost made Voldemort gag to put up such a front for Dumbledore. All for the plan. He would kill him. Dumbledore was going to die, sooner rather than later.

"But, who did it?" Bagman asked.

"Russian hackers?" Wade asked.

Everyone gave Wade one of those long looks and Wade just shut up. At least for the minute.

"It appears that despite the circumstances...Mr. Potter and Ms. Black will have to compete in this tournament," Crouch said.

"We should enter all of the champions, get one apiece, get a fair shake," Karkaroff said.

Bagman's baffled look appeared on his face. "But, Igor, you know it doesn't work that way….the Goblet does not reignite until the start of the next tournament…."

"Which Durmstrang will not be a part of?" Karkaroff said. "I can't believe you bamboozled us to be a part of this Circus….Hogwarts has really fallen in recent years."

As loathe as Rebecca hated to admit the cowardly traitor was right, he had a point. Still one of the ones on her list to kill, right up there with Potter, Dumbledore, Wilson, Umbridge, and Crouch. When the time was right, the Dark Lord would kill them all, each and every last one of them. Vengeance would be hers.

"It appears that we have two Hogwarts champions," Dumbledore said. "I don't know how this could have happened."

Oh, Rebecca knew, oh she knew. When she circumvented the Goblet's security, she also bewitched the Goblet and put Potter's name in under the name of a fourth school. She knew the Goblet would choose her.

So, Moody was correct, although he was always so paranoid that no one took him seriously anymore. Another thing which worked to Rebecca's advantage.

Lord Voldemort would get proving his superiority over everyone. And kill Potter all in the same night. The Dark Lord would rise again and all will tremble at his feet.
Harry Potter walked around the Hogwarts Grounds. He turned around to come face to face with that Deputy Hogwarts Caretaker, Wade Wilson.

"You got a raw deal," Wade said.

"I know," Harry said. "But, there's one thing that doesn't make any sense. How can I entered into a magically binding contract that I never signed?"

Wade just answered with a shrug. That seemed a bit absurd to be perfectly honest, at least to him.

"Well, I bet the contract only kicks in when you agree to compete in the tournament, in the first task at the very least. Granted, I'm not a legal professional, so you should really consult someone who really knows what they're talking about."

Harry nodded, thinking it makes perfect sense.

"I don't know how you got into the tournament, but we're trying to get to the bottom of it," Deadpool said. "And to get to the bottom of it, we have to start with the top of it. And that is the people who helped organize this tournament."

"You mean Crouch and Bagman?" Harry asked.

"Yeah, Crouch just barely kept his job at the Ministry after the entire Sirius Black fiasco came to light," Wade said. "The Triwizard Tournament is one last ditch hope for him to regain the credibility that he lost through that...and his son being sent to Azkaban all of those years ago. He's under the pressure to get a Hogwarts victory."

Harry just scratched his head. "Then, wouldn't ensuring that a qualified champion of age enter the tournament, two of them in fact, ensure a Hogwarts victory even more?"

Deadpool just patted Harry on the head. "Kid, never try and apply logic to anything a politician does. You will run around in circles...and then smack your head into a wall."

Wade and Harry crossed the room, backing off so the Bloody Baron passed. After they stopped short Wade decided to discuss the second man involved.

"Bagman's deep in debt with goblin mobsters."

Harry's eyebrow furrowed. "How do you know this?"

"One of them came to me during the Quidditch World Cup," Wade said. "But, that's not the point. The point is that he needs gold. I don't see him as a competent wizard, but desperate times call for desperate measures. I suspect that since you're a longshot in the tournament, he might have twisted the Goblet so he can bet on you, in hopes that you win."

"Wouldn't Black be an even bigger longshot, considering she's a first year?" Harry asked. "I don't know...something seems familiar about her...like I met her before in the past."

"She is a bit odd...but she lost her parents," Wade said. "And Luna's befriended her."

"Something's changed about Luna Lovegood this year too," Harry said. "But...I don't know...there's just a lot of weird things going on in Hogwarts. Even for a magical school."

'You can say that again, kid."

'There's a lot of weird things going on at Hogwarts, even for a magical school.'
"You didn't hear this from me, but the first task might involve a certain animal...who our good friend Hagrid adores," Wade said. "Something with scales, teeth, spikes, and everything, that can shoot fire. You know what I'm saying."

Harry nodded slowly, getting the measure.

"And technically, I've had a lawyer friend of mine read the rulebook of the Triwizard Tournament," Wade said. "And it only requires a champion to show up at the task and make a token effort...but I'm sure that you can do much more than that. Because, the rules state, no witch and wizard can intervene in a task to assist the champion."

Wade winked three times.

"No witch or wizard can intervene in the task, to assist a champion," Wade said. "Get it."

"Yeah, I understand," Harry said.

Casually, Harry fingered the watch that he was wearing.

"Wait did we just encourage someone to cheat in a sports competition?" a voice in Wade's head said.

"We'll show whoever is behind this who the boss is."

Rita Skeeter, of the Daily Prophet, attended the Weighing of the Wands Ceremony. She intended to drag Harry Potter off into a broom cupboard. Not for those reasons, maybe in a couple of years, Rita would consider it. But, after spending a lot of time and energy and gold debunking those sexual misconduct allegations, Rita did not need any more trouble.

Still nothing compared to the reporter who kept flashing his penis through the Floo of random coworkers.

She had found herself yanked into the broom closet by a strange man in a masked, wearing red, black, with coveralls over the top of this.

"What is the meeting of this?"

"Rita Skeeter, from the Daily Prophet?" the man asked.

"Yes," Rita said. "Why did you…"

"Don't want to be overheard," Wade said. "I'm Wade Wilson, the Deputy Magical Caretaker of Sanitation, Hogwarts Grief Counselor, and Honorary Chairman of Food and Beverage."

'You're not the Honorary Chairman of Food and Beverage,' one of the voices in Deadpool's head thought.

'Fine, I steal food from the house elves.'

"Is it really stealing if they give it away?"

"I was hoping to talk to Harry Potter," Rita said.

"As his unofficial unpaid agent, I'm afraid I cannot allow such a thing to occur," Wade said. "Instead, I will give you a story which will blow the lid off the Daily Prophet."
Rita's journalism sense started to tingle.

"It's about Hogwarts," Wade said. "Because, as a member of staff...I see a lot of things involving Albus Dumbledore."

Here Rita practically tingled with excitement.

"And I know a lot of things involving this school," Wade said. "Perhaps you would want to talk to me about it..."

"Yes, yes, go on," Rita breathed.

"Well, I can tell you about all of the unpaid work the teachers of this school are forced to do."

"Oh, yes, more, more, more!" Rita breathed.

"And I can give it to you hard."

"YES GIVE IT TO ME HARD!"

From outside of the closet, Dumbledore stopped and heard the sounds of the shifting coming through the closet. Wade, and what sounded like Rita Skeeter was inside of the closet.

"Oh, yes, more, more, more!"

Rita's heavy breathing came even harder.

"I can give it to you hard."

"YES, GIVE IT TO ME HARD!"

"Oh, my," Dumbledore murmured.

"Are you sure you want it?"

"Yes, I want it! Right here...right now! Don't hold back, I'm a big girl."

Dumbledore backed off from the closet, putting a silencing charm on the entrance.

"I'm afraid I can't Ms. Skeeter," Wade said. "At least not now. The walls in this school, they have ears."

Wade pointed over her shoulder and Rita turned around to see a large ear jutting out of the wall, listening intently to everything they were saying.

Only in Hogwarts.

"We'll make arrangements to speak away from prying eyes...or ears," Rita said.

She had been left hanging and Rita never liked any time where someone had left her hanging.

The closet door opened up, with Deadpool leaving, and Rita walking out, in a daze. Just in time to come face to face with Dumbledore.

"That was quick," Dumbledore said.
"What are you trying to say?" Wade asked.

Dumbledore offered a knowing smile and a twinkle in his eye. "Oh, nothing."

To Be Continued.
Chapter 45

Bronicorns United.

The closer the Triwizard Tournament first task came, the more people had buzzed about the events leading up to the first task. And exactly what the first task was. Given how strong the Hogwarts rumormill tended to be, it had been a minor miracle how the news of the task did not get out rather soon.

The investigation on who tampered with the Goblet of Fire had not been going rather smoothly. From what Wade could figure out, chaos reigned at the Ministry of Magic. There was a scandal about how the Goblet could be tampered with and not one, but two underaged competitors. All sorts of finger pointing, blame, and conspiracy theories had been around.

Albus Dumbledore sighed when analyzing the magical object for about the eighth time, under the watchful guise of the Hogwarts staff. "We should have guards watching the Goblet at all times."

Snape, Moody, and McGonagall all shot Dumbledore one of those "I told you so" looks. If the Headmaster had been bothered by getting such a look, he did not really react to it.

"No used in crying over spilled pumpkin juice right now," Dumbledore said. "The first task, being dragons, is going to be a rough one."

"It just is fortunate there was a clerical error which caused a fourth dragon to be ordered," Snape said.

Dumbledore scratched his beard and sighed long and hard. "Yes, fortunate."

"Best I figure," Moody growled. "Is someone wanted Potter done in. Now could be the Black girl. It could be Karkaroff, putting on a show. It could be anyone. Anyone's a suspect."

"Even you?" Deadpool asked.

"I wouldn't rule it out!" Moody barked. "Even the most constant vigilance could have caused someone to get the drop on me, to enhance and bewitch me, and to allow me to put Harry Potter's name in the Goblet of Fire. While I do not recall such a thing happening….I would not rule it out."

Here Moody's eye twitched several times across the room.

The fact of the matter is, no one really knew about it. Deadpool writhed his hands.

'So, no one left any fingerprints. Then again, with magic you could poof them away. But, with magic, you could also reverse the poofing. Oh, I'm sure CSI: Diagon Alley would be the most confusing show ever.'

Dumbledore flipped over a chalkboard, with several theories written upon it.

"We shouldn't disprove all avenues," Dumbledore said. "Including the conspiracy theory that I am somehow setting up Harry Potter for a fall, so I can steal his gold. While I don't recall such a plan being enacted, old age can make a fool out of many of us."

Everyone in the room declined to comment. They knew better.
"The biggest problem is Rita Skeeter buzzing around," Dumbledore said. "She will twist everything. And she has a knack of figuring things out, even though she should not know the information."

"It appears that Rita Skeeter may be using some method which breaks the law," McGonagall said.

"Big surprise," Moody grunted. "Witch is nothing but trouble."

The investigation of the Triwizard Tournament continued. And speaking of Rita Skeeter, Deadpool remembered the meeting he arranged for the intrepid reporter.

Rita Skeeter waited at a neutral location for the Hogwarts Deputy Caretaker of Magical Sanitation. Of course, her interest had been further piqued by the fact that the goblins had been lurking around.

And a nervous looking Ludo Bagman had been lurking around.

"Mr. Bagman!" Rita called.

Bagman jumped about ten feet in the air. He clutched his chest and recovered quickly.

"Rita, my dear. It's lovely to see you. Is that a new haircut?"

"You've lost weight, Ludo," Rita said.

"I have?" Ludo asked. "Oh, of course I have….you see, I've been running back and forth at the Ministry. This entire Triwizard Tournament mess, with the fourth champion, and Crouch is a bit more short tempered them usual."

"Mmm, looks like Barty might be thrown out through the Floo after this tournament is over," Rita said as she sucked on the tip of her quill. She always had a bit of an oral fixation. Got her in trouble sometimes. "Heard that if we don't get a Hogwarts win, then he's done. Fudge is going to personally insist he retires."

Ludo just shrugged.

"You can't believe every bit of rumor and innuendo you hear, Rita," Bagman said. "Especially considering you concoct a fair bit of it on your own."

Rita just flashed Ludo a smile which showed she was guilty as charged.

"Well, do you have any idea how….."

The goblins staring at Ludo like they wanted to throw him into the Black Lake was a juicy story.

"I've made some investments," Ludo commented. "I need to seal...the deal."

Ludo swallowed and turned around to face the goblins. Rita just hummed and rocked back and forth on her chair. Ludo was such a terrible liar and he was not sealing anything. Other than maybe a coffin. Those weren't Gringotts goblins, no Rita saw them as a rougher variety. Those who were involved in...mmm waste management.

What did Ludo get himself into anyway?"

"I'm here."

Rita's gold tooth glinted with a ding as she saw Mr. Wilson, dressed in a pinstripe suit, and a top hat,
with his usual mask on his face.

"Ah, Mr. Wilson, how lovely," Rita said. "So, tell me, how did a man of your...capabilities, come to work at Hogwarts?"

"Well, an associate of mine informed me there was a job open," Wade said. "Old Captain Dread Pirate Filch wanted someone to help pick up the slack...and I needed some place to go while I...well just for a change of scenery. I believe the guy who came up with this entire mess, did it while taking a midnight trip to the Bathroom. Or so the story goes."

"Which guy is it?" Rita asked.

"Oh, you know, the guy transcribing everything that we're doing," Deadpool said. "He pops in and out from time to time. He tells us what you do."

Rita had been intrigued even more so.

"So do you hear voices inside of your head?" Rita asked. "Because, that's not a good sign, not even in the Wizarding World."

"Hey, nice job quoting the canon," Wade offered.

Rita raised her eyebrow. To say she had been confused by this gentleman would be the understatement to end all understatements. Regardless, Rita pressed on.

"Why did Dumbledore hire you? You don't have any magic."

"And Filch is a squid."

That caused Rita's eyebrow to shoot up. She had been confused, but realized what Wade meant.

"Do you mean a squib?" Rita asked.

"Yeah, one of those things," Wade said.

"Do you find it odd that he's hired two people who cannot perform magic to clean up a magical castle? Wouldn't it be more practical or economic to just have the house elves do all of the work? Hogwarts does have thousands of house elves, you know."

"Are you advocating putting humans out of work, Ms. Skeeter?" Wade asked.

"Well, I'm just saying that if Dumbledore wanted to save money, he would not have hired two non-magical humans, when a house elf can do the work in a fifth of the time," Rita said. "Just smart business sense, really."

"Hey, that kind of logical has no place with Dumbledore has the Headmaster," Wade said with a smile. "And I'm more than some deputy caretaker of magical sanitation. I am the Hogwarts Grief Counselor as well, you know."

"Hogwarts Grief Counselor?" Rita asked.

"Yes, I help magical type people, with their magical type problems," Wade confirmed. "It's not easy, sometimes, but hey, it can be very rewarding to make a difference in people's lives. But, never mind that, because I know Dumbledore's deepest, darkest, secrets."

Rita's Quick Quotes quill sprung erect at this news. Wade looked to the right and looked to the left
before he peered across the table.

"I'm....I'm....I could end up in the Lake for telling you this," Wade whispered. "Because, Dumbledore, he swore me to secrecy."

"Be brave, Mr. Wilson," Rita said. "It's for the children you serve. If Dumbledore is doing something fiendish, it is for the good of the public that they need to know."

Wade took a long swig of a drink which had just appeared on the table as if on magic.

"Dumbledore says he has a secret collection of rare Chocolate Frog cards," Wade said. "But, it's a front for his more insidious secret. The fact of the matter is...he...he...."

"Yes!" Rita shouted. "Tell me."

"He has a secret collection of My Precious Unicorn Dolls which he plays with."

Rita's Quick Quotes Quill suddenly went flaccid. Dumbledore being a secret Bronicorn was not the type of juicy scoop she was hoping for.

"That's it?" Rita asked.

"Well, his deepest darkest desire is...."

Rita's Quill sprung erect once again.

"A nice warm pair of socks."

For the second time tonight, Rita's quick Quotes Quill went completely and utterly flaccid.

"Ladies and Gentlemen, welcome to the first task of the Triwizard Tournament!" Ludo Bagman's booming voice echoed. "Our four champions will compete in this daring event to get past the dragons in this Triwizard Tournament."

A group of Hogwarts teachers watched from a box. Dragon Handlers were at the ready, waiting to see if anything had gone out of hand.

"So, we do have wands at the ready in case Potter goes up in flames," Snape said.

"You seem pretty excited about Harry Potter being potentially set on fire, don't you, Snape?" Moody asked.

Snape sighed. Moody would interpret a sneeze as attempted chemical warfare. The years of fighting dark wizards had caused Moody's mind to go on vacation and the old Auror was along for the ride.

"But, surely things wouldn't go bad?" Vector asked. "The Headmaster said things would be safer."

"The Headmaster says a lot of things," Snape said.

Regardless, they turned their eyes to the first competitor out on the docket. Rebecca Black turned up. Snape frowned. Something about the girl's mind seemed off. And her demeanor seemed familiar. That was one point which he would concede with Moody.

"And now our mysterious newcomer, Rebecca Black. No one knows what she's coming from, but can this plucky first year make a name for herself in the Triwizard Tournament?" Ludo asked. "Odds
makers state that Rebecca is the underdog in this tournament."

"You would know about that, wouldn't you, Bagman?" Moody asked with his eye on the situation and on the girl.

"And she's about to do something," Wade said.

Sure enough Rebecca waved her wand. A silver zig-zag shot out of her wand and caused the dragon to follow it, like a cat going after a laser pointer. It took several minutes before the Dragon took chase after the silver light. Just enough for Rebecca to swoop in and grab the golden egg.

The dragon swooped down, and the crowd cheered.

"Unbelievable...Unbelievable!" Ludo yelled. "Ms. Black has gotten the egg in what has to be record time. Talk about pouring the heat."

"No mere first year could do anything like that," Moody protested.

"To be fair, it's a simple enough charm," Flitwick said. "But, you have to have natural talent to pull it off."

Moody did not buy anything. Fleur Delacour entered the tournament next, to much fanfare. She spread her arms and put the dragon into a trance, which almost worked.

Right before the dragon shot fire at Fleur and caused her to shriek in surprise. Loud whistles and cheers, as many horny spectators cheered on the dragon in its attempts to burn Fleur's clothes from her body.

"SHOW YOUR TITS! SHOW YOUR TITS!"

"What did they say?" Moody growled.

"I believe they told Ms. Delacour to show her tits," Snape dryly responded.

Deadpool tuts at their behavior. "Come now people. This is a school, not a bingo hall."

Fleur managed to put the fire out, with the few strands of clothes left just barely covering the bare facts. She put the dragon to sleep the rest of the way after recovering.

"Ms. Delacour can use that egg to cover up her...diminishing clothes," Bagman said.

Everyone booed when Fleur had been covered up by a blanket and escorted into the tent. Some people started to throw rotten tomatoes down.

Wade looked very pleased with himself.

'I knew opening that tomato stand last weekend would come in handy.'

"Viktor Krum."

Snidely did not even bother to hide his blatant favoritism. "Go for it, Krum. Show them we are the master race!"

To Krum's credit, he did not even acknowledge Karkaroff's potentially problematic cheer. He moved in front of the Dragon. Everyone wondered what Krum had up his sleeve. While he was a wizard on the field of Quidditch.
"And Krum is just sizing this one up...and right to the eyes…"

The Dragon howled in agony and started trampling her own eggs.

'Man hopefully those aren't real Dragon eggs. Or the Pro-Life people are going to complain about this on the Internet for this scene being Pro-Choice.'

The howling of the dragon continued as she trampled her eggs. Krum be nimble, Krum be quick, Krum jump over the eggs, and get them very quick. Although he got the Golden Egg.

"While the damage caused is going to cost him, there's no question about it, Viktor Krum has got his egg."

Everyone gave Krum middling scores, except for Snidely, who gave him a ten.

"Karkaroff is always about as subtle as the Hogwarts Express," Snape dryly commented.

"And ladies and gentlemen, the one you've all been waiting for, Harry Potter, the Boy-Who-Lived."

Everyone prepared for a catastrophe as Harry stepped into the field to face the feared Hungarian Horntail.

Harry mimed doing magic. A movement which fooled everyone, even Mad-Eye Moody. No one, saw the red-blue blur which shot into the stadium, scooped the Golden Egg right in front of the Dragon, and put it in Harry Potter's hands.

Deadpool just smirked beneath his mask knowingly.

'Harry Potter summons Supergirl. Supergirl uses super speed. It's pretty effective.'

'Way to spell it out, Dingleberry.'

"And shattering the record created by Ms. Rebecca Black, it's Harry Potter! Harry Potter has gotten the Golden Egg and no doubt shortened the odds on him."

Everyone gave Harry a perfect ten for his performance. Well, other than Snidely, who gave him a very grudging seven, and that looked like it even pained him.

Deep inside of the guise of Rebecca, Lord Voldemort raged. How dare Harry Potter steal his, her, spotlight? Everyone had forgotten about Rebecca’s bit of magic and they had all been buzzing about Harry Potter.

Killing Harry Potter had not been personal until now, just business. But, now it was very personal.

To Be Continued.
Colin's Big Score:

The first task of the Triwizard Tournament passed with a whisper, with a flicker, and people talked about it for days. Mostly Fleur's wardrobe malfunction. Colin Creevey's ever present camera catching the entire moment on film made him one of the most popular students of Hogwarts and one of the richest, if he played his cards right.

They also talked about amazing bit of magic Harry Potter pulled. No one could figure it out, not even the teachers. When Harry had been asked, he calmly stated that a Magician never revealed his secrets. And with that in mind, Harry moved on from their life.

'If they only knew,' Deadpool thought.

The truth was that no one could even know. Of course, when Deadpool thought about the second task coming up, he wondered how that was going to play out. Having the students of Hogwarts go out to watch a task they could not even see in the dead of winter time, while the students dove into the lake.

'I wonder if there is warming spells,' Wade thought. 'There are warming spells right?'

'I don't know, I'm not the one who pulls shit out of my ass in this world,' the voice inside of his head said.

'Would that be something if someone literally pulled shit out of their ass?' the voice in Deadpool's head stated. 'It would be a real showstopper at parties, wouldn't it?'

'It's literally someone's fetish,' Deadpool thought. 'Not that we would be one to kink shame.'

Deadpool headed off to the kitchens because he had a craving for something to eat, and he had missed dinner, on the account of Peeves trapping him in one of the larger vases.

"Wadeypool came down to the kitchen to visit Dobby?"

Sure enough, everyone's favorite excited house elf bounced in, wearing a mismatch of different clothes. Namely a tye-dye shirt, slippers, and a pair of booty shoots, along with a top hat with a feather on it. And those socks, those socks, with the wildest, most mismatched colors possible.

"Hey, Dobby," Wade said. "You working at Hogwarts?"

"Yes, sir, Harry Potter, sir gave Dobby a reference, on the account that Dobby never tries to save his life again, without his consent," Dobby said with a cheeky grin. "And Professor Dumbledore agreed to hire Dobby and give Dobby wages."

The house elves all gasped if Dobby had said a racial slur. One House elf in particular, dressed in a blue dress which had been slightly burned, gave Dobby the crossed look possible.

"Wasn't that Crouch's house elf?" Deadpool asked.

"Yes, sir, Mr. Crouch, he fired Winky and she left in disgrace," Dobby said. "Dobby hoped to get her a job at Hogwarts, along with Dobby's other new friend."
"Your other new friend?"

"Hello, sir, what could Jahndo be doing for you sir?"

Deadpool's eyes widened, as he came face to face with not a house elf, but a goblin. And not just any goblin, the singing scourge which plundered the magical world last year and robbed the people of their booty. The fiercest dread pirate...Deadpool checked the note he left scrawled on his hand, Captain Griphook.

He had apparently fallen to his doom. But according to the first rule of comics, no body, no death. And even if there was a body, it might not be them. That was rule two.

Rule three was if any female characters became evil, they would start wearing less clothes. A perfect acceptable rule in Wade's opinion.

"Dobby, that's...."

"Could Dobby have a quick word with you, please?" Dobby asked.

Wade followed Dobby off to the other end of the kitchen, under getting him pastries.

"Yes, Dobby knows that is a goblin, and not a house elf, but Jahndo believes he's a house elf," Dobby told him in a hushed voice. "He has...what is it called sir...where someone is forgetting who they are?"

"Amnesia?" Deadpool asked.

Dobby snapped his fingers in response. "Exactly, sir."

So, Griphook fell on his head, and believed he was a house elf. If the goblins caught wind of this, and the fact that a goblin was being worked like a common elf, then there would be another rebellion. And thus Binns would haunt the school, droning on about it, for another three hundred or so years.

"So, Dumbledore is okay with this?" Deadpool asked.

"Yes, Wadeypool, sir, Professor Dumbledore said it was okay, and he hired both Winky and Jahndo," Dobby said.

Wade just stood at the end of the hall, completely and utterly gobsmacked. He wondered, precisely what Dumbledore was thinking, hiring a known thief and pirate to work at Hogwarts, where he had robbed just last year.

Then, Wade aborted that particular line of thought, when he realized that was Dumbledore, and Dumbledore lived in his own world, where rules and logic seldom played out properly. So perhaps it was only appropriate he hired Griphook, or Jahndo right now, because that's just what Dumbledore did.

For their sakes, Wade hoped that he did not regress back into old habits. He fingered his recently repaired Golden Girls watch, hoping that it would remain locked onto his wrist.

X-X-X

The Yule Ball came and rumors came through of who was going with who. And who the champions would go with, as they would open the dance. Everyone buzzed in anticipation and amusement for
the Dance.

Well, almost everyone, as Argus Filch trampled around the castle in his usual bad mood. And for once, not because of the fact that it was close to Christmas, which he was unsuccessful in stealing about three years ago.

"Damn kids, you know what this means don't you?" Filch asked. "They'll be sneaking off off into the school, and you know what they'll be doing with each right? And you know who is going to have to clean up that sticky, disgusting mess of dozens of Hogwarts students doing the Horizontal mambo, don't you?"

Filch grunted and pointed to himself.

"Why don't you ask the house elves for help?" Wade asked.

"Those cocky little blighters don't appreciate the work I do, and I'll never here the end of it," Filch said. "They're all ugly as sin...except for that Jahndo, he's the best looking out of the entire lot. If I had enough drinks in me, I would consider it."

"Alright, TMI, Argus, TMI, my good man," Wade said.

He had no desire to inform Filch that Jahndo was not a house elf, but rather an amnesic goblin. But, hey, Filch moved off into the school, to do his normal Filchy things.

Colin Creevey ran around the corner, breathless and very pleased with himself.

"Guess what, Mr. Wilson, sir?" Colin asked.

"Something bad happened?" Wade asked. "No problem, Colin, step into my office...." 

"No, sir, it wasn't bad, it was very good," Colin said. "Because...I...got...a...date for the Yule Ball, and it's with Fleur Delacour."

Colin did a jig which Wade stopped in mid-stream.

"How did you wrangle that one, kid?" Wade asked.

Colin grinned from ear to ear. "Well, I was preparing to auction off the pictures...but she made me a deal that I couldn't refuse. First, she threatened to burn me alive, but I stood firm, saying that if something happened to me, the pictures would be released into the Great Hall during Breakfast."

With a grin Colin moved in to speak with an aside.

"I didn't have anything like that set up, but she was convinced that I did...so I leveraged a night to the Yule Ball with Fleur Delacour...and if she ever hooks up with Harry Potter, I get to watch. Isn't that great?"

"Um, Colin, did you clear this with Harry?" Wade said. "Or, his super powered girlfriend?"

Miss Martian? Or…"

This pretty much went on for twenty minutes, with Colin rattling off every known female in two different universes, which merged into one by the grand creator for purposes of this story. Including some obscure ones, which Wade even forgot about existing.

'Nerd!' the jock voice in Deadpool's head said.

Finally, about twenty minutes worth of names later, Colin finally remembered to brath.

"Yes, Colin, knowing this author, any or all of the above," Wade said

"Wow," Colin said.

"Yes, wow," Wade said.

"So, I got a date with Fleur Delacour, and I get to hold with her hand, and she might...kiss me on the cheek," Colin said. "And let me watch if she ever hooks up with Harry Potter."

"Well, good for you kid, keep reaching for the stars," Deadpool said.

Wade would have leveraged more, if he was in Colin's position, but that was just Wade. Colin and Wade fist-bumped each other before going their separate ways.

X-X-X

Rebecca Black kept her eyes on the janitor. Most unfortunately, Mad-Eye Moody kept his eye, his magical, creepy eye, on her. The young Hogwarts student, the mask of the feared Dark Lord Voldemort, moved throughout Hogwarts. Her minion, Luna Lovegood, followed her, with two of her former tormenters laying a jacket on the ground so she did not get her shoes dirty.

"So, the rumor is Harry Potter is taking Supergirl to the Yule Ball," Luna bluntly said.

"Unfortunately," Rebecca said. "You are to come with me, Luna."

"Oh, yes, I will...but I thought that the rules stated that you had to invite someone of the opposite sex," Luna said. "Seems silly...but it's a tradition…"

"It's also a tradition to have three champions in a Triwizard Tournament," Rebecca reminded her.

Luna snapped her fingers. "Touche."

Granted, Rebecca was the one who caused the fourth champion to be in, so she and Harry Potter would be alone in the final task and she would abduct him, take his blood, kill him, feed him to Nagini, and return to a superior male form as Lord Voldemort.

Hermione Granger, as usual, camped out in the library. Rebecca could not help, but keep note of the book she had been reading.

"That's inaccurate," Rebecca said. "The author is a charlatan... his theory of magic is fundamentally flawed...no wonder standards have fallen in Hogwarts since Dumbledore became Headmaster."

Hermione sniffed at the afront.

"I'm sure Dumbledore knew he was doing his best," Hermione said.
"Oh, Dumbledore is nothing either," Rebecca said. "He's ruining your potential to learn magic, and none of you can see it. This entire school is filled to the brim with dolts, and the fact that you're the top student in your year is an indication of how much this school has fallen."

Hermione felt insulted. "Albus Dumbledore is the best Headmaster Hogwarts has ever seen."

"For someone who read Hogwarts: A History, your frame of reference is rather low," Rebecca said.

"He-Who-Must-Not-Be-Named feared Dumbledore."

"THAT IS A LIE!"

Rebecca turned her head around and her eyes glowed red for a brief second. She got it under control.

"That is lie, Lord Voldemort did not fear Albus Dumbledore. He was the only person to see Dumbledore for what he was. A cruel, heartless manipulator who played with the lives of children, because he feared someone taking his place. He lived in fear. Right now, he's in his office, plotting our downfall."

X-X-X-

In his office, Dumbledore leaned back, with a thoughtful, calculating look.

"It's time for my masterplan to unfold," Dumbledore said with a smile. "I will give Harry Potter what's coming to him."

Dumbledore waved his hands in malicious glee.

"Because, I know Harry will be interested in reading his mother's old journal from school," Dumbledore said. "You never know what you might find by decluttering your office, right Fawkes?"

The Phoenix thrilled in response.

X-X-X

"I think the Wrackspruts clouded her judgment," Luna said.

"Oh, your imaginary creatures, again!" Hermione snapped. "You will believe any amount of rubbish, that your father writes in the Quibbler, don't you?"

Luna frowned at the slight towards her father.

"Well, what's the difference between that, and you believing anything because it was written in a book?"

Hermione's mouth hung open in shock.

"You know something, Hermione," Luna said. "You enjoy playing the poor little defenseless Muggleborn, in the face of the evil purebloods. But, you're really just a selfish bully who loves stepping on others to make yourself feel better. Every time you jump to give a question in class, you're doing it because you crave being in the spotlight. You enjoy the attention, you enjoy feeling superior to every single person in your year...because you are a narcissist bitch!"

Everyone in the Library looked aghast at Luna's words and even Rebecca stepped back. Hermione's hands shook.
"It's because Mommy and Daddy wouldn't acknowledge, you didn't they?" Luna asked.
"Because…" 

"DON'T TALK ABOUT MY PARENTS!" Hermione shouted.

"Then, don't talk about mine," Luna said.

Both witches withdrew their wands and prepared to hex each other. Books went flying all over the library. Even Madam Prince, the Librarian went to get involved.

"Luna, this Mud…this dolt is not worth it," Rebecca said.

Luna had not noticed Rebecca's near slip. She saw the fire in her eyes.

"Say my father is delusional again?" Luna asked. "Say he's insane for what he writes? Say I'm insane for believing it? I'm sick and tired of people like you putting me down. Because, the only way you can feel special is by putting others down. Because, I think that you realize…."

Two spells ricocheted off of each other, and sent Hermione and Luna flying across the library. Several insects glittered around Luna's head, buzzing in her ear, while one of the books started beating Hermione about the head.

"You like talking about things buzzing in people's ears?" Hermione asked savagely.

"You like beating people over the head with your books?" Luna fired back.

Things would have escalated, if not Wade Wilson had come to the rescue, with Flitwick and McGonagall close behind him. They cancelled the spells.

"Ladies, what the actual fuck?" Wade asked.

Luna and Hermione pulled themselves up, with bruises and cuts all over their faces.

To Be Continued.
Best Friends Never.

"What the hell were you doing, you silly, silly girls!"

Wade had Hermione on one side of the office and Luna on the other side of the office. Both of these girls glared daggers at each other. Albus Dumbledore stood in the middle, ready to help defuse the situation as it was.

"She started it," Hermione said. "I was in the library minding my own business, and she and that weird Black girl…." 

"Don't use the term weird in my office, please," Wade said. "You should be more creative, and use the term quirky. Or I would prefer eccentric, although I can assure you that Rebecca Black is the most normal person in Hogwarts. Which I suppose by the inverse law of properties would be make her weird er I mean eccentric."

Hermione huffed and crossed her arms. She assumed she was in the right.

"She shot first," Hermione said.

"Well, you shot your mouth off about my father's newspaper," Luna said. "Why can't you accept beliefs different than yourself?"

"Because, they're not real," Hermione said. "None of those creatures, are real."

"Before you went to Hogwarts, did you think that unicorns, dragons, and elves were real?" Luna asked.

Hermione just glared at Luna's words. She did not get it, she would never give it.

"Your problem is that you only believe what you see with your own eyes, but our eyes can lie to us," Luna said. "Your inability to open your mind up to other people and just slavishly belief what you read in a book is why you have no friends."

"Well, it's not like you have any friends either!" Hermione sniped back.

"Ladies, please!" Deadpool yelled.

"There appears to be one simple solution for this."

Albus Dumbledore spoke out, in his usual calm and rational manner.

"As the Hogwarts Headmaster, it is my responsibility to ensure the mental well-being of every student in this school…." 

It was here that Wade started giggling like a schoolgirl. This earned him a queer look from Dumbledore. Queer as in odd, not as in...well never mind.

"Sorry, continue, Albus," Wade said.

"So, it appears that the two of you have some deep rooted issues which you need to work out,"
Dumbledore said. "I believe, Miss Lovegood, that your father being the only parental figure in your life and his unresolved grief from being unable to save your mother, has caused you great difficulties in your social interactions. Up until your friendship with Miss Black, it appears that you have not had anyone…"

"Professor, Rebecca Black is a toxic…"

"Thank you, Miss Granger," Dumbledore said. "As I was saying, Miss Lovegood has not had the friends which allowed her to flourish at Hogwarts. I am shocked to find out that her socks have been stolen. And there is nothing I value more, even above friendship and love, then a nice pair of socks to keep a person's feet warm. They are truly magic."

Wade wiped a tear from his eye, only to realize that the bowl of candy upon his desk had been replaced by onions. Who would do such a thing?

"And for you, Miss Granger, you had a rocky and isolated start here at Hogwarts," Dumbledore said. "Your incident with the troll has left you jade and embittered….and I'm afraid being disconnected from your fellow peers is the reason why you have focused so entirely on your studies. You wish to stand out, by being the very best. But, I fear that your obsessive desire for acknowledgment from your peers, is crying out for a friend."

"Actually, sir, I don't really need friends, they just are a distraction from…"

"Oh, Miss Granger, you shouldn't contradict me," Dumbledore said. "After all, I'm your Headmaster."

Hermione's mouth shut and she felt almost appalled that she talked back to the Headmaster. Hermione wanted to learn to conjure a bar of soap so she could wash her mouth out with.

Suddenly, Dobby popped into the office, almost on cue, and shoved a bar of soap into Hermione's mouth. Happy to serve a student of Hogwarts in their time of need, Dobby proceeded to wash Hermione's mouth out with soap.

"Mistress Cissa used to have Dobby do this with Master Draco all the time," Dobby said. "Although Dobby doesn't think it did one bit of good, sirs and m'ams."

Dumbledore waited, as Hermione's mouth frothed in disgust.

"Therefore, as the Hogwarts Headmaster, I insist that the two of you will become friends," Dumbledore said.

Luna and Hermione looked at Dumbledore as if he had lost his mind. Well, even more so than usual.

"Headmaster, I believe that you can't…"

"Oh, Miss Granger, you better believe I can," Dumbledore said. "I feel that the two of you will benefit from learning to put your differences aside, and becoming the best of friends. Bosom buddies even…"

Wade broke out into laughter.

"Tee-hee, he said buddies," Wade said.

Regardless, of Wade's outburst, Hermione and Luna stared each other down to her.
"I would rather be alone all of my life than be friends with her," Luna said bluntly.

"And I don't want any friends," Hermione said.

"Oh, but you will be friends," Dumbledore said. "In fact, I think that it would be in your benefits to learn to get along or...."

Dumbledore waved his wand and suddenly, a three foot chain, with shackles on the end, fastened Hermione and Luna together at the wrist.

"Oh, the old handcuffing enemies together trope!" Wade yelled.

"Headmaster, please, you can't do this to either of us!" Hermione yelled.

She tried to use a simple unlocking charm on the chain, but for once, Dumbledore was savvy enough to think about that. And thus, Hermione's spell grew completely dead.

"The charm on the chain will break when the two of you embrace each other as friends," Dumbledore said.

"What if one of us dies?" Hermione asked.

"The chain will prevent any suicides to try and break the agreement," Dumbledore said. "And as the staff of Hogwarts knows, and as you should know Miss Granger, thanks to all of the times you've read Hogwarts: A History, you cannot commit suicide on the Hogwarts grounds. Although that does not rule out murder....although the chain prevents you from doing that to yourselves, or asking anyone to do it on your behalf."

Dumbledore actually thought of everything, for once, and looked pretty proud of himself.

"The chain will only break once you establish the bonds of friendship, genuine friendship," Dumbledore said.

"How are we supposed to go to the bathroom?" Hermione wondered.

"Well, I'm sure you will come to terms with that, eventually, yes," Dumbledore said. "Now, it's time for you to go to bed."

Luna and Hermione left the office and tried to go their opposite ways to the towers, only to find themselves snap back and clonk into each other extremely hard.

"What bed?"

Dumbledore already had been on his way up to the office, with Wade following him.

"Isn't this overstepping your bounds, Headmaster?" Wade asked.

"Wade, I have tenure," Dumbledore said.

Wade figured that explained pretty much all of the things that Dumbledore would get away with. He watched as Luna and Hermione squabble about what bed they would be in.

Draco, with the clingy Pansy Parkinson on his arm, walked into the Yule Ball. Several Slytherins snickered at the fact that Luna Lovegood and Hermione Granger both entered the ball, practically chained at the wrists. Hermione looked grumpy, and obviously did not want to be there. Luna did
want to be there, and there was a small part of several of the Slytherins who approved.

"Heh, the Mudblood is chained to Looney Lovegood," Pansy said. "That's about the only good thing Dumbledore's done his entire time at Hogwarts."

"Yes, guess he did them a favor, because it's not like either of them would get a date," Draco said.

"You dare mock two maidens like that?"

Draco, Pansy, and several other unnamed Slytherins turned their attention to a figure dressed in white, with a cape, who descended down from the rafters of Hogwarts. Few of them knew Hogwarts had any rafters, to be perfectly honest, but there you go.

"Who are you?" Draco asked.

"I am here to defend the virtue of all of the fair ladies at Hogwarts from the oppression of the Patriarchy!" he yelled. "You are all such delicate flowers, who should be defended, and shielded."

"Wait, you think that women can't stand up for themselves?" Millicent asked. "Because, Dude, we don't need a man defending our virtue."

"Oh, my fair lady, you have been brainwashed by the Patriarchy, in thinking there is no problem, and you are not vulnerable," the White Knight said. "But, all women, are beautiful, delicate flowers...."

"Well, Pansy is," Blaise Zabini said with a sneer.

"And while Draco, you are not without your virtues, not going for looks alone...."

"Are you trying to say that I'm not beautiful?" Pansy screeched.

The White Knight backpeddled completely. "No, not at all, Lady Parkinson. It's just that, you are not a standard of which most men judge for conventional beauty, even all women are beautiful...." 

"So, you think that I'm fat?" Pansy asked.

"No, no, no, that's not the negative language which we should be encouraging and spreading throughout these sacred halls of Hogwarts," The White Knight said. "You are happy with who you are...body positivity, is something that we should all encourage, and not try and promote unattainable standards of beauty."

"So, wait, I'm attainable!" Pansy yelled. "You think I'm some kind of slut? You think that I'm a fat, ugly, slut, don't you?"

Pansy whirled around to looked at Draco.

"Draco, hex him for me!"

"No problem," Draco said. "Goyle, hex him for me."

Goyle just grinned. "Okay...Crabbe...go ahead and hex him."

Crabbe turned around and realized that he would be the one to hex this White Knight. So he hexed the man and caused him to grow a pumpkin on his head. He fell over and Crabbe and Goyle stomped his head and Pansy stomped his family jewels for good measure.
"What a wanker!" Pansy yelled. "Where does he get off comparing me to other women? Thinking that all women are beautiful. Honestly!"

The Slytherins left the pumpkin splattered White Knight to be found by Filch, who cursed.

"Are you some kind of student at this school?" Filch asked.

"Aye, I be just a crusader," The White Knight said. "I be patrolling the halls of Hogwarts, looking for injustice, against the fair maidens out there."

Filch sighed, he did not get paid enough to deal with this bullshit. Off to his side, Wade slipped into the Yule Ball.

"Looks like Harry was here, had his one dance with his date, and flew off to spend the holidays with her," Neville was telling Hannah Abbott, who he had took to the dance.

"To be fair, they didn't say the Dance had to be when everyone was there," Wade said. "Loopholes for the win!"

Wade walked over, to see Rebecca Black, rolling her eyes. She, Hermione, and Luna were a threesome at the ball, although it had been a very awkward situation. Made even more awkward, given the fact that Hermione was trying to gnaw her own arm off like a caged animal to escape.

"Stubborn, that one, isn't she? Wade asked.

Slipping around the corner from Filch, who had been busy breaking up several students up, Rebecca Black stalked her prey. She finally gave Moody the slip, and to be fair, Moody had been intrigued with this White Knight clown that somehow had gotten into Hogwarts, and thus had his eye on this situation.

Eying from the side, Rebecca caught a look at Colin Creevey, who was being carried to the Hospital Wing, unconscious, after being kissed on the cheek by Fleur Delacour. That little side note aside, Rebecca needed to enact stage one of her plan, namely the murder of Wade Wilson.

Then Potter, and then Dumbledore in that order. And also, that Dolores Umbridge woman, who deserved to die on sheer principle. The Dark Lord would rise once more, stronger than ever.

Watching, Karkaroff and Snape, muttering to each other, Rebecca swiped Karkaroff's wand and disappeared down the steps.

"Hey, baby, out here all alone?"

A drunken Slytherin seventh year staggered, with two of his equally drunken friends. Lord Voldemort had been enraged, not wanting to be sexually harassed by these numskulls before she gained her revenge on Wade Wilson.

"We can warm you up because baby it's cold outside."

One of them groped Rebecca's ass, and caused her to almost use the wand to slice her throat.

"You did not get her consent, you vile miscreants!"

A lucky, if one could call it that, break, saw the White Knight show up, and get entangled in the Christmas Decorations hanging from the walls. The three Slytherin students pointed and laughed at the white knight, before they all conjured sticks and beat the so called crusader like a pinata.
Rebecca slipped down, moving quickly. She locked eyes onto Wade Wilson, who had been moving up to clean up a mess which had been left behind. He picked up an overturned suit of armor.

"Beloved?" Wade asked.

Rebecca laid in wait, and then she modified her vocal cords to have a completely different voice come out of it.

"AVADA KEDAVRA!"

A green light hit Wade Wilson in the back and sent him spiraling down the steps, crashing down. If the killing curse did not do him in, the sudden stop of his neck breaking did.

Rebecca slipped off.

As if on cue, Karkaroff stumbled around the corner, and Rebecca slipped the wand into his hand, and disappeared, memories modified. Just as she disappeared.

"THE DEPUTY HOGWARTS CARETAKER IS DEAD!"

That loud screams echoed throughout the school and everyone scrambled. Karkaroff being found on the scene of the crime and his shady past, not to mention modified memories of him performing the crime did so.

Rebecca just smiled, check one off of the list, and make a cowardly traitor pay to boot.

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Stay tuned for the aftershocks of this universe shattering event in the next chapter!
Only You Can Solve a Mystery.

Wade Wilson appeared around a mist. He was doing some cleaning at Hogwarts, and the next thing he knew, he woke up, in the middle of a great hallway.

"Come on, Wade, let's get going."

"Stan Lee?" Wade asked. "Wait, you're still making cameos after you've died?"

"Yes, Wade, do you think a little thing such as my death would stop me from showing up in everything related to Marvel?" Stan asked with a good natured smile. "Come on, we have a journey to make."

"How did I die this time?" Wade asked.

"I don't really know, Wade," Stan replied. "But, I think that for you to fully be at peace, this time you will have to find out."

Stan and Wade made his down a corridor. They stopped, as Wolverine in the doorway.

"Hey, Logan, that time of the month again?" Wade asked.

"Yeah," Logan said. "See you around, bub."

Stan and Wade walked down the corridor, where they were in a meeting room. They came across Christopher Reeve and Adam West, playing chess, quite the interesting sight to come across in the afterlife.

"Oh, bad luck, old chum," Adam West said. "Looks like I win again."

"You always win," Christopher Reeve replied. "Makes me think you think that you really are Batman."

"Hello gentlemen," Stan said to them.

"I have to say, I never expected to see you here, Stan," Christopher replied. "I always thought that you would live forever."

"Well, that's what they said about Dick Clark, but that didn't work out well for him," Stan said with a shrug. "But, regardless, I'm here, and I have an old friend of mine...Wade Wilson, he has been killed, in a murderous mystery at Hogwarts."

"Well, murder, ever so fiendish," Adam said. "Surely, the criminal element always does stoop so low, but... alas, I do not have any deduction on who would have caused such a crime."

"But, surely, you must have an idea," Wade said.

"There is only one man in this afterlife who could solve a mystery," Adam said. "Chris, Stan, are you ready?"

"Yes, let's do this," Christopher Reeve said pumping his fist up into the air.
The quartet walked, and boy did Christopher think it was swell to be able to do that again upon dying, to a certain point. They passed some familiar faces as they walked further along the path. The further they walked, some familiar, and yet eerie music kicked up.

Wade recognized it as the music of the old Unsolved Mysteries television show, in all of its creepy glory.

'I really hope Cosgrove and Meyer doesn't take this story down for copyright,' a worried Wade Wilson thought.

"December 25th, 1994, Hogwarts School of Witchcraft and Wizardry. A Yule Ball ends in tragedy. When beloved, Hogwarts Deputy Caretaker of Magical Sanitation and Guidance Counselor, Wade Wilson, was found, dead at the front of the stage. While the Ministry of Magic thinks it was an accident...."

'You don't say.'

"Many at Hogwarts believe it was murder."

Wade came across the man himself, Robert Stack, in all of his Trenchcoated glory. The host of the Unsolved Mysteries television show, the only host which any proper Unsolved Mysteries fanatic acknowledge. And also, the man who famously played Eliot Ness, on the Untouchables television series.

"Upon his death, Stack has helped many people solve their own unsolved murders," Stan explained. "Pretty badass, I would have to say."

'Yeah, I wonder if he can get us Bigfoot's autograph,' Wade thought.

'Quick question, technically since we died in 1994, and none of those people should be dead...well maybe Wolverine...should we really have been meeting them in the afterlife.'

'We time traveled just as we died, okay! Shit, quit ruining this story with your logic!'

"Hogwarts was a mysterious place to many, a boarding school where a group of witches and wizards practiced witchcraft and wizardry. Many believed that this world of magic and wonder, was a hub of Satanic activity."

Well, Wade should have expected this one coming. If there was one thing Unsolved Mysteries was known for, other than Bigfoot, UFOs, and making people paranoid as fuck about these dangerous people out there that could kill them, it was that Satanic panic angle.

"Those within Hogwarts deny these claims, but why would a beloved, if not eccentric member of their staff be murdered on the grounds? Eyewitnesses saw Wade Wilson, leaving the Great Hall for Hogwarts Yule Ball, and moving up the steps, to attend to a disturbance. And twenty minutes later, a group of students found out Wade Wilson was dead."

"I don't know what happened!" one of them yelled. "He was just dead...and no one knows who did it."

"But, upon an extensive, early morning investigation from the Ministry of Magic, they ruled Wade Wilson's death to be a tragic accident, and not suicide."

Dolores Umbridge's face appeared in the mist, giving an official statement.
"We express our sympathies for Wade Wilson's death," Dolores said. "But...we must face facts. His accident his proof that a non-magical such as Wade Wilson should not be allowed at Hogwarts. And the fact the Ministry has been too loosen on allowing Albus Dumbledore and his many eccentries to run amuck."

'Well, she's not wrong. Dumbledore is kind of off.'

'Yeah, but it feels so wrong to agree with Dolores Umbridge on anything.'


"The Ministry refuses to look at the obvious facts that Wilson was murdered!" Moody growled. "If you ask me, the minute this Rebecca Black girl came into Hogwarts, she has been up to something. And that something ended up on the murder of Filch's assistant. Of course, he should have seen it common and exercised CONSTANT VIGILANCE!"

"Just who is Rebecca Black?" Stack asked. "She is in fact a new transfer into Hogwarts, who had managed to circumvent the security around the Goblet of Fire and enter the Triwizard Tournament, a competition of four champions among three schools which is occuring at Hogwarts his year."

Rebecca's face appeared on the screen.

"Rebecca has befriended Luna Lovegood, a Ravenclaw third year," Stack said. "But, why, to what ends? Evidence states that Rebecca tampered with the Goblet of Fire. Perhaps Wade Wilson came across evidence of further crimes at Hogwarts, and was killed because of it."

"Actually, I didn't!" Wade interjected.

"But, there are other theories, conspiracies which run deep within Hogwarts, which have to do with their Headmaster, Albus Dumbledore."

Oh, Wade had listened to that statement.

"Some believe that over the past several years, Albus Dumbledore has taken out lavish life insurance policies on all of his teachers at Hogwarts, in an attempt to supplement his lifestyle with added income," Stack said. "Some have even go so far to state that Albus Dumbledore, made up the Curse on the Defense Against the Dark Arts position at Hogwarts."

A woman, who was so not Rita Skeeter, appeared in shadow, complete with voice distortion.

"Well, Dumbledore is guilty of something. Rumors had it, he squandered his fortune completely on lemon drops, goblin escorts, and My Precious Unicorn plush dolls. With Moody being too paranoid to die, he had to kill someone, and Wilson was the scapegoat."

"When confronted by the rumors, Albus Dumbledore had this to say."

"I feel that Wade Wilson's death was an isolated incident and I can assure you that I always do all I can to protect the students at Hogwarts, along with the staff, and I always have their best interests in mind," Dumbledore said.

"But, there is yet another more sinister explanation involved," Stack continued. "There have been reports of a mysterious figure, known only as the White Knight."

"He's been stalking us, terrorizing us women for months," Pansy Parkinson said, sobbing. "And now, Dumbledore won't do anything about that monster....he keeps him in Hogwarts. And he might
have killed Mr. Wilson, yes I think that he did. Because, Mr. Wilson...might have seen him trying to
pick up a first year...because he can't get with a real woman."

"Who is the White Knight?" Stack asked. "Many eyewitness accounts place this White Knight, on
the night of the murder, in the same corridor as Wade Wilson. Therefore, did he commit this crime?"

"Maybe?" Wade asked. "Although, he doesn't strike me as a murdering type. More like the bumbling
crusader type really."

"Someone has something to hide," Stack concluded. "Our suspects, whether it be the White Knight,
Rebecca Black, or Albus Dumbledore, must all be looked at seriously, But, yet, the Ministry of
Magic refuses to treat this matter as anything other than a tragic accident. But, Alastor Moody has
never been one to go along with the Ministry's official word."

"I'm going to hunt down the person who did this and make them confess," Moody growled. "And
she knows she did it...and I'm going to expose her for the entire world."

"It's the White Knight," another person, who was so not Draco Malfoy in in silhouette.

"But, everyone has their own theories, there has been very little evidence to go on," Stack said. "And
until the smoking wand can be found, no one knows who killed Wade Wilson. Was it a case of him
being at the wrong place at the wrong time? Some elaborate insurance fraud? Or perhaps....just
perhaps...an unknown enemy."

Stack took in a deep breath.

"If you have any information on this case, dial our toll free number, 1800-876-5353."

Wade hoped that someone would solve his murder. He had been hit from behind.

"Coming up next, the Berenstain Bears was one of the most beloved children's books of all time.
But, yet, many remember it as the Berenstein Bears. We take a look at this strange phenomenon of
false memories, where people recall one thing. Is it possible there has been a shift in the time stream,
where people from two different timelines exist on the same plane? And could a speedster known as
Barry Allen be responsible for these strange cosmic changes?"

"Well, hopefully someone comes through on that one," Wade said. "And I swear Barry, if you
tampered with people's childhoods!"

If Barry Allen screwed up the timeline and changed the Berenstein Bears to the Berenstain Bears, he
would be the fastest man alive with a wedgie.

"Good friends, we need some music to break the mood," Stan said.

"Yes, music," Adam said. "Bat music!"

The very familiar music started playing, for the Batman television show. Wade joined Stan and
Adam in a Batusi dance as we fade to black.

To Be Continued.
Access Denied:

A somber mood filled Hogwarts School of Witchcraft and Wizardry. Several members of staff, gathered around, some of them not in a fit state. For Hagrid and Trelawney, it was drink-o-clock, as they had kicked back a few in memory of Wade Wilson. McGonagall, Flitwick, Sprout, Vector, Sinistra, and the rest all gathered around, paying their somber respects. Most certainly, Wade Wilson, had been someone who had touched all of their lives. While he was eccentric, he had made Hogwarts a bit more colorful.

At the edge of the casket, Dumbledore leaned down at Deadpool's body. A young man, cut down in the prime of his life. Snape and Filch huddled nearby, tears in their eyes, and sniffing.

"Headmaster...do you think it was really necessary to bring all of Wilson’s rubbish out for his funeral?" Snape sobbed.

"Severus, I never thought that you would be so moved!"

"It's not that...it's just those onions that he kept in his office for some reason, they're very strong," Snape said.

Dumbledore looked over to see the ever present bowl of onions. Dobby appeared in a blink of an eye.

"Dobby will get rid of them," Dobby said before breaking out into sobs. "Oh, why did Wadeypool have to die?"

Dobby disappeared, and Filch and Snape, now that the offended onions are out of the way.

"So, now I have to do this entire castle myself again," Filch said. "Typical....so useless at his job, he would have to go and get himself killed..."

"Oh, Filch, this was murder, and you know it...."

Mad-Eye Moody popped out of nowhere, to cause all of the teachers to scatter.

"And it was that Black girl," Moody said. "And you didn't take my warnings seriously, and now your co-janitor is dead...."

"Hogwarts Deputy Head of Magical Sanitation," Filch corrected bitterly. "It's what...he would have wanted...damn dust in in eye!"

Filch wiped away something that resembled a tear.

"I agree with Moody, but the Ministry won't do anything," Snape said. "They seem to think Wilson is not important enough. They didn't like the fact you gave him a job as well...."

"But, now we have a serious problem."

A black man wearing an eye patch showed up so suddenly, that not even Moody saw him coming. Dumbledore cocked his head, in surprise at the man.

"My name is Nick Fury, and I want to know why Wade Wilson had been killed...and why he has
not come back to life?” Fury asked. “Because...during an encounter with the madman known as Thanos, he had been cursed with eternal life. That way, Thanos could court Death, without any problems or interference.

"I don't know how you entered Hogwarts, but I'm sure, that we can escort you out," McGonagall said. "Come now...."

Dumbledore straightened up. "Wait...did you say Nick Fury...you were one of his references."

"Yes, and I'm telling you, that something went wrong that caused him to die," Fury said. "I'm here to bring the killer to justice and put them in prison where they can't hard anyone ever again."

"It would have to be the killing curse," Moody gruffly responded. "It's the only thing that's almost foolproof. Granted, the Potter boy survived it, but we're not certain how that happened."


Honestly, Snape wondered how he did not get an eating disorder by all of the times Dumbledore's attitude wanted him to induce vomit.

"I don't know what Huey Lewis and the News has to do with this investigation, but we will get to the bottom of this," Fury said. "And if your Ministry does not want to help, then SHIELD will conduct it's own investigation on Hogwarts. Because, I've read your charter. The Ministry, despite pretending otherwise, is a branch of the formal government of the United Kingdom, although off the books. And it answers to the UN, so SHIELD has jurisdiction in this matter."

Fury snapped his fingers and several helicopters appeared over Hogwarts. A hoard of government agents landed down onto the ground and swarmed Hogwarts.

"Headmaster, what are we going to do about this?" McGonagall asked.

"We are going to let these fine gentlemen and ladies conduct their investigation," Dumbledore said.

"Wait, you're not going to be interfering and invasive?" Snape asked.

"Bitch, please, I'm too old for that shit!" Dumbledore snapped.

"He must have a headache," Flitwick murmured. "He always curses when he has a headache."

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Rebecca Black, Lord Voldemort, had been angered beyond belief. What was the point of putting together an elaborate plot of framing someone for murder, when the Ministry was so inept in performing their own investigation? Or lazy, so lazy, they would pass of the death as an accident. It would make Voldemort's ascent easier, given the Ministry could not be bothered to do their job, or at least Fudge couldn't, at the best of times. But, it was damn frustrating that he could not properly frame someone from murder.

Hermione and Luna walked down the hallway, still tethered together by the wrists.

"Those SHIELD agents are everywhere," Hermione said. "They're watching us...I hope that they leave soon...I can't study for O W Ls without that distraction."

"You have an entire year and a half," Luna said dismissively. "You should learn to relax, otherwise you will burn out your brain. The wrackspurts are strong within you, making you hazy."
Hermione tried to make a dash for the library, and she had been denied by Luna.

"That Black Widow woman spent a lot of time interrogating Harry Potter," Luna said casually. "Both Harry and his girlfriend...and she came out of the room, walking a little bit funny...and then she said that she would be back, and she came back with more SHIELD agents...I think their names were Mockingbird and Quake...but...I wonder what they're talking about."

"Isn't it obvious?" Hermione asked.

"Well, obviously not, if it's classified information," Luna said. "Must have something to do with how Harry's scar is secretly a map to a magical pit of mystical waters which can heal the sick and raise the dead."

"Seriously, Luna, that's a fairy tale," Hermione said. "If there's a pit of mystical waters which can resurrect the dead, I will run down the Hogwarts hall, buck naked, wearing the Sorting Hat."

"Technically if you were wearing the sorting hat, wouldn't you have clothes on?"

"Hats aren't clothes."

"Oh, yes they are!" Luna cried out. "I don't like the fact you are demeaning hats, by making them less than clothes. Hats matter too, you know!"

"Seriously, they shouldn't be doing that with Harry, he's only fourteen," Hermione said. "That's rape."

"You can't rape the willing," Luna said.

"Well, Harry's underage…"

"When they allowed him to enter the tournament, he became of age," Luna said. "Not that it matters in the Magical World. Because in our world, to use a Muggle phrase, when there's grass on the field, it's time to play ball."

"Well, that's not right!" Hermione yelled.

"And that's the same thing the Americans said to the Native People before they colonized them, took their land, and forced them into reservations," Luna said.

"That's nothing like what I'm…"

"Well, if it isn't the Mudblood and her Looney girlfriend?"

Draco Malfoy appeared, along with Crabbe, Goyle, Pansy, and Blaise Zabini.

"Are you two going for consoling for Mr. Wilson...oh that's right, he's dead!" Pansy cackled.

Luna rolled her eyes. Mocking the dead, if Pansy would have gone any lower, she would be mulch.

"Seriously, you two should join him," Pansy said.

"Yes, and the two of you, you think that just because you're cozy with a Triwizard Champion, you can just walk through these halls with pride," Draco said. "Well, that's about to change...because there will be a day when people like Black, they're on their knees, before a Malfoy, where they belong."
Rebecca appeared in front of Draco as he was saying this.

"You think highly of yourself, given that your father groveled before the Dark Lord," Rebecca said.

"My father was under the Imperius Curse, you can't prove anything."

"Yes, the times your father, kissed the Dark Lord's robes, I bet it runs in the family," Rebecca said. "Because, the only thing that the Malfoys are worth, is the gold in their vaults, that they got by undercutting others. Without that gold, you're nothing."

"You, the Mudblood, and this mental case will pay," Malfoy said.

"Come on, Draco, you don't need to use that language," Luna said. "Just because you have a fetish for getting pegged by Muggleborns…"

"What?" Pansy asked.

"And you get hard every night, thinking about Hermione tying you down, and her being your Mistress," Luna said.

"What?" Hermione asked, revolted at such a thought.

Draco Malfoy was not even that attractive. He marched through the hallways.

"The fact is, you and your Junior Nazis can march across Hogwarts all you want, bringing people down, but it's just a cry for help, you want to be put in your place by someone stronger and powerful…"

"Junior Nazis?" Draco asked.

"She just compared you to Hitler," Hermione said.

This comparison greater triggered Draco Malfoy.

"WHAT? HOW DARE YOU...How dare you compare me to that man? I am nothing like him, nothing like him at all. You have some nerve comparing me to a filthy, dirty, disgusting man like that. I mean, he was a Muggle! That makes him awful!"

"And he couldn't draw," Zabini said.

"Yes, worse than Dumbledore!" Malfoy snapped. "I know when I've been insulted! My father will be hearing about this, you dare ever compare me to a Muggle again! What's Hitler done to be worthy of being compared to a noble and superior pureblood such as me, Draco Malfoy?"

Zabini, Pansy, Crabbe, Goyle, and Draco all walked off into the distance, with Malfoy still fuming about being compared to that man. Zabini opened the door.

"HALT, VILE ONE!"

The White Knight swooped down, almost tripping over his cape.

"What you've done was problematic!" The White Knight howled. "A reinforcement of old stereotypes, and you did it...you made this young man….

The White Knight pointed to Blaise Zabini.
"Open a door!" The White Knight said.

"Because, I was there…"

The White Knight talked over Zabini. "You see, because you are a white man, and he is a black man...and you forced him to open a door."

"I had no problems with opening a door, because I was there…"

"White allies need to rise up, to stop the oppression of the black man, from vile nasty racists such as yourself!" The White Knight howled.

"Look, I never really noticed that Zabini was black," Draco said. "Because, I don't look at the color of people's skin."

Draco Malfoy prided himself as being a tolerant young man. He did not judge people by the color of their skin, but rather the purity of their blood and the quantity of their gold. Muggles were vile beasts, who still committed sickening acts of racism everyday. To discriminate against an entire group of people based on their skin.

"So, you want to erase people's blackness?" The White Knight asked. "You want to eliminate an entire culture of African-Americans…"

"Look, I'm not American, and I don't know anyone from Africa," Blaise said. "You can call me black, it's fine…."

"No, it's not fine, calling someone Black, it's racist," The White Knight said. "They must be called African-Americans...they don't know all of the ways that the white man is trying to oppress them, to erase them, to bring them back to the days where they worked the cotton fields…and…."

"You don't let me speak for myself," Blaise said. "Maybe because you're looking at the color of my skin and thinking that I can't speak for myself because I'm black."

"You don't know what you're talking about," The White Knight said. "First it's opening a door, then it's carrying someone's bags. And then it's being whipped like a dog…."

"So, you think black people are nothing but dogs?" Blaise asked.

"Yeah, and he's the same person who called me fat!" Pansy howled. "And he called me ugly too. I'm not ugly or fat...AND I'M NOT LOUD EITHER!"

She shrieked at the top of her lungs.

"Obviously, he did not learn his lesson the last time," Draco said. "Crabbe and Goyle…"

Crabbe and Goyle dragged the White Knight into a secluded corridor, to lay the smackdown on his candy ass. If there was one thing that Draco Malfoy would not tolerate, it was a racist, sexist, individual like the White Knight.

"I'll get the door this time," Draco said. "This school is full of ingrates."

The sounds of beating echoed as Pansy, Draco, and Zabini all left.

Wade Wilson had been resigned to his death, and things had gotten rather peaceful. He did want to know who murdered him, but after wandering purgatory for several weeks, it seemed, Wade did not
have any answers.

"It's time."

At the end of a field, Wade gazed up to see Death herself. Standing across an endless meadow of flowers. "Happy Together" by the Turtles started to play, as Wade and Death moved closer, about ready to join each other.

They crossed the field, over the next five minutes, with the music looping over and over again. Wade was almost there, almost ready to join Death, in the afterlife, so they can be together forever. They took an obscenely long amount of time to cross the field.

'Well, guess this is the end of the story. And I get my happy ending, thanks for reading.'

A wild Thanos appeared.

Thanos used snap to cock block.

It is very effective.

Just seconds away away from kissing, Wade felt something.

"What is it beloved?" Death asked.

"I don't feel so good," Wade said.

He could feel his body flickering, and that very familiar feeling of being pulled back from the edge of death, back into life. Wade faded, away from the loving embrace of Death and back into the cold hard reality of life.

Buried, and starting to decompose, Wade Wilson woke up, inside of a casket. He could barely breathe. The jolt back to life caused the decomposition to reverse itself, even though the stench of his rotting corpse almost overwhelmed him.

Wade pounded on the casket, in an attempt to break free. He was alive, although buried alive, thanks to the fact that Wade was technically dead when they buried him.

Oh boy, Wade Wilson was in a pickle now, and this was not Kosher at all.

To Be Continued.
The Second Task of the Triwizard Tournament was the greatest, most spectacular task ever, that no one got to see because it was at the bottom of a lake. And the students of Hogwarts, and the other competing schools, came out for the task, in the winter, in the middle of February, in Scotland, to spend over an hour outside, watching the champions go into the lake and the champions emerge to the lake.

"What an event!" Albus Dumbledore cheered.

Nick Fury hoped they got to the bottom of this Wilson situation pretty soon. Because, being in the presence of Albus Dumbledore was causing his ulcer to get an ulcer.

"For magical people, you are pretty limited," Fury said. "Surely, you could have some kind of magical projection screen or something, which shows what's happening underneath the lake?"

"Oh, Nick, that's silly talk," Albus said. "It's more of the spectacle of the tournament, then any of the events itself. Besides, there is nothing that can be accomplished without any...."

Dumbledore waved his wand and caused a rainbow to shoot out of it.

"Imagination!"

"Listen here Motherfucker, you're not a sea sponge who lives in a pineapple under the seat, so you don't get to do that," Fury sternly said.

Snape, moody as always, and Moody, as surly as ever, came into the school.

"So, an impressive thing Potter did," Moody said.

"He cheated," Snape replied.

"Did he really?" Moody asked. "I was keeping my eye on that Black...."

"Oh, she's done nothing wrong," Snape said.

Fury agreed with Moody, but if Rebecca Black had done something to Wade Wilson, then she did not slip up, despite hours of interrogation. Teenage girls, in general, tended not to be the most stable of people, or teenagers for that matter, to be fair. Which made Fury consider, based on his years of dealing with trickery, Rebecca Black might be an illusion which hid a more malicious first.

"I've scanned her, and found no magical illusions, glamors, and no Polyjuice Potions," Dumbledore said. "Of course, to keep up with a Polyjuice Potion throughout the year, it would take an utterly obsessive degree of obsessiveness."

"You're redundancy is always very redundant, Headmaster," Snape said. "But, he does have a potion. Polyjuice Potions are expensive, many of the ingredients are difficult to cultivate. Naturally, I have a stock of all of the ingredients, locked in my Storeroom, but it will take a dark wizard, the caliber of...the Dark Lord, to break through it."

"Of course, they would not need to break through it, if you handed it over to them," Moody said.
"Alastor," Dumbledore sternly said.

Moody silenced, but something Snape said hit Moody. Being an Auror, and being able to think like dark wizards, who tended to be a superstitious and cowardly lot, Moody had been able to put together a lot of pieces. In ways which people made others call him crazy, mad, completely bonkers, but Moody's instincts remained sharp.

The caliber of the Dark Lord.

A wizard as powerful as the Dark Lord could break into Snape's storeroom.

A wizard as powerful as Lord Voldemort could fool the entire staff, Dumbledore included.

A wizard as powerful as Lord Voldemort could enter both herself...or himself...and Harry Potter into the Triwizard Tournament to make sure Voldemort and Potter were alone at the end of the tournament to kill him.

A wizard the caliber of Lord Voldemort could manipulate a sweet, innocent, if eccentric, lass like Luna Lovegood into an outright cunt.

A wizard the caliber of Lord Voldemort could murder someone under the nose of all of Hogwarts.

Rebecca Black was Lord Voldemort.

Moody needed to take out the girl, dark wizard, before she achieved a more powerful form.

Luna and Hermione, still chained together at the wrist, walked, with Rebecca moving right behind them. They entered the Hogwarts Kitchen.

"I can't believe there are slaves in Ho...."

"They're not slaves, they're happy, because house elves live to serve witches and wizards, that's their purpose in this magical world," Luna said. "All creatures, no matter they are, have their purpose in the circle of life, Hermione Granger. Without witches and wizards, families to take care of, house elves will die, and people who long to free them all would contribute to the genocide of an entire species."

Hermione could not believe that. Surely they could not, surely house elves would not die.

"They would," Rebecca commented. "They...will perish once their family dies, unless they find a new family which will take them within a year. There's a stigma, that house elves who are freed, are damaged goods. They wander...their sanity goes...and they end up murdering themselves out of shame, because they cannot provide."

House elves honestly were foul little creatures, but useful in some ways. Lord Voldemort conceded that much.

"Poor Winky though...I thought that she would be better at Hogwarts," Hermione said.

"Winky...needs more time to adjust," Dobby said. "Dobby is not certain whether or not Winky has fully accepted...but if she's too sick to continue...we will make her last few months comfortable."

"Wait, if Winky does not accept her place at Hogwarts, she'll die?" Hermione asked.

"Yes, Miss Hermy," Dobby said. "She will."
Hermione could not believe that.

"Do you really want all house elves to turn into Winky?" Luna asked. "The poor thing."

"Can, Jahndo get you anything?"

Hermione's eyes widened, as did Rebecca's. A goblin, dressed in a house elf uniform, appeared, holding a tray full of snaps.

"Miss okay?" Jahndo asked.

"That's...."

"Dobby needs a word with you, Miss Hermy, Miss Becca, and Miss Luna...right now!" Dobby told them urgently.

Dobby led the three of them into the kitchen, away from private eyes.

"That's Captain Griphook," Hermione hissed through the side of her mouth. "What's he doing...."

"He had a terrible accident where he lost his memories," Dobby said. "He believes he's a house elf, and Professor Dumbledore believes in second chances...so he gave Jahndo a job here...and Dobby has been mentoring him...he only became that way because of the bad rocks."

Rebecca could not help but smirk. A goblin acting like a house elf would start another war which would leave the magical world damaged and ripe for the takeover. Rebecca's evil plan sprung into action.

"So, please, Jahndo identifies as a house elf right now," Dobby said. "We should be respectful of Jahndo's creature identity."

"Of course, our mistake, Dobby," Luna said. "Get us some of those chocolate truffles."

Luna would have said please about a year ago, but she liked being more assertive, and it was a house elf's duty.

"Well, a goblin thinking he's a house elf," Rebecca said. "I've said, I can truly see everything."

Hermione thought so as well. She had been getting a bit used to being chained to the wrist by Luna. Luna challenged pretty much everything Hermione said though, all of the facts she tried to say, and to be honest Hermione did kind of find it intellectually stimulating.

"Let's go," Luna said.

Hermione, Luna, and Rebecca left, only to see Moody.

"So, Miss Black,' Moody said. "You think you're clever, don't you?"

"Well, I am the top student in my year," Rebecca said, unable to keep smug. "I am the most worthy student to be in the Triwizard Tou...."

Moody blasted Rebecca and caused her to fly halfway down the hallway. Luna and Hermione both screamed in horror.

"Professor Moody, what are you doing?" Luna asked.
"Get up, I know it's you, Voldemort," Moody said. "You possessed some girl, and now you're going to kill Harry Potter, like you killed Wade Wilson."

"Professor Moody, have you lost your mind?" Hermione asked.

Marietta Edgecombe, known snitch, saw a Hogwarts Professor, attacking a student and a Triwizard Champion. Moody's stunner deflected off of a shield.

"You're mad, old man!" Rebecca wheezed. "If peeping on me in the shower wasn't bad enough….

"Someone has to keep an eye on you," Moody said. Luna threw both herself and Hermione, in front of the former Auror. "Miss Lovegood…Miss Granger…"

"Professor, please, you're hurting her," Luna breathed out.

Blood spilled from Rebecca's stomach, and she felt like as if stabbing pains went through her body. She hacked up blood, and horror spread through her. Weakness, and it hurt to even hold a wand right now. Moody just hit her with a banishing spell, why did her body react like it was made out of paper?

Several Ministry Aurors rushed down the hallway, along with several SHIELD agents. Stunners and tranquilizer darts hit Moody, dropping him down to the ground.

"Let's get you to the hospital wing, right now," one of the Ministry officials said, helping Rebecca said.

Moody, had been scooped up, as Luna and Hermione followed the Auror, carrying a very battered Rebecca down the hallway, who had left a trail of blood.

Cornelius Fudge almost had a heart attack when the news reached him at the Ministry. He went into the first Fireplace, not carrying that he was wearing a bathrobe and bunny slippers when walking into the school. He came across Albus Dumbledore, who had been in the process of talking to Snape.

"I told you hiring Moody was a bad idea," Snape said. "Now that Black girl is in critical condition...although it doesn't make any sense because…"

"What the devil just happened?" Fudge asked trying to look furious and intimidating, although the bunny slippers kind of canceled out that effect. "I found out that another one of your Defense Against the Dark Arts teachers, had lost his mind and tried to kill a student."

"Because, Alastor believe that Rebecca Black is Lord Voldemort."

Fudge flinched at the thought.

"So, he thinks that a teenage girl is a dead Dark Lord," Fudge said. "First, Quirrel goes mad and tries to steal the Philosopher's Stone, then Lockhart gets raped by backwoods hillbillies, gets his hair shaved, and teeth all removed, and then he gets sucked into a black hole created by the Hillbilly Queen."

Fudge needed a strong bottle of Firewhiskey after recounting the events.

"Not to mention, bloody Singing Goblins steal everything, under your nose several times," Fudge said. "And then, you hired a werewolf...and then there's two champions, and both of them are
underage...and then...that janitor...who killed himself by falling down the stairs...and he was insane as well....and well Dumbledore, what do you have to say for yourself?"

Fudge folded his arms.

Dumbledore could say that it was a good thing that Fudge did not know about the goblin who thought he was a house elf. Who had been the leader of the goblins which robbed the magical world blind after last year.

"I've made a few lapses in judgment," Dumbledore admitted. "But, I've done what I can do to make sure Hogwarts is still the premier magical institution in the world."

Oh, Fudge could not believe Dumbledore honestly believed that. Saying Hogwarts the best was just Ministry propaganda which made themselves look good. And Dumbledore had been the only person not in on the joke.

"And then...your disgusting fetish," Fudge said. "Don't make me repeat it….I can't believe a man like yourself...would be into such a depraved lifestyle."

"Cornelius, I would think that a progressive man such as yourself would be more tolerant."

"I read Rita Skeeter's article….it's disgusting what you're into," Fudge said. "I can't believe that you're a Bronicorn."

Fudge almost threw up at the thought of these Bronicorns. Grown men, who were into magical unicorns, it caused Fudge's bowels to rumble with disgust.

"I offer no apologies for my fandom, Cornelius," Dumbledore said.

"It's sick and wrong," Fudge said. "I think that your likes are problematic and therefore, I feel they should not exist. Therefore, I will…"

The doors of Hogwarts broke open. Wade Wilson, covered in dirt and smelling of decay entered the Hogwarts halls. Fudge jumped back, screamed and pointed to Wade.

"It's a g-g-ghost!" Fudge yelled.

Snape, Filch, and the rest of the Hogwarts staff looked surprised, except for Fury and the SHIELD agents who did it.

"I told you!" Fury said. "Wade, you're back."

"Yeah, I was unalived by the green light, and then Thanos snapped me out of it," Deadpool said.

"No, you killed yourself by throwing yourself down the steps," Fudge said. "You can't go against an officially Ministry investigation...and besides...you're a ghost...so you don't have any rights."

"You do have a job if you want it," Dumbledore said.

"Oh, Corny, if I was a ghost, could I do this?"

Deadpool ran up and kicked the Minister of Magic straight in the family jewels. Fudge doubled over in agony.

"Or this?"
Deadpool gave the Minister of Magic a wedgie and the students, which came to see the commotion, pointed and laughed at him.

"Ghosts can't give wedgies," Deadpool said.

"Oh, but poltergeists can!"

And Peeves ran up to give Deadpool a wedgie, while hugging him from behind. In a very suggestive manner, which caused the Yaoi Fangirls in the audience to squee.

"Good to have you back, man!" Peeves said with a slap on Deadpool's ass.

Peeves dumped a bucket of some mysterious, watery brown substance over the Ministry of Magic, humiliating him and ruining his bunny slippers.

Fudge ran off, cursing and howling. The Minister had never been so humiliated in his life, other than the time he caught his wife in bed with three goblins.

"Wade, our Defense Against the Dark Arts teacher has suffered a lapse of sense," Dumbledore said. "Therefore, I would be honored if you could take over the class again."

"So, I'm Deputy Caretaker of Magical Sanitation, Hogwarts Guidance Counselor, and Substitute Defense Against the Dark Arts teacher?" Wade asked. "So, to celebrate me returning to life, how about a significant raise?"

"I'm sorry, Wade, no time to chat, I have some important sock folding to do in my office," Dumbledore said.

Wade, back alive, after being dead and then buried alive for almost three months, returned back to Hogwarts.

"So, did you miss me Snape?"

"No," Snape said.

Snape would never admit Hogwarts was not as nearly as interesting over the past few months without Wade here to make their lives just that much more insane.

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To Be Continued.
Chapter 51

Crabbe and Goyle's Big Break:

Deadpool moved back into his office. Thankfully, Dumbledore could not bear to throw all of his belongings away in the three months, four months, however many months it had been since Deadpool kicked the bucket. The Merc with the Mouth blew off a strand of dust from his nameplate.

The office door opened up and Nick Fury popped into the room.

"Hey, Nick, what can I do you for?"

"Did you happen to see who killed you?" Fury asked.

Straight and the point, and Wade respected a man like that. "Well, the person who killed me, they did it from behind. Which isn't right. When you kill someone, it's common courtesy to look them in the eye. That way, when you come back from the dead, you can have a revenge arc. I can't really tell you who killed me. Could be anyone? I'm pretty sure people have their own theories."

"Moody was fired for attacking a student named Rebecca Black," Fury said.

"Yes, the girl who oddly is indifferent to Fridays," Wade said. "And Mad-Eye...he might be onto something...but is she really a killer?"

"Sometimes, the best killers are the ones we don't expect, until it's too late," Fury warned him.

Deadpool thought about it. Could Moody had been onto something, in his own paranoid delusions? As Wade knew from experience, just because you were paranoid, it did not mean that someone was not out to get you.

A knock on the door caused Wade to turn around. He opened the door, and a very terrified first year student said.

"Hey, kid, are you okay?" Wade asked. "Homesick? Dog died? What can I do with you?"

"I know who killed you," the first-year said. "Because, I saw it happened."

Now, Wade had been interested. The girl looked nervously over her shoulder.

"Come in, you can tell me," Wade said. "This is a safe space after all."

Rebecca Black yelled in pain as yet another potion had been shoved down her throat. Luna and Hermione, they sat at the edge of her bed. Well, Luna more willingly than Hermione. Hermione looked as if she would rather be in the library. Then again, Hermione always looked like she would rather be in the library.

"I'm sick of this bed!"

Voldemort did not know what the hell was wrong with him...with her...with anything really. The hole in her stomach healed every hour, and then ripped open about fifteen minutes later. No magic could heal her. If Pomfrey brought in the healers from Saint Mungos, the plan was up. They would find out what happened.
The body of his future daughter, had not been able to hold up. Voldemort, as much as he dared to speculate, figured that his massive magical prowess overwhelmed the witch's inept body, not worthy of the magic of the greatest sorcerer of this time and any other, Lord Voldemort.

Voldemort needed a vessel, a stronger vessel, one strong enough to withhold anything.

"Get me Harry Potter!"

Luna's eyebrow raised in surprise. "I beg your pardon."

"Harry can help me...he has magical blood," Rebecca said, trying to sound less like a commanding dark Lord. "Luna, you need to do this for me."

"No, what you need is the Healers who are coming," Luna said. "They will fix you."

"No, I need Harry Potter's blood!" Rebecca yelled, almost coughing from the exertion. "I need it....I need it now before it's too late. You will get it for me immediately."

Luna raised her eyebrows at Rebecca.

"No," Luna said. "I won't be doing that."

"What?" Rebecca asked. "I told you to do something and you're not going to do it for me."

"You told me to be more assertive," Luna said. "And it takes a lot more strength to say no to your friends, then it does to stand up to your enemies. So, I'm not going to do this for you. Just rest, and let the healers do their job."

"You really think that we were friends?" Rebecca asked. "In this life...there are no friends. There are merely assets, and you Luna Lovegood, was nothing other than an asset....and now that I can see you won't even do that....I have no more use for you at all."

"What?" Luna asked, genuinely hurt. "I thought..."

"People only regard your quirks with amusement," Rebecca said, quietly and savagely. "You are not amusing, you are not a unique individual. You are a mentally ill girl who only would have friends because people are sorry for you. Being fed into your delusions by your equally mentally ill father, and I'm sure your mother only got herself blown up because she was embarrassed by the both of you."

"That was out of line," Hermione said. "She's only concerned."

The magical cuffs around Hermione and Luna glowed.

"Please, as if you knew the answers to anything without a book dictating it to you," Rebecca said.

"Okay, that's wrong," Luna said. "Maybe we should be somewhere else. Goodbye, Rebecca, goodbye forever!"

Luna fought back a stream of tears, and Hermione wrapped her arm around Luna.

The shackles chaining both Hermione and Luna together dissolved. Yet Hermione, leading the poor and distraught Luna off. Luna looked like a puppy dog who had been kicked in the face after seeking approval from it's master.

To be honest, Lord Voldemort never saw anything more pathetic in his life. Once he regained full
power, he would be killing Luna Lovegood, just to do her a favor. Because, it would be a mercy killing. Zero empathy for her tears hit the Dark Lord.

Rebecca reached over the bedside table and downed as many healing potions as possible. This would have negative effects on her body within a day, but Lord Voldemort cared little about this body when that of Harry Potter waited.

Coming down the hallway, Rebecca stepped down the hallway, bumping into Crabbe and Goyle. A pair of useful idiots if there ever was one, although their fathers obviously had some miniscule cunning, to find witches that would willingly carry their seed to the next generation.

"You two, I need your help," Rebecca said.

"What's in it for us?" Goyle asked.

"Oh, I don't know. I'm sure we can work out a little deal," Crabbe said with a suggestive waggle of his eyebrow, licking his lips when he looked down Rebecca's body.

If Rebecca did not want this body to be destroyed, she would have just killed Crabbe for that one. Swallowing her pride, along with some vomit, Rebecca pressed on.

"I need you to capture Harry Potter," Rebecca said. "Get in to the third floor corridor."

"You mean the one that Dumbledore said that you shouldn't go in?" Goyle asked.

"Yes, that one," Rebecca said. "Get me Harry Potter, and you will have a reward."

"And what's in it for us, sweet cheeks?" Crabbe asked.

Rebecca somehow choked down the urge to vomit. "Oh...I will give you ten percent of my winnings when I win the Triwizard Tournament."

"Wow, that must be a million Galleons," Goyle cheered. "We're in the money, we're in the money, it's going to get us the honeys, because we're in the money!"

The two stooges danced. Rebecca realized she only had twenty-four hours before this body would decay. She slapped them on the heads.

"Bring me Harry Potter!" she hissed. "I'm running out of time."

The shell shocked first year took a drink of water.

"I saw….the White Knight coming up after getting humiliated," the first year said. "And...then….I saw Rebecca Black...snatch Karkaroff's wand from his pocket...and walk up the steps...and she hit you from behind with the Killing Curse."

"Seems to me she was trying to frame Karkaroff, but why?" Fury mused.

"I was scared she would come after me if I said anything," the first year said whimpering and taking a drink of calming draught which Wade borrowed from Snape. "And when I was coming back from Detention...I heard her in the corridor...it was almost like she was practicing a speech."

"Why speech?" Fury asked.

"Hang on, I think it's about time for a flashback," Wade said. "Right about now."
Rebecca Black stood over a mannequin, with a lightning bolt scar crudely burned into its forehead.

"You thought that you were safe, but no Harry Potter, you will never be safe," Rebecca murmured to the mannequin. "Your mother's protection might have given you…twelve years of extra life...no wait...thirteen years...damn it I have to start over again."

The Dark Lord had to give the speech right.

"Harry Potter, you will not leave here alive," Rebecca said. "No, wait, that's too cliche."

Another deep breath came, with Rebecca unaware of the wide first year eyes watching here.

"You will fall at the might of Lord Voldemort," Rebecca said. "But...you know...damn it, too much teenage girl in my voice."

Another couple of breaths followed.

"Tonight, Harry Potter, you will die," she said. "All because of me, Lord Voldemort, you will fall at my wand...no too hokey."

Voldemort angrily burned the notepad. How was he expecting to kill Harry Potter without the proper monologue? Writer's block, it was a bitch, and the Dark Lord had been well out of practice giving evil monologues. He needed to figure out something.

"Wait, so Rebecca Black is Lord Voldemort!" Deadpool said. "He possessed his secret daughter with Bellatrix Lestrange, who ends up breaking a whole bunch of canon, and she goes back in time to create a whole knew timely, where Eobard Thawne does not kill her mother, but it creates a war between Aquaman and Wonder Woman and Bruce Wayne's father is Batman and his mother is the Joker. Or maybe I'm just confusing this plot with a much better one."

Fury prepared to make the call, to get Rebecca Black. She should be in the hospital wing right now. They scrambled from the office, past the posters advertising Pottercon weekend, a special event which everyone attending dressed up like Harry Potter.

The first year student raided Deadpool's candy bowl now she had been left in his office alone.

Dumbledore, Snape, and McGonagall raced up to the Hospital Wing, joined by Wade, Fury, and a bunch of SHIELD agents.

"Well, it appears that I owe Alastor a cup of tea for believing he was being overly crazy," Dumbledore said. "It appears that a foolish old man….""

"Yeah, later, Dumbledore, if the Dark Lord is here…we need to act quickly to subdue…."

The Hospital Wing bed had been completely empty, and no Rebecca Black.

"Well, that's a problem," Wade said.

"We need to search the schools, the Chamber of Secrets, the Forbidden Forest, Makeout Tower, everything!" Dumbledore yelled. "The most obvious places a Dark Lord could go, we must uncover it."

Wade thought about something. He had been used to thinking like the mentally unstable. It had been
his job. Where would the Dark Lord go, if he wanted to achieve his evil plans.

Criminals tended to return the scene of the crime. And Voldemort's last crime had been the theft of the Philosopher's Stone all of those years.

'Well it's time for the raging climax for this year,' Deadpool thought.

Crabbe and Goyle caught sight of the one and only Harry Potter. The two goons pounced and took Harry down with a well placed double stunner spell.

"We beat Harry Potter!" Crabbe yelled. "We beat him just like that!"

"Why would Harry Potter wear a shirt with himself on it?" Goyle wondered.

"Who cares?" Crabbe asked. "I'm going to score with a Triwizard Champion."

Crabbe and Goyle took Harry Potter down the hallway to the corridor where Rebecca was waiting. And Crabbe could not wait to score with the hottest girl in the school. He would stir her cauldron any day. Crabbe had no doubt at all she was all woman.

Just as a portal opened and Harry Potter appeared in the hallway with several prominent love bites covering his neck. He had just been fighting a rather ruthless minotaur and had been rewarded for his efforts by some grateful Amazons. He had been gone for the better part of the weekend.

To Be Continued.
Chapter 52

The Power He Knows Not.

Crabbe and Goyle prepared to get their just rewards. More Crabbe, then Goyle, to be perfectly honesty. Crabbe wanted to score with the lovely Triwizard Champion and he had a spring in his step, as they dragged Harry Potter's limp form into the Third Floor Corridor.

Crabbe's father always had a saying which Crabbe took to heart. True love was an Imperius Curse away.

"Did you get him?"

Crabbe and Goyle pumped their hands up in the air and threw Harry Potter at the ground in front of Rebecca.

For a brief moment, triumph spread through the body of Lord Voldemort. And that triumph turned completely to rage when Harry's features faded, into a mousey little boy.

"Hey, Potter turned into that Creevey Mudblood!" Goyle yelled. "Did you know he could turn into other people?"

"He must be some kind of Meta...Meta....Maga...thingy," Crabbe chuckled.

"No, you imbeciles, this is not Harry Potter, this is Creevey, who obviously swiped one of Harry Potter's hairs, and used it in a Polyjuice Potion," Rebecca said.

"That's kind of creepy," Crabbe muttered with a shudder.

"Wait, how did he make a Polyjuice?" Goyle asked. "Don't you have to be catch your owl to make a Polyjuice? Does Creevey even have an owl?"

Voldemort wanted to scream, rage, and just rip someone apart. He was running out of time, running low in fact on time. His heart beat a little bit faster.

"You idiots...you nitwits...you peabrains...you imbeciles...you morons...you half-wits...you nincapoops..."

"Tee-hee, she said poop," Goyle said.

A whip of magical energy sent Crabbe and Goyle flying across the room. The sizing up in tension of Rebecca's body, the breathing in her mouth hit her hard. She needed a new body now, a new body sooner rather than later. She dropped to her knees, and breathed heavily.

Down the hallway, Albus Dumbledore, appeared along with Deadpool, Snape, and several SHIELD agents.

"Thank Morgana you're here Headmaster...they kidnapped me from the Hospital Wing...and they started to touch me!" Rebecca yelled. "Please...I don't know...I thought I would feel safe at Hogwarts...but...."

Dumbledore, sympathetic, moved over.
"Headmaster, you remember that's...the Dark Lord, don't you?" Snape asked.

"Well, whoever it is, she's still a student in danger and a student that...."

Rebecca whipped out her wand and slashed Dumbledore's throat, causing him to fall back in surprise. Everyone screamed in terror.

"To think, Albus, after all of this years, your one weakness was that you let your guard down in front of a teenage girl," Rebecca said. "You are completely and utterly pathetic."

Dumbledore wheezed, blood spurting out of his throat. Rebecca took Dumbledore's wand from him, feeling power, and she created a barrier of rune stones.

"Dumbledore will die, unless you bring me Harry Potter," Rebecca said. "And you will bring me Harry Potter...unless you want the Headmaster to die."

"Well, he's lived a good long life," Snape said.

"We won't give you someone, and Dumbledore would not want us to give up Harry Potter, just to save his life," McGonagall said.

"Yeah, so you're going to have to kill all of us as well," Deadpool said. "If you want Harry Potter, you're going to have to get through us."

"So be it," Rebecca said. "But, first I want you to know, how did you survive?"

"Well, funny you should mention that," Deadpool said. "You see, Death and I, we kind of have a thing going on. But, there's this guy called Thanos, who doesn't like it. He wants Death all to himself. He has this Infinity Gauntlet thing, which can kill a whole lot of people, but apparently, he can bring people back to life from the dead as well. And when he snapped his fingers boom I was in the coffin. Funniest thing, I didn't know it was you...until someone mentioned it. You hit me from behind. So, tell me, you possessed your daughter from the future? But, wouldn't she never be born if you just took her body and died right here?"

"What are you talking about?" Voldemort asked.

"She may have destroyed her own life by trying to go back in time, and she might have ended it," Deadpool said. "In other words, if she doesn't exist, then you have no relative to possess, and time is catching up with you, isn't it? Of course, her existence really does hold a lot of questions. Like, how did Bellatrix convince you to do the beast with two backs? I mean, splitting your soul that many times, it can't surely be conductive to a good sex life. Did you have some...magical stimulation to help you? Or maybe a potion...she slipped you a potion, didn't she...but that wouldn't work, because I doubt that you would accept a drink or food from anyone? I mean, while you could have an antidote on you at all times, I would think you would be properly paranoid about a love potion. Then again, I'm not even sure if you go to the bathroom...that must have been a trip, doing that again, after being in your body for that many years."

Wade Wilson's filibustering allowed Fawkes the Phoenix to flash in and use his magical tears of healing on Dumbledore's throat to restore the Headmaster.

"But, then your daughter came back in time...and she must have been desperate to do that, knowing the risks, knowing that she could alter the timeline without being born," Wade said. "And you know something...maybe she knows more than you would. You normally favor that Killing Curse but...you slit the Headmaster's throat instead with a slicing spell. Granted, it's not foolproof."
"No, Rebecca, it isn't," Dumbledore said.

"My name is Tom Marvolo Riddle," he said. "Or rather, my name is Lord Voldemort, and you will respect me!"

Fire in her eyes, bloodlust in her eyes, and likely blood running from other places as well, Rebecca Black was incensed. A rattling sound echoed from down the hallway which even caused her to have great pause.

"Time is like cement, it takes a while to settle," Wade said. "But, unless I missed my guess, your time has ran out. And you will end tonight, not with a bang, but with a whimper. And you will not get inside of Harry Potter, much to the Chagrin of Fangirls everywhere, I'm sure."

A hideous monstrous wraith came down the hallway, rattling down. Rebecca, Voldemort, stood, and she mouthed something.

"A Dementor in Hogwarts!" McGongall yelled.

"No, it's something else," Dumbledore said. "Something far worse...a consequence far more dire than anything...oblivion to those who have truly and utterly meddled with time. For, time is but an eggshell and once it cracks, those who meddle will end up being sucked through the cracks."

A hideous monster appeared, a time wraith, and Rebecca blasted the monster with several spells, each of them deflecting off of him.

"No, you will bow before me beast!" she yelled.

Rebecca had been trapped at the end of the corridor, the sight of Lord Voldemort's last defeat. The time wraith dove at Rebecca's body and tore it in half, causing a hideous scream to echo throughout the room.

Delphi Riddle had been sucked into oblivion, as if she had never existed, and the timeline restored to its pristine value.

Voldemort's soul, weakened from being detached, prepared to latch on to the nearest person in a desperate attempt to save himself. Horror hit Voldemort for the first time ever once he realized the bad place he was heading.

"NO, I CAN'T MERGE WITH HIS BODY....ARGH!"

From all across the world, the backwash caused every single one of Voldemort's Horcruxes to explode into Fiendfyre, destroying them.

Tom Marvolo Riddle dropped down onto the ground, breathing heavily. He screamed in anguish, in a prison far worse than anything he could ever conceive. Any torture Lord Voldemort thought of giving his enemies, even this would be too cruel by his standards.

Three figures, all wearing masks appeared. One with a dark bowl cut, the other large with a bald head, and the other with stringy brown hair, balding slightly.

"Hello," Moepool said.

"Hello," Larrypool said.
"Hello," Curlypool said.

"Hello, hello, hello."

Curlypool and Larrypool bumped into Moepool who bonked them on the side of the head.

"Spread out!" Moepool yelled.

"That's assault...Nyuck, Nyuck, Nyuck," Curlypool said.

Voldemort wondered what kind of hell he entered. Suddenly, he turned around and an endless army of Deadpool's surrounded him, laughing in madness.

"One of us, one of us, one of us," they chanted.

The spirit of Lord Voldemort had been trapped in the chaotic maelstrom of Wade Wilson's mind, forever and ever. The end of the most powerful sorcerer who ever lived was at hand. From the distance, an image of Tom's younger self, wrapped in a straitjacket whilst he rocked back and forth reflected in the distance.

"I will get out of here!" Voldemort yelled.

Voldemort spent several days crossing through several doors, hoping it to be the exit. He kept running around in circles, and every now and them, he got curb stomped by mental representations of the Golden Girls.

But, fate settled in, Lord Voldemort was reduced to nothing more than another voice in a legion of voices in Deadpool's head to pop up and give commentary, for the lolz.

To Be Continued.
Severus Snape peered into the eyes of Wade Wilson. Not because they are finally going to give into their very obvious sexual tension and start making out, but because the Headmaster ordered him to scan Wade's brain.

'And I'm sure dozens of fangirls will be disappointed,' Wade thought.

'I WILL DESTROY YOU ALL!' Riddle howled.

'It seems like our new guest is a bit miffed.'

'I know you're out there Dumbledore,' Riddle said. 'One day, I'll get you....I'll get you....I'll get your brother...and I'll get his little goat too!'

'I think he'll be fitting in just great.'

Snape snapped out of Deadpool's head, a gush of blood pouring down the nose of the Potions Master as he extracted himself from Wade's head. Never again, would Snape want to enter a mind. Dumbledore stood, carefully twiddling his thumbs on the other end of the room.

"I learned far more about Golden Girls sex dreams then I ever wanted to," Snape said. "And, Riddle is firmly trapped in the chaotic mess that is Wilson's mind. I don't think he'll go out."

"And all of his Horcruxes have been destroyed," Dumbledore said. "Including the one in Harry's head...which bled out of his scar just this past morning."

"Wouldn't that be a plot point you would want to show on screen?" Wade asked.

'And ruin the tradition of Harry Potter showing up in the least amount of screen time possible.'

'No, my Horcruxes can't be destroyed,' Riddle said. 'How could that be? I hid them well....'

'Well, obviously not well enough,' Deadpool said. 'The sophisticated awesomeness of my brain was just too much to bare...and you were trapped inside of the prison of my mind.'

'Just wait....I will take control of this body,' Riddle said. 'And then....I will transfer my mind into a more worthy vessel.'

'Newsflash, genius, I don't have one lick of magic in me, so you're going to be trapped in here forever,' Wade said. 'You're going to be with me...even during those most private and intimate moments. It's going to be great. The feared Dark Lord another voice in a legion.'

'Strap in, buddy,' another voice said.

'Or don't, we don't mind,' he said. 'We like it when it's done raw.'

'I WILL KILL YOU ALL!' Riddle screamed.

Dumbledore took a quick peak into Deadpool's mind, and pulled out with a hell of a nosebleed.
"Tom obviously loves each and every one of us, and is well on the way to redemption," Dumbledore said.

Snape rolled his eyes. "You have a very...skewed way of thinking of things Headmaster."

Dumbledore always hoped for the best of people, although sometimes, those people did make a mockery out of the best intentions. Regardless, the Headmaster gave Wade a smile.

"And you're as clean as your mind will ever be," Dumbledore said. "But, if you have any murderous urges, then feel free to come to my office, and we'll sort them out."

'Riddle can't lock me up!' Riddle yelled. 'I am Lord Voldemort....you are....'

Wade shut the door in Riddle's face in his mind. Today had been a very good day.

The Triwizard Tournament had passed, without any incident, or any convoluted plots. The entire school had gone out to sit outside and look at a maze for the better part of two hours. How thrilling, most certainly an adventure that was had by all.

Oh, and Harry Potter won the tournament. Well, now that's settled, Wade moved on for the next chapter in Hogwarts. He moved to the Defense Against the Dark Arts classroom only to find one Cornelius Fudge standing there, along with a couple of Ministry stooges, armed with wands.

"Wade Wilkens," one of the Ministry officials said.

"It's Wade Wilson," Wade said.

The Ministry official droned on in a voice that would make Ben Stein sound like Bobcat Goldthwait. "Mr. Wilkens, we have come to the conclusion that the students of Hogwarts School of Witchcraft and Wizardry, have not had an adequate education in their defense against the dark arts course. We find that you are ill-equipped to teach such a subject."

"Hey, I can teach about all of the dark arts people," Deadpool said. "There's Leonardo....Donatello.....Raphael....Michelangelo...."

'Because, those are the only artists you know because they just happen to also be turtles.'

'Quiet you,' Deadpool thought. 'I know all about that Van Gogh guy too.'

"We do not feel someone of your limited magical capabilities is proper to teach at this school," the ministry official droned. "Therefore, we will wish you the best of your future endeavors...because you are hereby released from your duties....and you will receive your payment as terms of the termination of your service."

He handed Wade a slip of paper, and Wade took it. Fudge looked rather gleeful. Obviously he thought he was getting a deal, letting Wade off with this much money.

The joke was that Wade would be making more money getting fired then Dumbledore paid him for all three of his jobs over the past four years.

"Mr. Wilkens, we would also inform you that your services are no longer required for as Hogwarts Grief Counselor," the Ministry stooge said. "We feel like you are unable to properly understand these students...and we also feel that grief counseling is not needed for a superior magical community...."

"Hey, I helped those kids with their problems a whole lot!" Wade yelled.
"Mr. Wilkens, you will be terminated effective today and the Hogwarts Board of Governors has ruled your position to be invalid,"

Wade clutched his fist. He was making a difference, and now these Ministry idiots, like governments tended to do, did so. A piece of paper slipped in Wade's hand, but in this case, it was not about the money, it was a difference he made.

"And now, Mr. Wilkens...as Assistant Caretaker you will be…"

"Hold on, hold on, hold on!"

Albus Dumbledore appeared at the doorway of the office. Fudge turned, disgusted at being in the presence of this filthy Bronicorn.

"Dumbledore, you're not needed here," Fudge said. "In fact, your kind is not needed anyway."

"Minister, I'm afraid I have to inform you of something," Dumbledore said. "Wade Wilson signed a binding contract to Hogwarts...to be the Deputy Caretaker of Magical Sanitation. While it's true that Wade only worked on his other two positions on a verbal, handshake agreement...this position, he's under a binding contact, and breaking it will bring great misfortune to the entire Ministry of Magic."

"You can't be serious," Fudge said.

"Oh, he's very serious," Wade said. "Five year contact to sanitize Hogwarts...Dumbledore wanted it to be seven years, but I convinced him on five...because I had a feeling after the fifth year, I would be done with this."

Fudge looked like he swallowed a lemon.

"You wait, you just wait, Dumbledore," Fudge said. "I will have you out of here, Wilson, and I will have you out of here Dumbledore. Once the parents find out, they won't want someone around you around their children."

"I can't help the way I was born, Minister," Dumbledore said.

Fudge had been disgusted by this filthy, unicorn loving miscreant. Obviously, Fudge did not like My Precious Unicorn and despised these Bronicorns...adult male fans who worshipped the show like some kind of disgusting cult. And he would not even get into the fan fiction....Fudge banned it's filth from the halls of Hogwarts.

"Just you wait," Fudge said.

'I vote we kill him before he does something stupid to destroy this school,' Riddle thought.

'Why would you care?'

'Hard as it for you to believe, I do love Hogwarts,' Riddle said. 'Which is why it pains me to see someone like Dumbledore bring it down by such substandard teaching. Especially Lockhart....'

'Lockhart is a war hero, you monster!' Deadpool snapped.

Fudge left, muttering, and Dumbledore put something in front of Wade.

"What's this?"

"Just sign it, please," Dumbledore said. "I have a feeling we might have...problems next year."
Wade figured Dumbledore would be right. He looked at the contents of Dumbledore's paper and grinned evilly.

Everyone in Slytherin pointed and laughed at Goyle, who dressed in a green dress, high heels, and stockings. Draco sneered at them, which caused them to back off slightly. Crabbe looked on, with a raised eyebrow.

"Sure you don't need to borrow my mascara, Goyle?"

"Halt, you problematic fiend!"

The White Knight descended from the ceiling, almost getting tangled up in the banners which signaled Gryffindor's win in the house cup yet again.

"You should never disrespect someone's sexual identity," the White Knight said. "Goyle has done a very brave thing...coming out here like this...and you should respect her and her decisions…"

"Wait, a minute, did you just call me by the wrong pronoun?" Goyle asked.

"I only assumed...."

"Oh, he assumed your gender?" Blaise asked.

"I didn't mean...."

"That was very mean," Crabbe said. "He thought just because you were wearing a dress, you identified as a woman."

"Dude, that's so not cool," Millicent said. "Way to reinforce gender stereotypes!"

"I wear a dress because it makes me feel pretty!" Goyle yelled. "Can't a guy feel pretty every now and then? Why can't only women feel pretty?"

"I did not mean to offend....I should have known better as a white person...."

"Are you saying that white people should automatically know better?" Blaise asked. "How many times do we have to teach you a lesson in tolerance?"

Millicent helpfully punched the White Knight out and caused him to crumble to the ground. Crabbe and Goyle dragged the White Knight off, to stomp him with Goyle helpfully kicking him all over with his high heel shoes.

Wade walked into the room, sighing and wondering what adventures lied. He walked over, to see Luna who had whistled happily.

"I wonder if the White Knight would learn his lesson ever," Luna said.

"How does he keep getting in the school?" Wade asked. "Does he get summoned every time there's something he can take offense to?"

"Hmm, likely so," Luna said. "So, sorry about you losing your position as Hogwarts Grief Counselor? Because, I have a feeling Fudge is to give us a lot of grief next year, just like he did the goblins."

"I know he will," Deadpool said. "Sorry for your friend being...well being Lord Voldemort."
"Well, she's...well that was a shock," Luna said.

'I can't believe I tolerated her,' Riddle said.

"Rebecca said she's sorry," Wade said.

'I didn't say that, you dunderhead!' Riddle yelled. 'I'm not going to apologize to a mentalcase like that.'

"And she says that you are a wonderful person and keep being you," Wade said. "Or he...rather...pronouns are confusing."

"Pronouns kill more people a year than crashed broomsticks," Luna agreed. "At least, that's what was in the Quibbler this year."

Wade wondered what would happen. He expect that they would all know what the future would bring. And what new Defense Against the Dark Arts teacher would take Moody's place. Did they ever let Moody out of the looney bin, after he was proven to be right? Oh, Wade did not know, and he expected someone would fill him in eventually.

'To be fair, what other threats are there? I mean, we beat the big bad of the series...so what monsters are there left to slay?'

'LORD VOLDEMORT WILL RISE AGAIN!' Riddle yelled.

'Yeah, he's going to be like this all of the time, isn't he?'

'Afraid so.'

Wade's voices entered a chorus of "It's a Small World Afterall" driving Voldemort completely mental and silencing him at least for a moment.

Much like all great politicians, Cornelius Fudge wanted to outlaw anything he did not like and make anything he accepted of mandatory. He walked down the hallways, with a smile on his face.

"So, Hogwarts needs reform. And given your great, sweeping reforms against the werewolf epidemic, I believe you will be the right person to the job. I will tell the Board of Governors to approve you as a Ministry Certified Educational Expert, and we'll be good to go."

The room panned back, as a scare cord began to play. Dolores Umbridge leaned in her chair, smiling.

"It's about time that Hogwarts got a proper Defense Against the Dark Arts Teacher," Umbridge said sweetly. "And soon...I will be Headmistress, and get rid of that awful Wade Wilson forever and all of Dumbledore's other mistakes. The children will be safe once again, and parents will sleep easily."

Umbridge could hardly wait for the new term of Hogwarts to come this September. They would all respect her authority.

To Be Continued.

And that catches up to where this is up in the other website. So, when new chapters pop up in September, we'll be pretty much posting at the same time. Oddly, the only story which would be this way as everything is posted much later on that other fanfiction website then it is here.
The Pepto Toad Hops In.

'Boy, that was quite the summer. Full of twists, turns, and intrigue.'

'Why must we tease the people with references to things they never will never see?'

For those of you who are somehow tuning into this story, on whatever chapter this is, Wade Wilson, better known as Deadpool, had been the Hogwarts Deputy Caretaker for the past four years. He had been hired by Argus Filch to have an assistant to make his work. Or rather, Dumbledore hired him because Wade had been the only person qualified for the job.

And by qualified, we mean insane enough to work at a school like Hogwarts, for less than minimum wage. Over the past years, Deadpool saw Filch try to steal Christmas, Luna Lovegood's cock beat off Lord Voldemort's snake, Voodoo Hillbillies, singing goblins, social justice crusaders, a gender fluid Dark Lord, just to name a few things.

'Boy people who randomly hopped in on this chapter are going to be confused.'

'Yeah, like people who read every chapter of this story are going to understand it anymore. Just smile and nod.'

Also, Wade died and got better. But, that was really a rite of passage in Wade's line of work. Wade could hardly wait to see what Hogwarts School of Magic and Mystery and Wonder would hold this year.

And it was time for the before school staff meeting. The entire gang was there. Filch, Snape, McGongall, Flitwick, Sprout, Hagrid, Trelawney, and the rest. Oh, and there was Wade. And most certainly, the man himself, Hogwarts eccentric and quirky Headmaster himself, Albus Dumbledore.

"Welcome to the Hogwarts Staff meeting for whatever year is Harry Potter's fifth year at Hogwarts School of Witchcraft and Wizardry."

Dumbledore had been doing that since that night. This is Five Years before Harry Potter, Four Years before Harry Potter, on and on, for several years.

"Last year, the Triwizard Tournament had several unfortunate missteps," Dumbledore said. "First of all, Hagrid, I understand that there comes a time in a young man's life where he has certain feelings and urges he has to act upon, but the way to conducted yourself in the presence of the Beauxbatons Headmistress, is very appalling. I should insist you report to Human Resources."

"But, Headmaster, we don't have a Human Resources department."

"Severus…"

"No," Snape shortly said.

"Splendid," Dumbledore said. "Severus as our newly appointed head of Hogwarts Human Resources will be having several long and unpleasant conversations about your unprofessional behavior."
Hagrid hung his head in shame and Snape in dismay. The Headmaster still had not learned that no meant no. Thankfully, he had taken a vow of celibacy years ago, or that would get him in a whole mess of trouble.

"And last year was unfortunate, other than Harry Potter's smashing victory, where he exhibited feats of magical prowess which I have never seen before and I will likely never see again," Dumbledore said.

"And no one really saw those last two tasks," Flitwick pointed out in undertone.

"But, Rebecca Black turned out to be the Dark Lord Voldemort...."

Here, Voldemort perked up deep in the recesses of Deadpool's mind. Which he had been trapped for the past three months. And he knew far more about the Golden Girls than he cared ever cared to. But, he was stuck, so he better make the most of it.

"And then Ludo Bagman just a few weeks ago had been fished out of the Hogwarts lake, complete with cement boots," Dumbledore said. "Why he would decide on such an unfortunate fashion choice, I couldn't begin to guess. Every knows that you should never swim with cement boots. And wearing that cinderblock chain around his neck, while fashionable, obviously a bad choice as well."

Deadpool could have laughed at Dumbledore's blissful ignorance at the fact Ludo Bagman had taken out by goblin gangsters, and left at the bottom of the lake at Hogwarts.

"And our previous Defense Against the Dark Arts teacher went mad and is currently on an extremely long hiatus."

"And he turned out to be correct about everything, as loath as I am to say about it," Snape said. "Have you even bothered to speak for Moody?"

"Well, I'm sure he will be fine," Dumbledore said. "As I was saying, we have a new Hogwarts Defense Against the Dark Arts Teacher, and considering I could not find anything, the Ministry has graciously provided me with a Ministry Certified Educational Expert."

"To be fair, those tests aren't that hard," Wade said. "They just cost ten galleons and a little more if you want to skip the actual testing portion and just get the shiny certificate. But they're so easy, that someone with a third year education could pass it."

Which did say a lot about the Ministry, to be fair.

"Regardless, I believe she will be here right about now."

Thunder, a flash of lightning, and all of the candles of Hogwarts blew out, before magically coming back on. When they came on, the Pepto Toad herself stood in all of her glory.

"Hello, everyone," Umbridge said. "My name is Dolores Umbridge, and it's so good for me to finally be back at Hogwarts. I mean, it's so good to see each and every one of you."

They all mumbled and Umbridge just frowned.

"Now, we are going to need team unity if we are going to go forward and shape the education of these children for years to come," Umbridge said. "I thought I would get a warmer welcome from my peers here at Hogwarts."

"Why don't you sit down and join us, Madam Umbridge?" Dumbledore asked. "Would you care for
"a cup of tea?"

"Delighted, Albus, simply delighted, my dear," Umbridge said.

'It would be so easy to switch the sugar out for rat poison and make it look like an accident," Voldemort said.

Deadpool had been used to Voldemort suggest he kill certain people by now. Hell, Dumbledore mandated at least three gruesome suggestions a day.

"Oh, the tea is quite lovely, you've done a good job Headmaster, you should be rewarded."

Okay, if it was not this particular woman, Wade would be almost amused by Umbridge treating Dumbledore like a Kindergartener who just managed to learn to color between the lines.

"The tea is good, but I'm afraid there have been a number of...problems with Hogwarts of the years," Umbridge said. "I think we should all shoulder the blame, as you have taken on way too much, my dear Dumbledore. That is why Cornelius has made the suggestion that you should be relieved of some of your responsibilities, for sake of your mental health. A man of your age should be thinking about retirement, not shaping politics and a school at the same time."

"Well, I do what I have to do to give back to the people who give me so much," Dumbledore said.

"Well, the Wizengamot thanks you for your service, but I believe there's an owl which is going to come...right about now."

Dumbledore got the message and he grew grave. Being voted out was one thing, but being told by owl and not through a face to face meeting, that was stinging.

"Over the past few years, there have been several unfortunate incidents. Namely, Gilderoy Lockhart's maiming and dismembering at the hands of these Voodoo Hillbillies, and then his noble and heroic sacrifice."

Umbridge sobbed, although Wade noticed that her face was not wet. Odd, that one.

"Then, those singing goblins," Umbridge said. "I thank you for your tireless efforts for getting our riches back, but they never should have been stolen in the first place. Those...creatures were created by your negligence by allowing the Voodoo Hillbilly queen explode and does them with the fragments of those glowing green rocks."

"To be fair the Ministry was breached..."

"Mr. Wilson, I kindly tell you not to speak to me, unless you are properly addressed," Umbridge said. "Need I remind you, that you are on probation for your antics."

'Pick up the vase, break it and stab her with the pieces,' Voldemort suggested.

Umbridge consulted her notes.

"And last year, the Triwizard Tournament. Last year, two champions, underaged. One of them had been attacked by your old friend, Mad-Eye Moody and...well she died from her injuries, didn't she?"

"Ms. Black was unfortunately a vessel for Lord Voldemort," Dumbledore said.

"Albus, we both know this is a fantasy you've cooked up," Umbridge said. "We all know you have dreams You-Know-Who returning one day, so you can mentor Harry Potter. So you can grooom
him, for your own purposes."

The way Umbridge said groom made Wade think Umbridge was implying something else other than setting up Harry to fight the Dark Lord.

"But, we both know He-Who-Must-Not-Be-Named will not return," Umbridge said. "After his pathetic defeat at the hands of the child. I believe his prowess was exaggerated to compensate for lacking in other attributes."

A thunderstorm went on in Wade's head.

'You bitch, I will cut you up and dump you in the lake,' Voldemort hissed.

'Down boy,' Wade warned The Dark Lord.

"The point is, I am here to ensure that Hogwarts runs smoothly, as it should be, within order, and without chaos," Umbridge said. "It's just a few minor rules, but I believe that it will be within the best interests of our students. After all, the students at this school are the future."

Umbridge flashed them an insincere, and yet sugary one.

"Rule number one is there will be a zero tolerance policy for any and all magical and Muggle violence in this school," Umbridge said. "If someone hexes a person, they should drop their wand, and put their hands up in defense. Wait for a teacher to sort out the situation."

Wade could just headdesk at the stupidity of this rule.

"Students will not be allowed to interact in groups of more than three," Umbridge said. "For groups of more than three promotes gang activity which we will avoid at Hogwarts."

Umbridge was on a rule and many of the teachers struggled to roll their eyes.

"Teachers and students alike will be required to underground rigorous tests for alcohol, drugs, and potions," Umbridge said. "Anyone who is found under the influence of any kind will be suspended for the rest of the school year. And anyone who does not report such activities will be in serious, serious trouble as well."

Here, Trelawney and Hagrid looked like they had just been put on death row.

"All Muggleborn students will be assigned a pureblood minder," Umbridge said. "They will have to follow the suggestions of the pureblood minder or they will be expelled and forced to live in disgrace."

"Yes, because people won't abuse that in all of the wrong ways," Wade said darkly.

Pureblood boys with Muggleborn girls for instance, no way that wasn't going to end in...well, Wade could shudder to think about it.

"Physical displays of affection are prohibited in Hogwarts," Umbridge said. "Any kissing, any hugging, any holding of hands, they are all prohibited in this school."

"Hand holding?" Wade asked. "Are you trying to cut down on the cooties?"

"Mr. Wilson!" Umbridge snapped. "Everyone knows that hand holding is a gateway to teenage pregnancy."
"Actually the gateway to teenage pregnancy is lack of proper sexual education and also….."

Umbridge cleared her throat in that annoying "hem, hem" way. She continued.

"All students will have to wear the proper uniform, without any individual changes or deviations," Umbridge said. "This includes the undergarments, and weekly uniform checks will be made to ensure every part of the Hogwarts uniform is to regulations."

"Including the undergarments?" Snape asked.

"Yes, Professor Snape, especially the undergarments," Umbridge said.

Oh, Snape envisioned how problematic this edict could be. Umbridge looked at the staff, who wondered what other torments she had cooking up for them.

"And female-presenting nipples will be panned from Hogwarts."

No one said anything. Wade coughed.

"And those are just some of the rules which I hope to implement making this school a more harmonious place," Umbridge said.

"Well, those are some interesting suggestions," Dumbledore said.

"Thank you, Headmaster," Umbridge said. "This year will be positively delightful...oh and one more thing. The Ministry will be in touch about further changes in Hogwarts."

"I will look over your complete list of suggestions, if I may," Dumbledore said. "After all, we all want to be on the same page, going forward."

"Yes, and I look forward to working with each and every one of you in making sure the students of Hogwarts conform the ideals the Ministry wants out of the witches and wizards working for it," Umbridge said.

"By taking all of the individuality and wonder out of a school of magic, you mean?" Wade asked.

Umbridge snapped her wand and Wade gasped. His mouth had been sewed shut by Umbridge. Even Snape and Filch, who wanted Wade to shut up more than anyone else in the room, looked unnerved by this development.

'Oh, the nerve of this woman!' Wade yelled. 'I can't be the Merc with a Mouth, without a functional mouth!'

"Perhaps now you will learn to keep your voice respectful towards your betters," Umbridge said. "It's for your own good, Mr. Wilson."

Oh, Wade disagreed. Eventually, he would get use of his mouth back. Umbridge might have struck first blood and won this battle, but the war was at hand.

And now Wade Wilson made it his personal mission in life to make Umbridge's time at Hogwarts memorable, but for all of the wrong reasons.

To Be Continued.
Wade marched into Dumbledore's office, mouth still stitched shut. Snape and McGonagall followed the Headmaster and the Deputy Caretaker. Umbridge had returned back to the Ministry, like to report the results of the meeting to Fudge.

"You are going to allow that woman to make a mockery out of Hogwarts for what reason?" McGonagall asked.

"Fudge has gotten an overinflated sense of himself as of late," Dumbledore said. "It unfortunately happens to many politicians. It has happened to me a time or two through my life, and the results have been a disaster. It would be best to give Umbridge enough rope to hang herself, even if the students of Hogwarts are a bit discomforted in the process."

McGonagall pinched the bridge of her nose.

"Albus, when you give people enough rope to hang themselves, innocent people end up getting themselves caught in the noose."

"I fail to see your point," Dumbledore said.

McGonagall shook her head. Wade, on the other hand, was waving his hands. Dumbledore turned his attention to Wade and broke into a smile.

"Oooh, goody, charades!" Albus said.

Wade waved his hands back and forth.

"Okay, there's an elephant in the room."

Wade pointed to his mouth.

"And you want to give him oral sex?"

Wade slapped the desk and pointed to his mouth over and over again. Stitched shut by the pepto toad. Wade, realizing no one with magical abilities was going to help him, yanked on the stitches. Oh, Umbridge had been capable of at least one spell, the indignity at all.

"Well, her rules...are going to end up being a problem," Snape said. "But, perhaps we should allow her to implement them, and hopefully the parents agitation will be directed towards the Ministry and not towards Hogwarts. I think we should have taken a firmer hand with certain students so they did not run amuck with their..."

Wade groaned and tore the stitches out of his mouth. Along with his mouth, which dropped to the floor, bloodily gushing all over Albus's carpet.

"Thanks, for that Wilson, I just had lunch."

Wade's mouth slowly grew back and he threw his head back.

"Oh, you think that zero-tolerance is going to really work, especially in a school of magic," Wade
said. "Because, if people are going to get in trouble just by being involved in a fight, there's no reason to hold back. In for a penny, in for a pound, or I guess in your wacky magical world, in for a knut, in for a galleon."

"Would the students risk expulsion by getting into such a fight?" Dumbledore asked.

"Yes!"

All three of the other office occupants said this. Snape just leaned back.

"Well, maybe some people should have gotten expelled years ago, when they had a habit of levitating other students in the air to show off," Snape said sullenly. "So, perhaps this new rule change is not as bad."

"You do realize under Umbridge's policies, you would be expelled as well, wouldn't you?" McGonagall asked.

"Why did you think I was talking about anyone in particular?" Snape said.

McGonagall peered at Snape over those glasses. Everyone knew who precisely Snape was talking about. And Snape was more than capable of defending himself and also instigating situations himself.

"Well, be that as it may, I'm certain….

A message dropped on Dumbledore's desk and Dumbledore frowned.

"It's a note."

Dumbledore held up the piece of people and showed a musical note.

"And on the back is a letter," Wade said.

The letter "A" was on the back of the note.

'We so stole this joke from Spongebob,' one of the voices in Deadpool's head snidely commented.

'Quiet you."

"And here is this message….from Harry Potter," Dumbledore said. "But, I can barely read it."

"Well, it's a Potter, so his handwriting would not be legible," Snape said.

"Actually, I seemed to have misplaced my reading glasses."

"Give it here, Albus," McGonagall said.

Why did she always have to be the lone voice of reason in a sea of insanity? Minerva took the letter and cleared her through.

"Dear Professor Dumbledore," McGonagall said. "I have decided, based on the changes happening around Hogwarts, that it would be in my best interest not to return to Hogwarts School of Witchcraft and Wizardry for the next term. I forgive a lot, but what I cannot forgive is that deplorable woman, that Pepto Toad, being in charge of my favorite subject of this school. And you allowed it to happen. Because, you couldn't be bothered to find a proper Defense Against the Dark Arts Teacher…."
"Well, that's a bit harsh," Albus said.

"Seriously, Albus, get your shit together."

Minerva's lips twitched for a second before she continued reading.

"Do not bother and try and get me to return to Hogwarts," Minerva said. "I have allies far more powerful than you could ever imagine. Unless you want to piss off fifty-three different women who could lift your castle and hurl it into the sun, I suggest you step the back up. I would also suggest you cut back on the sherbert lemon. Hate to say it, but you're going to start to look like my cousin Dudley if you're not careful. I would say it is a pleasure, but your magical education left something to be desired. I have learned more through independent studies. Shame there's a few good teachers who would be even greater if they had more freedom than what Hogwarts offers. See you, never, sincerely Harry Potter."

Dumbledore blinked a couple of times and lead the leader process. Snape not so subtly fist-pumped underneath the table. It was a shame he could not be breaking out that bottle of wine he saved for Potter's expulsion thanks to Umbridge's prohibition rules.

And yes, Potter left, and was not expelled with his wand snapped, buy why bother with the details?

"Minerva?" Dumbledore asked.

"Yes?"

"Am I getting...fat?" Dumbledore asked.

"Well, you have been getting a little husky lately, Albus," Minerva said. Dumbledore looked down at his belly, not realizing it had been difficult to see his own toes into someone pointed out. Lemon drops were just so good, he just had to have one more and then he was off the stuff for good, maybe after a couple more, but other than that, he was done.

"I'm glad Potter's gone, but who told him about Umbridge?"

"Dobby is no stooge sir!"

Dobby flashed into the Headmaster's office.

"Dobby did not tell Harry Potter about the Pepto Toad or her draconian rule changes, or the fact she would make Hogwarts a more difficult place, and it might be in Harry Potter's best interests not to be here, oh no, Dobby would never do something like that," Dobby said. "Oh, and Headmaster, Dobby just found your reading glasses."

"Thank you, Dobby," Dumbledore said.

"Sure, you're not a snitch, Dobby?" Wade asked.

"Dobby does not have the ability to turn into a small golden ball, sprout wings, and fly around the Quidditch Pitch, sir," Dobby clarified.

Dobby winked three times at Wade who winked in return, and the house elf returned.

"Well, I can't think of anyone who would have told Harry," Dumbledore said. "It's a pity really, Lily and James would have...."
"Lily hated Umbridge, and would yank Harry out of school so fast his head would spin if Umbridge became a teacher when Harry as here," McGonagall said. "Along with hexing you for allowing it."

Dumbledore swallowed and Snape sagely nodded.

Umbridge had been in a foul mood. Two dementors, reduced to nothing but ash, had been a bother. Especially since she sent them after Harry Potter in an attempt to either de-soul him or get him expelled. Unfortunately, Umbridge could not figure out how the dementors had been reduced to smoldering ash. It would take some kind of heat vision or something like that, but the entire thing was just not possible.

And the fact the Dementor remains were found on the property of one Amelia Bones made Umbridge's life a bit more tricky. Amelia was one of the few people in the Ministry Umbridge could not blackmail or was not corrupt at all and oh boy, did that gall her.

Umbridge returned to Hogwarts and noticed something peculiar.

"Professor McGonagall," Umbridge said in her sickly voice.

Minerva cringed and turned to Umbridge.

"Yes, Professor Umbridge."

Using the term Professor connected to the Pepto Toad, and Wade's description of her was oddly appropriate, made Minerva sick as a dog.

"I was looking at the fifth year register, and I noticed two students missing," Umbridge said. "First of all, what happened to a Ms…..Sally-Anne Perks?"

"She went away to visit a sick aunt in Colorado," Minerva said. "You know, in the United States...the paperwork must have not been filed properly for the Board of Governors."

"But, surely she should not be visiting her aunt since before her second year?" Umbridge asked.

Minerva just shrugged. The mysterious disappearance of Sally-Anne Perks had been a weird one. Minerva only knew the official story, given by Dumbledore to the Board. But, they did not need any strangeness on their hands.

"And where is Harry Potter?"

"He dropped out of Hogwarts," Minerva said.

"What do you mean dropped out?"

"He left school," Minerva said. "He elected to do his studies elsewhere. He decided no longer to attend class….in fact, I have his resignation note right here."

Umbridge fumed. How dare Harry Potter leave Hogwarts? How dare he? How dare he leave Hogwarts before she could expel him, or at least make his life miserable? Thoughts of making Harry Potter attend detention night after night, carving lines in his hand with her special quill, and then Umbridge furiously masturbating herself to sleep afterwards, faded. Oh, she would torture this little boy, and show him his proper place, oh yes she would.

But, her buzz, and her pleasure had been killed. Now, she had two dead dementors and her legacy at Hogwarts had been tarnished by Harry Potter leaving because of her, before she could properly
disgrace the Boy-Who-Lived. People would talk, letters would be sent out. Umbridge had to act fast, she needed to create a letter filtering ward around Hogwarts, stop all outgoing mail mentioning news about what she was doing about Hogwarts. She would need to draft educational degrees, to make sure staying at Hogwarts over the holidays was mandatory, hell summer as well. The full seven years, they would be here under Umbridge's watchful eye, and they would be prepared to work at the Ministry.

They would all be loyal to her, and Umbridge would have an entire generation working for her at the Ministry of Magic, while she trained more and made sure they were Ministry-Ready. Oh, she would be the best Minister of Magic ever, because everyone would love her.

Umbridge almost exploded after properly reading the letter.

"HOW DARE THAT….THAT…..BRAT DO SOMETHING LIKE THIS? He called me a deplorable woman. That's it, isn't he? He doesn't respect me as the Defense Against the Dark Arts teacher because I'm a woman...and because I'm a woman, and he's a man, he thinks he can talk to me like that."

Dolores Umbridge was a very powerful woman in the Ministry and Harry Potter should show her some respect. She got where she did by playing the game and knowing where all of the goblin porn had been buried.

"Oh, I was under the impression that Harry Potter did respect me as a teacher....." 

Despite having a testimonial from a respected member of Hogwarts staff Harry Potter did not leave school because Umbridge was a woman, rather because he disagreed with Umbridge's rule changes, she still fumed.

"The Patriarchy, this is what it is, the Patriarchy at work!" Umbridge shouted. "Because, of Potter's Muggle relatives, he thinks he can get away with that. Well, we'll show them all, I'll show them that my way works. We'll show him that it's my time to shine. It's my turn to be in charge. MY TURN!"

Minerva calmly wiped the saliva off of her face.

"Dolores, would you like a sedative?" Minerva asked.

"No, no, this disgusting little boy...how dare he mock me in such a matter?" Umbridge asked. "He called me deplorable, because I'm a woman."

Minerva was very confident Dolores Umbridge would be very deplorable as a man as well.

Umbridge stormed down the hallway. She had been laughed at all the way up in the Ministry, but then, the same people who laughed at her now answered to her. And one day, Harry Potter would bend at the knee to her.

She had power. She had influence, gold, and power beyond all measure. Dolores Umbridge could grab any wizard by the balls and get away with it.

Deadpool poked his head out of the bathroom stall.

"It appears that our new Defense Against the Dark Arts teacher is...rather dismayed with Harry Potter's departure," Minerva said. "She has taken offense to his….calling her a deplorable woman."

"Well, some people can't handle the truth," Deadpool said.
Minerva shook her head. People hiding behind their gender to avoid criticism, no matter what the gender was, it made Minerva nauseous. And Umbridge showed herself to be the type of person who would shut down any conversation by saying that people were arguing against her just because she was a woman.

"It's going to be one of those years," Wade said. "I can already tell. Now what to do with Umbridge?"

'I vote for disembowelment!' Voldemort cheerfully stated.

'Yes, yes, disembowel her,' Voldemort said, trying to disguise his voice to sound like another voice.

'Gut her, gut her,' a deeper Voldemort voice yelled.

'I gree with the Dark Lord, carve her into Haggis,' Voldemort said in a really bad Scottish accent.

Deadpool chuckled, amused by how Voldemort seemed to just take to the insanity in his head, amongst the other voices.

'One of us, one of us,' chanted the other voices in Deadpool's head.

Hogwarts started Deadpool's fifth year of working the toilets and cleaning the floors of Umbridge. He walked past the office, to hear Umbridge scribbling away furiously. Either writing an angry letter towards Fudge, complaining about how awful Harry Potter was to the Minister, or perhaps composing some kind or riveting speech.

It was kind of amusing Umbridge overlooked the fact Harry Potter knew fifty-three different women who could pick up Hogwarts and hurl it into the sun.

Only replace castle with her.

To Be Continued.
Chapter 56

"I will also announce that the Forbidden Forest is, as the name implies, strictly forbidden, and off limits," Dumbledore said during his usual pre-Hogwarts speech. "And also, the post of Hogwarts Grief Counselor has been abolished due to lack of interest."

Several people furiously murmured. They had been very disappointed. Wade had been among them, but the Ministry just had to throw their weight around at the worst possible time. And given how he was on probation, Wade had to pick the hills he was willing to die on.

A Very Useful Idiot.

"And I am proud to announce, the new Defense Against the Dark Arts teacher, Professor Dolores Umbridge."

The sounds of the Great Hall were rather dull. Then again, when you had to follow up a living legend like Mad-Eye Moody, perhaps one could cut the lack of reaction a little bit of slack.

Umbridge just stood up with a smile. She prepared to give a speech.

"Thank you, and it's good to be at Hogwarts. And to see such wonderful, young, and fresh faces just standing out before me and smiling. I hope that over the next many years, we can be such good friends."

'Well, there's one good thing that's going to happen this year, even if we don't kill her,' Voldemort said. 'She will be dead because of the curse. Or maimed or otherwise disgraced. Or mentally traumatized for life.'

'How did you manage to curse a teaching position anyway?' Deadpool asked. 'And what is stopping Dumbledore from establishing a new class which is a similar branch of magic, and underneath a new game, but it so not totally Defense Against the Dark Arts. Like call it the Counter to the Black Magic, or something along those lines?'

'Well, first, it's magic, so I don't have to explain it.'

'Of course it is.'

'And secondly, Dumbledore is too stubborn and too prideful to make such a change,' Voldemort thought. 'He is unable to rock the status quo, unable to make any kind of lasting change. Therefore, he will not do the simplest thing possible, oh no, I know this about Albus Dumbledore. He makes convoluted, mind-numbingly complex plans, when he could just go for the simplest solution possible.'

'Well, if that isn't the pot calling the kettle black.'

The voices inside Deadpool's head went silent, which meant he would have to listen to Umbridge. A real pity.

"And we intend to fix that fragmented education, and purge problematic practice," Umbridge said. "We are not teaching just defense against the darkest of creatures, the darkest of magic, but we are building you into responsible citizens, to shield you from lies. Therefore, I will teach you how to
defend yourself against the darkest of magic, but to also avoid such conflict which would put you in the crosshairs of those who would do your harm, by putting your faith into the Ministry. We are here to help you, and we are a well-run government, despite what those who want to peddle alternative facts."

A long pause and a few people looked ready to dull off.

"Hogwarts has been fragmented, fractured, and you over the past many years have been left confused….."

"WHERE IS HARRY POTTER?"

These screams caused Umbridge to break her concentration.

"Harry Potter is a nasty little boy who thinks himself to be above the hard work and diligence and the rules imposed by the Ministry," Umbridge said. "But, I can assure you, it will lead him to a sticky end."

Deadpool giggled underneath his breath.

'Although maybe not the sticky end you're thinking of; Pepto Toad,' Deadpool said. 'But, yes, with this author, you just know Harry Potter will have many, many sticky ends.'

"Regardless, I am not here to talk about a raging misogynistic, like Harry Potter, who had been raised by his magic-phobic aunt and uncle," Umbridge said. "I am going to talk about the future of Hogwarts. I will make this school into something again. I am going to ensure that all teachers are held up to the standards that the Ministry of Magic want to see for their educators."

'So, mediocre it is then,' Deadpool said.

"I will ensure that everything will change in Hogwarts, and I will in fact make Hogwarts G…."

'Oh no.'

Deadpool had to take drastic action in the only way he could. He threw a roll across the table and beamed a random Hufflepuff in the head. With a disguised voice, he yelled.

"FOOD FIGHT!"

And the reference to something in the real world had been avoided, and the disaterious subject of politics as well. Food went flying and Umbridge's attempts to restore order fell to the wayside. Mostly because she got drenched with an entire boat of gravy.

The food fight went on until Dumbledore, McGonagall, and Snape had finally restored order. Not before Umbridge was dripping with food, sloppy, and angry.

"Once I find out who started this Food Fight, they will pay," Umbridge said.

Snape locked eyes with Wade, who just whistled nonchalantly. Still, Wade knew that Snape knew, and Snape knew that Wade knew.

The house elves cleaned up the mess, along with a very surly Filch, who cursed the day that he had ever wanted to go into this job. He started this job, bright-eyed, and excited to be somewhat near the magic he had been denied. However, the years had turned him into the bitter old cuss he was today.
Filch, days later, walked down the hallways of a bit of a good mood. He bumped into Wade, who had been trying to clean some very suspect looking stains off of the walls.

"So, she's amazing, isn't she?" Filch asked.

'Yeah, one of a kind," Wade said.

"So, I think that I might have a chance with her, you know if I play my cards right," Filch said. "You know, she's all woman."

"Yeah, she's great," Wade said absent minded tone of a voice.

The fumes of the cleaning products caused Wade to get a bit dizzy.

"So, I would hit it if I could," Filch said. "That Umbridge, she's a heck of a gal."

Wade's lunch raced up his throat when he realized who Filch had been talking about. He coughed a couple more times and turned around.

"It won't work," Wade said. "I mean, she's...she's a pureblood supremacist, and you are a squib."

It was the mark of how serious Wade was, because he did not call a squib a squid.

"But, the Filch line is one of...well mostly of prostitute and pirates, but at least we're blood pure," Filch said. "Pretty sure. There was great Uncle Morty, but we don't talk about him that often. He isn't allowed in any public restroom again."

Well, to be fair, that was not a bad thing necessarily.

"And besides, I have magic in other ways, if you catch my drift," Filch said. "The wand that counts has a few more sparks in it, if you know what I'm saying."

"I know what you're saying and I wish I didn't....ah bleach, my old friend how I missed you?"

Deadpool opened up the bleach and prepared to drink it, but paused.

"Kids, don't drink bleach, under any circumstances, and don't accept rides from strangers, no matter how good their candy is," Deadpool said. "But...."

A fuming Hermione Granger stormed out of hallway. One could see Hermione was a bit upset.

"So, problem?" Deadpool asked.

"That woman is the problem," Hermione said. "This is OWL year. O W L, year, and she's not teaching practical magic. She says that if you know the theory, you can perform any practical magic, and that's bollocks, and even I know that."

Hermione took a deep breath and looked agitated.

"I'm wanted Straight Os, and in the good clean way, I swear," Hermione said. "But this woman...just something about her.....she really...grinds my gears!"

"And Filch has the hots for her."

Hermione blanched and did not want to even think of the poor children. She eyed the bleach, as if contemplating the merits of it, but decided against it.
"What am I supposed to do, Mr. Wilson?" Hermione asked. "She's tanking our education, just because Fudge has a hair up his bum that Dumbledore is a bronicorn. I mean, lots of little boys like My Precious Unicorn, and the comic books are....not too bad. A bit sugary, but they have some good life lessons, and strong characterization...not that I've ever read them, because I'm above reading comic books."

Wade was sad to hear about a closet comic book fan in denial.

"I know you're no longer the Hogwarts Grief Counselor, but I just needed to get something off of my chest," Hermione said. "And....I don't know what to do. She already threw Colin Creevey in detention for the next week for defending himself against Warrington, and then....I don't know, her zero-tolerance policies....it's going to end badly. It hasn't worked in Muggle schools, only bred resentment among the student body. I mean, they're only implemented to shut up a bunch of litigious parents."

"Well, you could ask Harry Potter to create a covert Defense Against the Dark arts study group, but considering he's gone, I'm afraid we can't do that," Deadpool said.

"Maybe I can do it," Hermione said. "I mean, I read books. I know things. Maybe I can teach."

"Teaching is a lot more than knowing things," Deadpool said seriously. "It's a lot more than having a Ministry certification. It's a lot more than just what you know. It's how you can impart it, along with the love of learning to others. How you can make students care about the material you're teaching. How you can bring it alive, and how you can make it utterly magical, even when it's not a magical school. How you can leave a lasting impression and guide them to a bright future."

'That was oddly inspiring,' Voldemort thought.

"You're...you're right," Hermione said. "But, Umbridge is none of those things. She will make everyone hate her class, by forcing them to read that book. I mean, honestly, how could that woman ever think she is qualified to teach one of the core subjects at Hogwarts?"

"You be besmirching the name of M'Lady Umbridge?"

As if on cue, the White Knight made an unwanted return. Wade took a half of a step back.

"You should not disgrace the name of such a fair maiden," the White Knight said. "She might not be as appealing on the eyes, as someone of yourself. A girl of privilege, with your fair skin, and good looks. You should check your privilege, and know that just because Umbridge does not fit society's standards for beauty, does not mean you need to shame her, and shaming her because she's a woman, such shame you have. Much like that utterly appalling and awful Harry Potter, who dared leave Hogwarts in disgust for a woman teaching. I think it's high time that there's more female representation in this school."

"Professor McGonagall, Professor Sprout, Professor Vector, Professor Sinistra, Professor Burbage, Professor Babbling," Hermione. "There's plenty of capable female teachers....."

"As I was saying, it is high time there is more female representation within the teaching staff in Hogwarts," the White Knight said as if he did not hear Hermione. "And you need to be more respectful to her just because you do not find her looks to be appealing."

"You know for someone who is for defending those who you think are oppressed, you sure are pretty fixated on Umbridge's looks," Wade said.

"HEM, HEM!"
Umbridge appeared around the corner and Hermione blanched.

"M'lady, this one decided to cast doubts, on your subject, because you are a woman," the White Knight said.

"You idiot I.…"

"Miss Granger, do you have a problem with the way I teach?" Umbridge asked.

"Well, to be honest, Lockhart might have been a charlatan, but he was more capable than you were," Hermione said.

Umbridge narrowed her eyes.

"Ah, because he was a man," Umbridge said. "It's always the Muggleborns, who have been fed these filthy little thoughts about how a woman is never as capable a man was. And you, Miss Granger, know nothing beyond your little books. Who among us is the Certified Ministry Approved Educational Expert?"

"Actually, I have one, the certificates aren't that hard to…..MMMPPH!"

"Mr. Wilson, that's quite enough," Umbridge said.

Umbridge magically sewed Wade's mouth shut, yet again. Wade threw his head back.

'Not again!' once of the voices in Wade's head.

'Well, it's just like the government to censor dissenting voices.'

'That's the current year for you.'

"We can discuss your intolerant attitude in my office for the next week. Miss Granger," Umbridge said. "You will learn that your type of hate speech is not permitted in this school. I think the message can sink in just a little bit more."

Umbridge turned her attention to a silenced Wade.

"Oh, and your job is to clean the floors, the toilets, and anything else that I deem fit, and not give advice to students," Umbridge said. "And you should remember that, because the moment I find a way to void whatever contract Dumbledore made that is keeping someone like you in this school, you will be gone."

Deadpool glared at Umbridge.

'Boil her in oil, skin her alive,' Voldemort chanted.

Umbridge gave a grandmotherly smile to the White Knight.

"And what is your name, young man?"

"I just be a White Knight, patrolling the schools of Hogwarts, and correcting injustice," The White Knight said. "I can't stand by and allow anyone besmirch the good name of such a fine and upstanding, gorgeous lady such yourself."

Umbridge giggled. The bile could not escape Wade's mouth. He would choke to death on his own vomit and likely come back to life at the rate they were going.
"Well, such a strong, a sturdy, and a brave young man," Umbridge said. "I think you can help me clean up Hogwarts and make it a less toxic environment. How would you like to help me stop injustice?"

"Tis, be an honor, my fair lady," the White Knight said.

Umbridge smiled. This young man was what people in the government called a useful idiot. And this idiot would be very useful for Umbridge's plans. To gain control, one most eliminate any patterns of thinking which would be counterproductive to the Ministry's line of thought.

"Lovely. We can make Hogwarts G…"

A urinal cake whizzed through the air and smacked Umbridge in the face. A cackling Peeves zipped by.

"Pepto Toad and Filchy sitting in a bed. F-U-C-K-I-N-G! First comes sex, then comes the bastard, then comes Filchy working at Hogwarts for the rest of his life to pay his child support because the toad wouldn't be his wife because he be a dirty little squib…..WEEE!"

Umbridge cursed at that pestering poltergeist. She would not rest until he was gone. Umbridge scrambled up the hallway.

Deadpool ripped the stitches out of his mouth and the slow and painful healing process began.

Time to engage in Bugs Bunny mode.

"Of course you realize, this means war."

To Be Continued.
Umbridge's Toadally Ribbiteting Day.

The Pepto Toad made her mark on Hogwarts School of Witchcraft and Wizardry. Never, in all of the years, had there been a less popular Defense Against the Dark Arts teacher. The rules she suggested, and had been implemented with the blessing of the Board of Governors had been less popular. Some asshole purebloods abused the rules to get Muggleborns in trouble. Any attempt to defend one's self had been translated into a fight.

The newest decree caused Dolores Umbridge to be named the High Inquisitor of Hogwarts School of Witchcraft and Wizardry. Which, Wade severely doubted meant Umbridge was going to smoke a lot of pot and start quoting Monty Python, although it would be wide.

Regardless, Wade had stewed for the past couple of weeks, trying to figure out what to do to Umbridge. The opportunity presented itself.

"Mr. Wilson, a word."

Oh, Umbridge really did know how to piss people off, by existing. That sweet demeanor made Deadpool want to wretch. She had the kind utterly fake demeanor.

"As you might know, I am now the Hogwarts High Inquisitor, and it is my job to inspect to make sure the staff members of this school are up to capabilities,' Umbridge said. "While, you are Filch's assistant, I still must assess whether or not you're capable of teaching at this fine establishment. A few of your colleagues, are presently on the bubble, and I hope you would not give me any reason...well you're on probation."

Wade knew it had been Hagrid and Trelawney, who did not do well with Umbridge's examinations.

"So, how are you going to inspect me?" Wade asked.

"Just go about your daily duties, Mr. Wilson."

Wade made his way to the bathroom. It had been chili night at Hogwarts, and thus the bathrooms had been more rank than usual. Deadpool took out his trusty plunger and other cleaning supplies, and got to work.

"HEM, HEM!"

"I've got some Halls here, if you're in need of a cough drop," Deadpool said.

"This matter of cleaning a toilet, is most inefficient," Umbridge said.

"Well, what would you do?" Deadpool asked. "Would you just summon a house elf to do the job?"

"Hmm, well now that you mention it, I do wonder why there is a caretaker at Hogwarts, doesn't make much sense, does it?" Umbridge asked. "Because, house elves could do the job quite nicely."

"Yes, I'm sure they can," Wade said. "And the house elves are also far more qualified to teach than you are as well."

Umbridge's eyes narrowed.
"You don't want me as your enemy, Mr. Wilson," Umbridge said.

"Oh, Pepto Toad, trust me, it's much, much too late for that," Deadpool said. "But, since you are an educator, a Ministry-Certified Educational expert, perhaps you could show me how to properly clean a toilet. Although, I don't think you can...not without using your stubby little wand."

"My wand is not stubby!" Umbridge shrieked. "Do you think that having a smaller wand means that I'm less capable of a witch? Just because I have the smallest wand doesn't mean I'm less of a woman!"

"Yeah, you want to show me how you do that toilet, without magic," Wade said. "I mean, I'm sure if I asked Harry Potter, he could do it. If he was here."

Umbridge tossed her wand down to the side and rolled up her sleeves. She took the bucket, the brush, and the plunger, and mumbled something underneath her breath.

Wade stood back and waited.

'Three, two, one.'

As Umbridge was bent over the toilet, Peeves the Poltergeist kicked her in the ass and sent Umbridge flying head first into the toilet.

"Swirlie time, wheee!"

Peeves repeatedly flushed the toilet. He picked up a plunger and put it on Umbridge's ass and plunged her up and down, causing disgusting toilet water to spurt all over the bathroom. Peeves rocked back and forth and plunged Umbridge, repeatedly.

The screams echoed as Peeves continued to plunge into Umbridge from behind.

'That can be taken the wrong way.'

"Sorry, Dolores, can't help you," Wade said. "Because, as you made clear, my job is to be a Deputy Caretaker of Magical Sanitation, and I can't really help anyone, after all. So, I guess I'll be moving on."

Umbridge gargled on the toilet water until the pipes underneath her finally burst and showered Umbridge with raw sewage. Peeves rushed in and pelted toilet paper at Umbridge.

"Please keep off of the grass….shine your shoes wipe your…..FACE!" Peeves cackled as he kept throwing toilet paper and urinal cakes at Umbridge before he dumped a bucket of soapy water over her.

Dolores Umbridge coughed, reeking of sewage, and slipping and sliding on the floor. Wade whistled, and returned, to clean up around Umbridge, not even bothering to help her up. Because, as Umbridge said, it was not her job to help.

Umbridge finally broke down in tears and crawled for her wand. Unfortunately, her cleaning spells were not adequate enough to get the stench off of her.

She would have to shower for days just to be pristine again.

In a towering rage, Dolores Umbridge entered the Great Hall of Hogwarts School of Witchcraft and Wizardry, her mood had not been improved.
Several toads lined up in a row in the midst of the Great Hall. The teachers at staff table, ate their food, as if this had been an uninteresting sight.

The toads all looked up at Umbridge on at a time and started croaking, in the same way of the old Budweiser commerical, "Pep-To Toad Pep-to Toad. Pep-to Toad." Over and over again. Umbridge started to shake.

"It's sweet your family swung by for a visit, Dolores," Dumbledore said in his usual innocent way, although there was a twinkle in his eyes.

Umbridge shook madly. How dare she be compared to a filthy creature like a toad which walled in it's own muck and filth? She was not a toad, she was not a toad, she was not a toad.

"YOU!" Umbridge snapped.

"Yes?" Wade asked.

"You did this!" Umbridge yelled.

"Calm down, Dee, or you might croak," Deadpool said with a chuckle. "Don't go...hopping about all mad. I didn't do this...because you know I don't have magic."

Sure Wade might have mentioned something to Dobby, who told it to Luna, who mentioned it to Hermione, who told the Weasley Twins they really should not do something like this because they would get in trouble. Thus ensuring they would do such a thing. But, Wade could not help if other people passed along things he mentioned off hand.

"Well, Professor Umbridge," McGonagall said. "Should be a simple enough vanishing spell. I would trust that you know it, being a Certified Ministry-Approved Educational Expert. But, I don't have the authority that you do, being a mere Transfiguration teacher."

"Fine, I'll get rid of them."

'And three, two, one.'

The first vanishing charm caused the toads to double. The second caused them to triple. Like the politician Umbridge was, she performed the third vanishing spell and the explosion of toads shot out. All of them leaping on her body and burying her underneath a sea of toads.

Peeves zipped out and cackled while playing a Banjo while the toads bounced up and down on Umbridge.

"Talk about keeping in the family!" Peeves yelled.

Peeves played the Banjo and Luna played with him the Kazoo. The two jammed for several minutes, with Dumbledore humming and bee-bopping his head to the music to get a bemused look from Snape.

"What, it's catchy," Dumbledore said. "And I suppose I better help Umbridge....sorry Professor Pepto...I mean Umbridge."

Dumbledore flicked his wand and the toads vanished. Umbridge had been covered in mucous, slime, and other byproducts. Oh, she had been dripping wet and her entire body just reeked. She pulled herself up.
"I want...everyone to know...that....whoever did this...will be punished," Umbridge gasped.

She took a step forward and almost slid it off.

"Well, this is a horrible mess," Dumbledore said. "Dobby."

Dobby appeared, dress in a firefighter's outfit. The house elf's outfit resulted several wolf whistles and cat calls, although ninety-percent of them were from Peeves.

'**Hmm, I'll ship it.**' Deadpool thought.

A large firehose appeared and Dobby sprayed down Umbridge. Dobby's giant hose spurted all over Umbridge and made her all wet. She had been slipping and sliding, but at least she was squeaky clean.

Umbridge turned and stormed off. Obviously going to write more educational decrees or something.

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All, Umbridge wanted to do was return to her office, and figure out how to best punish these naughty little rule breakers.

She entered her office. All of her cat plates had been replaced by plates which resembled toads. Her rage continued when her desk had been transfigured into a giant lily pad. And every mirror she looked into reflected the image of a giant toad.

"**I AM NOT A TOAD!**"

Once she found these rulebreakers, they would be punished so hard that blood would be dripping from their orifices.

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**To Be Continued.**
More weeks passed and Umbridge had been the victim of several more misfortunes. Unfortunately, she had not come close to breaking just yet. But, Wade could see every time something happened Umbridge reacted by putting together more educational decrees to impose more rules.

'So, does she realize that the more freedom she takes away in the name of security, the more resentment she breeds among the students, and the more blowback she gets?' Wade asked to the voices in his head.

'Obviously, she's a dense woman who doesn't realize it at all,' another voice commented. 'Because, she's under the mistaken impression she could find a way to get rid of Peeves...and the more order she imposes, the more chaotic he gets.'

'The natural balance really,' another voice said.

'Tyrants always double down to regain control,' another voice concluded.

Umbridge made her way down the hallway, setting up some rune stones. Wade observed Umbridge, with amusement. And Filch, walked up behind him.

"So, I'll ask, what is she doing?" Wade asked.

"She's putting up a trap to get Peeves," Filch said. "Don't think it's going to work, but hey, it's worth a shot. I would be more than glad to see the back of the Poltergeist. Always thought Dumbledore should have expelled him from this school years ago."

Oh, Wade thought that might not be possible. Poltergeists, being the chaotic instruments were, had been drawn to areas which had many opportunities of mischief. Peeves had been the world's most prominent and prolific Poltergeist for one very clear reason.

A certain Dark Lord, who now resided in Deadpool's head, summed up things in the most succulent manner.

'The Poltergeist is drawn to the chaos, and she's creating even more by imposing her order,' Voldemort said. 'She's creating all of the ingredients to make Peeves thrive in this environment. Not that a school of magic which has stood for over a thousand years has its chaos.'

A loud drip, drip, drip, before the hallways flooded could be heard. All of the taps in the school had been unscrewed and thus the hallways been flooded.

"Curse you Peeves the Poltergeist!"

"How very Doofenshmirtz of you, Filchy."

Filch ran off in the direction, slipping and sliding all over the soapy hallways. He cursed a blue streak. It had been sad. Even sadder was Umbridge setting up this Poltergeist trap. Whoever, sold Umbridge this trap, fleeced her out of her gold. It would work about as well as Acme Products worked for Wile E. Coyote.
"It's done," Umbridge said.

She took three steps forward only for green slime to be released from the ceiling and cover Umbridge. She spat at the slime and reached for her wand, where Peeves hovered above the ground.

"Slimy Pepto Toad, Slimy Pepto Toad, Slimy Pepto Toad!" Peeves chanted. "Slimy Toad is very slimy…..WEEE!"

Oh, Wade had been the victim of Peeves and his chaos a few times before. Umbridge turned her wand, only to have it slide out of her hands. She staggered back right into the Poltergeist trap. The runes sizzled and trapped Umbridge in a glowing gold bubble.

"I don't understand!" Umbridge shouted. "This trap was supposed to trap the one causing all of the damage to Hogwarts!"

Wade did not have the heart to inform Umbridge what was going on. She pounded on the bubble.

"My fair lady!"

The White Knight rushed into battle. Several giggling students moved past.

"Oh, you are trapped, but don't worry I save you, m'lady!"

"Good night, my dear woke Knight!"

Peeves cackled and shoved a large vase over the White Knight's head before giving him a good kick up the keister. Then he swooped up Umbridge's wand and bounced it down the stairs, cackling madly.

Wade moved around Umbridge, mopping up the mess in the floor. Doing his job.

"Wilson, you blithering idiot, do something!"

Wade rose up, and then pulled out a bucket. He mixed a cleaning solution in the bucket and used the rag to wipe down the walls around Umbridge. Wade de-gooed everything around them, except for the woman herself. Umbridge swore, and pounded the golden magical bubble, which trapped her. And what was worse, Peeves ran off with her wand.

"You have to get someone to save me."

"Sorry, Professor, but I'm only allowed to clean," Wade said. "Remember, that was in my job description."

Wade scrubbed the rune stones and walked around Umbridge. The Poltergeist trap obviously not working. Several students walked past.

And what was worse, her useful idiot turned out to be a bit useless, being trapped in an antique vase. And she knew Wilson put Peeves up to it, encouraged him to do all of this. Oh, Umbridge would have him, she would have him indeed.

The White Knight freed himself from the vase. He lifted up his wand.

"Tally-ho!"

The White Knight in his attempt to defend his fair maiden, only made the matters worse. His attempt to extract Umbridge from the rune stone had only trapped him inside of the bubble with the
Hogwarts High Inquisitor. Thus they began thrashing and moving around, their bodies rubbing against each other.

Professor McGonagall showed up in the hallway and came across a visual which made her very disappointed alcohol had been banned from the halls of Hogwarts. She turned around and left.

 Somehow, Umbridge and the White Knight extracted themselves from the bubble. She would be getting money back for that poor trap, because the one who sold it to her, guaranteed it would function properly. The Professor walked down to the corridors, and towards the kitchens. She had been told that Wilson had been last seen there. After managing to extract her wand from the ceiling, and showered a dozen or more times, Umbridge returned to the prowl. With the White Knight, her useful useless idiot, following her.

Just nothing other than a bunch of filthy house elves. And one goblin, dressed as a house elf. Umbridge wondered what the hell was going on, so she decided to investigate it.

"What in the devil is that?" Umbridge asked.

Dobby closed his eyes. Oh, that woman was here. He preyed this woman would never visit their fine kitchens.

"That is Jahndo," Dobby said.

"He is a goblin," Umbridge spat. "What is a goblin doing in the kitchens of Hogwarts?"

"No, Professor Pepto, you must be mistaken," Dobby said. "Joando is a house elf."

"That is a goblin, you filthy little monkey!" Umbridge yelled.

"Dobby is not too pleased with your microaggressions, miss," Dobby sternly said.

From the shadows, Wade observed the situation, having helped himself to several snacks. He would say he swiped it, but you can't swipe anything house elves would give away.

'Micro-aggression, is that Hank Pym's new name? ' Wade asked.

'Either that, or some midget professional wrestler?'

'Can you call little people midgets in the current year?'

'Can you call anyone anything in the current year?'

"Now, M'Lady, I believe that this is a situation which you'll being unfair," the White Knight said. "You are assuming Jahndo's species, which is a grievous, grievous offense."

"Yes, and it's obvious to anyone with eyes, Jahndo is a house elf, and he is a very brave house elf," Dobby said. "Isn't that right?"

All of the house elves nodded. Umbridge locked her eyes on Winky, who had been sliding around on a stool, and obviously drunk.

"Alcohol is forbidden in Hogwarts."

"Forbidden among all people in Hogwarts," Dobby corrected her. "Dobby has heard you go on record stating that house elves are not human, and thus not people, and do not deserve rights.
Therefore house elves are not peoples, therefore they can be drinking booze."

Umbridge did say that, and Dobby had a smile which read "Checkmate Bitch."

"But, you wear clothes which humans do," The White Knight said. "I will not stand for any kind of cultural appropriation, no sir, it is grievously offensive."

"Dobby thinks sir might be overcompensating for being prejudiced himself," Dobby said.

The White Knight look aghast and ashamed.

"But, it means that Jahndo is taking advantage of such of the rich house elf culture, then with this...cultural appropriation," Umbridge said. "And therefore, steps would be taken to correct this appropriation."

"But, Pepto Toad…."

"STOP CALLING ME THAT!" Umbridge yelled. "That name is been banned from Hogwarts."

"By all students and staff, which are people, and Dobby just got through explaining to you that house elves are not people because you be saying that they're not people," Dobby said. "Dobby, thinks for a teacher, Professor Pepto is a little bit slow in comprehending information."

"Listen here, boy," Umbridge said.

"It's racist to call people boy," The White Knight said somberly.

"Did you talk over me as a woman?" Umbridge curtly asked.

The White Knight's head had throbbed. His brain had been taxed. If he had called out Umbridge's racism, he would be speaking against her as a woman. But if he did not speak against her racism, then he would be enabling her behavior as a racist. But if he spoke against her racism, he would be talking down to her as a woman. It was so confusing, so many conflicting thoughts.

Umbridge blasted across the room. Dobby, ducked, but the spell hit Jahndo and caused him to strike up against the wall, ramming head first.

"That's going to have some consequences, isn't it?' Deadpool asked.

'If I know anything about how head injuries work in fiction, yes.'

Umbridge would have went back to smite Dobby again, if not for Peeves showing up and practically slamming Umbridge face-first into a conveniently placed cake. Umbridge choked up the cake.

Oh, Coconut, she was allergic to coconut!

"Jahndo, Jahndo, speak to me."

"MI-MI-MI-Mi-MI-MI-MI-MI!"

Wade rushed over, to clean up the mess around Umbridge. Umbridge stormed from the kitchen, ready to go after Peeves.

"What is going on?" a random house elf asked.

"Well, if Hollywood has taught me anything, a good amount of head trauma can reverse amnesia,"
Deadpool said.

'Oh yes, I am back.

But this toad should get the sack.

At once I thought everything in this school should be mine.

My brain is back as it should be, but we have a common enemy, it is now fine.

For she has ruined this school.

For the Pepto Toad is such a fool.

I will not rest, I will be not pause.

Until that toad is ran out of the school to great applause.

For I am back, and I will not do things by the book.

Not Jahndo, but Captain Griphook.

But, we have an alliance, we just have to try.

To banish the toad, or at least force her to die.'

'Goblin is onto something,' Voldemort thought approvingly.

A group of upper year Slytherin students appeared, and Draco Malfoy called them to a meeting.

"Everyone, we all cheered Umbridge when she came to Hogwarts, right? Malfoy asked.

They all nodded.

"She made the Mudbloods and the blood traitors, well she made their lives a little bit more difficult, and someone, Dumbledore will be retired by her," Draco said. "But, she's made a mistake. My father has always said you should judge a wizard or a witch by the company they keep. And the company she keeps is questionable at best. The White Knight."

The Slytherins around them booed and hissed.

"The White Knight claims he is a champion of social justice, a champion of virtue. But, he is masking his own shortcomings and prejudices, by yelling loud from the skies about how intolerant others are. He proves how ugly he truly is inside by how he treats those he claims to be defending."

"He called me fat!" Pansy screeched.

"He said I was nothing more than a dog," Blaise said.

"He called me ugly!" Pansy shouted.

"He assumed my gender," Goyle said in a rumbling voice.

"He implied I was a slut!" Pansy shrieked.

"He breathed in the same air I breathed in!" another Slytherin yelled. "That's oxygen rape!"
Everyone looked at the Slytherin.

"OXYGEN RAPE! REEE!"

"He called me fat!" Pansy yelled again.

The Slytherins all murmured to themselves. Draco could not help but smirk. They were eating out of the palm of his hand, as it should be.

"Amongst all of his signalling of how he's a champion of purity, the White Knight has shown time and time again just what an intolerant individual is," Draco said. "And he pretends like he's tolerant, he's inclusive, he's progressive, but he is none of these things. He is nothing but a coward, and he must be exposed. We must expose him. He hides behind a mask, showing what a coward he is. Because, he is not brave, but rather he wants to say what he wishes, without any fear of consequences. He will only speak out when his true face is hidden. Is that bravery?"

"NO!" everyone chanted.

Draco broke out into a smile.

"But, I have a plan," Draco said. "And I want his mask, ripped completely off, exposing his lying, hypocritical face to the world. Someone take the bloody mask off of him, and expose his face to all of Hogwarts. I will pay anyone ten thousand galleons to bring me the mask of the White Knight."

The White Knight had been a marked man. While Umbridge protected him from retribution, she could not do so forever. Draco would make Umbridge see the light and see how she chosen poorly. Draco Malfoy should be her right hand at Hogwarts, for he had a very important father. Not the White Knight.

To Be Continued.
Several months passed into Dolores Umbridge's reign into Hogwarts. Despite numerous individuals trying to stand up to her authority, Umbridge's role as the Hogwarts High Inquisitor, being armed with numerous educational decrees, gave her an unprecedented level of control over her school.

Yet, in secret, there were a group of crusaders who worked tirelessly to work Umbridge's job a little bit more difficult. Umbridge and her subordinate the White Knight, and all of her other supporters, would run afoul this crusading group of individuals who avenged.

But, whatever you do, don't call them Avengers. Because otherwise, Tony Stark would ensure Wade had a nice little chat with She Hulk and not the fun type either. Oh, Wade had been down that road, at least once.

"Defenders...no Crusaders...no that's not right....Marauders...no that's already been taken," Deadpool said. "LIBERATORS LIBERATE!"

The Liberators of Magic appeared up. Naturally, Wade Wilson appeared, along with with the one and only, Dobby the House Elf. Also, Griphook, who had his amnesia reversed thanks to some well-placed head trauma, and had been wanting to sink his teeth into Umbridge. And there was Luna, who was there for Luna reasons, and Hermione, who had been dragged into this mostly against her will.

And last but certainly not least, Draco Malfoy, who would normally be for someone like Umbridge. But, now that Umbridge enlisted the help of that toxic crusader of social justice known as the White Knight, Draco decided to form an unholy union with the Liberators of Magic.

Oh, and there was Voldemort, but he could not be in the physical world.

"Alright, I can't believe it's come to this," Draco said. "We can agree Umbridge has gotten drunk on her own power."

"Imagine that, you give a tyrant a lot of power, and she ends up going mad with it," Hermione said.

"We have a situation....."

"What in the devil are you doing, Wilson?"

Everyone stood up, and Severus Snape appeared. Luna, Hermione, and Draco in particular looked a very nervous at the arrival of the Hogwarts Potions Professor.

"Oh, Severus, you're just in time for the Hogwarts sewing club," Deadpool said.

Snape had little time for Wade Wilson's bullshit on a good day, much less today.

"I know this is a group to brainstorm ideas to get Umbridge out of Hogwarts," Snape said. "Which, I'm not as against as you might think. While her presence has gotten Harry Potter out of this school, where he so scarcely belongs, it also has made our life a lot more difficult. She only cares about Ministry public relations. I have enough problems teaching a group of dunderheads who could barely stand up a cauldron without worrying about people who are inept in running a government."
"You know, if you stopped calling them dunderheads, maybe they would actually do better," Luna said. "You know, a little positive reinforcement never hurt anyone. Would it hurt you to be nice every once and while?"

"Yes,' Snape said. "Very badly...but that's not the point. The point is Umbridge. We need to get her out of this school. Now, I suspect the curse may take hold in a year."

'Yay, or nay?' Deadpool asked.

'Maybe,' Voldemort said. 'The curse has misfortune fall upon the curse of the Defense Against the Dark Arts job. Unfortunately, I can't think of anything more unfortunate than generations of students being saddled with that woman.'

Deadpool figured as much, but he had to check.

"And Dumbledore is being assessed for his competence next week," Snape said.

"But, Professor Dumbledore is plenty competent," Hermione said. "He should have no problem passing any exam, if it is done fairly."

"Miss Granger, for someone so well, you can be so dismally ignorant to how life works sometimes," Snape said. "First, it's not going to be a fair hearing, but Umbridge does not need to bend the rules. Dumbledore has made his share of questionable decisions. He should have stepped down about ten years ago, I fear."

Many people gently and not so gently suggested Albus Dumbledore's time had long passed. He had only stuck around out of fear of Voldemort's return. But with the Dark Lord trapped in the maelstrom of chaos which was Wade Wilson's mind, well the return seemed to be unlikely right now.

"Some people cannot give up what they love that easily," Luna said.

Despite Luna's quirkiness, Snape thought.

"Well, if Dumbledore was any kind of proper Headmaster, a menace like the White Knight should not be allowed to run amuck," Draco commented. "So, maybe if Dumbledore is gone...."

"Umbridge will take over," Hermione said.

"Maybe...maybe not," Wade said.

All of the members of the Liberators of magic turned their attention to Wade, who lightly twiddled his thumbs and hummed in response.

"Do you know something we don't, Wilson?" Snape asked.

"Just practicing my twiddling...."

'Oh, some might think Dumbledore is insane,' Griphook began to sing. 'But, I fear he will remain. No matter how little he might be on the level, better it be the devil we know, then the devil we do not know know. But if he would go, then she will stay. And we cannot allow Umbridge to get her way.'

Griphook's melody had been a little bit off, but hey, it was the thought that counted and that was the only thing that counted in a situation like that.

Regardless, Umbridge was gaining more of a foothold. Fudge had been drunk with power and an overinflated sense of his own self world.
Soon, that filthy, dirty, degenerate Bronicorn will be out of Hogwarts. Fudge would personally want to see Dumbledore's competency hearing. Dear Dolores turned up, along with Dawlish, Fudge's loyal Auror, and Scrimgeour, who Fudge liked to keep an eye on. Because a man like that with high ambitions might lend Fudge a helping hand, only to stab him directly in the back.

Umbridge smiled, a proud woman who could not be controlled by anyone. And soon she would be one step greater than Albus Dumbledore. She would be the Hogwarts Headmaster and the Senior Undersecretary of the Minister of Magic. And maybe, someday, she would be the Minister herself.

Unfortunately, Amelia Bones arrived to make sure this was mostly on the level. If there was one thing which intervened with Dolores Umbridge's plans, was a proud woman who could not be controlled by anyone. Amelia Bones was not to be intimidated by Dolores's reputation.

"So, I trust you have evidence other than Dumbledore's....lifestyle choices," Amelia said.

Fudge responded with an eager nod. "Yes, as someone who has a niece who attends Hogwarts, you should be more than appalled by some more of Albus Dumbledore's questionable actions."

Amelia hated to admit it, but as misplaced as their intentions were, Fudge and Umbridge had a point regarding Dumbledore, although not in the way they thought of it. Dumbledore's last few years had been questionable decision after questionable decision.

"Albus, good for you to have joined us," Fudge said. "Your conduct over the past five years at Hogwarts and some of your staff choices have been...quite unfortunate. Not really up to the standards expected to Hogwarts School of Witchcraft and Wizardry....."

"Hold on, this isn't right!"

The doors swung up and Wade Wilson, dressed in a three piece suit, with a briefcase stepped into the room. Dumbledore raised an eyebrow.

"Wade, what are you...."

"You need someone to defend you and your choices Headmaster," Wade said.

"You mean that you will defend Dumbledore?" Amelia asked. "Are you sure you know anything about being a public defender?"

"Yes, I watched Perry Mason, a couple of times," Wade said. "So, I got the jist of it."

Dumbledore gave a smile although it had been strained. He had a bad idea how this might go.

"Wade, I understand your need to assist, and I'm flattered," Dumbledore said. "However, I can defend myself."

"A fool who defends himself is foolish," Wade said. "Or something along those lines?"

Fudge, snapped his fist off of the table. "Let's get this over with. I don't know why we're even bothering. We know Dumbledore's not competent enough to run a school. This nutter working for Hogwarts is perfect enough."

"That's no way to talk about a strong independent woman like Professor Umbridge, Minister," Wade said.

Umbridge's jaw hung open as if she could not believe such language had been given to her.
Dumbledore's eye twinkled when he caught Wade's.

"He really should get that checked out," Voldemort dryly stated.

"I WAS TALKING ABOUT YOU, YOU….YOU…..YOU!"

Fudge flashed his finger back and forth, pointing at Wade like he was about ready to have a strong. Kingsley Shacklebolt, the sanest and most even-tempered man to ever pick up a wand, grabbed Fudge's shoulder.

"Minister, calm down, you should mind your blood pressure," Shacklebolt said.

"Yes, it's just...this mental case gets on my nerves," Fudge said.

Wade answered with a shrug and the most obvious "who me" look. Fudge took a piece of parchment and shredded it, as if he wished to do the same thing with the Merc.

"You try and come at me, Fat Boy," a rough and tumble Deadpool said.

"Now, let's get to the reason why we're all here," Umbridge said. "Let's go back to five years...where he hired Quirinus Quirrell as the Defense Against the Dark Arts teacher, despite him being a stuttering wreck. And previously, he had been the Muggle Studies Professor. Why would you hire the Muggle Studies teacher to teach Defense Against the Dark Arts teacher? It would be like hiring Hagrid teach Arithmancy."

"Quirrell spent a few years studying, and….well I had other reasons to wish to keep a close eye on him," Dumbledore said.

"Yes, and he went insane from the pressure of dealing with dark creatures that he shouldn't, and magic that the Ministry does not approve of," Umbridge said. "To the point where he believed he was taking orders from He-Who-Must-Not-Be-Named, and attempted to steal the Philosopher's Stone. Which you put behind traps that a trio of first years could get past, I should note."

'So, that's how they're spinning that one,' Voldemort commented.

"Now, that's unfair, that never really happened in this timeline," Wade said.

Umbridge lifted her want and Wade used a copy of Hogwarts: A History to block the stitching spell.

"Mr. Wilson, please be silent," Amelia said. "Yes, Dolores, continue."

"And there was the fact that he hired Gilderoy Lockhart, who got kidnapped by Cornish Pixies, and then brought some....I don't even know what to Hogwarts," Umbridge said. "You managed to stand by while Gilderoy Lockhart got sucked into a vortex, and then the awful woman exploded...."

"Isn't it by your own admission sexist to call women awful?" Deadpool asked.

Umbridge raised her wand, but Amelia blocked the spell.

"Dolores, control yourself," Amelia said. "It was an honest question."

"Regardless, the….Hillbilly Voodoo Queen exploded and the meteor rocks infected goblins who ran amuck on our world," Umbridge said. "And Dumbledore allowed them to rob the Hogwarts students blind."

"They attacked the Ministry as well, and robbed you blind," Wade said. "And stripped you n...."
"NO!" Kingsley, Amelia, and Fudge all screamed at once.

None of them needed a reminder of the day Dolores Umbridge had been forced to wear her birthday suit to work.

"The point is, Dumbledore allowed the goblins to run amuck it this school, and did nothing," Umbridge said. "And then he hired the mastermind behind it and tried to pass him off as a house elf."

'Admittedly, that's a bad look,’ Deadpool commented.

"To be fair, you can't just assume someone's species just by how they look," Dumbledore said. "After all, you could assume a woman was part toad, but that isn't necessarily true."

"I AM NOT A TOAD!" Umbridge croaked.

"Of course, I didn't think of anything of the sort, just saying that you should not judge people by how they look," Dumbledore said. "You know what they say about assumptions."

The Headmaster leaned forward and Umbridge took a load of notes out, causing them to fly everywhere.

"I don't even know why we're doing this, he's obviously not competent to run this entire school," Umbridge said. "The Board of Governors will sign off on it, there's evidence of Dumbledore's raging incompetence. He spent half of the year three years ago fixated with a shiny spinning thing."

"Fidget spinner, thank you," Deadpool said. "Wow, remember those?"

'Um, maybe?' one of the voices in Deadpool's head asked.

"Well, Mr. Wilson, I believe that Dolores Umbridge has made her case against Dumbledore, so...."

"No wait, I have more," Umbridge said. "Let me talk about the fiasco that was the Triwizard Tournament, just one year ago. The event which made an utter mockery out of the Ministry of Magic, and made us the laughing stock of the entire world. Where Albus Dumbledore's security measures allowed not one but two underaged students into the tournament."

"Who did do quite better than the two overage champions I should know," Deadpool said. "Even though one of them was really Lord Voldemort...."

"THAT IS A BOLDFACE LIE AND YOU KNOW IT!"

Umbridge breathed in and out and needed a sedative. It looked to be time for them to take a nice little break before they went onto the events of the previous year and Umbridge's main argument why Dumbledore should be sacked as the Hogwarts Headmaster.

To Be Continued.
"The past three years have had a series of misfortunate mistakes from Dumbledore, but last year, last year cemented Dumbledore's incompetence for the entire world to see," Fudge said. "I can't even begin to talk about it. It was a worse mistake. Worse than hiring this lunatic to be a Magical Grief Counselor."

"Worse than dressing up a toad as your Mistress?" Deadpool asked.

"I'm not a toad!" Umbridge croaked.

'Funny how she designs the toad part, and not the mistress part,' Deadpool thought. 'And...that's a mental imagine absolutely no one in the world needed.'

'No kidding,' Voldemort thought. 'Please. Drink bleach. It may save us both.'

Fudge slapped his bowler hat down on the table. Amelia Bones, impatient with how this devolved into utter and complete Circus, cleared her throat.

"Minister, your case."

"Dumbledore allowed Hogwarts to get two champions and they were underaged," Fudge said. "It made the Ministry look incompetent, and it was only fortunate that thanks to a paperwork miscue, there had been a fourth dragon ordered. Imagine the days of torment I would have to go through, to redo the entire first task, to accommodate the fourth champion. All thanks to Dumbledore not securing the Goblet of Fire."

"I overlooked a few security flaws....."

"And then, you hired that utter nutcase Moody, who claimed that one of the champions was secretly a dead Dark Lord," Umbridge said. And what happened to her? She's dead, isn't she? Because you allowed her to die because Moody attacked her."

Oh, granted, Dumbledore knew this was going to be a hard one to explain.

'Normally, I would be glad to see Dumbledore squirm,' Voldemort drawled. 'But, I can't under any good conscience allow that woman to be satisfied.'

'Wait, you have a good conscience?' Deadpool asked. 'Wait, you have a conscience period?'

"Albus, you did take a vow that you for as long as you remained Headmaster, no student would come to harm while on the school grounds," Amelia said.

She really hated it, hated she had to side with Fudge and Umbridge on something like this.

"Correct, Amelia, he did," Fudge said. "And he allowed werewolves...goblins...voodoo hillbillies...and all kinds of other nonsense. He was very lucky students were not maimed even more. Teachers have gone completely mad and what's worse...he allowed a non-magical to retain gainful employment in this school."

Dumbledore took a long drink of water.
"Admittedly, I've made some mistakes," Dumbledore said. "But, surely, is not being perfect a
crime?"

"I believe we've passed this point, Dumbledore," Fudge said. "At one time, I'm sure many of us
found your eccentricities charming, perhaps a bit endearing at times. Perhaps we got a chuckle or
two out of them...but I believe your time is done. It's for your own good Albus."

"If I may interject," Deadpool said.

Fudge and Umbridge both shot their nasty gaze in Deadpool's direction. Oh, he would interject,
whether or not either of them liked it or not. Wade rose up to his feet.

"At one point, people believed in this man, Albus Dumbledore, to do the best job to help with the
students of Hogwarts," Wade said. "Dumbledore's biggest flaw, is he gives people a chance. He
gives them the opportunity to make the most. I mean, you look at some of Professor Umbridge's rule
changes. Most would dismiss them off hand, due to them being controversial, but Albus Dumbledore
gave them a chance."

"The rules have been a rousing success,' Umbridge smugly said.

"But, with these rules, detentions have increased two hundred percent and point deductions have
increased by three hundred percent?" Wade asked. "One could tell you that adopting a zero tolerance
policy against school violence is doomed to failure."

"Listen, these increases are a fallacy," Umbridge said. "The high levels of disobedience in this school
are because Dumbledore and his staff have not disciplined these children properly. This school is a
hive of degeneration, a cesspool of sexist, and a quagmire of disobedience? These rules have
reeducated these students in how to behave in a proper setting and it will prepare them to be perfect
members of society under the watchful eye of the Ministry."

"Mmm, is it 1984 already?" Wade asked.


Missing the point entirely, but that was par for the course for Albus Dumbledore.

"But, would these rules have even been implemented without the support of Dumbledore and his
staff?" Wade asked.

"These rules would not need to have been implemented if Dumbledore did not take this school
down!" Umbridge snapped. "Especially, with the likes of you...you...you...."

"Would you say that a school's students is a reflection of the administration and the staff?" Wade
asked. "Would you not say that the students are a reflection of the people who are in charge of
school and the people who are teaching?"

Umbridge slammed her hand down onto the table.

"Yes, that's precisely what I'm saying!" Umbridge cried out.

"Well, I want you to look at these," Wade said. "These are the school averages two years ago, under
Remus Lupin as the Defense Against the Dark Arts Teacher and these are the school averages
today...."

Umbridge snatched the papers away, but not before Amelia could get a look at them.
"It's because their teaching has been fractured!" Umbridge cried. "Because Dumbledore can't seem to keep a teacher in this subject for more a year. Because, he can't follow a Ministry approved curriculum."

A flash of light interrupted Umbridge's statement and a weedy looking gentleman appeared at the fireplace. He nervously brushed his hands together, knocking the soot off of them.

"Ah, Carson, from the Hogwarts Board of Governors….we're just speaking about Dumbledore and his competence," Fudge said. "Surely you must have an opinion…."

"Minister, if I may."

Fudge nodded as the weedy looking man pulled at an official looking scroll and coughed when flicking through the paper in front of him.

"The Hogwarts Board of Governors has met," Carson said. "We have gone under numerous decisions made by Albus Dumbledore over the years, both in hiring staff and policy…and he has given his statements earlier this week. However, we feel that it must be for the best, and we insist, Albus Dumbledore retires as the Hogwarts Headmaster, for the sake of the students and the future of the magical world."

"The time has come for me to enjoy a quieter life, I believe," Dumbledore said.

"Wait, Dumbledore, you're stepping down?" Wade asked.

Despite Dumbledore's insanity over the years, this really felt like an end of an era. Wade shed a tear.

'Well, that wasn't the end I was hoping for,' Voldemort thought. 'And Fudge and Umbridge was not hoping for it either.'

"What's your game, Dumbledore?" Fudge asked.

"No game, I can assure you," Dumbledore said. "Mr. Carson and the rest of the Board of Governors is right….my time is done. I have failed the students of Hogwarts, and I fear that I should have seen the light a long time ago. Mr. Potter had been correct when he said I needed to get my shit in order."

"Well, you're done, then Dumbledore," Umbridge said. "I want you out of this office."

"I believe it's tradition for the Hogwarts Headmaster to give a retirement speech," Dumbledore said. "And Dolores, I would think that a woman of your disposition would ensure that some traditions would be followed no matter what."

Umbridge swallowed the lump she had been holding back or perhaps the bile.

"Give your speech Dumbledore," Umbridge said. "But, no funny business."

"Oh, no, my departure is a very grave and serious matter," Dumbledore solemnly replied.

Snape, McGonagall, Flitwick, Sprout, Hagrid, and the rest of staff all lined up. Hagrid bawled like a baby and Dumbledore patted him on the shoulder.

"There, there, Rubeus, everything's going to be okay," Dumbledore said.

"With you gone, that woman will be a tyrant over this school!" Hagrid yelled. "There's no one who is powerful enough to stop her from turning this school. I can't even have a little bit of the bubbly
with her around!"

"It was either I retire in peace or I am kicked out in disgrace," Dumbledore said. "It's darkest before the dawn."

Wade stood up and Dumbledore walked down the line, to shake hands with each of the teachers.

"Severus, I wish you the best of luck," Dumbledore said. "And I release you from our agreement."

"Albus, I….thank you," Snape said.

"Fillus, Pomona…the rest," Dumbledore said shaking hands. "And Minerva….Minerva…."

"Albus, thank you for your years of service," Minerva said. "And may there be mercy on us all with that Umbridge woman running this school."

The teachers filed in and the rest of the students did as well. Dumbledore stopped and turned to Wade.

"So, what's the master plan?" Wade asked. "Because, you're Dumbledore. You have some kind of convoluted scheme up your sleeve to get the better of Umbridge and Fudge. What it is?"

"The party's over Wade."

'So, we're getting fired after he's out of here,' Wade thought. 'Because, there's no way Umbridge is going to keep us gainfully employed.'

Hell of a run really, but if this was the final chapter, Wade intended to go out, standing tall. And he looked at the wicked witch, the Pepto Toad herself. Despite their disobedience against this woman, they failed. They all failed. Hogwarts would be hers, and Umbridge stood taller than ever.

"Albus, it's your time," Umbridge said with a big smile.

"Yes, students of Hogwarts, no doubt many rumors have reached you on this day," Dumbledore said. "The truth is much more fantastic than any fiction. And today, on this day, I will be retiring from Hogwarts."

Some cheers, some boos, mostly surprise. Dumbledore leaned back and several of the students looked at him. Umbridge just smiled.

"I've given some of the best years of my life to Hogwarts," Dumbledore said. "So many promising students over the years. I regret not being able to do this forever. But all good things must come to the end. I thank you all for the honor, and I'm certain that no matter what, my successor will be as beloved as I am."

Umbridge smiled. With Dumbledore out, the decree would be passed which would make her the Hogwarts "Stab her, sort it out in court later,' Voldemort thought.

Dumbledore rose up and most of the hall clapped. Fifteen straight minutes passed as Dumbledore cleared his throat.

"I would like you to with a few parting words," Dumbledore said. "And they are….Nitwit….Blubber….Oddment….Tweak….Founders….Protocol."
Umbridge's eyes widened when the Great Hall started lining up. The Hogwarts House Point Hourglasses illuminated the entire Hallway. Umbridge bounced up to her feet and pointed towards Dumbledore.

"What did you do?" Umbridge demanded.

Dumbledore said nothing, just looking at Umbridge with a twinkle in his eye. With the nuclear option now enacted, the Ministry was going to regret meddling in Hogwarts. He was not the only one who rose. Snape followed him, along with McGonagall, Flitwick, Sprout, Hagrid, and the rest of the staff, other than Wade and Umbridge had been left in the school.

"What did he do?" Umbridge asked. "Someone tell me?"


"Founders Emergency Protocol?" Umbridge yelled.

"I'm surprised you as a Ministry Certified Educational Expert did not know about it," Hermione said. "It's an emergency Protocol put in by the Founders. Until the Founders decree the school has returned to their standards, the most senior member of staff present in the castle will be named the Head. And they have immunity from being sacked. They can only quit."

Umbridge's head whipped around. Horror dawned on her as the last staff member remained in the school, other than her. Who had been at this school for much longer.

Wade Wilson waved merrily at Umbridge.

"The Will of the Founders has spoken," a deep voice of four people in unison said. "And we have decreed, that Wade Winston Wilson is the new Hogwarts Headmaster."

Umbridge howled bloody murder. Her nervous breakdown had been the stuff of Hogwarts legend.

To Be Continued.
Chapter 61

The Battle of Wills.

Dolores Umbridge looked inches away from losing her mind, completely and utterly. She pointed, feverishly and angrily at Deadpool, who adopted the most obvious "who me?" expression in response to Umbridge.

"Hogwarts….made….you...the.....Headmaster!" Umbridge yelled.

'That can't be a healthy color to have on a human being,' Deadpool Voice Number One said. 'Or a subhuman rather.'

Umbridge rocked back and forth, drawing her wand out of here.

"Fine, you want to play this game, we're just make the Board of Governors kick you out for making a mockery out of this school!" Umbridge shouted.

'I daresay it's the train has already left the station on the entire mockery thing,' Voldemort lightly chimed in.

Fudge looked about ready to kick a gnome. Or perhaps someone in the balls. Really hard to say at this particular point. The Minister of Magic slammed his bowler hat on the table.

"You don't belong here!" Fudge yelled. "You know nothing about this school...."

"Well, I know a few things, I've cleaned every pipe, every toilet, every inch of the floor, I know the school like the back of my hand," Deadpool said. "And for the record, I had no idea this was going down. And do you think I like this....because I've been left with no staff? Can you believe that?"

"Well, you can just walk out, and the burden will be gone," Umbridge said.

"And so will your burden, hence why I'm staying," Deadpool said. "And now, the spirit of Hogwarts has spoken. I'm Headmaster, until I hand in my resignation, or I die. And guess what, I can't die. We already tried the entire death thing...and I know what you're thinking...accidents happen. Well, I'm looking at a couple of them standing right here, before me."

"I'm the Minister of Magic!" Fudge shouted.

Was that his response to everything? In Deadpool's mind's eye, he played out a scenario in his mind.

'Oooh, I love a good imagine spot!'

"Honey, could you take out the trash?" Mrs. Fudge asked.

"I'm the Minister of Magic!" Fudge yelled.

"Dear, could you get some milk?"

"I'm the Minister of Magic!" Fudge yelled.

"Cornelius, you left the toilet seat up again!"
"I'M THE MINISTER OF MAGIC!"

Umbridge and Fudge had been shouting and screaming at each other.

'Ooh dear, Mummy and Daddy are fighting,' Voldemort cooed. 'Better kill them.'

"Minister, you promised me my path to this school would be clear, where I would clean up the school....you know for the children," Umbridge said. "And now, there's some kind of secret magical protocol which puts some kind of non-magical lunatic Janitor in the place of Hogwarts Headmaster."

"How would I know something like this would happen?" Fudge asked.

"Well, it was in Hogwarts: A History!" Umbridge fired back.

"NO ONE READS HOGWARTS A HISTORY!" Fudge snapped.

Deadpool started to laugh in the direction of the two fools in Hermione. This caused Umbridge and Fudge to round about it.

"Minister, it would be highly problematic if word got out that you shouted to me as a woman like that," Umbridge said. "I would suggest you would do something like that, because I'm not too happy regarding your tone. It seems a bit...sexist, you would shout down to me."

"Oh, yes, Minister, you shouldn't Mansplain things to the lady," Wade commented, stirring the embers of discontent like a professional troll.

"Yes...pre...."

Umbridge stopped short, she had almost stopped short from agreeing with Deadpool. Something which she did not want to do, no matter what the circumstances. She settled for a death glare, where it looks could kill, the mercenary would be six feet under ground.

"I expect this to be fixed, Minister," Umbridge said. "The Board will not stand for it."

"Well, this is the will of the founders," Deadpool said. "If they wanted to really clean up this school, they would make sure a conniving, wretched, bottom-feeding charlatan of a corrupt toad is not involved in the school."

"I'M NOT A TOAD!" Umbridge yelled.

"And you know something, what's stopping me from sacking you," Deadpool replied.

"I'm officially hired by the Ministry of Magic, only I can be released by a complete vote of the Board, or should I leave," Umbridge said.

"Oh, one of your magical educational decrees, that's right," Deadpool said. "Well, guess it's settled. I can't fire you and you can't get rid of me. But, if one of us quits Hogwarts, we're gone."

A battle of wills began. Something had to give. Umbridge and Deadpool locked eye to eye with each other.

No Snape, no Filch, Wade Wilson stood alone to fight Umbridge and her reign of terror in Hogwarts School of Witchcraft and Wizardry. All of the teachers stepped down such leaving Wade to both clean the school and run the school that he was playing.
"What's your game, Dumbledore?" Wade asked. "Because seriously this is insane by your standards."

"Um, Professor Wilson?"

Hermione appeared at Wade's shoulder. Technically he supposed he was a professor, as weird as it seemed to be in a case like this. And after nearly two days since that mantle had been put upon Wade's shoulders, he appreciated how the entire job drove Deadpool said.

"Do you intend to do anything about the classes?" Hermione asked. "Because...while there were no classes because yesterday was a Saturday and today's a Sunday...."

"Yes, Granger, glad someone of your breeding is able to figure out the days of the week."

The one and only Draco Malfoy turned up. Alongside with Dobby, Captain Griphook, and Luna, who looked like she had been in a world of her own.

"What do you want, Malfoy?" Hermione asked.

"I want the same thing you want, the White Knight gone from all of our lives," Draco said. "You can't say anything critical about anyone in this school anything without that filthy racist making it all about gender or race or religion or...well anything....he's foul and he needs to go."

"Didn't you put a bounty on his mask?" Luna asked.

"Unfortunately, the Slytherins are more loyal to the Ministry than any kind of morality," Draco said. "That disgusting depraved woman needs to...."

"Oooi, you dare talk about my dear lady, Umbridge!"

Speaking of the devil, the one and only White Knight appeared before them. And he was not alone. A group of random Hufflepuffs and Gryffindors stood behind him.

"Yes, you should not disrespect such a sweet woman," a random Hufflepuff said in a calm voice. "Our dear lady needs some respect...."

"Wait, there are more of you idiots?" Draco asked. "Where do you find these people?"

They were no one of note. Draco could have busted a gut laughing at the irony of these people, people who Umbridge would sell out in a matter of seconds, just for existing. They were supporting a woman.

"The White Knights of the Square Castle will smite you heathens," one of them said.

"Yes, I'm pretty sure your Plus Five Smugness will bring us down," Hermione said.

And Draco knew now these people were completely pathetic. When Hermione Granger, that insufferable know-it-all, was mocking just how pathetic they were, that really just pretty much described how completely wretched they were.

"Is Umbridge really the hill you kids are willing to die on?" Deadpool asked. "What has some done?"

"It's about time for a woman to run this school with pride," the White Knight said.

"Actually, there have been numerous female heads throughout all of history," Hermione said.
"But, they have all fit conventional standards of beauty unlike our fair maiden, Umbridge," one of the White Knights of the Square Castle said.

"Wait, are you trying to say you think Umbridge is ugly?" Deadpool asked.

The other members of the group, including the White Knight himself turned to the offending young man question. One could never see someone backtrack and squirm rather quickly.

"Explain yourself!" the White Knight yelled. "How dare you mock M'Lady Umbridge?"

"I was saying she was capable, despite not being the most appeasing on the eyes," the random knight said.

"You are trying to say that all women are not beautiful?" one of the other knights asked.

"Yes, but surely, you must realize that some women are more worthy of being eyed by the beholder than others," the random knight said.

The eyes of the entire group followed the argument. It had been an amazing social experiment to see how quickly they turned on their own when one stepped out of line and said something wrong. They all put their hands on the young man, who quivered underneath the terror of all of them involved.

"All I'm saying is...well, shouldn't beauty...not be the qualification of whether or not a woman is capable of?" the knight asked. "If anything, Umbridge...m'lady Umbridge, would accomplish much more, in spite of such an obvious handicap!"

This did not make the mini-knight's argument any better. If anything, it made it completely worse.

"Oiiii, you are mocking the handicapped!" the White Knight howled. "You are being quite ableist good sir, thinking that a handicapped individual is half of a person. And you are now comparing m'lady to such a person, implying you think she's less than a person."

"I didn't say Umbridge was handicapped, I think she's a wonderful person, who has done wonderful things to this school!" he yelled. "Oh, please, good sir, you must believe me...."

"Good sir?" the White Knight asked. "Did you just assume my gender?"

Everyone went up into a hush. A loud and obvious hush. The young man dropped to his knees.

"Please, my good....individuals....please forgive me for my wrong think!" the young knight howled. "I do not know better, I must be educated."

"Oh, yes, you will be educated."

"Much like they did in North Korea," Wade chimed in happily.

The young man had been hauled off, sobbing madly. One of the knights turned in the direction of Luna and placed his hand on hers.

"A fair lady such as yourself should not have...."

"DID YOU JUST TOUCH HER HAND?"

The young man recoiled when when he pulled the hand away from Luna's. Luna's, looking positively puzzled, turned to Hermione, who just shrugged.
"I must….I was...it was a moment of weakness, her divine beauty…"

The White Knight grabbed the young man and slammed him into the wall. He let out a loud and mad "REEE!" as the other knights, including the one who had spoken ill against Umbridge, locked their eyes onto the young man.

"You touched her, without her consent!" the White Knight yelled. "Any contact against a woman without their permission is sexual assault! You assaulted her! Rapist! Rapist! Rapist!"

The other knights chanted "rapist!" at the scared third year Hufflepuff, judging him based on their own notions. The boy quivered as the White Knight threw him down to the ground.

"Hey, hey, hey, hold on!" Deadpool yelled. "I'm afraid, I can't have that!"

"My dear, sir, I must protest," the White Knight said. "This man raped this fine lady."

"I wasn't raped, he barely touched me," Luna protested.

"Oh, you have been gaslighted, my lady," the White Knight said. "You have been lead to believe that something uncouth had not been done. And he said you asked for it, but no woman asks to be raped."

"Well, generally, yes," Luna agreed. "But, I think you might be normalizing a serious subject, if you call lightly throw out such accusations."

The White Knight just shook his head. Quite a pity when a poor, innocent, defenselessly flower such as herself had been gaslighted and forced to think nothing had been wrong. But, justice would prevail. The young man's life would be ruined.

"So, what just happened?" Dobby asked. "Dobby doesn't understand."

"I don't think that you'll meant to understand, Dobby," Hermione replied.

Griphook decided to sum this all up in the way he knew how, with a song.

'Oh, they thought they had us, divided and all alone.
But, these warriors proved that all they can do when they starve is eat their own.
They see where there is outrage, where there is scorn.
Their ranks will be torn!'

"Do you intend to do anything, Wilson?" Draco asked.

"Why bother?" Deadpool asked. "They're end up turning on each other and eating their own. One White Knight, he might be annoying. Several White Knights together, they will fight each other in a quest for cultural purity. And they will drive Umbridge mad."

Her desire to purify Hogwarts and foil an army of useless idiots, had backfired, at least in Wade's opinion. Of course, until Umbridge had been driven from Hogwarts, Wade had plenty of work to do.

And he would get his greatest revenge by efficiently running the school. He would need to call some favors.

"I've got an idea," Wade said. "I'll show her by hiring some competent teachers."
"Boy, that would be a change of pace," Draco dully said.

"Dobby?"

"Yes, sir?" Dobby asked.

"I have a very important job for you Dobby," Deadpool said.

Dobby was happy to serve the new Hogwarts Headmaster well and do anything to make the life of that Pepto Toad just a little more difficult. Rubbing his hands together in glee, Dobby waited for the word.

Umbridge dug through Hogwarts: A History from cover to cover and searched for a way to deal with the entire Deadpool issue and she believed she had it. If Wade had failed to find any teachers within end of his first school day as Headmaster, then he would be replaced by the next senior staff member of Hogwarts.

No one would work for such a man, because they would be blacklisted for life by the Ministry of Magic.

The latest report of the White Knight's group fighting amongst themselves caused a raise in Umbridge's blood pressure. Granted, a problem, but nothing that seeing the end of Wilson.

"Oh, you thought you could outsmart me Dumbledore, but I will have the last laugh," Umbridge said. "There is not a single witch or wizard who could leave this school without me stopping them. Not that anyone would be hired by that lunatic!"

Umbridge poured herself a cup of a tea with a calculating grin on her face. All she missed was a cat in her lap to stroke so she could celebrate everything.

If there was anything Umbridge liked, it was stroking her pussy while drinking tea.

**To Be Continued.**
Dolores Umbridge radiated smug so much that it was disgusted. The White Knight and his court sat a ways away from Umbridge and her Inquisitorial Squad. Although, the Inquisitorial Squad could not get much done due to the White Knight and his court citing them for various micro-aggressions, even if they said the slightest thing off color.

Umbridge felt she skillfully and carefully manipulated both groups. She noticed Wade Wilson appear at the table.

"Professor Wilson," Umbridge said.

"Professor Umbridge," Wade replied. "Good day for you."

"Oh, yes!" Umbridge cooed. "It's a very good day. Let's hope you found some teachers to replace the ones who left, otherwise...well I'm afraid you will be kicked out of Hogwarts for your failure as a Headmaster. Not even a full school day as Headmaster, it would be sad."

"Oh, yes, I'm sure you would be very sad," Deadpool said in a dry voice. "Well, I guess I better make my announcement."

Umbridge's smugness was almost so bright that it hurt. Wade, rising up to a standing position, looked out into the castle. All of the students talked.

"After a tireless effort, I've hired several teachers who will assist in the reconstruction of this school until it is up to the standards the Founders would approve of," Wade said.

Umbridge jumped up, nostrils flaring and pointing at Wade completely madly.

"You lying, nasty, dog, you have no teachers, you can't have hired anyone, no one would dare cross the Ministry of Magic," Umbridge said.

"I'm not a dog, you conniving, deplorable, bottom-feeding, nasty, disgusting toad," Deadpool said.

"I'M NOT A TOAD!"

The White Knight and his court stared down Deadpool. Dobby appeared in front of him with a gong and a hammer and Deadpool hammered away at the gong to get pretty much everyone's attention. The loud gonging brought the attention of the students on him.

"Okay, now that I have your attention, we can proceed," Deadpool said. "First, I would like to announce my new Charms Professor, Professor Doctor Stephen Strange."

Everyone had been in awe at the Sorcerer Supreme arriving in the flesh. Naturally, Deadpool was glad to have the Sorcerer Supreme owe a favor to him. Except for Umbridge, who snorted.

"One teacher does not run a school," Umbridge said. "I doubt this one is even capable of teaching anything. What magic does he know?"

'Wow, her arrogance is amazing,' Voldemort thought. 'Can we kill her now?'
Strange just smiled.

"And our new Herbology Professor, Professor Groot."

A large tree appeared in Hogwarts, sentient with eyes flashing at him.

"I am Groot!" he called out.

"Our new Care of Magical Professor, Professor Doreen Green," Deadpool said. "Or, Squirrel Girl, as she's most commonly known."

Doreen gave everyone a smiled and she had her fair share of fans due to her legendary exploits.

"And our new Transfiguration Professor, Professor Loki."

The sound of fangirls squealing and the flooding of many panties appeared when the man of mischief, Loki said.

"And this is the last time I play you at poker, Wilson," Loki said. "You want me to a be a teacher at a school which sounds like it was named after a swine STD."

"Yes, he's single, fanboys and fangirls," Deadpool said with a knowing weak. "And we have a few other teachers, but I believe this one is one of the most important ones. Our new Defense Against the Dark Arts teacher….."

"Just wait a minute, I'm the Defense Against the Dark Arts Teacher!" Umbridge protested. "You can't fire me."

"No, I can't fire you from being Hogwarts High Inquisitor," Deadpool said. "Which, I haven't, but I must quote the decree which made you the Defense Against the Dark Arts teacher."

Deadpool reached into his pocket and pulled out his reading glasses.

"And I quote, Dolores Umbridge, because there has been no adequate candidate who is willing to take up the role of the Defense Against the Dark Art Teacher, has been selected as the role of teacher," Deadpool said. "But, while that is good and fine, I've found someone who is willing to teacher."

A thunderous explosion echoed throughout Hogwarts.

In bed, surrounded by empty Sherry Bottles, Sybill Trelawney popped out of bed.

"I WARNED THEM!" she howled in an ominous voice.

Everyone looked at the imposing gentleman, wearing a metal mask and a metal suit, with a green cape appearing at Hogwarts. Even Umbridge had been gobsmacked.

"Ladies and Gentlemen, I welcome the new Defense Against the Dark Arts teacher, Professor Doctor Victor Von Doom!" Wade yelled.

A thunderclap echoed and lightning flashed through the skies of Hogwarts. Professor Doctor Doom peered through his sinister eyes. All of them spoke murmured.

"Professor Trelawney was right," Parvati said in a hushed voice. "She said Doom was coming. She's
been saying it for years!"

The gates of hell crystallized with ice at another correct assessment by the former Divination Professor.

'Well, we just one-upped Dumbledore hiring an actual supervillain to teach at the school,' Deadpool thought.

'Technically, Dumbledore did hire me, because I was on the back of Quirrell's head, and he would not have been competent at Defensive magic if it wasn't because of my guidance,' Voldemort thought.

'I said supervillain!' Deadpool snapped.

'Are you trying imply I'm not a supervillain?' Voldemort asked.

"Good day, students," Doom said in a booming voice. "Today, you have been blessed to be under the learning tree of Doom! And you will all embrace your full potential, or you will all perish making your attempt to make the grade!

Needless to say, this statement got the entire school buzzing and worried. Deadpool took a long drink of Firewhiskey and stole a look at Umbridge who did her best impression of an overboiling tea kettle.

'She's going to blow, she's going to pop,' one of the voices in Deadpool's head said. 'And not in the fun way...especially given you undermined her in every way.'

Deadpool could feel that the final battle, for the heart and soul of Hogwarts was going to come. Nothing would be the same ever again.

Now, time to sit back and enjoy the magic of Deadpool's new staff employments, especially when he unleashed both Doom and Loki on Hogwarts.

The game was afoot, with Deadpool salivating ata the end.

"That Loki, people think he's so great," Draco scornfully said. "Even Umbridge was undressing him with her eyes."

"Where is the White Knight to protect his virtue of all of the sexual objecting he's going to get?" Goyle asked dumbly.

As if on cue, one of the White Knight's little lackies cropped up, about as efficiently as a yipping dog.

"Actually, men cannot be objectified by any means, only women can...."

"So are you saying that men can't be attractive?" Goyle asked.

The sound of the back peddling had been cut off by Goyle whipping his hand backwards and cracking the little Social Justice twerp in the jaw.

"Anyway, people think he's good, because he looks good in a pair of leather pants," Draco said. "I don't know what the big deal about a pair of leather pants are....they chafe really badly."

Professor Loki turned up, alongside Umbridge who had been ready to conduct her business.
"How would one of you like to be transfigured into an animal that reflects your inner personality?" Loki asked.

Some of the people looked very interested. And from the back of the room, Deadpool grinned.

"Oh, good sir, please, it would be me," one of the random unnamed Hufflepuffs said bouncing up and down in excitement. Who also happened to be the member of one of the White Knight's core. "Oh, please, please, please, I would like to be a noble lion, a great warrior."

"Isn't being a lion a representative of Toxic Mayonnaise?" Goyle asked Crabbe.

"I believe your mothers had Toxic Mayonnaise before you were born," Draco murmured in disgust.

Draco turned his attention to the front of the classroom, where the eager little Hufflepuff bounced up and down like a spaz.

Professor Loki of the Transfiguration Department, snapped his fingers and sent a wave of energy through the air and caused the young White Knight in training to be transfigured into a donkey.

Everyone applauded, and the knights gasped in surprise. Umbridge threw herself out.

"How dare you do something like that?" Umbridge asked. "Assaulting a student with transfiguration….

"I got his consent," Loki drawled. "And I suppose you just want me to attack a teacher….I wouldn't touch that if I were you."

Umbridge grabbed ahold of Loki's large wooden staff and without his consent as well, the fiendish woman. A puff of bright light erupted and Umbridge fell back and landed on her backside. Other than a bruised keister, Umbridge experienced nothing ever.

Loki's staff grew flaccid in his hand and he frowned.

"Mmm, I intended to turn her into a toad," Loki said. "And boys and girls, we learn that you cannot transfigure something when it is around that thing. Write that down, there will be a pop quiz about that later."

"I AM NOT A TO….."

Umbridge instinctively shot out her tongue and gobbled down a large fly. Deadpool would have said something, had he not be gagging on his own laughter.

Doctor Doom stood up tall to address his new minions er pupils.

"I am hear to teach you about magic and how it works, and how to make it work to smite your enemies, who are weaker than you," Doom said. "I do not expect many of you to have the capabilities, but for the few of you who have appetite to do so, you will have the power. And you will all get to experience the first hand mentoring of me."

"Excuse me, Professor Doom….

"That's Professor Doctor Doom," Doom said.

"You should show me some more respect," Umbridge said. "I'm a respected member of the Ministry of Magic."
Deadpool just snickered in the background. Oh, if Umbridge was going to get in a dick waving contest with Doom, boy was she going to come up short? Deadpool took out a large tub of popcorn and began to munch on it, very carefully.

"Bah," Doom said. "I spit on you and your Ministry. I rule an entire country, both magic and mundane. Your Ministry still has to answer to the crown. Doom answers to only Doom!"

"YOU ANSWER TO ME! THIS IS MY SCHOOL!"

Umbridge withdrew her wand on Doom. A mistake given Doom deflected her back and for the second time Umbridge landed on her backside.

"As I have demonstrated, only a fool would fight anyone without a tactical advantage," Doom said. "But, the world is full of fools who believe they have a tactical advantage.…"

Umbridge tried to hex Doom. Doom put up a shield and deflected Umbridge's best spells back at her, not even looking her in the eye.

Cornelius Fudge stampeded up to Hogwarts, with a pair of Aurors, who looked like they only were there because they were there to collect a paycheck. The new Headmaster really lost his mind. Doom and Loki, oh Fudge thought that even Dumbledore would not be mad enough to hire those two.

The minute Fudge arrived outside of the school, a miniature stampede of squirrels rushed at the Minister. He screamed in terror, having been mortally offended by rodents of all kinds after the incident with the possum in his bed during his third year at Hogwarts.

"AHHH, THEY'RE GOING AFTER MY NUTS!" Fudge shouted in terror.

The Minister staggered back as one of the squirrel's jumped on his crotch and reached into his pocket. Three of the squirrels took a miniature bag of nuts which Fudge had been keeping in his pocket. When the Minister had been stressful, he liked munching on nuts.

"Off the Minister's nuts!" Doreen cried in surprise.

Fudge rose up, only to see Peeves the Poltergeist flying through the air, dodging a blast from the laser. The holder of the the laser blaster happened to be the one and only Rocket Raccoon.

"Alright, get back here, spooky!"

Fudge lost his mind at the sight of this creature.

"WHY IS THERE A RACOON WITH A MUGGLE CONTRAPTION AT HOGWARTS!" Fudge yelled.

"Hey, watch who you're talking trash about, fat boy," Rocket said. "I'm the new Hogwarts Groundskeeper and Caretaker, and you will show me….ha got you Spooky!"

Peeves stuck his tongue out and Rocket blasted at him. Fudge looked on the verge of having a panic attack at this.

"I need to get law and….order!" Fudge yelled.

A large tree came in front of Fudge and the Minister nearly lost his mind.

"WHY IS THERE A TREE HERE!" Fudge yelled. "Someone get it out of the way. I'm the
Minister of Magic."
"I am Groot!"
"I am the Minister of Magic!"
"I am Groot!"
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"I am the Minister of Magic!"
"I am Groot!"
"I am the Minister of Magic!"

The eternal battle of wills kicked up with Wade, Peeves, and Rocket sitting down, with a large bucket of popcorn to watch the show.

"I am the Minister of Magic!"
"I am Groot!"
"I am the Minister of Magic!"
"I am Groot!"
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"I am Groot!"

"I am the Minister of Magic!"

"I am Groot!"

"I am the Minister of Magic!"

"I am Groot!"

"I am the Minister of Magic!"

Wade turned his attention to the fourth wall.

"Might be a good place to cut the chapter," Wade said. "Because, I have a feeling this might go on for a while. See you next week boys and girls."

To Be Continued.
Chaos reigned in Hogwarts. Far from the order Umbridge wanted. It was all about the school, it's wisdom, making the most senior staff member, Wade Wilson, the Headmaster of Hogwarts. His staff appointments had been just as qualified, if not more so, than most of the people Dumbledore hired due to his reign of Hogwarts Headmaster. The problem was, they were more eccentric than most of the people who Dumbledore hired.

A donkey moved through the school, along with squirrels. Umbridge tried to raise her wand to get some kind of order, only to find that there was too much chaos for any order to be had.

Fudge burst through the doors, breathing heavily.

"I AM THE MINISTER OF MAGIC!" Fudge yelled in triumph.

"I am Groot!" the voice from the distance said.

"Minister, what the devil happened to you?" Umbridge asked.

"Those bloody squirrels grabbed ahold of my nut sack!" Fudge howled.

Umbridge's eyebrows raised up and she put a hand on her mouth.

"Are you saying you got sexually harassed, Minister?" Umbridge asked.

"Actually, m'lady, a man cannot be sexually harassed, it is just impossible," the White Knight said.

Umbridge gave her useful idiot, who was turning out to be a pretty useless idiot, a staredown. The White Knight slumped off into the shadows, taking a very rigorous and hard breath when disappearing into the shadows. Umbridge slapped her hands down against the wall.

"No, nothing like that, but this school is turning into a zoo!" Fudge yelled. "I never thought about this, but I miss Dumbledore! And we can't fire him with incurring the wrath of the founders."

"Minister, do you even have an idea what the founders would do?" Umbridge asked. "I believe it's a bluff, and Potter's behind this, and Dumbledore as well, they're gaslighting us both, and using Wilson to drive us both out of the school, so Dumbledore could take control of everything with his Bronicorn cult!"

"Yes, yes, yes, of course!" Fudge yelled. "We will not be Hornswoggled! We will not be Bamboozled! We will not be Ramshackled!"

"Nice, but how does Tupac and Elvis figure into this conspiracy theory? Do you also believe the Earth might be flat?"

Fudge and Umbridge turned around to see the Hogwarts Headmaster.

"You will be out of this school in disgrace!" Umbridge yelled. "Mark my words."

"Better hop to it then, Professor," Wade said.
"I AM NOT TO…"

Umbridge caught a particularly large horse fly out of mid-air. That damn Professor Loki refused to reverse the transfiguration and thus Umbridge had urges to eat insects. Not a worthy thing for a beautiful and vivacious woman of her level and her stature.

"I can't handle this anymore!" Umbridge yelled.

"All you have to do is step down," Deadpool said.

"NEVER, NEVER, NEVER, NEVER!"

Umbridge rocked herself back. She would not be defeated by some lunatic janitor. Oh, no, she was not going to let them get the better of her. Not now, not ever. Umbridge yanked on her hair and counted to ten.

The donkey dove over and knocked over a bookshelf. The Minister scattered.

"You just wait, you'll get yours," Umbridge snarled.

Umbridge had been knocked over by Peeves and then had Rocket just jump on the back of her head to fire an attack. Umbridge completely lost her shit, especially when the Minister threw his hands up. Fudge washed his hands of the entire affair.

'She's about ready to lose it,' Deadpool thought.

'So, are we getting towards the end?' one of the Deadpool voices thought.

'Would have ended months ago if you took my advice?' Voldemort asked. 'No matter how amusing her being inches away from a stroke is, it would have been more humane to put her out of her misery.'

The vein twitching in Umbridge's forehead and the unhealthy shade of purple she had been adopting showed something had was about to give.

"Okay, sure the school might be a little bit chaotic, but the grades of everyone are up, especially the Defense Against the Dark Arts class, which dropped to an all time low earlier this year," Deadpool said. "Detentions might be overcrowded, due to Umbridge's zero tolerance policies, but I'm working on adapting those."

"Yes, yes, of course, but that vagrant still roams the halls of Hogwarts," Malfoy said. "Don't forget, we made a deal to rid the school of the White Knight."

"One problem at a time, Draco," Wade said. "Umbridge will likely kick him out, whoever he is."

"Yes, the little weasel should end up annoying her as much as the next person," Draco said.

After the White Knight was done, then Draco Malfoy could go back to reacting with contempt to those who he felt beneath him in peace. Forming an uneasy alliance with Muggleborns….Mudbloods he meant Mudbloods, blood traitors, and mental cases had forced Draco to reassess a lot about his life.

Draco had to head off to Defense Against the Dark Arts. Must not be late, because Professor Doctor Doom did not suffer cowards lightly.
"Mr. Wilson."

Wade turned around completely, staring down the armed group of Ministry Aurors looking at him.

"Can I help you fine ladies and gentlemen with anything?"

"You are under arrest under suspicion of murdering both Quirinus Quirrell and Gilderoy Lockhart," one of the Aurors said. "I suggest you come quietly, and make no sudden movements."

"What?" Deadpool asked.

"Those idiots, I killed Quirrel when I left his body, and Lockhart was sucked into a vortex when the Voodoo Hillbilly Queen exploded," Voldemort fumed. 'KILL THEM ALL! SMASH THEIR HEADS! SQUASH THEIR EYES! BREAK THEIR TOES!'

'Yeah, I think you've been in my head way too long,' Wade thought. 'Oh, those are some big wands.'

The number of wands pointed at Wade made him want to reassess his situation. Two of the wands in his back, two in his front, and one straight into the side of his neck. Wade hacked for a brief moment and they marched him. A smug looking Umbridge waited.

Only a magical barrier came up and prevented them from escorting Wade outside of the castle grounds. They tried to nudge Wade forward, but he bounced back.

"Hey, don't look at me," Wade said.

One of them tried to force down the barrier. Only to find his wand burned to a crisp and a howl of agony to follow when his arm had been retracted. Any attempts to bring the barrier down.

"They're not going to allow you to take me, because it's the will of the founders," Wade said.

"FINE!" Umbridge snapped. "Build him a cage, we'll imprison him outside on the grounds."

"Wait, outside of the Forbidden Forest?" Wade asked. "How is this justice?"

Umbridge just beyond all reason. The Ministry of Magic Aurors erected a very small holding cell and shoved Wade into it, along with a bucket for an afterthought.

"This is about the tenth worst prison I've ever been in," Wade commented.

Umbridge sealed the cell and backed off with a wicked smile.

"I might not be able to kill you myself," Umbridge said. "But, once the Wizengamot gives the order for the Dementor's kiss, you will be still be alive, but will be rendered incapable of running Hogwarts."

"She's crazier than all of us put together,' the voices in Deadpool's head serenely commented.

"Hey, where's our staff in all of this?" one of the voices wondered.

'LOOK A BIRD!'

The Aurors even looked uncomfortable. Umbridge pretty much had the Minister wrapped around her stubby finger, so they have no order.

"You will be punished," Umbridge said. "Much like Potter when I get my hands on him. He started
it. I will punish him most severely….long...hard...and he won't enjoy being punished by me."

'You know, I'm surprised that some people didn't take Umbridge's desire to punish Harry Potter in some deeply unsettling ways,' Wade thought. 'You know, this being fanfiction and all of us being sick fucks, and all of that.'

'Thankfully,' another voice said.

'And before anyone tries to say anything, no we don't want any examples of Umbridge making Potter her bottom bitch in fanfiction,' the voice in Deadpool's head pleaded. 'There's just some things which should not be tampered with.'

'Putting those thoughts in my mind,' Voldemort thought. 'And people thought I was cruel and evil....oh that's a face that not even Dumbledore could see the good side of.'

Several members of Umbridge's goon squad had captured Hermione Granger. Several other people had been lined up in a holding cell.

"You think you could away with spreading that propaganda against me, Ms. Granger," Umbridge said. "You think you can get away with disagreeing with a Ministry certified magical instructor."

"You don't know everything!" Hermione shouted. "You are running this school as a dictator!"

"Tell me where Victor Von Doom is and you may see your parents once more, Ms. Granger," Umbridge said.

"You can't...you can't do this," Hermione said. "And I don't know."

"Your parents are Muggles and thus won't even remember their daughter should I show choose to make it so," Umbridge said. "Or, I can make them think that she perished in a very tragic and unsettling accident caused by her own Mudblood ignorance."

Hermione opened her mouth. All of the people who assured their children that monsters were not weird. The Squad grabbed Hermione and forced her down the steps.

"You can't get away with this, someone will rise up and stop you!" Hermione yelled.

"Who?" Umbridge asked. "Potter?" Dumbledore? Wilson? You are nothing but an ignorant child, so you should just shut your mouth. You are just a filthy little bint who can't keep her mouth shut! Maybe if you were more humble and exercised your mouth less, you would have been a lot better off. You can't do anything to me because I am superior to you and...."

"Excuse me, M'Lady."

The White Knight appeared in front of Umbridge.

"Yes?" Umbridge asked.

"You are abusing your privileged to stomp on the downtrodden and the weak," The White Knight said. "What happened to making Hogwarts a place where everyone had to get a voice?"

"You can go along with her," Umbridge said. "It's because of you that this school is the place it is. You are useless. These people who you defend, they will always consider you to be a joke and a nuisance. You only make their cause worse, and I manipulated you...."
The White Knight turned to his knights in training. All of them looked sour.

"Stand down or you'll be locked in the dungeons like the end of them."

"I...think not," the White Knight said. "I believe you have come at us from a place of privilege! And you will not silence the marginalized anymore."

The White Knight's group grabbed Umbridge and bust open the cells to cause the people who Umbridge imprisoned for their crimes of wrongthink to stampede out.

"NO, YOU CAN'T DO THIS TO ME!" Umbridge yelled. "I was the one who gave you the power to take down people, and now...."

"Yes, but you are the one who is the most problematic of them all," The White Knight said. "I believe, you will need to be educated along with the rest of the toxic elements of this educational establishment, m'lady."

The White Knight and his group marched Umbridge outside of the school. She had been sputtering beyond words. The White Knight opened the cell which Wade had been locked into, only to stuff her into the already cramped holding cell alongside Wade.

"Knight, the Minister will hear of this!"

"We will have the Minister impeached if he can't hear our voices!" the White Knight howled. "We will be taking back this school! We will rip down this oppressive establishment and burn it to the ground."

Loud chants of "NOT OUR FUDGE!" rained throughout the hallways of Hogwarts.

Umbridge could not reach her wand which had been laying out in the grass. One of those filthy little squirrel vermin snatched it to send Umbridge into a full blown mega apocalyptic panic!

Deadpool found himself seeing a bit more of Umbridge than any sane person wanted to. Or even Wade himself, due to how the front of the robes have been ripped.

'Well, that escalated quickly.'

"So, Dolores, what have we learned?" Wade asked. "Oh, give social justice crusaders an inch and then end up taking everything. I feel like there's a very important lesson to learn about this, as they will end up eating the person...."

"ARRRGH!"

Umbridge made an attempt to strangle Wade to death while inside of the very cramped cell.

'Almost like she blames me for us being trapped in a cell together like this,' Wade thought. 'She's the one who deputized the White Knight. She's the one who was happy to lock up people in detention when it suited her.'

'Some people will always blame others for their misdeeds.'

Hogwarts had been overrun by chaos. All of Wade's handpicked staff had been called away. Minister Fudge dangled from the ceiling of Hogwarts, screaming, as they all zapped Fudge with sparks. The screams he was Minister of Magic.
Paintings had been torn, tapestries had been brought down, desks had been smashed. In the name of social justice, Hogwarts had been completely destroyed by mass rioting.

"Yeah...down with the man!" Crabbe yelled, deciding to use this an a good opportunity to smash people's shit.

"We hate the man!" Goyle yelled.

They threw a suit of armor out of a window and started to smash a bunch of personal items. Brooms had been snapped, shelves had been overturned, and more paintings had been set on fire to the chaotic attacks around Hogwarts.

The Hogwarts library burned from people setting it on fire. Many of the books were problematic, written by pureblood wizards, after all. Hermione rushed into the library, screaming in agony and trying to rescue any books, but she got thrown to the ground and stamped upon!

Many of the people involved cared little of social change. They just wanted an excuse to break and burn shit.

Captain Griphook appeared in the midst of the chaos. The goblin's bloodlust created a wicked and toothy grin to emit on his face.

"The humans have ruined another thing again."

"At this point, through their barbarism, they will never win."

"The school will burn."

"No one will ever learn."

"The lessons of the past."

"In the human's peabrains, they will never last."

"All of Hogwarts will be reduced to ruin, to ash."

"A thousand years of history ruined in a flash."

"But, will there be anyone to save them from their sins, when they go down to zeros."

"Will the humans at the last minute have a hero?"

Griphook loved the bloodshed. The Minister being strung up and beaten severely by sticks only added to the peak levels of arousal the goblin was feeling.

**To Be Continued.**
Chapter 64

The Final Crusade of the White Knight:

The enigmatic and powerful Captain Griphook appeared outside as the entire school and all of the
grounds burned. The trampled bodies of several students laid on the ground. The smashed symbols
of Gryffindor, Ravenclaw, Slytherin, and Hufflepuff laid on the ground, a symbol of the destruction
of problematic practices.

'It started so simple, a man wanted a new job.

But he became beloved by the school, even stopped a group of goblins who just wanted to rob

Throughout the years he fought them all.

From Dark Lords to Voodoo Hillbillies to stubborn stains, all threats large and small.

But, he is now locked in a cage.

With the woman in pink, who makes everyone boil with rage.

In this final hour.

We must wonder why everyone is so small.

We must wonder what is this White Knight?

And who unleashed his blight?'

Griphook finished the song as the White Knight and really anyone who wanted an excuse to cause
destruction wrecked Hogwarts, Crabbe and Goyle among them and really taking to ducks to water.

'So, crusaders of social justice tore down a well-known, beloved by some establishment just because
they thought it was problematic to their own views of society, without considering the views of
anyone else,' Deadpool concluded. 'I really think there's some kind of lesson to be had here about
how the best of intentions can go completely wrong and destroy more than it fixes, but damn if....'

Deadpool had been in a rage, but he was contained in a cage. Umbridge's eyes flashed through him.

"This is all your fault!" Umbridge snapped.

"My fault?" Deadpool asked. "You were the one gave have the White Knight a platform and power.
And once he had that power, he became so woke that he realized you were a toxic influence on this
school."

'Oooh, are we playing Tumblr bingo? one of the voices in Deadpool's head.

'I still need a Nazi Accusation and a rape culture square,' another voice said.

'I still need Female-Presenting nipples.'

'I thought those were banned.'
"All your fault!" Umbridge yelled. "You are a deplorable human being and you coming into this school has caused it to explode into chaos. This is not right, I want order! I want control! I WANT CONTROL!"

Umbridge picked up a large stick and attempted to stab Deadpool through the leg with it. He blocked the attack and Umbridge collapsed to her knees before Deadpool.

'Um, awkward.'

'Do not even make a joke about this,' Voldemort thought. 'Although she's in the perfect position... for murder.'

'Do you want to be in here with a corpse stench for the rest of your life?' Deadpool thought.

'Not my nose!' Voldemort sang.

Suddenly, from around the corner, Draco Malfoy appeared around them. Umbridge smiled as Lucius's dear son arrived. Malfoys were always good to scratch someone's back.

"I can't believe I'm doing this," Draco muttered. "But things have gotten out of hand."

Draco opened the door and Deadpool walked out of the cell. And then Draco slammed the door in Umbridge's face.

"You dare!" Umbridge yelled.

"You brought the White Knight to Hogwarts to fuel your ego," Malfoy said. "You don't care about the pureblood agenda, you only care about us when it furthers your career. Therefore, I'm going to...."

Several spells caught Draco from behind and wrapped him up into cords. The White Knight and his crew appeared, and they surrounded Draco.

"We found the Nazi!" one of them yelled.

'And I got another one!' another voice in Deadpool's head cheered.

'Wasn't in supposed to be unfounded Nazi accusations?' another voice commented.

'They better not ever compare me to any Nazis,' Voldemort thought. 'That miserable failure and lackluster artist is not worthy of kissing the hem of my robe. Fuck Hitler.'

Well said, although perhaps not for the reasons everyone said it. Malfoy had been put on his knees and the White Knight stood before him. Suddenly, another figure had been throw at the man's feet and it was Luna Lovegood.

"We don't take too kindly to Nazis," the White Knight said.

"I said you shouldn't be destroying Hogwarts," Luna said. "Because, it makes you no better than the people who you crusade against....."

"Mind your tongue, you filthy little Nazi witch!" The White Knight yelled. "We are only worthy to...."

Deadpool threw a bottle of cleaning solution at the White Knight which exploded and knocked him off of the pedestal. The Merc with the Mouth jumped into the air and kicked one of them down. He
teleported out of the way and slammed his fist down across the back of the head member of the court.

Luna hit one of them with a full body binding spell, but Crabbe and Goyle grabbed her.

"White Knight, we've got her!" Goyle growled. "We have scene the light….we are waked!"

"That's woke you substandard idiot!" Draco yelled.

Crabbe grabbed Draco around the back of the head, but suddenly Draco took him down. He came up to face Goyle and held his wand out.

"You better check your pri-veledge," Goyle said.

"The only privilege you understand is when your mother gives you too much pudding after dinner," Draco said. "Which you indulge in too often."

"Did you just bo….."

A frying pan clonked Crabbe and Goyle on the back of the head and knocked them out. Dobby appeared behind them. Draco Malfoy stood agap at his suprising master.

"Dobby?" Draco asked.

Oh, this had been way too weird for his taste.

"Dobby, appreciates your thank you, although Dobby hopes that young master Draco ceased wetting the bed by now."

Wade slipped off into the Forbidden Forest and returned driving the tank that he once drove down to Number Four Privet Drive and liberated Harry Potter.

"Alright, time to get Rick Rolled Bitches!" Deadpool cheered.

The tunes of "Never Give Up" By Rick Astley echoed through all of Hogwarts and could be heard all the way in Hogsmeade. The kickass speakers provided the Rick and the tank provided the roll. As it in rolled over and caused the White Knight and his Woke Knights to scatter.

A bottle broke open in front of the tank. One of Neville Longbottom's failed potions ate through the tank and caused Deadpool's cover to be blown.


"Dobby believes they are on a union mandated coffee break now, sir," Dobby said. "Or something about Kang or Thanos, Dobby forgets witch, Professor Wadepool!"

Great, of all of the times of a union mandated coffee break or Thanos to create an infinity war, especially when they got close to the end game, or something.

Spells and exploding Neville potions blasted through the air.

Of course the chaos had brought Wade down to the ground and onto his knees. They chained Deadpool and stomped him into the ground so hard. One of them ripped Deadpool's mask off and revealed his tumor ridden face.
"Gaze upon this beautiful man!" The White Knight yelled. "The face of Hogwarts, the face of this disgusting establishment which has downtrodden the silent minority for years. Only we can speak for them."

One of them dumped some of Neville Longbottom's reject potions in Deadpool's eyeballs and he screamed out in agony. They kept kicking him and clawing him and pouring corrosive potion in his eyes. A very rusty knife stuck on the underside of Deadpool's genitals with mutilation at hand.

A blur of light popped through the sky and pulled Deadpool out from the grip of these crazed rioters, along with Draco, Luna, and Dobby as well.

All of the Woke Knights looked up.

"They started calling him the Boy-Who-Lived, by his scar.
But, by his power, he could go far.
He saw the writing on the wall, for this school.
He did left, not wanting to look at the school.
But at our darkest hour, at our greatest plight.
He returned to bring the fight.
No matter if the flames burned hotter.
The one who could stop them all is Harry Potter!"

Griphook held that final note very nicely.

'Oh, come on, you show up in the second to last chapter to save the day,' Deadpool thought.

'Arrogant spotlight thief!' Voldemort shouted.

Harry Potter arrived and the White Knight's forces surrounded them.

"So, I understand you, my White Knight, are a crusader of justice in this school," Harry said.

"Aye, I would be," he said.

"You fight for the downtrodden, the weak, and those who cannot speak for themselves, due to the power," Harry said. "But, I'm sure you read the papers that came out years ago. How for the first ten years of my life, I was forced to live in a cupboard underneath the stairs, and forced to not speak out against the Dursleys. While they lived in the lap of luxury, I lived in the cupboard underneath the stairs."

"Yes, yes, you did!" The White Knight cried. "And it's because of this uncaring establishment where a half-blood such as yourself was marginalized….."

"Half-blood?" Harry asked. "Half-blood? Is that all you see me as?"

The White Knight hit the backtrack so fast it hurt.
"No, no, of course not, you are you, you are Harry Potter, you are the Boy-Who-...sorry, I did not mean to assume your gender...."

"And why would you assume I didn't want my gender assumed?" Harry asked.

The White Knight sputtered trying to find some kind of conclusion. His remaining few brain cells burned out.

"You have power over the people of this school, my dear Knight," Harry said. "You are using it to silence the voices who need to be heard. You are much like the Dursleys. My aunt, she feared those who had magic, resented them and looked down on them, and many of them looked down on her. Therefore, the moment she had the opportunity to get ahead, she took everything out on me."

"W-what are you trying to say?" The White Knight asked.

"What he's trying to say, genius, is those who fight monsters, could become the monster?" Wade suggested.

The White Knight's mouth hung open and he looked across. The White Knight's followers turned to him.

"He's correct, you do have privilege over us," he said. "You talk over us. You control us."

"No, I didn't...."

"Yes, one of you will rise up and be the voice of the underprivileged," Harry said. "And then you will be resented, and another person will rise up. And the next and the next. You will keep eating your own until there's nothing left. The only thing you will leave is carnage."

Deadpool released fireworks which caused the White Knight's followers of the square castle to jump up in surprise. The White Knight held his wand out and dropped it down to the ground.

"I see it clearly now," The White Knight said. "Life is nothing but a cycle. Those who rise up only become the loud voice, and they are going to squash the voices of others. No matter what, someone will always feel marginalized."

Harry flashed behind the White Knight and tore off the helmet he wore. The helmet of the White Knight ripped off to reveal a very familiar face.

"LOOK! A BEAN!"

"WEASLEY!" Draco bellowed.

Ronald Weasley better known as Ron Weasley better known as R-Nizzle, better known as Ickle Ronniekins, known to some as the White Knight stepped out into the picture.

"Oh, my head hurts," Ron said. "My nizzle, for shizzle, what the wickety wack is with that?"

The mysterious magical artifact Ron had been wearing for the helmet which transfigured him into the White Knight had it's spell broken and the spells of all of the people in his crusade. They all looked up in horror.

"Mum is going to kill me," Ron realized.

"How did this happen?" Draco asked.
"Well, it's quite simple really," Deadpool said.

Crickets began chirping as they waited for Deadpool's explanation.

"And…..?" Draco asked.

Deadpool shrugged, honestly he had nothing.

"Well, perhaps I could explain," Harry said. "It appears that Arthur Weasley, in his collection of Muggle oddities, brought this cursed helmet home. He thought it was a simple Muggle artifact, and not a magical artifact."

"Oh yes, and Ronald, with his limited Brain capacity, decided he would put the Helmet on without considering the consequences," Luna said. "Perhaps he thought it looked...wicked."

It looked really ugly for Luna's tastes but she was not about to artifact shame.

"So, how did you know we were in trouble?" Deadpool asked.

"That's an interesting story," Harry said. "Actually, you can thank my wife for that one....."

"Someone married you, Potter?" Draco asked.

"Yes, fifty-three times," Harry said.

"So, that means you divorced fifty-two times," Draco said.

"No, fifty-three different women," Harry said. "But, don't worry, Draco, I'm sure you can find someone worthy of you someday."

"You think so, Potter?" Draco asked.

"I've seen stranger," Harry said with a shrug. "Better start reconciling with Crabbe and Goyle as a backup plan just in case."

"POTTER!"

Deadpool turned his gaze a half of an inch to the side and locked his eyes on a very furious looking Dolores Umbridge who marched to them.

"Well, I forgot about her," Deadpool said.

'Okay, now can I kill her?' Voldemort asked. 'Pretty please, with sugar on top?'

"So you're responsible for all of this," Harry said.

"How dare you?" Umbridge asked. "Listen to you misogynist little shit, I will not be talked to in this way. You should shut up when a woman is speaking! I am Dolores Umbridge, the rightful Hogwarts Headmistress, the future Minister of Magic..."

"So you gambled the future of all of the students of Hogwarts on your own ego and ambition?" Deadpool asked. "I mean, I knew that, but just for clarity's sake...." 

"These children have no future, all of them, other than working underneath me, when I become the Minister of Magic, the greatest Minister of Magic of all time!" Umbridge yelled. "I will be the world's most renowned witch in the entire world and no woman in history will be greater than me!"
There is not a single person who could stop me…"

Harry and Deadpool exchanged a look and smile.

"So, are the two of you going to assault me?" Umbridge asked.

"No, I'm not going to touch you," Harry said. "I don't want to get slime on my good clothes."

Umbridge started to spittle and she was about to reprimand the little bit of slime.

"Yeah, I'm not going to touch you either," Deadpool said. "I have standards...well some of the time."

"So, I'm not going to kick your ass and he's not going to kick your ass," Harry said. He casually pointed behind Umbridge. "He's going to kick your ass."

As if on cue, Peeves the Poltergeist zipped behind Umbridge and greeted her with a nice kick to the ass.

"You're not wanted in this school anymore!" Peeves yelled. "So, you better hop to it, Pepto Toad!"

Umbridge tried to curse the poltergeist as he hurled mud, at least Wade hoped it was mud, at Umbridge. Peeves cackled and Umbridge realized she had a stick.

Right before Peeves took Umbridge's wand and crammed it right where the sun did not shine. Umbridge screamed out in agony.

'Well, the first and only time someone has shoved something long and hard in one of her holes,' Voldemort thought.

'Yeah, you are really are the most evil dark lord who ever lived by putting that thought in everyone's head.'

"And Umbridge, think fast!"

Harry tossed a glowing purple crystal at Umbridge and she found herself engulfed in purple light. She vanished in a glow of purple light.

And that was the end of Dolores Umbridge.

"So, you sent her into the Phantom Zone?" Deadpool asked.

"She wishes," Harry said. "So Malfoy, about that bounty?"

"Potter, you….."

"I unmasked the White Knight, so you should pay up," Harry said. "Of course, if you don't have the gold, we can discuss...an alternate method of payment."

Draco wondered what this was going to cost him. Harry motioned for Draco to come over and whisper something to him. Draco's look of disgust turned to one in abject horror.

"Potter, is there….."

"Write to her, Malfoy," Harry firmly stated.

"Potter, you motherfucker!"
"Yes, Draco, that's the idea."

Dolores Umbridge found herself in the middle of a cell. She picked splinters out of her ass. Oh, she would get out of her somewhere. Sure, her wand was in pieces, but once the Minister of Magic was able to find her, then she would get Deadpool, Potter, and Weasley all arrested. And Dumbledore, he was in on this.

"So, what are you in for, my dear?"

"I'm the Hogwarts Headmistress, the Hogwarts High Inquisitor, and the Senior Undersecretary of the Minister of Magic," a fuming Umbridge declared.

"Right? And I'm Margaret Thatcher!"

A lighting flashed revealing a sinister looking man with pale skin, green hair, and a permanent smile on his face.

"Where am I?" she asked.

"Oh, you're in the madhouse, the nuthouse, the funny farm," he said. "Arkham Asylum!"

"The Asylum?" Umbridge asked. "I'M NOT CRAZY!"

"Sure, you aren't," he said with a loud insidious laughter. "This entire place is filled with a lot of people who claim they're not insane, but the sooner you embrace the madness, the better off your life will be. And you my dear are completely mad...so what's your deal? Amazing Pepto Toad woman?"

"I'm not a to...."

Umbridge's tongue extended and she almost choked on a particularly juicy fly.

"Oh, you're going to fit in with the gang here," the man said with a cackle. "Jervis, and Ed, and Johnny Boy...all of them are going to be a blast. It's going to be a laugh, a real scream."

Umbridge sobbed. Something about this placed seemed off. Like it bred madness? People thought Azkaban was bad, but she had been in a place which seemed far worse and yet there was no Dementors in sight.

"Who am I?" Umbridge asked. "I want the Minister, this isn't right!"

The man broke out into insidious laugh as Umbridge sobbed, breaking down with madness. All Potter's fault, and Dumbledore's and Wilson's.

"Who am I? Who am I? Oh, you're such a funny woman good sense of humor! Would have to be, because you aren't getting ahead on your looks, that's for sure! Always appreciate a good sense of humor!"

The crazed clown extended a hand out.

"The name's Joker," he said. "Put 'er there."

Umbridge took Joker's hand, and had been rewarded with a shock far more painful than any Cruciatius Curse. Joker laughed in mirth as he gave his new cell mate a good shock.
"RONALD BILLIUS WEASLEY! HOW DARE YOU DESTROY HOGWARTS! OUT OF ALL OF THE THINGS YOU COULD HAVE DONE, THIS WAS THE MOST BONE-HEADED THING POSSIBLE! JUST WAIT UNTIL I GET MY HANDS ON YOU, YOUNG MAN! YOU WILL BE GROUNDED FOR THE REST OF YOUR LIFE! I WILL SEND YOU TO GREAT AUNTIE MURIEL SO SHE COULD TEACH YOU SOME MANNERS AND HUMBLE YOU IN THE OLD COUNTRY WAY! DO YOU REALIZE HOW MUCH TROUBLE YOU’VE GOTTEN YOUR FATHER INTO, BY PUTTING ON THAT HELMET? I NEVER HEARD OF SUCH A THING! YOU WON'T BE GOING ANYWHERE ON YOUR OWN ANY MORE FOR THE REST OF YOUR LIFE, YOUNG MAN! I WILL MAKE SURE OF THAT! I WILL TAN YOUR HIDE SO HARD YOU CAN NEVER SIT ON A BROOMSTICK EVER AGAIN! NOT THAT I WOULD ALLOW YOU TO!

From the moon, Princess Crystal of the Inhumans rubbed her ear at the shouting voice which even broke the vacuum of space and reached to the moon and beyond.

Lockjaw looked at Crystal and growled at the voice which assaulted his ears. Crystal patted Lockjaw on the nose and lead him away, as the force finally faded.

And one final tie-up chapter, and we'll be dropping the final curtain of this story. All things must end. See you next week for the finale.
The Closing Dance Number.

In the St. Mungos closed ward, Cornelius Fudge rocked back and forth, arms bound for his own good. He kept muttering "I'm the Minister of Magic" over and over again.

From outside of the ward, Amelia Bones sighed. She had a lot of work to do. Fudge was judged to be not fit to be the Minister of Magic ever again. Only due to being judged incompetent to stand trial due to reason of insanity had been the reason why Fudge would not be sent to Azkaban.

"THE UNICORNS! HE'S LEADING THE UNICORNS! AGGHHHH!"

"He's mentally broken," the healer said. "The shock of seeing Hogwarts being destroyed because of the edict that he put down caused him to break."

"A real pity," Amelia said.

"We'll do everything we can, but it's a good thing that he's no longer the Minister of Magic," the healer said. "The years of working in that role threatened his mental stability. And something happened at Hogwarts."

"No, keep away from my nuts you filthy squirrel!" Fudge yelled while giggling like a crack addict after a binge.

Amelia knew her work had been cut out for her, in more ways than one. She had been sworn in as an interim Minister of Magic, and had to deal with the sludge left behind by the Fudge regime. Folders and folders of incriminating information Umbridge collected against several high ranking Ministry of Magic officials waited for Amelia to sort out. Needless to say, a lot of people had been involved in some shady, shady, business.

Oh, Amelia needed a stiff drink. The elevator opened up and the one and only Deadpool said.

"So, what's the deal with Hogwarts?" Wade asked her.

"I don't know," Amelia said. "I'm meeting with several of the parents, and a lot of them think we should start fresh, new, with a new magical school. And after the destruction of the White Knight and his followers, it would be years before Hogwarts could be restored, even if the Ministry had the resources to do so."

Wade wondered what that meant for Deadpool's New Job.

'Hee-hee, you said the title of the story,' one of the voices in Deadpool's head said.

'Technically if you had the job for five years, it technically wouldn't be a new job anymore, right?' the critic in Deadpool's head.

'Quiet you,' the other voices said.

"And that means fresh, with a new staff," Amelia said.

"DOLORES, PEG ME HARD!"
Amelia put a silencing charm the door to prevent any more unfortunate mental scarring.

"Yeah, I know," Wade said. "I mean, it's been a run, hasn't it?"

"You've most certainly had a memorable five year run," Amelia said. "But, the parents of Hogwarts, agree that the Dumbledore regime played out. And Dumbledore himself, is at the end of his life."

'Wait, Dumbledore's dying?' Wade asked.

Despite all of the insanity and lunacy of his life, Albus Dumbledore most certainly lived a very interesting and memorable life.

"Well, he did say that time grows short and he's closing on his next great adventure," Amelia said. "You can never tell with Dumbledore, but we all know his road for his next great adventure is nearing."

Deadpool responded with a whistle.

'Wow, old age taking down Dumbledore,' Voldemort thought. 'That's really...anti-climatic.'

'To be fair, life is a box of chocolates,' Deadpool thought. 'Sometimes, someone has already eaten all of the good ones, or something along those lines. I think I lost the metaphor somewhere.'

The Merc with the Mouth took a second to figure out his next move. He would have to meet with Dumbledore, towards the end. Although Hogwarts being what it was, meant Deadpool's New Job was finally reaching the end.

'Time to polish up the old resume,' Deadpool thought. 'Wonder if Snape or Filch would give me the good word.'

'I wouldn't hold my breath about that one,' Voldemort thought. 'For our sakes if nothing else.'

Albus Dumbledore appeared one last time at Hogwarts, or rather what was left of it. He had not been here as the Headmaster, or even a teacher or a student, but a guest.

"Albus?"

McGonagall, Snape, Flitwick, Hagrid, and Trelawney appeared at the edge, and the other staff members involved. Filch even appeared and almost swore at the sight of the mess. The ashened remains of the school.

"Don't worry, Argus, it won't be yours to clean up, or I suppose any of ours ever again," Dumbledore said.

"So, this is it, the curtain call?"

Deadpool turned up. Hagrid broke into a series of sobs at the end of Hogwarts and wrapped up Wade in a bearhug which nearly broke his spine.

"Okay, okay, ease up big guy, chin up, it's going to be okay," Wade said.

"You didn't hear about Professor Dumbledore, did you?" Hagrid asked. "He's...well he's...not well."

Deadpool decided to spare Hagrid's feelings this once. A certain voice in his head offered the commentary which Deadpool had been biting his tongue back from saying.
'Was he ever well?' Voldemort thought.

'Must you be cruel?' Deadpool asked.

To be fair, Voldemort excelled at being cruel. It was kind of the thing he did as the Dark Lord. Regardless, Wade's attention had been turned to the entire group.

'Hagrid, all roads end, my road, Hogwarts, and I would like to all to thank you for coming,' Dumbledore said. 'Admittedly, I have made my share of mistakes which has caused grievous harm. Hindsight, being the cruel mistress it is, can be very harsh."

"So, you were wrong?" Wade asked.

"I've made my mistakes," Dumbledore said. "As Harry said, I should have gotten my shit together far sooner."

"Potter's arrogant, and self-absorbed, I suggest you expel him Headmaster!" Snape snapped before realizing they were not at Hogwarts any more. "I'm sorry, force of habit, these things are hard to break."

"Of course, Severus, I understand," Dumbledore said. "I can refer you to a good twelve step program."

"I'm good, Dumbledore."

Minerva, being the one to have to keep them all on track, even if this would be for the final time all of them met with each other.

"So, what happens to us, next?" Minerva asked.

"The Ministry of Magic will give you your well earned retirement benefits," Dumbledore said.

Filch responded to that particular statement with a fist pump and a very excited "fuck yes" to the thought of finally getting everything he felt was coming for him after years of cleaning up the muck.

'Well, there's a happy ending for some of us.'

"And as for what happens, upon the ashes of what was once Hogwarts, an institution destroyed by ignorance of the worst kind, I could not say," Dumbledore said. "I could not say what happens next. I suspect it's best up to the minds of the inquisitive and the imagination. All I can say is I'll wish you all the best in your future endeavors….and I believe I will have one last holiday before I head off to my next great adventure."

Dumbledore walked around and shook hands with all of his staff one at a time.

"Well, there's only one thing left to do," Dumbledore said. "As I said a long time ago, music is far beyond most of the magic we will ever teach at Hogwarts. And we're going to enjoy our last few moments together by getting down and boogeying."

Some music started to play out of nowhere. The staff of the former Hogwarts got down, even a reluctant Snape and Filch, with the Chicken Dance. Dumbledore made his most honest attempt to try and bust and move, but he ended up busting his hip.

Crabbe and Goyle jumped into the area, doing a dance of their own, followed by Dobby, Griphook, Luna, and a very baffled Hermione. Draco walked out and threw his hands up, disgusted by the
Suddenly, his fingers started twitching and Draco joined the display with a Chicken Dance of his own. Ron Weasley snuck out into the dance and did a really bad Moonwalk until Molly appeared and dragged Ron out of the area by his ear.

'I hate each and every one of you,' Voldemort thought. 'What is this nonsense?'

Deadpool started to show his moves, dancing, and moving his hips. After all those hips don't lie and Wade's spilled a lot of very impressive secrets.

Mid-dance, Deadpool stopped and the scene froze around him.

"Well, that's it folks, that's been quite the adventure over the past few years," Deadpool said. "Who knows when I'll be around in the next few months or years, but like the clap, I'm sure I'll pop up when you least expect it and where it makes you most uncomfortable."

The Merc paused.

"Oh, and if you want to sign a petition to get Wade Wilson his own harem story, let's pass it around and get this done. If we work together, we'll get it done in by 2020 or show."

**Disclaimer: Internet Petitions are Not Legally Binding.**

The music kicked up and everyone reached the grand climax in this grand orgy of dancing.

Deadpool grabbed Snape and twirled him around like a ballerina, until Snape pulled back in disgust. The slow and uncomfortable fade to black occurred as the cast of this story broke into one large dance party.

Well, except for Harry Potter, who as per tradition, barely showed up in this story despite his name being in the marquee of this fandom.

Oh, in the background, another song kicked up, as Captain Griphook and an army of dancing goblins appear.

'We are done with the story.'

'But there's only one person who will get the glory.'

'Don't be a a fool'

'For I'm about to steal your school.'

In the background, Hogwarts repaired itself only to be airlifted off of the ground by Captain Griphook and his goblin troupe as everyone danced in the foreground.

'When you hear our song, what we took.'

'The one and only Captain Griphook.'

'So, it is done, let's be real.'

'There will be no sequel!'

The Ministry wizards arrived to chase the thieving goblins who disappeared into the night with the display.
school. Luna played the "Benny Hill Show" theme on her kazoo as the Ministry wizards chased the goblins as Hogwarts became a speck of dust.

The ghostly image of Stan Lee appeared within the clouds like Mufasa in Lion King and smiled down at everyone as we finally and for real this time faded to black.

End.(Of the Line For You all)

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