Dark Echoes

Summary

Lily uses a dark ritual to protect her son which has long term ramifications for him. Not that he’s complaining about the perks of the matter. Harry/Multi, obviously. Very dark and may offend delicate sensibilities. More information inside.
Chapter 1

So yes, in this story, Harry will be very dark, some might say evil depending on how you consider it, due to the nature of what he is. Therefore, I'm warning you right now, and this is your only warning, if you have delicate sensibilities, I would suggest that you leave this story right now, and don't turn back. If you don't like it, go write your own story.

This crossover will be mostly Harry Potter/Marvel, although there will be six DC girls included. And if you can't guess at least two of them, then you've never read one of my stories.

Lily Evans-Potter sat in her study, pouring over numerous books, reading by candlelight. The last couple of days turned her life upside down and not in the best way. She really wished she did not have to do what she was about to do and more importantly, she was not that desperate.

With the war that they were in, Lily appreciated how lucky that she was to even reach her twentieth birthday, but that was beside the point. The think that spooked her was that Prophecy that Dumbledore told them about, the reason why they were about to go into hiding.

Three times she and James ran into Voldemort, three times they managed to escape with their lives. Lily was happy to say that she took a handful of his followers down on the way out, morally wounding them. At least she hoped so, because she did not want to stick around long enough to do a headcount of any sort.

Dumbledore would preach about redemption, about forgiveness, while anyone with any amount of sense would roll their eyes and remember that they were in a war against people that would murder them or worse, if given half of the chance.

Lily wasn't doing what she was about to do for herself, if she had to, she would not even consider something like that. The fact that her son was one of two probable candidates for this prophecy, caused her to look into questionable forms of magic to protect his interests.

The redhead frowned, she hated this entire mess, but what choice did she really have? Do or die, that was the question, wasn't it? The redhead skimmed her finger over the edge of the book and a small sigh escaped her lips.

'Wish there was another way, but there really isn't?'

Three times, which was the first parameter to the Prophecy, born as the seventh month dies, that was another one. Of course, it was vague as to which Dark Lord, as there had been several over the centuries and several yet to come in the future.

Dumbledore believed it, her husband believed it, and most importantly, Lily was certain that Voldemort would believe it.

She resumed her studying with a razor sharp focus, these books had been inherited by Sirius upon the death of his Uncle. One of the white sheep of the Black Family, Lily recalled how he had been blasted off of the family tree for daring to take Sirius's side amongst that entire debate.

The Marauders were currently out for one last night together, and tomorrow, Dumbledore would put the Potters under the Fidelius Charm.
Godric's Hallow was a nice place, but it would be a shame that they would be hidden from view. The green eyed witch scratched some notes down.

'No, that won't really work, not potent enough,' Lily thought, sketching down even more notes.

Her son slept peacefully in the next room. Lily would like to say that he was blissfully unaware of what was happening but she really knew better. Harry was a bit too smart for his age and would be a great prodigy someday if given the proper tools.

Then again, perhaps Lily was a slight bit biased, but she liked to expect better than his best from her son.

James would not approve of this, what she was doing. She was tampering with what was classified dark magic. By the Ministry's standards at least, but Lily was not going to wrap her head about how limited their thinking was.

Whether magic that she used to protect a loved one was dark, that could be debated. Lily thought not, others would disagree.

The latest Daily Prophet said that his attacks indicated. The Minister claimed that they had everything under control. Never mind that his predecessor was fond dismembered in Knockturn Alley nearly six weeks ago. Lily thought that if this was their definition of control, she would hate to think what their definition of out of control was.

The head of the Department of Magical Law Enforcement Millicent Bagnold was fingered for the next Minister when this one died. She did seem to be fairly honest but a bit in over her head dealing with the sharks in the Ministry from what Lily found out.

Then again, she didn't want to think about Ministry politics, not when she had complex magical rituals to try and find. She was beginning to think that this book was a…..she thought that she just hit the jackpot.

Blowing the dust off of the pages of the book, Lily saw something extremely interesting. It was a ritual alright but there were….consequences to transforming her son into something like this.

Consequences that she was certain that certain people would not approve of but the fact of the matter was that Lily had very few options to consider, with the redhead looking to the next room. Her son slept on peacefully and she reminded herself, that she was doing this for him, and no one else.

Not Dumbledore, not even James and god how she was pissed off at James right now. Well not completely pissed off, because this allowed her to do research without being bothered. But he went out drinking with his buddies like it was a Hogsmeade weekend when there was a fucking war going on.

Lily wanted to leave the country until this boiled over. Let Voldemort focus his targets on some other child that was hers.

'But no, the Potters have been here since the time of Camelot, so we have to stick it out, despite the fact that there's a snake faced madman who can and will kill us,' Lily replied bitingly, and she shook her head. 'Yeah, that's about right James…..but I guess that's just a pureblood philosophy for you.'

Lily knew that running was not the answer right now, as just last week, there had been a Ministry law that was passed, prohibiting any magical citizens to go in and out of Britain. How they hoped to enforce that Lily, didn't know. And how they thought trapping them in there with a mad man was a good idea, she really didn't know.
She figured that they would be better off putting a Taboo ritual on the Unforgiveable curses and then popping anyone who uses them. But they would require forward thinking and sense.

That being said, Lily was on the edge of performing this ritual, but it was two key flaws with it.

It hinged on having Voldemort kill her before he killed Harry. That was the most important part of the ritual, and if that didn't happen, well Lily was kind of screwed.

Also, her soul was not going to be going to a very pleasant place in the afterlife, as this kind of power required a trade of some sort.

Finally, she required Sirius not to do anything irrational, and do his duty as godfather, should worse come to worse. He would have to explain everything that Harry, good thing that he owed Lily a favor where he would not ask too many questions.

Okay, that was three, but one couldn't blame Lily because she was so flustered. She dove into the ritual and prepared to piece together what she needed to do. Despite the Secret Keeper, Lily wasn't convinced that they were safe for long.

All charms, no matter what, could be faulty.

Tom Marvolo Riddle, better known as Lord Voldemort, and more commonly referred to as You-Know-Who and He-Who-Must-Not-Be-Named was ripped from his physical flesh and blood body. It felt as if hundreds of white hot knife pierced his skin and forcefully yanked him to the other side.

It was perfect, kill the Potters, and then finish their son. He would go onto the Longbottoms next, as the Lestranges and Crouch Junior kept a close watch on that property, giving him a full account of their comings and goings.

Something went wrong, his body failed, and he was in this place, a bad place, a very bad place.

But he was not completely in this place, he could still see out into the physical world. Which meant that his soul containers held, and that he was prevented from getting dragged to this realm for his eternal torment.

Tom Marvolo Riddle thought that he was the smartest student of his age or any other for that matter. The Dark Lord Voldemort did not build a reputation where people feared to speak his mere name by coasting. He learned forms of magic that would cause the most hardened men to whimper in the corner like a scared little kitten.

Where was he now? It was essentially what the Muggle representation of Hell was like. The fire, the brimstone, the demonic, almost shapeless creatures looming in the background painted the picture. The walls were bathed in red, the floors were made of embers, but this was the most inner sanctum of the man that he was facing.

The man that he was about to face did not have a pitchfork and horns despite common Muggle belief however.

"So, you think that you're clever, don't you, Riddle?"

"If I have to answer that question….."

"You do think that you're clever," the man in the shadows whispered. His face and features obscured by the darkness that he was clouded in. "We made a deal in that cave all those years ago, when you
nearly got yourself killed in your attempts to exert your influence on two smaller children."

"What they witnessed traumatized them for life," Riddle whispered excitedly. Those two brats were never the same again. It was glorious, and had given him a valuable life lesson that power was control and they feared his power.

"You should be completely in Limbo, at my beck and call, for that was our agreement, should you fall, you would be with me, at my disposal for all eternity," the demon lord whispered in the shadows and the fires shot out. "But, you decided to make them, the soul containers, didn't you?"

"You're just unhappy that I outwitted the great ruler of Limbo, Belasco," Riddle replied and there was a few seconds where the lord of Limbo in question remained silent.

"You fell to a child and feared an old man twenty years past his prime, so I do not see your superiority," Belasco commented, and he had punctured an emotional dagger through Riddle's heart.

He tried not to show it but his agitation was obvious.

"Well, you're not going to claim me, so I think that I can claim victory….."

"You won't survive forever on your little soul containers," Belasco whispered, knowing that there will come a day where someone would fine and destroy them. Then Riddle would be his. He always came across a snot nosed brat with delusions of grandeur.

"Only I, Lord Voldemort, the greatest Dark Lord that ever lived, know the location of my Horcruxes," Riddle whispered.

"So, you did not heed the warnings that making more than one of them would leave you at questionable sanity," Belasco continued, and Riddle's amusement was high.

"You will not be able to claim them, for I know that for your latest misadventure….you are not to leave Limbo….."

"Yes," Belasco agreed, it had not been that long ago. Of course for someone hundreds of years old like him, it could only have been a second. He especially could not interfere with the wand wavers. They were considered to be the special needs children of the magical community amongst Homo-Magi.

The Lord of Limbo ignored the mentally insufficient Dark Lord, for he would gain a headache if he considered him and focused on what defeated him.

A child but there was something different about this child, something that fascinated Belasco. The aura about him was powerful and manipulated properly, he would be a useful tool.

A bit of Riddle's soul latched to the boy's scar, it was a wonder that Riddle had anything left. Then again, wand waver, they always went for quantity over quality. Even though Belasco wished to subject the person who came up with that phrase to eternal torment, but that was beside the point.

"Fairly interesting," Belasco whispered, long after Riddle flittered back into the real world, walking between two words.

He could not directly interfere with that world but there were always loopholes. The nature of the ritual that Lily Potter used to empower her son might have opened a window when a door had previously been shut.
Belasco would have the last laugh and Riddle would be put properly in his place where he belonged.

If Harry Potter ever wanted to be normal, if he even wanted to be "Just Harry", six years at the Dursleys had caused Harry to put such thoughts out of his mind. Just being normal got him nowhere, in fact, it got him ridiculed.

By each passing year, Harry felt something fester inside of him. Dudley and his gang ran around, bullying children. They were big, stupid, and mean, and stupid as well. Harry had to list stupid twice, because it needed to be said.

Dudley was the leader of the pack and Harry was glad that he looked nothing like his cousin or his aunt for that matter. His mother was not even mentioned, in the house. His parents were said to die in a car crash, and there was this subtle implication that they were drug addicts and drunks.

Something that Harry knew was not true and his anger reached a boiling point, the more that his aunt slandered his mother. His father….well Harry's emotional connection towards him was kind of numb. His mother on the other hand, there was a connection there, that Harry did not have the capabilities to explain.

Weird things happened around Harry, just two weeks ago, he caused all of the light bulbs in the school to blow up. They explained it as a really bad fuse, but Harry knew better.

His teacher's wig turned blue one week, another time when she tried to hold Harry after class because he actually stood up for himself against Dudley, it caught on fire. And then there was that incident with the birds and Dudley that Harry couldn't even explain, but never the less amused him to no end.

The Dursleys and Harry had an interesting relationship. He got a sense that they feared what he could do but they thought that if they broke his spirit, then there would be nothing to fear. They thought that putting him in a cupboard underneath the stairs, forcing him to do manual chores for food, and only giving him the most sufficient amount of food to survive would break him.

They were mistaken, Harry had a streak of stubbornness a mile long. He liked to think that he inherited it from his mother, along with his eyes. And there were dreams that were vivid, but strange and scattered regarding his mother, that were from her point of view that he couldn't really explain.

'Weird,' Harry thought, as he remembered the one that he had two nights ago. He couldn't explain it, he couldn't begin to describe it. Then again, perhaps he was never meant to explain it.

Dudley, despite suffering more than a few freak injuries right after messing with Harry, still tried to bully him. Harry doubted very much it was possible to have an IQ in the negatives numbers, but with Dudley, he was going to seriously reconsider it.

"Potter's around here somewhere, he's going to pay for showing me up….the little dork always comes to this playground, thinking that he can hide up."

'Oh, I'm sure evolution has already showed you up, Dudders,' Harry thought and he could see his fingers glow, heating up. He just thought about how cold he was, because of the weather and not being allowed a coat. Perhaps the Dursleys hoped that he died of pneumonia, that would be about right.

Then his body warmed up.

"HARRY!"
Harry stopped and stared, he could have sworn that he heard someone, someone female scream for his name. The person was not there.

Dudley and his crew as coming up the hill but Harry knew this park like the back of his hand. All of the hiding places, all of the exits, all of it.

Harry slipped underneath a cluster of bushes and out of a small hole in the back fence, just as Dudley and his gang went around.

He knew that they would be coming home before too long. Why did he know that? Because dinner was in fifteen minutes, there would be no way that Dudley would miss that.

Harry figured that once Dudley told them that he answered a math problem that Dudley had trouble with, he would be scrounging for crumbs tonight. He got a sense that Petunia took more offense to this than Vernon, and the reasons why became obvious.

All of the houses on Privet Drive looked the same. The six year old wizard stopped and heard the whisper in the wind once more.

It was his name, someone calling for him and Harry grew increasingly curious as to who was talking to him.

It was time to return to his home, that was not really his home. One day, Harry would find out who sent him here. With his parents dying, someone had to make the arrangement to send him here, and that person…..well the thoughts of what Harry wanted to do to him were very unbecoming of a six year old.

"Boy, where were you? Dudley is going to be home any minute, and I need you to cook dinner."

"Yes, Aunt Petunia," Harry said in an eerily calm voice devoid of any emotion. One would consider it to be scary, but when you realized that he lived in a neighborhood full of people who were obsessed with being normal and almost robotic at doing so in their state of conformity, he very nearly fit in.

Plus, given Petunia's cooking could shot out of cannons and do some real damage, Harry thought it was for the best.

Harry really didn't know how good is cooking was, but he was pretty sure that Dudley enjoyed it. Then again, Dudley ate anything that stood still long enough.

He would never know, but he made his way to the stove, under the watchful and critical eye of his aunt.

Vernon arrived home and his booming complaints about his day at the office filled Harry's ears.

In the cupboard underneath the stairs, Harry thought long and hard about the best way to deal with the Dursleys. A detached voice in his head suggested poison but acquiring poison was a problem.

That being said, most people would be scared that there was a voice in their head but Harry…..well Harry was not really that bothered by it. Time crawled in the Cupboard underneath the stairs.

The worn cot that he rested on, along with the thin pillow was not exactly very comfortable. He could hear the dripping of the sink from the Kitchen outside and he wondered if the Dursleys had gone to bed.
They didn't lock the cupboard door this time, but Harry had a pick in his shoe just in case they did. It would not be wise to have them catch onto the fact that he had such a device with him. He sighed.

'Just another day that ends in a 'y' " a voice that Harry was not sure was his own stated.

It was just another day in this Cupboard underneath the stairs. Harry hummed nonchalantly, and again anyone who hummed this much, might be considered to be a bit strange. Something that Harry appreciated.

He already was considered a misfit thanks to his mismatched, oversized clothes. Not really his fault. 'Too bad the Dursleys don't die in a car crash,' Harry thought to himself, thoughts getting even morbid. He was corrupted beyond his years and the more Dursleys pushed, the more they were pushing their lock.

He had light in the cupboard, that lightbulb had been dead since he was abandoned at the Dursleys, but he had light. 'Curious, and curioser,' Harry mentally thought to himself but without anything to read, he didn't really have much to do. Hell, he didn't have so much of a worn deck of cards. All he had was the clothes on his back, this worn mattress, ragged blanket, and a pillow.

"HARRY!"

That voice again, it was more frantic this time and Harry nearly sat up. Careful not to hit his head on the wood of the cupboard, he turned around.

"Hello?" Harry asked, answering the voice back.

"You're trapped here….you don't want to be here, you don't belong here."

Harry could see a glowing face in the wall, red hair, green eyes, just like his memories.

"Mum," Harry whispered.

"I….Harry, I can't get out, please help me," Lily cried and Harry was sure that he could only hear Lily. "You know the Dursleys lied about how I died, but….you're the only one that can free me."

Harry looked at the swirl of energy that surrounded her face, which faded in less prominence the more that he watched it. He wanted to believe, but he had certain reservations.

"If you free me, you won't ever have to see them again."

Harry's interesting was now piqued and he had his hand raised up, where his mother was trapped within the wall. He hesitated for a brief moment.

"HARRY!"

Harry could see the doorway open and his mother gone. She vanished but the gateway remained. It lingered, leading to the unknown. Harry could stay here at the Dursleys or he could take that journey to the unknown.

Dursleys or the unknown, Dursleys or the unknown, Dursleys or the unknown.

Six year olds were not known well for critical thinking, even six year olds who were smarter than your average six years old. Harry sensed the pull and the promise of something different that this
world.

Then again, what did he have to lose? If he stuck around, he would be miserable at the Dursleys.

He accepted passage and he was drawn in. It was at that moment where everything went completely and utterly crazy.

Belasco could not believe how efficient this plan went. It went like a dream, but naturally luring the child here was the easy part.

Currently he was trapped in a field of stasis; he didn't break any edicts, any agreements, to get him here. The Chosen One could have decided not to enter the portal. It was too easy to get him here, especially when he was so desperate for escape.

Those wand wavers, by abandoning, cultivated a level of hatred that almost intimidated the Lord of Limbo. Remaining in the shadows as his underlings stood guard, features obscured, he smiled, a wicked smile.

"Soon this child will be underneath my thumb."

He could see the fragment of that pathetic excuse of a dark lord lingering inside of him. That was power and that power, lead to a certain amount of control.

Belasco could hardly believe his luck as he saw this power radiating from his soon to be pawn. It was a level beyond anything that he ever saw or experienced in his entire life.

What exactly did Lily Evans-Potter do? She tampered with dark magic but the combination of Riddle's failed ritual and their unique circumstances had created something dangerous.

A weapon, a weapon which he could mold, and send after those who were unfit to perform the noble art of magic, they used a tool like a wand for every little thing. They were weak, insufficient, and they got worse with each passing generation.

When someone rose up who had potential, they were declared dark, for they were envious of powers that they could never properly hold. Those who were shunned often did become the most susceptible to the cool and chilling embrace of darkness.

"You bought your people time, far too much time. No matter what guise you'd be able to hide under, soon your children will be crushed. I have ran into you far too many times over the years….but this one, he has the power."

Harry Potter swayed in the stasis field, the child not moving, not aware that any time had passed, as Belasco studied him.

"It will be amusing when you try and seek him but he will have been long gone by the time that you reach him, and given how time passes in this world, moments there, will be years in here."

There was nothing that any of them could do about it and the servants walked forward, murmuring underneath their breath. They had ambition at one time, but Belasco would be the one who would have the final laugh at them.

"Prepare him, prepare the child for his destination."

A pair of eyes watched the proceedings from the shadows, but then the owner of them made herself
scarce when she realized that she was in danger of being spotted.

The dark haired green eyed wizard had managed to sustain himself in conditions that would have broken a normal young man. That was fine, for that kind of power would be the most rewarding to cultivate into a tool that he could use.

Power took time to mold and he had the triumph. Riddle might have bought himself a little more time but he would have that petulant child as well.

Seconds after Harry Potter disappeared, Albus Dumbledore was on the scene at Number Four Privet Drive. No pause, no words, just calm, sheer determination. The alarm sounded, and the alarm sounded, he only had mere seconds to react.

He brought down the doors of Number Four Privet Drive and tracked Harry Potter to his sleeping quarters.

Dumbledore stopped, the twinkle leaving his eyes as he reached the cupboard underneath the stairs. He tore it open.

Nothing inside, but Harry could not have gotten far. He did a sweep of the area and found a residue of magic.

Albus Dumbledore knew much about magic. He didn't want to toot his own horn but he was going to do it anyway. He studied underneath some of the most foremost magical masters in his day.

That being said, this particular residue of magic was something that he could not pinpoint or track. It was there but there was no origin point.

"WHAT THE BLOODY HELL ARE YOU DOING HERE?"

Vernon Dursley lumbered his way down the stairs and he came face to face with Albus Dumbledore. To his credit, Dumbledore didn't back down.

"Your nephew is missing....."

Vernon remained calm. "Little brat likely ran away, he's pulled that shit before....."

"Enough," Dumbledore remarked calmly. "You were asked one thing....and now he's gone and no magical means can trace him....."

"Well do you think us normal people can hide him from your hocus-pocus?" Vernon asked as he stared down Dumbledore with contempt in his eyes.

Dumbledore scanned the man's mind and realized that he was telling the truth. He had absolutely nothing to do with what happened to Harry Potter and his only crime was being too overly excited that his nephew was missing and potentially deceased.

The Hogwarts Headmaster locked eyes with Vernon Dursley, and after a few seconds, he stepped back.

"I'm very disappointed in you."

Harry shouldn't have gotten far, according to Dumbledore's calculations, and he did admit that his math could be faulty, he was only gone for less than seven minutes.
The nature of time and space told a person that he would be gone for much, much longer in fact. Never the less, Dumbledore felt he had no need to inform the Ministry and handle this matter internally.

Seven minutes might have passed in the real world but close to seven years passed in the realm of Limbo.

Harry Potter was still there, still breathing. He experienced a hell that would cause most people to shudder even in their worst nightmares. But it was very real.

What did not kill a person, did in fact make them stronger and Harry's strength continued to grow as did his power and his knowledge.

Harry would not be broken at the Dursleys, so he would not be broken here. He did admit that their methods to try to break him were far more prolific. That increased his resolve.

And now he had the perfect opportunity, with Belasco distracted with other matters. His corruption was not complete, but Harry thought that the world that abandoned him to the Dursleys had a head start on corrupting him.

The dreams, he still had them, two sets of them.

His mother's dreams offered a sense of tranquility and comfort, but they were like puzzle pieces that they could not explain. It didn't make any sense.

The dreams from the other source on the other hand, Harry hoped to never have the mindset to explain them. He figured that it was from the man who tried to kill him but as to how or why Harry had these dark echoes in his head, he had no idea.

The coast was clear, at least he assumed so. Belasco had another problem with another one of his pawns, which allowed his focus to be diverted from Harry and his actions.

All that much the better, the sooner that he could get away from the palace, the better, his injuries from the last training session were among the most brutal. He had been tempted with the darkest of dark magic and Harry had to admit, it was a tantalizing offer.

He made it past the gates, this was the furthest that he ever went.

'I wonder,' Harry thought to himself and he could feel the whispers in the realm. They intended to tempt those who were inside to do things that they shouldn't do. The wizard picked up the pace, nearly running smack dab into something.

It was a wonder Harry was able to put the brakes on completely. How he did not notice this particular specimen before now, one could chalk it up to being lost in his thoughts.

Her blonde hair hung wildly down, framing her face, with a seductive and sinister quality as well. Her piercing blue eyes stared him down. White strips of fabric went over her nipples, with her perky breasts. The fabric looked to strain over it.

Her stomach was flat, without an ounce of fat. The white material on the bottom half of her barely covered what she needed to cover. Her long legs stretched down, she had a body made for sin.

The irony considering where he was, but she started to babble frantically at him, and a bit angrily, although Harry could not figure out if it was angry or not. Never the less, she was getting frantic with
her attempts to get his attention.

"Okay, okay, okay, just calm down, please," Harry told her but she was not really calm at all, in fact she was calm.

Harry racked his brain with a translation spell, he remembered reading about one in the library…..and he remembered it. Lifting his hand, he performed the wordless equation, performing true magic to do so.

"Can you understand me?" Harry asked.

"Yes….yes," she said, still having traces of her Russian accent, but he could understand her in clear English. "He grabbed me….he grabbed me, and he's trying to change me, using me…..he said that he tested the process on others, but they perished."

Harry could understand that she was being changed just by looking at her. There was a certain dark Aura that was building in her, just prime for the corruption. That power was extremely alluring and Harry was drawn into it just like that.

"Did he….he plans to use you as well?" Harry asked her and she nodded.

"Yes," she said, but she suspiciously looked at him. "But how do I know that you're not one of his….trying to make me come back, because I won't go back."

"We need to move….providing you're not someone who will tempt me back," Harry told her and the two of them stared each other down. The Russian female looked at him, with indignation dancing in her eyes.

"I'm not!" she protested hotly, fire burning from her eyes as she stared him down.

Harry realized that, he could sense that Belasco tried to subvert her as well. From a very young age as well, she was fairly young when she got brought here, as was Harry. He could sense the dark taint all over her body.

"Okay, if you say….but you would say that if you were, wouldn't you?" Harry asked her and he could see something approaching them. "This way….just come with me, we'll find a way out of here!"

The two of them dodged behind a large stone pillar, but there was no indication what they were after. Harry sensed something strange in the air.

"Do you feel that?"

"Yes…but what….."

Harry held up his hand and there was something there, stirring in the shadows.

They could turn back and run into Belasco's minions. That was not an option, and while Harry had some working knowledge on his side, the number's game was frustrating to deal with.

Then it was this mysterious person, who wore a silver cloak and carried an amulet, approaching them.

The blonde tensed up, her eyes glowing as this woman stared them down.

"You're a long way from home, aren't you?"
This woman spoke with an exotic accent and Harry could feel something primal stir in him. Perhaps the corruption had worked better than expected, but he had to focus on getting himself out of here alive.

"It looks like I got here in time."

Harry didn't trust easily, call it paranoia, call it experience, but he regarded this woman with suspicion.

"Who are you?"

If he didn't like the answer, Harry knew what he had to do, even though he just might be in way over his head.

To Be Continued on July 9th 2014.
Inner Darkness

Harry cultivated a sense of self-preservation the longer that he stayed in this realm. In fact, one could say that he was paranoid beyond all belief. The girl beside him looked at this hooded mystery person with mistrust, a lot of mistrust. In fact one could argue that she looked at this mystery woman with more mistrust than Harry did. Tension continued to escalate.

"So, are you another one of Belasco's puppets, in a different wrapper?" Harry asked her in a calm voice, not once breaking his tone. The two of them stared each other down, neither backing off from the other.

"If I'm a puppet then....."

"You wouldn't tell me anyway, I know this game, and I know how he plays it," Harry told the woman and his companion looked at him. It was obvious that mistrust swam through her eyes as well. He knew also that one wrong move and they would all be in trouble and that was not some place where Harry wants to believe.

"You could be his puppets as well," the hooded woman stated and Harry looked at her, his anger simmering. To her credit, she did not back down from his glare. But perhaps that was just because she was brazen enough not to know the danger. "Perhaps one of you, perhaps both of you....."

"I do tire of playing word games, tell me who you are and why are you here," Harry said to her and the woman blinked.

"An extremely powerful young man such as yourself would understand the value of patience....."

"Oh, I understand the value of it perfectly," Harry commented sharply and he took another step forward, so they were nearly face to face. His companion remained immobile and wide eyed. "But there's this one problem, I find myself in increasingly short supply on it. If you lived the life that I did, you'd understand why."

"Perhaps, I see things clearly now," she agreed, and once again the tension returned in spades. "I am looking for Belasco....."

"Well he's up at his palace, good luck in finding him," Harry said and he took half of a step off to the side. "And you're going to have to go alone."

"You don't think that you'd survive out here on your own," the woman suggested with a smile on her face and Harry was annoyed about this fact for some reason.

"Survival is what I've been doing my entire life, and out there....well trust me, whatever's out there, is far more appealing that what's in there."

"Yes, I can see your point," she agreed and the blonde Russian, finally losing her patience with the word games stepped forward.

"We have to keep moving, his guards will check here soon, and then....if you're not one of his, you'll be captured for aiding and abetting us," she told the woman. "Unless you are one of his...."

"I'm not one of his, I can assure you, but can I say the same thing about you?" the woman asked and the girl stared at her, with simmering hatred. If looks could kill, this woman would be long since dead. "You have his taint all over you, the hooks, he has the ground work. I know what he intends to
make you…but he hasn't had the chance to seal the deal."

"I escaped…"

"Or he's allowed you to, because a prey that is hunted is much more appealing than a prey that's captive," she suggested to the young female. "He is using two powerful young magic users as pawns…in his attempts to gain further control. And eventually Earth will be under his thrall….but I can see them branching out like a web. There are many different incarnations of Earth, like a multi-verse, and we're not all from the same world, are we?"

Harry stood there, he assumed not. All he knew was that he took the portal here and then for the past several years, he experienced torments that were unspeakable. So he chose not to really speak of them.

"He wishes to ascend," the younger female whispered, she got bits and pieces. How he tempted her with powers, and a small part of her felt…..well she felt enamored by that. The innocence of a young female had been tainted into something like this. She was just a girl, playing with her dolls, and worried about her lessons.

Then all of these years later, she was here, and she felt different. What he used on her, well it was magic that should not be spoken of.

"Yes, he does," the hooded woman agreed, but Harry, turning around, found himself at the edge of a gate. The rune stones were set up in a particular pattern.

"There's our way out," Harry commented, grabbing onto the side of the gate and trying to pry it.

"Physical exertion is good, but….." the woman said, trailing off as Harry cracked the gate open.

"Any magical spell would have set off an alarm and would have had his hoards on us," Harry said without preamble. "But I'm certain you might have intended to do that."

"I didn't intend to do it, but those rune stones are intended to make it so no one can physically open the gate without magic," the woman said, and even with her great knowledge, she was completely flummoxed.

"How did you do it?" the younger girl asked.

"Well I….you know we've been with each other for almost an hour….and I don't have your name," Harry said, suddenly realizing something for the first time. He had been distracted momentarily, so he did not realize that he was missing this vital fact.

"You don't….."

"I do," Harry said and the Russian girl felt a burst of power from him. The fire in his eyes was intoxicating and she tried not to look in them too long. She felt the desire to drop to her knees right now. "So, who are you?"

"Illyana Rasputin," she managed, catching her breath and the hooded figure looked like she was impressed as well, but not showing it as outwardly as Illyana was. She had many more years to mask her emotions.

"See, that wasn't too hard, Illyana," Harry said to her and the blonde nodded with a smile. "And Harry Potter….."
"Yes, he speaks of you, you seem to be his crown jewel," Illyana said, she suspected as much but she had to confirm. "And how about you?"

"We need to move quickly."

She was allowed to evade the question for now, but both Harry and Illyana had deep rooted issues of mistrust given how they spent a good half of their childhood or in the case of Harry, pretty much all of his childhood, getting transferred from one hell to the next.

The clattering of hooves signaled the arrival of some demonic looking headless horsemen like figures and the group had made a quick getaway before they reached the gates.

"My name is Clea, I am the currently Sorceress Supreme of Earth, after the previous holder of that moniker left the mortal plane permanently."

Harry read that naturally as it should, that the person holding the moniker died, perhaps at the hands of a very violent enemy. He had heard that the role of Sorcerer Supreme or rather Sorceress Supreme in her case, was a dangerous one. She did not remove her hood yet, so Harry did not get a great look at her features.

"Yes, so if you're the ultimate power, then you would have a way to get us out of this realm," Harry said to her and she appreciated him getting straight to the point.

"In theory yes, but in practice no," she commented to herself. "To return home, I have to pass through barriers….barriers that have been fortified. It appears that I have been lured here to be trapped by an enemy….which I have my suspicions as to who, and if I'm correct, then he is a dangerous man."

"So, if you don't get out of here….."

"The only solitude that I have is that time passes at an accelerated rate in Limbo, as opposed to what it does on Earth, any Earth in fact," Clea said and this was not the first time where she said this completely curious statement. "But the point is moot, if you're dead."

"Yes, that would make difficulties," Harry agreed, as the group walked. Illyana remained mostly silent, almost as if she was contemplating how long to trust them. Harry sensed a battle going on in her mind and it caused his own mind to become rapidly numb. "So….."

"I might not be of Earthly origin, but the higher ups indicated that I was the one most worthy to hold the position," Clea added, taking a few steps forward and she looked at him. "I sense great power coming from you, which tells me why Belasco was interested in you in the first place."

"Yes, he imparted a lot of knowledge on me," Harry confirmed and Clea jumped back in with the obvious addition to that statement.

"And in his arrogance, he imparted a slight bit too much knowledge on you," Clea added and Harry once again smiled.

"Well, that's an interesting way to put things, but yes, I would have to agree," Harry responded to her.

"Your legend….and what you're known of, has been passed through the realms, even those that are
not tied to the Earth that you're from, mostly because high level threats have visited that particular Earth," Clea explained. "But that legend...it's just a minor blip in the grand scheme of the universe."

"I wouldn't know," Harry said, he didn't really think about the world he left, ever since leaving it. The echoes in his mind grew even more prominent. He would wash his hands of that world.

"It's irrelevant yes, although I'm sure many will debate upon the means that your mother did to enable your sacrifice," Clea said and the trio walked forward. "Only a little further yet....."

"Would you mind telling us where we're going?" Harry asked, and Clea sighed, she suspected that Harry was not one who was going to blindly trust all that easily.

"I would tell you but I want to be away from prying ears when I do so," Clea said and there was a frown that went over Harry's face. She could tell that he reached the end of his patience right now. "Trust me on this one....."

"I don't trust, you know that as well as anyone else," Harry said and while he was going to hope that she did not lead him all of this way just to spring another trap on them, there was nothing that was for certain. People had done things far more convoluted in the past.

Clea stopped at the edge of a hidden temple. They walked through the mist, which was a double edge sword. On one hand, it gave them cover. On the other hand, it gave anyone attacking cover.

"This is the place," Clea said and Harry frowned at her. His impatience simmered and stewed, once again there were far too few answers for his liking. "Inside, quickly."

Harry stopped for a second and he decided to check out the place. While there was some deception involved, there was not nearly enough to make an alarm bell. Illyana stopped and looked at Harry, as he scanned it to see that their passage would be safe.

"So....."

"Inside," Harry told her, annoyed that he was essentially being lead around. He was going to correct that matter sooner rather than later. "And for the record, I'm only going in on my own accord, and not because you told me. I won't warn you not to command me again."

Clea was silent and she walked inside of the temple. Soon they would know.

Harry felt a brief chill come over him and Illyana entered last. The temple doors sealed themselves inside. There was no turning back now, they would just have to trust things.

Days must have passed on their journey or it seemed like it. Then again, as Clea mentioned, time did in fact pass quite oddly in Limbo.

"Now that we're in here, I can give you some answers," Clea said and while Harry said absolutely nothing, there was a sense of "it's about time" in his gaze towards her. She still was mostly hidden, therefore Harry was not going to give her his full trust. The woman gave him a simering smile and nodded. "As I've told you, I'm the Sorceress Supreme and I've been here for a long time....."

"How long?"

"I lost count and to try and pin down a time table in Limbo would be madness," she said to them. "I
was lead here by one of Belasco's attempts to reach out but there was another who fortified the barriers. Belasco may have made a deal with him, I'm not certain. Or perhaps he just took advantage of this opportunity and hoped that Belasco and I wiped out each other. The politics of demonic entities is such."

"Yes, but what is this place?" Harry asked.

"It's one of my many safe havens," she explained to him. "We should be shielded from his efforts to track you and Miss Rasputin.....at least for a little while."

"And that would be..."

"Not nearly long enough but I do need to run some tests, to detect the level of corruption he's done on both of you," Clea said and Harry looked at Illyana.

"How do we know if these scans are on the level?" Illyana asked her, quietly.

"I'll go first," Harry said, knowing that he would be in a far better state of mind if Clea tried anything.

Illyana wondered if Harry had some kind of plan but never the less, Clea accepted that choice.

"Just sit back and relax," Clea told him in what she hoped would be a soothing voice. Her upbringing had left her rather.....unequipped to deal with what were essentially super powered temperamental children. "Just feel the magical energy flow."

Her mother's raising her had not given her the adequate knowledge as well. She figured that taking after her mother's unique....well unique parenting was not a good idea.

Belasco had not directly influenced Harry as he did with the younger girl but she saw enough traces of magical energy to be concerned. It appeared that he took a more subtle approach to breaking Harry and the black thread in his head told the story.

'Why did he.....he didn't put it there, did he?' she asked suddenly, locking onto the black thread and realizing what it signified. There was also a white thread next to the black thread and the two seemed to be snapping back and forth in a constant battle. If one let up, the other would break but both were stronger than ever.

Clea gave a noise of discontent and Illyana's eyes traveled to meet hers. "Is there a problem?"

"One could say that this is a problem, yes," Clea said and Harry's eyes glowed. She tried to focus on the scan and not the unique magical properties of them for a few seconds. The sorceress never saw such a shade of green in her life.

"What sort of problem?" Harry asked in a calm and crisp voice as he was brought out of the trance that he was put in so she could scan him. He frowned at this.

"For anyone to do such a thing must mean that they fear death beyond all else," Clea said to him. "It has been called many things but the name that I have managed to pull from your memories is a Horcrux. Essentially it is a piece of a soul encased in an object, to prevent a magical user from passing from a mortal plane."

"An object....and those objects....they can include people," Harry said and Clea frowned.

"Not necessarily or at least not ideally, as a living object meant to live and breathe on it's own accord
should not house such an item, for it can have some unstable side effects for both the host and the person where the soul originated from," Clea explained to him. "It can lead to corruption on both sides….although you have been….well there is some special circumstances from your end."

"Isn't there always?" Harry asked her.

"Your mother performed a ritual to alter you and he intended to use you to make his final soul container, his final Horcrux," Clea said. "Your death would have been the most powerful death of them all….for you were the subject of a prophecy."

"Really?" Harry asked. "You mean to tell me that the reason why he killed my parents and tried to kill me is because of some baloney fortunetelling."

"Prophecy is a tricky art, I do not even pretend to explain it, as various interpretations from the words of a seer vary from person to person," Clea said and she smiled. "If a tree falls in the woods and no one hears it, does it make noise? And more relevant if a prophecy is spoke and no one hears it, could it ever logically be fulfilled?"

"He did hear it….."

"Or one of his followers," Clea confirmed. The memories were not completely clear as to her, they were just dark echoes of a twisted soul. 

"Right, well whoever did it, they believed this prophecy, so they made it true, by their belief," Harry said. 

"Most magic is tied into the belief that is real, hence why it is unwise to discourage young magical users at the thought that something is impossible," Clea explained. "Magic is very difficult at times but impossible….that just shows a distinct lack of imagination. Which I suspect the race of magical users that you come from has in spades."

"So what about the object?" Illyana asked.

"Yes, what about it?" Harry agreed and he frowned, staring her down. "Do you think that you could remove it?"

"It's possible, but ill-advised as it could have long term side effects to your mental and physical health, even if it doesn't prove to be fatal," she explained. "You should have been rendered completely non-magical by now. You are far stronger than you logically should be, especially after what you've ben through."

"So it seems," Harry said dryly. 

"But there is a way….I must consult the text, but it should work."

"What is it?" Harry demanded and Clea peered at him, her hood not completely down yet. 

"A way to gain the knowledge, whilst hopefully removing the corrupting elements from it, strengthening your mother's protection, while weakening his influence," Clea said. "It's like a cold you sweat out, for lack of a better term."

"Do it then."

"Very well, I'll make preparations."
"So you allowed him to get away, didn't you?"

The taunting voice of Riddle could be heard, as he continued to flitter in and out of Limbo. That being said, he was only there for a fleeting moment. So Belasco was more prone to ignore him more now than ever before.

"The girl, she escaped, master," one of the demons said, hunched over with an apologetic look in his eyes and the demon stared down at him.

"It doesn't matter, given how we are intertwined, she will find her way back to us, shortly." Belasco said, in a calm voice, saving some face. If he had let on how outraged he was that two of his prized pawns were, his demons would eat him. "They could not have gotten far without any help, have they?"

"No, master, no, they couldn't have," one of the demons whispered in a raspy voice and Belasco smiled at them, his sickening grin getting even more so. "It may have been the witch….

"Yes, it was her, I can feel her presence here, but it is not precise where," Belasco agreed, as he looked around.

The Sorceress Supreme had foolishly taken the battle to him in Limbo, in his domain. And now if she took property of his, he would make them suffer.

The problem was, despite the fact that he was connected to Illyana, she had disappeared. Her thirst to hurt him for what he did to her would bring her back here before too long. He did not need to move a finger, all he needed to do was wait.

Harry Potter on the other hand, well he was a completely curious one. Belasco thought that he was only special due to his connection to Riddle but there was something else about him. The strength like that only came along once in a generation, if they were fortunate.

That being said, what was he? There were certain dark energies that swirled around him that he thought pertained to the scar but now he wasn't so certain.

It would be a matter that he would have to contemplate himself as time passed. That being said, he would have to locate his two wayward children before too long. The demon lord did not enjoy his property slipping away from him underneath any circumstances.

"Keep an eye out for her, and make them pay if you run into them," Belasco told them and he could see that all eyes were on him. Critical as always, demons, even devoted minions, or supposed devoted minions, always looked out for fear.

That was why he kidnapped the girl, insurance in case his previous precautious failed and there was no reason to think that there was not a chance.

Another figure had her eyes on the situation and she was rather intrigued with how the situation was unraveling. She never expected him to break free, at least not yet. Perhaps in time, but that did complicate things a lot.

Little did Harry Potter know the role she played in his life over the past number of years but….to be honest, he was too out of it most of the time to really register what was going on. The girl stuck to the shadows.
Belasco didn’t acknowledge her existence most of the time to begin with, she didn’t really want to give him a reason to. Or let him know who had been leaving library books where Harry Potter could read them to broaden his knowledge.

From what she could find out, Harry managed to find his own way out of his captivity and broaden his knowledge. An escape attempt was nothing new but most of them were performed to Belasco to break the monotony of Limbo.

This was not one of those times at all and the young female was preparing to make her plans to see what happened next. It was possible that Harry could be brought back before the night but she did not have a clue where he might have gone.

'Anything to keep Father busy, all that much the better,' she thought, the smile on her face getting prominent. If she was visible within the shadows, they would have been afraid of what she was thinking.

As for that Russian strumpet, well she could get lost from the elements for all she cared. That brat just complicated matters. And her father thought more of that Rasputin girl than her, after she had devoted her life to following her father's whims. That made her feel a bit jaded and a fair bit more agitated.

'Snotty little bitch, it would be a shame if an accident happened to her.'

She thought that was great sarcasm, but she did wonder how far Harry got.

Her father once again did not acknowledge her and once again, she gave him no reason to. Retreating to her quarters, the young woman wanted to make further plans.

The demon guards passed her stepped back and bowed towards her, looking at her with great reverence, even more than her father had.

If that didn't underline her plight, she doubted that anything would.

"Be at ease," she told them and she was not in the mood for their slobbering. As if they could have a chance with someone like her.

Slipping into her room, she waited for further news. The new energies in the Limbo dimension were not lost on her and she wanted to divine the source of them.

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"I'm ready," Harry told Clea and the woman nodded crisply in response.

"I know you're ready, both from a physical and emotional standpoint but things could get ugly when you get deep into this ritual," she warned Harry and Harry's eyes traveled towards her. It was obvious that he understand the risks and was going to dive in head first. "So, you understand?"

"I do."

"Very well then, if you do, then we'll proceed," Clea said, she figured that Harry was in the state of mind where he understood the risks of this. Turning towards their other companion, the Sorceress Supreme added one last command. "I'm afraid that I'm going to ask you to leave, because having too many individuals in the area will compromise the magical ritual. And you might not be able to handle any consequences that happen afterwards."
Illyana did not move right away, and it looked like she was going to challenge that edict from the Sorceress Supreme.

Harry, sensing the danger and not wanting a battle between two powerful female magical uses, turned to Illyana. "Wait outside."

That statement caused Illyana to turn onto her heel and walk off, obediently without any question.

"Interesting," Clea whispered, seeing Illyana's retreating back as she disappeared into the next room. Harry raised his eyebrow, hoping for some clarification of that statement. "Just something that I had for a theory, but it's beginning to be clarified. We can worry about that later….shall we begin?"

"Yes," Harry said and he looked at her, stopping and holding her hands. "But, I want you to do one thing before I consent for you to do a complex magical ritual on me."

"Yes?" Clea asked, wondering what favor he was to ask of her.

"I want to see the face of the person who is doing this to me," Harry told her and that was a point that was not to be negotiated. "Or…."

"Yes, it's time we properly faced each other," Clea agreed, undoing the clasp of her robe and she allowed her hood to fall down.

Clea's platinum blonde hair was the first thing that Harry saw. Her soft face was angelic, and her blazing blue eyes shined out from him. A purple bodysuit wrapped around her tight curves. She was a fairly tall woman, of about five foot eight or so. Harry could not help but take in her womanly figure and marvel at the body that she had. He had caught glimpses of the succubi slaves that were moving around the palace and they were so beautiful they could make a person's heart ache along with their loins but this body was one of exquisite perfection.

"Well….." Harry said with a smile.

"Are you satisfied?" she asked him and Harry smiled.

"Proceed, then," Harry said, preparing himself for the ritual. His eyes locked onto hers and he was ready. Perhaps a little bit too ready come to think about it but he wanted to access his full powers.

The demented memories of Tom Marvolo Riddle flashed by, Harry couldn't process them all at once, but never the less, they did offer brief moments of insight on how he became the monster that killed so many innocent people. Although there were people in this world who deserved death and far more people who deserved a rather painful and prolonged life filled with agony, there were many more people who didn't deserve any of that.

Harry spasmed as a particularly painful memory hit him. He saw the Horcrux creation process and it was not pleasant. It was obvious why the process destroyed most people because they could not handle the pain.

The fact that Riddle could handle the pain because he numbed himself to all emotions told Harry everything that he needed to know about that man.
"Just relax, we're almost there," Clea whispered to Harry, trying to get him to focus, trying to keep his mind clear.

Harry nodded, beads of sweat rolled down his face, as his nerve endings felt like they were pounded, as more memories flashed down. He realized that he would not survive this, for he did not have the added help. Some of his mother's memories flashed on through as well, nothing tangible that he could grab onto, but something that he could file away in his subconscious for later.

His breathing became more prominent, and it heated up even more. The tension in his body could be cut through the knife. Images of magic that was not known to many flashed through his mind. Some of it useful, some of it just to have the knowledge. Many of the masters had been brutally killed. The methods which Riddle used to extract the magic, border lined on sociopathic.

"Closer, closer yet," Clea said, she could feel Harry's own magic strengthening, the excess energy returning. The Horcrux did have some effects, but it was not prominent as it should.

The dark corruptive influences of Riddle slowly were burned from Harry's body, but just because the active influences was gone, that did not mean that some level of corruption would be left behind. Harry's time in Limbo exposed him to darkness which fueled his inner most twisted desires.

Evil was a subjective term, but some who did not understand the circumstances would call him such. His mind was something that harbored resentment towards people, people who he recalled from his mother's memories, and his own now, even dating back to how he was a year old.

They had better prey that he never finds his way back to their home dimension, because he would make any suffering that Riddle caused them look like a really intense tickle session.

Harry grabbed from the air and he threw his head back, with a loud scream. The ritual was completed and his body was undergoing changes. Fifty years of demented memories did not do well on a person's psyche and his hands twitched.

"And….we're done," Clea said, seeing Harry's eyes burn and there were countless emotions within him. The woman took a long breath out.

"No, we've just begun," Harry growled, and he held onto her hips, before making the plunge.

"I'm burning, I can't wait a minute longer," Harry growled, and he held onto her hips, before making the plunge.

"It won't fit….."

"Then make it fit."

"Yes…." Clea said as he held her down on the sofa and prepared to impale his manhood into her body to get relief.
Harry's initial thrusts were fairly frantic, and the woman's walls clamped around him, as she wanted this as much as he did.

At first, Clea felt pain, but it was replaced by pleasure. His manhood was something that a grown man would feel envy by. His physical and mental age was a bit beyond what his legal age might be, with the years that past.

"Ooooh," Clea whined as he penetrated her deeply and rammed into her. Her hands reached up and she brought him into her body even more. He increased her pleasure with each thrust, slowly she became addicted to his cock.

Harry penetrated her deeper yet and the woman's whimpering increased, her hand tightening around his bicep. He penetrated her once more.

Her first orgasm bubbled to the surface and Harry picked up the pace.

"You wanted this, you got more than you bargained for, didn't you?" Harry asked, putting his hands on her hips and her hips rose, taking his member into her pussy.

"Yes, but I love it, I love you….oooh….you took me, and……take me again," Clea whispered, as her sexy voice caused Harry to throb within her. Her legs tightened around him as he pounded her, forcing her down into the couch.

He roughly took her, and he left bruises from his balls slapping against her. Some primal force told him all that he needed to know and his first time was not uncoordinated as it might have been.

Clea arched her back, any past lovers, they didn't matter, and she had long since forgotten what they were capable of. All she knew was that her current lover and her only future lover would be capable of everything she dreamed about and more.

He roughly handled her breasts, his powerful hands massaging them. She had several explosive orgasms, clenching him as he fondled her. He made sure that he would be in control of her body and she would sit back and take everything that he gave her.

"You're just nothing but a slut, you knew this was going to happen when you finished that ritual, didn't you?" Harry growled, biting down on her nipple after that statement and that caused her to scream, with him putting pressure on her.

She screamed out in pleasure and he buried his face into her large breasts. The power that he exhibited caused her to have more orgasms in a rapid fire fury.

"YESS!" she shrieked and Harry rewarded her by thrusting into her. The woman clamped her hands around the back of his neck.

Lust burned through the bodies of both of the lovers, and her vice like grip pulled him into her. Her juices lubricated him as he continued his path to her center. His balls slapped against her thighs as he pinched her nipples.

He went further into her and she would never been the same again. Nothing filled her so fully as he did. Her body was covered in sweat, and that was something that never happened before.

The energy of youth was one thing, but this was far beyond anything that she experienced. His member thrust into her body, going deeper into her. He stretched her out and the orgasm escalated to a point.
"Just let me catch my…..argh….." she breathed as Harry pounded into her even quicker, he was still hard and not close to climaxing.

"No, you asked for this, and you're not getting a break to breath, until I'm finished," Harry said, and forcefully pressing his mouth against hers, burying his tongue deep down her throat.

Clea could feel her body energized by some force and her hips thrust up to meet his probing member, with a powerful orgasm washing through her. Harry had her arms pinned back behind her head.

Their private parts were a blur, both connecting with each other. The miniature bursts of magic energy as they hit would cause anyone within the radius to feel uncomfortably horny. It was a small matter of convenience that they were in a warded room.

Another explosive orgasm and Clea thought for a minute that Harry was finally letting up. And she found a small bit of herself disappointed.

Then her disappointed faded as she was flipped over onto her front. He grabbed her hips and pushed them up, so her ass was presented in the air.

Harry's eyes traced over her perfectly juicy ass and he throbbed so badly that it hurt. He performed a charm and lubrication appeared in her ass. It looked so tight and it was untouched.

Not for long however, as he grabbed her and pushed himself into her tight anus, taking her anal virginity away from her.

"OOOH, it's too big!" Clea yelled, but Harry placed his hand over her mouth, stifling her screams. His other hand shoved into her pussy and his fingers vibrated into her center. One finger at first, and then two and three were added.

He pumped into her and the pleasure washed over her mind, to the point where she forgot his pain.

His thrusts penetrated her bowls once more and he dominated her, taking her anal virginity with a vengeance. She wouldn't trust another man in her ass like this but then again, the lust she was feeling, Harry could do anything to her.

"Are you still with me?" Harry growled, pulling on her hair and that got some response. Dark energy swelled through his eyes, and the demonic lust increased, with the two of them working against each other.

"Oh yes…..yes," Clea whimpered, her pleasure once again increasing. His magic turned pain into absolute pleasure really quick. She longed for him to cum into her ass and her pussy tightened against his fingers at the thought of it.

Harry's balls tightened and he was about to unleash his first load into her. He sped up his thrusts, working himself to that climax. The wizard gripped her breast and caused her to moan as her anal cavity tightened around his tool. Her body shook, she thought that she was going to die from pleasure but he held her in place, keeping her from falling over the edge.

"Almost there," Harry whispered and he bit down on her neck, her ass wrapping around him as he plunged into her from behind and his balls unleashed his first load into her ass.

It was like a flood at first, his thick cum oozing into her ass. He sprayed into her and the glowing seed rested on her ass.

He flipped Clea over and she could see him still erect, still throbbing, and she eyed his one eyed
wonder as it was above her. One droplet of cum dripped onto her pussy and that caused her entire body to heat up in horniness.

He grabbed her hips and slammed into her once again. The force caused her to moan in pleasure and give her an orgasm. Her legs once again snaked around him and he grabbed her thighs, pulling himself out of her.

He plunged into her.

"Did you really think that you would be able to get away with me, before I took both sides of you?" Harry asked, pushing himself into her, his throbbing manhood slamming into her body, taking her. He got a demented pleasure of seeing her writhe beneath him, her body covered in sweat and fluids. He pounded into her once more. "Bet, you'll never try and tell me what to do again, will you?"

"No…master," Clea whispered and Harry roughly kissed her on the lips in response, suckling on them and her hips pushed out.

She wondered when the exact moment was where she turned submissive. The woman closed her eyes and her walls closed around him. She knew one thing that she needed was his essence inside her. It was like one gaping hole in her life that she needed.

Her nipples continued to throb with desire and Harry captured her nipple in his mouth once more and that caused her whine to escalate even more. His mouth roamed her body, dominating her, and his hands were even more prolific with their movements.

"Oooh, yes," Clea whined as her hips pushed up and she felt all of himself her. He touched her womb, he was in her womb.

"We're getting closer," Harry whispered to her and Clea shuddered with pleasure, her walls tightening around him.

"Yes, close, so close, close, ooooh, close!" she screamed at the top of her lungs as he pumped his length into her at a rapid fire fury.

"Take it all in you, don't you dare…"

The dance continued to escalate with tempo and Clea was reduced to a moaning wreck beneath her. Her heritage caused her to have increased stamina but even he was stretching her to her limits, pushing her to the edge and beyond that edge.

One last scream indicated that she was where she wanted to be and Harry's balls tightened, launching his load into her once more.

Cum oozed from her pussy, glowing, as he pulled out of her, and Clea realized who her body now belonged to.

Illyana watched the entire show, or at least a good portion of it. Much to her frustration, the barriers that had been put up had made her only an observer and not someone who could join in on the activities.

Now that the barriers were falling, she planned to strike.
To Be Continued on July 16th 2014:

Some brief notes on various characters, feel free to further look them on various Wikis that exist for Marvels and Comic Books in General. I have included live action counterparts if you want a more visual representation of them. If you need more information, there's this somewhat obscure invention known as Google, I'm not sure if any of you have heard it though. Or you can go to the cheat sheet located on the Blog, and there's a link attached to the names to their Marvel Wiki entry along with pictures. That works too.

Clea (Played By Emilia Clarke): The heiress of the Dark Dimension, the daughter of Umar, who is the sister of Dormammu, who just happens to be my least favorite super villain name to write, but that's neither here nor there. He is the ruler of the Dark Dimension. Doctor Strange is no longer the Sorcerer Supreme in this universe due to reasons of his heroic death, rather Clea has taken up the role, some might say temporary until a replacement is found. Three guesses who that might be and the first two don't count.

Illyana Rasputin (Played by Aimee Teegarden): Sister of one of the X-Men, Piotr Rasputin, better known as Colossus. She was captured at a young age by Belasco, after he tempted her and prepared to corrupt her into his queen at a tender young age. You know, for kids. There's a lot more to that. She has powers that she hasn't quite mastered here.
Demonic Lust

Illyana crouched in the shadows, looking for what happened. It must have been a long time before Harry was finished taking Clea and the barriers were fading, the ones that protected her from the magical backwash. The young Russian female smiled, there was a lustful look dancing in her eyes. Crossing her arms, she watched for her moment and she was going to take it when she did.

Harry caught Illyana in his cross hairs and Illyana was caught in his cross hairs. Both of them looked at each other with a stare down.

He rushed forward, and tore her clothes, not that there were that many to tear. Illyana could feel the air blow over her breasts. A warmth spread down between her legs and something else was able to replace that warmth.

Harry's mouth clamped over hers and Illyana closed her eyes, as Harry worked his long tongue into her mouth. Illyana gasped as his talented tongue delved deep into her and his fingers pushed his way down between her hot thighs.

The blonde whimpered with the pleasure coursing through her body and she managed to recover enough. Her tongue found his and two of them clashed them together.

The blonde's breasts were cupped and she screamed as Harry roughly handled them, sending bolts of pleasure through her. He dominated her and his aura washed over her. The blonde was pushed against the wall before she could register what was happening and he bit down on the side of her neck.

"I know that you want this," Harry whispered, and he grabbed Illyana, rubbing his length between her thighs and was about ready to part her. She looked extremely wet and she whimpered.

"Yes, don't….don't tease me," Illyana whined, as she sunk her nails in his shoulder. The green eyed wizard grabbed her and cupped her ass.

"Oh, that's half the fun, though," Harry said, pushing her back into the pillar, slamming his cock into her, taking her just the way that she wanted him to, rough and fast. The sinful nature of their union got both of them excited.

"Yes…"

Harry grabbed Illyana's hips and pounded her against the stone, causing it to crack. The blonde's legs tightened around her.

Her tight cunt sucked him in; the super-heated center was really massaging him. Her velvety slick center brought him in and out. She sunk her nails into his shoulder further and encouraged him to go deeper.

Deeper they went, really deeper, their loins meeting in heated friction caused both of them to whimper in pleasure. Illyana poked her tongue into Harry's mouth and they battled with dominance.

"I think you're asking for it."

Harry pulled out and turned Illyana around, slamming her against the wall. He parted her lips and teased her. The magical restraints held her against the wall and Harry held against her hips.
She whined as Harry rammed himself into her from behind and the blonde screamed in further pleasure.

She moaned once again and Harry speared into her, he was not getting close to expelling his load into her center. Her hips grinded against him and she tried to coax him further into her. The blonde closed her eyes, clamping down onto him.

"Deeper, harder," Illyana whispered, as her hair glowed with power. Her eyes were glowing with lust and she felt him go into her.

Her back hit the wall as Harry hammered her hard. His thrusts were frantic, as he took her, but there was not much taking needed. She tightened herself against him, and accepted more of him. Every single inch inside her, nearly pushed her open.

"Fuck….fuck….fuck," Illyana screamed at the top of her lungs as Harry pumped himself deep into her sopping hot quim.

Clea managed to recover from the domination and see Harry work over the young Russian. Their auras combining together were a delightful treat and she was getting hot and bothered off of it. Her finger combed the edge of her clit, brushing it, and causing her to moan.

Illyana managed to turn Harry around for a moment and she pushed back, ramming herself onto him. Her nails scratched his back and Harry returned fire, pounding into her.

She was so wet that anything could slide into her with ease. The demonic lust flowed as the dance escalated in passion.

The next thing she knew, she was down on her hands and knees and Harry hovered over her. She could feel his power as it was about ready to go next to her. The blonde's breathing got hot and heavy as her lust escalated.

Harry reached towards her, grabbing her breast and that caused her to moan as he claimed her for his own.

Once again, Harry sunk into her.

"He thought that he could have you, but now you're mine, all mine," Harry growled, pumping into the Russian vixen from behind. The blonde grabbed onto the hot ground as Harry plowed her, dominating her.

"Yes….all yours master….all yours….." she whimpered, biting down so hard on her lip that she drew blood. That added to the erotic sight. Her nipples grew stiffer and he grabbed them twisting them. The pain that went burst through her briefly was suddenly replaced by a burst of pleasure as he drove himself into her.

Their loins clashed together, the friction between the two of them getting even more heated. Harry rested his hands on her ass once again.

"Don't think that I'm done with you, yet," Harry said, but he could see her lose stride. She was young though, with experience, he could build her up. He locked onto the demonic energies sweltering from her, because he knew that they would be his and his alone to control.

"No….never….of course….of course not," she begged as his hands explored her body, hungrily touching every last inch of it. She felt more heated up than ever before and he sunk himself deep into her.
"Good….because I hate to think…..that you would believe that I was done with you, after all we've been through," Harry grunted, slamming himself into her.

Illyana could feel her stamina going but she pressed on, because Harry could completely and utterly dominate her like that. He inspired her to keep it up and she was nearly bound to him. His hands placed on the back of her hair and he tugged it hard, causing her to scream out in pleasure.

"Yes, more, deeper, further….oooh more," Illyana screamed as she bit down on her lip and he pounded into her.

She couldn't take that much more but she would take anything.

"If you're still conscious, then I must not be doing my job," Harry whispered, lust burning through his eyes and he grabbed her right breast roughly. "Guess…..I'm…..going….to….have…to….fix….that!"

Harry rammed into her harder with each thrust and word. Her mind was brought further from the edge.

The dance continued for some time and Illyana was only going now on sheer instincts. He held her arms back and plowed into her from behind a few more times. His balls tightened.

With a powerful spurt, he came inside of the young Russian girl, making her his, and Illyana could feel the powerful magic envelope him as he claimed her.

His cum dripped from her as he finished his work inside her. He could see Clea approach him, a smile on her face.

"So, you're back for more," Harry said, as he looked at her nude mature body. He stepped forward, grabbing her, and pinned her against the cracked stone pillar.

He thought that he could damage it just a little bit more.

Clea moaned, arching her back as Harry pushed inside her, his cock slick with a combination of his and Illyana's juices. And soon to be hers as well, when he completed his journey into her center.

"He….he thought that he was going to make me his queen….but I would never accept it," Illyana said as she folded her arms against her chest. Now that Harry and Illyana had got it out of their systems for the time being, they could actually speak with each other for a time without their hormones distracting them.

"Well, it seems like I ruined his plans for you, when I bound you to me," Harry said and the young Russian girl fixed a penetrating gaze upon him. There was this unreadable look on her face and Harry wondered what she was really thinking. Seconds ticked by and then minutes before she spoke.

"Well, it's just as well, isn't it?" Illyana asked him, she would have been rather bound to someone like Harry, that was for sure. Maybe that was just her as well.

"Once he finds out, he won't rest easily," Clea said, she was sore but at the same time rather satisfied. She figured that she might be biting off a little bit more than she could chew when she brought the darker elements out of Harry but this was something that was far different than she anticipated.

"We'll be ready for him," Harry said, determination flashing through his eyes and Clea could not deny it, she shivered at the fire that flowed through Harry's eyes.
"Yes, we will," Illyana agreed, not breaking her calm tone at all. She held onto Harry and they were still coming down from the high of the binding. So skin to skin contact was needed to keep their sanity, that was interesting. "How long…"

"About twenty four hours, I believe," Clea said, as she looked at him. "The stones had already started the corruption."

It was the same type of archaic magic that caused Belasco to be as long lived as he was. Being the Sorceress Supreme, she had access to texts that allowed her to learn magic that was beyond what should have been learned. Magic that she hoped, practically prayed that no one would have ever had to learn in their life.

But magic that she would be glad to learn when the time was there. The blonde crossed her arms over her chest, and sighed. Harry leaned towards her but Illyana clung to him.

"I left them when I was rather young….you know my family….all I cared about was my lessons and playing with my dolls, the world's a lot more insane then it was then," Illyana said, continuing to cling onto Harry's arm tightly.

Harry didn't want to mention that he never lived in a world that was innocent.

"Yes, but we'll deal with it," Harry said, it was nice to have his suspicions confirmed and his pet continued to snuggle up against him.

Belasco had given her knowledge in an attempt to prep her to be his dark queen, and between the knowledge he gave both of them, they should be able to figure out enough to defeat him, at least that was his hope.

"Yes, we will," Illyana agreed, as she got up to her feet, managing to coax herself away from Harry's strong grip.

She visualized the rocks in front of them as Belasco, and she chanted underneath her breath. The rocks were dematerialized and then reconstructed right before her very eyes. Her powers might have been a bit more heightened, but that was nothing compared to the power boost that Harry received.

"We're going to prepare to take him down, and he'll pay for what he did," Harry said, icy calm was in his voice. Illyana stood up but Harry grabbed her. "But we're going to make sure we do it right. If we attack him and botch it, he will just take us down easily. We want to make sure that he's….disposed of properly."

"Yes," Illyana, she tried to keep her rage at bay, wanting to make that monster pay for everything that he did to her but it was true, Harry wanted to make her focus.

The gaze of her master told her that there was no room for argument. They would get Belasco, sooner rather than later and then the monster would pay.

"We're bonded at the deepest level….not an even bond mind you…..because Harry can tell us anything and we have to follow the order," Clea said, and she looked at Harry.

"Did you say that because….."

"Yes, it was because that I have no choice but to inform you of your rights as the master bond holder," Clea said and she looked at him. "We're not….strictly wives…..but slaves or concubines or pets…..whatever term you want to refer us as."
Harry was not foolish enough to miss the implications of what having the Sorceress supreme in the palm of his hand meant. His grin twisted into one that could in fact be considered impish and true terror could settle in.

"But, I will not tell you anything, without reason," Harry said, and they weren't sure if he was reassuring them or not. People could have reasons that might seemed reasonable to them but not so reasonable for anyone else.

"Of course….of course master….that is of your discretion," Clea said and she smiled. "Belasco has not even gotten close to our location yet."

"I figured that your magic would be able to cloak us but….perhaps we should find a way out of here," Harry said and Clea sighed.

"I swear to you on the bond we share that if I am able to find us a way out of here, I will do so, immediately," Clea said to Harry and there was tension that rolled over her body. "But I regret to inform you master…there is no way out."

That didn't make any sense to her. The barriers were fortified the moment that she got in. Was is by Belasco? Probable, but she doubted.

"Once we get Belasco, we should determine who has been fortifying the barriers," Harry said and once again, Illyana was hanging on his back, her nubile form pressing against his back. "I know that your amulet should be able to breach anything…."

"It should but it simply bounces me back," Clea said, with an exasperated sigh. "I feel that I have failed you master."

She got down on her knee but Harry grabbed her firmly by the chin.

"Yes, you could feel that, but this time, I doubt it," Harry said. "You have not been at this post for even one year on Earth, have you?"

"No….I'm afraid you are correct, master," Clea said to him.

"Then I will forgive you for this for your mistakes is merely due to inexperience," Harry told her and he motioned for her to get back up from her knees. "Is there anything else that you need to tell me?"

"Yes….I suspect that….there is," Clea said and she managed to recover at this moment, looking her master in the eye. "It is about Riddle, my lord….."

"Yes, he could be a minor issue and one that should be dealt with, but he's merely a pest," Harry commented, he had been slowly putting together the past memories in his head and learning about Riddle. He had quite a few strengths, and a multitude of weaknesses. He did something that no wizard ever did before, because no one had been insane enough to try to split their soul that many different ways.

When he was a floated weak soul fragment, Harry suspected that this would be the proper time to get things done.

"We have much work to do," Harry told them and there was really no argument for that. He closed his eyes and continued to lock onto the dark echoes that flowed through his mind. The memories of his mother also were a bit stronger as well but Riddle's were equally as vivid as well.

The green eyed wizard felt a swelling of pride as the power swam through him. It would ensnare the
mind of anyone who looked upon his eyes. Especially if they were female.

Belasco stood out, they were there somewhere, but the fact was that he could not locate them. And it was causing him great anger, his inability to locate them was.

"You sighted them, but you didn't capture them?"

One of his demonic slaves dropped down to one knee. "Forgive me….forgive me master…..but she was with them."

"Who was she?" Belasco asked, asking this question even though he suspected the answer to it and also suspected that he would not like the answer. The demonic servant looked at him, his mouth hanging open. Belasco was not about to let him off of the hook that easily. "Well?"

He backed off suddenly. "Master I'm…..it was her….the Sorceress Supreme."

"I see, so she has overstepped her bounds," Belasco said but he was curious as to why she would not just escape with the children and leave Limbo all together.

Was there another party who meddled in his realm? The demon did not know and that much disturbed him. It made him feel like he was losing control.

That being said, incompetent minions was not something that he could afford to have presently so he turned to them, a burning gaze in his eyes.

"The next time you sight them, call for reinforcements, and hold them," Belasco said and the servant nodded. "And fail me…"

He left the threat hanging, which was far more dangerous than actually spelling it out. It hinted that there was going to be sufficient problems if the demon did not find them.

"No master…of course master….I won't…."

"Be silent then, and do not report back until you find them, they must be back here, time is running out," Belasco said and he knew that if he did not corrupt the girl soon, then his window of opportunity was closing. He had not been able to find the servant who had opened the door, so he had punished all of them for failure to tell him which one did the deed.

The Sorceress Supreme, she was an issue, for certain. Running into such a roadblock who commanded great power, well Belasco could crush her with some effort. But it would be a battle. He had ran into her predecessor once and she had big shoes to fill.

Belasco stepped forward and he checked to make sure that they were secure. He didn't know how the Sorceress Supreme would know about the Bloodstones, the source of his power, but he was not going to risk the chance that she did know.

They were secure and he turned around, once again surveying his kingdom throughout the castle window.

"They couldn't have gone too far," Belasco whispered suddenly. He could see the room that the Chosen One had been in. It was rather practical but merely just a place for him to sleep him.

Then the girl's quarters were more extravagant. The few times that he allowed her to escape and then bring her back, was to crush the hope that she might have of ever escaping. That would leave her
more susceptible to his powers.

It wasn't a rehearsal this time, she slipped away on her own accord, or more likely one of his servants helped her.

"You're not pining after your child bride, are you?"

Belasco turned around and saw Riddle's demented spirit floating there.

"Do you have a forest in Albania to haunt?" Belasco asked him, annoyed at his mere presence, especially since he could not completely hold him and make him honor his end of their agreement.

"The barriers are stronger, the latest time I tried, I discovered that I couldn't get completely get through without severing my soul further," Riddle said and Belasco did not say anything.

There were two points that he would consider, the first and most obvious point being that he was surprised that Riddle had much of a soul left to sever. And an attempt to pass through a fortified barrier would have ripped him to pieces, something that he was disappointed that Riddle didn't at least try to do.

The second point was that….someone was messing with the barriers, of his dominion, but who, that was the question?

He looked at the monitoring field in his palace and checked the barriers. Sure enough, they were fortified.

Could Belasco fix them to what they were? Yes, but it wouldn't be to his advantage. It was keeping the two children and the Sorceress Supreme in his domain.

"For once Riddle, you've been a help, perhaps you're not completely worthless," Belasco replied to him.

"Well, I wasn't the one who allowed two children to escape," Riddle said but Belasco, without missing a beat, replied to him.

"One who fears a withered old man who is a mere school teacher does not have any call to talk about the competence of another," Belasco said and Riddle remained silent.

He continued to survey the atmosphere around him and reclaim what was once his but he ran into a roadblock that was preventing his success in reclaiming his prize.

Harry Potter did his best to attempt to brush through various memories that he had but it seemed like no matter how hard he tried, there was a lot in his mind that was just a muddled mess.

The one thing that he managed to divine was the location and the protections around the Horcruxes. They might have been good, if he would have found a way out of here easily but he didn't. Therefore the knowledge, whilst practical, was kind of useless.

He could sense Illyana sitting, in silence as well. She didn't speak because she knew how important it was that he was going through this entire mess.

Harry hummed once again, he heard a whisper. It couldn't be distinguished by any means and he wondered for a brief second if he had simply lost his mind in an attempt to piece together. Pulling out, Harry paused.
The whisper remained there, clear as day at one second and fainter yet at another time. His green eyes burned as he shook his head, trying to clear the cobwebs from his mind.

'Very interesting,' Harry thought to himself, pushing his hair from his face and he sighed. There was a second where he tried to focus on the whisper.

Actually focusing on the whisper was half of the battle, interpreting what he was being told, that was the other thing. He strained but once again he ran into nothing, shattered memories.

He saw a flash in his mind and he jolted up, his back nearly spasming. Illyana rushed over towards him, to check on him but his eyes snapped towards her, warning her that it might not be a good idea to come near him now.

"Please give me some room," Harry said as he coughed, he felt as if his nerve endings were completely on fire.

"What….what is it?" Illyana asked and she could see Harry trying to keep his sanity intact. His green eyes burned brightly and the blonde reached forward.

She could feel something, a glow of magical energy, a shield of some sort, appear around Harry. It was very intoxicating, she wanted to reach out and touch it but at the same time, she couldn't. It was fairly intoxicating and she stood there, mouth hanging agape and she was essentially awestruck.

"So…..?"

"It was something that my mother did, I almost had the memory of whatever ritual she used….but then it booted me out," Harry said getting up to his feet. The shield faded around him. "It was a grand sacrifice and…..I feel that there is a part of her exists somewhere."

Harry paced back and forth like a caged animal and Illyana watched him, biting down on her lip fairly nervously.

"She's on the other side of…..I'm not even sure if this isn't another trick. The time that I got lured into here….she was used and that appeared real enough."

"Master," Illyana warned him and she pointed to where Harry levitated a few inches off of the ground. Harry stopped, and stared at her. "Not to….."

"No, it's alright," Harry said, calming himself and dropping himself down so his feet were flat on the ground. "My nerves are just…"

"Yes, they would be, I could feel it and I'm sure Clea could feel it," Illyana said and she closed her eyes. "She's currently hunting for a way out. I just hope she does not use this as an opportunity to free herself and leave us stranded."

"I know she won't," Harry told her and Illyana looked at him. She didn't mean to be so critical but she couldn't help but voice her opinion. Even if she would get punished for it later, she had to say something.

"How do you know…."

"I forbade her from doing so," Harry told Illyana crisply and the blonde blinked. Once again Harry's green eyes locked onto hers.

"Forgive me, master, I did not….."
"You will learn," Harry commented with a smile that chilled anyone who saw it to the bone. There was a small part of him that wondered if that was harsh but some females needed to have authority exerted over them to be kept in line. And some got off on being dominated.

Harry wasn't going to deny that he enjoyed dominating. After five years being the Dursley's house pet and seven more years of being tormented by Belasco, he was finally in a dominating position and he relished that fact.

"Yes, my lord," Illyana said to him, she knew that her master was contemplating on the best way to punish her or even to punish her. "Do you think that she'll succeed?"

"With how the barriers have been fortified, I doubt very much, until she finds a way to take them down," Harry said and he closed his eyes. He was sure that Belasco had the means and the knowledge to take it down but did he have the motive?

Harry actually doubted that, because it played in his hands to keep them here. The blonde sat herself down next to Harry.

"How is the temptation?" Harry asked and Illyana said.

"The bloodlust has not been strong since I have had carnal activities to keep my mind off of it," Illyana said to her and Harry raised his eyebrow. She smiled and placed her hands on his shoulders. "But do not worry, I'll be sated for a few more hours."

"It may be shorter than that for me, so be ready," Harry warned her and Illyana could feel the lust radiating off of him. She sat there in clothes that barely qualified as such, just barely covering her private bits. He pulled her onto his lap and the green eyed wizard pushed his arm underneath her breasts and held her tight. "But naturally, I'll take you, whether you're ready or not."

"Don't worry, I'll be ready," Illyana said, fiercely staring forward to where Clea disappeared almost an hour ago. She was starting to get anxious, the thirst for vengeance bubbling towards the service even though Harry did a wonderful job of keeping her mind occupied elsewhere "He hasn't found us yet."

"No," Harry said, he kept checking the barriers around them for any signs of trouble but so far, he hadn't found anything.

That was good news because it allowed him to try and piece together that patchwork of memories. He didn't trust anyone delving into his mind, so it would be a task that he would do himself.

Of course lack of trust was only half of the problem, the fact that people couldn't come out alive was another huge problem. Harry recalled that for sure.

The walk down memory lane was something interesting. He could see one of his mother's earliest memories, she was standing in a field with her parents and…..that might as well be Petunia.

Yes he knew that was Petunia, he would recognize that horse face from a block away.

Lily was amused by something, he couldn't determine the age, toddler of course.

And that was when the memory flickered, to young Tom Riddle, age ten, taking a pair of young children up to a cave next to the sea with the Orphanage. He used magic to torment them. Standard smoke and mirrors shit, but at the same time, that would terrify most children.

Harry could see the cave start to collapse around him and his memories were becoming distorted. He
saw one face before Harry returned back to the world.

'Belasco,' Harry thought, there was no recognizing that face any more. He wanted to return to the memories, but he was afraid that he would give himself a headache.

It did slowly become more clear what Riddle was doing and why he was brought here. Could he piece together a clear picture and maybe a hint to take Belasco down for the next time?

His senses were heightened and he saw Illyana there, almost as if she was waiting for the moment. The magic released a heightened sense of pheromones around them.

"My Lord, it is as we have feared," Clea commented, on one knee before Harry and Harry kept his gaze locked on her. "There's no way out."

Harry sat on the seat, more like a makeshift throne, with fire surrounding it. It was not as prolific as Belasco's was but it was decent enough for what he would have to work with.

"You're certain that there is no way out?" Harry asked her and Clea nodded her head, nearly swallowing a lump her throat.

"My attempts to find a way around the barriers have hit a roadblock, and any more magic….it will alert him and….""Then you were wise not to do so," Harry said with a crisp nod.

"We should find a way to go after him, because he does have knowledge how to allow us out of here," Clea said and she paused. "But there is another that could have blocked us in here."

"Yes, I'm well aware of the other party you told me about," Harry said cutting her off. Then again, there were a few dangerous demon threats that were lurking around in the area of Limbo. Some who would work with Belasco for a short term gain.

Of course, some did get chummy with Belasco, just to find the right spot to stick the knife between his shoulder blades. If Harry learned one thing during his time in Limbo, that was it. It was a rather cutthroat game, and friendships was only temporary and likely false.

"There's something else blocking our way out, master," Clea said and she reached her hand out. "May I take your hand and allow you to feel it?"

"You have my permission, Illyana come over here, perhaps the three of us can determine what this other problem is."

Illyana obeyed straight away, walking over and touching hands with Harry. Harry took his hand forward and allowed Clea to grasp it.

The entire world shifted around all three of them for a second and Harry wondered what he was looking forward. The barriers were there, he could see it. It would take a huge magical punch to knock through that wall.

Then suddenly, almost out of the blue, a hideous looking creature popped up. It was wearing black robes and had claws.

Clea, Harry, and Illyana were back and where they stood, they was for the briefest instant some sort of tear.
"Did I just find out where baby Dementors came from or is this something else entirely?" Harry asked, breaking the uneasy silence.

"Dementors feel cold, remember," Clea said and Harry smiled and waved towards her. "They do not generate the proper amount of cold, there is something like that. You saw the tear in the fabric between universe's, did you not?"

"Yes, I saw it, you saw it as well, didn't you, Illyana?" Harry asked her.

"Yes, master," she replied to him and the young Russian girl had seen some hideous creatures with what Belasco exposed her too. It was only mere glimpses, as a young delicate, and at the time untainted, female was a rare delicacy here in Limbo.

"I saw it, it was….a wraith of some sort….perhaps not a full Dementor but….."

"Some kind of sub-species or cousin, perhaps?" Illyana suggested to him and Harry looked thoughtful.

Clea chimed in with her two cents. "I'm not at ease with those creatures having any sort of sub-…..Did you….."

Harry could see something across the way and he thought momentarily the barrier had been breached. There was a hideous hand that tried to reach through the rift before it sealed itself shut.

"On one hand, it's a way out," Harry summarized. "On the other hand….I'm not sure if what's on the other side is much better than what's in here."

Better the devil he knew then the devil he didn't, at least right now.

Harry stopped and he could feel something. He told the other girls, keeping his eye out. "There's an energy source nearby."

It could be of some value, but Harry was pretty sure that he was not the only one who came to that completely obvious conclusion.

"To the East."

There were two new rifts that opened up and the trio made their way towards it. Perhaps it was this energy source that was the cause of all of these problems and the fact that Clea could not get out.

Or perhaps it would be something else entirely. There was only one way to find out.

**To Be Continued on July 23 rd 2014.**
Phantoms

The energy source was very near but Harry had a few questions about it. One of those questions was, if it was a diversion or not? If it was a diversion, then there was going to be trouble.

"Stick together no matter what," Harry told both of them. Clea and Illyana stood towards his side, neither saying anything. There were no rifts that opened within the last few minutes but that just caused things to be even more unsettling for them.

"It should be to the North of here…..but we have to cross some treacherous territory."

Illyana smiled, her eyes pointed forward, as she looked forward to the hunt. It stirred up her primal natures. "Good, I'm glad."

She was aching for something to get her hands on and destroy. Sex was good, don't get her wrong, but one needed their daily dose of violence. If it was some of Belasco's, then it was better. And if it was Belasco himself, it was even better. Her hands clenched together as Harry steered her.

"Keep your eyes focused, one thing at a time," Harry told her and this was not a suggestion, this was a command and he expected them to follow it.

"Look," Clea said, seeing the air crackle around her. There was a whisper of something in the distance.

Harry tried to listen closer but the whispers were in a strangled tongue that he never heard in his life. He doubted that it had been in a language that was ever known to human ears. It's syntax wasn't close to it at any rate.

"What did they say?" Illyana asked him and Harry frowned.

"I'm not sure," Harry said, he thought that he could hear the whispers say something that he should recognize. They sounded extremely hostile at least by their tone.

On the edge of the hill, Harry heard a sinister whistle and the rustle of something.

Clea summoned a shield to cover them, which allowed Harry and Illyana the cover that they needed to defend themselves.

"I wish they would come out, and stop playing games with us," Illyana said, her eyes glowing with malice and Harry turned towards her, looking over his shoulder.

"Do you honestly?" Harry asked her and Illyana stopped, she wasn't sure what she believed any more. "Exactly what I was thinking."

'Okay, fine, maybe I don't," Illyana said but there was a winged creature hovering over them.

She slashed at the creature and backed it off, giving an angry growl and flew away. Hopefully just as a retreat and not to summon a few of its buddies.

They didn't like the looks of this, any of them and Harry frowned. He hovered himself up across the ground.

"That….doesn't look like Limbo over there, does it?" Harry asked and Clea shook her head.
"No…..but that's impossible…"

Clea peered forward and caught her breath, which made sense given that the sight before her drove her breathless. "It shouldn't have happened….especially when I can't get out of Limbo…"

"What….."

"It's simple, there's this other realm that is bleeding into Limbo," Harry said and Illyana looked aghast at this news.

"That would explain the creatures we…..saw," Illyana said, stopping as a creature dove at her, blood thirsty. It was mindless, even more than some of the creatures here. She hacked at the creature, driving it off.

At least for the moment but all she accomplished was making it much madder. Harry whipped his hand back and then made a cracking motion, sending a purple energy slash that would slice most things to ribbons.

The magical attack Harry leveled against it seemed to do the trick in dealing with it. He dropped down to one knee, before pulling himself up.

"This way, it's the safest," Harry said and Illyana looked at him like he grew two heads.

"You do realize that's Belasco's stronghold," Illyana said, not sure why she was arguing this. Hatred burned through her eyes as she wanted to figure out a way to get her hands on Belasco.

Clea answered for her master swiftly. "It's better to deal with the devil that we know, then to be stuck dealing with the devil that we don't."

"I couldn't have put it better myself," Harry said and Illyana raised one slight eyebrow, looking at her mate.

"The fact that we're dealing with something that we know or the fact that Belasco could be classified as the devil?"

"Well, either would pretty much fit, but I was more referring to the fact that it's better to deal with someone that we know," Harry said and Clea smiled sadly.

"I'm pretty sure that there are a couple of people who would take….."

A hideous creature moved off in the other direction and she recognized two of Belasco's guards being chased down by it. Perhaps this worked to her advantage just a little bit, at least she hoped so.

"As I was saying, there are a lot of people who would take great offense to Belasco being referred to as the devil."

"Take it up with me….."

"After all of what he did, he deserves to be called far worse," Illyana said, a sort of vindictive pleasure seeing two of his minions being mauled by one of those creatures that found their way into Limbo.

Harry pulled her in close, firmly, reminding her to stay focused. It was with great reluctance that she pulled her eyes away. She sighed.

"Forward?" she asked and Harry's smile got wider as he confirmed this suggestion.
"Yes, forward," Harry informed Illyana and the blonde could feel them getting closer to it.

They just hoped that it wasn't a trap but if it was, they were going to make those who tried to trap them regret it.

Belasco's minions moved forward. They were grunts, nameless guards without a purpose, but they served their master well.

Not that they would say no to a little bit of power if the opportunity presented itself. But they would not be foolish enough to go up against their master in such a matter. After all, he was powerful, he wouldn't necessarily destroy them, maybe. But he would make them wish they did.

"How can a couple of kids get far?" one of the demons grunted.

"Well, hope the master lets us have....."

"You know he won't," the demon said, shushing his counterpart before the thought went through his mind. "But....the other two, they should have checked in by now. There was a rumor that the Sorceress Supreme saw seen up here."

"I wouldn't mind keeping that one as a pet," the demon said, lust radiating through his eyes, because he was a demon and he hadn't been laid in a long time. His master hoarded all of the succubi slaves.

"You can forget it, I'm sure the master wishes to keep that one as a trophy as well," the other demon whispered harshly, warning his fellow demon of that fact and there was a scowl that went over the creatures face.

"Fine," the demon hissed angrily but he heard something. "It's them, let's go."

They could see their fellow demons or at least they could. Their bodies dropped to the ground, like soulless husks, landing with a clatter.

"They....did she do that?" the demon whispered, and he raised his hand.

"No one in Limbo could have done that....not even her, not even the Sorceress Supreme," the demon said, his mouth hanging agape it agitation. He could not really believe this situation as it spiraled out of control. "There's no way....."

"Across the way, look."

He looked and he saw a creature. Was it another species of demon? No it was something else and it descended on the two demons like a ravenous bird of prey.

They never had the chance, they were destroyed, it was brutal.

The creature's forked tongue flickered as he continued the hunt for another meal.

Harry turned up on the top of the hill, just seconds after the demons had been taken out. He stared down this creature who had just wiped out at least four of Belasco's minions that he witnessed. Their dried husks had been drained of all of their magical energy.

And the creature was sizing up Harry for dessert. It rushed him, arms outstretched, but the green eyed wizard swiped his hand in the area, ripping it to shreds with a burst of chaotic but somehow controlled magical energy.
The creature was no more. Clea and Illyana joined Harry at the top of the hill, watching him. They were getting closer but at the same time, reality distorted even more.

"That was amazing," Clea whispered, and there was no lie about it, she was excited with what Harry did. Harry just smiled, looking over his shoulder to her. She was flushed by what she saw and after what Harry did.

"I'm glad you approve," Harry said to her but there was really no time to be patting themselves on the back. "We need to find the source of what's happening, and stop it……"

Illyana stopped, stared, and she could feel that they were not alone on this hill. There was a mysterious figure making her way down the mountain. She saw her face, that red hair, there was only one person that she could be.

"It's her," Illyana whispered and she stepped forward to engage the mystery girl but Harry cleared his throat.

"I'm sure that there's some rather interesting history between you two, but now's not the time and now's especially not the place," Harry said and he could not be more clear for his point now.

Clea's amulet illuminated, blinding them with a weird and eerie purple glow.

"Should it do that?" Harry asked and Clea shook her head. "Yeah, I thought so."

Harry might have been able to take out one of those creatures but three more were on the way. The good news was that he was close to finding out where they were coming from and close to closing the rift.

Good news and perhaps bad news as well, at least he thought so.

The girl whom Harry only caught glimpses of in the past disappeared into the night. He was sure that the fact that she stopped long enough to allow Harry and company see her, was not a coincidence.

A bright light went off, as Harry drew first blood in the attack. These creatures were different from the ones that he engaged before, even though they seemed similar on fire sight.

Illyana ripped into one of them with pleasure, and it's blood curdling scream was both satisfying and completely eerie.

Belasco waited for his moment but the party that he sent off did not return back yet. Energy signatures spiked all where he sat around Limbo. He tried to detect them but it was almost like he ran into a wall, constantly hitting it.

The demon sorcerer became more incensed, he didn't like dealing with a mystery, especially when several of his fellow demons didn't return.

"See if the party returned from the front gate," he growled, his patience short. He had only sent them a short way away, to follow up on the sighting of the Sorceress Supreme. It went without saying that she would lead him to the two children.

"Yes….yes….my master."

Belasco once again was enraged by his inability to find these two children. They were just that, children. And if his minions had failed, then they would suffer the most severe consequences. He
would not kill them, for that would not serve his purpose.

It would be a lot better and far more amusing to make them wish that they did kill him. Yes, that would be the ticket. Belasco's lips curled into a devious sneer and an even more devious grin. His power flowed and ebbed through his eyes.

Power that he felt would be strengthened the moment that he had his pawns back underneath his control.

There was Riddle, hovering over his shoulder now like an ever present and quite annoying, bat.

"It's been weeks, and they still elude you," Riddle told Belasco, and the Demon Lord's response contained thinly veiled disdain.

"Do you have anything better to do with your time?" Belasco asked and Riddle took a step back.

"I will give you something valuable, because it seems like you're ignorant enough of what's going on in your own kingdom yourself," Riddle said in a low, taunting voice. "You're losing control.....something else is manipulating the comings and goings of Limbo."

"I'm in control!" Belasco bellowed, reaching forward in an attempt to strangle Riddle, but his hands passed through him.

"Well, you showed me," Riddle said backing off. "Am I really worth that much to you?"

"You made a deal, and you broke it, remember."

"I fooled a demon, and he can't handle the fact that a simple human managed to find a loophole in his little deal," Riddle whispered, enjoying grinding the knife a little further in Belasco's back. "But you know.....I'm much more than a human....."

"You would have died before you reached Hogwarts if it wasn't for my interjection," Belasco hissed angrily.

Riddle did not say anything; for he knew Belasco was correct on that assessment and that burned him up inside.

"I'd keep your friends close, your enemies closer, and family closest of all," Riddle said, he had no use for two out of those three.

Belasco waved off Riddle's words. The lookout that he sent out, should be returning back any second now.

The gates broke open, and the battered body of guard flew to the ground. Belasco looked at him, with disdain.

"Weakness, pure weakness," Belasco whispered as he leaned down to face his minion.

"Breach, Phantoms….Phantoms….Phantoms," the demon groaned before the lights went out in his eyes.

Belasco frowned, what was he blathering on about? Phantoms, this was a bunch of nonsense and he didn't understand a word of it. The lights were on and no one was home.

"I saw them."
Belasco turned to the figure standing in the shadows. His attention was on her fully, a rare moment where he really was actually paying attention to her. For the first time, ever, he paid attention to her.

"You saw....."

"Creatures, hideous creatures," she informed him, and Belasco stared at them. "There is a breech, I managed to close one but there are several."

"Several," Belasco whispered, he hated the fact that his minions were taken out by these creatures.

"They won't breach the palace, they stopped outside of the barriers," she told him and Belasco was not at ease.

If these creatures attacked his property, there was a chance that they would be dragged off into the night and they would never be recovered, ever. Belasco's blood boiled at the thought of that, something else grabbing onto what was rightly his.

"You didn't see them, did you, child?"

"No, I didn't," she said, without any emotion present in her voice.

Belasco gave her a surveying look, as if he tried to determine whether or not she tried to deceive him. When he detected none, he nodded.

He turned his back on her and walked off to contemplate his options.

'The most interaction I've gotten him since that witch arrived,' the woman thought. It was a shame that strumpet did not get eaten by one of the Phantoms, whatever they were.

Her father had tunnel vision, which was fine by her. She had her own agenda.

Of course, this Riddle did as well, and she would need to find to dispose of him. The best case scenario was the person who had the power to destroy him would finish the job.

Clea just barely caught her breath after dispatching of the latest army of creatures. How Harry was able to maintain his stride, that was something that she couldn't really figure out.

"Are you with me still?" Harry asked both girls.

"Yes," Illyana replied stiffly. "I think we're getting close to finding the gateway."

Harry saw that two, the energies became more mind numbing the closer that he got the edge. He nearly felt himself collapse to one knee. It was through strength, determination, and a fair amount of stubbornness that he didn't collapse through pure magical exhaustion. Most would have faded soon after.

The glowing vortex of purple light nearly blinded Harry as he approached the gate. He was driven breathless by what he saw.

It was a hideous hunchback creature, with protruding fangs, and long toes. It looked like its skin suffered some kind of disease and there were demons lying at its feet. They were withered and weak.

"Belasco's chosen, they aren't having such a good time of it," Clea said as she could see the energy. "It's resistant to magic….in fact it feeds off of it."
"Yes, but the ground beneath it is not resistant to magic," Harry reminded her. With that, he pushed his fist into the air and slammed down onto the ground. The jagged rocks protruded up into the ground and caught the creature hard.

The creature gave a mighty bellow and it charged Harry. Harry could see the energy vortex in front of him. Closing his eyes, he didn't move. Any attack would just strengthen the creature and having something this strong would not be a favorable outcome.

WHOOSH!

The creature was brought into the portal and its blood curdling shrieks could be heard across the land. Harry watched, he was not too broken up.

He did see a flicker of horror in the eyes of this monster, so wherever they were going would be a bad place to go for sure.

"Look," Illyana said, pointing, seeing a pedestal in the pulsing light.

It was carved with a rune stone but said rune stone was cracked. The crack deepened the more that magic energy withered through it. Harry winced, he knew for a fact that cracked rune stones lead to more than enough problems.

Ambling forward, Harry touched his hands on the rune stone, and it started to rumble underneath his hand. Holding it firmly, he took a deep breath and sighed.

Then there was nothing other than blissful silence. The green eyes of the young man flashed as he could feel the power go through him.

Something screamed out for help but it was just a front, a trick. Harry had a sixth sense of a genuine scream of help and a fake scream. He just wished he had that when he had been tricked into Limbo by the imitation of his mother.

"The gateway is sealed," Harry said, as he looked up, seeing his burned hands. They slowly healed themselves over. It was a painful healing process as well.

The gateway might have been sealed but another creature went through. Illyana frowned, looking at it. "Is this one resistant to magic?"

Clea scanned but Harry answered. "No."

"Good," Illyana said, she wanted to skewer this creature. It might be good for her, better than therapy was come to think about it. She rushed forward, sword in hand, and she gave a mighty swing.

The sword sliced into the creature, drawing a fair amount of disgusting green blood. She didn't care, she resumed the attack, the hunt.

"I'm wondering if we should get involved," Clea said icily and Harry smiled.

"Don't bother, unless she gets into trouble," Harry said, watching Illyana go to work, her eyes glowing with malice. If she got into trouble, he would jump in and take her down. But with the creatures….he was almost tempted to feel sorry for them.

If he was capable of feeling sorry for them, which he doubted. Harry found his empathy in short supply for creatures that he didn't like and were trying to kill him.
"And another….or there was another," Clea commented but that meant that there was a second gateway.

"Yes, there was another," Harry agreed, seeing Illyana get to work. She was covered in the drippings of whatever passed as blood in this creature.

Illyana stepped on one of the demon husks that had been taken out, swung her sword over her head, and slashed another enemy in the chest. Her eyes narrowed with fury and intensity.

"I think we got them all," Clea said, pulling Illyana back, and the wild look in her eyes slowly faded with a warning look from Harry.

"You better do another head count," Harry said, looking up and seeing another one of those winged monstrosities.

It appeared that one of the phantoms mated with some of the demons, and that was a hideously disgusting image that Harry wanted to rid from his mind as soon as humanly possible. Harry closed his eyes, humming underneath his breath.

With one swift shot, he fired, nailing the creature out of the air.

Another gateway, Harry saw the cracked rune stone. His hands were nearly healed completely from the last one.

"I've got this one, master," Illyana said, rushing forward and placing her hands on the edge of the stone and she felt the pain flow through her, but it was all about being in service to her master.

The battle in Limbo was reaching its fever pitch and Harry stood in front of the creature.

"You are no match for me."

Harry smiled a wicked smile. "We'll see about that."

The two of them clashed and it was short but ugly. Kind of like some of the creatures that Harry fought this morning. His breath was driven out of his body, as he went back and forth with the creature.

Clea and Illyana watched the battle, mouths hanging wide open and aghast. There was only one word that could potentially describe what they were thinking.

"Damn."

Clea said this word and she looked at Harry, as he nailed the creature. Its tendons were completely destroyed first, then the skeleton of its body was reduced to dust. His energy morphed into Harry, who got a slight power up.

"Well that was refreshing," Harry said, backing off and smiling, looking down at the creature.

"Maybe, but….."

"Another rune stone, I'll take this one," Clea said, Harry was completely healed, Illyana was halfway so from when she did her deed. Clea was the only one not to have the pleasure of having her hands burned halfway off of her bones and then painfully healed back.

Clea saw the crack, it seemed to be deeper than the other ones. Harry and Illyana blasted the
phantoms who were coming through back to where they came from.

The Sorceress Supreme slammed her hands on the pedestal with the rune stone and power flowed throughout it. She managed to heal it and the divide lowered, with the Phantoms being sucked to where they came from.

Harry blasted them, giving them a nice little nudge on their way back just to make sure that they knew the folly of staying away.

"Well, that was pleasant," Illyana said, holding herself up against her master for leverage.

"No closer to finding out where this power source is that's causing all of…"

The ground beneath them was getting weaker and before any of them could perform a spell to stop it from cracking, it gave way.

Harry slid down the set of rocks, going ass over tea kettle as he landed at the bottom of the slide.

Illyana and Clea dropped elsewhere, and there was a lot of rubble to shift through where they were.

'Harry, are you….'

'I'm on the other side, I'll try to get through but…..I saw something,' Harry thought, seeing a figure make her way carefully around the edge of the tunnel.

Harry followed an interesting trail; there was a combination of rocks, both red and some green. These rocks glowed with a mysterious energy that Harry didn't think that he ever saw before in his life but he was intrigued by them.

'Okay, just a little bit closer, and I'll find out where I'm going,' Harry thought. Down these tunnels, there were no creatures, at least no visible creatures. But Harry suspected that he would have to head down the tunnel and find out things for himself.

The dripping of water was oddly unsettling but at the same time, kind of relaxing.

Harry Potter didn't see many horror movies, actually he never saw any horror movies. One could argue that given all he experienced in his life, if he would have found the content to be fairly lacking. A loud drip-drip-drip could be heard.

Harry paused, staring forward down the tunnel.

He hated suspense, therefore he rushed forward. The moment that he reached the edge of the tunnel, something slashed at him.

Harry dodged the slash. It was a jagged knife of some sort. There already had been blood on the knife.

Another swipe of the knife but Harry conjured a shield to block it and to knock her attacks back.

She staggered, giving a whimpering grimace. The knife clattered down to the ground, and Harry grabbed her around the arm, twisting it back around her back, and made her face him.

"Who are you?"

There was no answer, rather she backed Harry against the wall. She delivered a sweeping palm blow, and caused jagged fragments of rock to go flying.
Whoever she was, she was pretty good at defending herself. As much as he could respect that, Harry was not about to take one attack lying down.

Without another thought, Harry Potter gave chase down the tunnel, he was going to find this woman and make her answer for attacking him.

The hunt was on.

"He's over on the other side, we should trust that he's fine," Illyana replied to Clea in a calm voice. "There's nothing else down here."

"All of the rifts must have opened above," Clea said, as she tried to push open the entrance. Even with magic, the rocks on the edge of the cave wouldn't budge. "We're sealed in…"

"Then we're going to have to find another way out," Illyana suggested as she heard something in the tunnels.

She made her way down there, whatever was here, it was down there.

"Maybe it's haunted," Clea suggested and Illyana gave a burning look at the woman for bringing up such a triviality. "I know…that's the least of our problems down here."

Harry had certainly seen something and Clea knew better than to interrupt her master when he was on a mission.

"One of Belasco's secret chambers is down here, I'm not sure where there," Illyana said, standing alert. It did go without saying that if one of Belasco's secret chambers were done here, then some of his minions could be guarding it.

It could be a perfect opportunity to gain information and resources, something that Illyana would agree was a good thing. Also revenge, revenge was first and foremost on her mind.

"Harry's not here….so, I feel like I should tell you that you need to stay focused," Clea told Illyana and Illyana turned, glaring daggers at the woman.

And she ignored her suggestion, for she didn't really have any kind of pull over her. Illyana could see the markings of Belasco down on the gate.

"No guards, he really is secure that no one will find this down here," Illyana said and Clea grabbed her by the shoulder firmly. The Russian girl turned around, giving her a death glare.

"Or he wants us to find this down here?"

Illyana managed to see some sense in those words. Those doors could portal her straight into Belasco's waiting arms.

Then again, it would be the perfect opportunity for revenge of she found a way to get herself to him.

The ground above them rocked and Clea looked up nervously. If it caved in when they were down here, magic or not, it was going to crush them to death.

Clea resisted the temptation to reach out to Harry, knowing that if she interrupted him, the punishment would result in all pleasure for him and very little for her.

"Look at this," Illyana said, picking up one of the red stones. At first she thought that this was one of
Belasco's little toys but the more she studied, the more she saw that it was something else entirely.

Without another thought, she pocketed the stone, it could be useful to study later. Then she cracked open the vault.

It was not a trap, thankfully. There were books and various other materials like rare animal parts used in rituals that could be of use to them and more importantly inconvenient Belasco. So Clea and Illyana decided to collect the items that they could.

"I think I might have found the way out."

Harry could sense his prey close by. It was female which made this all that better. If it was a male, Harry would be inclined to kill it without any hesitation.

But since it was female, Harry had plans for her. The young wizard took half of a step forward.

She attacked him once again. This just proved once again that the female of the species was more deadly than the male on some instances.

Harry spun her around and slammed hard against the wall with a solid impact. He held her against the wall, but she ran up the wall to break his grip. She landed her feet and a foot was directed at Harry's face.

Her kick was blocked and Harry dodged underneath a second kick. He dodged the next couple of kicks and Harry backed off. He lifted his hands and almost had to applaud her, almost.

"Very good," Harry told her and she tried to attack him once more. "We can do this all night or you can just…"

Harry grabbed her arms and twisted them behind her back. He could have restrained her with magic but he found that a tad too impersonal. This was showing his dominance even more.

The female was forced down to her knees before Harry and she struggled but she could not get out of this position.

Harry pulled her back up and then pushed her back into the ground, holding her arms down.

"I think that I won," Harry commented, her hold falling down. The short shoulder length black hair was the first thing that he saw, followed by the devious blue eyes, and the lovely set of pink lips. She breathed in and out heavily.

She was allowed up and her robes fell to the ground to reveal a tattered black undersuit. It had been torn but still maintained modestly. There was a sense that there was a lot more to it but it had been lost over time. Her DD-Cup breasts strained against the fabric. She had the perfect hour glass figure, with shapely hips, long legs, and a flat tummy. She turned slightly and Harry got a hint of her nice ass as well. She was the womanly package.

"Very good, you beat me…..you're not one of them, the Phantoms," she said. "They want to kill me….half of them….because my father helped put them there….before he went mad and was put there himself. And I got thrown in just for my association, those bastards didn't care…..they wanted to make sure his bloodline didn't live on."

"Interesting," Harry said and he focused his gaze on her. "Who are you?"
"My name is Faora," she told him, she was trapped in his green eyes for mere moments. "I'm not in the Phantom Zone anymore?"

"Well.....I don't think you are," Harry told her and Faora looked at him. "What is the Phantom Zone?"

Faora sighed. "That's a long story."

He transfigured the rocks into some comfortable looking chairs and offered her a seat. "Believe me, I got plenty of time."

To Be Continued on 7/30/2014.

Faora: (Played By Antje Traue) Needs no introduction really, but I'll give a brief one. Kryptonian, rather devious and brilliant as she is beautiful, a dangerous young lady. Connected to General "Makes Other Men Kneel Before Him." Trained on various combat arts, hates most men. But Harry's special abilities are such that kind of overrides that and besides, Harry's not most men is he?
Kneel

Harry Potter stood before an extremely intelligent and powerful woman. All of those were amazing attributes but Harry wished to find out information and knowledge. Knowledge was in fact power and he needed to know what this Phantom Zone dimension was.

Faora started to explain it to him. "The Phantom Zone....is somewhat of an oddity in the universe. Technically speaking, it has to exist somewhere to exist, if you really think about it but it doesn’t conform to the conventional laws of science. It's nowhere and everywhere at the same time. It is a place that doesn't exist on any plane and a location where some of the most hardened criminals in the twenty eight known galaxies are sent. Some get consumed, others are twisted."

"That would explain the Phantoms that I saw," Harry said and she nodded in confirmation.

"Yes, that would," she agreed with him. "They are the echoes of some hardened convicts.....but there have been others who have been sent to the Phantom Zone, because those in charge of the government would rather not deal with them. It's just a method of sweeping their worst problems underneath the rug."

They made their way closer through the tunnels and Faora continued to speak with him. "I come from a planet known as Krypton or I did. Not any longer, for I was banished into the Phantom Zone, due to who my father was. He started with the best intentions but power settled in, and it was followed by greed. You do realize that is a dangerous combination."

"Only if you do not allow yourself to get swept into them and get an overinflated sense of your own accomplishments," Harry said and Faora stared at him.

"He did, and that's just beyond his own sick desire to have other men knee before him....I was named after his deceased wife.....but he would have preferred a son I think. He came from a long line of military officers on Krypton. Ruthless, their name is spoken in hushed tones throughout the universe."

Before Harry could ask what his name was, he heard a rumbling sound that distracted from such inquiries.

"This dimension it's..."

"It is a demonic realm where time does not pass as it should, moments in the real world could account of years in here, and even then the math might not be consistent," Harry said, staring forward. He could see that Faora was captivated.

"Someone attempted to control the barriers in this dimension," she whispered in a hushed voice and Harry turned towards her. "But it caused them to bleed into the Phantom Zone, it opened a rift where I was able to escape and better to be in here and then in here."

"Are you sure about that?"

"Trust me, I'm sure," Faora said, walking down the beaten path. "But I figure that I'm not the only one who escaped through the portal."

"No, we're dealing with one crisis after another, I got separated from the other two that I'm within," Harry said and he shifted the rocks to allow them passage. "After you."
Faora nodded, she figured that he allowed her to go because he wanted to keep his eyes on her and not have her behind her. That was something she was perfectly fine with.

She could see that they were in another area of the underground but they were getting close to seeing the light.

"Wow," she whispered in an excited voice.

"I'd have to concur with that, wow indeed," Harry told her, steering her so he could go up there right now. He would have to meet with Clea and Illyana before too long.

He sensed that he was not done with the rifts that opening and sure enough while he hated when he was right, he was certainly correct.

"So, where are we?" Faora asked him and Harry gave her a cross look, telling her to be still and silent.

Faora's mouth closed shut for a few seconds and breath went through her body as she peered forward. Something was happening, she could sense it, she could feel it in fact.

Another one of the Phantom Zone creatures charged them and Harry motioned her to get behind him.

"If it smells blood, it's likely to go after you," Harry said, he sensed the few crazed thoughts coming from it and it was terrifying. They were few but he could pick up a few primitive thoughts from the creature and it looked like that it longed for Kryptonian flesh.

Harry was not going to allow it to dig in that easily. He raised his hands that had glowing daggers in them and with an overarching throw, he hurled them at the creature.

BOOM!

The creature was blinded and that allowed Harry to rush forward and engage the creature in battle.

Faora watched with widened eyes and a half open mouth. The fact that a person would fight such a hideous monster said something. The fact that he fought such a monster and the monster actually backed off, that said even more.

The Kryptonian female watched, eagerness swimming through her eyes. Her heart beat faster against her chest as she watched Harry move in. He moved with such efficiency and ruthlessness that it was getting her hot and bothered.

That was power, there was no two ways about it. That was power and she wanted to see what he was capable of right now.

The wizard rushed forward and slammed both of his hands into the chest of the creature, causing it to slide back once again.

Faora could see another one walk in, hideous, but it left its back open for an attack. She still had the knife that she used to defend herself. It once belonged to her father and it served itself well.

Rushing forward, Faora slammed the knife into the back of the creature, mortally wounding it. The thrill of the hunt got her worked up and she stabbed another one. They would kill her but not if she killed them first.
"Looks like we're going to meet halfway," Harry told the woman, as he sent two more wraiths hurling through the rift and placed his hands down on the cracked rune stone.

Once again, pain visited him as every nerve ending seemed like it was on fire but Harry closed the gateway, with great agony.

He returned to finish off the creature like he had not been wounded at all.

Illyana could not help but take a closer look at the interesting energies that emitted from the red rocks that she picked up. She didn't have too many inhibitions with what she was but she wanted to take Clea right now just because.

"There's some kind of energy around those rocks," Clea told Illyana and the blonde nodded in response. "It's absorbed the magic in the air around here, thus making them far more potent than they should have been."

Illyana thought about discarding the rock but she thought that it could be a completely useful tool. She used the meditation exercises that she learned to keep her inhibitions at bay. Her heart hammered across her chest intently and the blonde swept her feet against the ground.

"We're going closer," she whispered, she felt her throat getting dryer from the thoughts of what could be done form her.

Clea smiled, she was right, this was the way out. But would it be the way to our freedom or a way to more torment and to be imprisoned by a greater enemy?

'Just to let you know is that I made it out fine.....and we're on our way out,' Harry thought to Clea and Illyana.

Illyana was never one to miss a trick so she asked the obvious question. 'What do you mean, we?'

'You picked up another one, didn't you?' Clea thought and there seemed to be no question about this in her mind.

'Well in a sense yes, you should be able to find an exit about four feet ahead and twelve feet above you, good luck,' Harry told them.

Illyana sensed the same thing as well. There was a latch that was hanging beneath them and the woman's hands shook a little bit. Clea placed her hand on the girl's shoulder and calmed her motions.

Illyana wished to go first to meet her master. She made her way up the rickety looking ladder, taking each step carefully. Sure enough, she saw the light. As if her master would steer her wrong anyway.

"I'm right behind you."

Illyana sensed more powerful energies as she was on her way up and she pulled herself up around. They were in the middle of another field that was scattered with more of the mysterious glowing red rocks.

She needed all of her wits about her, and she saw the busted door of what looked to be from some kind of vessel. How did it end here, she didn't know?

"I never seen anything like that in my life," Clea whispered, her awe hitting a fever pitch and she
placed her hand on it, running her hand over it. It was smooth and cool to her touch. The material
took a beating it seemed but it almost seemed like it was healing each other.

"Look," Illyana said, pointing out the busted crystal array that was ahead of them. There were
phantoms that swarmed around it, buzzing like angry, ill-tempered bees.

Illyana and Clea took a few more steps forward, and stopped at the edge of it. One of the wraiths
spotted them, so they prepared to defend themselves by any means necessary.

Claws stretched out, and they were the type that could tear through any kind of metal. Illyana erected
a shield, blocking the claws from cutting into her.

"Is that all you have?" Illyana asked, her rage flowing through her body because she had not been
able to fulfill her lust. Therefore hormonal lust found itself placed by blood lust.

Clea did the math in her head. Fifteen Phantom Zone wraiths against one hot tempered girl with
demonic abilities and who was angry that she had not had sex in at least eight hours. The answer to
what happened to them.

Was it possible for a soulless wraith to scream like a terrified little girl? Clea wasn't really sure but
she was about to put that fact to the test. She saw the wraiths go away, and Clea watched. Her voice
was calm.

"Do you feel better?"

"Yes," Illyana said and she added it. "For now."

The creatures who were meant to spark fear in the hearts of young females and to be fair young
males were ripped apart. They spilled blood even, even if said blood was a sickening black tar that
stuck to the ground.

"Well, that's….good, but I think that we'll be better once we find Harry."

Illyana didn't look her straight in the eyes but she nodded. That was for sure. For now, she leaned
forward, locking her eyes onto the mysterious crystal array. Clea had her focus on it and they both
came to the same conclusion at about the same time.

"This is the power source that we discovered earlier, that's causing the shifts, between Limbo and
this other Dimension," Clea commented and she tried to pick up the power source and move it.

Illyana waited for it, she had a feeling that this would about as well as one would expect, which
would mean not at all.

Up in the air went Clea and she was smashed down onto the ground by her attacker. She landed hard
and grimaced, thankfully nothing important was busted, at least as far as she knew.

"I should have seen that one coming."

Wordlessly, Illyana reached up and she grabbed Clea, pulling her up to a standing position.

"Yes, you should have," Illyana said but she said no further than that. "He's ahead, right across this
field…but what about the crystal….."

The ground cracked and Clea reached for Illyana but it was too late. The Russian blonde fell down
to the ground. The rest of the ground was cracking as well but Clea managed to hold it together this
time. She breathed heavily, sweat rolling down her face.

"Illyana are you okay?" Clea managed.

"Fine….I think I can find my way up now, just…..don't worry about me….the crystals are still in tact," Illyana said and this was a shocking surprise as well.

The crystals getting buried further under the ground was not a welcoming thought. Limbo could get ripped in half and more of those creatures poured in, giving those crazed primal roars that announced their arrivals.

"Go for our master, I'll meet you when I find the exit…he might be the only one to stop the crystals from opening these portals."

Clea protested but slowly came to the realization she had no choice. Grudgingly and very reluctantly, she left Illyana, even though she knew that she'd catch hell for it later.

Faora and Harry felt the afterglow of what was an intense battle. The demons and the phantoms vanished. It was really hard to tell where one stopped and when one came back obviously, for obvious reasons. Never the less though, Harry looked at them.

"You're still ready to go after all that?" Faora asked, realizing how that sounded.

"Believe me, you'll find out that I'm always ready to go," Harry said, she barely had any material on her at all. In fact, the tattered top half of her outfit hung loosely around her breasts. It seemed like that a strong wind would render her completely topless. Not that was a bad thing, per say. "And it's a crystal array….it looks to be hooked to a hard drive of some sort, that's causing it….."

"Someone must have tried to escape the planet when it exploded, but one of the Phantom Zone constructs hit their ship on the way out, causing a chain reaction…..but that doesn't explain how it… well then again, that's just time, isn't it?" Faora asked and Harry smiled, looking at her soft juicy lips, imagining all of the things that he could do to her. She winced as she moved, still sore from the impact. His gaze lingered upon her, and she decided to explain what was wrong with her. "My shoulder….and I thought that basic training was hard."

Faora could see Harry standing there and she really wished that he did not give her that smoldering smile. He stepped forward and placed his hand on her shoulder. Magical energy glowed through his hand and went through Faora's shoulder.

Could he have healed her without touching her? Actually he could have well but he just thought that this was a simple bit more intimate. The woman looked at him with a smile.

"My hero," she commented dryly but there was a smirk on her face nevertheless and Harry stared back at her.

"Well don't praise me yet, there's still a lot of work to do," Harry said but he rubbed her shoulder a tiny bit, to make sure that everything was healed. "So, does that feel better?"

"Yes, it feels great," Faora whispered. If she didn't know better, those glowing red rocks were making her rather delirious and sex crazed. Actually she was very sex crazed, her heart thumped across her chest and she was trying to hold her back from jumping Harry right here and now.
What in the hell was wrong with her?

"Are you sure?"

"Mmm, hmmm," Faora said, as Harry continued to stroke her shoulder and she felt warmth across it. "You……"

She gave out a sound of disappointment as the contact ended. She looked him.

"You would have been killed if it wasn't for me."

Faora opened her mouth, she was about to protest but Harry shook his head. It was amazing how that one gesture caused her to freeze up in obedience.

"You would have been ripped to shreds….capable as you might have been, once they had sight of your blood, they would have…..taken you, and they wouldn't have enough left of you to be identified," Harry said, placing his hand on Faora's thigh. That area of her outfit was completely bare as well and Harry felt up the soft flesh on her leg, barely holding back a grin.

"Yes," Faora whispered, as she tried not to succumb to him. A strong powerful woman would not succumb to the touch of man but that was a theory that was slowly but surely being regulated the more that she stood here.

The touch of this man on the other hand, she tried to resist the temptation to look into her eyes.

'Don't look in his eyes, don't look in his eyes, don't look in his eyes,' the Kryptonian mentally chanted and her head shook as she looked up, succumbing to temptation.

She looked into his eyes and Harry stepped back from her. These words caused her to feel a chill down her spine, coupled with a tingle down her leg.

"You're in my debt."

Faora understood that if there was one law in the universe that was a constant, that was a woman being in a debt of a man was rarely a place that anyone envied. She shuddered at the thought of what he could do to her.

"And I make sure anyone who was in debt, pays with interest."

Harry waved his hand and the outfit burned off her body right before his very eyes. It exposed Faora in all of her flesh. Tantalizing as that flesh would in fact be, in fact, it caused Harry to smile.

Her dark hair alluringly framed her face and she had a full set of breasts with perky dark nipples. They looked to be DD-Cup size and Harry could not wait to squeeze them. Her flat stomach was toned with muscles, evident of her training. Her hips were fairly shapely and she had a delicious ass, Harry saw that much as he allowed her to walk before him. She had a strip of black hair down her sex for a landing strip, and long legs that were toned but also sexual, feminine.

Harry put up barriers, indicating that no one would interrupt them and she wouldn't escape until he settled their debt. And he was intending on settling one hundred percent of the way.

"Don't worry, you'll enjoy this, but it might hurt at first."

Faora realized that he was going to take her as the rite of conquest but despite the fact that her body should protest this, her center heated up in pleasure more. She begged for him, she longed for him to
take her.

The moan was a further invitation as his hands grabbed her wrists and firmly brought her to her knees before him.

Faora was forced down to his knees and his pants and shirt faded away. She saw his toned midsection and her eyes traveled to something that was hanging between his legs.

It was thick and erect and Faora licked her lips, practically smacking them together. She had seen some of the wonders of Krypton and this was among one of the most beautiful things that she had ever seen in her life.

She wanted it, she had to have it, and if she wanted something, she would take it, no question about it. Faora was a female that knew what she wanted.

"Just don't look, suck."

Faora did that as she was told. Her lips wrapped around him and she wondered if she bit off a little more than she could chew. Not literally but in the figurative sense of the word. His member pushed deeper into her mouth.

"Here, let me help you."

Harry grabbed the back of Faora’s head and slammed it into her mouth. She should have felt angered but feelings of anger disappeared with feelings of lust as she took him into the back of her throat. Her hot mouth popping around his thick phallus, trying to earn the creamy treat that was inside.

He groaned as she worked her way around him, slurping and swirling her tongue around him. The woman’s hot mouth coated him with salvia as he fucked her face and that was the greatest thing ever.

Her eyes looked at him with wanton desire, as his balls slapped against her chin. Harry continued to push himself to the limits, as she brought herself down onto him.

Her tongue swirled around his member, as she continued to suck him and try to bring him closer to the edge of his release. The woman continued to work him over, panting as she brought herself to him.

Harry held onto the back of her head, forcing more of himself deeper into her mouth. She had the entire length in her mouth and took it. He could sense by her aura that this was her first time with a man, but she did have certain natural talents that caused her to coax his seed out of his balls and down into her throat.

Good things did come for those who waited, Harry grabbing onto her face, forcing more of his length down her throat. His balls tightened and they came undone.

The hot warm fluid practically refreshed Faora. It was like she was hit with a cold drink of water in the middle of some kind of desert. Spurt after spurt of cum shot into her as she sucked it down.

The next thing she knew, she was down, her arms held behind her back. She was bent over a stone bench and Harry took a nice long look at what he had to work with. And he liked what he saw.

"I see you're untainted," Harry whispered. There were numerous spells to reduce a woman back to purity, but they went along the lines of really complex rituals. And not really worth the trouble for they required the sacrifice of pure virgins. You couldn't give back without taking something in return.
"Yes," Faora agreed and she could feel him brush across her virgin opening, about ready to take that for his own.

"Well, today's your lucky day," Harry whispered, biting down on the back of her neck and then sucking on it, marking her further. This bitch belonged to him and he would violate her body in every way.

Faora braced herself for the pain and she felt it. Her mind was able to process things much quicker so she did feel a second of pain.

Harry's aura spread over her body and switched her pain to pleasure. Faora's mind was overloaded by the sensations as the young man above her grabbed her around the hips and speared himself into her tight fit body.

Her tight cunt got even tighter the more he forced himself into her. It was by design and that was the way he liked it. He rocked himself into her body, causing pleasure to escalate the more he pumped into her.

"Yes, oh yes, YES!" Faora screamed at the top of her lungs, biting down on her lip furiously.

Harry smiled at how vocal she was as he plunged himself into her. The Incubus continued to push his aura all over her and Faora whined as her tight walls clamped around him.

"Harder," she whimpered and Harry whispered, grabbing onto her breasts roughly. He whispered into her ear.

"What was that?"

Faora came from his mouth breath on her ear and he plunged into once more.

"HARDER!" Faora shouted firmly as Harry rammed into her as hard as he could go from behind.

He heard it that right there, oh boy did he ever hear that. And he thought about it, before he decided that he would give her request. He held onto her hips, gaining momentum, and then with a fluid motion, speared her.

"You like being beneath me," Harry whispered, and he squeezed her breasts, coaxing another scream from her. The pleasure caused her loins to heat up even more.

"Yes, beneath you, no one else, master," she panted as Harry grabbed onto her hips, sawing into her from behind with repeated thrusts.

"Excellent, good answer."

Faora would have questioned why she called him master but another orgasm followed her and she didn't really care. His cock stretched her as it continued it's journey through her body, and completed its journey further into her center. Her orgasm and her pleasure belonged to him and Faora was oddly fine about this.

He was about ready to claim her and his hands roamed all over her body. The mating process was getting closer to being completed. With each thrust, she felt more pleasure. It was insane how much pleasure she felt.

"Obviously need to work you harder, still feel energy."
Harry slammed into her at a super fast speed and Faora bit down hard on her lip. She thought that she was going to lose her mind as he continued to give her a good solid working over. The pleasure that coursed through her body and mind caused the Kryptonian female to become completely undone.

"So close," Harry whispered, biting down on her ear and she could feel that he was getting close. "Don't fade on me now."

Harry grabbed her breasts and that jolted Faora back to a stake of alertness. She felt some pleasure, some pain, it was the perfect mix to condition her, to keep her in line.

The emerald eyed enchanter worked his Incubus Aura on her again and she tightened herself around him, milking his thrusts, harder, faster. Faora's body was becoming in tune with his and he was smiling at so quickly she succumbed to his aura.

Faora reached another edge, with Harry plowing into her body, and her slick walls clamped around him.

Their combined sexual organs hitting each other created a distinct energy and Harry was about ready to present her with a gift that he thought that she earned.

His balls tightened and he launched his load into her. The first burst rocked Faora and bound her to him. The next few spurts was just icing on the cake.

She collapsed briefly, as pure bliss filled her body, and her mind went completely haywire. Fingering herself did not lead to as amazing of an orgasm like this.

Faora was right, she did enjoy that, after he put her through the paces. There seemed to be nothing better that she ever experienced before and ever experienced again. Once she got her bearings in order, she would want to request more.

Clea appeared next to Harry the second that the barriers dropped. Harry, his clothes appearing back on him, turned towards here.

"Where is Illyana?" Harry demanded and Clea half opened her mouth.

"Forgive me master, the ground collapsed because of the crystals, and….she is below in one of the caves."

"Faora, get dressed," Harry said and she managed to get up, a bit stunned from Harry working her over. Clea watched for her master's nervously. "We'll find her before I decide on punishments."

"Yes," Clea agreed, knowing that any punishment might mean all pleasure for him and only little for her. If any at all.

Illyana thought that it would be a lot easier to get out of the cave then it was. The good news was that nothing attacked her while she was in the cave. So she thought that she should appreciate that. The bad news was that the way out that she thought was here was blocked. The weird news on the other hand, and this really caused her to take pause, was there was another
chunk of the material like they found above, incased in a rock. Illyana blinked, looking at it. She could hardly believe it but it was there.

Something familiar walked up from behind her and distracted her from her findings. It caused fire to burn through her belly and anger to flicker through her eyes. All kinds of bad repressed memories returned to her.

"Hello, Illyana, I know that you'd come back to me."

Illyana looked at him, he was standing there. She had grown to hate pretty much everything that this man stood before, but to call him a man would be pushing things. To call him a monster would be an insult to all monsters anywhere. None were as foul and repugnant as this thing and to call him a thing would also be an insult to all hideous things everywhere.

"Why so angry, do you not forget the wonderful times we've shared together? Although I don't think that we've barely scratched the surface now, have we?"

Belasco's words dripped with the vilest of venom and Illyana could feel sickened as the bile crawled up, threatening to spew from out of her mouth. Somehow, she managed to keep herself in check. Difficult yes, but taking a calm breath managed to prevent the blonde Russian from doing anything irrational. Anything that would cause her master's plans to be thrown out of whack.

She hated everything this monster stood for and he stood for a lot of things that sickened her.

"Do not fret, my child….."

Angrily, Illyana slashed her sword at him and this caused him to back off for a second. He was not expecting that attack.

He was expecting something that might glare at him, but in the end, she would submissively comply with his efforts and he would take her all of the way.

"He's gotten to….."

Once again, Illyana attacked him with fury. The best time to attack any enemy was when they were in the middle of a monologue. Her second attack was a bit more wild and unchained, motivated by rage more than anything. Had it connected, that would have been the end of Belasco! He vanished into the night as soon as he appeared.

The woman gave a violent scream, rage flooding through her eyes. That monster slipped away from her once again. Revenge would have to wait until another time, until another day. She was so close to grabbing him.

He got inside her head but he didn't expect her to fight back like this. So Illyana would have to be fifty-fifty on how much of a success this was. That being said, without Belasco's rotting corpse lying at her feet at a token of her victory, she would have been inclined to say that this one was an abject failure.

She clutched her fist tighter around her Soul Sword and she heard something. It was a slight crack.

The crack got more prominent and started to hiss.

There were two possibilities that swam in her mind, neither of them would be considered to be all that favorable.

The first possibility, grim as that would have been, was that the crystals were becoming completely
unstable. The latest fall could have damaged them. While they seemed fine, she couldn't be completely for sure.

The second possibility was that Belasco managed to trap her somewhere and made her think that she had the damage.

There was something on the other side of those rocks. She could have sworn that the way through there was sealed and maybe it was. But there was something there trying to force its way through.

Illyana raised her hand but stopped. She held herself back, not thinking that it would be a good idea if she started to randomly tap on rocks.

Perhaps she didn't need to as the rock started to crack, slowly. There was a bit of light that emerged from the other side of the rocks. The blonde corked her wrist back and thought about blasting it.

The crystals and the fact that this nearly caved in on her when she fell in the first place prevented her from introducing any more unstable magic into the situation. Too much unstable magic in one location lead to undesirable circumstances.

The cracking continued and it looked like Illyana had no choice, someone was about to breakthrough the rock whether she liked it or not. Illyana's mouth hung open and she yelled one thing out.

"WAIT!"

The person who was behind the stone wall shot out at her like a cork and a bat out of hell. Illyana was nearly knocked over by her attack and the wind was really knocked out of her.

She was about to give chase but a pair of strong arms grabbed her from behind, just seconds after she pulled herself up. She struggled but then she felt her master around her. There was Clea standing next to her, along with a woman that she didn't recognize. But she could sense her master's aura all over her, so she was his latest pet by the looks of things.

"Someone's down there….." Illyana said and Faora managed to see something glowing through the light.

"Do yellow sunrays normally come down here?"

"What significance would that have?" Harry asked and Faora smiled as she told him.

"Well, there have been theories that yellow sunrays give Kryptonian's special abilities beyond what they would have…..as I expected," Faora commented as she looked at the array. She placed her hands on it and began to speak underneath her breath. A few seconds later, the body gave a shudder.

"There…..now no more will open."

The array remained silent and the power that was drawing off of it was shut down.

"That doesn't say anything from those that remain open now," Harry said but if his calculations were right, there should be only a half dozen more.

"We need to prevent something like this from ever happening again."

Illyana frowned at that before she added, firmly, arms crossed. "First we need to find out more about the person that knocked me down."

Harry paused and looked at her. It was one of those looks of burning passion and she was lit up by it.
"First, we're going to talk about how you told Clea to leave you down here on your own."

"To be fair, I may have mortally wounded Belasco."

She said that like she was discussing the weather and Harry looked around for anything that could leave a trail. If he could pick up something, then he might be able to finish off the demon and his life would be a lot easier. At least that was the theory that he had.

Unfortunately, he cleared up his mess before teleporting back to his stronghold. Harry turned to Illyana, who waited anxiously for his assessment.

"Not enough apparently."

The blonde staggered, slightly disoriented from what happened. She tried to piece together the events of what happened to her recently, what appeared to be a matter of moments ago. Upon second thought, it appeared to be much longer.

She was on the ship off of the planet, just before it exploded. She learned how to pilot such a ship but when glowing planet pieces were flying around you, it was kind of hard to keep a clear head of where she was. That being said, the explosion didn't damage her ship but it was evident that said explosion of the planet's core did a wonderful job of knocking it completely off course.

Then, the last time the Kryptonian remembered hitting her ship before she woke up was a Phantom Zone ring, one of them kept in the Council basement no doubt, flying out and smacking onto the side of her ship. That on the other hand caused enough damage on her ship where it forced the stasis field to enact and put her in a deep sleep.

Did she got into the Phantom Zone? The Phantom Zone was endless and she wasn't sure if they even came close to exploring all of the areas. Really though it was just a disposal for some of the worst criminals in the universe. It swept them underneath the rug and put them there.

Where was here?

That was a question that she was not prepared to answer, due to the fact that there was insufficient knowledge. The moment she was able to free herself from the stasis chamber, she ran.

She felt the pull of yellow solar radiation which gave her a head start. But that adrenaline had worn off when there was no more yellow solar radiation to absorb from where she was now.

She stood at the edge of the field, dressed in elegant robes that had been tattered. Golden blonde curls stretched down past her back, along with a nice bracelet, with her family crest on it. The young lady's body was desirable, the perfect image of great genetics. She felt uneasy, as there were things around her that shouldn't be.

She picked up a large rock from the ground, hoping that it wasn't secretly a creature. Thankfully it wasn't, and it was relief, because it just might be able to be used as a weapon.

The blonde wasn't someone who would wilt underneath the pressure of terrors. In fact, she was made of some pretty strong and durable stuff.

Kara Zor-L of Krypton stood, being a eighteen nearly nineteen year old girl, she should be freaking out a little bit but the fact of the matter was she remained calm. Reminding herself because it would
be likely within seconds of her freaking out where something would in fact get the drop on her.

"Come with me."

Kara stopped and stared, searching frantically for the source of this whisper, but there was nothing but an indistinct figure in the shadows. The blonde hovered, some residual energies still flowing through her but unless she found another area where yellow sunlight could pass, she was stuck.

"Who's there?" she demanded and the person in the shadows did not appear to be someone who had much patience.

"Come with me," she repeated and Kara folded her arms. "Do not be afraid, I can help you."

Kara regarded this news with some skepticism. She knew better not to trust someone blindly and her lips curled into a smile.

"Do not be alarmed."

Kara was becoming more alarmed by the minute. Perhaps it was different here but on Krypton, telling someone not to be alarmed was the perfect reason to become alarmed.

"Yeah, that's nice, but I'm not coming with you until I know who you are," Kara said, her heated temper boiling to the surface. If she had gifts from the yellow sun, her eyes might have been glowing but too much power faded after the initial burst of adrenaline.

"Very well, my name is Ananym, I am the future consort of the soon to be ruler of Limbo. And with that status, I grant you safe passage."

Kara frowned, her eyebrow raising, she wasn't going to blindly follow that. Those Phantoms could be deceiving.

"The offer is not indefinite, and it expires, and someone like you…well given that the demons have been kept away from appealing women, and my father is not aware of you….what chances do you think that you can take?"

"They…..wouldn't….." Kara said but she felt revolted.

"Honey, they're demons, there is absolutely nothing they wouldn't. Small children, animals, the elderly, all fair game to get their rocks off, especially after my father has been depriving them fresh meat to get them in line. But a sweet young thing like you……"

She was now behind Kara and slowly stroked her hair. The hood of the cloak was pulled over her head and Kara could not see what was underneath. Ananym leaned in, whispering in her air,

"You would be a rare treat, darling."

Kara stepped away, but the girl lowered her hand slowly.

"I grant you safe passage, and you do a favor for me," Ananym commented to her. She pulled her cloak hood down, to reveal the crimson red hair that went down her soft looking face. Ruby red lips were softened with a nice long lick and she was looking at Kara like she hit the jackpot. "Don't worry, it will be well worth your while….and if you wish for a way out of here, I can help you with that as well."

Kara frowned but she could hear some sinister wind nearby.
"The natives are restless."

"Fine, I'll come with you," Kara said, she didn't have any choice and it was better than the alternative. That being said, her gaze was full of warning.

"No need to be so hostile," Ananym said to her with a smile. "Although you didn't seem to be nearly as violent as the other one when he tamed her."

Kara wondered what she was talking about and was about to ask but she was grabbed firmly by the shoulder and shoved into a tunnel.

"It's my father, the soon to be ex-ruler of Limbo.....and it appears that he's bitten off more than he could chew."

They waited for the wounded Belasco to pass, who wiped out the guards for being in his way. Ananym was going to find a safe place where Kara could stay for a few minutes, then she would play the sympathetic daughter and gain more favor.

Favor that was necessary to stick the knife firmly in her father's spine.

**To Be Continued on August 6th 2014.**

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**Kara-Zor-L/Karen Starr/Ultrawoman(Played by Kate Upton):**

Really, do we need an introduction for her? The most famous breasts in comic books, okay fine, you get one. She's an Earth Two version of Supergirl. As for the young version, well we'll get to her much later on. If you thought that there was any chance of her or Kara showing up in one of my stories, then.....I better not complete that sentence before I say something that I regret.

**Ananym/Witchfire(Played By Alyson Hannigan).**

The daughter of the demon known as Belasco, so naturally she may have a few issues to be honest with you, and she might be a tad bit obsessed with Harry. But then again, a lot of females are, so shouldn't hold that against her really.
Collecting Pieces

Had Harry been there just about two minutes earlier, he would have found out what he needed to find. As for right now, there was nothing there, not even a hint of anything. The green eyed wizard stared things down.

"I'm pretty sure that she was here just a moment ago," Faora said, she sensed something around the area.

"Well, it doesn't help us being sure, we need to know, without a doubt," Illyana said and Harry grabbed her shoulder firmly. This caused her to relax nicely and get her back into line, at least for the most part.

"Yes, we need to know for sure, but ripping each other apart won't solve anything."

Harry could see a trail of some sort, she most certainly moved out here at an immense speed. Almost as fast as a speeding bullet.

Then whatever powers she had, they faded the moment where she reached this spot. Then she met someone and the two of them disappeared off.

"Teleported," Harry whispered, he was afraid of that, he was really afraid of that. The green eyed wizard tried to follow it.

Clea was afraid of that as well. "Well if they teleported, then they would have done an amazing job of covering their trail, wouldn't they?"

"Yes, absolutely," Harry replied, he was kind of distracted by the fact that he could not follow the trail. That meant that someone used powerful magic to mask it, but that went without saying.

Powerful magic really was a problem, as it was someone who knew a lot about how to manipulate Limbo to their benefits. There was a couple of suspects but there was a few more that Harry didn't really think of now.

"Where do you think that they went?" Faora asked and Harry looked at her, he was really thinking about it.

Should there have been other parts of the ship nearby? He didn't know. He was trying to figure out where this person went and the ship was second nature for him, at least for now.

Tracking someone who could block an attempt to track them, that was a real pain to be honest. His green eyes screwed shut as he shook his head.

"I don't know," Harry admitted and that was an unfortunate thing for him to admit but it was very true.

He hated that he could not find where one person went and he could see something off in the distance. Illyana gave him a warning gaze.

"This could have been a trap on his part, you know."

"Yes, I'm aware."

Harry's voice was not necessarily cold but it did have a degree of warning not to tell him anything
that he already didn't know. Illyana inclined her head, biting down on her lip in frustration.

"The trail goes cold here," Clea said, she felt insulted that someone slipped away from underneath her watch. Her ego took a direct hit from that.

"Maybe not."

Clea wanted to know what Harry could have meant by those words. Never the less, the green eyed wizard crossed his arms and his legs, levitating himself in mid-air. She could see what he was doing.

Faora was about to ask what he was doing but Clea shook her head. Leaning in, she whispered into the ear of the Kryptonian. "Do not disrupt this, it's a delicate process, and if you pull him out of it before he is ready well..."

"There will be no mercy on your soul," Illyana said as she could feel the energy flow through Harry.

"What is he doing?" Faora asked, she was feeling some really strange vibes off of him. Then again, that was extremely powerful dark magic.

"He's trying to trace the magic in the area to find the point where our guest blocked it," Clea said and Faora opened her mouth. "Trust me, it's difficult to do but Harry does have this connection to the magic in the area."

She left her personal commentary out of the matter, because she had serious doubts that this was even going to work. Shivers rolled down her spine.

Harry started with the part of the path that he did know and that he could see, feel, experience, and what have you. His emerald eyes flashed, opening as he could see the webs of magical energy surround him, like a demented spider trying to crawl around the area.

Harry followed the first most prominent thread and he could sense the spirit of a very high strung but at the same time, an extremely terrified female. He could hardly fault her, she was trapped in a place which was unfamiliar to her. Locking onto said frantic emotions gave Harry a slight headache that he tried to push to the back of his head.

The second strand belonged to someone that Harry thought that he should recognize, but focusing on her was becoming a laborious process. His hand shook as he locked onto the strand of magic.

Clea, Illyana, and Faora watched and the could see Harry's body shaking. It was absolutely terrifying the visual that they saw. Faora reached forward but the shield appeared around Harry, blocking her.

"I think that's for his own protection as much as ours, isn't it?" Faora asked and the two other women were hesitant to answer their questions.

It turned out that there was no need to really answer that question, for with a solid crack, Harry levitated up into the air and landed hard onto the ground.

"I'm back, don't worry, give me some room to breathe," Harry said and while his words were more strained than ever before. However, they still held a sense of urgency to them.

Illyana gripped Harry so hard by the arm that he nearly felt pain. But it jolted him into a state where he could answer their questions.

"Yes, I'm here, you could ease up," Harry said and Illyana pulled back, almost apologetic with what she did. "The name of the blonde...her name is Kara Zor-L."
He could see Faora's eyes flash for a second and his eyes fixed on hers, raising his eyebrow. Despite that moment where she looked agitated, she remained calm and collected. "The name rings a bell, yes."

Harry frowned, he thought that name might have done more than ring a bell but the fact was he shook his head.

"There was another person, wasn't there?" Illyana asked, she prepped herself with what he was going to tell her, even though she might not like that.

"Yes, there was, it was a bit faint though," Harry said but he figured that he would be able to tell her. "Ananym."

Illyana's voice dropped to a certain amount of chilliness and there was a rather crisp and cold. "I see."

Harry could tell that there was a lot of agitation regarding that particular person that Illyana felt and for the first time, he was almost intimidated.

"I take it she's not the best person to deal with," Faora said and Clea turned towards the Kryptonian, surveying her seriously.

"Given her father.....she does have some issues that might present a problem. And I'm sure that she's using this Kara girl as a pawn for her game, whatever it may be."

That was not improving anyone's mood but finding them was something that was key to their plans. Unfortunately while Harry was able to locate who their mystery female was and who was blocking him, that was about as far as he could get before the vision quest shut down.

Ananym returned from her father's palace, his latest setback put him in quite the foul mood. Perhaps she could twist this into her benefit, actually that would work rather well. Her father had his gaze pointed one way, with laser sharp obsession.

'But I need to take care of this soon, because he could compromise everything,' Ananym said as she prepared to check on her newest guest. 'My father only wishes to use him as a pawn and I can't have that happen. I won't let that happen.'

The girl stood, her gaze forward, flickering on the fire that she created. She was trying to keep close tabs on him but he was a few steps ahead of her.

This should get his attention what she was doing. The redhead's calculating smile continued to deepen. With a little more motivation, her father would be displaced as the most powerful person in this realm and a more worthy individual would finally take his place there.

The redhead licked her lips, hunger dancing through her eyes as she thought about her lover coming there soon. Well he wasn't technically her lover yet but she anticipated his arrival sooner rather than later.

It was time to check on her guest for real this time.

She had to admit, she had come across a prime example of womanhood and came across her just in the nick of the time. Any of the savages in this realm that got their hands on her....well she shuddered to think what would have happened if they defiled her.
The mark that was placed upon Kara let them know whose protection she was under. If they incurred her wrath, well that would be on their heads. They had a better chance with Belasco now and the foul mood he was in could not be matched.

Never then less, Ananym walked over, seeing Kara sitting there. She wore a black top that stretched over her ample breasts now. Her blonde hair was tied back in a ponytail, and the tight black pants fit over her deliciously. She did have a warrior spirit within her that could be cultivated.

"So how are you coping?"

"I'll live,' Kara said, folding her arms. She wondered how long she would have to sit here and do nothing. The enchanted blade that Ananym gifted her was amazingly made. It had a jeweled blade that shined brightly in her face and the handle was made of a hard metal that looked like it could slice anything.

Kara could not show weakness. This place was worse than the Phantom Zone that she feared that she landed in.

It was slowly coming to her what happened, the destruction of Krypton, the fact that she would never come home ago. Kara's long and pained sigh escaped her body and the woman looked at her.

"I'll live," she repeated and Ananym smiled at her.

"I know you're made of something strong, or I would have left you to rot."

Kara smiled, she really felt thrilled by that statement, really inspired her with tons of confidence it did. Then again, she almost appreciated the woman's honesty. That was something that was rather slim on Krypton. Especially with the Council and their double dealing, without a shadow of a doubt. The blonde crossed her arms and smiled.

"Well, thanks for the vote of confidence."

"My vote of confidence means a lot," the redhead witch said, running her hand over the top of Kara's hair and she was caught off guard by the brazen gesture. "Trust me, there are people in here that are afraid of me."

'Not as afraid as they should be, but that will change when I get him on my side,' the redhead said, licking her lips.

"You're after someone, aren't you?"

"I told you I would explain and I shall," Ananym said, she almost found Kara's anticipation to be rather enlightening and kind of adorable to be honest. "There was a powerful young man who was brought to this realm some time ago. My father didn't see the potential of him beyond a pawn to lure an enemy of his out into the open. It goes without saying that my father doesn't take well to people reneging on any deals."

Kara smiled, knowing that Belasco was a demon, she figured that he wouldn't. Not too many powerful demons did.

"But, never the less, I saw to him, to make sure he grew strong during the worst of it, because I knew that he would grow to be something stronger," Ananym said. "But I had to make sure he grew that way, and that wasn't really easy, without letting my father know."

"You must have…"
"He's something special, don't get me wrong here," Ananym said, and she looked around. Her father's guards were close by but they wouldn't meddle in her affairs.

"I'm sure that he is," Kara said, she could actually hear emotion in her voice. Kara was certain that she actually did care about this person, in her own strange way.

"When I find him, I should be closer to getting my father off of the throne," Ananym said as she looked at Kara. "He's becoming more obsessed, and the straw that broke the camel's back with me was his child Russian bride that he brought here."

"What....."

"Oh, he seems to think that she has mystical energies that flow through her that he can harness to increase his power by corrupting her or some such magical nonsense," Ananym said, she spoke in a crisp and casual tone of voice.

"Does she?"

"Well I didn't really see anything in her," Ananym said. "Harry Potter...that's his name....he has bright green eyes burning like emeralds that a female could get lost in. Messy black hair that you could run your fingers through and a chiseled physique that is almost sinful. He is rather gifted in areas and with the type of power he has locked in him, he can bring women to pleasures that they only dreamed of."

Kara could hear this rather vivid description and she would be lying if she didn't say that she was getting just a little bit wet at the thought of what he could do.

"I think in the end, where we came from, we all have one thing in common," Ananym said, switching tracks quickly. So fast in fact, that Kara's head almost spun around like a top. Or at least that's the sensation she felt.

"What's that?"

Kara wondered if she really wanted to know but never the less Ananym was only too happy to answer.

"We're survivors."

Kara breathed, that was a response that hit all too close to home. It was hard to lose a loved one but to lose an entire planet. She did have some good friends on Krypton. And she was just pulling herself together after the disappearance of Kandor.

That was a rough one for all of Krypton but Kara pulled herself together.

'Survivor,' Kara said with a smile and she could not wait to meet this Harry. If Ananym's build up was half as good, he sure would be something.

It was a fact that could not be disputed, when Harry Potter was hunting for females that he wished to bind to him, it was unwise to interfere with his work.

Illyana learned that, Clea figured that out before anyone else, and Faora....well it went without saying that she learned it quickly.

The Russian blonde was completely conflicted about Harry's intentions. She grinded her teeth at the
thought of that witch being anywhere near her Harry. Then again, she did have her uses, as much as she grudgingly admitted it.

Decisions, decisions, what to do, that was the question. She shook her head, she would have to follow Harry regardless.

"Do, I have permission to talk?" Faora asked suddenly and despite the fact that Harry put her in her place, she exerted a great deal of independence.

Clea raised an eyebrow but said nothing.

"Yes, you may," Harry replied to her. "We're getting close to picking up the trail anyway."

"That's…good," Faora said, shaking her head. She said that because she had nothing really better to say.

"Yes, that's perfect, but we got to keep our head up," Harry said, hovering off of the ground.

The problem was he was too stubborn to admit when a situation was hopeless. That being said, he was pretty sure that this situation was the furthest thing from hopeless. All he had to do was stay with the course and find his two girls. Two more girls that he was intending to add to his collection because he felt their power. Then again, he could hardly think of an instance where he couldn't find a way to fit a girl in.

That being said, the Incubus was on the prowl for some fresh young meat to indulge in his sexual desires. Given the glimpses that he saw, they were fine female specimens that he could use to sate his desires.

"They're close alright, I can smell them," Harry smiled and he was crouched, ready to go. The power that he got a small taste of was intoxicating, as he moved his way forward.

Illyana looked forward, she could sense something in the distance as well. That witch was nearby and….well she could not help but feel anticipation with the fact that Harry could potentially put Belasco's spoiled daughter in her place. That would be great, amazing even. She felt completely wet about that.

Faora got excited as well, there was nothing like a good hunt but it was the prize at the end of the hunt that could be seen.

Harry was not going to rush in but he saw them in the distance. They were at a camp, nearby one at the edge of where they were standing. The green eyed wizard took half of a step forward and waited for the other shoe to drop or rather the trap to happen.

Sure enough, there was a large hunchback demon with one eye and a spiked club that showed up. He would not be winning any prizes for good looks any time soon. He dropped down, staring at Harry from where he stood.

"Well, it looks like I hit the jackpot," the demon grunted, as he stared down at Harry, Illyana, Faora, and Clea with a leer on his face.

"Really?" Harry asked as he smiled at the rather dim looking creature. "Are you sure about that?"

"Yes, I'm sure about that, once I take you and the brat out, Belasco will reward me with a place of honor."
"If you don't realize that you're dispensable, you really are an idiot."

The creature gave a mighty bellow at being called such a thing, no matter how true it was. It swung its spiked club.

Harry looked merely bored at its unsophisticated attempt to attack.

'You put a bounty on someone, and all of the idiots come out of the woodwork, I swear,' Harry thought, watching as his club got stuck into the ground. It was an interesting mystic artifact, and one that he used for blunt force, instead of sweet sophistication. If that didn't tell people what they needed to know, Harry wasn't sure what would.

That being said, it was time to wrap this one up handily because otherwise it would be getting sad and kind of pathetic. Harry raised his hand and smashed the large creature in the face, toppling him down to the ground.

A loud thud could be heard as he fell down to the ground.

"Next," Harry commented in a bored voice, as the demon was taken out. It wouldn't really be missed.

"I don't think that any more are coming right now," Illyana said and Harry smiled before saying one thing.

"Pity," Harry replied crisply and curtly, before shaking his head and walking past the remains of the creature that brutishly attacked him. "Let's move on."

Harry stopped and was about ready to move but he could hear something else.

Clea sensed it too and shivers went down her arms, followed by some goosebumps all over her body.

"Phantoms?" Faora asked, shivering at the very thought of them. It was not a long shiver but the fact that she wasn't number one on their friendship list caused her great uneasy.

"Not Phantoms," Illyana said and there was a group of winged creatures with sharp teeth, and they dove down to the ground.

"Grab the Russian Witch and the chosen child, kill the rest."

"Sorry, don't want," Harry said, conjuring a magical spike to ram one of them right between the eyes. It went down suddenly, but there were more, a dozen.

"You do realize that Belasco's number one is only one, don't you?" Illyana asked, disdain in her eyes. She reared back her arm and slashed at the creatures. One exploded but another dodged the attack. She thrived on things like this. "I mean, none of you....."

"Don't you worry about that, we'll worry about that later," one of the demons hissed, his forked tongue flashing at her but that was the last thing that he did.

Faora slammed his head hard into the rock. She knew all of the pressure points to give the most amount of damage non-lethally and also the least amount of effort very lethally. The hideous vile creature dropped to the ground, blood spurting out of its mouth.

"That's why you don't turn your back on a fight," Faora said, dodging the next creature's attacks and
it sailed into the air.

Harry sliced it to ribbons. It suffered a lot of pain on its way down, but no one shed any tears over its demise.

"Is there any more?" Faora asked, she loved the fact that these creatures just kept coming. It got her blood pumping for the thrill of the hunt.

"Well if any more come, I'm sure that you'll be ready for them," Illyana said but she could see them off the distance.

"I think there's a three way war for Limbo now," Harry said and Clea looked towards Harry, her mouth hanging open in abject surprise.

"You mean that….."

"I mean exactly what you think I mean," Harry told her and Clea could not believe it but it was true.

"Wow," she whispered with an intense glow in her eye and she had not thought about the daughter of Belasco pulling such a coup.

"She's playing a dangerous game," Faora said and that much was good without saying. Her eyes glowed in fierce determination.

"Yes, she is…"

"We're going to win that game, though," Harry said and there was no denying that, as determined as they were, he was as well.

"They're coming, soon, get ready," Ananym said as she prepared herself for a fight and looked at Kara. The blonde gripped the enchanted blade in her hand. "With any luck, we don't need to fight."

"What's the chances of that happening?"

The redhead daughter of the demon smiled. "Highly unlikely, you're learning the rules of Limbo extremely fast."

Ananym smiled, she could sense that Harry Potter was close. He was so close that she could taste him, she could feel him.

Mostly because his hand was on her wrist and seconds later, she was flipped down onto the ground.

"I don't know what game you're playing, and I don't care," Harry said, staring down at her.

"No, game I swear it," Ananym said and her palm glowed with some energy but Harry stared her down.

"Attack me, and you might live long enough to regret it," Harry said to her and Ananym took a step back, focusing on Harry.

Kara moved to attack but Faora jumped in, disarming the dagger from her.

"So, the daughter of Zor-El, we'll see if you inherited his fighting ability," Faora said, slamming Kara down onto the ground but Kara tucked her feet underneath Faora's stomach and flipped her onto her back.
She did a nip up, and hurled a couple of exploding balls down to the ground. It was made from materials she found, kind of a make shift crude device really, but damned if it didn't get the job done.

"Not really, I don't take after my father," Kara said, going for a kick but Faora dodged it and went behind Kara, grabbing her into a half nelson choke. Kara struggled as Faora applied pressure with the Kati-Hajime. "But you're just like your father, going behind someone's back and fighting them when there guard is down."

Harry looked at Ananym and she backed off, hands raised up defensively.

"You don't remember me, do you?"

Harry paused, seconds later he continued to stare her down. One phrase escaped his mouth. "I don't know, should I?"

"Well, you shouldn't really but at the same time you should…..then again, you were unconscious when the few times we met was," she said and Harry blasted through her shield. "You've grown strong, that will serve you well for my plans."

"Oh, your plans?" Harry asked, waving his hand and she was bound in several thick cords.

"Yeah, I imagined you doing this, but not quite like this," she breathed, trying to get her way out of the bindings. It was very dark magic. If she moved too much, she would be crushed to death.

Kara and Faora continued their rumble off into the distance but Harry's full attention was towards the female in front of him.

"What do you mean that I wasn't awake when I saw you?"

Ananym tried to escape and Harry closed in closer to her. She tried not to look into his eyes but she found herself drawn to them. Her heart hammered against her chest as he leaned into her.

"Well?" Harry asked her and Ananym shook her head.

"This isn't going as I intended," she whispered, trying to free herself.

"You think so, wouldn't you?" Harry asked her and he closed the distance between them. He could see that she could free herself if she angled herself.

Saving her the trouble, Harry let her go, making her drop to her knees in front of him. That was a gesture of who was in control.

He grabbed her head and pushed it up, forcing her to face him.

"Tell me the truth, what were you doing?"

"I healed you from the worst of it, when he decided to do his worst conditioning," Ananym said and Harry relaxed his grip a tiny bit, showing that he had a small bit of humanity in him. But he kept his grip tight enough to allow her to know who the boss was. "And my father….he was particularly determined to break you. Because of his obsession with Riddle, you'd think that he stood him up for a date."

Harry was not in the mood for any humorous quips and he could see Clea fighting some of the guards over his shoulder. She would be joining them really soon. He needed to keep track of Faora and Kara, because the two had disappeared into the distance after their fight.
"You thought…"

"I thought that we could work together, take care of my father, we can both agree that he doesn't serve the best interest of Limbo," Ananym breathed, his hand tightening against her throat and she squirmed.

"Well, that's an interesting perspective," Harry told her and she nodded.

Illyana appeared at the side of her master and stared down at Ananym. She had to say that having the daughter of her tormenter on her knees was an appealing sight.

"You," the daughter of the demon whispered, venom pouring form her voice.

"I trust neither of you ladies are going to have a problem, with each other?" Harry asked and he exerted his will over them.

Both shook their heads and Harry smiled.

"Of course not, master, I won't have a problem dealing with her," Illyana said, the implication strong.

"Naturally, Harry, I won't have a problem dealing with her," Ananym said, staring down the blonde and both of them locked eyes.

"I will go and retrieve the other two, and if the two of you kill each other before I return, I won't be pleased, at all."

Harry stopped and forced both of them down to their knees on the ground. They couldn't move from their position where they were.

"I don't think that's going to be a problem," Ananym said, excited about how she was dominated like that. It was a great omen for her future.

Faora and Kara were on the ground, with Kara managing to dig her nails into the side of Faora's face, ripping half of her clothes all. Not that half of Kara's clothes weren't torn off in the battle, and the two female Kryptonians were on top of each other.

A firm hand yanked Kara off of Faora, before she could dig her eye out with her fingernails. The blonde's fingers were coated with Faora's blood.

"I don't know what that is all about, but we have bigger problems than this," Harry said as he saw the scratches on Faora's face. Sighing, he healed them but it wasn't done in the painless way.

Faora rubbed the side of her face, as her clothes were repaired, along with Kara's.

"You must be Harry," Kara replied with a smile, trying to keep the mood light.

"Yes, I am," Harry said, staring at the beautiful blonde. "And I don't have to introduce you to Faora, because the two of you seem to be well acquainted."

He did the same with the cuts on Kara's forearm and the limp that she had as he did with Faora's face. Then the bruises on her neck were healed and she was good to go.

"Yes, we've met," Kara said, not trusting herself to say anything else.

Harry grabbed Kara firmly by her arm and Faora firmly by hers and the trio dropped down on the
Faora returned to a stoic, expressionless manner. It was learned from her mother. That bitch was essentially dead on the inside anyway, so Faora had plenty of time to observe that. When her father was sent off….well the last thing Faora heard before getting shoved into the Phantom Zone right behind him was her mother offed herself.

"Okay, to your feet, both of you," Harry commanded, waving his hands, as his pet and his soon to be pet to their feet. "You're going to tell me what's going on and I want straight answers now."

Clea turned up, the guards having been taken care of. She was sure that she almost missed the show.

On second thought, maybe the fireworks were just beginning. This should prove to something that is eventful, she was to admit that much.

To Be Continued in the Next Chapter on 8/13/2014.
Harry had a lot of spirited women together, many of them who didn't get along with each other. That could pose a bit of a problem, but that being said, they were united under one common goal. The destruction of Belasco's empire and the simple taking down of the man himself.

Harry sighed, he could most certainly work with this. He saw Kara, Ananym, Faora, and Illyana standing around. Clea was in the middle practically, trying to be the peace maker. That was a role that Harry wouldn't envy his worst enemy, never mind someone that he actually got along with.

"Whatever issues you all have, I'll work them out later," Harry said and there was no question how he planned to work it out. If they defied his orders this time, well the consequences would be on their heads. "Now, we've got Belasco."

"Well it's easier said than done I think," Clea said but Illyana shook her head in the negative.

"You don't have to come to him, he'll come to you," Illyana said and there was the pitter patter of little demon feet approaching them.

The hoards made their way towards them and they were far more dangerous, far more immense than the small group of demons that fought them earlier.

"Divide their forces," Harry said to Clea. They wanted to play games, well he could really throw off their plan, and he could play a few games of his own.

It was obvious that they wanted to overwhelm them with numbers. Clea and Harry drew a barrier, splitting the demon army in half, allowing them to take their forces more easily. It was simple magic, but it was overlooked because of how simplistic it was.

"Perfect," Ananym said, licking her lips but she slunk off into the shadows. She couldn't afford to be seen by her father's henchmen. Even though they intended to not let any of the demons return there alive, she still really couldn't risk being caught, or that word would be brought back to her father.

Illyana soldiered forward, and took off one of their heads. She wasn't wasting any time. The more of these she slayed, the more she was going to bring Belasco out in the open.

Harry could hear the frustrated yowls of demons that were off in the shadows. It was like music to his ears and more fell with blood splattering about the ground, staining it.

The green eyed wizard planted his fist into the ribs of the creature and then pulled back. He reached through his chest, burning a hole through it and yanked out his fowl demon heart.

Then he whipped his hand back, impaling another demon with the still beating heart of the demon that he just killed. Physics wise, he wasn't sure how that worked but magic wise, it made perfect sense, and as people knew, physics was the bitch of any kind of magic.

Clea placed one of the demons in a cage and when he tried to claw his way out, the residual magic vaporized him. The blood curdling screams were not lost on them.

"If you give them an inch, they'll take an entire foot, remember these aren't cuddly bunnies, they're evil demons," Harry said and Kara shook her head.

"I don't know, I think that bunny rabbits can be pretty evil," Kara said darkly.
"Just stay focused," Illyana said, swinging her enchanted blade and slicing the demons asunder with brutality.

"Yes, I know that you don't have the training that I do, but don't wilt now," Faora said, managing to maneuver two demons to take each other out. None of them were inclined to stop, one was wounded, one was killed on impact.

And now both of them were dead upon impact when Faora introduced a blunt force blow to the back of the demon's head.

"I got this one," Kara yelled, nailing the demon with an enchanted dagger and causing him to blow into blood chunks on the ground. She paused for a moment, the blood staining her costume, and her odd discomfort was not something that made Faora shake her head.

"You can't be disgusted with a little blood, I know Zor-El made you live a sheltered life….bet you didn't even kiss anyone, although I'm sure you spent a lot of time kissing his ass," Faora said, hacking apart the demons that tried to grab onto her. She was ruthless in her efficient attacks because around her training if you let up, you died.

"How about I just kick your….."

"Faora, Kara, heads up!" Harry yelled, annoyed that their bickering almost got them killed. A large winged demon landed down next to him, trying to get him for easy prey but Harry wasn't that easy.

Harry smiled, it was time to really level the playing field. He cast a simple charm on them, filtering the light in Limbo into yellow sunlight. The demons didn't realize the significance to what Harry did, so they soldiered completely on, unaware that their plans would be screwed.

Faora smiled, she knew what that meant, and her eyes glowed. It took a bit of control for her to lock onto her enemies and use her heat vision in an efficient manner. But when she did, one should let the power flow.

The demons didn't have a chance.

Kara smiled, and she closed her eyes. She pursed her lips and used her super breath to knock a pair of demons down to the ground. This allowed Illyana to leap up and slash at them with their swords.

A trio of demons felt an unnatural pressure in the back of their heads and they exploded. Ananym watched from the long distance, undetected.

"So, the second group, we should take care of them soon, right?" Clea asked and Harry smiled.

"Yes, we should, in a fashion," Harry agreed, seeing the demons drop to the ground one by one. Kara and Faora seemed to be in a competition with who could slay the most monsters.

He was getting a fix on Belasco, he was a secure wing of his palace, under the heaviest protections imaginable. He must have been still wounded, because he would have been arrogant enough to think that his protections, his normal protections, would have held otherwise. There would be no other reason why he wouldn't have saved his own skin.

'So, you caught him better than you thought, Illyana,' Harry thought, lifting his hand up and nailing the demon in the face, knocking his head completely off.

But finding Belasco and finishing the job, that was two different things. Finding him would be the easy part, actually doing anything, that would be tricky. But they were getting close to doing part one
of their mission.

"I think that's all of them," Clea concluded, allowing the last demon to turn into a hoard of mice as it dropped to the ground. They scrambled around and were crushed by a large stone cat that Harry created.

"Yes, I think that is," Faora said, indulging herself in a little bit of pest extermination with her heat vision, frying the remaining rodents.

"More are on the way, remember we split their armies," Harry said, hoping none of them would get in in their heads to relax, at least until the mission was dead.

He would never relax until Belasco was done. Perhaps he wasn't as fanatic about taking him down as Illyana, but he did have a score to settle with the demon lord of Limbo.

The more he thought about it, the more he realized that there was one person there who had more of a fanatic desire to see Belasco gone than Illyana did. He wondered what reaction she would have to the fact that they had a common ground with her of all people. It would be something akin to great outrage, he had a feeling of that much.

"The barrier won't hold forever, we better move," Harry said and the girls all nodded.

Soon, Belasco would have nothing to hide behind. He was getting closer and closer to his enemy, and soon he would pounce.

A portal was opened up and the group slipped inside. They would stalk their enemies and get them on the other side, it would be a surprise that no one could see coming. At least until it was too late.

Belasco monitored the progress of his minions to try and get his two pawns back onto his chessboard. Much to his absolute agitation, they were not any closer to being back underneath his tender watch and underneath his eye. All of his minions failed him and they would be punished gravely in due time.

The demonic entity felt his anger continue to increase the more that he waited. He was not a patient demon lord by any stretch of the world and the fact that his patience was being tried, tested to this degree caused him great anger. One would say even greater rage to be honest.

"Report back only when you have them and not a second before," Belasco thundered. He did not want to hear the reports that their numbers were dwindling. Most because it wasn't anything that he didn't already know.

He slumped forward on the chair, the pain that he suffered did not improve his mood, in fact it put him in a more towering and fouler mood. With his mouth hanging open, blood splattering down from his lips, he prepared for to do his very worse. That was all those who failed him and those who tried to wound him deserved.

His very worse naturally could be quite nasty. Actually it could be more than nasty come to think about it. His blood stained knuckles curled up, as he waited to see where he would go next.

He could see his plan sliding out of focus, where did things go so wrong? Well he had some theories of where it could have gone wrong, but he refused to take personal accountability. It was the fault of guards who had not watched certain people under his dominion. They were already punished.

That being said, several more snags had been presented with this plan. The Sorceress Supreme was a
nasty addition to the plan and one that Belasco needed to focus on if he wanted to increase his rule of this domain and beyond.

Then there was Harry Potter, who proved to be more dangerous than he thought. There was a renewed fury. Belasco initially assumed that time underneath the watchful eye of his relations would have broken him.

That was an annoying miscalculation on the part of Belasco, he had to admit that, as much as he was loathed to do so.

Illyana…..well every second she was gone, it lead to his plans being thrown completely into peril. Belasco could not describe exactly how important she was to his plans.

‘If she has been imprinted with his will, then all that work would be lost,’ Belasco thought, but he scrapped by, trying to find new and rather cruel ways to salvage some doomed plans but even all but the best laid plans of mice and men often went south.

Then there was Riddle, oh Riddle, someone who Belasco wished he could crush like a bug. But his soul containers prevented him from doing that.

Come to think of it, he hadn't seen Riddle in a long time, not that he shed a single tear over that fact. It would be just as well if Riddle perished from the elements, never being seen again. The arrogant child thought that he was more powerful than he really was.

Belasco tried to heal himself but the wounds just opened anew when he removed his hand. He would need to sacrifice innocent lives to gain the necessary "kick" for a lack of a better term to jump this healing magic. He continued to place his hand on his heart and then he removed his hand.

Again and again, there was no chance to jump start the healing factor. She forged a sword that could even wound him.

All roads went back to Harry Potter. Belasco had the prophecy that charlatan made in the mortal world. The fact that he knew something that Riddle obsessed over, really caused his mouth to water with anticipation.

The Dark Lord the prophecy referred to was up for question, well Riddle was a self-styled Dark Lord. He took his powers to heights that many mortals would not dream of.

That being said, there were those far darker and far more dangerous. Outside of that world of self-styled wand wavers with their weak, watered down, brand of magic, Riddle was a small player. He was an ant on the speck of the multiverse. He had enough cunning to avoid a certain eternity of torment, at least for the short time but Belasco fully intended to make up for that lost time.

‘In the end, that fool will end up like all of the rest who thought that they could get out of a deal with me,’ Belasco whispered and he was excited with the end.

His attempts to heal failing continued to throw him into a towering temper.
Both of the girls were trying to burn a hole through each other and they didn't really need heat vision to do so, it was extremely intense. Neither backed off from their glaring contest with each other.

Clea shuddered, there was enough hatred between the two of them to power a small planet. Harry was off with Faora and Kara scouting to make sure there was no one else on the outskirts. Which caused her to be saddled with baby sitting these two, something that Clea would not wish upon her worst enemy but there she was, stuck with these duties.

The threat of what Harry would do to either of them dialed back their antagonizing to cattiness, as opposed to brutality lingered. But they were trying to push each other's buttons so the other could make the move.

"Or are you seeking out his favor, still?"

"Well you should speak of his favor...because you're the one who is obsessed with taking him down," Ananym said and Clea blinked.

"Ananym....."

"Or has he left a bigger impression on you then either of us thought?" Ananym said, in a low whisper, trying to bait Illyana into an attack but so far, no dice.

To her credit, and using whatever bit of self control she could muster, Illyana did not lash out. Even though she wanted to rip out Ananym's throat and strangle her with it. "Well, it's obviously not as big as the impression that you dream that Harry left on you."

Ananym's eye twitched at this slap to her face but she said nothing.

Kara and Faora returned back, walking next to each other. Neither made eye contact with each other when they made their journey. It might have been for the best given the antagonistic relationship they shared with each other.

"Where's Harry?" Clea asked, he was rather conspicuous by his absence.

"He will be returning in a few minutes," Faora said, she could not believe that he made them walk back together alone but she supposed that it was a test. Kara decided to inform them of the other part of why Harry didn't return back just yet.

"He might have saw Belasco."

"Do you jump like a dog every time you hear his name?" Ananym asked, smiling as Illyana's hands tensed around the hilt of her sword.

"Well, obviously you dream about being Daddy's lapdog," Illyana said, her lips curling into a sneer and Clea cringed at where this was going.

This was not going to a good place, and she really hoped that Harry would return before these two tore into each other because she didn't want to answer to him.

Even Kara and Faora locked eyes and looked nervous. They were antagonistic to each other but these two took such a relationship to an entirely new and extremely unhealthy level.

"I'm not...I hate my father more than you ever could dream to," Ananym said, of course the reasons why it was so was that Illyana was brought in and she was cast aside despite her loyalty. "I've trained my entire life, while you're his planned child bride who he gave power to expand his immortality,"
"You really think that you have me figured out, don't you?" Illyana asked, eyes flashing dangerously and Ananym smiled.

"Ladies," Clea said nervously and Faora grabbed Illyana around the waist, while Kara grabbed Ananym, managing to hold them both into place, and hoping that the battle didn't happen.

"Then again, maybe a little slut likes it like that."

"Let go of me....."

Illyana broke free of Faora's grip, or maybe Faora allowed her to break free, it wasn't really certain. Clea was about to move in to put a barrier up just as Ananym slipped free from Kara's grip.

The two of them were about ready to clash with each other. In fact, both were intend to fry each other with a very powerful bit of magic.

A shield appeared around them. Clea blinked as their magical attacks hit the shield and they bounced off the shield.

Illyana flew to the left, landing hard on the ground, feeling the soreness of her backside as it hit the ground.

Ananym bounced off of the ground hard as well. Nothing was injured with the two girls, except for their pride. Which might have caused the worst wounds of all from a mental perspective, even worse than anything from a physical perspective.

"So, you decided to ignore me, despite the fact that I warned you what would happen if you did."

Harry flickered into the scene, no one knew how long he had stood there invisible, watching, waiting, plotting, waiting to see what they did.

"The two of you.....I warned you that something would happen if you got into it," Harry said and Illyana looked at Harry, before bowing her head.

Ananym mocked Illyana's motions which caused the Russian Girl to flex her fingers around the sword that was back in her hand. Clea grabbed her firmly around the shoulder warningly.

"Well, good for you to keep your pet in line like that, Harry," Ananym said with a smile.

"The same goes especially for you," Harry said and her smile faded.

"You don't have any control over me, you know....."

Her sentence was cut off at the mid point. She was forced down to her knees like a dog in front of Harry, with her wrists and feet bound. She struggled against the grip as she tried to escape.

"Well, who didn't see that one coming?" Kara whispered and Faora, despite her initial agitation towards Kara, smiled and nodded.

"Oh, believe me, I do," Harry said and he looked into her eyes. She was both fearful and excited, a combination that was amusing on several levels. That being said, with Harry staring down at her, she knew that he was not one to be trifled with. "And I know how to keep people on leashes, trust me, I do."
He reached down and patted her on the top of her head, and she looked up at him. Illyana smiled and Harry turned towards her.

"Don't think that you're off the hook either, because that was reckless and if I wasn't here, the two of you would have skewered each other," Harry said and the disappointment in his voice was something that would torment anyone who had heard it.

"Yes, of course."

"I'll find ways to deal with you later, all of you," Harry said and he looked at Kara, who took a step back.

His power was something that called out to her, and he was a strong mate. Granted, she had gotten it all out of her system, for the most part, with Faora, and not a moment too soon. Harry had enough problems as they were. Illyana and Ananym made them look well-adjusted to each other.

"I'm only going to punish you once I've figured out a good way to make things sink in," Harry said and he stared them down.

He didn't say when, he didn't say how. He figured the anticipation of what he could do would burn them up inside and eventually Harry would have his way with them, with all of them.

Right now, he had work to do and Belasco was in the cross hairs. Finding that monster and putting him down once and for all was first and foremost on Harry's list of things to do.

He had a pretty good starting point, one of the last demons had a good idea where Belasco was holding up and Harry slowly began to figure out how to break through.

"We have a lot of work to do."

"We all know that we have to face him soon enough and this time, we have to beat him, there is no going around it," Harry said and Illyana nodded tensely in agreement, on pins and needles when Harry spoke with her.

The fact that she got one lucky shot in on him before did not even need to be told to her, oh she knew, believe them, she knew, big time.

"Something that you might find interesting," Ananym said and Harry turned his attention towards her. "That pathetic excuse for a Dark Lord that you've defeated has been flitting in and out. He's been riling my father up something fierce. They had a deal apparently and Riddle broke it."

"Not surprising," Harry said, he recalled a fair amount of this from the dark echoes swimming around in his mind. Not with any kind of clarity mind you but he did recall enough of it.

"Yes, and what do you think that you'll do with him?"

"Compared to Belasco, he's a nuisance," Harry said but Clea looked at Harry, her mouth wide open. "Yes, what is it?"

"You're saying that Riddle, he's been flitting in and out of Limbo at will?" Clea asked and Ananym raised her eyebrow, rather curious about this line of questioning. Without another thought, she nodded her head. She wondered where Clea was coming from now.

"Yes, I believe that I established that."
"If he found a way out, then perhaps it is possible for us to escape as well," Clea said and Harry frowned. "But, I take it that you think that it isn't going to be that easy, master."

"Possible, maybe, but yes, it won't be that easy," Harry said grudgingly, not wanting to get anyone's hopes up. Plus this dimension offered certain strategic advantages that he could use, until the point that he wished to return from it.

That being said, knowing that there was a way out would give him control. After his time at the Dursleys and his time in captivity, one thing Harry hated to have was a lack of complete control. It burned him up inside to many degrees.

"But surely if he can get inside then perhaps we could as well….."

"If you're a floating disembodied spirit, then maybe," Harry said, he was not willing to completely throw the chance out.

"There could be alternate routes out of here, routes that we didn't figure out," Kara said, speaking up for the first time. "I mean…..the Phantom Zone…..when the barriers collided….we got in here."

"That suggests that there is some kind of link between the mortal plane that Riddle was a spirit on and the Phantom Zone," Faora said but then she cupped her hand to her chin, closing her eyes as she thought about it. "It isn't the most improbable thing out there."

Clea held onto her amulet, and looked at it. It was buzzing with some energy but it was not completely there.

"It should work," she whispered, more to herself than the others there and Harry raised his eyebrow at her.

"Not enough of a connection?" Harry asked and she shook her head, her frown deepening.

"It doesn't make any sense."

"And I'm pretty sure that my father might not be responsible for your inability to escape, at least not completely," Ananym said and Illyana's eyes darted, to turn towards the witch.

"How do you know?"

"I hear things, my father tends to speak about his plans out loud, but I tend to limit my exposure to him to what's only necessary," Ananym said and Illyana continued her look of distrust towards her. Skepticism flashed through the eyes of the Russian girl and the demonic redhead looked back at her.

"It's not like I'm hanging off of his every word when he speaks."

"I can tell that she's telling us only all that she knows for sure," Harry said but there was a sense of warning in his voice. He didn't believe that Ananym was completely telling the truth and his searching gaze nearly burned a hole through her head.

"Feel that?" Kara asked, her body shivered.

"Yes, I feel it, the barriers are shifting, again," Clea said once again. Her amulet felt a pull on it.

"It better not be another Phantom Zone invasion," Faora said, she wasn't really up to seeing any of that place again, as long as she lived.

"What, do you think that you can't handle them or something?" Kara asked and Faora's burning gaze
locked on them.

"Not going to have this discussion with you," Faora said and Kara threw her hands up in the air.

"Do you think it's Phantom Zone creatures?"

Harry's response was short and fairly blunt. "No."

He could sense something was near. While the Horcrux had been taken care of, there was still a thread leading to Voldemort. It was very faint.

"Riddle might be trying to help us," Harry said and that got some gasps of surprise from the group.

"You're….you're not serious, are you?" Illyana asked, thinking about such of a thing and out outlandish it is.

"I'm not sure if it's intentional and I'm pretty sure that it's for his own gain," Harry said with a smile on his face.

The truth be told, he could kill two birds with one stone if he took out Riddle.

"So, you do have a plan?" Ananym asked and Harry paused, to consider his options.

He just might have a plan, yes.

"One that I think should work, all I'll need is a diversion and I'll find my way into the palace and deliver myself to Belasco."

"Are you sure that's wise?"

"Belasco isn't as strong as he was after the shot she gave to him," Ananym commented, she had seen him, he could not even heal himself. It was that bad.

"Good, that makes things all that much easier," Harry said.

All of the girls, even if they could not agree on much, could agree on one thing. When Harry had his mind set on something, it was best to allow him to do what he needed to do and to give him a clear path.

Once he took care of Belasco, Riddle was the next on his list, inadvertent help or not.

Illyana wished that she could come with Harry, but it would raise a red flag if they were both "caught" at the same time.

She would just have to allow these things to play out and hope that all went well.

A trio of demon guards didn't really know what hit them. Harry blew through them with a huge impact, knocking them all onto their backs.

The green eyed wizard preceded forward, intense look etched in his eye. He continued to proceed into the scene.

The demons that were down on the ground did not see him coming, then again that was his intention. Harry could see Belasco's palace right in his line of sight.
It would be tempting to burn it to the ground where he stood with the demon inside. But he could teleport out. He wanted to hear Belasco's foul heart stop.

Sadistic determination pressed Harry through the gates. He returned to a place that he knew all too well. A place he escaped but now with the strength he had, he blew open the gates like they were nothing. They cracked, crunched like they were tissue paper.

Another group of minions stepped forward, they were among the strongest of those guards.

Harry only had one word for them.

"Flee."

They chose to ignore it, which was fine for Harry. It was at the peril of their own lives. They were fools who went down and went down quickly.

Their bones reduced to dust, their blood boiled like lava. Magic could be cruel sometimes and it was the darkest of magic that Harry wield. He could fight fire with fire.

The demons fell like dominoes, hitting the ground and Harry took half of a step forward. He was waiting for it.

"You were foolish coming here."

Belasco turned up in the flesh, so to speak.

Harry smiled, he could not resist the live bait. He called that one, rather perfectly. Almost scarily so come to think about it.

"I was foolish coming here?" Harry asked and Belasco stepped towards him, evil intentions in mind. "You don't look too well these days. Did that paper cut Illyana gave you bother you that much?"

"It's nothing compared to what I'm going to do to you."

"Well, what you're going to do to me is nothing."

Bright lights could be seen as both forces collided with each other. The War for Limbo was reaching a fever pitch and it hit its boiling point.

To Be Continued on August 20th 2014.
So while Harry fought his way up through Belasco's stronghold, Illyana, Clea, Ananym, Faora, and Kara diverted his force's attention away from him.

"So, I really hope that his plan works," Kara panted, taking out one of the demon army people with a shield of her own. The blonde gritted her teeth and Faora looked over her shoulder with a prominent smile towards Kara. There would be something reassuring about what she was doing, if there wasn't a slight degree of mocking towards it as well.

"Oh, it will, trust me, honey," Faora said and Kara folded her arms, blocking the sword swing of her enemy. She snapped his arm back, shattering it in several places. Her attacks were getting far more violent, almost as if she got something to prove. Faora watched Kara, impressed beyond her will.

"Wow, kitten's got claws."

"We just need to distract him, it shouldn't be long," Clea said, no news was good news, at least she hoped so.

Illyana took out her anger on the creatures that advanced on her. She wasn't going to say it, but she was thinking it. The fact that she should be out there, part of the fight, haunted her. The sword she swung in her hand sliced through the chest of the demonic creature and made him fall to the ground, blood spurting from his chest.

She smiled, almost satisfied with her work. Her sadism might have been off-putting.

"Don't worry, I'm sure he's fine," Ananym said and reassurance given from that particular person was like acid dripping in Illyana's face. It offended her greatly and she needed to take it out on something.

It just so happened that there were some hideous demonic creatures that were perfect for her to take her aggressions out on.

The blonde spun around and hacked at out of the ugly creatures, who sought to wipe her out. Blood poured from a grisly wound in his chest.

"Well, don't you have any confidence in him?" Ananym asked, and the blonde decided to ignore the daughter of Belasco, mostly because she had it about up to here with that particular witch. Instead, she continued the attack, battering her enemies hard.

Illyana did not ease up in the slightest because she knew that if she did, they would be worse than dead. She swung the sword back and sliced one of the monsters once again and blood splattered everywhere.

"We're coming up upon his stronghold from this end," Clea warned the girls. "Be strong……"

"Yes, we know," Faora replied, running them over with a huge punch, knocking them out for a loop.

Illyana was getting so close, but she didn't want to lose track of the prize at hand. The woman closed her eyes and hacked her sword into the chest of the enemy of his knees. He was already finished, but she wanted to make sure.

"Almost there," Illyana whispered and Ananym measured the girl behind her and a wicked smile came across her face.
"Here, allow me to give you a hand."

Ananym blasted Illyana in the back with a powerful bolt of magic. The attack was so sudden that it caught her off guard. The blonde slammed into the ground and this brazen action shocked the rest of the women.

Clea stepped forward, but a shield appeared around the two of them, blocking any attempts for her to attack them. Ananym grabbed Illyana around the throat and held her up.

"My father will be very pleased that I returned his pet to him," Ananym said, loud enough where any minions could hear her and they stepped back, offering her the way to pass. "Hopefully he keeps a better hold of her and fits a collar on her this time."

The blonde was dragged off into the distance and Faora turned to Kara, with an accusatory look dancing in her eyes.

"Did you know that was going to happen?" Faora demanded and Kara frowned at her, she was dumbstruck by this little act of betrayal about as much as Faora was.

"No, I didn't," Kara replied, slamming her fist into the face of her enemy, dropping her down to the ground hard.

Faora looked skeptical at first, but Kara's look of determination was something that no one could fake.

"Seriously?"

"Yes, seriously, okay," Kara replied, propelling herself up into the air, and blasting her elbow into her enemy's face.

"It doesn't matter now, we got to get there…. She's sold us out to Belasco," Clea said, two of the demons solidified and crashed to the ground, turned into nothing but debris. The blonde watched it fall to the ground, the satisfied smirk on her face.

Of course, the fact Illyana had been snatched ruined their own personal glory. Kara and Faora flew up towards the gateway, but they stopped.

"She managed to block us from going through," Faora said and she turned to Kara.

"I had nothing to do with this," Kara protested, she wanted to burn that witch for betraying Harry just as much as Faora did.

"If you say so," Faora said and Clea looked up at Faora, warningly.

"I believe she's telling the truth, that should be good enough for you," Clea said, coldness dripping from her voice and Faora shivered at the tone that she was giving. It was one that told her to knock it off.

"Fine, if you believe her, then I will as well," Faora said, smacking the winged demon and knocking his head off in the process. "What do we do about getting this barrier down?"

"Give me a minute," Clea said, it was a tricky one and Ananym made sure that it wouldn't be an easy journey to get through there.

She gritted her teeth, she wanted to play games, well Clea could play them as well. All she had to do
Harry broke through Belasco's shields and sent him flying back. He would have thanked Illyana for softening the demon up, but those attacks weakened him. They did not defeat him.

"Can't you stand the heat?" Harry asked, but Belasco sent an army of demonic looking dogs at him. These dogs had sharp teeth and breathed fire.

Harry swept them up in a wicked wind, power flowing from his eyes.

"You might have learned some tricks, but not everything that……"

Belasco blocked some flaming spikes that threatened to render him into bloody little chunks that splattered on his own palace wall. Demonic bats swirled around his head, but he solidified them into statues.

"You were saying," Harry whispered, he could feel the blood lust of the hunt coming with him. He felt a stirring of excitement in the pit of his stomach and he was closer to grabbing him. While he was not obsessed as Illyana was about ending Belasco's pitiful existence, there was a sense of accomplishment about what he was planning to achieve.

The hunt was on and Harry was this close to piercing something between his eyes.

Belasco refused to give up, despite the injuries returning. He flicked his hand and knocked Harry off to the ground, apparently like the insect that Belasco thought he was.

Harry rose up, his shield blocking most of the assault. He did have some soreness in his body, but he would live.

He could see Belasco, turning tail and running. Before he did, he caused the stone gargoyles that were resting on the palace grow three times their normal size, and become far more demonic.

'Note to self for any future battles, destroy Gargoyles or any animal statues, save grief for later,' Harry thought, blinking, as the statues loomed over him, circling around the top of his head. Harry clutched his hand around the magically enhanced dagger in his hand, and channeled the power through it.

He flung it, much like a boomerang, and it sliced through the necks of two of the gargoyles, draining the magic from them and reducing them back into the stone statues that returned to the ground.

The third one swooped at Harry but Harry waved his hand, causing three of him to appear. The duplicates confused the creature and Harry smiled, as it tried to take his head off.

Only one problem, the "he" in question was not Harry, and that allowed the green-eyed wizard to spin around, taking out the creature from behind.

Belasco put up the gateway, blocking his entrance from the palace.

'\textit{That means he's actively keeping me out, well, he's running scared,}' Harry said, a wide grin. The hunt was starting to get interesting and the Incubus was about ready to corner his prey, moving in for the kill.

He started to knock on the door, quite vigorously. The thumps could get loud, the more magic that he
There was a loud crashing sound, like rocks on top of more rocks, but the doorway held on tight.

Belasco made his way inside the palace, he would need to get ready to spring a trap when Harry Potter made his way inside.

"Father?"

Belasco was about ready to tell his daughter to leave him because he had something to tend to but then he stopped, his mouth hanging at the sight before him. He could scarcely believe what he saw.

It was Illyana, in chains, pretty much stripped of most of her clothing except for a few tattered rags.

"Looks like Father's Day has come early," Ananym told her father with a smile and Belasco nodded crisply, for once his daughter did something that pleased him.

"Indeed," Belasco said, looking at the child on the ground but he stopped. Something was not right.

"Does she displease you in any way, father?" Ananym asked and Belasco scanned Illyana's form checking for any treachery, because Ananym did come from his bloodline after all.

He found none.

"No, but she will be more likely as bait for a trap, Harry Potter has outlived his usefulness, time to finish him, along with Riddle," Belasco whispered and there was a hovering spirit above him.

"You do realize that I'm right here, don't you?" Riddle asked, also seeing that Miss Rasputin's bindings were becoming transparent, then they vanished.

He didn't bother to say anything, and Belasco turned around to face him.

"You pose no threat to me, and you are a fool."

Riddle's smirk got wicked and increased. "Well the true fool I see standing before me is one that doesn't understand that there is treason in his own home."

Suddenly, Illyana plunged the Soul Sword into the back Belasco, giving him a second grievous wound. She stepped back to survey what she did and the damaged Belasco fled into another room, sealing it off with his last bit of magic.

Ananym looked at Illyana, and the blonde held her head up to stare at her. Helpfully or perhaps a bit mockingly, Ananym offered her a hand to pull herself up.

"So the plan worked, he's about finished."

"Plan?" Illyana asked, this was news to her.

"He wouldn't have let me inside if I didn't have you in chains and you wouldn't have defeated him if he didn't have his guard down, and you're welcome for that by the way," Ananym said and Illyana got to her feet.

"Why didn't you let me in on the plan?" she asked, her temper reaching a higher level.

"Because, you wouldn't have agreed with it anyway, obviously," Ananym said, with the same air of explaining basic math to an overexcited child. "And we did need to make it convincing, you know."
"Well, I still owe you a receipt."

Without warning, Illyana hexed Ananym into the wall, causing her back to crack against the wall hard. The daughter of Belasco tried to block her next attack, but Illyana was a woman possessed. One could say that she was a mad woman, as she clawed at Ananym's face.

"I nearly had him finished off…. it wasn't my fault that you couldn't finish the job."

Suddenly two very powerful strands of magic pulled them apart and both of the girls knew that they were in pretty deep shit when they realized who showed up.

Harry Potter was in the house and he wasn't that impressed by what either girl did, at all. The blonde and the redhead looked rather nervous at what they saw, and his gaze peered at them, nearly burning through them.

"So," Harry whispered to them and they blinked, at him. "You two decided to get into it once again….. after I warned you not to."

Illyana hung her head down for a second and then slowly, she raised her eyes to meet her master's gaze. Ananym's scratched up face told the story.

"She hexed me from behind, put me in chains, and dragged me in here," Illyana said and Ananym glared daggers at her in response.

"It was a plan to let my father's guard down….."

"But yet you didn't clear this plan with me," Harry said and Ananym blinked, suddenly her blood grew increasingly cold. His green eyes peered on hers and she could feel a chill in the air. "Did you?"

"No master, I'm sorry…"

"Belasco has fled, but his wounds are mortal, he's right behind that wall."

"He's making his last stand," Harry said, turning on the spot. Belasco would be far more dangerous when he was mortally wounded, then when he was completely healthy.

He smiled, there was one last barrier for him to take down, but Harry found himself at ease with that.

The girls could feel the power that he was building up within him and that got them hot and bothered in no time as he launched it into the barrier.

A few more knocks like that and he would be inside to finish Belasco. And that would be a joyous victory if he could say so himself.

Belasco howled out in abject agony as he made his way from his latest battle. That witch caught him off guard and his own daughter betrayed him. She would pay once he had regained control.

"You're going to die cowering in the corner, well that fits you, doesn't it?"

"You knew," Belasco whispered, an accusatory look fixed at the bane of his existence.

"Yes, I did," Riddle commented icily, the demon lord barely able to keep himself up. "Really, you
should have seen it coming, but I guess your attempts to hold yourself together backfired, spectacularly even."

Belasco's expression increased in ugliness, but he didn't say anything. All he could do was wait to see what would happen next. He checked to make sure his stones were safe. They were his last ditch effort and with the right ritual, they might be the perfect way to heal himself.

"Pathetic that you can't even stand and fight against them....."

"Not as pathetic as you cower from an old withered man and losing to an infant," Belasco continued and Riddle's amusement, scant as it was, slowly faded from his voice.

"You do mock me."

"You do an extraordinary job of doing it yourself," Belasco said but he paused. "He got inside, how?"

"He's Harry Potter, does that explain enough?" Riddle commented dryly. "You will fail to beat him and it's just as well, for his defeat shall be at the hands of the greatest wizard that ever lived Lord Voldemort."

"Do not flatter yourself," Belasco hissed, but he paused and he could hear the thumping on the other side of the wall.

"And now he's breaking through your feeble protections, congratulations," Riddle continued, practically taunting the demon with his condescending tone.

Belasco knew the barriers would be practically draining for anyone to break and he had already worn down Potter. He could have defeated him easily the moment he got through, if it wasn't for one problem.

The mortal wounds he suffered, this last one was worse than the first one. He managed to defeat Potter with trickery and his minions last time.

"Give me a body, and I can defeat him."

"We both know that I'm not going to do that," Belasco whispered, almost admiring Riddle for his brazen attitude.

Riddle loomed in the shadows and the barrier on the other side cracked. Belasco eyed the energy leaking through.

He knew that one more knock and Harry Potter would be through. He didn't have the power to fortify it or lock him out.

'The child likely burned out his powers, I'll finish him when he passes through,' Belasco thought, looming, waiting. Energy swirled around his hand, the wounds still stinging on the side of his neck and his chest.

He would show who ruled Limbo in the end.

Harry Potter summoned the full force of his power and blasted the doors down. The barriers were strong, but he also knew that they were Belasco's last line of defense.
Illyana stood next to him and they trapped Ananym on the outside looking in. She would not be escaping, at least until she was able to contemplate her fate.

BAM!

The barriers busted open and Harry made his way through. He ducked his head and dodged a swipe of very powerful magical attack from nearly taking his head off.

That was really close, too close, in fact.

Harry Potter's eyes locked on Belasco once again. The demon rushed towards Harry and tried to take him out.

The magical creatures of fire nearly wiped out Harry. The green-eyed enchanter tucked his head, doing a forward roll. Lifting his hands in the air, the wizard sent flaming daggers down across the back of the demon.

Belasco turned to the side and used a shield to block the incoming daggers when they fired at him.

"Yes, you see the power, don't you?" Belasco whispered.

"We have unfinished business," Illyana said harshly, the sword held in her hand and magical brass knuckles appeared on Harry's hands, ready to hammer Belasco into submission.

She tried to deliver one last fatal blow, but Belasco dodged out the game ending attack.

"I'm done playing," Belasco whispered and Harry channeled two green bolts of light from his hands, knocking Belasco into the stone wall.

"Funnily enough, so am I," Harry said, a large hole burned through his chest and blood spurted him.

The demon, Belasco, fell back and he coughed, trying to heal himself. Each attempt to heal himself weakened his power.

"You're finished," Illyana said, rage flooding through her eyes. The woman prepared to plunge the sword into his chest.

"Hardly," Belasco said with a taunting sound of rage in his voice and once again, he nailed Illyana with a blast of magic. She blocked some of it, but not all of it, and the few that got through made her glad that she was able to block some of it.

The scratches opened on her face and blood spurted down her cheek. That should cause her to become more determined.

Harry waved his hand, sending the torches on the wall into Belasco, impaling him. He suffered more grievous wounds yet and it also burned him.

"You might not be able to die now, but I'll make you wish that you could," Harry whispered, grinding the burning embers into the torch through the already opened wounds in his back.

"You dare….."

"Yes, I dare," he replied, the wide grin getting even more prominent on his face. "But I need to properly thank you for your hospitality over all of these years."

The demon sorcerer was torn to shreds, but he was still breathing. Suddenly he summoned all of his
power and backed off his two enemies.

Harry was not surprising that, especially considering that Belasco's attempts to perform magic was literally tearing his body apart. He could see the man's beating black heart through his chest and the young Incubus's green eyes flashed over seeing the glowing stones beckon for him.

"Oh, I'm sorry, did you want a lifeline?"

Harry summoned all of the power that he could towards himself, with Illyana clinging his arm.

"What are you doing?" Belasco whispered and Harry levitated all of the glowing red stones off of the table, super charging them with magical energy.

"Ending this right now," Harry said, causing the stones to blow up one at a time. Belasco could feel the pain, and blood poured down from his mouth.

Like a rabid dog, Belasco charged towards them, but Illyana swung the sword with pure violence and venom.

Belasco's head was ripped completely off of his body. The demon lord's body was destroyed, and he was defeated, at least for now.

Illyana felt a sense of satisfaction and then the girls' master smiled. After that wicked grin faded, he turned on his heel. The green-eyed wizard turned his attention to Lord Voldemort.

"So, it's you," the young Incucus said crisply. "You killed my mother, you know that."

"She need not die, if she would have just stepped aside," Voldemort replied. "Severus Snape told me the prophecy and requested that I spare her. But she was a fool, so she perished."

Harry recalled the name Snape, keeping it to memory. His head would be ideal mounted as a trophy on a wall. It might be more useful as such than anything that man accomplished in life.

"Yes, a real fool is one who believes the words of a fortune teller," the new ruler of Limbo hissed.

"You do not understand….."

"You made your own worst enemy, and now I have powers that you could only envision," Harry said, trapping Riddle's spirit in place. The foul snake like face contorted in rage.

"You don't know you're dealing with. Do you know who I am?"

"Yes, better than you know yourself," Harry said. "I'm dealing with the product of an inbred hick, a near squib, and a Muggle. The purebloods really are more pathetic for following before you, but then again, I'm sure they're the type to hide behind the biggest bully in the playground, Tom."

"I am Lord Voldemort….."

"You are nothing but a common whelp named Tom Riddle, and now, you're boring me, and I have nothing further to say to you," he continued. "I know about all of your soul containers, and soon they will be no more. But I have a place where your spirit can spend some time. And your afterlife will not be pleasant. I would hope eternal torment for you, but that might be too good for you. Snape and Dumbledore will join you in due time, that way the three of you can cuddle together in a hell of your making for all eternity."

That didn't seem to make Riddle too thrilled, but honestly, Harry wasn't too fussed about his
happiness.

Riddle disappeared off into the night, never to plague Harry ever again. The sorcerer looked around, Belasco’s demise settling in.

There would be a power vacuum in Limbo unless they acted quickly.

"You know what we have to do."

Clea could feel that the barriers around Belasco’s stronghold completely changed. It was not such where she could escape from Limbo with the others which proved her initial theory that someone else was impeding her ability to escape on that end.

The demons hit the ground hard and that caused the Sorceress Supreme to raise an eyebrow suddenly, her mouth hanging agape.

"Well, do you have any idea what's happening?" Faora asked and Clea took several seconds to get her wits about herself.

"I have a good idea, but I don't want to get anyone's hopes up, especially my own," Clea replied and Kara hovered halfway across the ground.

"Well, someone turned the gravity back on properly, so that's a good thing, right?" Kara asked and Clea turned towards her.

"Maybe," Clea admitted and there was something in her voice that indicated that she wasn't completely sure that they were out of the woods danger wise.

The amulet wasn't glowing a weird, eerie purple anymore, so perhaps she could take it as a potential good omen of things to come. Nevertheless, the blonde female decided to make her way to the gates of the palace.

The gates swung open and admitted her inside. She frowned and looked at the stronghold before her. Her mouth hung halfway open and one word escaped from her mouth.

'Foreboding,' she thought.

She made her way into the palace, eerie music should have accompanied this journey, she had a feeling. Shivers blew down her spine as she continued the journey forward. Kara and Faora were right behind her.

Belasco's main throne room was right on the other side of the door and the last time Clea saw her master, he went inside.

The doors to the throne room swung open once more on their own accord. The torches began to light up.

'Again, foreboding,' she thought to herself.

She made her way into the throne room, the blinding lights caused her great pause, and she took another step forward, to see what was going on in there.

Clea stopped and stared, with Kara and Faora following her. The three women could see the legions
of succubi slaves at the throne right at the feet of two people. Neither were Belasco and both had
smiles on their faces.

The woman's eyes focused on the scene and she saw Harry sitting upon the throne, dressed in
ceremonial robes, a combination of black and silver, with the torches blowing on the water,
flickering in the light.

'Wow,' she thought to herself, smiling as she looked things over. This was an extremely powerful
scene that began to transpire before her and her heart skipped a beat.

Illyana was barely dressed in a stitch of clothing by Harry's side, with what needed to cover her,
barely needing to cover her. Two strips of see through material covered her material, and another
strip of see through material covered her crotch. She was curled up against Harry, with a lustful smile
on her face, stroking his abs, and slowly pushing her hand further South.

Then Clea could see Belasco's head dangling from one of the torches, like some kind of crude
trophy. It was almost glorious, but in a rather twisted way. She saw Harry run his hands lazily
through Illyana's blonde locks.

Then she saw the daughter of Belasco bent to one knee a short distance away where the new rulers
of Limbo sat, almost against the wall. It was almost like she awaited her fate.

"So, we won," Faora said, finally breaking their silence.

The silence returned and the succubi slaves crawled at Harry's feet, waiting to please their new
master at a moment's notice.

"Yes, we did," Harry agreed with her and he turned his attention to Anynam, who waited for him,
for her punishment for defying him.

Now time to take the spoils of war.

**To Be Continued on August 27th, 2014.**
Spoils of War

Ananym waited for her fate, she knew what was coming and she knew that there could be no way to stop it, even if she wanted to stop it. Besides, she did not want to stop it.

"So, you tried to enact a plan upon yourself, without consulting me," Harry told her, his gaze looking down upon her and she dropped her knees like an obedient dog. Her gaze met his and she felt the power wash over her and caused her body to tingle with the potential for delight.

"Forgive me….Harry, I….."

"You will call him, master," Illyana told him, looking down at the hated daughter of her captor with a burning look.

"I…..I….."

"Yes, you will," Clea replied and the young Incubus nodded, with Ananym's face bowing, her eyes glowing brightly and the lust peaked in her body.

"Yes, master, forgive me, I'm sorry," she told him, causing Harry to motion her to stand. She obeyed her master. "I thought that if I had taken her out that way, the plan would have worked better because it would have been more authentic."

"I see," Harry replied in his most crisp voice, and his gaze never broke from hers. He exerted even more of his power over her and that caused a shiver to go through her body.

"Yes, my lord," Ananym said, inclining her head down oh so briefly for a second. She could feel his burning gaze continue to drill into her as if he peered into her very soul.

"Merciful as I am…..I will allow you to live for this transgression," Harry said and he was behind her at a speed of light, his hands on her shoulders. "For I have a use for you."

"You do, master?" she asked hopefully.

"Yes, your power, is strong," Harry admitted and that caused her to tingle in anticipation. His hands continued to roll over her shoulders and he spiked her anticipation to another level. His touch drove her absolutely wild. Her knees shook when he touched her. The power that spread through him, it was the type to reduce any woman to jelly. Her mind was absolutely running wild.

"Well….."

"And a beautiful female is a resource that couldn't be squandered, at any cost," Harry said, the threads of her robes tearing before him. More delicious flesh revealed itself from Harry. "And I'm sure you've wanted this for a long time."

"Yes, yes," she panted and Harry spun her around, to get a proper look at him. She braced herself for what he could do to her.

For a brief second, he teased a kiss but he pulled back. "No, you don't deserve that privilege."

Illyana watched eagerly, with Kara's eyes locked onto the proceedings. The Russian Blonde spoke to the blonde Kryptonian without missing a beat. "Don't worry, you'll get your chance soon enough."
Kara grinned at the thought of that, she could hardly wait for that. The blonde's excitement hit a fever pitch and moisture increased between her legs.

Meanwhile, Ananym was spun around so Harry could face her. Her clothes were completely torn off and she felt excited about the dominance that Harry exerted over her.

Her body was exposed and Harry smiled as more of her sensual delicious flesh was exposed. The demonic young man caught sight of her red hair which shined greatly, along with her brown eyes. Her juicy lips were moistened with desire, both the upper lips and the lower lips.

Then Harry could see her slender neck, along with her fit body. A pair of high and firm breasts danced before his eyes, with dark nipples. Her stomach was completely flat and toned. The area between her legs had a strip of red hair, shaped like a lightning bolt scar. Her juices moistened her slit and it was obvious that she wanted this. Her long legs stretched for miles and the sensual ass she had was enough to be absolutely drool inducing.

"Amazing," Harry said, stepping over towards her and grabbing her hands, before pinning her back against a pillar. "And it's all mine."

"Yes, yes it is, master," the woman purred, feeling him up against her. She tried to rub against him but he pushed her back, and held her.

Time stood still and the redhead increased with pleasure, the area between her legs boiled and heated up in response to him.

A magical glow enveloped Harry and Ananym watched, her mouth hanging open, as a second Harry appeared right next to her. Along with a third Harry, and a fourth one as well and she smiled. It kept going on and on, until they all surrounded her.

Clea smiled and thought. 'Well he's found an interesting use for duplication spells, hasn't he?'

Ananym felt the rush between her thighs, she was surrounded by so much Harry, more than she could handle.

But that's what made things even more exciting than they were. The green eyed wizard coaxed the woman down to her hands and knees.

"Let's start with your mouth and work our way around."

Harry grabbed Ananym by the face, and she opened her mouth wide. His cock pushed its way into her mouth.

"Ah, is that too big for you?" Harry asked, quite mockingly and the woman looked at him, with fierce determination through her eyes. The woman's desire to serve him shined brightly. "Too bad, you're going to learn to like it in your mouth and other parts of your body."

Ananym managed to recover and with fierce determination sucked it. If that little Russian cunt could take this, then so can she. She wrapped her mouth around Harry's tool fiercely, her eyes glowing as she nearly gagged on his cock when he forced it into her mouth.

Finally she found some momentum where she held onto his hips and sucked him deeply. The redhead’s mouth wrapped hotly around him and she brought him deep into her mouth.

Suddenly, she could feel something slowly part her thighs. Ananym's senses spiked when something long and hard went deep into her body.
Another cock pushed between her moist thighs, with Harry pounding into her from behind, as she sucked the cock of another version of him.

Another Harry duplicate ran his hand over her delicious rear, smiling as he looked it over.

"Yes, that cunt deserves a hard cock up her ass," Illyana said and much to her glee, that was what exactly Harry did. With one fell swoop, he violated Ananym's tight ass with his prick. Her tight rectum enhanced the pleasure when he pumped into her.

Ananym felt him and she closed her eyes, being overloaded with so much cock, more cock than she knew how to handle.

"Don't fade now, there's plenty more where that came from."

Illyana smiled and stalked Kara, with a predatory smile on her face. One blonde stalked the other and the demonic female's grin grew wider.

"Don't worry, he said that you'd get your turn soon enough," Illyana said, and she pulled Kara into an embrace. Their bodies pressed together and the heat between the two of them increased.

Kara felt like she had been caught in the den by some predator and her clothes burned off of her body.

Her high large breasts stood firm on her chest, at back breaking quality. Her long hair blew in the eerie breeze. She had the perfect hour glass figure and Illyana now roughly fondled her breasts.

"Yes, get her warmed up," Harry encouraged her, seeing also that Faora and Clea were entangled in each other and he looked down at Ananym. "Seems like you're not as busy as you should be, Ananym. We should fix that."

She took another cock in her right hand and one in her left hand. The Harry inside her ass and the Harry drilling her cunt increased in speed. Perhaps it was just her imagination but their cocks grew even larger and thicker inside their bodies.

Kara meanwhile was thrown into the throes of passion, with Illyana's tongue buried deep into her snatch. She caught the juices onto her tongue as she proceeded to lick her. The hunger increased from the blonde beside her.

There was a Harry waiting from the shadows that walked into prominence. Kara looked in awe with his cock and it was the most beautiful thing that she ever saw. It caused her pussy to get extremely went and it begged for some meat.

"I think she's ready," Harry whispered to Illyana.

"May, I kiss you," Kara pleaded and Harry smiled.

"You were merely a pawn in her scheme, so yes, you may," Harry said and Kara threw herself forward, her lips molding against Harry's with a passionate and explosive kiss. He returned it with all of the toe curling fury.

Kara amused herself thinking that her panties would be moistened if she wore any.

The blonde reached her hand down between his legs and clasped his throbbing penis in her hand, pumping it up and down in her grip.
Harry groaned, feeling her fist close around him. Her touch was rather strong and she stroked him again.

"Hopefully I please you….master," Kara said and Faora watched her, but then she was distracted.

It was Clea who dove herself between Faora's legs.

"Well, you feel tight," Harry whispered to her. "Have you ever been touched?"

"No," Kara said with a smile. "None of them were worthy for me, like you are, my lord. Take me, break me, make me your woman.'

Harry's cock throbbed at this action and he smiled, pushing his massive manhood in between her thighs.

Kara felt the pleasure, his aura numbing any pain that she had, and then as a bonus, she reduced it to pleasure. He positioned her so he was on Belasco's old throat.

The blonde pushed herself halfway up off of his member and then sank herself down onto him, pushing her hips around him.

"Oh yes, amazing," Kara mewled, when the blonde wrapped her hand around his shoulder, moaning when he rammed into her.

His penis pushed deeper inside her, penetrating her tight body, and she was very tight. The yellow solar energy made her quite the potent sex partner.

"Damn, you're strong," Harry grunted and he pushed himself into her body. "But don't forget who your master is."

"Yes, you Harry, you," Kara panted as she rode him up and down, like his penis could cure all ills and to her it did.

The blonde bounced higher and higher, the deeper she went down onto him, the more excited and fulfilled that she felt. His penis buried itself into her body and she whimpered with him working her over.

"That's good….that's excellent, deeper, more, more!"

Speaking of someone who wanted more, Ananym was going to get more. She was about ready to be stuffed with so much cock and she was going to be drenched in cum. Her hands ran over the monster dicks that she held in her hand and she furiously and passionately jerked Harry off. Her nerve endings increased more pleasure when she jerked him off with both hands.

She was about to get her reward, nothing would hold her back from receiving it. Her hands continued to stroke and pull at him, working his flesh in between her hands.

Illyana pulled herself in front of Ananym being dominated, Harry stuffing all of her holes with his cocks. She fingered herself to the thought of Ananym being drilled hard, and being taught a lesson.

Her fingers heated up as she channeled more energy through them to her core, getting herself off. Her eyes were heavily lidded over.

"Dominate that slut, master," Illyana encouraged her and Ananym could not argue that point, not when she was hungrily sucking one cock, jerking off two more, and having one stuffed in her ass
and her pussy respectfully.

"Yes, you're going to take all of my cum," Harry whispered, the power flowing from him. It was utterly terrifying what he could do.

Kara bounced up and down as Harry handled her rough breasts. He buried deeper into her, causing her orgasms to multiple at a rapid rate.

His cock made her addicted to being fucked, not it took that long.

The blonde bounced herself up and down higher, she wanted to get this prime piece of meat as far deep into her.

"Good, you're going to make me cum, but I'm not done making you cum," Harry said, his hands touching her body.

Kara threw her head back, with a lustful moan, with Harry treating her rather nicely. His hands continued to comb over her body and her breasts felt pleasured, as he pushed himself deep into her. He was balls deep into her and she loved every lasing moment of it.

"No, never," Kara moaned, seeing Faora now on the ground face first. She could see brief moments of Clea diving into her, pleasuring Faora with a strap on.

Meanwhile Ananym felt pleasure increasing, up until a certain point but then it stopped. He kept ramming into her.

She was still wet enough to allow him to slide into her at ease. Suddenly, the two cocks in her hand tensed up and she felt the orgasm coming.

White spunk painted her face, shooting the spunk into her face. The thick white juices flowed off of her cheeks, giving her a complete facial. The thick spunk bubbled off of her face.

She took an immense load in her pussy, hard enough where it leaked out of her almost immediately. The cum bubbled inside her and now Harry took his final load into her mouth.

Ananym collapsed down onto the ground, her body lying in a puddle of semen and her limbs twitching.

Kara continued to bring herself down onto his hard cock, it buried deeper into her. The blonde rocked her hips down onto him, the connection between them was intense, amazing, and the blonde continued to quicken her pace.

Finally, after a wait, she received her gift, painting her walls. The blonde threw her head back, feeling Harry inject his cum into her body.

Kara collapsed onto him but she wanted more.

"Oh, I think that you'll get more, my pet," Harry said, parting her back and watching as Ananym was now bound and gag in the puddle of cum she was left in.

Kara was now on her hands and knees, with Harry pushing himself deep into her body, filling her up with his cock.

Harry left Kara in a fucked stupor after several rounds that went on for days. It was a celebration and he could see Ananym, who really had been put through the paces.
Calmly, Harry clapped his hands to summon them.

"Now, your real punishment begins," Harry whispered to her and he peeled Ananym's battered body off the ground, moaning as her pussy ached with want and needed.

The Succubi dragged Ananym off into another room, with Illyana watching, greed dancing from her eyes. Kara, Faora, and Clea all were in various states of a fucked stupor.

"I think that it's time for us to get them to their quarters," Illyana said and Harry smiled.

"Naturally," Harry said and between the two of them, Harry made sure his pets got the best accommodation imaginable. If nothing else, he was a loving master.

Now that his newest pets had been broken in, Harry had to look at Limbo with a more critical eye. He sat upon the throne and prepared to use Belasco's resources to find a way out of here.

"It's dire, isn't it?"

Harry turned and spotted Illyana approaching him, taking careful strides. She sauntered towards him and joined him by the throne seconds later.

"Yes, it is," Harry agreed with her when she sat down next to him and slid practically into his lap. "I'd like to think that it'll get better though."

"You'd like to think that, wouldn't you?" Illyana asked him, and she pushed herself completely onto his lap. Harry wrapped his arm around her firmly and held her against him. She could feel his power and his hand roamed all over her body slowly, indulging himself in her gorgeous, soft flesh.

"Well, we're in control but that's only half of the battle," Harry said, running his hands slowly all over her body, cupping her soft flesh, teasing her for a meeting that would come later. His mouth pressed onto the back of her neck. "Belasco is long gone but as you know, Limbo is vast, there are more threats than anyone could hope to handle."

"Yes, I'm aware," Illyana said, succumbing quickly to Harry's touch, and she could feel her nipples get harder. She couldn't take this further without Harry's consent. Of course, she allowed him to do whatever he wanted. "But you know if anyone can handle them….

"I'm working on creating a system where they'd think twice about trying anything," Harry said. "Of course, when word spreads about what I did to Belasco's daughter and the punishment that is still going on, I doubt very much that they're not going to think twice."

"Plus they don't have the advantage of being an attractive female."

"That is a benefit that many don't have, I'll have to agree with you on that one," Harry told her and Illyana's smile crossed her face. Harry's fingers roamed down towards a certain area. "So……"

"Well, I enjoyed the show plenty I'll tell you that much," Illyana said, it was almost like she had envisioned what Harry said and plucked the thoughts straight from his mind.

"Well, I assumed that you would have wanted to keep a closer eye on things, you know watch, see what was going on," Harry told her and Illyana smiled in response.

"The show's going to go on for a while isn't it?" she asked and Harry nodded in affirmation. "I'll just catch more of it later, won't I?"
"I'm sure you won't miss too much more of it, after all the two of you…..I'm not quite certain how you didn't get along," Harry said and Illyana shook her head.

"Spite on her part for the most part, she wanted to be Belasco's…..protégé for lack of a better term," Illyana said and a full body shudder went down her body. The implications of why Ananym's attitude unsettled her completely. "It's kind of completely unsettling now that I think about it."

"Yes well….."

"So, the couple of times I escaped, she managed to point him in the right direction," Illyana explained to Harry.

"One would think that she would want you gone…"

"She's not exactly the most stable," Illyana informed him and there was another voice that could be heard.

"Given who her father is, I'm not surprised in the slightest."

Clea presented herself, walking down the beaten pathway and getting on one knee. She waited for Harry to give her the go ahead to face him.

"To your feet and report," Harry told her and she did.

"The barriers are still as strong as ever, my lord," she told him, the Sorceress Supreme bowing before him.

"That confirms that it wasn't Belasco, for they would have fallen when he had perished," Harry said and he looked at Clea. "And as for Riddle….."

"He is secure, until the moment where you are able to take care of his trinkets," Clea said.

"Perhaps he can learn the true meaning of torment," Harry said, his voice cold and distant. He saw some of the things that Riddle did to obtain his immortality and….the actual process to form a Horcrux was ghastly.

It not only required a murder but it required a murder where there wasn't even the slightest hint of remorse. Riddle detached himself from humanity but that was to be expected when he made a deal with the demon himself.

"We do have a good idea who is behind this?" Harry asked Clea, with Ilyana detaching himself from him so he could speak to Clea properly.

"It's likely…"

Harry held his hand up and he could sense a foreboding presence in this dimension. That kind have put him on edge and given the impulsive nature of the Incubus, he might shoot first and ask questions never.

"Master, what is it?" Illyana asked him and Harry smiled.

"Find the source of that, and we find the person who is behind this," Harry said, and Clea nodded at him.

"Right, but it may just confirm what we already figured out before."
Harry smiled, walking over to Clea and he leaned towards her.

"Better be for sure though, because if we're not, it's going to be embarrassing," Harry told Clea and she nodded in agreement, the situation tense when he stood close to her.

"It will be done," Clea said and she had another question that she was going to ask him. "So, what about the demon's daughter?"

"Oh, I'm not done with her yet, she needs to be properly broken for the stunt that she pulled," Harry said to her. "And I haven't forgotten about your punishment yet."

Clea figured as well and she was equal parts terrified and excitement. Then again, the real punishment showed through when he allowed it to linger a little bit, while Harry made her think about it, made her sweat about it.

"Just focus on what you need to do, and I'll take care of the rest," Harry said, he had to make his rounds. He moved past the shadows of the few succubi slaves but most of them had other things that they had been tasked with, including a special project that Harry thought would benefit their talents.

"So, I don't think that we've been formally introduced."

Kara sat in the middle of what was a nice pool area, sitting on a lawn chair, sprawled out. The simulated yellow sunlight came down onto her body as she sunbathed in the nude.

"Well, you had your cock inside me, so that's a pretty formal introduction," Kara said with a smile but never the less, the lawn chair expanded a bit, allowing the two of them to share the area.

Kara turned and her mouth hung open with a smile on her face. She liked what she saw; she liked what she saw a whole lot. Harry stood before her in all of his glory, and that glory could be quite glorious. She watched him, eyes widened, and greed dancing through said eyes.

"Yes, it might be," Harry conceded to her, getting on the chair next to her, and she instinctively wrapped her arms around him. He didn't correct that action.

Rather he placed his head on her breasts, which was a position that many men could die to be in but as it turned out, it was also one that very few men could get away with, without severe consequences.

The two basked in each other's company and enjoyed the attention for a few seconds.

"So?" Kara asked him.

"Yes," Harry said and she smiled. "I'm sure that you want to know where I come from."

"Well, I didn't mean to be nosy, but that's what I was asking," she commented with a frown across her face.

"No, it's fine, you're not nosy, it's the only way that you'll learn," Harry told her and Kara smiled. "I actually was born on Earth…but it's kind of complicated from there."

"Oh?" Kara asked, wondering how something cut and dry could be so complicated. Then again, it was obvious that Harry was going to tell her, all she needed was a little bit of patience to do so.

"Yes, it is," Harry told her. "But….my mother, she was a prodigal witch. From the best I can tell, she was one of the smartest that ever went through that world, and she had common sense, something
that was not a defining attribute in that world."

"Really?" Kara asked, raising her eyebrow in surprise.

"Apparently, Riddle….you did find out about him….."

"Yes, Faora told me about him," Kara said, and Harry saw that there was some distinct coolness between Kara and Faora, but it was something that they prepared to hash out over time. At least the bad blood did not run deep as it did between Ananym and Illyana.

"So the two of you are getting along, aren't you?" Harry asked her and Kara smiled at that. The smile was kind of half strained but she gave him an honest answer.

"We're co-existing with each other, if that's what you mean," Kara told him and Harry gazed at her. "You know…we don't want to get the same treatment that Ananym is going through now."

"Well, it seems like some of my pets have been trained to behave," Harry said with a smile and he looked off into the distance. "So, my mother….I believe we were getting back on that topic."

"Yes, we were," Kara agreed, she didn't want to seem anxious but she was curious. Her curiosity often got the better of her but there you went.

"She performed a ritual that was to strengthen me just enough where it would allow me to survive any attempt by Riddle to kill me," Harry explained to Kara. "But it unlocked my heritage…..buried deep within one of my bloodlines, and forgotten."

Kara nodded and knew where this was going.

"Incubus, but the ritual strengthened it and made me a pureblood incubus," Harry said with a smile.

"You're not going to steal my soul, are you?" Kara asked, before she could stop herself.

"I already own that, the moment that you took my cock," Harry whispered to her and his tone caused her to shiver. "But it isn't like you came out of the deal badly."

"No, it isn't," Kara agreed, she would have to say that she came out of the deal good, pretty good in fact.

"So, there's no muss, and no fuss, is there," Harry said with a smile. "I think that you deserve a nice refreshing drink."

Harry clapped his hands and in the blink of an eye, a strikingly beautiful woman appeared before them. Blue hair formed a curtain over the top of her seductive looking face. She had a pair of dazzling blue eyes that matched, burning with seduction. A body built for sin dressed in an extremely tight maid's outfit. Her breasts practically spilled out of the outfit and the bottom of the uniform was so short that they could see her pussy and ass.

In the back of the uniform rested a transparent pair of silvery wings and she radiated sex appeal. She carried a tray with two drinks on it.

"This is for you," she whispered, even her voice dripped the purest of seduction. Then she turned to face Harry. "And this is for you, master."

Harry took the drink and Kara did as well. The blonde took the drink up to her lips and drunk it. It caused her body to feel tense and also feel refreshed at the same time. She could not believe the
pleasure that coursed between her legs.

"So, what's this drink made of?" Kara asked and Harry smiled.

"It's made of the finest of juices," Harry said and Kara raised her eyebrow. "So, did you taste yourself yet?"

Kara raised an eyebrow, she wasn't disturbed, no far from it, this question aroused her.

"Well, that explains why it tasted so good," Kara said with a smile, and grinned to herself. She took a long gulp of the juices and savored the moment.

"I added a little something to it as well," Harry said and Kara smiled.

"Well, it's a good combination," Kara said and it was a taste that she could get hopelessly addicted to.

"Make sure to pamper her," Harry whispered to two more succubi slaves who nodded. One of them had green hair and the other had dark purple hair but they had the same amazing sinful bodies as the first slave. The only difference was that they were wearing chainmail armor that covered what barely needed to be covered.

Kara felt their hands roam all over her body and she could feel the heat rise from her body.

"So, how were things on Krypton?"

"Well….." Kara said, she was glad that she had a lot of time to mull this over in her head, otherwise this would be far harder than it really was. The blonde could feel their talented fingers slowly work their way all over her. "It was an advanced society, but it stagnated over the past hundred years. The Council didn't make things any better."

"Yes, organized government, seems like that's one thing that Earth and Krypton have in common," Harry said, the disgust dripping from his voice obvious.

"Well, my thoughts exactly," Kara said, with her body being pleasured by the busy hands of the Succubi. The heat continued to pulse from between her thighs. "I guess that we have something in common, a mother who was a flower amongst the weeds. Alura….she was one of the most brilliant minds ever to come out of Krypton."

"Her daughter is proof of that," Harry said and Kara flushed for a second, but she gave a pleasurable moan as the Succubi increased their pleasurable actions on her with one look from Harry.

Kara and Harry relaxed, as they were being treated by the Succubi slaves, and Kara knew what would follow soon. She could never have enough of Harry, and she thought that she was not alone in that fact.

Ananym looked up from where she was, chained in a most uncomfortable manner. She struggled to keep her head up but that was a difficult process.

"So?"

Harry watched her and spotted Illyana in the shadows, with a large dildo held in her hand. It was long and hard and it was obviously that she had just gotten done with some fun.

The green eyed wizard walked forward, stepping towards her. Her nipples looked ready for him.
The spell that he placed on her caused her to be unable to feel relief. His slaves worked her over again and again, with a healthy round of spanking and toys to keep her in her place.

"I suppose that I should thank you but you should learn your place," Harry whispered, seeing her spread eagled and chained with a ball gag in her mouth.

The Incubus king left her hanging in more ways than one, desperation burning through her eyes, she was mentally begging, pleading to be allowed to cum but Harry wasn't going to allow her that treat.

"You did learn your place, didn't you?" the new ruler of Limbo asked and Ananym nodded her head up and down. The redhead looked at him, with burning lust in her eyes. "I'm sure that you want some relief, don't you?"

Ananym nodded, the most movement that he would allow her was with her head.

"Well, you see….you need to learn your place and I'm not sure if you learned your lesson sufficiently," Harry said with a smug smirk. He ran his fingers over her nipple, but stopped right before he completely touched her and pulled back. "If you had disrupted my plan, you would be in a far worse state than you are now, you do realize that, don't you?"

Wordlessly, she nodded, pressure continuing to build between her thighs as Harry channeled his energy into her core. It was unbearable that there was no way for her to release it.

"I don't think she's acting sorry enough," Illyana said to him and Harry turned towards her. "Just my opinion, master."

"Of course, it's fair," Harry said, cupping Ananym's face and staring her straight in the eye. "I can use you in any way that I wish you know. "Maybe I should use you as a breeding whore. Give me more succubi slaves to pleasure me. But you'd get off on that, wouldn't you?"

Ananym tried to protest this but the look of lust in her eyes betrayed her. She could see Harry's robe flap open up and she watched him eagerly, hungrily, greedily evenly and she could hardly keep her head up as she watched him.

"It's obvious what you want, and you'll earn it in due time," Harry said with a smile and he clapped his hands.

Harry flipped her over until she was on her hands and knees, chained, legs spread. Her raw pussy could be exposed and her nipples looked uncomfortable and stiff. There was a look of frustration in her eyes.

The frustration was about to hit its limit if Harry had his say and being her master, he did.

The Succubi slaves made their way from the shadows. Given how some of them had been mistreated and kicked around by Ananym when Belasco ruled Limbo, if they had been allowed such thoughts, they would have had some vindictive pleasure.

That being said, Harry allowed them this gift, for they would get pleasure out of it.

The whips connected with her body and she gave a shudder. Harry could see her and he watched Illyana pleasure herself towards Ananym's torment.

Harry admitted this had a lot of appeal. There was a small part of Harry who realized how sick, twisted, and dark this might seem but he neglected to really listen to that part.
The daughter of Belasco gave a loud and lustful moan with the whips connecting with her body once again. She tried to overpower her master's spell but it only increased the pain.

"Don't fight it, take your medicine, it will be over soon enough," Harry said, placing his hand on the top of her head and Ananym sighed, feeling the chains go against her back.

Several hot dildos were prepped and spiked into her center. She winced and suddenly Harry allowed a tiny bit more pleasure and removed her ball gag.

"I think we understand why it isn't a good idea to defy me, don't we?" Harry asked her.

"Yes," Ananym whispered, feeling the pleasure that he allowed her. She savored those moments.

"I'll release your orgasm in a minute," Harry said with a smile. "But first, I require to do something for me."

"Anything….anything….anything…." Ananym panted, the small amount of pleasure that he allowed her made her want more, as the succubi whipped and violated her. That caused the build up to increase.

Illyana rode her fingers harder, and her juices stained it. She took a drink that had been offered to her by the slaves.

"Mmm, Faora," she breathed as she continued to finger herself, riding her fingers deeper into her.

"Anything what?" Harry asked, turning his eyes away from the really erotic display and Ananym looked at him, whimpering, loudly.

"Master, master, master please," Ananym chanted, her pleasure still caught beyond a damn.

"Admit that your pleasure, your orgasm, and your mind, body, and soul belongs to Harry Potter," Harry told her.

"Yes, my pleasure, my orgasm, my mind, my body, and my soul, it belongs to Harry Potter, oh great master, please allow me to cum, I need to cum," Ananym moaned, feeling the Succubi molest her and this should be an amazing erotic experience, one that she felt that she had been cheated out on.

"As you wish," Harry commented, snapping his fingers, and the dam he placed inside her burst.

That left her quite the state, her body thrashing, as weeks worth of pent off sexual frustration was released from her.

Harry leaned down, looking in her face and he smiled down at her.

"So, did we learn our lesson?" Harry asked.

"Yes master," she slurred, the orgasms still causing her mind to reduced to mush.

"Good, pet," Harry said, stroking her hair and taking the tastes of her juices that his slaves offered him, as they collected them for sustenance.

Her pent up pleasure tasted good.

No one walked into Limbo willingly. There was one of two reasons why anyone had gone into Limbo.
The first reason, obviously, is that they had been dragged there by some force inside. They were hungry for an innocent soul and therefore they were dragged in. Or worse tempted by something that they wanted that dragged them inside.

The other reason was a one in a million magical fluke done by a backfire spell. It was rare but it could happen. Especially when someone tampered with sufficiently advanced magic that sent them halfway across the universe.

That was such the incident with a young girl, who knew from the moment that her feet touched the ground that she wasn't supposed to be here.

"I'm really not supposed to be here."

She spoke what one would consider the obvious but then again, she really wasn't supposed to be here.

"Let's see if I can reverse the spell."

No good, and the girl felt the goosebumps rise up from her arms. She spotted demonic looking birds flutter in a dead tree from where she was. Shadowed creatures hissed in the darkness and she had one of those feelings.

It wasn't a good one of those feelings either. It was a feeling as if she was going to get dragged off into the shadows and never return.

"Okay, okay, got to keep your wits about yourself, don't panic, the worst thing in the world to do is panic."

The dark haired girl stepped forward into the night. Her black hair clung to her face, and it was obvious that this was done by the beads of sweat rolling down said face. Her nerves did not calm down to say the very least. Some might say that she long since passed nervous and jumped straight into the "terrified witless" stage of things. Never the less, the girl folded her arms over her chest, closing her eyes and muttering to herself.

"It's going to be okay, it's going to be alright, you just need to keep it cool."

Her soft skin shined in the eerie light of Limbo. Blue eyes burned with a passionate intensity that one could not really match. The fifteen year old girl wore a black tank top that clung to her C-Cup breasts. Her jeans formed rather tightly around a tight ass, and her long legs flowed on for miles.

Her name was Zatanna Zatara and it went without saying that she really wasn't supposed to be here. Her heart drummed against her ribs and she took half of a step forward, into the brightest light that she could see.

'Well, this isn't good,' Zatanna thought to herself.

Suddenly an eerie and demonic whistle in the wind caused her to jump halfway up.

She tried to rewind in her mind what went wrong with a spell. It was a simple transportation spell that her father had used countless times, about as easily as blinking.

There lied the huge flaw in her scheme, she wasn't her father.

'And I can't seem to get out of here, just great,' she thought. And if she did get out of here, her father was going to kill her. So that was a nice win-win situation all over for her.
Then again, perhaps she should worry about not being eaten to be honest. The girl turned her head around.

She knew that this was a place where untainted powerful females did not thrive all that well. Her heart once again beat faster, she could hear it.

Calming breaths, meditation exercises, even though she couldn't shut her mind off to the surroundings.

She stopped short of walking into an eerie black mist.

'Yeah, how about no,' she thought, and she continued to find a way out of here.

And fast, yes most certainly it would have to be fast.

**To Be Continued on September 3rd 2014.**
Expanding Abilities

Chapter Ten: Expanding Abilities.

Illyana closed her eyes tightly, the frustration brimming from her mind. This was supposed to be simple magic that should work well for her. Simple magic which should ideally transport them out of limbo.

She threw her hands up into the air, gritting her teeth. These things were giving her fits, and that put it very mildly. The woman shook her head violently, her breath knocked out of her body. Frustration brimmed through her body, no matter her best attempts, she just couldn't get it done and that annoyed her to an entirely new level.

"So, we have a problem, don't we?"

She saw Harry standing there and relaxed a little bit. As usual, his presence soothed her and gave her focus on what mattered. The Russian mutant turned to face her master.

"Yes," she said in an agitated voice. She tried to keep her tone low, but she just couldn't shake the fact that this didn't go as planned.

"What kind of problem?" Harry asked, placing his hands firmly on her shoulders. That exerted his control over her, but it also did the added benefit of relaxing her slightly. So really, she got the best of both worlds. The young female closed her eyes, her mouth shut as she felt Harry's hands slowly roam over her shoulders.

"A very big problem actually," she commented, shaking her head, and gave her a long sigh. "You know the stepping discs that I have been working on."

"Yes, you thought that they would get you out of Limbo, don't you?" Harry asked and she nodded in the most frustratingly.

"Us out of Limbo," she amended, not wanting her master to think that she abandoned him in any way. "But.....it doesn't matter who because I'm hitting a block. That was one bit of knowledge that I never managed to get down."

"Just take a deep breath and focus on what you're doing, and it'll come," Harry said and Illyana nodded. "It isn't entirely your fault that we're blocked in here."

"Has Clea figured out anything?"

"Well, would we be standing here if she did?" Harry asked her and the blonde shook her head in negative. "Exactly what I was thinking."

Illyana hated when her master spoke sense, which was a bit too often for her liking. Her jaw set with determination and with renewed vigor. She could do this, all she had to do was focus and the world would be in her hands.

The woman stepped back, nearly staggering. Harry placed his hands on her waist, catching her just like that.

"Calm, stay calm," he reminded her.
"I'm about as calm as I'm going to get," Illyana said and Harry cast her one of those looks, which caused her to step back in intimidation "Sorry."

"It's understandable, you don't want to be sent a million years into the future, or a million years into the past, or some alternate universe where I'm an overly hyped children's literature character," Harry said, shuddering. He could only imagine how many problems that world would have.

"Yes, that would be bad," Illyana said, the problem was, precision was key with any kind of transporting spell and this one was no exception to that rule.

She could transport herself to limited points in Limbo but when she went beyond her circle, that was where she hit a wall. And it was at the force of a speeding bullet. She was lined up against there and suddenly, smack.

"It looks so easy when described in the books," Illyana said and Harry gave her the briefest shadow of a sympathetic smile.

"It always does, doesn't it?" he asked with a smile, and she crossed her legs, doing the deep breathing exercises that she was taught.

There were still a couple of pockets of Belasco's followers, or rather more demons thinking that Illyana and Harry would be easy targets. Something that they taught them a lesson about attempting rather quickly.

That being said, there were still problems. There always would be people who would try and take control of everything, despite the fact that their fellows had been destroyed.

"Are you calm now?" Harry asked and he roughly squeezed Illyana's hand, bringing his concubine out of her trance.

"Yes, I'm calm," she whispered, with a smile. "I'm going to have to tackle that one tomorrow because there's no way that I can tackle it right now. I'm not in the most sound mind to be honest with you."

"Fair enough," Harry agreed, with a smile but then he could feel something.

Something shifted in Limbo and the barriers dropped for the briefest of seconds. Before Harry could discover as to why that happened, the barriers were back up in a flash of light.

"What is it?" Illyana asked, she could feel the changes coming in as well and she was momentarily excited.

Harry pondered the situation for a few seconds and then he felt it with clarity. "We have a new guest that has found her way into Limbo."

"How do you know it's a her?" Illyana asked and Harry smiled.

"An Incubus can always tell these things," Harry told her, and he shook his head for a moment. "We need to call a full meeting and then we'll proceed from here."

Illyana nodded, even if that meant facing her. Although Ananym behaved herself for the most part after Harry's Corrective Therapy of a month back.

"Inform Clea, I'll find the others," Harry told her and Illyana sauntered off to do her master's bidding.
"So, you mentioned a Phantom Zone backdoor," Harry said, to Faora and Kara, as the two of them met him in the library. They were going to meet with the rest of the group.

"Yes," Kara confirmed to him. They figured that this was going to be brought up since this was mentioned. "My family, they put it in, just in case. It leads directly to Earth."

"I'm sensing that there might be some complications with this portal," Harry said, he could read the look on Kara's face like a book.

She looked sheepish and slowly nodded. She figured that it would be better to tell him the full truth and remove any false hope.

"Well if you mean by complications, you mean the portal is in the center of the Phantom Zone, then yes there would be complications."

Harry smiled, he figured as much. The other thing that he figured out was that by sealing the portals, he also managed to seal off their only route of escape. It was kind of a damned if you do, damned if you don't type of thing.

"And you can't even escape Limbo to Earth, so I think that one would think that you couldn't even escape Limbo into the Phantom Zone," Faora said, looking thoughtful. And it was a sad state of affairs when someone wanted to willingly escape into the Phantom Zone given its nature. "And we'd know if there were any more tears in the dimensional fabric because they would be going after Kara and I."

"Yes, that would be the case," Harry agreed, he combed through the library books. Belasco had left a grand library behind and Harry had been combing the books. If anyone knew of a backdoor out of this place, it would have to be the man who once ruled it for so long.

Then again, as the sands of time ticked down, Harry felt grander desperation fill his being. He pushed himself forward, scanning the books but so far, there was nothing.

At least not until the moment where he found a book, a thick black book he could barely hold up. It had to do with rituals of various types.

"Well this is an interesting," Harry mused, looking through the book and the girls walked over to see what he found to be interesting.

"Okay, fine, I'll be the one to ask," Faora said and Kara gave her a charming grin.

"Well, go ahead, don't let me stop you," Kara said and Faora shook her head.

"As if you could stop me," Faora said and Harry cleared his throat. Respectfully, the Kryptonian's eyes snapped forward and faced Harry. She didn't want to end up like Ananym would be, well at least not mostly. The gang bang aspect seemed like it could be fun, but the withheld orgasms was torture. "But, what do you find so interesting?"

"I'm glad you asked," Harry commented, holding his hand up. "We don't really have to put up with the Phantom Zone, but we should consider that as an option if all else fails."

Granted that was a really long option and an even longer shot, given the fact that they couldn't even escape to the other side of Limbo right. Given Illyana's issues with the stepping discs caused them grief, he doubted that any other spell would work that well either.
"I found something."

Kara grinned; she looked excited about this prospect, even though Faora was keeping a more even tone to voice. "Great."

"Well, I wouldn't be breaking out the streamers and partying just yet," Harry told them and they questioned why. "Well, I need two virgins to deflower for the ritual to work out well."

"Oh, you…"

"Yeah, you can see what the problem is there," Harry said and both girls smiled and nodded.

Kara, being Kara, could not let this comment go by without a hitch. "You kind of burned through all of the virgins that you have for your disposal."

Harry shook his head, if he knew what he did now, then, he wouldn't have been through there.

"Well, I guess we're going to have to find some more and if my theory is correct, an opportunity might have presented itself," Harry commented, hoping that his calculations were correct. He didn't doubt that they were, but that being said, he was pretty sure things were going to get interesting pretty soon.

Ananym joined the group in the library to report to Harry.

"Master, she's on the move," Ananym said to him, kneeling in front of him, in greeting.

"To your feet, pet," Harry offered her and she smiled, after her corrective therapy, she was much more appeasing for the most part. "Yes, I figured that she wouldn't stand in any place for long. Given the fact that she's terrified from her mind and prone to flight, and terror"

"Someone might try and take her," Ananym said, and Harry looked at her. "An untainted girl in this dimension, she would be a rare commodity."

"Yes, she would be," Harry agreed, but he knew that he would get to her first.

The citizens in Limbo were slowly learning the perils of crossing Harry Potter or his chosen females. Any female in this dimension would be Harry's and they would be taking a great risk by trying to stake their claim.

"Come, we'll meet with Clea and Illyana."

Harry had to discuss the ritual anyway with the group, but he figured that it should be sound. The only problem was the distinct lack of virgins in Limbo.

A problem that may be satisfied soon if he was able to move quickly, but he had to move.

'Stay calm, for the love of all things that are holy, stay calm, they are going to smell your fear, if you don't say calm,' she thought to herself, she could feel her stomach knot up something fierce. The dark haired female thought that she was going to lose all sense of herself and in this place, it was extremely easy to do so.

Zatanna Zatara wasn't someone who ran terrified like a scared child. She could take care of herself, quite nicely in fact.
That being said, there was a different between taking care of one's self and actually managing to keep their head up in what one might consider the ultimate hell dimension.

'Yeah, this kind of sucks,' Zatanna thought to herself and she smiled. Understatement of the century, really, but what was she going to do. The dark haired female smiled, taking half of a step forward.

It felt like she was out in the wild west and with no place to go, that could be a problem.

'If my father finds out what I did….oh who am I kidding, he will,' Zatanna thought to herself.

A fifteen year old girl's mind traveled to some really strange places when they were freaking out and she was freaking out. She had long since passed freaking out, she was utterly and completely losing her mind.

Somehow she managed to calm herself down, slowly, but surely she did at least.

'Yes, this kind of sucks,' she thought to herself, taking a long deep breath once again. She didn't want to….well she didn't want to lose her head in here because that would be a bad thing to be honest. 'Although I might have thought about that before….keep it together, Zee, keep it together.'

There was something that blew over her shoulder, was it the wind? Something worse than the wind, she didn't know.

Zatanna looked at the rocks around her, it was tempting to sit down but she figured that if she sat down, that could be the end of her.

The dark haired girl shook her head; there was really no sense in getting all jumpy. Even though her stomach turned and twisted in several knots, she couldn't really lose all sense of herself.

'Okay, Zee, get it together,' she replied, biting down on her lip, so much that it left an identation in it.

There was the crowing of birds in the tree. Those weren't birds that invited anything like fun memories either.

She did what her father always advised her when she lost something and that was to slowly retrace her steps.

'There has to be a counter spell to reverse what happened, and return me,' Zatanna thought to herself.

'Okay, I drew the rune stone, and did I do it a bit crooked?' Zatanna asked, shaking her head. That would be just her luck. "It was only supposed to transport me across the city, not through dimensions."

She stopped and started to mutter.

"I should be able to teleport out of here…..and I'm in Limbo," Zatanna said, she should have recognized it.

It was one of the two places her Father ever forbade her to go. Limbo and Las Vegas, two of the most dangerous places in the universe, at least they were dangerous according to Giovanni Zatara.

"PAM WOHS!" Zatanna yelled, hoping that she could find out a layout. Granted, it was one of the more elementary charms that a young sorceress could perform.

The mist showed the map in front of her and there were a lot of areas that were blacked out.
The map fizzled in the air and she closed her fists, in frustration. Once again, she found herself stuck out of the middle of nowhere and didn't like it at all.

"So much for that," she whispered in a despondent voice and once again, she could hear something creeping behind her. The hairs stood out on the back of her neck and she sighed.

She ran in the other direction, and nearly tripped over her feet.

The red skies glowed over her and added to the ominous feel around her.

She was not freaking out, she was so not freaking out. She was really not freaking out.

Okay, maybe she was freaking out a little bit, but she was a fifteen year old girl who had been sent to a hellish dimension that she had been forbade to go to by her father.

'Counter ritual, counter ritual, come on Zee, think, oh screw it, I'll just teleport out here, what's the worst that can happen?'

She tried to teleport out of there in a flash but she smacked into an invisible wall and landed on her ass on the ground.

Gingerly, she pulled herself up.

'Okay, that might be the worst that can happen,' she conceded, and she tried not to freak out.

Suddenly, a field of magic enveloped her and Zatanna gave a futile scream before she vanished.

Her destination would prove to be interesting. Although interesting sometimes wasn't good, but all she wanted to wait to see.

"We should keep the Phantom Zone back gate open as an option, if we could access it," Clea said, closing her eyes. The group was there in full force, with Faora, Kara, Illyana, and Ananym surrounding Harry in a circle and holding court with him.

"It should be a last ditch effort, and I'm not even sure if we could reach it," Kara said, and Harry was hunched over the book that he found in the library.

"If we can we will, if we can't, there will be other ways."

"That's true but once we find out what is blocking us….actually how they're blocking us, it might be easy sailing from here," Clea replied with a smile on her face. She could feel a throbbing sensation in the back of her head but she shook it off after a few seconds. She was trying to get a lock on someone, anyone.

She had a feeling that something was coming to be honest but she wasn't sure what it was.

"And now we got our mystery guest here," Harry bluntly stated.

"Well judging by the likelihood that she got here by a complete accident, she must be utterly terrified out of her mind," Ananym said, shaking her head and tutting slightly. "The poor child."

"Well, if you got sent to a strange place….she's from Earth, that much I've been able to figure out," Harry commented and he smiled, feeling the Aura from afar.
"And she may be untainted," Faora reminded him.

"She is untainted," Harry corrected her. He confirmed that much by his senses which heightened.

The problem as he saw it was making sure that she stayed that way. And that only half solved the problem that presented itself about escape. The green eyed wizard kept his eyes locked on the script underneath his face; there were other parts to that ritual other than the two virgins aspect that he needed to take care of.

The virgins had to be natural virgins and not magically created in the slightest. There were numerous rituals to restore a female to a state of virginity, which oddly enough required the sacrifice of natural virgins. So that pretty much looped Harry back to the root of the problem and the need to find a solution.

It said that wouldn't work, not that he could do that.

"A quality that I'm sure you're going to be intending to keep, although virgins do not stay as such long around you, my lord," Kara replied to him, a grin barely being kept off of her face.

"No, they don't," Harry agreed, a bit absent minded but he kept his mind on his work. It was something that was hard to do in the presence of several scantily clad women.

After exercising a few options, Harry's attention diverted right towards Clea.

"Any luck."

The Sorceress Supreme remained silent for several seconds but she knew the folly in not answering her master in a prompt manner.

"I'm getting closer, the locating spell is gaining strength," she told him.

"But let me guess, they're moving around so much that you can't get a direct fix on them," Harry said and Clea smiled.

"Yes, correct," she agreed with him. She was getting a general area but the general area she received was completely and utterly out of her reach.

"Just keep working on it," Harry told her.

"Do you ever have the feeling that we're just going around in circles, waiting for something to happen?" Illyana asked and Harry smiled.

"Maybe," Harry admitted to her, but he wasn't completely sure.

That being said, he had something in his cross hairs. Closing his eyes, Harry was about onto her.

"Closer," he whispered.

"Just take her then," Ananym said in excitement and Kara looked at her with a smile.

"Someone is impatient," she said in a sing-song voice and Ananym placed her hands on her hips in response.

"No, I just wish to resolve this issue," she said, she hated being out of control. The only person that should be able to control her was her lord and master.
Harry could feel the girl; she was freaking out something fierce. It was almost with amusement that he was going to do what he did next.

He had a feeling that she would be freaking out even more once she found out where she was.

That being said, it was time to bring her into a more secure area. Where she was not at the mercy of the horrifying elements of Limbo, and the green eyed wizard closed his eyes.

He locked onto her and prepared to do some forced teleporting.

The scream that filled his ears almost amused him. Little did she know that she would be much safer in there, because he and his girls would take really good care of her.

The dark haired sorceress flew into the picture, ass over tea kettle.

She landed on Harry's lap, with a surprised yelp and scream in response.

It happened so fast that Zatanna Zatara's head was really spinning. The fifteen year old sorceress shook her head and she felt something familiar.

She recognized the aura, her father taught her about it. Such creatures preyed upon innocent girls and people in general, so her father taught her the distinction. And warned her never to accidentally summon one, because that would be extremely bad.

'And of course, I would happen to land in the lap of an Incubus,' Zatanna thought, shaking her head. Her heart skipped a beat, and she could see a bevy of beautiful females. She also could have sworn that she saw some Succubus slaves roaming around but they were out of focus.

"Don't worry, you'll be fine," Illyana said, in what she thought was a reassuring voice.

"Fine, that's an interesting way to say that," Zatanna said and she looked around. "Where am I?"

That was an honest fair question and Harry thought that such a question declared a fair answer. He took a second to amuse himself as the girl was trying not to freak out by essentially falling in the lab of an Incubus king.

She noticed that she didn't shift from her position at all. That caused Harry a bit of amusement, and he decided to bring her up to speed with what happened.

"You're in Limbo, Miss Zatara," he informed her and she shifted nervously in his lap. Oddly, she took no initiative to detach herself from lap.

"Yes, I figured that out," the girl commented as she shook her head but another thought came to her mind. It really took a bit for her brain to reboot itself because she had found herself in the position that she did. "Wait….how…"

"Believe me, the master knows much," Ananym said, licking her lips and Illyana gave her a nudge. It was very rough, about as much as she could get away with.

"You're scaring her," Illyana said, and Ananym looked at her, with a raised eyebrow.

"Well, and you're not, looking at her like she's a juicy steak," Ananym said and Clea cleared her throat.
She was the most normal out of all of this group, barely, by a narrow margin. And not by that much. Kara was likely the most well-adjusted, but she had her issues. The again, who didn't have their issues.

"I'm not looking at her.....you know what, forget it," she replied, shaking her head, pursing her lips in frustration.

"Forget what?" she asked, with a wide smile on her face.

"Never mind," Ananym said and the two girls locked eyes, with a murderous glare towards each other.

"You know, that's just doing more to freak her out, then anything," Faora said and Harry cleared his throat to get their attention.

Faora, Kara, Illyana, Ananym, and Clea all look at him. They knew when he was like this; the time for banter is over. It was time to get down to business.

"You want to know how I know."

Zatanna nodded in response, trying to remain cool. Being cool was a good thing. Granted, that didn't make it any less borderline difficult when she was dealing with an extremely powerful Incubus.

'Okay, breath it, breath out,' Zatanna thought to herself.

Harry could see her trying to hold herself together, and it was almost adorable. Her power called out to him to take her and in the worst way.

'Must not, not yet,' Harry said, doing the mental version of slapping his hand away. He needed her to remain pure and sneaking into the cookie jar before it was time meant that there would be a lot of trouble.

"Yes…please," Zatanna said, she felt like she needed to know, she wanted to know. Knowledge was something that she had to have about this.

"Okay fair enough, you're in the Imperial palace….."

"Belasco!" Zatanna yelped, nearly jumping into the air but Harry held a firm grip on her. Which was weird because he wasn't even touching her.

Illyana smiled a wry smile at that name. "Actually, child, your knowledge of this place, whilst useful, is out of date."

"Belasco checked out a long time ago, I think we might still have his head hanging in here somewhere, as a trophy for our master's great triumph," Kara said and Illyana cleared her throat. "And with generous help from Illyana."

"Don't worry, Belasco is no longer a concern, Limbo is under new leadership, and trust me, a lot of the problems are being dealt with," Faora commented, as she looked over Zatanna. She had quite the body on her, even for someone that young.

"It's a good thing that we brought you here, a very good thing," Harry told her.

Zatanna smiled to be honest; she felt a slight more secure in here than she did out there. Then again, it could have been that Harry's charming aura got to her.
"I've….do you think you can help me find a way out?"

"Of course," Harry said and that caught her off guard.

"Oookay," she said, wondering what the catch was, there was always a catch. Especially with a powerful Incubus King, the catch would be extremely obvious.

"There's just one problem."

Of course there was, like she said, there was always a catch.

"We are looking for a way ourselves."

Zatanna smiled, of course that would be the catch. The breath left her body.

"Perhaps if we can retrace your steps, we might be able to find the weakness in the barriers that allowed you through."

To Be Continued on September 10 th 2014.
Zatanna's mind went a million miles a minute. She didn't really know what to do; not that she would have much of a hope of doing anything against these people. She went in circles trying to figure out what she could do. If she attacked these people, that might end badly.

That being said, any sudden movement on her part would mean that it could be interpreted as an attack. So she sat frozen and unable to move.

She was still very aware of the fact that she more or less landed in the lap of an extremely powerful incubus king and she could feel the power swarm around him. The allure of the others around her, well that didn't not really help too much.

Time seemed to stand still and the blonde, well one of the blondes, spoke in a Russian accent. "Well are you actually going to move or not?"

"You know, you could give her a little bit of room to breathe and time to figure this one," one of the other blondes said. There was something about her demeanor that looked extremely familiar. A pair of bright blue eyes fixed on her."So…..Miss Zatara are you…"

"Well, what do you expect me to say, I mean…..I'm kind of at a loss for words," Zatanna said breathlessly.

That was the most honest statement that she could manage giving the situation. Normally she said that she was terrified to death in this situation. Given the circumstances she would be a fool to show it.

"Well, words tend to leave someone when they're in a strange situation, yes," the incubus king said and he nudged her off of his lap.

She would be lying if she was disappointed in leaving. Zatanna firmly landed on her feet. She boldly turned around to face him.

"All of us, most of us, have gone here do to means out of our control, as you have, am I correct?" he asked her and Zatanna nodded.

"Yes, a ritual…." Zatanna stated and she wondered precisely how much that she could say or even how much she understood. She groaned. "My father is going to kill me."

"So, you're young aren't you…"

"Well my father did warn me about those rituals, and not doing them before I was twenty, but I'm sure that he'd kill me if I tried one that I was not ready for, before I was thirty or something."

Harry smiled despite himself, this was a typical teenage girl overreacting. He could tell because she was rambling. Her emotions were at a high right now and she was looking anywhere but him.

Zatanna recognized the pull that this Incubus King had over her. This was the pull he would have
ever any female that tried to gaze upon him. His eyes were glowing pools that caused her heart to skip a beat or two. That being said, the woman could feel the power going from him and it was intoxicating, ensnaring her mind a little bit.

'Don't look at his eyes, don't look at his eyes,' she reminded herself. Incubus demons could use their eyes to hypnotize unsuspecting victims.

"Please look at me Zatanna."

"Our master is talking to you, you should grant him the respect he deserves by looking at him," the Russian Blonde said and the dark haired female turned towards him.

"Illyana, give her some room to breathe, it's obvious that she had a long and traumatic journey, and it's a good thing that I found her when I did," he said and Zatanna made the mistake of looking towards his eyes.

Just for a second, so it really didn't count, right?

"Kara, Faora, could you show Zatanna to one of the spare rooms, a nice one, if you please?" Harry asked the girls and Zatanna blinked. "We need to keep you safe until we figure out how you got here and how it could help us."

Zatanna felt like her knees were like concrete. Robotically she nodded even though her mind swarm with numerous thoughts. There was a lot for a fifteen year old girl to take in.

"This way, please," Kara said gently. She knew that Faora might not have the proper amount of tact. Harry seemed to be pairing them together more, as some test to see if they would get along.

It might have been an excuse to punish them, but Kara was seriously contemplating getting into it with Faora, so she could get punished. That being said, now was not the time or the place. She didn't really know what he did to Clea for her disobeying his orders. Even if he did anything. For all she knew, he could have left that threat hanging.

Harry eyed Illyana and the woman followed him wordlessly. They had a meeting with each other and some important matters to discuss.

Ananym wondered what this was all about, and she followed the master and his pet. She knew that people were getting in here with an alarming regularity, so there might be a chance to reverse what they did and get back.

"Yes, there is a chance, but I'm not sure whether it's something that's advisable," Harry admitted to both of them.

"But regardless, you know that the sorceress is what we need," Ananym pressed on and Harry smiled at her.

"Yes, we both know that, she's pure and now that she's under my protection, she's going to stay that way," Harry said and this was a nonverbal warning to Illyana and Ananym to keep their hands out of the nookie jar.

"So, we've got one of the two, and she literally fell into your lap," Illyana said and she took a folded piece of paper out. "So, this ritual, I've been going over it…"
"I'm sure that you have done so and yes I realize that it's extremely complicate, but we can start on most of the advanced rune work now, to get the circle ready," Harry said and Ananym smiled.

"Although if Zatanna's ritual might have created another back door, then there might be no need for this particular ritual, my lord."

"I'm not discounting that possibility," Harry agreed, his eyes focused on the daughter of Belasco. "But we should prepare to do this....."

Harry left his statement hanging, the fact that he needed two virgins, that was something that was a painful reminder that the rarest ingredient was going to be one that was rather illusive.

"The Rune Stones are not a problem for us, are they?"

"No, nothing that can't be created over a couple of days, and they will need demonic blood to activate, something that we have in abundance," Harry said with a smile. "That's the one part of the ritual that I don't think that we'll have that big of a problem with."

Harry briefly looked over the rune stones, no not a problem. They might be way beyond NEWT standard, but that world had depressingly low standards. Harry spent time studying the various magical arts from the libraries that Belasco hoarded. It was easy also to learn various techniques and sciences that were not magic as well.

Harry learned much from that fool that inhabited his body, and Riddle seemed to turn his nose up on methods that he chose not to understand. That was his loss and Harry's gain, all together. It made him the superior sorcerer and man.

"Once we figure out who is blocking us, we can move more freely," Ananym said with a sigh.

She really had no intention of completely leaving Limbo but the fact that she was not able to do so, really struck a nerve with her.

Not that she ever was able to thanks to her father. He made sure that she was not able to cross the barrier but since he wasn't around, that restriction would in theory be lifted. It wasn't because of the direct interference of someone else.

"I thought we figured out how was blocking us, it was a matter of how and where they were..."

'Oh you mean Door Mouse Guy,' Kara popped in through the bond link.

'Yes, and he'd be pissed if you bastardized his name like that,' Clea said, she was busy divining the source. She wondered if her mother was aware that she was trapped. There were one of two possibilities that Clea thought and neither was she going to discount.

Either she knew and was just leaving Clea to her own devices as some kind of deranged test to see what she was capable of, really capable of. She would not win mother of the year for that one. Not that she would win mother of the year for anything else.

Or she was having her own problems, which was not surprising.

Harry meanwhile was preparing to get supplies together for the ritual. It would be soon as he got his second virgin that he would be able to activate the ritual. The power of their purity being taken by a powerful Incubus King would be enough to shatter the barriers and allow their movement to be unrestricted once again.
Kara sat on the rock, overlooking the red skies above her. Harry placed a charm on her necklace that would allow yellow sunlight to filter in. She allowed herself to be alone with her thoughts for a brief moment.

It was one of the only souvenirs that she kept from her travels from Krypton and it was a family heirloom that her aunt gave to her years ago. It was many more years than she thought from her point of view. That was the odd nature of being in stasis, time behaved in an erratic fashion.

"So….may I sit with you….."

Zatanna approached Kara at her shoulder, nervously. It was obvious that she was a fish out of water for lack of a better term.

"Knock yourself out," Kara said, scooting over a little bit so she could give Zatanna the proper amount of room.

"Thanks," Zatanna replied, sitting on the rock. "So…..your master…"

"Yes, he's something." Kara said with a smile, because she knew what was going to happen to Zatanna before too long and it was going to be glorious. It got Kara excited even thinking about it. That being said, Kara was fairly curious about one point. "Have you figured out exactly what went wrong?"

"Well no, I traced my steps in my mind, but it appears that I might have miscalculated the angle of entry….."

"Thus instead of teleporting you somewhere on Earth, you teleported somewhere into Limbo," Kara commented and Zatanna had a sheepish smile. The blonde Kryptonian patted her on the shoulder. "Don't worry, people have made far stupid mistakes than that, good thing that Harry found you."

Zatanna smiled that was a good thing. While she wasn't completely at ease with her accommodations, she was coping with them. Not because she didn't have any choice, but because she honestly got used to it.

'Better in here than out there in the unknown,' Zatanna thought. Out there she felt like she was going to be the next course on some demon's dinner.

"There's a role for all of us in here as well, and Harry went through a lot of trials," Kara told Zatanna and the dark haired woman raised her eyebrow. "Trust me, they were things that would shake most people to the bone."

Zatanna could only imagine what it was, especially with the insane theory that was starting to form in the back of her head. She tried to shake it off but it proved to be exceedingly difficult to do so. It was still there in her mind and it was not leaving.

Her eyes recognized a symbol that was hanging on the necklace on Kara's neck and not just because the symbol rested firmly between her breasts. Not that Zatanna was staring at them, no sir, not even a little.

Okay, maybe just a little bit.

"You know my eyes are up here."
Zatanna looked Kara in the eyes, but she had a smile on her face.

"It's just, the symbol…"

"Yes, it's a family crest from my father's side of my family, although my aunt gave the necklace to me, after my grandmother gave it to her when she married my uncle," Kara said with a smile.

It appeared that the conversation might be going in an interesting direction. They would never know when Faora blasted out of the closet at the speed of a speeding bullet.

"The Master wishes to speak with us…with all of us," Faora said and Kara looked at her, raising her eyebrow.

"Now?"

"I don't question, I just deliver messages," Faora said and Kara nodded. The dark haired Kryptonian shifted her gaze to Zatanna. "That means you as well, newbie."

Zatanna's mouth hung open, at being addressed in such a way but never the less, she closed it tight and followed Kara and Faora. She wondered when it was that she turned into such an obedient dog.

Clea was waiting for them as they approached. The Sorceress Supreme looked to be very haggard with what she was up to. Zatanna looked towards her and looked at Kara and Faora, both of who were staring daggers at each other.

Zatanna looked her way over to Clea who smiled and looked oh so casual. "So, are they always like this?"

"Actually, they've mellowed out a little bit recently," Clea commented lightly as if she was discussing the weather and Zatanna's mouth curled into a fraction of a smile.

If this was mellowed out, she hated to see what they were like at the height of their hatred. Never the less, the woman followed the others, with Ananym joining them, along with Illyana.

They were all going to see the wizard, and by wizard, they meant the Incubus King.

While this was going on, Harry Potter was in a deep trance, over the past couple of months, he felt his energies heighten. He was aware that there were other things around him and he wanted to reach out and touch them.

He could see a large flaming bird, the mythological creature known as the Phoenix. It was not the size of a bird, rather it was human sized almost and bathed in fire. Harry followed its progress. The further it moved away, the more power it enraptured him with.

The bird reached its destination and Harry stopped for a second at a female that was standing at the edge of the clearing.

Her gorgeous red hair blew in the breeze and her green eyes glowed with power. At first Harry assumed his mother but upon closer inspection, he was thinking that it wasn't.

Then Harry could see a face within the Phoenix bird before it merged with the other redhead and the power that he could feel coming through it was completely arousing.
There was a flaming head that cut in front of him and Harry stared him down, but then before he could investigate this matter further, Harry was knocked out of the vision.

The green eyed wizard was extremely annoyed that he had been cut out of what was a very incredible vision. Especially since there was a possibility that he could have found his way out of there through that vision.

And it was something that he wasn't going to be able to pick up that easily. He managed to keep his cool and keep from every window in the palace shattering. Granted, he could replace it in a snap of a finger but still poor form for someone of his grand stature.

There was an insidious round of laughter that was going through his ears, and that was never really good.

Harry tried for a brief moment to recall what was happening but then he got a message.

'Master, are you there?' Illyana asked.

'Yes, I'm here....send her in first, I'll speak with the rest of you,' Harry thought and there was no need for elaboration about who she was.

Zatanna walked into the den of the demon, wondering what was going to happen to her. This was the first time where she was alone in Harry's presence, but she did seem to sense.

"Um, Harry...."

"Yes, come closer, please," Harry said, looking at Zatanna. Her powers were very appealing to him but he must not, not yet. Control was something that the Incubus had to learn, even if they were impulsive and sexually driven by nature.

Zatanna came closer and she resolved not to look into his eyes.

"Don't worry, if I wanted you to look in my eyes, you would, and you'd be under my spell, so there's nothing to worry about. Even if your struggle to fight the inevitable is amusing."

Zatanna relaxed, kind of. The woman focused her eyes on Harry and she sensed no signs of deception.

It was time for her to address the elephant in the room, and she'd rather that she would do it, because if Harry pressed the issue.....well things could get very insane.

"So, you saved me?"

"This I'm aware of, yes," Harry said, waiting for her to say it.

"So, if an Incubus saves a female, then that means she's in his debt and his service, right?" Zatanna asked, wondering if the myths were true.

The scary thing was that she didn't really know if she was hoping that they were true or preying that they weren't true.

"Open your mind, and show me exactly how you got here," Harry said and Zatanna relaxed for a moment.

Perhaps allowing an Incubus into her mind where he could flip around certain switches might not be a good idea. Reluctantly, Zatanna admitted that there was no need for Harry to do such a thing. His
bewitching green eyes did plenty to her, quickening her heart beat.

"The magic from this particular ritual would have long since faded, it's nature is that it cannot be tracked, a bit advanced magic for you, Miss Zatara," Harry said to her and he pulled out of her mind, leaving shivers blow down her spine. "Lucky you didn't end somewhere worse, and believe me, there are many worse places than Limbo."

Zatanna found this hard to believe but at the same time, she'd take his word for it. Her father may have told her about this when he lectured her on the consequences of what she did.

"So, I'll do anything to help you, if you need any help finding a way out of here."

Harry smiled and summoned the book, making sure that it was flipped open to the proper page. It was put in Zatanna's hands, and they trembled when she touched the book.

"That….that's…"

Zatanna read the ritual. A slight smile went across her face.

"So, I'm guessing they're in short supply in Limbo."

"And I know that you're untainted."

Zatanna nodded, growing a bit red in the face but she managed to stave off the worst effects from the blush.

"Think about it, I'll return back to you."

Zatanna didn't think that she had much of a choice but she was pretty sure that she just agreed to this automatically because she would do anything to help him.

'You really stuck your foot in your mouth with this one, Zee, didn't you?' Zatanna thought to herself and Harry was gone from this room.

Even after he long since left, she could feel his presence in her mind still.

"It gives us another clue to what we already know, with his presence, and he doesn't want you to discover that particular power, because it could be the key for our escape," Clea said without taking a breath.

"Well we all know that unrestricted movement from Limbo was going to be a tricky one," Harry said, placing his hand underneath his chin and thinking. "And I'm more curious about the girl."

"It wasn't your mother then….."

"No, she might have red hair and green eyes, but it's not my mother, but that being said, there was once or twice where I could have sworn that I felt her presence, the lingering fragments of her soul exist somewhere, some place, I don't know where though," Harry rambled on. He shook his head.

When one had a million thoughts a minute, they often intersected with each other in an attempt to spit them all out.

He had pretty much figured out what ritual his mother did and she was at the height of desperation. It
was a love stronger than anything else though, because to sacrifice your own soul to an eternal torment while allowing your son to live, that would take something strong.

"I'm getting closer to the source, but I think that it keeps moving…"

"He's not in the Dark Dimension?"

"No, but accessing it from Limbo would be tricky, as having some of the more unsavory elements of those two sides meet up would not be the most sound of ideas," Clea said and Harry smiled.

Really there was no more than needed to be said about that.

Harry had been trying to retract his mystery female but he had a feeling that she was so close, yet so far.

"We could be one step closer to actually escaping…"

"If that happens, I expect some shit to go down," Harry replied calmly and once again he walked over to the bench.

Clea obediently walked over behind him, her hands placed on his shoulders on either side. Like an obedient pet, she massaged his shoulders with a wide grin on her face.

Harry did not correct those movements, mostly because he found them to be really relaxing, and it allowed him to focus his mind.

"One done, one to go," Harry whispered, feeling Clea's hands work him over.

Clea wondered if Harry had forgotten. Such thoughts did not go unanswered.

"Don't worry, I haven't forgotten….or perhaps I'm punishing you, and you haven't quite relized what I'm doing yet."

That was not something that messed with Clea's mind, not at all. Then again, it had been many weeks since her master had graced her with his blessing…..that was an insidious punishment if there ever was one. She had been too preoccupied to notice but now that the seed of thought was put into her head. She knew what was happening, big time.

"So, is there any progress in finding the other one?" Clea asked Harry and Harry smiled.

"I'm tasking Illyana and Ananym in tracking the other one down," Harry said and Clea smiled.

"Do you get a perverse amount of pleasure in making those two get along, master?"

"Kara's keeping an eye on them, I trust her the most out of all of them to keep a level head," Harry told the woman and Clea's eyebrow raised. Of course, that might have been damning Kara with faint praise. "I actually think that she and Faora got the message much sooner, and are willing to peacefully coexist…..for the most part."

Then again, Harry suspected that he should keep a close watch on them, which he was far afar. They knew that if he ever had to step in, his displeasure would be something that they would all suffer.

Harry once again delved into the outer reaches of his mind in an attempt to retrieve information. He needed to find out the identity of the woman who haunted his last couple of visions and soon.

The hunt was on, he was sure when his movement was unrestricted, he would of more clarity but
right now, he had limited movement.

'Do not worry, master, I won't fail you,' Ananym said and Illyana barged in, fairly crossly.

'We won't fail you,' Illyana said, shaking her head, she didn't get it.

'My mistake,' Ananym said, and she gave a mocking bow to the queen. The woman stopped it when she met Harry's burning gaze.

Harry sighed. Sometimes the banter was amusing. It's amusement ceased when it interfered with what work needed to be done.

'Kara, you have my permission to use any means you deem necessary to make sure they stay in line,' Harry thought to her.

'You are too kind, master,' Kara thought gleefully.

She grew wet, almost hoping that those two could get out of line so she could have an excuse to punish them. The blonde's tongue trailed over her lips but that was far from the only set of lips that got wet.

'You're just enjoying this a bit too much, aren't you?'

'Oh yes,' Kara said, amusement dripping through voice at Ananym's voice and that was not the only thing that was dripping from her.

Zatanna waited for Harry to return, he left her hanging for what seemed like an eternity.

Harry flashed in front of her right now, causing her heart to speed up.

"So, did you miss me?"

Zatanna was struck with something, she should have realized it right away, but she had been too hung up by being here in Limbo. It snapped her back into reality when all of the pieces came together. "You're Harry Potter!"

"Yes, yes, I am," Harry said in a nonchalant voice, as if this was the most obvious thing in the world.

"You've been missing for eight years," Zatanna said, and Harry looked at her strangely.

Judging by his math, close to eight minutes should have passed in the real world, as opposed the Limbo Dimension.

"So, in addition to inter-dimensional travel, you managed to pull off some kind of twisted form of time travel," Harry said and Zatanna opened her mouth halfway, it struck her. "Because I should have only been gone for eight minutes and not eight years."

Zatanna really was gobsmacked with that one. She sheepishly came to this next conclusion. "I guess I did a bigger miscalculation than I thought that I did."

"Pretty much," Harry agreed, amused by her annoyance.

Boy was Zatanna Zatara ever annoyed. How does one mess up so badly that instead of teleporting
across the country, they teleport eight years in time and into another Dimension?

"They tried everything to get you back, they put the Philosopher's Stone in the school, but...you didn't show up and neither did Voldemort."

"That's because I killed that sad excuse for a dark wizard a long time before that," Harry said and Zatanna nodded slowly.

"Makes sense, but Dumbledore was confused about that, and then there was the trick that was pulled with the Goblet of Fire, but you didn't show up then either.....they really thought you did, because it's a magically binding contract..."

"I can't be bound for anything that I didn't sign," Harry said, in disgust. He wondered where these idiot wand wavers kept between their ears. They could rent out the space and make some gold on real estate because certainly their brains weren't there.

"Well....that is kind of stupid," Zatanna agreed.

"Yes, kind of," Harry dead panned, looking at her. "You didn't go there....."

"My father had sense; he would never send me to Hogwarts."

"Good for you then, you have a future," Harry said brazenly.

With each thing he learned about the Wand Wavers, the more that he knew that the world benefit if they just vanished off of the face of the Earth.

"Um, thank you," Zatanna said, she didn't know if she wanted to know what was going through his mind.

"Don't thank me yet, you still have a choice to make," Harry told her.

"I assumed that..."

"Assumptions are the tools of fools," Harry warned her. "And we both know that if you even had a choice, you would willingly help me. For it's in your nature to help those who are at a disadvantage and by being trapped here, unable to move out of Limbo, myself, along with my pets are at a disadvantage."

Zatanna blinked, that made a lot of sense, a lot of too much sense come to think about it. Harry looked at her and she wondered if he was going to take her once again.

"You still need one more, Harry." Zatanna reminded him, her bravery was such that she was willing to stare an Incubus King in the eyes and stand up to him.

"Yes, I'm aware, but I think that it will be worth the wait, the price for your debt being your innocence is a fair enough trade, wouldn't you say?"

"Yes," Zatanna said, she could feel him in her head and he was barely in her head, if that made any sense.

"But it doesn't stop you from getting a sneak peak of what's to come, wouldn't it?"

Zatanna was prohibited from taking another step forward by an invisible barrier and she stopped to see Illyana and Ananym being summoned to meet their master.
She was going to get a front row seat of Harry at work, and she was nearly overpowered by his aura and this was just as a third party observer.

Zatanna could not move any closer towards the scene that went around her and it was an erotic scene to say the very least. The dark haired sorceress felt Harry unleash a bit more of his power.

It became painfully obvious that the Incubus King held back earlier and she had a feeling that he was holding back just a little bit.

'Do not worry Zatanna, you’ll safe behind the barrier, I don’t want you to get hurt until it’s time, for you to help me, just consider this a sneak preview of things to come.'

Zatanna watched the scandalous show around her, with Ananym being pushed down to the ground, and she watched what Harry did to take her.

She imagined herself in the demon female's position and naturally the woman got hotter and heavy.

Perhaps the barrier was there to protect her in more ways than one. Her hands trembled, if it was not for the barrier, her instincts might have caused her to join in.

If she had not been able to hold back her inhibitions, she would have joined in. Her heart raced a few beats once again, she watched Harry.

She never seen one this up close and personal, okay maybe in a picture. But pictures didn't really do any justice to the real thing. The magic user struggled not touch herself. She didn't know if touching herself would corrupt the purity ritual that they needed to breach the barriers.

Harry really did test her will power and now she could see what Illyana was doing, forcing Ananym's face into her lap.

Did Ananym's tongue just extend? Zatanna tried to lean forward to get a closer look but the invisible barrier tickled through her face. She started to play a little bit more with her right breast through the edge of her shirt. She edged her hand down a little bit but she stopped.

She watched what was happening but she could not play with herself, the hand was being blocked.

'Oh come on,' Zatanna whispered. Her thighs stuck together and she panted heavily. The woman could feel the pleasure course through her body. And it was weird, but it was almost like she felt the pleasure of Ananym and Illyana as well.

She watched, with Ananym pinned down, and she could almost feel what she felt if she focused intently enough. Almost but not quite, at least close enough.

Then Harry divided himself, holding Illyana against the stone pillar, erotic fire surrounding their bodies. The woman's legs wrapped around him.

'How is that position possible?' Zee thought and once again, there was a barrier that blocked her fingers going between her thighs.

She was frustrated, she was going to be backed up for a long time, but in case she was mistaken, this was going to be Harry's master plan.

Illyana's screams of pleasure jolted her out of this and Zatanna followed the process of Harry's manhood through her.
'His dupes, they feel the same pleasure, and he has to direct all of the dupes with his own mind, which if he uses more than two at once, that would be a very strong mind,' Zatanna thought, running her hands all over her nubile body.

She could see more versions of Harry popping up and Ananym was on her hands and knees, jerking off several versions of the same powerful young man.

She was surrounded by more male penis than Zatanna ever thought that she'd see and she felt her body heat up. She was trying to hump the air to get some kind of relief, imagining herself on top of Harry, impaling herself on him.

Which was kind of what Illyana was doing and Harry's hand's pressed onto her breasts.

Illyana planted a seed in Zatanna's mind.

'Okay, how is that fair?' Zatanna thought, as she felt a POV account for a moment of what Illyana was doing to her.

'It's not, just a hint of things to come, when we find another virgin to get out of here,' Illyana thought.

Zatanna planned to do everything that she could. This pleasure was not real, it was like watching a dirty movie, with 3D glasses, and she had been engrossed in the plot.

Well one could argue that there was not that much plot to animalistic sex. Why split hairs over details though.

'Feel this, feel my power.'

'Yes, Harry Potter, I feel your power, I belong to you, I can't wait for you to fuck me,' Zatanna breathed, envisioning what she saw regarding Illyana happening to her.

Her clit, it felt like on fire, but she couldn't touch it, to trigger her release.

His cock would be touching her womb, about ready to fire it's potent cum into her.

Her head bopped up and down, watching Illyana ride him, but then Illyana was on the ground, the thing was reversed.

She was on her hands and knees and Zatanna could feel a tingling go through her ass.

'No, she.....oh god, that.....that's so dirty,' Zatanna whispered but her panties clung to her anyway.

Her body was shaking all over and she wanted to relieve this.

Finding that other fucking virgin; it couldn't come soon enough. She watched, her eyes glassed over, she was backed up so far, that she thought that she was going to pass out.

Ananym was on the ground, drool coming from her mouth, dripping from head to toe with cum, her body shaking, but Harry continued to violate her holes using his dupes, to make her his pet.

Zatanna tried to focus on all of the sensations, her heart was beating heavily against her chest and her nerves were about to explode in pleasure overload.

She wished it was her.

Why did they have to torture her so much?
Her magic could not even ding the barrier so she could break through. And she would likely be punished severely for any further attempts.

And it would be in a way that would leave her even more frustrated than ever before. The woman tried to rub her hips against each other, trying to gain the proper amount of friction.

'Naughty girl, trying to get yourself off without….the master's permission,' Illyana thought and Zatanna was forced to her knees, her hands and feet were bound.

Her nipples got harder and her face was level with Illyana's as it was pressed against the barrier. Zatanna could not move, the ropes were tightening around her and she felt the pleasure.

Harry was going to release their orgasms, well Illyana's and Ananym's at least, Zatanna was not sure about hers. Mostly because he was about ready to cum once again himself. Zatanna could see Illyana's face, with pleasure pressed against the barrier.

'Did she just flicker her tongue at me?' Zatanna thought, she closed her eyes and once again, she held on for the big bang that was about to come.

Zatanna experienced so much pleasure from the backlash that she passed out from the pleasure.

It was just a sign of things to come.

Harry smiled and he knew that before too long he would claim his prize, and Illyana and Ananym were wrecked and Zatanna passed out from the pleasure, even though he never touched her.

To Be Continued on September 17th, 2014.

We are that much closer to getting out of Limbo, a couple more chapters now.

I'll likely update the Character Sheet after next week. Just been busy with other things. Although it's not like I've just introduced some third string D-List magic user that no one has ever heard of, but happens to be a hot girl still.
Chaos Perception

Chapter Twelve: Chaos Perception.

Calm always existed before some kind of storm. Calm preceded any kind of chaos. There was always this eerie calm before the storm erupted and the chaos that followed.

A flash of light appeared around someone who dropped down into the dimension that she was in.

She was not back home anymore. That was the first statement that went through the head of the fourteen, nearly fifteen year old female. She looked around and saw some everything stir around her. Most certainly she was not hope. Her dark hair looked kind of ragged, with wearing a white t-shirt and blue jeans. She shook her head; she had been locked up for a long time because of her powers, from an early age. Her father couldn't control her so…..he sent her away.

Perhaps he had his reasons, but she was too angry to figure them out.

That being said, the girl now blinked in the shadows, looking like a dear in the headlights. After so many medications, she hoped that this was another bad reaction to one of them. She went bonkers many times because of them after all.

The galloping of a horse and she turned around. She was still weak. The so called humane treatment at the mental facility was only such when you're a human.

When you weren't human, then it was worse. It was much worse. The horrors that they committed upon you were beyond atrocities. She shook her head, her heat drumming heavily against her chest. It beat a steady war march and her ears were practically ringing.

Then there was a dangerous beast that charged for her. It thought that she was prey. It wasn't necessary incorrect.

Her name was Wanda Maximoff and her powers were extremely dangerous. They were also extremely unrefined. That caused her to be unable to fight her adversaries.

Much to her agitation, it flew over the head of the beast that was attacking her. Its glowing eyes stalked her and drank her in like some delicious meal.

That being said, there was a flash of light and something cracked the beast across the top of the head. It's skull split open and the beast dropped to the ground.

Wanda could hear the thump and she followed its progress, her mouth hanging open. There were two more that arrived with a thunderous clap.

Given how she was entombed in that room for some time, she really hoped that this was a really bad trip caused by a bad reaction to one of her medications.

Whoosh, whoosh, Wanda strained her eyesight in an attempt to see her knight in shining armor. At least that was the theory. He was extremely difficult to locate in this chaos. His body was a blur and she wondered if that was the intention, that he would not be able to be seen. That being said, the young mutant watched, her mouth hanging completely open, it was insane to see what was happening.

Then more of them came but more dropped to the ground. There was another figure looming. There
was a certain aura about her that caused shivers to blow down Wanda's spine. What was more interesting was she swung a sword.

Wanda could feel the power that radiated from all of them and that power was extremely chilling. It made the palm of her hands completely numb and she took a step forward.

It was becoming obvious that this little scenario was not a really bad trip caused by one of her medications, it was very real. How real, she didn't know?

Wanda turned her head, her mouth half open, and she squeaked out a weak, "Hello."

Wanda was not that patient and her powers began to flare up something fierce. Clapping her hands to her side she scowled and looked around. She didn't like anything about the lack of answers she received. "Is anyone there?"

There was no answer and suddenly, she saw the ugly creature fall to her feet. A figure dressed in white robes, carried a sword. She said something but Wanda could not make out heads or tails of what she said.

"What she said is come with us, but only if you want to live?" the second figure said, he wasn't carrying a weapon. Or rather Wanda didn't see him carry any kind of weapon.

Wanda was weak from the so called treatments and the moment that she took a step forward, she collapsed. The person underneath the hood caught. He held her up and she felt a rush of energy fill her body.

"It's going to be fine, you'll see," he told her, and he allowed her to cling onto the back of his neck, pretty much being dragged off the ground.

Wanda was up close to him and felt a dose of his power. Needless to say, that really jolted awake in a real hurry.

"We found her, but the spell was way off the mark," he replied and Wanda raised his eyebrow.

"Wait, you were the one that brought me here….."

"Not here, here, per say, but…..I was testing something, and my magic locked onto you…..I'll explain but….."

Wanda frowned, but she wasn't about to look a gift horse in the mouth. Even though she nearly got killed, it sure beat being in the asylum. Anything beat being in that god forsaken place.

"My name is Harry Potter," he replied and she responded in a weak tone of voice.

"Wanda Maximoff," she told him and she really hoped to find out what the hell was going on here. Right now she didn't have the foggiest notion.

"We're almost there, just hang on."

Her voice was extremely dry as she responded. "Don't worry; I have every intention of doing so."

Clea knew exactly who was doing this but there was one problem that vexed her and that was where he was holding up shop and exactly how. She learned a lot of magic, but there were still a few tricks that she didn't know. That was a fact that pretty much taunted her. So much power but she only had access to a small fraction of it. As much as she loathed admitting that, she was only a person who
could do so much.

That being said, the female knew what she wanted and she knew how to get there. Harry was going to locate the closest possible candidate and try and pull him through.

That would serve to get her uncle's attention, although she wasn't too sure if it would be grabbed in a good way.

Clea got up to her feet, another wall was hit. She could see Ananym, Kara, and Faora sitting in the next room. Zatanna was there as well. The four of them were acting rather civil, which was a good thing.

Mostly because the fact that Harry would in fact skin them alive if they didn't. Or withhold their orgasms for a month which would be worse. They would be forced to watch Harry dominate his other pets, or his succubus slaves, and there would be no way around it.

Clea consulted one of the many books that they received in their spoils of war from Belasco. She would say that they were far from useless but at the same time, they didn't give her too much use. The woman's mouth curled into a tight frown. Calmly and quickly she flipped through the pages of the book that was resting in the palm of her hand. She thought that she had a few ideas of what to do but at the same time, perhaps she was completely far off of the mark.

That being said, the girl shifted her way through the book once again, and tapped away at it.

'Well, the mission wasn't completely a failure, even though the locating and transporting spell was wonky,' Harry thought and he paused. 'You know, he might have likely sent some of his minions to intercept the package.'

Clea was caught completely off guard with the situation. 'You mean you got her....'

'She has power but she was in a bad state, I'm guessing that she was imprisoned because of her powers,' Harry thought and there was a bit of darkness hinting in his voice. It was not something that he wanted to focus on. Not if he wanted to keep a clear head at least.

Clea looked up and seconds later, she could see Illyana and Harry returning with the woman. The young girl got down and Harry held her some water, which she took.

Harry turned to one of the succubi slaves that was lurking in the shadows. "Fetch her something to eat, it's obvious that she hasn't had a decent meal in a long time."

The slave bowed towards her master and lurked into the shadows. Succubi were masters of both sex and cooking. For a lot of men, they would be the perfect woman, if Harry was being cynical about that point.

"So where am I....why did you bring me here?" Wanda asked and Harry turned towards her.

"All of your questions will be answered, but you should eat first."

Wanda was about ready to say that she wasn't hungry but her rumbling stomach betrayed her. The exotic smell of what the servant was bringing her caused her mind to race and her lips to moisten.

That being said, she knew that she wasn't going to get answers until she got a square meal into her, and then she would get answers. She wouldn't rest well until she did.

Given that it had been many years since she had a good home cooked meal, she decided to not
question it too much, rather digging in, and enjoying what she had in front of her. Her mind was buzzing but she was sure that she would have her questions answered.

Harry knew that he had some answering to do, and the fact was that people tended to be a lot more pacified on a full stomach of food.

Zatanna took a look at some of the books of magic in the library, although after the fiasco that got her in this mess in the first place. She wore off trying any new magic that she didn't strictly understand. That being said, her blue eyes followed the complex diagrams for the rituals and amusement flashed through her eyes.

Then disgust at some of the more graphic depictions of the rituals, it was almost stomach turning what they could do.

Illyana was back and keeping a close eye on her. Zatanna felt like she was back training with her father, someone watching her with a critical eye. And if she messed up, she would know it.

Closing a book that described sex based magicks, blushing a bit on how vivid it seemed, Zatanna turned, her eyes locked onto the female before her. "You know, I'm not going to use any of them without permission."

"The master wants everything monitored, as some of these books are dangerous in this library and have a life of their own," Illyana said and Zatanna raised her eyebrow. That would have to be the case but never the less, she shook off those thoughts and slowly focused her attention on the young Russian female.

Clea appeared at the doorway, making sure the two girls played nicely.

"Yes, I know, my father warned me how dangerous books were, it was almost like he didn't want me to read," Wanda said and Illyana smiled.

"One day, you could understand the magic within them."

"Do you?"

Once again, Illyana didn't say anything one way or another and Zatanna sighed. There were times where that girl wasn't for very stimulating conversation. Kara was the most human here was.

Clea hovered outside of the door and cleared her throat. The girls diverted their attention to her.

"There is a presence that is looming around the palace, thankfully the master has fortified Belasco's old defenses, but nothing is really fool proof," Clea replied to her and Illyana and Zatanna looked towards her. "But the barriers around Limbo that are preventing us from getting out are intact."

"So what..."

"But not completely down," Clea said and that was a moment of false hope that was dashed. It was almost like it got yanked out from underneath them. "They're at their weakest, one more good nudge should bring them down."

"If we do the ritual now, then it would work without a question," Zatanna said.

"Everything is in order, we can do it, except....the other party needs to be brought up to speed regarding what happened," Illyana said and Zatanna, catching things quickly.
She couldn't believe it and at the same time, she could believe it.

"Wait….there was another one…..you found another one…." 

"Yes, we found another one," Illyana said with a smile on her face, amused by Zatanna's expression on her face. "That being said, she was in a bad state when Harry found her, she's being given the proper nourishments right now."

Zatanna nodded, and she figured that this girl could be convinced that it was in her best interests to help her. Especially if what Illyana was implying was true.

"She's pure though, because anyone who touched her would be reality warped into lawn furniture because of her powers," Illyana added and Clea closed her eyes and she could hear some rage boiling off in the background. "He's not happy, is he?"

"Yes, which means he'll be reckless," Clea said and she knew that invading Limbo in this state was not something that he wanted to do.

Forcing his hand might give them a little bit of an advantage.

Especially given word spread at the fate of Belasco and Harry grew even stronger yet as more time passed.

"We need to be prepared to move, before he has a chance to strengthen the barriers or launch an assault," Clea said and time was really ticking down, and they were getting down to the wire.

"I should have known that my niece would have been utterly problematic. It is the same for my sister; they are cut from the same cloth. They think that they are entitled, but I will be the ruler. That fool Belasco did not even have control over his own dimension and neither will he. All of the power will be mine."

The man, for lack of a better term, in the shadows, looked forward, his flaming head completely moving in tune with where he was standing. He turned to his minions, who hovered in the shadows, looking like obedient, yet ugly dogs.

"I want to be certain of it, I want him destroyed, do you hear me?"

The name Harry Potter had been spoken in whispers. To this Dreaded One, he was nothing but a child who had a streak of luck. The two enemies that he took down were exceedingly weak and their power was nothing compared to this individual.

"For too long I have waited, I will be sent free, and I will crush all that stand in my way!"

There was a loud bellow from him and his minions backed off. Some of them had heard this speech before, the fiery swearing of vengeance, and everything that came along with it. Belasco had given it often enough, before they switched sides.

The more things changed the more that they stayed the same and it seemed like grandstanding species varied little. The case was true no matter what master they had.

"I will crush them, and they will bow before me. Now, whoever comes forth and brings me the head of Harry Potter, they will be rewarded. And whoever fails to do so, they will be punished most severely."
There were some terrified nods from the group of demons; they knew that punishment was not something that they can ill afford to have. That being said, the demons backed off, bowing and promising their master without words that they would not fail him, because they could not fail him.

There was a lot on the line, in fact there was way too much on the line.

Wanda tranquilly sat outside on the bench near the palace, that was really a lot to take in and judging by some of the whispers of the other females around them, Harry was a lot to take in.

Then again, she never thought of someone in that matter, she had never had a chance to do so. She had a nice hot meal, had a nice hot bath, and had a chance of clothes. Not to mention a chance for her to properly groom. If she worried about such things like most teenager girls, what happened in the Asylum might have driven her insane.

The red top adhered to her already C-Cup breasts fairly nicely, and the red shorts fit around her shaven legs. Her hair was clean and well groomed for the first time.

She suspected that there was something in that food that nourished her faster, but she was not really complaining.

That being said, what Harry was asking of her…..well she didn't know. On one hand, he saved her life, on the other hand, if he didn't bring her here, then her life wouldn't need to be saving. On the other, other, hand, if she wasn't brought here, then she would have been trapped in that Asylum forever.

So, it was a weird situation and Wanda heard footsteps. As a reflex action from her time at the institution, she tensed up. Someone approaching her normally meant that there was someone coming to give her a brand new kind of medication that would put her under. She felt tension grip her body and turned around.

"Zatanna, isn't it?" Wanda asked, looking towards the female.

"May, I sit down….."

"It's a free….." Wanda said but then she stopped herself. She doubted that it being a free country would really apply to some kind of hell dimension. Then again, perhaps she was wrong. Your mileage might greatly vary. "Just sit down."

Zatanna sat down and she looked towards Wanda. "So…..Harry has everything ready, he only needs the two people of honor."

"This doesn't bother you in any way?" Wanda asked, her eyebrow arched towards her companion.

Zatanna looked thoughtful at this question, to be fair, it was a fair question, and also kind of a loaded question. "You know I had some concerns, but it's going to help someone and it's not like Harry is the worst person to undergo a ritual like that with."

Wanda tried not to betray the fact that she had a point.

"Yeah, he is something, sure he brought me here, but given what he saved me from…..my father didn't want to deal with my powers and my brother…..well he stood there, not saying a word….."

"Maybe he was afraid that something would happen to him if he interfered?" Zatanna suggested and Wanda looked thoughtful at that statement and she let out one word in response.
"Maybe he did," she conceded, she really didn't know. That being said, she was a lot calmer now when she came in. Her emotions were on the brink.

The last round of treatments was still causing her a couple of headaches but they were improving. That being said, if Wanda ever got out of here, she would be tempted to level that entire place to the ground.

A girl with teenage hormones and with her power was an intimidating force to deal with. Her hand curled together and the flexed around. The dark haired female chewed down on her lip once again, and she turned towards her.

"I'm….not quite ready yet, to answer your question."

"Take your time, but do know that the longer that we wait, the longer we'll be trapped here, and the more of a chance that something will happen."

Wanda thought that she had a point. She still really sorted things out herself. That being said, she could see that Harry had that power that was almost intoxicating. She found herself drinking it in, drop by drop, without really realizing what happened. Her heart raced at the thought of having him, having even more and she closed her eyes.

Rush, that's what she felt, a rush that burst through her body. Her finger tips grew fairly numb and her mouth was dry with desire.

Wanda shook her head and she could feel a chill that she summarized had absolutely nothing to do with Harry. A portal opened right in front of them.

"Stand back," Zatanna said and she could see a group of demons pour out. They were fairly ugly, even by ugly demon standards. One of them wielded a large flaming axe and he charged both of the girls, who dodged.

"Remember to leave enough of them intact to use as bait for Clea....."

"No need to bait the trap, because I'm standing right here," Clea said, standing before and Harry stood by herself.

"You've made the worst mistake of your life," Harry said and he conjured a pair of throwing daggers.

An overarching throw overloaded one of the demons with magical energy and caused him to explode into dust. A couple of the more savvy demons looked at him, their mouths hanging open and two of them stepped through the portal.

"Cowards," one of the demons grunted and he stepped forward towards Harry. "I'm going to savor every moment of this one."

Harry nailed him right between the eyes and he vanished with a pop of magical energy. He combusted right behind their very eyes.

"Not nearly as much as I savored your last moment."

The demon dropped to the ground and Wanda could feel a headache coming on. Her head was about ready to explode and she sent a hex bolt at several of the demons.

Harry gawked, Clea gawked, and Zatanna gawked as well, all three of them could see the demons
hovering in midair, along with half of the rocks in the area around them. The power Wanda was giving off was extremely strong.

"Well, that solved things quite nicely," Clea remarked and she turned towards Harry. "I'd advise leaving one of them, all of the rest, we can dispose of."

She would have gotten the information out of the one of them and sent the rest back to her uncle, as a house warming gift.

"So, they've been in there for a long time," Kara commented, seeing Zatanna and Wanda hovering around each other. Illyana was standing off in the background, and Faora and Ananym were currently sleeping.

"Don't suppose you have any insight on what they're doing in here?" Zatanna asked and Illyana smiled a smile.

"We would like to keep you as innocent as many ways possible, and what is going on in there, it might very well fracture your mind," Illyana commented and Zatanna placed her hands upon her hips, staring back at Illyana.

"Oh, and I suppose that forcing me to watch Harry ravish you and Ananym was not….."

"Well that was just a preview of what's to come for you, no shame in that," Illyana said and Wanda looked at her with a smile. "If you'd like, I would arrange such a lesson for you as well."

"Oh, can I be a part of it?" Kara asked and Illyana looked at her. The blonde shrugged, she was really insatiable and Illyana's penetrating gaze really told her as much.

"If you would like and with the master's consent….."

Kara was sure that she could go a long way in making sure that Harry would treat her, and the smile that went across her face was alluring to say the very least. That being said, Wanda kept darting her eyes towards the door.

She knew this much, about an hour ago, Harry and Clea dragged one of the demons inside and started to work him over. Judging by the powers radiating off of them, Wanda felt almost sorry for them. Or she would have felt almost sorry for them, if they didn't try to kidnap or kill her.

Yes, Wanda really was going to hold a grudge about that, but who could really blame her about that. That being said, the female tapped her fingers.

Illyana looked around awkwardly. "So…how are you finding Limbo?"

That was a question that struck her odd and then Kara placed a hand up to her mouth, snickering. Zatanna whistled, she was the only one hear or so it seemed to had anything that vaguely passed for a traditional childhood.

The dark haired teenager shook her head, if that was the case, they were going to be in a fair bit of trouble but maybe that was just her. Never the less, her amusement increased a little bit more at the look that Illyana was giving her.

"Well, given where I came from, it's not that bad."

"The Asylum must have been pretty bad then," Kara said and Illyana gave her a sharp look. Zatanna
clapped her hand over her mouth to block out the sudden laughter. The girl really was the model of tact, only not really.

"Well it was," Wanda said blandly, without skipping a beat and waving off Kara's apology when she said.

"And there are certain perks in Limbo," Kara said and she couldn't even hear what was going on, on the other end of the door with her super hearing. That being said, she wasn't completely sure if she wanted to. There were some things that she was better off not knowing and that might have been one of them.

"Yes, a lot of perks," Zatanna commented, getting the message loud and clear and she could see Illyana's tongue trail across her lips briefly at those words, as she checked both of the pure young virgins.

"If you're ready, then I know the masters will be," she replied and Zatanna looked at her.

"Anything to help someone like Harry," Zatanna said, she could feel her loins tingle a little bit with excitement.

That being said, Wanda was the one wild card in there and it was not just because of her powers. The girl dragged her feet around and all eyes were on her.

'Nothing like being shoved in the pressure cooker,' Wanda thought to herself, shaking her head.

She felt unsure about what she wanted to do. On one hand, she really felt that curiosity burning through her body and the thought of what Harry could do was enticing to say the least.

Illyana tried not to be too overt in slipping the suggestions into Wanda's mind. Then again, she really didn't need to do all that much, because the suggestions were completely there in the back of her mind.

The woman's eyes flashed when she looked over Wanda. She really wanted to see where she stood.

"You know, if he's ready, I think that I am," Wanda said, feeling her powers really call out for something, anything to be really taken. Her eyes flashed for a second and she saw it. "So really, what's going on in there?"

There was a second where Illyana looked at both of the untainted females and looked at them seriously. "There are some things that you're better off not knowing."

If that didn't tell them, there's nothing that would.

Illyana thought about trying to make small talk while they waited but she was far and away out of her depth.

"So, you're in an interesting position right now, we can either make your demise really quick or utterly painful and drawn out," Harry said, seeing the demon hung upside down and he was swinging upside down.

"You can go to.....well you're around here in a round about way, aren't you?" the demon spat. "Yes, you defeated that weakling Belasco, and that poor excuse for a Dark Lord Riddle. I'm not about to pin a medal on you, because quite frankly that really isn't all that great of an accomplishment."
"Well sorry, I didn't impress you, mostly because I didn't go out of my way to do so," Harry said and he tightened the vice around the demon's wrists, causing him great pain. "But, you didn't answer my question you know. And when people don't answer my questions, I tend to get extremely, extremely, annoyed, do you get the message."

The demon gasped with the grip around him and his eyes flickering with angst and agony.

"Yes…..yes…..yes…" the demon groaned once more and blood spilled from his mouth the more that he swung back and forth, looking like an extremely ugly pendulum the more that it swung.

"You better make with the information or we'll get it any way, by pealing back the layers of your foul mind to do so," Clea told him and the demon was spitting pure fire and blood in its attempts to free itself. Once more, he tried to get out of the restraints. "Fine, we have it your way…you were let out, you know where the doorway is after all."

The demon struggled and Clea pushed into his mind. His mind was protected but between the two of them, they forced his way into his mind.

They saw where the barriers were strengthened, given additional reinforcement and Harry's lips curled into a devious smirk. It was the type of smile that would bring terror to anyone who had ran across it, and shivers blew down their spine never the less.

"I see," Harry replied, his devious smile growing even wider and Clea was caught unaware by that statement. "Well that is a bit simple…and I'm surprised that neither of us saw it before."

He used the demon, turning him into a magical bomb and sent him through the barriers. That would cause his master's modifications to be destroyed in one fell swoop and cause them blown up.

"So, that should destroy the barriers," Harry said and Clea raised her eyebrow.

"After all of that, we just needed to goad him into attacking us, it was so simple," Clea said but it went without saying that since it wasn't a direct attack, things weren't exactly that simple. "So are you still going to….."

"Yes, we might as well cover all of our bases," Harry told her and the Sorceress Supreme nodded.

The doors swung open and Harry saw the group of girls. Zatanna opened her mouth but he cut her off at the pass. "Trust me when I say this, you're better off not knowing."

Zatanna's mouth shut as fast as it opened.

"Everything is in order…"

"I'll….I'll do it," Wanda said with a smile and Harry raised an eyebrow on her. "Just….anything to help…..and you did save me."

Wanda made her way forward and threw her arms around Harry, graciously but Harry stopped her from doing anything further.

"Save it for the ritual," Harry told Wanda and Wanda took half of a step back and nodded.

"Right, right, sorry," Wanda said, she was apologetic and she knew that Harry was granting her a great gift.

Harry almost expected something else to happen but he had two girls that were ready and willing. It
would be time to proceed.

A palace was destroyed, and fire and brimstone filled the air, with the choking amount of magic filling the air. And the debris could not be cleaned up by any magical means, for they just replicated and increased themselves.

"ONE DAY, HE WILL PAY!"

Now it was time to clean up.

To Be Continued on September 24th, 2014.

As you may have guessed, we're gearing up towards the end of the first leg of this story in the next chapter. Which will have a short two week hiatus. Not as long as a couple of hiatuses will be in between seasons.

New people and stuff, and the cheat sheet is updated.

Zatanna Zatara (Portrayed By Sirenda Swan)

The mistress of saying her spell incantations backwards and also a woman who wears fishnets well. Maybe not as well as Black Canary, but who could? It's a pretty close race. Really needs no introduction.

Wanda Maximoff/Scarlet Witch (Portrayed By Gemma Arterton)

The daughter of Magneto, Master of Magnetism, and she has a few issues regarding that. Mistress of some chaotic magic. Likely messing with her master will not end well for you if she's around.
Chapter Thirteen: The Road Home.

"So my powers are just a tiny bit chaotic," Wanda said, the ritual was not quite ready, which was fine with her. Harry told her that once they had made their agreement, it would take some time to get everything in order.

Order was the exact opposite of what Wanda's life was like. It amused her.

It was doing a wonderful job in building up anticipation in Wanda's mind for what was to come and her mind raced, along with her heart.

"So they are," Harry said, he could feel that she might have not had a free reign on her powers just yet, but she was getting there. And it wasn't the powers that he concerned himself with now but the potential. "Your powers are only a tool that can be formed by your most valuable weapon and that is….."

"My mind," Wanda said, getting what Harry told her. She could see the power that was flowing through his eyes. She knew that she shouldn't look into said eyes; she could not help herself from looking into said eyes. It was a temptation, a rather nasty temptation at that. Her heart raced a few beats.

"Precisely, your mind," Harry told Wanda with a smile and he placed his hands on her shoulders. "Just relax, block out everything else around you…..your mind is untamed with what happened, but you need to figure out a way to tame it, or you will not flourish. In fact you will flounder."

Wanda nodded swiftly, she could tell that Harry was doing the best that he could to work with her and she had her share of issues from her time being locked out because they didn't know her powers.

"Are you feeling everything around you?"

Wanda nodded. "Yes."

"Excellent, then you are well on your way there, even though there are going to be a few roadblocks, but we need to have you get control of your powers, and the best way to do that….." Harry said, and he waved his hands, a target appearing.

Wanda visualized the target as the doctor at the asylum, how he showed his tender loving care by injecting her with chemicals. That was the perfect target if she may say so herself.

"The target is what you make of it, my dear Scarlet Witch," Harry told her and she smiled. "Make sure your attack is refined….the worst part is always cleaning up afterwards."

He tempted her with a chance to work out her aggressions and Wanda wasn't about to pass off this opportunity. She took aim.

'Make the target mine,' Wanda thought to herself and she lifted her hand up, aiming towards it. Her arm became steady and Harry reached forward, grabbing onto her arm for a little bit. 'Focus, steady, aim, and don't….over compensate.'

Wanda blasted a hex bolt from her hand and it struck the target. The head of it blew up.
"Not bad….."

Wanda smiled.

"But you can always do better."

Despite that fact, Wanda kept smiling, mostly because she agreed with him. Her arm extended once more to prepare for the attack.

"I know that if you keep teaching me, the sky's the limit for me," Wanda commented, a bright smile on her face.

Harry thought that was a good attitude that he could appreciate from someone like her.

'So, Clea, are we about ready?' Harry thought to her. He figured that he would spend some time getting to know both of his partners in this dance a bit better but he was getting stir crazy.

'Very nearly ready, and I don't think that it's a moment too soon,' Clea thought and there was tension that could be found in her voice. 'My uncle…..I'm surprised that he hasn't tried something.'

'Given the demon bomb that I sent him, I don't think that he'll be picking up from where he left off any time soon,' Harry thought but he was not counting on things.

'What is your pupil…..'

'They messed her up worse than I was,' Harry thought to her and Illyana piped in with a stoic comment.

'That bad, huh?' she asked him and Harry smiled despite himself. She was kind of pushing her luck with a statement like that but he was going to let it slide.

'Her power, it's immense, between her and Zatanna, it should push open the barriers," Ananym thought to her with a smile. 'And soon you will be able to get ahold of her and take her for your own, it will be glorious.'

'It will be,' Harry replied to her with a smile on his face but there were other things that he had to deal with tonight and he kept his eyes on Wanda.

"Also, one of the most important things to learn regarding your powers is to hit multiple targets, while only hitting one target," Harry explained to Wanda and she raised her eyebrow in surprise.

"That doesn't make…"

"Much sense, yeah it kind of doesn't, but what are you going to do?" Harry asked her and Wanda shrugged her shoulders after a second. "If you are waiting for your powers to make any sense, you're going to be waiting for an extremely long time."

Wanda actually thought that was something that made the most sense out of everything.

"Okay, fair enough," Wanda said, her eyes locked on the target in front of her and she raised her hand to the air and braced herself for impact. "Hit all three of them, but at the same time just hit one?"

"It's basic geometry."

Wanda groaned and Harry sympathized, magic and math rarely went together. That being said she
understood what Harry was saying, kind of. The dark haired female lifted her hand up and fired off a hex bolt.

It connected with one of the targets, and the second one was hit on the rebound. The third one was left unscathed.

"Sorry," Wanda said and Harry smiled at her, shaking his head.

"Okay, just take a breath, and remember what you did, the next time we do this…"

"We'll be out of Limbo," Wanda said with a smile, on one extent, she had a better handle of her powers, but come to think of it, she had a hard enough time getting ahold of herself around Harry. He had that kind of influence on her mind.

"So the two of you….you knew each other on your home planet?" Zatanna asked, relaxing a little bit before the fun event that was about ready to occur. Faora and Kara turned towards her.

"We….ran into each other, yes" Kara replied and Zatanna blinked, she could have sworn that there was something far more hostile than she thought.

"We had our issues, yes, before you even ask," Faora commented, crossing her arms and legs, carving a fresh knife. She half expected some invasion of demons to block their path the moment that Harry got out of Limbo so she was preparing herself.

"Did you?"

"We worked through them,' Kara said, reaching over and popping a strawberry into her mouth and chewing it. Zatanna watched the erotic action. She knew she was watching, which caused Kara to grin.

The blonde Kryptonian slowly chewed on the strawberry and made sure her eyes locked onto Zee's.

Zatanna shook her head that was kind of distracting, kind of very distracting to put things mildly but what were you going to do? The dark haired sorceress pushed her hair back and focused on the task at hand.

"Do you want one?" Kara asked, catching her off guard and she coughed with a smile. She slowly swiped the strawberry into whip cream and she raised it to Zatanna's mouth, who took it into her mouth.

She could feel herself getting uncomfortable and kind of horny with the strawberry being pushed between her lips, the more that she ate it. Her heart raced a little bit.

"Pretty good, isn't it, it gives that unique flavor to it?" Kara asked her and Zatanna was not about to argue, her head was nodding up and down, as her heart was racing a little bit, tasting the strawberry or rather the cream on it.

"It's so good…"

"You might need a proper amount of nourishment….also plenty to drink, after Harry puts you through the paces," Kara replied to her, holding up the juice in her hands and Zatanna took it.

She didn't know why everything in this place made her want to jump the bones everyone there.

"So…..I know we're going to get back out of here but…exactly where are we going to go?" Zatanna
asked them and Kara sighed.

"That's a good question."

"Well, I'm glad you think that it's a good question, but you didn't really answer my question," Zatanna told her and Kara placed her hand on the top of her head.

She slowly twirled her finger around her blonde hair and submerged her mind deep in thought.

"Well you know how Harry feels about the world that he came from…"

"I've gotten certain vibes that if he steps one foot into it, he'd just burn everyone to the ground on sheer principle," Zatanna commented and she shuddered.

"And there's the fact of how you traveled here, it wasn't just interdimensional travel… it was time travel," Kara told her. "That might be a difficult one to handle, it's possible, I suppose…"

"Only with a grave miscalculation of the stepping discs," Illyana said and she turned up to greet the girls. "And likely that's going to send us ten thousand years into the past or ten thousand years into the future so…"

"You don't have those mastered yet?" Kara asked and Illyana looked at the other blonde. "It's just that, you've been working at them….."

"I'm closer to I was before, if that's what you want to know," Illyana said to Kara crisply and she smiled. "But further then I wanted to be."

This ritual might go a long way of helping her unlock her full potential and to be honest, she was kind of going stir crazy here in Limbo. She had been hanging on here for far too long and she was pacing back and forth like a caged animal.

"So, I guess that there's really no way to go back to my home dimension," Zatanna replied and she sighed. The fact that she was resigned to it did not make the fact that was the case much easier to swallow. The dark haired sorceress was just going to have to deal with what was to come and there was a lot to come for sure.

"It won't be all that bad, I think, and… well there's a chance that the backwash from the spell could have destroyed your home dimension anyway," Illyana said and Zatanna looked rather despondent. "I'm just realistically speaking that's a possibility of course…"

"That's not making me feel much better you know."

Ananym showed up, shaking her head. "Whilst potentially true, not exactly the best time to break the news to someone that they were inadvertently responsible for the deaths of countless including her friends and family."

Kara threw her arm around Zatanna to comfort her and then turned to Illyana and Ananym. "I can't believe I'm saying this but both of you are the absolute model of tact, you know."

"We do try our best,' Ananym said and she shook her head. "And I actually was just telling her the truth…"

Zatanna shook her head, with Kara looking at her. "No it's alright, it's okay, I'm fine."

"Are you sure?" Kara asked her and Zatanna nodded with a smile crossing her face.
"I'm positive that I'm fine," Zatanna told her, she just had to relax and what happened, would happen.

'Ilyana, I wish to see you for a moment,' Harry thought to her and Illyana nodded her head, knowing that it was folly to delay for her master.

Illyana smiled and she answered, when her master was going to call her for something like that, it would be rude not to say anything.

"I'm coming right away...."

"She just follows at his beck and call," Ananym commented, shaking her head. She wouldn't allow anyone to push her around like that.

'Ananym, I wish to see you as well,' Harry thought to her.

"Coming master," Ananym said in pure obedience, following Illyana and Zatanna and Kara both laughed and even Faora looked mildly amused, even though she was trying her best not to show that amusement on her face.

Illyana and Ananym arrived moments later, both walking forward to visit their master. Wanda had been sent off in the other direction and she had passed Clea on the other end as she went out the door.

"So, when will you be taking your prize?" Ananym asked Harry and he smiled, staring at her.

"In due time, I want this correct, with no questions about it," Harry told her and the redhead nodded.

"It looks all in order," Illyana said, and Ananym smiled.

"I would have to agree with her, everything looks perfect, but then again, would you expect anything else?" Ananym asked.

"I would ask what could go wrong, but I know better," Clea replied to them and she knew for a fact that a whole lot could go wrong from where they were standing. That being said, she spotted Harry.

One thing about Harry Potter was that he was a bit of a perfectionist with the magical rituals but with rituals like this, you really had to be. Harry paced around the parameter of the circle, all of the rune stones were set up. They were powered by a single drop of Incubus blood, one of the vital elements to get this ritual working.

And one of the vital elements that he could bring them. Harry kneeled down before the stones and could feel the flashes of stones erupt around him. The energy drew around him and he smiled.

"Perfect," Harry told them and Illyana smiled.

She and Ananym looked at each other, both were shocked that they had the same expressions on their faces. Both sets of arms folded together and their iron glares hit each other in a matter of seconds or in a flash rather.

"Glad that you approve," Illyana whispered and once again, she could hardly keep the glee dancing from her eyes.

"You should be pretty pleased with yourself, both of you, you've done well," Harry said and he smiled. He was going to say that there was room for improvement but stopped himself. Not this time
actually, for it went about as well as things could go.

He couldn't do it any better himself if he even tried.

Harry could feel the control of the barriers forming fully in his hands and to be honest, he was almost certain that the ritual might not be necessary. That being said…

Better to be safe than sorry after all, and Harry smiled, he had a lot of plans for what was going to happen.

"So, are we going to do this or not?" Ananym asked and he turned towards her.

"In time, I think that my two newest pets are ready," Harry replied to them and all three women in the room felt chills roll down their spine to be honest. That being said, that was just the aura that Harry had about him. He sent chills down the spines of most women that he encountered and left them wet in the panties.

"Of course master…"

Harry smiled, it was time and he decided to send out a telepathic signal to get them there. It didn't really need to wait for long.

Wanda was the first to show up. Zatanna was prompt to appear behind her as well. Both of the females could feel the rush of energy from stepping into the rune circle.

Zatanna recognized the power from rituals like this, not on sight, but it was described in some of her father's books. She never felt anything like this before.

"Come closer," Harry told both of them and the two girls walked forward, they were slowly becoming slaves to their bodies, along with their lust.

Not that either of them were doing anything to fight that, no far from it. In fact, they didn't really fight it, they embraced it.

"You know what you have to embrace as you step into this circle, don't you?" Harry asked them and both of them nodded.

"We willingly embrace you calling upon the debt that you owe us," Wanda told him, her eyes flashing, twinkling with even more lust than ever before and Zatanna stepped in front of her, so she was inches away from Harry.

"And give you ourselves, in mind, in body, and most importantly in soul," Zatanna added, her nipples threatened to poke through her white top.

Kara smiled, she had done her part in making sure that Zatanna and Wanda both got something to help loosen their inhibitions. It didn't take much to get their inhibitions loosened from where they were.

"That's excellent, you accept your responsibility for what you are doing and understand that you are doing it fully and willingly?" Harry asked her with a smile. There was always a chance that they would change their mind which would be annoying. But that being said, he needed to make sure that they were doing it willingly.

"Yes master," Zatanna said, deciding to get into the spirit of things, she might as well, because she knew this binding ritual would do as it said on the tin and bind her to him.
That being said, she wasn't completely getting gripped by this thing, she was going to get a significant boost of power from this. Even though Harry was going to get an even more significant boost of power but that being said she was going to get benefit for this.

"Yes, anything to serve you, master," Wanda commented, the statement sounded kind of odd rolling off of her tongue. At least in some ways. At the same time, it was completely natural to be honest and she smiled.

"Undress each other and then undress me, and we can begin."

The two girls complied with his order and they smiled, sensually removing each other's clothes, revealing more and more sensual flesh at the moment. Their eyes locked on Harry when they revealed each other's bodies.

His Incubus lust heightened when he was near the untainted flesh that was near him but that wasn't going to be for much longer.

Zatanna got down onto her kneels, writhing her naked body against him, and slowly undid his pants, with a wide smile on her face. Wanda went behind him and slowly unbuttoned his top. There was no question about it; things were about to heat up in the best way possible sooner rather than later.

"Now we can begin the real fun in the ritual."

Harry's hands might as well have been pure fire as they were pressed on either side of Zatanna's hips. The dark haired sorceress was pulled into a lengthy kiss and his hands ran down her body. She could feel the power that the rune stones were creating, the primal energy that would be fueled by their carnal passions.

The green eyed wizard roamed his hands up her body, feeling every inch, and managing to get a good inventory of her, to feel what she liked, and what really drove her wild.

Wanda waited rather patiently, an anxious smile on her face as she tapped her foot on the ground. Harry turned his attention towards here and smiled, pulling her into a deep and passionate kiss of her own.

Zatanna sat down on the pedestal and there was the obvious look in Harry's eyes that he would get to her in a moment. Meanwhile, Kara decided to get behind her and rub her shoulders, relaxing her even more.

"There's no reason to be scared, I won't bite, I'll leave that for Harry," Kara commented with a cheeky little grin on her face, running her hands down Zatanna's shoulder blades and feeling her up. The dark haired sorceress closed her eyes tightly, and Kara's talented hands went to work, causing her nubile young body to shiver with absolute pleasure.

Zatanna could not help but get excited by these thoughts and Kara spurred on other thoughts. There were other women hovering outside and Illyana had decided to take her spot behind Wanda, treating her to a very talented massage, getting her excited as possible without getting her off because that was Harry's job.

Harry made his way over and he could see Zatanna. The dark haired female spread her legs, wanton lust through her eyes.

"Both of you need to be taken at the same time for the ritual to work," Harry said and he closed his eyes, a duplicate sliding off.
Wanda rested back on the bench once again, her legs spread. Her inner energy core was calling for this strong man to come forward and to take her. The dark haired woman mewled, pushing her lips apart and beckoning Harry forward.

"I'm yours, please take me."

Harry was over Zatanna and the other Harry was over Wanda. On the count of three, both of them would take their innocence which would fuel the ritual.

Or at least the first stage of the ritual, Harry was going to bring them to undreamed heights of pleasure to ensure that their path through the gateway was secure. He was more than up for the challenge and after the prepping he did, they were as well.

Clea watched, so far so good and she could feel Ananym's hands on her breasts from behind, with the redhead spinning her around. The daughter of the former ruler of Limbo used her talented tongue, which she could grow and contort into any shape that she wish to bring Clea to new passions.

To her credit, the Sorceress Supreme gave as good as she took.

Zatanna could feel her innocence give away, and at first, she bit down on her lip to prevent the shriek of pain. The pain was short lived, even though it seemed like much longer from her perspective. The pleasure replacing it would be more than worth the wait.

That being said, when the pain faded, Zatanna closed her eyes, arching her back up and she could feel the pleasure. Harry's manhood pushed deep into her, stretching her tight pussy apart.

"Now, you belong to me," Harry whispered to her and Zatanna nodded, feeling Harry allow her to roll him over and start riding him.

"Yes, yes, yes, always," Zatanna whimpered, her tight pussy closing against his manhood when she worked her hips up and down, rolling over his manhood. The dark haired vixen kept working herself up and his mouth wrapped around her nipple, sucking it.

Meanwhile, Wanda was having the time of her life as well, Harry pumped into her. She thought that she was going to lose it.

"Harder, I can take it," Wanda begged him and she wrapped her hands around his neck, her red nails sinking in to his shoulder, and her hips rolling up off of the padded bench.

The dark haired woman closed her eyes, biting her lip and she could feel Harry tend to her breasts.

"It's building in power," Clea said, feeling Ananym go deep between her legs.

"Guess, we're just going to have to pick up the pace a little bit more," Harry said and Zatanna closed her eyes, and she worked herself up and down on Harry's tool, bouncing up and down.

"Yes, more, faster, give it all to me," Zatanna whined.

The dark haired female could feel him dig into her and there was seconds where she saw stars flash through her eyes. Her nipples begged to be touched, to be played with and Harry would be anything but a gentleman if he did not oblige her. His hands roamed her breasts and caused her to buck her hips down onto him.

Wanda could see what Zatanna was doing and she was damned if she wasn't to be outdone. She
clamped around him.

"I want it in me, please, deeper, oh deeper, nail me harder," Wanda panted and Harry worked her down hard.

The sensation of him going into her, slowing her orgasm down to a crawl, before slowly releasing it, there were words that did not describe it.

Harry placed his hands on her thighs, running down her body to cup her ass, and then her breasts were next. The woman rocked her hips up, and mewled when he buried himself into her even deeper. His thrusts got even harder into her body and she bucked her hips up, to engulf his hard cock into her warm vice.

"Touch me, I love you touching me."

Zatanna could see Wanda about ready to bring Harry to an orgasm, so she averted to step up her game. She massaged his penis with a telekinetic spell, sending magic coursing through his balls. Her soft wet organ caressed and massaged his manhood, the more that he worked over her.

"Fuck, oh fuck," Zatanna moaned and she could see Illyana, Kara, and Faora indulging themselves in each other.

More carnal passions filled the air and Harry released Zatanna's orgasm, her powerful orgasm clenched his cock.

"FUCK!" Zatanna screamed and Harry grabbed her breasts, running his hands over them and she whimpered even more, grinding her pussy around his tool.

Illyana smiled, seconds away from opening the portal. She ate Kara out, while Faora did her the favor. The three females could feel their master's growing pleasure, and he was holding it back a little bit.

The fact that the two girls were trying to outdo each other was the greatest magic of them all and it was obvious that Harry was getting off of it.

Wanda was coming down from her high, she could feel the magic flowing in the air. It caused her to push up her hips, to push Harry's manhood into her.

"That's it…..take me….all the way, cum in me," Wanda begged him, her legs tightened around his body and he cupped her generous breasts, causing energy to flow through them.

Her orgasm shot through her loins and her hips pushed up, causing Harry to nearly be driven over the edge. He maintained his motions.

"We're getting so close, just a little bit more," Clea said and her own orgasm helped fuel the magic in the air, with Ananym tweaking her nipples. The red haired female shifted her weight to the side, placing her thighs on either side of Clea's face. The white haired female continued to eat away at her.

Zatanna nearly hunched over from the full orgasm that she experienced. Harry held her up firmly and his green eyes met her vibrant blue eyes.

"Relax," Harry said, grabbing her hips, hoisting her up, and slamming her tight cunt down onto his manhood. Her breasts swayed and he pinched one of them. "We're almost there."

"Y-yes, I know, we're almost there, we're almost home," Zatanna said and she was feeling rather
backed up.

Then again, she figured that was Harry's plan all along, to back her and Wanda up. The dark haired female's hips grinded down against his manhood; she nearly lost her mind to the pleasures that he gifted her.

Wanda could feel what was happening and she was bracing herself with the more powerful orgasm ever. Her hips pushed up towards his manhood and she clenched him. Her lover nearly pulled all the way out of her. That caused her to feel the loss of lust. Then the vixen felt another thrust into her body.

"I can feel it, it's building up," Wanda panted and she tried to summon her powers to get Harry to cum but she couldn't.

"You've found that I now control everything," Harry said, using a little bit of his Incubus aura to wind Wanda up.

Wanda was winded up and she worked her hips down onto his rod. The feeling of wet hot flesh going up against wet hot flesh was as intoxicating as anything was ever before. Harry's hands roamed her body, causing a series of near miniature orgasms to rock her body.

"Almost there,' Harry whispered.

Zatanna knew that he was going to release her orgasm the moment that he was ready to release his. The Rune Stones would have to be charged to full capacity and in fact, she could feel the telltale sign of a portal being fired up.

She could feel Harry's hands on her ass and she gave a whimper as his finger shoved up her ass, fingering it.

It turned her on a fair bit more than she thought that it should, she'd say that much. Her hips speared down onto his manhood and she was almost there.

Harry launched the first volley of cum into her. She barely even had any time to register it with her own orgasm flowing through her body.

Zatanna nearly passed out but managed to summon enough strength to ride Harry to a climax. Her wet and hot pussy clenched his manhood when she continued to ride him extremely hard.

She wanted all of his seed and she was not going to settle for anything less.

"Funny what you're capable of when you put your mind to it,"

Zatanna nodded and she could see the other Harry duplicate work his magic, pardon the really bad pun, on Wanda on the other side of the bench.

Wanda panted, her hips rolling up to meet his thrusts into her and he sent his baby making fluids into her waiting womb. The dark haired magical user thrust her hips up, and she allowed more and more of him to be launched into her.

Harry smiled, the energy increasing around his cock as he pumped into her and the flash of light around them indicated that the ritual worked.

The power of the stones heated up to an immense level, slicing a huge hole through the fabric of time and space to undo the final strands from the barrier. They were all shaking themselves out of their
bliss and a quick test indicated the ritual worked well.

It worked better then well, it was amazing to say the very least.

"It's time, we have free unrestricted travel between the two places," Harry said and Zatanna, feeling more bold than she should be, asked him a question.

"What makes you think that they won't be able to mess with the barrier....."

Clea answered that question for Harry. "Because now he has full control of Limbo, and his will is much stronger than the person who did this."

That was a good enough answer for now, it was time for them to travel back home. Harry turned to Clea and nodded.

"Would you like to do the honors?" Harry asked her and Clea smiled, holding up the amulet. It flashed in the line, enveloping the entire group.

"It would be an honor."

With a huge pop, Harry, Ananym, Clea, Faora, Illyana, Zatanna, Wanda, and Kara appeared in a place that was most certainly not Limbo. There was still a sense of unnatural foreboding with what was happening.

"So did we mess up the spell?" Zatanna asked, that would be just their luck. They would have ended up in some other place that they would have scratch, kick, and bite their way out of.

"No, we didn't.....we managed to hit the target perfectly," Clea said and it had been a long time since she had been there.

Well not that much longer from the inside of this place, given that she had been in Limbo for an extremely long time, it had only been business as usual. It was good to be home though.

"So, we're in your home dimension?" Kara asked her, and she was looking around, there were numerous magical artifacts hanging from the walls.

She had a feeling that they were of the look but you must not touch, under penalty of losing a hand or growing a head or something like that. Mysticism was a forbidden art on Krypton, even though she did learn some of it under the table.

Perhaps she could join Wanda and Zatanna in helping refine her powers.

"My mentor.....he once owned this place, taught me a fair bit of what I knew, but not completely everything," Clea said and she smiled, sinking into one of the comfortable chairs in this room.
"Careful about the third chair on the left, it bites."

Ananym was about ready to sit down on said chair, and she retracted herself immediately. Illyana gave her a small smile at that and Ananym's eyes looked towards her.

"Okay ladies, that's enough," Harry said to both of them.

It was obvious that he was in a good mood. Otherwise a more stern and lasting reprimand and he looked at Clea reaching over on the desk, and pulling out a glowing eyes.

"The all seeing eye of Agamotto," Clea explained to him and Harry nodded, he thought that he
recognized it. Clea amused herself with a chuckle before she spoke again. "But it can be pretty blind when it wants to be."

Harry could see that there was some kind of untold misadventure with the eye.

"And the Eye seems to have its eye on you," Clea said and Harry looked at it.

"Bad pun much," Zatanna whispered and it took her a few minutes to come to their senses and realize that they were all sitting her naked and none of them really gave a fuck.

That was how good the sex was, it frizzled her brain and made her unable to think straight at all. She saw some of the magical artifacts there.

"This room was warded off because I didn't want anything from Limbo to spill in when I left there in the first place," Clea explained to them and they got a good look at the walls. They were wooden and seemed place with simple shapes carved to them. Or at least simple to a naked eye. Harry, Illyana, and Ananym all recognized several runic patterns.

"That's a sound objective actually," Harry commented to her and he made his way to his feet. His clothes formed around his body and he could hear a lot of playful whining from some of the girls.

He turned around and Kara threw her hands up in the air.

"There's a lot to be done here," Harry told the group of females and all of them nodded, now that they were out of Limbo, even though now they can easily travel back, it was time to get some kind of foothold on Earth.

Sure enough, the doors opened and once the chaotic magical energy that transported them back there.

"I trust that your journey was safe, Mistress."

Clea turned around and saw a figure standing in the shadows.

"There was nothing that occurred when I was out, was there?" Clea asked her and there was a smile on the face of the shadowed figure.

"For the last fifteen minutes no…" she said and she looked around, to see a bevy of naked women making their way to the room. That nearly caught her completely off guard and she frowned when she saw them enter the room. The young lady's eyes widened when she spoke. "Might I ask….."

"Why don't you step into the light, so you can greet them properly?"

The female stepped into the light, with slight reluctance but she was coaxed into doing so. She was an attractive Asian female of about eighteen or so of years of age. She was wearing a black top that fit nicely around her firm bust and the top stopped a little bit, showing some skin around her petite looking waist.

The black skirt flowed down past her knees to reveal black fishnet stockings that covered her legs, along with fingerless gloves. She turned around and saw them all and she opened her mouth.

"Mistress…there is an Incubus within….."

"That would be me," Harry said to the attractive female, with a smile on his face and she shook her head, she kind of wanted a clear head when dealing with such a creature but it was harder than she
thought it was. "Don't worry, I don't bite, unless you really want me to."

She was not going to respond to that statement at all, and she shivered when she saw him approach her.

"It's fine Nico," Clea told her and her maid/assistance/apprentice surveyed things nicely. "I rescued him from Limbo; he was used in a pawn of one of Belasco's games."

Nico hitched in a breath at that name; naturally she had heard of it, there wasn't a person alive who hadn't heard of that foul name. Hearing the name put her on edge.

"He's gone now."

Nico blinked for a second.

"He's…"

"Why don't you show them their quarters, I'll tell you the full story later," Clea said to her and she nodded in response.

Zatanna walked next to Harry for a second and he turned towards him.

"If you want clothes, it's a very simple spell….."

"I'm oddly fine…..but I think that I should wear something," Zatanna said and she closed her eyes.

A white top appeared around her body, along with a top hat. Her bottom was covered with a sheer black thong and fishnet stockings that covered her legs, along with a thigh high set of white boots.

"It's a version of my mother's performance costume…although I don't see her wearing this one on stage….." Zatanna said, looking at the mirror. She kind of liked the look to be honest. "So, are you going to head back home any time soon?"

"You do realize since you time traveled, there's going to be a paradox of you existing in that world, don't you?" Harry asked with a smile on his face and Zatanna blinked, she hadn't thought of that. "And as for me going back…..well I'll take care of the rest of his little trinkets…and there are a couple of people that I might have to thank for my living accommodations."

Zatanna could not help but feel a little bit sorry about these people.

"I'm sure a lot of people would expect you to show back up and attend Hogwarts," Zatanna said and Harry laughed.

The laughter was kind of unsettling.

"Me going to Hogwarts would be like a College Professor downgrading to teaching pre-schoolers," Harry told her swiftly and Zatanna nodded in response.

"As a Professor…..maybe….."

"That would only end in tragedy," Harry replied tensely and wisely, Zatanna did not bring up the subject again, she knew better.

Harry didn't fully know how he was going to handle those people when he made his trip back, if he decided to.
He would have to really sleep on this one and figure out his next move. Also there was a lot that he would have to study about the nature of his powers and what his limits were, if any. With this ritual, the outer reaches of them might have been expanding forward.

The funny thing about a magical portal was that it would attract the attention of people who knew what to do. They have lived long enough to hunt down certain signs and track them down and one of them was the woman who was keeping a close watch on the signs. She had been keeping a close watch on those signs for a very long time.

It was really surprising that she heard this right now. Things like this, it happened for a reason and there was a big coup in the organization that she was a part of.

Her dark hair formed a curtain that obscured her face and showed her shining dark eyes that flickered in the firelight that she was sitting in, in her office area. There were books in her office about the occult, books that would cause many people to whimper or piss themselves in terror. She was dressed in a tight black corset that emphasized her features, along with tighter black pants. The woman's lips curled into a smile some would consider triumphant and others would a bit malicious.

"Did you feel that?"

Selene's attention averted to a young female who was standing on the outside of the room. She was dressed in a black leather jacket, with a white top, and a black jean skirt, wearing boots. Her hair was tied back in a ponytail. A silver necklace topped off her outfit.

"Yes, I did," Selene said and she looked at her, the girl that she took in as her daughter after finding her all of those years again.

"He is real then," she commented and Selene averted her eyes towards the girl. "Not that I really doubted it or anything….."

"Of course you didn't, but I need you to do me a favor, run a message to the White Queen," Selene said and the girl nodded eagerly. "Tell her that it's happening and to prepare for the end. And avoid Shaw and any of his cronies along the way if at all possible."

"I understand, Mother," the girl commented with a nod and she looked towards her, her shining blue eyes looking at Selene. "What….."

"She'll know when you tell her," Selene said and her penetrating gaze towards her daughter told her that she better get going.

The girl turned around and ran off, her necklace flowing in the breeze. It had a unique little symbol on it, a shield with an "S" etched in the middle of it.

Selene turned around after watching her daughter disappear in a blur and smiled, she was pretty sure that things were about to get interesting. It might be some time before she could make her move, but she was used to playing an extremely long term game.

The Black Queen of the Hellfire Club decided to take a drink to the future success of her and her soon to be master.

To Be Continued on October 8th, 2014.
Chapter 14

So now we start the second set of chapters (14-26). Obviously things have changed, hence why it might seem so jarring if you read this all in one shot once this is completed, as opposed to as it's being done.

Chapter Fourteen: Settling In.

It took some time but Harry was about to get situated into the new world that he adopted as his home. Sure there was a lot of business to deal with, a lot of paper work, and even more red tape to deal with. He didn't mind that was just part of what life was and Harry Potter was not about to change it for anything.

And the fact that past was all behind him, he could move on and move forward to a bright new future. Needless to say that there were a few loose ends that were taken care of, and now that they were part of their own personal hell, Harry could not say that he was all that sorry.

On the contrary, on the contrary, he wasn't really sorry at all, no sir, not at all. He wasn't capable of feeling compassion to those that he found to be beneath him.

That being said, he couldn't focus on that all that much, not when there was all the work that he had to do. There was so much that he needed to get done. The green eyes of Harry Potter flared with amusement when he looked over everything.

He had been doing some private maneuverings behind the scenes, trying to get the feel out for some interesting parties. He found out that there had been some parties that were extremely interested. It was hard to even ignore the fact that they were very interested indeed and Harry really was amused by that fact.

That being said, as much as he would have liked to bring certain parties on board for reasons of pleasure, there were other reasons why he would want to bring them on board.

Now with the situation in Limbo taken care of and things about as stable as they were, Harry was able to take a deep breath and turn his attention to more earthly matters.

Ananym and Illyana ensured things kept calm and while anything that Belasco could use to return back to life were destroyed. Many of his followers were taken care of, Harry wasn't going to take any chances at all.

'Someone like that is bound to be way too annoyingly resourceful for his own good,' Harry thought with a sigh.

He made his way down the hallways towards the large office building that he had purchased. It had been a bit rundown, a bit worn down, and what have you but Harry couldn't really concern himself with that.

With the proper modifications, Harry was able to make this place to be fit for habitation and that was
all that mattered to him.

He stepped forward and saw the blonde who was on the desk, perched with her legs crossed. She had her hair tied back, a bit shorter than it was before. A pair of glasses rested on the bridge of her nose and her blue eyes shined brightly from the other end of her glasses. Her lips pursed with desire, and she turned her body, showcasing her amazing bust as it stretched on the other side of the red blouse that she wore.

"Kara….or Karen isn't it?" Harry asked her and Karen nodded with a smile on her face.

They had to acquire new legal documentation to figure out how they figured into this brand new world. Kara decided to adopt a different alias to cause herself to stand out a little bit more away from the pack, that of Karen Starr.

Harry decided to keep his name, Harry Potter, he figured that it would have to do. He was going to ignore the guy at the courthouse who made a crack how his name sounded like something out of a children's fantasy novel. He was feeling charitable and didn't send him to some kind of hell dimension.

"Yes, it's weird getting used to a new name, I mean, I suppose that I didn't have to change it but it just worked out well that way," Karen replied, her shoulders shrugging, which also caused the material that wrapped around her frame to grow tighter. "But hey, we just got to roll with these things you know….."

"Kara or Karen, you're still mine, you realize that right," Harry said leaning down.

There was a smile on her face, when she threw her arms around his neck and leaned in, whispering in his ear.

"Yes, I know," Karen replied, sliding back and giving him a lengthy kiss across the lips once again, the two of them kissing each other for a long time.

Harry pushed her back onto the desk, kissing her completely and utterly breathless and the blonde closed her eyes tightly, the rush that filled her body was something that could not be described as anything other than exciting.

She was just glad that she had a couple of extra changes of panties, with Harry around, she would really need them. Shaking her head, the blonde sat up, her breathing getting rather prominent.

"Well to be fair, you didn't have to deal with Illyana did, she figured that she would have to check in with her family after what happened, you know her parents..." Harry said and Karen cut him off, with a lengthy sigh.

"Things got awkward?" Karen asked him and Harry nodded in confirmation.

"Things got really awkward," Harry agreed with her and Karen leaned back a little bit, kicking up her feet when she propped them up on the desk.

"Oh, that's always nice," Karen said, her lips curling into a slight smile once again and she looked at Harry. "So, we've got a lot of work to do?"

"You're telling me," Harry told her and he got down onto his desk, he needed to make sure everything was in order.

Not everything that he was doing was on the level, especially when you considered the standards of
human mortality. Something that he didn't bother himself with at all for it was beneath him. He was sure that he would do some actions that would cause the White Knights and the Social Justice Warriors of the world to get a severe case of the vapors.

Which as an Incubus, they really shouldn't and wouldn't apply to him. That being said, he would have to play nice by their primitive rules, until the time came when he took over everything. Which would be soon, and they would hand him the keys to the kingdom willingly.

That was always the more satisfying method of conquest.

And speaking of satisfying things, Karen managed to park herself underneath Harry's desk and what she was doing was very satisfying.

It was extremely satisfying as indeed.

Selene was dressed in a black coat, with a tight black top, and a pair of tight black pants. She thought that this moment would come eventually; she had only been waiting for it for thousands of years.

That being said, despite having time to be ready, she still wasn't completely prepared. The time where they were to meet would be occurring rather shortly and she pursed her lips.

Right now she was at the island that she had built. It was an island that was home to some of the most beautiful and outstanding women in the world. The dark haired woman stood at the edge of it when she peered forward.

Men only stepped upon this island when they were needed as breeding stock. Any males born, she would ensure that they would find good homes. They were not permitted to stay past adulthood. And if they had rose up, they would have been crushed anyway, so it was just as well.

It was more obvious with each passing day that she had enough cockroaches that were scurrying around by her feet. When cockroaches started to scurry, she did what she felt was the most logical thing possible, she stood on them, causing them to suffer the consequences of their defiance.

'Shaw and his allies, they think that they're going to take advantage of my preoccupation to work themselves in,' Selene said, shaking her head in a moment and she made herself up the hallway, where a group of girls, teenagers were watching her.

It was amusing when Selene showed up and you could hear a pin drop. She had that kind of effect on people. From what her eyes and ears heard from the island, they respected her even when she wasn't around.

That was the kind of influence that couldn't be bought. The kind of influence someone like Shaw wished that he had but he could never hold.

"Lady Selene, what is it?" one of the girls asked in a trembling voice and her friends looked at her like she was bold and brave for even addressing the woman who had been a boogieman to some of them.

"At ease, children, I wish you no harm, for you have done nothing to warrant it, as far as I know," Selene said and they all shook their heads. It was almost cute but she couldn't get any information if they had been too paralyzed to speak. "Now calm your nerves and focus…..focus on what I have to say."
The girls turned towards her and their mouths hung open and they nodded, yes they focused, they focused intently at the woman that was watching them.

"Where is Princess Amara?" Selene asked and one of the girls pointed her in the right direction. "I thank you, you have been helpful."

She understood that the Princess of Nova-Roma had been exhibiting special abilities that might put her underneath the nose of certain people. While some might argue that someone like Xavier showing interest would be a cause for concern, perhaps Selene could use this for her advantage, at least that's what she assumed so.

Selene knocked on the door and waited.

"Come in."

Selene saw Amara sitting in the room, her legs crossed and she was deep in a state of relaxation. Her dark hair framed her beautiful face. A lot of chocolate skin were shown along with high and firm breasts were exposed. She wore not a stitch of clothing on her body.

Amara had no body image issues and why would she? She was the pinnacle of beauty with her high breasts, flat stomach, and long luscious legs, along with a tight firm buttocks.

"Selene," Amara said in a respectful voice but not a cowardly one like her fellow Nova-Romans might have said.

Selene respected this a little bit, she respected her power but did not quiver like a coward. She would expect nothing else.

"Do you sense a change in the air, Amara?" Selene asked her and Amara looked up at her grandmother, many times over.

"A change, what of?" Amara asked suddenly but she could tell that Selene was not fooled by her coy act. "He has arrived."

"Yes, I realize that," Selene said, pleased that they were on the same wavelength and she could see Amara get up.

Selene walked over, grabbing a bottle of oil and motioning for Amara to step forward. She placed herself on the bench, laying on her front.

"And you know what his arrival means," Selene said, squirting the bottle on Amara's back, and then her talented hands started to go to work on her.

"It means, that what we have learned for generations, will occur," Amara said and Selene slowly worked on the back of her legs. "The Incubus King will take control of the world..."

"And any who stand in his way will burn," Selene whispered with a smile on her face and she got hot and bothered. To be honest, she would willingly give herself to him.

"He is about to make his presence known to the world," Amara continued.

"Yes, he is," Selene commented, working over the back of her legs more and then slid up, where the Princess unconsciously spread her legs. "And...you have your role to play in all of this, remember?"

Amara nodded, the heat rising to her body, was almost immense and she couldn't hold herself back.
"My powers…"

"You have more control over them that you think, you know that our teachings show you that you need to let go of your inhibitions, and just allow yourself to flow freely, and to be you," Selene whispered, and she continued to rub the back of the girl's legs, working her up just a little bit more.

Amara bit down on her lip and she could not believe this, so much pleasure once again.

"Just think, just feel the pleasure that you're going to feel when he's between your legs, and how you're going to take it, in every way that he wants to," Selene said, licking her lips, and she was thinking about the things herself.

The massage got even more sensual and hot, and she was getting more bothered by her hands, the more that she worked him up.

There was even more pleasure that spiked through her body and Selene decided to take things to the next level, having stripped off her clothing and applied the oil on her body.

Things were about to get much hotter than they were already. That was the way that she liked it.

"Things are remaining stable, at least for now," Illyana admitted, with Harry having popped back into Limbo to check in to see how Ananym and Illyana were getting on.

It was amazing to think that it took them what was essentially years to figure out a way out of here.

"You'll let me know if things start to break down, and they will get a reminder about who rules this dimension," Harry said and Illyana crawled onto his lap, his arm wrapping around her once again.

"Believe me master, if someone puts one claw out of line, or even looks at me or Ananym the wrong way, you'll be the first to know…"

"And does that include if you look at each other the wrong way?" Harry asked and her lips curled into a frustrating scowl.

"I'm trying to coexist with her, if you must know, but she makes it extremely difficult," Illyana said and she shook her head, with Harry running his hands through her hair, before forcefully tugging on it a little bit.

"She might as well have said the same about you," Harry said and Illyana reclined against him, her eyes flashing open.

"I don't know, has she?" Illyana asked him and Harry once again smiled, there was feeling that she was not going to get much more out of him other than that smile.

"Just worry about your responsibilities, and remember…"

"I know, there will always be someone to take the keys away from me at a moment's notice, but…they don't realize that you're the true holder of those keys," Illyana said, a wicked grin spreading over her face.

"Well, that can be our little trump card, can't it?" Harry asked her and the Russian blonde smiled for a moment.
"And are all of your deals on Earth about to come through?" Illyana asked him and Harry smiled.

"Naturally, while it might be considered an insignificant realm compared to a lot of others in the universe, it is….

"Not without its resources, and you know that there is another reason why you chose this particular Earth as opposed to another," Illyana told him and there was a knowing smile crossing Harry's face.

"No wand wavers to ruin my life," Harry replied and Illyana's grin got even wider before she said one word.

"Exactly."

"Well to be fair, they're not completely useless, only mostly; some of their females could be used very nicely for breeding stock if you decide to head down that route. And our pets now how have pets of their own."

Harry turned around and saw Ananym standing there; she bowed down to one knee and looked at him with a smile.

"Master, it has been too long," she whispered in an excited voice when she approached him and Harry smiled, motioning for her to stand before him, so she did, the big grin going over her face.

"It has Ananym," Harry told her and she watched him, rather eagerly. "I trust you have not done anything that you may regret."

"No, we have….co-existed," Ananym said, once again causing Harry's gaze to fall upon her. She wasn't lying, they had come to an understanding. That if they didn't get along, their master would punish them and it wouldn't be in the good way either.

There were times where the girl was willing and quite frankly able to push the envelope to a certain extent. Also there were times where she was also inclined to keep her mouth shut and keep her feet on the ground. That being said, her eyes fixed on her master.

"Is there any purpose to your visit?"

"Merely just a courtesy check up, but there is nothing wrong, not yet anyway," Harry said but it was almost like he was expecting something to happen. It was one of those situations where there was the calm before the storm, something that he knew and dealt with more often than he would have cared to admit.

"Isn't there?" Ananym asked with a smile on her face.

"Our newest guests have settled in…haven't they?" Harry asked and Ananym smiled.

"Yes, the best of….well the lowest form of magic, so I don't see how good they are but as for who they are..."

"They only exist still because my pets deserve toys for when they behave," Harry said, he would never give them names, they were lower than even his pets, they were toys.

Some of them were attractive but there were women who were far more attractive and most certainly far more worth of his attention for Harry.

"Some of them were very haughty, thinking that it was beneath their station to receive such a gift, I
don't know what they're taught in that society, but manners most certainly is not it," Ananym said but the girl's grin got even more wider and even more wicked. "But our Succubi will condition them and soon they will realize that they had been granted a favor by not being reduced to ash along with the rest of that society."

Harry smiled once again, but that was all that he would say about the situation. He knew that they would beg to touch him, to be touched by him in the end, if nothing else for who he was but he would not grant them that favor.

That world would condemn a child to mediocrity, so they could profit off of his name, and how they treated their magical creatures, as one, Harry was extremely offended by their backwards attitudes. Those more of magic through mundane blood were also treated like dirt, despite the fact it was their blood that sustained their little decaying society for centuries longer than it should have been.

"You have done well, both of you."

"We only live to serve you, master," Illyana said, bowing before him and she smiled. "We will serve your favor now."

She already removed his pants, the blonde wasn't wearing a stitch of clothing and that was how Harry preferred his women to be honest.

"So, Wanda's off visiting her father," Zatanna said and she was neutral with that voice, but she could tell that this was a disaster waiting to happen.

"That was of her choice, and her father…..well he has a few recruits that could be of value, it's just a matter of subverting them over to our cause," Harry told her with a smile on his face. "That being said…..I'm prepared to step in and Faora is watching things over, so things shouldn't really get too much out of hand."

"Right, right," Zatanna said, she should have trusted Harry's judgment. Must like the rest of them, she was settling into this brand new world with what happened. They had all been in Limbo for a long time. Some longer than others. "You got the artifacts, didn't you?"

"During my final trip to that place," Harry said and Zatanna looked at him.

"They're not….actually they are all bad, so never mind," Zatanna said, not knowing why precisely she was trying to argue this point, other than a desire to play the devil's advocate. At least that's what she assumed. That being said, the dark haired sorceress parted ways with Harry.

"I'll see you later, I have something that I need to take care of," Harry said and Zatanna smiled.

"I know that you will see me," Zatanna said and the two of them shared a kiss, with Harry backing her up against the wall.

Zatanna shivered as his aura overpowered her and needed her in desperate need of a change of panties. That being said, she was slumped against the wall, breathing heavily, long after Harry departed from the scene.

Harry arrived outside of the room and spotted that Nico was waiting, with Clea telling her something. When Harry's presence came into the room, that just had to be acknowledged, and the Sorceress Supreme turned her attention firmly to the green eyed wizard that was standing there.
"Hello, my lord, I was just informing young Nico about her duties and responsibilities that she would have to do," Clea replied and Harry smiled, quite liking where this one was going. "And I am given her a performance review as well and I figure that there is no better way to gauge her performance than….."

"You assumed correctly," Harry replied with a smile and he beckoned for Nico to come there before him.

Nico shuddered when she took half of a step towards him. Once again, the aura that he held was pretty much second to none. The girl was feeling pleasure that was beyond all comprehension that went through her body. Her knee was about to bend when she went down before him, the shivering continued to course through her body.

"I believe that Clea has informed you what to do," Harry told her and she nodded, her lips moistening and her heart racing once again. The heat that once again rose through her body was something that could make someone normally acquire a fever.

"Yes," Nico said once again, her trembling hands placed on her and he leaned forward, grabbing her tightly around her supple ass.

"Yes, what?" Harry asked her and Nico nodded her head, her breathing rather heavy and her heart quickening the pace.

"Yes, yes, master," Nico whispered, once again dropping down to her knees before Harry, to worship her god but Harry pulled her up and gave her a mind blowing kiss.

That caused her excitement to increase tenfold in a hurry.

"Now you may descend to your knees," Harry told her and Nico was obedient, she had made the mistake of looking into those eyes, which had an uncanny ability to lock onto a person's very soul to be honest.

Clea was ready to sit down and enjoy the show with a smile on her face and she reclined back. Harry turned towards her with a stern look on his face.

"Clea, you may watch, but you're not to get yourself off, your orgasm belongs to me and not to your fingers," Harry told her and Clea looked at him, nodding.

"Yes, master," Clea replied, knowing that he would punish her if she defied him and the Sorceress Supreme was seriously weighing what the consequences were and if they were worth being punished.

That being said, she leaned back on the chair and watched. The show would be interesting when Nico prepared to worship her god.

"Mistress?" Nico asked in an uncertain voice and Clea gave her a stern look.

"Service your master, and you will be rewarded," Clea said with a smile. "Remember the techniques that I described to her."

The maid was down on her knees and she unbuttoned Harry's pants, slowly removing them. The Asian prepared to savor the moment. She managed to steady her hands, it would not be of good form if they were trembling especially before her master. She was a bit taken out of things and she looked at him.
His underwear was removed next and the incoming phallus nearly smacked her in the face. The dark haired Asian female caught it suddenly and her eyes widened, along with her lips moistening. Her heart quickened a few paces when she saw the treat that was right in front of her. Her lips got even more moistened when she saw the Incubus in his full glory.

"Take it in your mouth," Harry ordered and she placed her lips on it, before giving it a tentative lick. Her lithe hand roamed up to squeeze Harry's balls and she closed her eyes, her lips pushed around him.

The dark haired female wrapped her lips around his manhood and Clea watched, pulling off the material of her outfit. The white haired sorceress was stripped naked and she sat spread eagled, ready to enjoy the show, the innocence being corrupted by Harry.

That was a hot sensation and Nico's lips wrapped around his tool once again, sucking him, she was really kicking up the pace heavily. Harry encouraged her to suck him harder.

"Keep with the position," Harry ordered, grabbing her firmly on the back of the head and bringing her tight hot mouth down upon his tool once again. The dark haired girl nearly choked on him when she kept pushing him into her mouth.

She did stay up with the position, Harry's manhood buried deep into her mouth. It pumped into her mouth harder. Nico closed her eyes, feeling the rush of power that came from him. Her god dribbled his balls over her chin and once again Nico could feel him go deep into her mouth.

'That's good, oh that's good,' Harry thought to himself, but never the less, he explored her innocent, untainted body, feeling her pert, perky breasts when she continued her frantic efforts to make Harry reach is orgasm.

"That….is it," Clea whispered, her finger pushing deep into her heated mound and she pulled it out, placing it up to her lips and slowly bringing it into her mouth to suckle on it. Her nipples hardened against her top once again and she swept her fingers down, touching her hot mound once again.

Nico was working diligently against him and she wanted to get his seed out of his prick and into her mouth.

Her hot lips wrapped tighter around him and she continued to stay an amazing course once again and eventually good things came to girls that waited.

The hot seed spilled into her mouth and her nipples grew extremely hard against her top, the exotic taste of his semen caused her to lose her sense.

He was an incubus, so he could make it taste like anything. It would always taste good for his lovers.

"Good girl, now it's time for your reward," Harry said, pulling Nico up and setting her up on the bed.

She was on her hands and knees, her skirt was torn from her body and her panties are ripped off.

"I'm going to take your innocence, and your mind, body, and soul, it all belongs to me now," Harry whispered, cupping Nico from behind, her hot pussy pulsing with pleasure. She closed her eyes and Harry loomed over her.

His manhood slid between her hot tights and Nico could feel him go deep inside her, tearing away at her resistance.

This should have hurt a lot more than it really did but there was an aura about the Incubus that
caused him to work into her body from behind.

"More, more, master," Nico said, she was begging for his cock to hammer her from behind, even though it was splitting her apart.

"You wish to please your master, don't you…pet?" Harry asked, watching Clea finger herself furiously and Harry arched an eyebrow. He didn't recall giving her permission to do that.

He would have to take care of that matter sooner.

"Yes, Master, I belong to you, harder, until I can't move, please," Nico whispered, her nipples hardening once again.

Harry held her orgasm off. He did allow the slickness of her cunt to remain, allowing him to slide into her.

Nico knew that her body was feeling pleasure but her brain did not quite register it. Harry was holding back, his strong hands roaming over her nice perky breasts, and she whimpered when he plunged his way oh so deeper into her body.

Each thrust brought her to greater sensations than the one that was before it and Nico Minoru thought that she was about ready to lose her mind.

"Please master, give me your gift," Nico whimpered and Harry leaned forward, slowly extending his tongue and licking her on the neck.

Each thrust of his manhood worked deep into her body and once again, the dark haired Asian vixen could feel him when he buried deep into her. The pleasure through her body, it was beyond all comprehension. The young woman panted. She could not…..she would not…..oh god she felt so good, it was causing her to lose her mind completely.

Harry continued to work into her and he looked up, seeing Clea staying there, with her nipples sticking out and her swollen pussy lips being rubbed once again. She lifted her fingers once again and stuck them into her mouth, suckling them with great pleasure.

"I think that she's earned it," Harry whispered and he rammed into her hard from behind.

Clea nodded once again, she would have to concur with her master's thoughts, even though he was the one that knew best.

Nico braced herself; Harry really was working her up into a frenzy. She might have come about four or five times by now.

The orgasm that he held deep inside her was something that came close to exploding in her and suddenly, he rammed into her hard from behind.

Nico closed her eyes suddenly and she could feel the first orgasm that Harry had released and the other ones that he had held back were released in rapid fire power.

Clea came herself, soaking her hand and the chair that she was setting in and she could see Harry bracing himself.

Her womb was the only thing that he hadn't left his mark on and Harry licked her neck once again and cupped her breasts.
"I think that I'll make you mine forever," Harry whispered.

"Bind….bind me," Nico whispered, she could not believe that she accepted such a thing like this but this was the power.

"Oh, don't worry, there's no question that I'm going to bind you, you were doomed the moment that I sent my sights on you."

The fact that an Incubus told her that he was going to take her and there was nothing that she could do about it got her hot and bothered. Once again, her orgasms hit her all at once and suddenly, it happened.

His hot seed slipped into her body and Nico closed her eyes. Her tight walls grew even tighter, as she accepted his gift into her body. The dark haired Asian female could feel him empty the contents of his balls into her. The sticky seed filled her body, marking her insides and her pleasure forever.

She collapsed, so much pleasure coursing through her body that it was hard to breathe. But if she somehow stopped breathing, she really would die a happy death.

Harry's eyes averted to Clea, who looked like a little girl whose hand had been caught in the candy jar. It might not have been caught there, but it was caught in some other place where her hand got sticky.

Calmly, Harry walked over and took Clea's hand. He put one of her fingers in her mouth and sucked on it, causing her hips to twitch upwards.

"You taste good still," Harry told her in a cool voice and Clea watched him.

"Master?" Clea asked him and Harry smiled, before he turned her to turn around.

In a blink of an eye, Clea was slumped against the couch, her ass presented towards Harry. In all of it's tantalizing glory, Harry had it. He smiled, looking at her delicious rear in all of its glory and said glory was in fact extremely glorious.

"Now, Clea, perhaps you need a reinforcement about why you should not defy my orders, it was a simple request really, all you had to do was keep from diddling yourself for an hour and…..well that just shows that you have a weak will and I can't have that."

Harry smiled, his hands were so close to her body but yet so far.

Clea didn't dare look over her shoulder but she sensed something levitate over the top of her head.

Then there was something hot that pressed against her ass and she closed her eyes, it felt like a red hot poker rammed into a very sensitive place.

Her orgasm was also held off, which made any pleasure that she could get with this to be non-existent.

Harry Potter sat in his office cross legged, there were four heads mounted as trophies on the wall.
One of them was of an old man with a long white beard that looked like a stereotypical old wizard.

Another was of a greasy man with sallow skin, who looked like a completely awful person to be around with no redeeming qualities whatsoever.

Another was a blonde man who looked quite condescending, although he wasn't that condescending when his head was not attached to his body.

The final trophy was of a toad faced woman, who Harry knew to have a horrible coughing ailment. These were the four that were most to blame for his situation.

Well there were the Dursleys, but they were trapped with some of the most anti-mundane wand wavers in some kind of pocket dimension. So in reality, everyone did in fact suffer.

That being said, that wasn't about them, it was about the visions that Harry had been having. Visions that he was having ever since he was in Limbo. they had increased in intensity in the time since he was there.

The green eyed wizard crossed his arms once again, the fact that they were so close indicated that he was closer to the person on the other end of the vision for sure.

'Okay, I've got to…I know what's going on now,' Harry thought with a smile on his face.

The great power that he sensed, he needed to have under his beck and call. It was untamed in many ways, but that just meant that it was waiting for someone to tame it. If Harry was that someone, then that would be more than great to be honest.

That being said, Harry traveled through the Astral Plane, disconnecting himself from the real world so he could find the source.

He figured that the person in question was asleep when he was having these meetings. In fact, Harry doubted very much because they would not remember it when they woke up. But it would have left a lasting mental imprint. He knew that much.

There she was right there, she was standing there. Red hair flying, green eyes shining bright, bathed in absolute fire. The emerald eyed wizard took another step forward, and it was obvious that she was naked.

And it was obvious that the two of them were not alone. Someone else had found their way onto the Astral Plane.

"I command that you show yourself," Harry said, in a voice that left no room for argument. It was commanding as everything else.

There was a moment where the person who had joined them paused and she said. "Very well."

Much to Harry's dismay, the girl had disappeared before he had a chance to reach out and touch her in her dreams. No doubt there had been a few times where the female had woken up with sticky sheets, wet panties, and there was no reason why.

Harry hoped that the person who dared interrupt him would have a good reason for doing so, otherwise, he was going to be very displeased.

That being said, he was already somewhat pleased by what was before him, because of how the women in question dressed herself.
She was a blonde with an amazing body, that was something that was always a benefit for Harry. Her hair flowed freely, almost shining in the light of the Astral Plane when she gazed upon Harry, a smile crossing her face. She wore a tight white corset that her ample breasts were about ready to spill out of. A white cape flowed nicely down her shoulders, and she was wearing a skimpy white thong that barely covered what needed to be covered, and the thigh high white boots and white gloves where a nice touch.

"So, I was wondering when the White Queen of the Hellfire Club would present herself to me," Harry said, walking over.

She had a stronger will than many, he would give her that, but that would give Harry satisfaction to bend it to him.

The White Queen smiled, she had nothing to fear most of the time, because she used her mental abilities to make other men think that she was sleeping with them, while sitting in the corner, doing a crossword puzzle, waiting for them to tire themselves out or thrust themselves raw.

That being said, she was certain that this was not like any other man and her mental tricks would be seen right through as deception straight away.

"So, what can I do for you?" Harry asked, placing his hands on her waist, and Emma Frost looked at him, her heart skipping a couple of beats once again. "Because, I hope that you're not just wasting my time with games, because you interrupted something very vital to my plans if you did."

"No, no games, I swear it," Emma whispered once again, getting hot under the collar and he just realized the Incubus King could do anything that he wanted to her in here and she would not only take it, but she would enjoy it.

It was so hard to find a man that was so dominating and more importantly so skilled. Most of them tried to be gentlemen, and they failed at that.

"This is business."

"Very well, you've got my attention," Harry told Emma, and once again his smile crossed his face and the blonde shuddered at the gaze that penetrated her.

She struck while the iron was hot.

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To Be Continued on October 11th 2014.
A meeting with the Black Queen and the White Queen of the Hellfire Club was something that intrigued Harry to be honest and he didn't want to wait around. Far from it. He wished to strike while the iron was hot.

He arrived at the designated meeting place, Emma told him that they would not be disturbed here and Harry had brought some super powered back up, to ensure that there wasn't a double cross of some sort.

"So, are you hidden?" Harry asked her and she nodded in the shadows.

"Yes, hidden, do you think that we could trust them?" she whispered from the shadows.

"Yes, up until a point we can trust him, but when we get past a certain point, I don't really know," Harry said. Then again, they would just be like every other woman that he met immediately. "Don't reveal yourself, unless you need to."

"I know, master," the female said with a smile on her face when she walked beside Harry, spells deadening her steps, she wasn't about to make any noise.

"Do you know?" Harry asked her and the female nodded eagerly behind his back. It was now or then once again. "Okay, Zatanna, I know what to do...we're here."

Zatanna remained quiet, walking beside of Harry. She thought that her spell work blossomed under Harry's guidance and observation. There was a lot more to magic than memorizing how to say certain spell words backwards, but that did go a long way to confusing people.

Which left them open for an attack. As amusing as that was she could not be amused by that, because being amused would lead to giggling and she had to remain silent, or she would be punished. And she would not be punished in the fun way whatsoever.

Harry walked up the steps, where a beautiful dark skinned teenager was waiting. She nearly got up to her feet, and staggered forward.

Casually and carefully Harry caught her around the waist, causing her to stand up on her own accord. She looked at him, mouth half open, as she was bamboozled by what happened around her. However, Harry adjusted her stance so she didn't fall over and land on her face.

"Careful, you don't want to hurt yourself, do you?" Harry asked and she shook her head urgently, biting down on her lip.

Suddenly she realized it, even if she had a sixth sense of it. "You're....you're him....."

"Yes, I'm him, I'm a very important him," Harry said, causing the dark skinned female to grow a bit red around the area of the cheek bones.

When she realized the eyes of this young man was on her, she cleared her throat, trying not to be
distracted, but naturally she kind of failed at that.

"I'm Princess Amara, of Nova-Roma..."

"Right, Selene's granddaughter I know," Harry said and Amara opened her mouth, about ready to say something.

She was going to ask him how he knew. She feared that she might insult the man's intelligence. Amara took a deep breath and remained respectful to him.

"The White Queen and Selene.....they are right in the next room, waiting for you.....if you need any help getting there...but naturally you can find your way there," the princess said, soundly royally flustered when she tripped over her words.

It was really hard at this point to cause Zatanna to keep her vow of silence but she managed to do it, but literally biting on her tongue.

Harry knocked the door and he felt a familiar imprint on his mind.

Which Harry returned fire by attacking all of her pleasure centers at once and there was a yelp of pleasure. 'Yes, we're ready, you may enter.'

The White Queen got a first-hand experience that Harry Potter controlled the chess game. The Hellfire Club fancied themselves as chess masters. Harry Potter played on an entirely different level.

Selene encountered many extremely powerful individuals in her day, and those who had thought that they were extremely powerful. Among those who believed that they were powerful, they were just blew smoke out of their ass. They were easily humbled and to do so, it was amazing.

Harry Potter really was the real deal, she knew it up close. She could tell a forgery a mile away.

"Mr. Potter, it's an honor to meet you in the flesh at last," Emma said once again. She had caught glimpses of him briefly, but nothing was like being up close and personal with the young man himself.

"The pleasure is all mine, Miss Frost," Harry said and he walked forward, she practically placed her hand into his, so he could give a nice little kiss on the top of it.

Selene smiled once again, Emma Frost was a smart and sophisticated woman but she was in the presence of someone who had an extremely like time to cultivate a game and what a game it was.

"Selene, the legendary Selene of Nova-Roma, the honor is....."

"Let's just say it's an honor for both of us, and get down to business," Selene said, leaning towards him and offering a daring kiss to him, which Harry took.

She might have been one of the few women who had the ability to get away with something like that, at least that's what she figured. How long she could be allowed to get away with this business remained to be seen.

"Now, officially down to business, as the Hellfire Club has potential, but there are certain undesirables who lack the imagination to go forward," Selene said and there was really no need for elaboration.

"But now that the true leader of a new age of the Club is here, we don't have to do business with
them any further," Emma said as she took a seat next to Harry. "I know that you have much business
to take care of, a world doesn't become controlled on its own accord."

Harry would have to agree that she had a point. Ruling the world wasn't just as simple as making a
few proclamations. It was all about forging some long lasting connections.

"You have me for the next hour, I'm sure that you can make this trip worth my while," Harry told
both of the vixens of the Hellfire Club.

"We shall," Emma told them once again, and a bottle of wine was passed around, as they went to
conduct business.


After the business with the Hellfire Club was done, Harry arrived to meet Karen outside of Stark
Industries.

"So, how did things go?" Karen asked him.

"They've been hooked, and they'll do anything that I want them to, and I hardly have to ask," Harry
told the blonde, who nodded, she almost practically rubbed her hands together in excitement.

She stopped when she realized how much of a super villain she would look like.

"That's great, really it is," Karen said, almost bouncing up and down, with the wonderful things that
it would do to her breasts being amazing. The two of them were standing outside of STARK
Industries, ready for a meeting.

"So, I'm not late, am I?" Harry inquired her and the blonde smiled once again.

"My lord, any time you wish to show up, it's sufficiently early," Karen told him once again, pressing
her arm against his, acting as both of his personal assistant and his bodyguard.

There were sufficient perks to both, therefore she stuck right by his side.

"Technically speaking though, am I?" Harry asked Karen and Karen shook her head.

"No, technically speaking you're not really late," Karen agreed with him and Harry smiled at her.

"Excellent," Harry said and he meant that from the bottom of his heart. Like always, Karen could
feel the rush of pleasure course down her spine that Harry's mere presence offered. The blonde
followed behind him, the two of them making their way up the lobby area.

An attractive secretary in her thirties was waiting once again and she saw them.

"Mr. Potter, Miss Potts is in her office, she'll see you now," the secretary said.

"Thank you, third floor, third door to the right, right?" Harry asked and the secretary nodded in
response, like most women who Harry encountered she was hopefully and dreadfully lost in Harry's
eyes.

"Yes, is there anything else that you need?" the secretary asked once again and Harry smiled once
again.

"No, there isn't, thank you, just inform her that Karen and I will be in in about two minutes to see
her, even if she's expecting us, best to make sure that she's ready," Harry said and the secretary nodded, bowing to his will.

"The power that you have over women, it's scary," Karen whispered once again and Harry turned towards her.

"You experienced it up close and personal, and if I get my hooks into some of the most powerful women in the world, than that just makes things all that much easier," Harry told her once more and Karen nodded, she understood Harry's plan one hundred percent.

"Already have your hooks in the Sorceress Supreme and you're not unhooking her any time soon."

An attractive redhead dressed in a business suit that fit over her tight and fit body greeted them.

"Mr. Potter, Miss Starr, I'm so glad that you could come here, on such short notice," Pepper said to both of them, shaking their hands as they walked on their way to the office.

"You seem stressed out," Harry told Pepper and the redhead turned around, looking at her.

"No, it's nothing, I've been just clearing out a couple of Tony's minefields after he dropped the full responsibility of the company on my lap," Pepper told them once again, leading them into her office.

Both of them stopped and saw another attractive redhead woman, who was rather tall and had a body that most models would be envious of. She had red hair that framed her face and gorgeous red eyes. She wore a professional looking business suit but it gave anyone who looked upon her a tantalizing hint of what she had to offer underneath.

"Mr. Potter, this is my personal assistant, Natalie Rushman," she said to him.

"It's a pleasure to meet you, Mr. Potter, and Miss Starr, isn't it?" she asked, extending her arm forward and shook their hands.

"It's a pleasure to meet you, Miss Rushman," Harry said to her with a smile on his face, and the redhead nodded with the smile barely escaping on her face.

Karen was looking at him with a curious look but out of the corner of his mouth and careful not have the redhead look, he shook his head.

'Later,' he thought to her and Karen blinked, wondering what should be so urgent.

"Don't mind her, she….she is very helpful, she has all of the paperwork in order and she makes sure that I keep myself in order…I couldn't have done this without her, because you know, Tony is Tony," Pepper said with a smile crossing her face.

If that wasn't a statement of what Tony Stark was, they couldn't really say. That being said, Harry turned towards her, giving her one of those looks, the type of looks that made her sit down.

"So, our initial meeting barely scrapped the surface, but now that I'm about to go public, I think that we go forward with a more interesting proposal," Harry told her and Pepper raised an eyebrow.

"Do you really think that we can get this off the ground in a year?"

"No," Harry said and Pepper frowned, she thought that the plan was sound. "Six months."

Now she was intrigued. With the woman hooked, Harry launched into his plans.
"It's not a problem, it's not a problem at all, he's not late, I'm just rather early."

A stacked woman with dark hair, dressed in a black blouse and tight black dress pants that fitted smugly around her ass shifted in one of the main offices at Harry's base of operations. She had come a long way from Great Britain, but she figured that she was moving on with spreading the business over to the United States and she had quite a person to get into bed with.

"Miss Braddock, Harry said that he would return, he would be here shortly," Faora said with a smile on her face, even though she had the identity of Alexandra Potter in this world, posing as Harry's cousin.

"That's great, he can take his time all that he wants, he's worth the way, love," the woman said and she added as an afterthought with a pause on her voice. "And please, it's Betsy."

He knocked on the door once again, and Karen returned, with Harry following them.

"Betsy, how are you?" Harry asked, greeting the woman with a smile and the woman made her way over towards him, sweeping him in a familiar hug, giving him a slight, but rather chaste and teasing kiss on the lips.

"Harry, it's great to see you again, I mean it's only been a couple of months, you know what they say, absence makes the heart grow fonder, but...you know, absence makes the heart ache in your case," she said, with Harry offering her a chair to sit down, which she took.

"You had a lot of responsibility on your shoulders, so I understand the need to post pone the final details of our deal until now," Harry said with a smile.

"Seems like you're making a lot of deals, with Frost Industries, with Stark, and with OsCorp as well," Betsy added once again and Harry looked at her, a smile crossing his face.

"Yes, I'm making a lot of deals, but not official yet, so....."

"No problem, my lips are sealed, luv," Betsy said, taking a cup of tea to drink. "One of the better places in the country to get a cup of tea, isn't it?"

"Well, American's might not be able to make a good cup of tea, but they make some good coffee," Harry said, crossing his arms with a smile. "So, how are you dealing....after your loss....."

"It was difficult after the unfortunate tragedy where my parents and my brother died, because everything fell on my lap," Betsy said, once again. "But, life goes on, even if I had to console my brother's widow."

Harry smiled knowing, knowing Betsy, he knew that she knew all kinds of ways to make people forget about things. The two of them drank their tea and touched base.

"But, I didn't come here to talk about my personal tragedy, we're down to business, and I told you it was only a matter of time before Selene and Emma made an aggressive sale's pitch to you to join their little outfit," Betsy said once again, with Karen offering her a buttered biscuit, which she took once again. "Thanks, darling, you're too kind."

"Any to help a fellow member of the collective," Karen said with a smile on her face and Betsy looked at her.
"I could have sworn that it was called a harem….."

"Name isn't important right now, but yes it is," Harry said and Karen looked on with a pouting expression that Betsy and Faora were both amused by.

One solid and stern look from Harry caused them to fall back in line.

"Well, it appears that we should know who gets the final vote in this one," Betsy said, leaning back but not too far back. "And you know that since I'm about ready to go into the Hellfire Club myself to continue the family legacy…"

"You need all of the allies that you can well, well the Club is going underneath new management, so there's going to be a lot of new allies there," Harry told her and she nodded.

Betsy knew what that mean and she had the folder of the information that Harry wanted.

"I don't quite know why you wanted information about these companies, they really don't have that big of a stretch," Betsy said once again and Harry smiled.

"Today yes, five years from now, they have potential if they are guided in the right direction," Harry told her and Betsy's lips curled.

"You see, we're going to tackle from two fronts, the bigger enterprises, and the smaller businesses that could have maximum profits, because they have a good idea, but their outreach is lacking," Harry told her and Betsy nodded, putting her hand underneath her chin.

"I see, most people would be blinded with the present but you….you're different because you look way and ahead to the future," Betsy told him and Harry smiled.

"The future is now, at least it starts now," Harry said once again and he looked through all of the information that Betsy presented for him.

"That's all in order, isn't it?" Betsy asked once again and Harry smiled.

"That's perfect, you've done well, I know that you've worked rather hard," Harry said and Betsy smiled at him.

"Well, I know that you have a few business relationships on the table, but I really see you exploring the full benefits of each and every last one of them," Betsy told him, a sultry grin popping over her face and her tongue trailed deliciously around her lips.

She would have liked to explore the further details of this business arrangement, after going over a few things, she had to run, and she knew that Harry had as well.

"So, is this all to your liking?" Betsy asked him, and she was all about pleasing Harry.

If he wasn't happy, then she felt that she wasn't doing her job, and she wanted to make sure that he was welcome.

"Trust me, Betsy, you did a good job, and I'm sure that our relationship will only grow from here," he told her with a smile.

"Right, got to catch a flight, got a couple more things to take care of and I know that you've got some things to take care of, so I'll catch you later," Betsy said in an excited voice and she leaned forward, before pressing her lips upon Harry's with a searing kiss, a favor which he returned.
Once the two of them broke apart, Betsy lifted, and Harry had another meeting that he needed to attend.

"Are you ready?" Harry asked Karen, after turning his eyes away from the departing Miss Braddock.

"Yes, I'm ready," Karen agreed, but would she have ever denied her master anything?

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Almost a year ago, the death of Norman Osborn rocked the business world, and of OsCorp in general. Even though the circumstances around his death were brushed underneath the rug, hushed up, and what have you. Even with that fact it was still the talk of the world.

A dark haired woman sat, dressed in formal female business attire. Her brown eyes fixed on the documents in front of her. After the death of her father, her mother remarried the one and only Norman Osborn, and she became his adopted daughter. And he had often said that she was everything that he had ever wanted in a son.

Amusing if she had to say so herself.

The dark haired girl was named Riley Parker-Osborn, and she had inherited the company in Norman's death. Which was ironic given how Osborn died, but that was neither here nor there.

There was a knock on the door that jarred her back to life. A beautiful blonde entered the room, she was wearing a tight orange blouse that fit snugly around her breasts, along with a black coat, and a long black skirt, with nice tight stockings and high heels.

"Hi, Gwen," Riley said with a smile, looking at her personal assistant who entered her office and she looked at him with a smile.

"Your brother was seen lurking around the area of the Penthouse and outside in the parking lot…..this is the third time this week I had to call security on him," Gwen said and Riley looked at her, shaking her head.

"A restraining order doesn't seem to be much more than a suggestion to him, and he actually has some balls," Riley said shaking her head. "Who knew? Too bad he didn't bother to stand up to Norman with any of those."

Gwen cleared her throat to get her superior's attention.

"Today is the meeting, with Harry Potter and Karen Starr, you know of the RAO Corporation," Karen told Riley and she nodded with a smile.

Riley wanted to see what this Harry Potter was all about, an interesting young man with some secrets, but then again, she and Gwen had secrets of their own, with the interesting nature of their relationship.

"Are you ready?" Gwen asked and Riley nodded with a smile.

"Yes, I'm ready," she said, looking rather intense and why wouldn't she look intense. She had a lot riding on this meeting; especially given that certain parties in OsCorp thought that they could maneuver against her.

The biggest and she didn't use this term lightly because of the man in question., being Fisk. The large
man had a fair amount of stock and seemed to think that was an excuse to muscle her out of the company, just like he might have muscled someone out of the way on the way to the buffet table.

It was an extremely short walk to the meeting room, and Riley and Gwen saw Harry Potter sitting at the table, arms folded, with a smile on his face. Gwen turned towards Riley, nudging her once again.

"He looks like a treat, doesn't he?" Gwen whispered but Riley gave her one of those looks, to keep her mind on her business.

"Mr. Potter, Miss Starr, welcome," Riley said once again, shaking hands with both of them with a smile.

"Miss Parker-Osborn, it's a pleasure to meet you in the flesh," Harry said once again and her hand was in his, so he gave it a slight kiss on the top of it, which shivers went down her spine with.

"Well, I'm sure that the pleasure is mine," Riley said with a smile but she shook her head, especially when Gwen cleared her throat. "And this is my assistant Gwen Stacy…"

"It's a pleasure to meet you, Mr. Potter," Gwen said with a smile. She took a moment to check Harry out. "You know, you're pretty much different from the normal class of New York businessmen."

"Well, I like to not live up to their example," Harry said with a smile, taking Gwen's hand and giving it a kiss, which sent electrified shivers down her spine once again.

"Yes, that sounds like a good plan," Gwen whispered, closing her eyes once again and Harry smiled, inviting them to sit down.

"So, I've looked at your late father's work, and…he lived and he died for his work," Harry told Riley once again and she shook her head.

"You don't say," Riley said, with a smile crossing her face once again. "But are you looking at the OZ Formula…"

"He was using a high powered engine that was powering little more than a hover board, I think that he overlooked certain things about how useful a product like that could be in the long run," Harry said.

"Yes, Osborn looked like he had a little bit of tunnel vision," Karen added and Gwen looked at the other blonde in mock outrage.

"Norman Osborn, have tunnel vision, get out of here," Gwen said, barely able to keep the sarcasm out of her voice.

Those who knew Norman Osborn the best laughed.

"He was obsessed with what he was obsessed about, but the formula could be useful in doubling food production, if it has been modified and tested," Harry said. "Then again, the Goblin formula is not any worse than what the government might be pumping into the air and into our food."

"Well, that's a high bar to strive for," Riley said and Harry smiled. "That formula drove my father insane…..well more insane."

Riley shook her head, getting back down to business and focusing on what she had to do intently.

"So…you get a minority share of OsCorp on this deal, which should stick nicely in the craw of
certain people," Riley said and they all heard Gwen cough "Fisk" and then "Menken" in rapid fire succession.

"You know you should really get a doctor to take a look at that cough, it sounds pretty nasty," Karen said with a smile on her face but Gwen shook her head in amusement.

"But, we could have some really good business here, but we should go over these things in good time, but I think that my personal assistant and yours managed do things quite nicely," Riley said and she turned to Gwen. "At the risk of inflating their heads naturally….."

Gwen threw her hands up once again, shaking her head. All kidding aside, they had contracts to sign and they wanted the ink to dry before Harry went public, with all of the mergers that he was working.

With all of the balls that he had bouncing up in the air, Gwen wondered how he was going to manage them all. But she had a feeling that someone like him did.

"Thank you Claire, they're in position, this is working out too well," Selene said with a smile on her face, as her daughter looked at her. Her oldest daughter was waiting in the doorway, although her face was submerged mostly in the shadows and not visible. "You and Diana can have the day to yourself; I'll let you know if I need you as well."

"It was a pleasure," Claire said with a smile on her face, and she couldn't wait to officially meet him. She was off at her lessons and then she was getting her ass kicked by her sister in a sparring session, so she unfortunately missed an earlier meeting.

This was also an early meeting that Amara quite frankly wouldn't shut up about at all.

"I think that she'll be another one that will be under the spell of Mr. Potter, pun intended, unfortunately," Emma said with a knowing smile and there was no use denying it that Emma was placed underneath that spell.

"Speaking of ones underneath his spell…..yes Amara, what did you need?" Selene asked with the young princess made her way there.

"I've been recruited to the Charles Xavier school for the gifted," Amara said once again and Selene looked at her.

There was a second where Amara awaited for the blessing of her queen. Selene broke into a smile and it was very nearly unsettling.

"It's finally happened, Xavier has offered us an opportunity that we need to get eyes and ears inside his establishment," Selene said and she could not help but feel triumph about this fact.

"I didn't want to accept off hand but…"  

"I think that it would be a good idea for you to attend, Xavier has many faults, but the man does have a certain gift for understanding the gifts that young mutants possess, but I warn you not to get too caught up in his personal philosophies," Emma said to her and Amara nodded in agreement.

"I agree with Emma, while you're there, you can keep an eye on a certain asset…..one that we've had our eye on for quite some time," Selene said.
Amara's mouth hung open for a second of awe. "Do you mean…"

"Yes, I mean who you think that I mean," Selene confirmed. "Your mental shields are perfect, so you have my blessing to attend to the school. I think that you will do great, do the best that you can."

Amara nodded, she understood her duty came first to Nova-Roma and the god that they worshipped, the Incubus king who was known to the mortal world as only Harry Potter.

"Now, we wait for the next phase of the plan," Selene said once again and there was excitement in her voice that seemed nearly terrifying.

Wanda returned, frustrated once again, and she could feel her master's pull directed at her.

'You seem a bit distressed Wanda, so why don't you come up here and talk to me about it?' Harry asked her, well he wasn't asking her. He suggested that it would be in her best interest to come up and discuss certain matters with him.

Wanda thought that she didn't have much of anything to lose at this point, so she walked up there, firmly planted on jelly legs, but she walked up there never the less.

The dark haired magical mutant made her way to his office, where Karen was sitting on his desk, wearing a pair of white see through bra and panties that clung to her body, along with a white garter belt and a pair of stockings.

"So, how did your meeting with your father go?" Harry asked her.

"Well, the good news is, he wants to be part of my life, the bad news is…..well I'm not sure if that's a good thing," Wanda said, and Harry steered her to another area of the office, where Karen followed right away.

Harry slowly stripped Wanda down when he moved her forward, she was dressed in a pair of dark bra and panties and his fingers were working over her extremely nicely, making sure to work her down onto a massage table.

"Sometimes he has his good days, and other times he has his bad days," Wanda said, feeling Harry's magical hands work over her body once again. She could feel the wet spot on her crotch growing when he worked her over.

Karen decided to park herself down and enjoy the show. Seeing Harry work a sexually frustrated woman to an orgasm was far better than anything that she could see on television by an entire country mile.

Wanda closed her eyes once again.

"I think that this is one of those days because…..well he's acting about as bad as the people who imprisoned him many years ago in the first place," Wanda said and she could feel Harry's hands groove between her thighs but he pulled back again to tease her. Her breath hitched in once again and Harry pushed right back over her body, causing her an increasing amount of pleasure once more through her body. "And my brother….oh don't get me started on my brother, he's trying to be my father's mini-me."

Harry was stripped naked on his own and when Wanda rolled on her front, she could see it, and
Harry had the oils on his hand and he was working them onto her breasts, causing her arousal to increase, along with her relaxation.

"Are we relaxed?" Harry asked her and Wanda nodded eagerly, biting down on her lip, with sensual desire burning through her eyes.

"Yes, yes," she whimpered once again, feeling Harry's hands comb over her body quite nicely and her nipples reached an increased peak when he worked his hands over her body fairly nicely.

"Are you sure?" Harry asked, slowly massaging her breasts, and causing her arousal to spike up another level.

"OH YES!" Wanda yelled and Karen smiled at the erotic sight once again and Harry kissed his way down her body, his aura dominating her.

It was time for the real fun and games to begin.

Wanda could not believe how overpowering Harry's aura was and it seemed to be getting stronger. She couldn't really think about that right now, as the Incubus worked his talented tongue into her, straddling her body as he completed the massage that he gave her.

Karen leaned over towards her with a smile on her face, and crossed her arms underneath her chest, watching. Harry motioned for her to back off, and give Harry some move.

"Harry, please," Wanda begged him, the energy pulsing from her pussy, and Harry ran his hands all over her body, touching her sensitive areas and sparking all kinds of pleasure and energy through her.

His manhood brushed against her dripping hot slit. His hands roamed her body slowly increasing the pleasure. The dark haired female could feel her pleasure increase and then his hard rod went into her.

"You know that you were waiting for this," Harry whispered to her, kissing her in the side of her head.

"Yes, yes, I was waiting for it," Wanda whispered, running her hands down his back and digging her nails into the back of her shoulder.

Wanda's walls closed around his tool and pulled him in but Harry controlled what he was doing it.

"Each day, every day," Wanda whimpered yet again, with her walls closing around him and she pushed up once again.

"Yes, yes, yes," Harry told her once again and he squeezed her breasts, causing pleasure to course through her body. Her walls connected against him.

"Harry, may I," Karen begged him; she was feeling the desire to play with herself. She greedily watched Harry spear himself into Wanda on the massage table, the powerful and chaotic magic user lifting her hips.

His hands roamed her body and Harry allowed Karen to hang for a little bit once again. His large cock slammed into her once again and Karen imagined it going into her, dominating at her at such a rate.

"Karen, you may do whatever you want to yourself, providing you don't reach an orgasm, that's my job," Harry told her, looking up from Wanda, pulling almost completely out of her and she whined.
"Of course monster, I wouldn't really wouldn't want to deny you what was yours," Karen said, she slowly ran her hands over her body, teasing herself a little bit. Her heat was rising once again, with the blond trailing her fingers over her body.

Harry continued to lick Wanda's breasts, keeping his eyes on Karen to make sure her pleasure was only connected to him and his actions.

"Yes, yes, yes," Wanda whimpered once again and Harry flipped her over.

"I need to take care of your back, just as much as your front, Wanda," Harry said, running his hands over her and he felt Wanda's nipples grow harder underneath his grip.

His cock hovered against her hot tight asshole, and Harry was this close to entering her from the backside. She closed her eyes, with Harry grabbing onto her hips and pushing into her from behind.

Wanda could feel his throbbing cock enter her tight and hot ass again. His hands roamed her body and she could feel the sparks of pleasure and lust rise through her body, when Harry hammered her from behind, working her ass over.

"Yes, oh yes," Wanda moaned, begging for him, she wanted more of him and she wanted his cock into her ass over and over again. The dark haired woman could really feel him bury into her body.

Wanda closed her eyes, with Harry working her over, fucking her ass hard, taking it over on her body.

Karen was struggling not to get herself to cum, while at the same time trying to pleasure herself. The blonde's hands roamed her body and she breathed in heavily, licking her fingers once again and sucking them.

So far so good, and she watched Harry's hard cock push in and out of her. Karen watched it, licking her tongue around her lips once again and her heart really kicked up, and she reached her hand up to her tit, playing with it. The blonde once again rubbed her breast and could feel the pleasure going through her.

Harry's manhood pushed into her and his balls contracted, sending a burst of cum into Wanda's ass. The dark haired woman felt herself shake but Harry grabbed her arms and hammered into her once again. The dark haired sorceress could feel him go deep into her. He was balls deep into her ass and loving it.

Karen was a good girl and Harry looked at her.

"Excellent, you did well," Harry said, beckoning her to come towards him, and Karen walked towards him, her breasts bouncing before him, her nipples enticingly beckoning him forward.

Harry raised his hands and slapped Wanda's ass, she was now tie down onto the table.

"Clean her up, and I'll take care of you," Harry said, running his hands down Karen's body, to check the state of her arousal.

Karen waited, shivering with his fingers touching her body. Her arousal was on a complete hair trigger.

"Good," Harry whispered to her, giving her breasts a hearty squeeze and her body shook all over.

She sauntered over once again, breathing pleasure once again and she licked her lips, planting a long
and loving kiss on Wanda's rear.

"So, which way should I take you?" Harry asked her, his hands running down her body, with Karen licking Wanda's ass.

"Anyway….anyway you want it master," Karen begged him, and Harry's fingers stroked her slowly, ramping up the tension, teasing her.

"Good….." Harry said, sliding into her once again. His manhood pushed between her body once again and the pleasure spiked through her body. "Answer."

Karen licked Harry's cum off of Wanda's ass and felt his manhood spear against her. He fucked her over the edge of the massage bench. His hands ran over her, touching each and every last inch of her sweaty flesh.

The blonde begged him, begged him to release her orgasm and take her once again. She bit down on her lip and Harry kept running his hands all over her body, causing more pleasure to spike through her mind.

"Well, you've been a good girl," Harry whispered to her, with kissing on the back of her neck. "And you know who your body belongs to you, and you know who your orgasm belongs to."

Karen could feel him release a little bit of it and her body shook all over, the pleasure increasing even greater through her body. His hands touched her body and Harry pushed into her, causing more pleasure than ever before.

His balls were loaded full but he wanted to keep his load held off, at least until he drove Karen nice and insane.

"I think we need a change of venue," Harry said, pulling Karen off of the table and she really begged for him.

She was backed against the wall, and Harry pushed her back hard, kissing her madly and intensely. His tongue pushed into her mouth, with his manhood pushing against her, teasing her slit.

She tried to push him inside but she knew better. Harry cupped her breasts and the pleasure increased through her body, with Harry coming rather close to entering her body. The blonde took his manhood into her, feeling the pleasure spike through her body.

Karen locked her hands around him, and her walls closed against his tool as he pushed into her.

The blonde put a dent into the wall and he hammered into her. The blonde's fingers pushed onto his shoulder, squeezing it and encouraging him to increase her.

Her walls crunched against him, milking his penis and Harry closed his eyes, his aura forcing himself into her, hitting every single nerve ending on her body.

"Oh, Rao, oh god……"

"I'm the only god you should know," Harry whispered and Karen could not deny that.

"Yes, you're a god, my god, I'll worship you any time," Karen whimpered once again and his balls were getting close to a load.

"I think that you've earned this one, honey," Harry whispered, seeing Wanda there, extremely
sexually frustrated, and he would have to attend to her too son. His manhood pushed between Karen's legs.

He shot a load of cum into her body, and the blonde milked him, feeling the load of cum. He grabbed her face and stuck his tongue into her mouth.

"Oh, Harry," Wanda moaned, watching Karen being fucked into a drooling wreck, slumping against the wall in pleasure.

Harry turned his attention to Wanda and walked over towards her, spreading her legs apart.

"Looks like you haven't had enough," Harry whispered, and it was almost like her powers were trying to suck his cock into her pussy.

"No, never, please master, fill me with your seed," Wanda whimpered, she wanted him once again. She could break the bindings if she wanted to but she wanted Harry to take her like this.

Harry did take her like this, he pushed into her body, and the dance of pleasure continued anew, with Harry pummeling Wanda from behind.

He had dominated her into another mind numbing orgasm. His thrusts were controlled, giving her the right kind of pleasure, but given her the pleasure on his terms. His balls slapped against her thighs once again when he hammered into her.

"Getting closer once again, aren't you?" Harry whispered and Wanda nodded eagerly once again.

"Been at the edge," Wanda whimpered towards him, he was buried in her body, that was a good thing, a very good thing.

"Let's see if I can push you over the edge," Harry told, pounding her womanhood from behind and Wanda closed her eyes, with the pleasure spiking her body again.

Harry worked her up to another orgasm, intensely, with him ramming her hard and fast from behind, his balls working up a load once again.

Wanda was in fact pushed completely over the edge, those thrusts increasing with intensity. She could not really keep track of what was going to happen, her mind growing numb and her body increasing.

It seemed like Harry fucked her for hours on end. This did wonders of taking her mind off of her tensions, and that was close enough as far as her mind was concerned to really care. The dark haired witch could feel him balls deep into her and she shook pleasure.

His balls unloaded once again into her and Wanda closed her eyes, with Harry injected his load into her, causing her to go wild with the sounds of pleasure.

**To Be Continued on 10/15/2014.**

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**New Girls Introduced In This Chapter (Actually Last Few Chapters) and Their Live Action Counterparts. (And Cheat Sheet Has Been Updated With Most of Them.)**

*Emma Frost/The White Queen (Played By January Jones)*
Selene Gallio/The Black Queen (Portrayed by Monica Belluci).

Pepper Potts portrayed by Gwyneth Paltrow

Black Widow/Natasha Romanov portrayed by Scarlett Johansson

Nico Minoru played by Malese Jow.

Elizabeth Braddock/Psylocke played by Grace Park.

Gwen Stacy portrayed by Emma Stone.

Riley Parker-Osborn portrayed by Nina Dobrev.

Claire Gallio/Clara Jor-El of Krypton portrayed by Megan Fox.

Princess Amara of Nova-Roma portrayed by Selena Gomez.

One of these days, I should create a master cheat sheet of who I would cast for all of the females in Marvel and DC and just put it up so people can reference it. Won't have any pictures, but there's this wonderful invention called Google that you can all use. I hear it's pretty popular.
"Master, I thank you for offering me this great boon to take along," Clea commented, walking side by side Harry. Karen joined the group and the trio made their way to the Hellfire Club headquarters.

"It's not a problem at all, Clea," Harry said but he was curious about something. "But why…"

"I do have someone that I wish to catch up with," Clea said and Harry raised his eyebrow, almost in amusement. "It's an old….associate of my mother, they go way back."

Harry pretty much figured out who that person was and he wondered if Clea was going to try something. He reached in and grabbed her by the ass, and pulled her into him. That caused her to whimper and Harry's burning green eyes met her violet orbs.

"I trust that you'll behave yourself, because you remember the punishment that you've received last time."

Clea shuddered because of his gaze. There was a burning hint of remembrance going through her mind.

"Yes, master, I remember the punishment," Clea said, his hand on her ass caused her to remember the punishment quite well and there was a tingle between her legs as well that allowed her to remember that quite fondly.

'I'm not sure if it's much of a punishment if she enjoys it,' Illyana thought from afar.

'Given what you get off on, you do challenge our master for ways to punish you,' Ananym thought, barely keeping the shifty little grin off of her face.

'As if you have room to speak,' Illyana said, raring for a fight.

Fortunately the fight never happened for there was a clearing of Harry's throat, and it was then that the girls understood that they best be silent before he did figure out a punishment that would suit them nicely.

The door swung open and Emma Frost greeted them at the door in all of her glory. She was wearing business attire, or at least what passed as business attire for her. That being said, the long white pants, the white jacket, and the white top pretty much showed that she was what she said that she was and that was the White Queen.

"Harry, Kara, welcome," Emma said and then her mouth opened up and saw Clea standing there.

"Miss Frost," Clea said to break the obvious silence and stare the White Queen directly in the eyes.

"Well this is a fascinating surprise, isn't it?" Emma asked, taking a step back.

"I'm sure that Selene will be the one that will be even more satisfied, won't she?" Clea asked and Emma smiled at Clea, almost sizing up her prey.
"Quite," Emma said and she trailed her tongue down her lips.

She wouldn't need to speculate how Selene would react. It was because the woman herself showed up in the flesh.

"Well, the Sorceress Supreme, I'm honored," Selene said, and there was a moment of naughtiness sparking in her eyes and suddenly she turned to Harry. She kneeled before him, and smiled, extending her hand out. Her Incubus King took the hand, and kissed it.

His piercing gaze fell on Selene, her breast swelling against the tight corset she wore. "You may rise to your feet."

"Absolutely master," Selene said, the only person that she would kneel before was right next to.

'She does kneel before you well,' Illyana commented, in amusement and Faora jumped in, in amusement.

'Irony, wouldn't you say?' Faora asked knowingly but she said something even more. 'Then again Har-Zod does have the ability to make women kneel before him and squeal beneath him as well.'

'Isn't that the truth?' Wanda thought, and she was getting hot just thinking about it.

"I wish to ask a favor of you master," Selene said and she looked Harry in the eye with a smile.

"Ask away, Selene," Harry said and Selene nodded.

"I wish to borrow the Sorceress Supreme for a moment, we have some….differences to hash out, but…"Selene said, biting down on her lip hard, there was want in her eye. "If we work them out, I think that it will be for the betterment of our alliance."

"If you are willing to mend fences, then I will allow you to do so, Selene," Harry said and the Black Queen nodded.

"I thank you master, you are too kind," Selene said and she could see Harry's eyes on her and she shivered because of his Incubus Aura. That being said, she took Clea by the hand and lead her off into the next room.

It would be interesting to see what she would do with her, but business called before pleasure.

"I have some unfortunate business to take care of, the taking over of the entire Hellfire Club doesn't do itself but you will have my gift to you, to cement our partnership," Emma said to Harry and he nodded.

"I wouldn't doubt that, Emma," Harry said and she smiled at him. "They're at death's door…"

"But before they are given that added nudge, I think that they have some valuable assets that they will place in their will for you," Emma added, naughtiness sparkling in her eyes. "But I think that you know what the game is, don't you?"

"Know it, played it, you do what you need to do….."

"And I will allow the girls to take care of you and your companion….play with them if you wish…but they're just there to get you warmed up for the main attraction," Emma said with a smile.

She snapped her fingers and the quintet of girls approached.
"May we lead you this way, sir?" one of the blondes said.

All five of them were completely identical, and they resembled younger versions of Emma Frost. They had the same blonde hair, blue eyes, they were a little bit shorter, and a little less stacked, with a pair of C-Cup breasts, but they looked quite lovely.

"Yes, we'll be sure to bend to any whim that you want to," another one of them said, leading Harry and Karen off.

'You know, you could get spoiled because of something like this,' Karen thought and Illyana and Ananym rarely agreed on anything, other than the devotion of their master. However, they agreed with one thing and that was that they really wished that they were there. They would have to settle watching from afar and dreaming the impossible dream.

"Sit down, let me get that for you," one of the blondes said and she was behind Harry, massaging his shoulders.

Another one of the young blondes straddled his lap, and pulled out a bowl of whipped cream, along with some strawberries.

"Open wide, my lord," the young female said, feeding her master.

Karen could feel the trio of blondes stripping her to her bra and panties, exposing her nice body and making sure that it was ready for the taking.

Harry leaned back, the young blonde writhing against him once again. They had orders not to be taken by Harry until their mother had a piece of them.

The green eyed wizard smiled, he was tempted to void those orders, because the punishment would be alluring. That being said, it might even be more fun to see how much he could burn them up before the begged him for it.

That was almost more satisfying than the actual act.

Sebastian Shaw had seen better days. For one thing, the boiling fever that he came down with started to slowly affect his better judgment.

That being said, he was still in control, still the Black King of the Hellfire Club and there wasn't anyone who would be able to challenge his rule. He had his allies, both inside the Club and outside of the club as well.

"Tessa, are you here?" Shaw managed, he had his own private room and someone of his caliber would able to pay for the best doctors and care that money could provide.

"Yes, Mr. Shaw, I'm here," the woman known as Tessa stated, barely able to keep the subtle smile off of her face that was building up.

"That's….oh that's great, please tell me that you've got some help here," Shaw managed and he nearly gagged when he coughed. That being said, he was pushing down death's door, there was just one more nudge and he would be there.

"Yes, Mr. Shaw, I've got help for you, don't worry, everything is going to be just fine," Tessa said, barely keeping the smile off of her face.
Shaw thought that Tessa was his but the fact was that she had already been gotten to by another person, someone who could scratch her itches more than so.

Emma Frost made her way into the room, dressed in a normal Nurse's uniform, nothing too scandalous. In fact, with a mental illusion or two, she managed to make herself look rather plain indeed, not someone that Shaw would suspect of any wrong doing whatsoever. That fact alone played firmly into her nefarious hands.

"Mr. Shaw, you're very sick, and I'm afraid that I need your consent to give you the proper kind of medication," Emma commented with a smile on her face.

"Yes, I know, take my consent, I don't care, I want….I don't want to be stuck in this bed, wasting away," Shaw said and his teeth gritted with frustration. Emma smiled, practically patting him on the head in a condescending manner.

"Oh, I know, but you just need to sign this and you'll be well on your way to having no more troubles burden you."

There was a moment where Emma thought that her trick didn't work, almost as if Shaw was questioning it. The poison couldn't be too potent, because otherwise it would have killed him. If it was too light, it wouldn't have done the job properly either. She needed a happy medium for him.

"I absolutely detest being weak, give me the paper, I'll sign it, I'll sign anything if it means being cleared," Shaw said, snatching the clipboard away from her.

He refused to think that there was a single payment that money couldn't buy. He scratched the signature on the bottom line.

That's where the magic would happen but the real power would be when Emma's lawyers decided to enforce this little agreement.

"Just sign one more thing, and you'll be on your way," Emma said, adding a nice and subtle telepathic prod and caused Shaw to be relaxed and he signed it.

"Is that everything?" Shaw asked her and Emma gave him one of her rather warm and slightly assuring smiles.

If Shaw had been of sound mind, he would have been rather scared and for good reasons.

"Yes, that's everything, your treatment will be….completed and you will…” Emma said, running her hand down a syringe.

Again, if Shaw had been in sound mind, he would have been terrified out of it right now and rightfully so.

"Just relax, Mr. Shaw, and allow me to take care of you," Emma whispered, inserting the syringe into his arm and the Black King of the Hellfire slowly drifted off to sleep.

Emma tried not to look too satisfied with what happened, but it was really hard not to. The White Queen's grin increased and got even wider.

"What will happen to him now?" Tessa asked once again.

"It will allow him to sleep and he will feel much better in seventy two hours," Emma said and Tessa looked towards one of her Mistress's.
"You're….you actually cured him?"

"Of course, I did, but he will be dead within ninety six hours, from an undiagnosed heart condition," Emma said with a smile. The chemical that she injected to him was a performance enhancing drug that nine pro athletes died of from an enlarged heart and thus it was it was banned. You could only get it with a doctor's prescription even before that. It was said to be able to beat most standardized drug tests as well.

Of course, one could still purchase the drug on the black market. That really showed you the extent of what some athletes would go to be the best of the best, even if it would kill them. Then again, if they were going to buy the drug with their overinflated salary, the Hellfire Club was going to profit off of their stupidity.

"What of the Incubus King?" Tessa asked and Emma smiled at her subordinate.

"Pet, you will have your chance to play soon enough, but I think that Selene may need your assistance for a matter," Emma said and Tessa looked at the White Queen with a smile. "Do run along then, I have to pay a visit to my Master and his concubine. I do hope that my daughters have not decided to dip too far into the honey jar, or their punishment will be quite….interesting."

Tessa couldn't help but shudder a tiny bit at the implications that Emma offered and she wished that she experienced that.

Unfortunately business called once again and she had to assist Selene. The new and improved Hellfire Club was ready and able to go.

Emma smiled, her girls had behaved themselves for once, and that caused the White Queen to smile.

'The Incubus King stirred them up quite nicely, but they'll be choking for it later,' Emma thought and she slowly licked her lips, the alluring thought of what he could do to them excited her.

That being said, the White Queen walked over and opened the door once again. She could see Karen on her back, and two of her daughters lightly massaged the blonde Kryptonian. The White Queen imagined herself in the place of her, and she could see three other daughters alternating between feeding Harry, and massaging his body.

"Mother, it's good to see you," one of the girls said to her and Emma smiled.

"I trust that you have been behaving yourselves," Emma said and all five of the girls nodded. "You will be rewarded for your restraint later…..but for now, I need you to depart…..feel free to use any means you see fit to relieve yourself."

'But not Harry, because he will be mine first, but I may allow you privileges if you remain good,' Emma thought and the girls made their way out of the room, fast as their legs could carry them when they exited.

"So, did your business go as planned?" Harry asked, and Emma smiled, kneeling down where she was up on his lap and almost pressed up against him as well.

"It went off, without a hitch," Emma said, dragging her finger nail down Harry's chest and she could see Karen there. "But…I'm feeling adventurous today…..it isn't every day that you part a fool with his money…."
Emma cleared her throat and her head by shaking it.

"Actually it's a more common occurrence than you might think, but you know what I mean," Emma said and Harry smiled at her.

"I do get entirely what you mean, Emma," Harry said and he beckoned her to come closer to him. She did, gladly. "So, I'm sure that you meant what you said about feeling daring tonight."

"Yes, yes, I have," Emma said with a smile and she slid off the robe that she walked into the room with. "I used a more conservative version of this in the illusion that I fed Shaw, but I think that you'd agree that you are more worthy of seeing the fully monty."

Harry and Karen smiled and both drooled with Emma exposing more of her luscious skin, she was wearing a naughty nurse’s uniform for lack of a better term. The white material on the outfit strained against her bountiful breasts, and it stopped about an inch before the apex of her thighs.

If Emma shifted at the right angle, one could get a look at what she had underneath or really what she didn't wear underneath. The sheer white stockings that she wore added to the appeal, along with the stethoscope that hung between her breasts.

She walked over towards Harry and once again kneeled down upon him, straddling him with a smile on her face. "I'm sorry, but the Hellfire Club requires strict medical examinations…..to make sure that all of their members are on the peak of optimal health."

"Of course, by all means, proceed," Harry encouraged her and Emma licked her lips. Harry was not wearing a shirt and Karen wore a pair of bra and panties, but not much else.

She thought that her daughters would have them further undone. She guessed that she would have to finish the job that they started.

"First, let's see if you are completely healthy," Emma said, sauntering over, the nurse's uniform straining against her tight body, the hat perched on the top of her head. She wore nothing underneath the uniform and it was about a size or two too snug around her body.

She made her way over to Karen, slowly stripping the blonde of her clothing and exposed her body. She made sure to keep her eyes locked onto Harry's, while her hands traveled over Karen's body.

Karen could feel the pleasure explode in her body and Emma used her telekinesis to pleasure the blonde’s pussy. Karen panted in delight when Emma worked her over, and then she leaned down to give the blonde a deep and passionate kiss.

"Excellent, I see that you are perfectly healthy, and able to react to stimuli," Emma said, and she ran her hands down Karen. She felt them up. Then she took a moment to squeeze her breasts. "Nice, firm breasts, on a healthy body, you've been eating nice."

"Yes, a steady diet of plenty of protein," Karen commented and Emma smiled brightly.

"Good, and your sexual life is alluring as usual," Emma said, running her hands all over Karen’s body one more time and then she slowly turned her attention to the star attraction of the show. The White Queen licked her lips, this was going to be great, and she sauntered over towards Harry, a predatory smile on her face when she looked over the prize.

And he was quite the prize, and Emma's eyes shamelessly stared on his cock, which threatened to rise once again.
"And you're a healthy young man," Emma commented, putting her eyes on Harry and slowly running her hands over his chest. "And I see that you've been working out nicely."

"At least eight good cardio work outs before breakfast," Harry told her and Emma smiled, running her hand down his body, reaching his abdomen area.

"And it shows, believe me, it shows," Emma said, trailing her fingers down and grasping his cock. "Let me check to make sure that everything is down there, that should be. You might feel a light feeling in your head…..but just turn your head to the left and cough for me please."

Harry did what she was asked and Nurse Emma Frost groped his balls, and felt all the way up him, grasping his cock.

Seconds later, Emma pushed her mouth onto him and he felt her mouth test it, sucking on him, and bringing him up to erect length.

"And now, let me see what your length is," Emma said, excited that she was going to have to wrap both of her hands around him to properly jerk Harry off. She measured it with a smile on her face, and then she straddled Harry's lap. "A nice twelve inches, and pretty thick as well, oh that will feel good inside me."

"Can make it bigger," Harry said with a smile, and he cupped Emma's ass.

"Perks of being an incubus, lovely," Emma said and she could feel his hands roam her body, his erect manhood brushing against him. "And I can see that you want me….oh you want me badly."

"You can't even begin to realize how badly," Harry said with a smile on his face, and Emma grinded up against him.

"A healthy sexual libido, but there's one thing I need, and that's a sperm sample," Emma said, her uniform riding up once again and Harry caught sight of her shaved pussy, glistening for him. "So, could you do me a favor Harry, and please….."

Harry picked his hands up and placed them on her breasts. It was obvious that she was using telekinesis to amp up his pleasure but turn around was in fact flare play.

'Feel free to pleasure yourself, until I'm of need of you,' Harry thought and Karen reached over, seeing the sex toy that was left out, it was long, sleek, and black and vibrated at a super powerful speed.

That being said, Harry smiled, seeing Emma's nipples poke out from behind her top, ripping through the costume almost. He felt her wet pussy rub against him. The beautiful White Queen of the Hellfire Club tried to coax his long length inside her.

"Take me, I'm yours," Emma said, and she had never given herself to another man, despite the reputation that she had fostered.

All mental illusion and trickery to get what she wanted was what that was, but other men, no, other women, yes, but not other men. She was about ready to officially feel a real live cock in her for the first time.

And for the first time, she had to be creative, because Harry's mind was not easy to read, so she could not pull what she wanted out of his mind to make this an amazing experience.

Her tight pussy felt its intruder slide into her and Emma nearly lost her mind when he buried himself
"Take your cock like a woman, because that's what I'm making you, a woman," Harry whispered with a smile on his face, and Emma grinded her hips onto him.

"Yes, I'm your woman, no you're bitch, make me your bitch," Emma moaned, feeling him fill her once again.

He was almost out of her completely and Emma's body whined at the loss, but then he was back in her once again.

Suddenly, Emma was on her hands and knees on the bed, and her wrists were bound. The green eyed incubus leaned over her.

"You're mine, you realize that?" Harry whispered hotly in her ear and Emma nodded in response.

"Yes, I'm yours," Emma said to him and his fingers brushed against her entrance, causing the pleasure to spike through her body.

"And I can take you in any way," Harry said, feeling her dripping pussy. "And what are you going to call me?"

"Daddy, I'm going to call you Daddy as you fuck me," Emma whined with a smile on her face. "Daddy, please fuck me, I've been a very naughty girl!"

Harry smiled, and grabbed her around the breasts.

"Oh Daddy, I love it when you're rough with me," Emma said in a little girl voice, with Harry pushing his manhood against her dripping slit and the blonde closed her eyes.

"I know, baby girl," Harry said, and he ripped her costume off completely. It was hanging from her waist with the tattered remains. "Now it's time for your check up, and I think that I'm going to take your temperature first."

Emma closed her eyes and felt his throbbing cock enter her ass from behind.

"Oh, fuck you know how to hammer my whore ass Daddy, make me so I can't sit down," Emma moaned, with Harrys tool ramming into her tight ass from behind.

'Karen, keep her dirty mouth occupied,' Harry thought, and Karen dropped the dildo down on the ground.

"I think your dirty tongue has far better uses," Karen told Emma, a smoldering grin appearing on her face.

"Yes, I think that it might," Harry agreed, grabbing onto Emma's hips and pushing his cock into her ass once again and Emma was placed down on Karen's pussy.

Karen moaned, Emma was a pro at this, working her pussy. The blonde could feel the White Queen's talented tongue move into her.

"So, if you want to act like a slut, well I'm going to treat you like one," Harry whispered, groping her tits roughly and causing Emma's pussy to tighten.

Suddenly another Harry appeared right by his side, and Emma closed her eyes, when she was filled with double the cock, being slammed in both of her holes roughly.
'Take me, oh take me, oh fuck both of me, fill me with your cum, drown me in it,' Emma moaned, and Harry was taking her hard on both ends.

Karen squealed in delight with Emma munching on her pussy one more time and the blonde panted with the White Queen utilizing her talented tongue to bring Karen to the edge.

Harry was so close, he could feel it. Emma's hot tight ass was felt along with her beautiful wet pussy. Four hands roamed her breasts greedily, kneading and pushing over them.

His cocks speared on either side of her.

'Cum for me, oh cum for me,' Emma panted, she was close to losing her mind.

'Now, I think that I want to play a little bit more, and I think that you do too,' Harry told her and Emma squealed with Harry taking her on all sides.

'Oh god,' Emma panted.

'Yes, I am,' Harry agreed, glad to see that she had gotten that message loud and clear and he took both of her holes with reckless abandon.

'Please cum in me, Daddy,' Emma whispered and she could feel all four hands molesting her.

As this happened Karen held the back of her hair and forcing her to eat her out, which Emma did quite happily.

Harry's balls clenched, and he fired two loads of seed into both holes, filling up Emma on all sides.

The White Queen was filled up to the brim with his cum and it dribbled out of her ass and pussy.

Karen collapsed, having been driven to an amazing orgasm and her hips shook, feeling more pleasure course through her.

"I think that we need to run a few more tests," Harry told Emma and he pulled her up to her feet, giving her a passionate kiss.

Emma returned the kiss and Harry backed her up against the wall. Her pussy was hungry with need and Harry's tool brushed against her lips, teasing her a little bit. The White Queen begged for him inside her and Harry was only too happy to give her what she wanted.

He held onto her hips and pushed into her, hammering her against the wall.

Emma wrapped her legs around Harry, and held onto him, being fucked hard against the wall.

"You're not going to be let off the hook that easily," Harry said, pulling out of Emma, and spinning her around, pressing her against the wall.

"Yes, Daddy, punish me Daddy," Emma said, looking over her shoulder, and biting down on her lip hotly.

"I throb every time that you call me that," Harry growled, exerting some of his Incubus aura on her.

"Sorry Daddy, I've been a bad girl, Daddy," Emma whimpered and Harry pushed his hands over her body. He stretched her walls apart when he penetrated her.

Karen could feel the Harry dupe being left along with her, so she held herself to his cock, spearing
"Yes, this is a great ride," Karen moaned and her tight hips wrapped around Harry’s throbbing tool when she drove herself onto him.

Harry had Emma pressed up against the wall and the White Queen was pummeled once again. Her tight body was being stretched out and she grinded up against him.

"Cum for me Daddy, please cum for me," Emma panted, his manhood slamming against her and her tightness cramped around him. She did every trick that she knew to try and get the cum out of him.

It became increasingly obvious who ruled this game.

"No, I think that I'll cum on my own terms, and bad girl for using your powers," Harry whispered and he slapped Emma on her supple rear, which caused the white queen scream in pleasure.

"I didn't mean to.....spank me, oh that's it, spank me Daddy," Emma begged him, and Harry smiled, when he spanked her hard.

Harry was getting closer but at the same time, he wanted to drag this out. He rammed Emma hard against the wall and the blonde's pleasure increased along with his own.

The green eyed wizard picked up his actions, thrusting into her gushing cunt and eventually something had to break.

"I'm going to give you my cum, but I'm not sure that you've earned it."

"I've earned it," Emma panted, she would die if Harry pulled out of her today.

She wondered if she used her own mental abilities to outsmart herself and make the "Daddy" illusion all too real. That being said, she bit down on her lip and pouted like a little girl and she could see Karen being rammed into the bed by the second Harry.

That being said, good things did come to good girls. This was no exception to that rule. Emma felt Harry work himself into her, his balls throbbing and about to release his cum into her. The White Queen closed her eyes and she felt him pump into her.

Emma slumped down against the wall, cum leaking from her legs, when she leaned against the wall, a rather pleased smirk on her face.

"Thank you, Daddy."

Clara Jor-El, but her friends called her Claire, showed up, and she stopped, hearing the lustful sounds on the other side of the door, the moaning of desire.

She managed to hear quite a show and see a lot of it as well, engaging in her X-Ray vision and she decided to lean in closer, to the point where her face was pressed at the door, where she was about inside.

The dark haired Kryptonian ran her hands all over her body, succumbing to the throes of self-pleasure. She panted heavily when she played with herself.

This was starting to get hot, in every sense of the word and she started to pleasure herself just like
Diana showed her out.

She found herself working her hand underneath her skirt and she closed her eyes, imagining her king over the top of her, calling him Daddy just like Emma did.

"Oh yes, Daddy, fuck me hard, I've been a bad girl," Claire moaned, riding her fingers but she heard it grow suddenly quiet inside the next room. That caused her to pull herself away from herself and grew rigid.

She backed off slowly, her eyes widened like a deer in the headlight and she feared for a second that she had been heard, so she scrambled backwards, nearly falling over her feet when she did.

Claire turned on her heel and made her way off into the distance. If she stuck around she would have noticed a familiar pair of green eyes staring at her.

There was a wicked smile attacked to that face as well.

"So now that we got the physical examination out of the way, it's on to picking up our talks of business," Emma said with a smile. "And you've already been through preliminary talks through OsCorp, although his scion is making difficulties."

"His scion doesn't have any power in the company," Harry reminded her.

"One of the few sensible things that Norman Osborn did in his life," Emma commented crisply. It was obvious that she didn't have that good of an opinion on the elder Osborn. "But you have the two others…..they are in the palm of your hands."

Harry smiled knowingly at the unintentional innuendo. "In every sense of the word."

Emma didn't really have to say much more. "And you will add plenty more for your portfolio…..Tessa has been so kind to get you a list of assets that you will have, on the chance that certain other members of the Club pass."

Emma could tell that Harry agreed about something, and that it would be amusing if Shaw lived just enough to pass on but not before he found out that Harry swiped control of his company. The fact that he lost everything and could not do anything about it excited Emma.

There was few things better than a great hostile takeover that got her in the mood.

"Well, we have everything in order," Emma said and there was really nothing else to say. To say the White Queen was placed would be putting things mildly. She was satisfied beyond belief and in more ways than one as well. "All of the documents will be legal, and then we can move forward with your plans…..precisely what are they?"

"Now Emma, my plans are vast," Harry told her with a smile. "And long term…but those that will be enacted in the short time, will allow me to get a firmer grasp on the world when I move forwards the long term."

"You are the type of man who craves control, total control…many of your meetings have been strategic," Emma said and Harry smiled once again. "And you're slowly gaining inroads to several places that are unknown to the common man."
'But naturally you're anything but common, aren't you?' Emma asked and she sighed.

"And I will have to discuss a couple of matters with Selene...." Harry said and Emma smiled with Harry pausing and then returning to his conversation. "And then I'm sure the entire island nation of Nova-Roma will be any my disposal."

"It has many resources, and I'm not even referring to the women, although they should not be discounted," Emma said to her master.

"No, beautiful women never should be discounted."

Speaking of beautiful women, there was one currently standing outside of the hallway, looking rather curious about something.

'Diana, don't linger out there and be a stranger, you may come in,' Emma thought to the woman and Harry and Karen turned around, seeing her step into greater prominence.

She was a tall woman, the very poster of Amazonian beauty. Her dark hair was silky and framed an angelic looking face. She had a body that looked like it was sculpted by the gods. Shimmering blue eyes burned with the greatest of passion, and she wore a tight top over an amazing set of breasts, the fabric straining against her.

Her stomach was flat and toned, and the tight shorts around her showed off a fabulous pair of legs and Harry was certain if she turned around, she would show off her amazing ass. A nice pair of feet that had perfect arches and nice elegant toes added to the picture.

"Harry, this is Diana, Selene's oldest daughter," Emma said and Diana walked forward with a smile on her face.

"It is a pleasure to meet you, great one," Diana said with a smile, and Harry stood up. She towered over many men but Harry towered over her. Not just in physical height mind you, but also in power. His aura blew her away and caused shivers to blow down her spine. He reached towards her, placing his hand onto hers.

"Beauty comes in many forms, but you may personify it," Harry said with a smile, looking at her.

"Thank you, you are too kind," Diana said and she could feel butterflies in her stomach. She was standing in the presence of a virtual god, who could and would do pretty much anything that he wanted to her.

And she would allow it. Not that she had much choice in the matter but she would allow it.

"I understand that you have a younger sister," Harry said knowingly.

"Claire....yes....she's around," Diana said, last time she saw Claire, she saw the younger girl going in the direction of the private restroom, muttering about a shower. She looked rather red in the face when she was doing this.

"Your mother has told you a lot about me, but I will have to have a word to Selene about keeping someone like you out of sight," Harry said and he stepped forward, closing the distance between him and Diana, exerting a little bit of his Incubus aura on her. "It was a pleasure to meet you, and it will be a pleasure to get to know you even better later."

"Yes, yes," Diana panted, she felt like she had an intense round of foreplay, something that she
shared with her sisters back home, although home was not there anymore. Amara was quite good at scratching her itches but she wondered what a man was like.

"I'll see you really soon," Harry said with a smile and he turned to Emma. "Well everything is in order, I think."

"Yes, it is," Emma confirmed, and she watched Harry and Karen depart and she couldn't help but lick her lips.

She spotted Diana and a wicked idea entered her mind, seeing how frustrated the girl was.

"Diana, honey, could you come here and help me with something, please?"

"WHY HAVEN'T I GOTTEN PICTURES OF SPIDER-GIRL…..And good ones, I want good ones, I want the type of pictures that you can throw out on the front page of the paper, on page one, and people say that's a good picture, why haven't I got it?"

More than a few people in the office of the Daily Bugle sighed, she barely suppressed the look of amusement on her face. J. Jonah Jameson ranted and raved about Spider-Girl.

There was no one who had a more prominent sigh than one Mary Jane Watson, a young photographer who was interning at the Daily Bugle. She sat at her desk, well technically it wasn't the best desk, but still it was a desk. At least it stood up right, that's something that she couldn't deny.

The redhead threw her hair back, with a smile on her face when she shifted her arms against her chest.

She was a beautiful girl, tall with a fit figure, some said that she looked like she would one day be a super model. She had given the matter a lot of thought. Maybe someday, but now she found herself working at the Bugle and taking pictures, pictures of Spider-Girl.

She did have to deal with the charming J. Jonah Jameson all of the time, but it was just best to just let him go and let him rant, because that's just how he dealt with things and he ranted a lot.

All of the rants came back around to one person and that was Spider-Girl. One would think that Jameson had just a tiny bit of an obsession with the web slinging heroine.

"He should really get a hobby, it'd be healthier for him in the end," Mary Jane thought to herself, chewing down on her lip in thinly veiled amusement. That being said, the redhead shook her head, and could hear someone approaching the desk.

Bouncing up, she saw the someone, actually make that two somebodies waiting for her at the edge of the desk.

"Gwen, Riley…..is it that time already?" Mary Jane asked and she saw her two girlfriends standing there, with smiles on her face.

"Actually, we're running a bit late," Gwen said, an apologetic tone to her voice but Mary Jane just simply waved it off.

"It's okay, I understand, it's fine," Mary Jane said, she wouldn't be that mad to be honest. People ran late sometimes, especially those two with what they were up to.
She ran late as well herself with her added responsibilities.

"Let me just make sure that it's okay to leave, I think Jameson finally stopped, guess he ran out of things to rant about..."

"Or he finally lost his voice," Gwen said, she didn't think that there would be a time where Jameson would ever run out of things to rant about. Perhaps she was wrong but that was just the impression that he gave her.

"If only," Mary Jane muttered, half under her breath but she shook her head and turned to her mentor at the Daily Bugle.

Betty Brant was in her early twenties and she started very young, taking over for her mother as Jameson's personal secretary, after her mother had grown extremely ill. She was so good at the job and more importantly so good with putting up with Jameson, that she managed to retain it for this long.

She had nice dark hair, chocolate curls that framed her face, along with a bright pair of brown eyes. She had a figure that was the object of lust for many of the men in the office but unfortunately for them, she was focused on her career.

"Hey, Betty, I'll be clearing out right now," Mary Jane with a smile to her. "Unless Jonah needs something..."

"No, he doesn't...he's ranting about Spider-Girl or maybe the Blur.....actually he thinks that Spider-Girl created the Blur, to take heat off of her for corrupting people, but I don't think that we need anything more today, so enjoy the rest of the day," Betty said and she smiled. "Hi, Gwen, Riley."

"Betty, it's nice to see you again," Riley said with a smile reaching forward and adjusting the cup on Betty's desk. "Try not to take old blowhard in the other room too seriously."

"Trying not to," Betty said with a smile.

"And don't work too hard, it would be a shame if you had a stressful breakdown," Gwen said with a smile, placing her hands on the back of Betty's chair. "And if you want to come with the three of us sometime, and unwind...you're perfectly welcome to do so."

"Um, another time, maybe," Betty said, the invitation was in fact enticing in more ways than one, but that being said, she did have work to do.

"A pity you can't join us," Mary Jane said, sizing up Betty like she was a particularly juicy steak and licking her lips.

That being said, the trio of girls made their way out of the Bugle, leaving a rather frustrated reporter in their wake.

"So, tell me about Harry Potter," Mary Jane said and Riley and Gwen smiled, about ready to tell their girlfriend about him.

When suddenly, there was a huge explosion and there was always something happening in New York. Today was no exception to that rule.
"So, I don't think that Selene and Clea have killed each other,' Karen said and Harry turned towards her, flashing a smile towards the blonde.

"Well, they haven't killed each other, because you know that I would know if they did," Harry said and Karen nodded.

'He does have you there,' Faora said and Karen folded her arms, with a scowl appearing on her face but she nodded.

That being said, Harry and Karen were about ready to meet Selene and Clea but suddenly, there was a figure that was rushing her way down the hallway.

Clara shook her head, she was going to speak with Diana about something, but she stopped when she realized that Diana was busy in an intense meeting with the White Queen of the Hellfire Club.

Hormones drove all but the most balanced of girls nuts. Even then, the most balanced girls got driven around the bend as well. Super powered hormones were something worst and a cold shower only helped her slightly.

She couldn't get the image of Harry out of her head, bending her over every surface, and testing the full capabilities of her Kryptonian stamina.

Clara nearly smacked head on into something when she was distracted by her fantasy and much to her utter dismay, she smacked into Harry.

"Excuse…excuse me," Clara said and she could feel Harry's strong arms wrapped around her, when he caught her.

"You must be Claire," Harry whispered in her voice and she cursed everything. Why did he have to make a simple statement like that seem so erotic.

"Yes….yes I am," Clara squeaked and Karen smiled.

She looked like a younger version of her mother, Lara, only with darker hair. Karen was pleased with how healthy of a specimen her alternate universe cousin looked and the fact that she belonged to her master made her wet.

Things were about to heat up.

To Be Continued on 10/18/2014.
"So how are you doing, Claire?" Harry asked her and the dark haired girl looked straight into her eyes.

Slowly, she turned around, feeling heat rise from her cheeks and she shook her head in response, taking a heavy breath.

"I'm fine," she managed and she tried to keep her head up and about, even though there was a lot that would cause her to be rather heated. She had heard about the legend of the Incubus King but hearing about the legend and seeing him up close and personal.

Especially considering that she knew that he could likely smell the arousal she had from earlier, when it lingered on her. His lips curled into a predatory smile when he looked her over.

"That's good that you're fine, I would have hated you to be anything but fine," Harry said with a smile.

"I'm Karen…your cousin from Krypton," Karen said with a smile on her face and Claire blinked, her heart was racing suddenly, and she found her eyes drift towards the obvious area on Karen's body.

Casually, because she was used to it, Karen cleared her throat. Claire's eyes lifted up to meet Karen's face.

"Oh….it's nice to meet you," Claire said, and she swallowed the lump in her throat. She could barely stand and she could feel her blood boil a little bit more. "I thought that I was the only one of us left…"

"Well, I'm not from this universe, I'm from an alternate universe, it's hard to explain," Karen said and Claire smiled.

"There are an infinite number of worlds…..so I guess that there would be infinite different possibilities but…..are you…."

"Yes, I'm from another world as well, and…..well it's good to see you, Selene has mentioned you, and I'm sure that I'll get to know you and your sister extremely well," Harry said, walking behind Claire and Claire shivered with his hand being placed on her shoulder.

The dark haired Kryptonian could not believe this.

"Do you need any help with anything, honey?" Karen asked and she watched her younger cousin's chest inhale and exhale.

"Um…"

"Because you know that we will be willing to help you with everything," Harry said and some of his pheromones shot out, just enough to drive her wild.

Claire could not believe it, she was a slave to his allure. What was the worst thing was that she
prided herself on great self control. But her body betrayed her and prevented her from that great self control. Her breathing heightened and she thought that she might lose her mind.

"Are you sure you're doing fine?" Karen asked Claire and she practically purred in her ear and the dark haired Kryptonian shook her head in response.

"I'm…..really doing fine," Claire said. she could feel Harry back her up against the wall. Her first instincts would be to fight out but once again her body betrayed her and she shivered, the closer that Harry was closing in on her, the more desire that she felt. She could not believe…well she could believe and Harry pressed his finger against her cheek, rolling circles around it.

"That's good you're doing fine, but I think that I can make you feel really good."

Now depending on one's perspective what happened next caused Claire to either become saved or cock blocked. The door opened to reveal two beautiful young women, who looked to be in their late teens, maybe early twenties but never the less, they were the pinnacle of gorgeous female specimens.

"Well, hello," one of the girls said in a seductive and alluring English accent. Her blonde hair flipped down around the area of her face and she smiled.

She wore a tight purple corset top, along with a black jacket and tight black pants that looked like they were panted on. Her counterpart wore the same thing, except her hair was a dark brown, and both of them looked at Harry with alluring violet eyes. It was obvious that they were interested at him.

"We would have recognized someone like you here…" the dark haired female said, nudging Claire out of the way.

The hot tempered girl's response was to fold her arms against her chest and give an extremely pointed scowl in response. It was almost amusing to be honest, and one could see that her temper was this close to boiling over.

"My name is Regan," the blonde said, and she placed her finger nail on Harry's cheek, looking at him like he was a particularly juicy side of beef.

"And I'm Martinique," she said, nudging her sister over to the side, and Harry smiled.

"Pleased to meet both of you…do you have….."

"Our father is a member of the Hellfire Club, but unfortunately, dear Daddy has taken ill, it's quite sad, but I'm sure that all of his affairs are in order, Emma made certain of that," Regan said with a knowing smile on her face.

"Yes, she did, and I can see that you have the leadership qualities that this club is sorely lacking," Martinique said and she ran her hands over Harry's abs and Regan did the same to his chest. "Strong, durable, powerful…"

With that cue, Harry smiled and forced his Incubus Aura onto both of the sisters and that caused them to become weak in the knees and wet between the thighs. While he felt that normally a more subtle approach should be granted, there were instances where he needed to crank things up.

Both of the girls shuddered when they felt Harry's power wash over them.

"It was a pleasure meeting both of you, I'll see you again really soon but I really got to run," Harry said.
Karen barely kept the grin off of her face as she followed him, leaving both of the sisters in the hallway, with sticky panties and no means to be relieved.

"You just had to blow it for both of us, didn't you?" Regan snapped at her sister.

"I didn't do anything, we could have had him…"

"Oh, you're really not going to blame me, are you?" Regan asked and the two of them were about ready to go at it.

Claire sighed, the two of them could go at it for hours when they got catty like this.

There was a smack on the rears of both of the girls. In response, they spun around, nearly falling down onto the ground but the person who delivered the smack was long gone, faster than a speeding bullet.

It had been a while since Selene and Clea retreated to Selene's room. Something was suspicious. Harry frowned, things were oddly quiet.

He nearly bumped into Selene's personal assistant, Tessa, who was standing outside next to the door. She was wearing a nice silk robe that stretched down to cover her mid tight area and nearly showed her ass.

If Harry had to guess, she was wearing nothing underneath but the more liberated rules of the Hellfire Club mandated more lax dress codes.

"Tess, is your Mistress around?" Harry asked her and the dark haired girl looked at him and nodded.

"She was just waiting for you, Master," Tessa said with a smile on her face and she pointed towards the door. "She has said that you can come in any time and feel free to join in."

Tessa was waiting for the word to be summoned, otherwise she would have joined both of them. That being said, she nearly pressed her ear against the door.

She sighed, she could hear Regan and Martinique arguing halfway down the hallway.

'I see that another lesson in obedience may be in order,' Emma thought to herself and she did think that the sisters were beautiful and excellent to play with. That being said there were times where they got on each other's nerves and thus they got on Emma's nerves by extension.

'I'm pretty sure they can be heard even on the moon,' Tessa thought but she frowned.

'Well, I don't want to send anyone off to verify that,' Emma thought but she cleared her throat. 'Regan and Martinique, please report to my chambers, we need to have a discussion. If this Club is going under new management, I need to make sure that everyone is on the same page, and that especially includes both of you ladies.'

There was a nervous pause and both of the girls walked off. Tessa had her ear to the door.

'Tessa, if you would be so kind to fetch me a few items so I can make the matter sink in.'

Tessa obeyed one of her mistresses, as much as she wanted to get a sneak peak of what her master was up to.
Diana showed up, she was wearing a bathrobe and she was thinking about going into the backyard to sunbathe in the nude but suddenly she stopped at the sound of voices that were inside the room.

"So, you two ladies, you have been getting along, haven't you?"

"We just needed to hammer out a few differences," Selene's seductive voice purred and Diana watched, getting as close to the door that she dared, and she could almost see inside with a crack.

"Yes, honey, we needed to bury the hatchet…"

"Along with our tongues into each other," Clea said with a smile and Diana took another daring step forward.

To the point where Claire nearly ran into her, the two girls barely avoided having a meeting of the minds.

"Diana, have you seen our mother?" Claire asked her and Diana turned around, focusing on Claire.

"I think that our mother is very busy right now," Diana said and Claire's curiosity got the better of her.

Diana could not believe it, her sister was a shameless pervert but then again, she really had no other room to talk.

She really wished she had X-Ray vision right about now, that would be extremely useful to be honest.

"I think that you better ensure that our reconciliation is sunk in, master."

Claire nearly had her face pressed up on the door to get a better look.

Selene was on top of Harry quickly, not wasting any time. It was obvious that she was waiting for this for an extremely long time, therefore there should really have been no time to waist. Her tongue buried into his mouth and he returned fire, running his hands down her body and then pushing his fingers between her legs.

The Black Queen of the Hellfire Club closed her eyes. At this instant Harry pushed his fingers deep between her dripping core and pumping his way into her. She was succumbing to his touch and his fingers kept working their way deeper between her legs, doubling her pleasure something extremely fierce. She could feel the pleasure continue to explode through her with a rush of lust and her nipples grew exceedingly hard.

"I think you better give her what she wants, master," Clea suggested, naughtiness sparkling through her eyes.

Harry pushed Selene on the bed, his cock primed for her entrance but he was not done treating her to something. His kisses smothered her body and she whimpered, his heated actions causing her body to grow blind with lust. He dipped his fingers between her smoldering thighs and pumped them inside her.

"About what you dreamed of," Harry whispered and his forked tongue shifted, licking her behind the ear. He ran his hands down her body, cupping her breasts, and the Black Queen gave a lustful whimper, nodding in response.

"Beyond my wildest dreams, yes," Selene panted and she was fixated on the actions of her lover
when he increased his tender actions over her body. His hands roamed over her breasts, squeezing her and heightening her lust to absolutely new levels.

When Harry was sure that he had her in the palm of his hand, he pushed himself into her tight walls. They eagerly anticipated his manhood and he pushed so far into her body that he could have swore that her smoldering hot core was sucking him in.

"Yes, my lord, oh yes, harder, please fuck me, fuck me, all night," Selene mewled and she could feel her master's hands all over her body.

"This belongs to me, and this does, and this most certainly does belong to me."

He took a completely inventory of her body, observing every nook and cranny that she had to offer. The dark haired temptress whimpered when he drove his large cock deep into her tight hot center. He pushed himself so far into her that she thought that she was going to die of the pleasure that she felt. He rocked his way into her body, hammering her again and again, increasing her pleasure.

Selene thought that she was going to die of the pleasure that he gave her and he was only warming up.

"It all belongs to me," Harry whispered hotly in her ear, ramping up the intensity of his thrusts when he buried himself into her body. The Black Queen felt his cock lengthen in her body and she thought that this was going to push her to the edge and far beyond it. She felt so hot that she couldn't stand it, his thrusts battering her pussy, and stretching her out.

Selene decided to busy herself with Clea's pussy, further burying the hatchet into her.

"Yes, eat her pussy, make her scream, make her beg for more," Harry whispered in Selene's ear, when he continued to saw into her from behind.

"Yes, yes, more," Clea said, when Selene took her master's offer one hundred percent of the way and Harry pushed himself to the highest level, rocking himself deep into Selene's hot smoldering core.

The green eyed wizard continued to push himself into her and watched Selene eat the pussy out of the Sorceress Supreme.

'You know, the more that I work you over, the more that you're going to enjoy this,' Harry whispered. He always hardened at the thought of a strong powerful woman beneath him, being drilled hard in her pussy and begging him for more, pleading him for more.

Harry was going to give her more and he continued to kiss the back of her neck but then he pulled out.

"Ride me, so I can see the lust in your eyes," Harry commanded her and Selene obeyed him like a good little girl.

She could feel her pussy sheath back around his cock and maybe it was just her lust induced state, but if anything else, it felt bigger from this angle. That being said, she grinded her core down onto his manhood and kept bouncing a little bit higher.

"Damn, oh that feels good," Selene moaned, her hips grinding against his tool when she bounced up and down, working him between her hot thighs.

Harry could feel her molten hips grind around him and he was building up enough sexual energy to
do this. His incubus aura wrapped around Selene and caused the Black Queen's body to shudder when she pushed herself down on him.

Clea's hands were pinned down and she saw another copy of her master hover over her, his nerves hard wired into her. The young man pushed himself down into her slick walls and pushed hard into her body.

The Sorceress Supreme could feel his cock into her and she wrapped her arms and legs around him, when her nipples grew completely stiff and Harry worked himself deep into her dripping core.

"Are you feeling horny?" Harry asked her and Clea nodded her head.

"Yes, fuck me, oh fuck me hard, master, make my pussy ache for you," Clea moaned and she stretched back, allowing his monster manhood to push into her body.

Selene kept bouncing higher on his cock, her breasts being pawed and played with. The Black Queen could feel a miniature orgasm strike through her body every time he touched her breasts and tweaked her nipples, increasing the pleasure that spiked through her body.

"So close, aren't you?" Harry asked and Clea nodded, working her hot hips down on him and she met him with a powerful kiss.

Her aura was strong, and could have caused many men to fall in line and many women to drop between her legs to service her but there was no question about it, Selene met her match. And she loved every single second of it. He pounded her pussy so hard and then he picked her up, setting her against the door, which was opened a crack.

Selene could feel her body pressed against the cool wall, and Harry's hands roamed every hot inch of her amazing body, and then stroked her ass lobes, before working her into the wall, pounding her something fierce.

"Yes, oh yes, oh god," Selene begged him, taking his huge cock into her body and feeling him stretch her out.

She was losing her mind to this sex god that was drilling her hard against the wall. She was pressed against the side of the dresser and hung on to him for everything that she was worth, sinking her nails into the back of his neck when he pounded her, lust burning through her eyes.

Clea meanwhile was now on her stomach on the bed and Harry decided to take her in the back door. Her tight anus could feel Harry's cock grow into her.

"Just a reminder who your tight little ass belongs to," Harry growled in her ear and that caused her to grow hot and bothered.

Clea could feel his prick bury into her tight ass and he grabbed her breasts, squeezing them. He rammed his strong prick into her and caused her body to tighten, her ass increasing the pleasure when she milked his invading prick.

"That's it, that's it," Harry whispered to her and Clea closed her eyes tightly, when he picked up the pace, hammering himself into her tight body, her anal region hugging around him when he continued to pick up the pace, working her over.

Selene could feel herself gaining even more steam instead of running out of it, which she was sure pleased her master. His hands roamed each inch of her body and she pushed herself into him.
Harry was holding himself back, working her up into a fit. He could feel her vaginal muscles squeeze him tightly and she worked herself up around him, picking up her pleasure with a frenzied fury. She tightened around him, increasing a deeper pleasure, her loins working him over a little bit more when he hammered her harder yet.

"That's it, that's it, oh that's really it," Selene whined hotly and she could feel his manhood work a nice steady pace between her hot thighs.

"I know you like this, and I'm going to give it to you, I'm going to work you, hard, you won't be able to walk by the time that I'm done with you," Harry whispered to her and Selene begged for him to take her a little bit more.

Her pussy was really hot and he tugged on him. His balls swelled with even more desire when he picked up the pace, working her over something extremely fierce. He rocked her body and increased his tempo.

The orgasm that was released struck Selene numb, and she held on through the sheer force of will. Then Harry decided to give the Black Queen her gift, she earned it.

Selene stretched herself out, it had been too long, when she experienced his cum firing into her body at a rapid fire rate, injecting his white hot seed into her body.

The Black Queen closed her eyes and felt him empty his load into her.

"Give me a second, my lord, and we can have some real fun."

Diana, Claire, and Amara, who had popped by halfway through the show stood outside of the door. This little activity caused her to heat up and she was pretty sure that she was not heating up just because of her powers.

The mutant breathed in heavily and she watched what was happening inside the room, she couldn't believe it and her heart raced heatedly once more.

Karen walked up next to them and she could hear the sounds from the bedroom. Of course, thanks to bond link privileges, she could see the entire show, and she just got out of the shower, and it was a really cold one.

'At this rate we'll never get anything constructive done,' Karen thought but she shook her head.

'Are you saying that loads of mind blowing sex isn't constructive?' Anonym demanded and Karen shook her head.

She wasn't really saying that at all, at least she wasn't completely. That being said, her heart continued to race a little bit more and hammer against her chest.

'Not saying that at all,' Karen commented, she hated when words were put in her mouth.

Never the less, an evil grin popped over her face and Karen cleared her throat, which caused Claire to spin around. Diana and Amara were more graceful by their actions.

Claire nearly fell forward and landed on Karen's chest, but Karen managed to hold up Claire gracefully.
'Perhaps next time we should hook their nervous systems to our master's and give them a real show,' Illyana suggested wickedly.

'You know, honey, that's a suggestion that I may have to keep in mind,' Emma said, she was liking that girl a lot and she would make a great assistant, if she had to say so herself.

Karen groaned, she liked Illyana but her and Emma getting together might not spell good things at all.

"So, I was thinking of something," Claire said and her cheeks reddened a little bit when she prepared to talk and Karen turned towards her, directing her full attention towards her.

"I'm sure that you've been thinking about a lot of things lately," Karen said with a saucy wink and Claire shook her head.

Harry was busy conducting business still, so it left the two cousins sitting alone and just getting to know each other a bit better.

"No, no, no, not that," Claire said but yeah she was thinking about that as well, she supposed that Karen had her right there.

"Are you sure?" Karen asked Claire with a bit of a wink and Claire sighed in response, folding her arms.

"You're something else, you know that right?" Claire asked and Karen smirked at her with a wide grin on her face.

"I try honey, I try," Karen said and she ran her hand over Claire's hair, causing her to frown in response. "Anyway, what's on your mind, really…..?"

"Well, couldn't there be an alternate version of you out there somewhere?"

"It's possible, if she made it off of Krypton," Karen suggested to Claire and the dark haired Kryptonian looked into Karen's eyes, her blue eyes meeting the other girl's blue eyes.

"Thought that there wouldn't be more of me for a long time…..but I guess you changed all that."

'So, should we tell her about Har?' Faora asked, who was on her way there, because she was interesting in meeting Lara's beautiful young and impressionable daughter. It would be a delicious encounter, she could say that much.

'Let that lie for a little bit, Faora,' Harry told her, now that his business with Clea and Selene finally wrapped up, about four hours later from the perspective of everyone else. It was much longer from his perspective, he had a few other things to do and Emma wanted to meet with him before he left.

"It's been thirteen years since I arrived here," Claire told Karen and Karen smiled in response.

"So, you would be….."

"Three years it takes to leave the planet, I was put on a ship……and I got here, crashing in the wreckage, where I landed on Nova-Roma," Claire said, there were times where she wondered if that was where her father intended to send her but never the less it worked out for the best, at least that's what she thought.
"So, my uncle…." 

"Yeah, some stupid little rocket ship, it's a wonder that I got here in one piece, but I suppose that it protected me from the worst of the landing, even though it took half of the planet through the portal along with me," Claire said and Karen turned towards her, in surprise. "Kryptonite…radioactive chunks of the planet…..it can make us really sink…"

'And the red chunks can lover sexual inhibitions, and the gold.....it's rare, but it can strip the powers from any Kryptonian that it comes in contact with," Faora explained and she was right outside of the gate.

"So, do you think that there's a chance that another version of you could be out there?" Claire asked and Karen smiled.

"Well, she must have landed elsewhere if she did….."

Karen knew that she had flown off of Krypton and went into the Phantom Zone and then found her way into Limbo.

'If it helps, I'll keep an eye out,' Illyana thought but she doubted that it would do any good.

"But the two of us, we're the last two…." 

"Not exactly," Karen replied and that caused Claire's eyebrow to raise suddenly.

'You know with statements like that, you're going to have to tell her sooner or later,' Faora thought but she was amused just like Harry was at letting things ride out.

'Am I missing.....I see,' Emma thought, she managed to find out what they were talking about and she could have slapped herself for not figuring it out herself sooner than she did.

'Do you get the idea now, Emma?' Selene asked, she was bound to figure it out as well. 'Keep it from Claire....I see.'

'Yes, until the time is right,' Harry replied, he didn't want to over excite the poor girl before she was ready to deal with certain things. He really stirred her up a lot today and he was planning to stir her up even more later on today.

Speaking of stirring up, Faora showed up and Karen smiled, if a couple of years ago, someone told her that she was going to be happy to see Faora there, one would say that she needed her head examined.

"Claire, this is Faora....."

"She's another one, isn't she?" Claire asked, her eyes focused on Faora and Faora responded with a smile when she ran her gaze over Claire. This action caused the dark haired Kryptonian to shiver in response.

"Yes, I am, and you're Lara's daughter, your mother is beautiful and smart, and it appears that you have obtained both of those qualities."

Claire had not known about her birth mother, even if it was an alternate universe version of her, so she was interested in learning more.
"So how are you training with your powers?" Harry asked Claire and she managed to be able to look him in the eye, even though she was a tad bit nervous when she was doing so.

"I'm alright," Claire said with a smile and Harry looked at her.

He sent a spell at her suddenly and she didn't have time to dodge, slamming against the wall suddenly, with Karen, Faora, and also Diana crowding around to watch her.

"She really should have saw that one coming," Diana whispered. She supposed that she shouldn't be too really hard on her sister, she didn't have the experience that Diana did.

"And that's why you should keep your eye on the ball," Harry told Claire and he pulled the young Kryptonian up and she grimaced when she shook her head.

"Oh, that hurt just a little bit," Claire said with a cringe and Harry smiled when he looked her over.

"Yes, it hurt a little bit but...you've done really well I think," Harry said and once again he fired a spell at her.

This time she dodged the first attack but the second attack on the other hand, she wasn't so lucky to dodge. In fact, it wrapped up her feet and tangled them up, which caused her to fall flat on her face.

"Not too bad.....but you can do better."

Claire would have to agree, and she was watching her top so much that she didn't see her feet.

"And there will be a time where you won't be able to rely on your super speed," Harry reminded her and Claire opened her mouth.

Suddenly he reached forward, and grabbed her by the shoulder and took the girl down with a nice Judo throw. Claire was surprised that sent went down like a sack of flour but when she looked up, she saw that there was really no need to be surprised. There was a glowing red sunk lamp that flickered over the top of her head.

"Come on," Claire whispered, she had fallen for one of the oldest, if not the oldest tricks in the book and her ego was bruised just a tiny bit.

"Yes, you should have seen that coming but I wouldn't blame you if you didn't," Harry said and Claire got to her feet. "You see powers are useful but there will come a time where an enemy will see that you've grown overly reliant on them, and you need...."

Claire dodged the fist once more and she tried to take Harry down. Sadly, she got too cute for her own good and she landed flat on her face.

The fact that Harry had her pinned down on the ground with her arms held back really didn't help with her hormones which were driving her nuts.

"Still not bad, but we can work on it," Harry told her and Claire got to her feet, nearly slipping and sliding when she scrambled up to a standing position and she turned towards him.

"So, what do you got for me this time?" Claire asked and she almost thought that she would regret asking that question.

"Try and take me down in any way you can, be creative about it."

Claire had a wicked idea but trying to employ it was another matter entirely. It was too bold for her
but suddenly, Harry had her down into the ground, her legs spread, her arms pinned down, and he was on top of her.

"A valuable lesson to learn…" Harry said and he turned to Faora, but Diana was the one who jumped in front of her.

"If an opponent gives you an opportunity, you have to snatch it, right away, because he or she may yank the opportunity away and leave you in a vulnerable position."

"Note," Claire said, she spent more time flat on her back that she would have liked and not in a good way.

"Diana, do you think that you could help me demonstrate something for Claire?" Harry asked Diana and Diana blinked and nodded.

"Of course," Diana said, she was trying not to sound too anxious, even though it was hard not to.

"Claire, you may take a seat."

Claire turned around but Harry raised his hand, and she blocked it before he could manage to attack and tried to take his legs out from underneath him.

Her legs were taken out from underneath her and he pinned her face down onto the ground in a dominant position.

"You're learning a bit, well done, now go take a seat this time," Harry said and he was amused that when he let Claire up, she was backing off when she took her seat between Faora and Karen, not taking her eyes off of him in the slightest.

That just proved that she was learning, which was good enough for Harry. That being said, he beckoned Diana to join him and the two of them were really close for an intense sparring session that was about ready to happen.

The Amazon Princess stared down at him.

'So what do you think?' Karen asked.

'She has some raw potential, a decent amount of control of her powers, and she'll do well against someone who doesn't have my heightened senses,' Harry thought to Karen and he prepared to duel Diana.

'But you want her to do well against anyone, rather they have your heightened senses or not, don't you?' Karen asked him and Harry gave her a brief smile.

'Well what do you think?' Harry asked and he saw the look in Diana's eyes, she wanted a challenge and he wanted one as well.

Someone would have to lose anyway, that was just the name of the game and the name of the battle. The sparring session kicked up into intensity.

"So, Claire did bring up a pretty interesting point," Harry told Karen when they returned.

"About the other me?" Karen asked and Harry nodded in response. "So do you think that there is
another me out there?"

"If there is, we haven't come across her," Faora said, chiming in and that was a bit of a disappointment.

Then again, Kara didn't have a cousin in her alternate universe, because her uncle died extremely young due to an accident of his own foolishness, well allegedly anyway. Faora heard that statement come from the General, so she was taking it as it was, with a grain of salt to be honest. The woman brushed her hair from her eyes and sighed.

'So far nothing has turned up in Limbo, if you needed to ask, master,' Illyana said.

'How are matters there?' Harry asked.

'No complications as far as I can tell,' Illyana thought.

'Good thing that you're having a good time,' Wanda thought, currently she was practicing a rather difficult bit of magic and talking to Zatanna a little bit. Both girls had bonded after their ordeal in Limbo.

'Well, I don't know if you'd say it's a good time but...there are still some who long for the days of another in power,' Ananym thought and she gritted her teeth in agitation, she thought that those fools had short sighted memories, because they would remember otherwise how problematic their tenure underneath her father was.

'Nostalgia is a wave that everyone rides, I guess,' Harry responded, his lips curling into an amused smile but he sighed never the less. 'You two girls will tell me if you have any complications.'

'Yes master,' Ananym said but things had been quiet, so she was not concerned and as much as she loathed to agree it, she agreed with Illyana.

'You never know when I'll check in with your progress,' Harry thought to both of them and they shuddered in response.

'Actually we could have a tiny bit of a problem,' Ananym said and Harry could tell that this is relatively new news.

She popped right in through a portal, nearly onto Harry's lap. She was not wearing a stitch of clothing when she did so, but there was no time for pleasure, rather it was down to business. She looked into Harry's eyes.

"It's Doctor Doom, we managed to catch him flickering on the barrier, he's trying to play with the occult," Ananym said, shifting her form on Harry's lap.

Harry sighed long and hard, Doom could be a problem many times over, for the simple fact that he dabbled in a lot of things that he shouldn't be playing with.

"Of course, of course," Harry said, with a groan, running his finger against the side of his face, and Ananym looked at him with widened eyes.

"But he got bounced off," Ananym said, trying her best to put a positive spin on this entire mess.

Harry ran into Doom at least once before, maybe a couple of times, and he knew that the cosmic brush off would not deter Doom, rather it would strengthen his resolve.
Illyana popped up at that moment, not to be outdone by Ananym. "Just to let you know that the situation is resolved and we shouldn't have any further problems from Doom."

"That was too easy," Karen muttered and Harry would have to concur with his wife's words. There was something unsettling about this and how easy that it turned out to be. Perhaps he was really used to working for his victories but something was not right.

"I wish for the two of you to return to Limbo and monitor the situation, you can never be too careful, and if it becomes too troublesome, I will join you," Harry said and there was something in his voice that pretty much left no room for argument.

"Of course, master, if that's what you insist," Illyana said and without another word, she disappeared with a nice pop and Ananym followed her, her arms folded across her chest but she did in fact obey this thought regardless.

"So, do you think that the two of them will play nicely?" Karen asked but suddenly there was a phone call for Harry.

Harry walked over to the phone, and answered it, especially since he saw who it was calling from.

"So you...oh you're back in town?" Harry asked the person on the other end of the phone.
"And...wow you really must have drawn the short straw for that one, I don't envy you for that at all given that there are a lot of people out for him on sheer principle...if you ever can get away from babysitting duties, then maybe you can.....well that would be great then, it would fit into anything nicely. See you later Carol."

Karen smiled when she realized who that was and Harry turned around to face her.

"And speaking of Doctor Doom....."

A blonde with a fairly nice body even though it was difficult to see through the trench coat stood at the edge of the airport, waiting quite impatiently for her guest to arrive. She tapped her foot on the ground, placed her arms over her chest and gave a sigh, tapping at her wrist whilst she waited.

She had her long blonde hair tied back and she wore a pair of sunglasses that covered a pair of bright blue eyes. She was dressed in a female business suit and looked like she was something out of the Secret Service. The skirt did wrap a bit tightly around her rear end and she had quite the ample ass to showcase but there was only man who she allowed to touch it without taking his head off. She wore a red top that strained a bit tightly around her breasts.

That being said, this was the last time she allowed Tony Stark to choose her disguise. With a sigh, the woman, Carol Danvers, folded her arms against her chest and sighed, as she waited at the Private Airport, tapping her foot against the ground in the most impatient fashion that she could muster.

'He sure knows how to make an entrance,' Carol thought and she paced back and forth on the ground, looking like a caged animal when she did so, and she spun around.

Sure enough the plane touched down on the ground and Carol hated that she was sandaled with babysitting duties. Given that there were people that were far more dangerous than Doom who wanted to kill him, HYDRA for starters, they needed to be on their toes.

The door of the plane opened and Carol was surprised to not see Doom. Rather she saw an attractive
eighteen year old girl, with brown hair and a slender build that exited the plane. She was dressed in a business suit but it was obvious that she had a healthy lifestyle and she walked up towards Carol.

"I was expecting....."

"I know who you were expecting Miss Danvers," she said in a haughty voice and she had the air of royalty as well. "My father could not make this trip to address the United Nations today due to unfortunate complications arising back home."

Carol could not help her curiosity getting the better of her. "What kind of complications?"

"I did not ask, it was not my place to ask, and it is most certainly not yours either," she replied with a smile on her face, almost like she was daring Carol to contradict her.

"Well, are you....."

"Yes, I am here in my father's place, as this speech is mandatory for the future health of our country, and of greatest importance that it is given," she answered in her most crisp and extremely haughty voice.

"So I guess that you're coming with me Miss....."

"Valeria Von Doom," she told him and her eyes glowed when she said this. "You're to escort me but do not ask me any further inquiries. I know how you Avengers are, and Stark still holds a grudge against Doom."

"It wouldn't be because Doom tried to steal his armor designs, would it?" Carol muttered underneath her breath and Valeria glared at her. "Of course, princess, right this way."

Valeria had this dumped on her lap at the last moment, so she didn't like this any better than Carol. Especially when she didn't know what these unfortunate complications that her father was dealing with exactly entailed.

To Be Continued on October 22nd 2014.
Chapter Eighteen: The Daughter of Doom Part One.

Valeria Von Doom walked passed the assembled press followed by Carol Danvers. She exhibited the poise and the determination that one expected someone who was born of royalty to exhibit. She brushed past them, and there were whispers. Whispers about the whereabouts of her father, and she felt her annoyance bubble to the forefront.

She reminded herself that she had business to take care of, and the mutterings of those who were beneath her did not suit any kind of agenda.

"Give me room to breathe," Valeria muttered to Carol and Carol took half of a step to the side.

Carol frowned; she didn't really relish having babysitting duties today.

She didn't think that looking after Doom would be that much better though. Dealing with a teeny bopper version was far worse. She frowned and followed Val into the embassy.

"Miss Von Doom, if I could ask you a question….."

"Sorry, this is a meeting where time is of the essence, and if it is about my father, he has chosen not to give me any information either," Valeria said in one breath shortly. "In my country, we do respect orders….and follow them without question."

That being said she had many questions, but it was not her place to ask any of them. It was her place to do as she was told without question.

Carol kept towards her charge. She chanced a look up at the sky. There was something that didn’t look too pleasant. Today started out as a bright and sunny day, but the storm clouds started to roll in. Around the time she showed up, not that Carol wanted to accuse the woman of anything.

Judging by her tone, the fact she had to do this annoyed her, and Carol thought that she was in good company.

'So far, so good, at least so far no assassination attempts,' Carol thought, and they were stopped at the door by two guards.

"Let me pass, I am here to attend the meeting of the United Nations," Valeria said and one of the guards looked her over.

"We just need to take a look if you have any weapons on you, standard procedure, you know," one of them said and Valeria frowned, somehow she doubted that. That being said, she lifted her hands up and allowed the man to scan her.

"The only weapon that you'll find have is my mind," Valeria said. "Which is superior to what any of you dullards have."

"Yeah, talks like the old man, but she doesn't nearly have his style," one guard whispered to the other.
"But she is coming up clean, I guess this thing doesn't pick up the danger of a superior mind," the other guard chuckled mockingly.

Valeria closed her eyes and balled her fists together. They wouldn't dare do this to Doom.

A little bit off to the side stood a redhead photographer and a dark haired reporter, and the reporter nudged the redhead photographer, to encourage her.

"Make sure to get a picture, might not be the one that Jameson wants," Betty Brant told Mary Jane Watson.

"Because, Spider-Girl isn't in the shot," Mary Jane said and Betty smiled, shaking her head.

"Well there's that, I guess," Betty admitted grudgingly. She often thought that Jonah should get a hobby. The reporter was at a loss to figure out what it might be. "But more importantly, he expected Doom to show up, and it's rare that Doom shows up on American Soil…..well as Doom, there were a few times where he sent a Doom Bot, that people thought that they were Doom at the time."

"Do you ever think that the real Doom even exists?" Mary Jane asked and Betty sighed, that was a good question. "There's always a chance that he could have gotten replaced by some high powered Doom Bot after a while, and then that's all we've had."

"It's possible," Betty mused in response and she watched the Daughter of Doom walk up with her bodyguard. "Whoever her minder is, she doesn't look too happy…..make sure to get the shot and make it count, before the guards bodyslam us and kick us out, maybe not in that order."

Mary Jane chuckled nervously. She knew how much of a risk they posed sneaking in here. Press access was restricted, and Jameson pulled a few strings. Mostly because someone floated a rumor that Doom could be attacked, therefore in his mind, Spider-Girl would show up and be right in the middle of it.

Elsewhere, another young man watched the event from the rooftop, and a blonde disguised as a secret service agent stood next to him. They were both dressed the part, but the young man adopted a more stealthy approach and became invisible.

"So, the Daughter of Doom shows up," Karen whispered to Harry and Harry nodded.

"It's funny around the time Illyana and Anonym detected that activity, Victor is a no-show for the meeting that he demanded, and then…his daughter shows up," Harry said with a smile.

"Is she on your list?" Karen asked and Harry laughed.

"You should know by now that all females are subject to be on my list," Harry said, and he smiled when he watched Valeria's minder. "So much untapped talent. She has the ability to be greater than her father. Victor would be greater if he didn't let his obsessions get the better of him."

"Where do you think he is?" Karen asked and Harry looked up at the sky.

"That's a good question."

A chilling wind, the type that could bite a person to the bone, blew over, and Harry tried to ignore the fact that it cut into him.

"I spy Avengers, other than the obvious one," Harry said, and he smiled. "There's potential for an assassination attempt here."
'Knowing Carol though, she'll clean anyone's clock who gets close. She might not like it, but she takes her job seriously.'

'I'm sensing something rather strange happening,' Zatanna thought, and she shuddered. 'I don't even know how to explain this…..dark and foreboding thing that's happening.'

'Well, try not to, follow your instincts, and your gut,' Harry replied swiftly. He leaned forward just in time for the guards to notice Valeria was free of any and all weapons. 'Security these days, they wouldn't even know what to do with a real threat.'

'Yes, and they missed the three weapons that I spotted,' Karen added to him with a grin.

'Four,' Harry corrected and he decided that now was the time to get closer now that Valeria was inside.

He snaked an arm around Karen, and the two of them teleported closer without a sound.

The assembled group of the United Nations spoke. As per usual, none of them really agreed with anything, and none of them got anything done.

'Useless,' Valeria thought, but this was an important speech.

"I ask for, but five minutes of your attention, so you can cease your petty squabbling," Valeria said and all eyes turned towards her. Her presence commanded everyone around her. The girl smirked, pleased to see that she did what some people would give their right arms for. She shut the idiots in the UN up. "Now, Latveria has been previously banned from this assembly, and prior to my father, the leadership of the country, has been checkered at best."

Betty watched from the distance, and Mary Jane stood still, like Betty said, it was time to take the shot.

"But, it was only when my father, Victor Von Doom, took over the country, that you kicked us out of the assembly," Valeria told them, and everyone went into a hush. "Then you enacted laws and sanctions, out of spite. Granted you didn't harm my father, for he is resourceful, but you punished the good people of Latveria."

"Your father is a criminal that avoids justice due to diplomatic immunity…"

"He was a man who had his life ruined thanks to one man, and one man alone, and his only crime was the fact that his obsession with that one man grew," Valeria said and she picked up a stride, her posh accent more prominent the more intense she got. "All of my father's actions that you deem to be crimes, have not harmed any of your civilians. But yet, you put a satellite in the sky and spy on Latveria, in the name of your so called security. And if anyone is guilty of war crimes, it's the United States of America."

There was an uncomfortable tone to this meeting.

"You were warned what would happen if another plane went over our country, and threatened the people of Latveria and the meager lives that they have been allowed to live despite your embargoes and your sanctions," Valeria said and she paced back and forth on the floor. "And now your President talks about invading Latveria. Just so citizens can enjoy freedom. If his only crime was his utter mangling of the English language, then we would not have a problem with him."
Valeria leaned into the camera that broadcasted this on television and around the world.

"Do you really want to bury your sons and daughters over a vendetta, but I'm sure that the President doesn't really know half of what's going on, because he's getting his marching orders from someone higher up," Valeria continued. "War is inevitable. To seek it when there is no reason, other than to exert your dominance is utterly and entirely suicidal."

Valeria took a deep breath.

"Listen princess your father…"

"Has done more for the people of his country, then your President has done for yours," Valeria said and she hit her stride. "This country is supposed to be the land of opportunity, but it seems to me like….."

She paused and stopped.

"I apologize, I'm sure that many other countries in this assembly may agree what I had to say about the United States.,” Valeria said and she looked at Carol who frowned at her, and returned to face forward. "But that's not what this meeting is all about, this meeting is about a request to undo what you've done, and a plea to ignore your vendetta against my father…."

A loud explosion could be heard outside and that rattled Valeria.

Mary Jane and Betty nearly jumped halfway up off of the ground. Business might in fact be picking up now, at least that's what they hoped. Their attention had been grabbed.

"What's going on?" Mary Jane asked, and something dove bomb the assembly.

"There is no reason to harm anyone inside, if your target is me," Valeria said, and she walked down the steps, and Carol followed on her heals.

Harry and Karen teleported to the outside, a bit ahead of them, and a large ugly creature with brown skin circled them.

'A griffin….or at least a demon that has taken it's shape,' Harry thought to the group.

'I'd go with the demon that has taken its shape myself, master,' Illyana chimed in and her eyes followed the progress of the creature, when it circled the area. Eyes widened like saucers, she scoped it out, and could see that it very nearly dropped to the ground.

Then it pulled back up in a flash and another glowing portal opened above the city.

If there was one thing Harry learned was that mysterious portals opening in the city seldom bode well.

"So, what do you think we should do?" Karen asked and Harry sighed when he took a long hard look at what circled above him.

"Wait for the right opportunity," Harry said, and sure enough, he saw something big and green pass right next him.

The Hulk punched the griffin in the face and caused it to spiral out of control.

'How do you hide someone like that?' Wanda asked, shaking her head. The Hulk gave the necessary fire power that was needed when the other Avengers circled around and did crowd control.
"Filthy creature, you dare," Valeria said and she stepped forward once more.

Another portal broke up and shadows poured out of it, backing her off.

"What are these things?" Carol asked, and she tried to punch them, but her hand went right through them.

The demonic hackles from the creature echoed around, and they all surrounded her.

Suddenly, a bright light engulfed them, and effortlessly launched them back through the portal.

Hulk, meanwhile, wrapped his arms around the neck of the griffin and rode him halfway around the city.

Harry viewed the show, and only decided to help out when absolutely necessary. He wanted to see how the Avengers handled this.

Two more of those large creatures joined the battle. A certain archer appeared on the ground and looked up, his mouth wide open.

"Exactly what are those things?" Hawkeye asked, and he looked up at them, and looked at his measly arrows. He was going to need a bigger bow.

"You know that's a good question, they must be some kind of android creature, or something along those lines," Iron Man said, and Thor stopped next to him, and held his hammer up in the air, and swung it.

The powerful Mjolnir struck the creature, but it served to anger the beast. The Prince of Asgard watched the creature, and it turned around to face him. "It must be the darkest of dark magic, Mjolnir couldn't even put a dent in it….it is…it is dangerous, stay strong my Avengers, stay strong."

"Yeah, we're staying strong, for what it's worth," Hawkeye responded as he loaded up another arrow and fired a shot.

He didn't think that it would work.

"Something tells me you're going to need something of higher caliber," Iron Man said. He shot a beam at the creature, that would cut through most precious metals. It didn't even scratch the creature. Tony Stark felt like it was an insult to his genius when he couldn't even back the creature off. "Not that I have any room whatsoever to talk."

"So, where is Cap and Wasp?" Hawkeye asked, and he felt like he was bait, running from the creature. The creature tried to nail him with his claws, but something stopped him in mid-air.

"You know, that's the second time that's happened," Iron Man said, but he could not pinpoint the energy signature with his onboard computer. Someone was there, but at the same time it was not there.

That perplexed Tony greatly. There was no science on Earth that explained what happened.

"It may be the realm trying to reclaim the creatures that it had spat out," Thor said boldly. Never one to back down from a fight, the God of Thunder swung his hammer around and crashed it down onto the creature. It gave a primal and loud roar in response and dove at Thor.
Thor avoided the attack handily, and held his hammer up and swung it once again. Another loud clang echoed, and the creature did not back off.

"So, you didn't answer my question the first time," Hawkeye said and he fired some rapid fire arrows at the creature.

With the progress he was doing, he might as well be shooting spitballs at a battleship.

"They're off with Hulk playing tag with that first creature," Iron Man said, and he felt some demonic shadow grab onto him.

This attack resulted in his visuals going all fuzzy, and the man of Iron struggled to free himself from the grip.

"Great, can touch me, can't touch them, well time to....." Tony said, but he could see black tentacles try and slither their way into his suit. "Time to get out of here, before I become an unfortunate star of a hentai….you know it's much better when the woman is getting molested to the tentacles."

He never thought that there was a time where he would have to hack his own suit. Well there was that one time when the suit grew sentient, fell in love with him, and tried to kill everyone around him. That was an isolated incident though.

"Okay, reboot, and come on," Iron Man said, and he shot back into the air.

"We need to get you to a safe place, they're after you," Carol said to Valeria.

Her response was to place her hands on her hips and glare at Carol.

"The Daughter of Doom does not flee…"

Then again, her bravado only lasted so long in the face of certain danger and the breath ran out of her body. She saw the creature, simmering of the darkest of dark magic and she slowly comprehended how dangerous it was.

She had training in the most obscure of magical arts, but even that training caused her to wonder if she could handle such a creature.

She sensed something else in the area.

"Do you have a plan?" Valeria asked, a bit more humbled then she was. She still tried to retain some dignity by not acting like a blubbery wreck in the face of certain doom.

Before Carol could answer, two creatures dove out of the portal, and they went for Valeria, and only Valeria, ignoring everything else in the proximity.

"Hang on," Carol yelled, but a third went in front of her, and whipped its tail at her. She caught it and pulled on it with all of her strength.

That being said, all of her strength, even as immense as it was, was not good enough to harm this thing. The woman rocked back a little bit, and flew ass over tea kettle, hitting the ground with a thunderous snap, and she leaned over.

The breath knocked out of her body. She sighed this wasn't going her way out all. Her charge was dragged through the portal and more of those creatures poured from the portal.

Suddenly, energy engulfed the creatures and sent them back from where they came from. Carol
watched, uncertainly, she knew that the person who sent them back could be a friend, but they could also be a foe.

"Who are you?" Carol demanded, and she waited for the person to appear, which he did, with a chuckle.

"If you must know, here I am," he said, and Harry Potter arrived in front of her.

Carol sighed, she should have known, and the battle between the Avengers and these creatures died down. They still had a bit of a problem.

"Just how long have you been here?" Carol asked, raising her eyebrow.

She had a theory and she might be pretty pissed off it was true.

"Long enough," Harry said and Karen showed up to join them.

"The portal trail ran cold, master, all of these other attacks were a diversion," Karen said, and Carol raised her eyebrow.

"A diversion, for what?" Carol asked and Harry smiled.

"Perhaps what might not be the best answer, I think that who would be the better answer," Harry told Carol with a smile on her face and the woman's eyes widened when she realized what he was implying.

"You don't suppose…"

Harry waved her off, he honestly didn't know. He found that he was going to have to ask someone who would know and could find out.

"So, you were there the entire time, and you made the Avengers sweat," Carol protested after Harry filled her in on what happened.

"I didn't let you handle anything that I knew you couldn't handle," Harry said and Carol thought back to the battle, how some of the creatures seemingly went back into the portal which they had been spawned from. Others vanished completely "You already figured out that my divine hand was involved…..although I do admit seeing Stark squirm is amusing."

"What do you have against Tony?" Carol asked.

"I really have nothing against him, it's just sometimes his ego makes checks that he can't really cash, and it's nice to see someone like that humbled," Harry said. Karen returned with two very important parties. "Carol, I believe that you know Illyana Rasputin, along with Clea."

"Right, your Queen in Limbo and the Sorceress Supreme, we were well acquainted, yes," Carol said with a smile. There was no doubt in her mind that it was a pleasure to meet the pair of them once again.

"Just forty eight hours ago, Earth time, there was a strange energy fluctuation around Castle Doom in Latveria," Illyana explained. "But it was brief, and it stopped. After all of the checks around Limbo, we discovered that one of Doom's dips into the occult showed that he tried to breach the barriers, but given that we've taken greater control of the barriers between Limbo and other worlds due to
Harry knew that Illyana referred to the time where they were trapped in Limbo for at least sixteen years of their life or so it seemed. It was likely less. It could have been more.

"And once we found out that Doom was unsuccessful, we let the matter drop, but the weird weather today was indication that he caught the attention of someone," Clea said and she looked at Carol.
"Tell me, how familiar are you with the realm of the Fey?"

"Not very, only through fairy tales, but I thought that they were supposed to be nice, tranquil creatures," Carol and Harry grimaced at the thought, shaking his head.

"Well some of them are, but others…..well not so much," Harry told her, and Carol only response was to frown. She was in deep thought and deeper concentration.

"I see," Carol said and she knew that there were going to be difficulties with this one, but she didn't see how pronounced they were. "So, I better check in….."

"Don't worry about checking in with your team, no time has passed."

Carol smiled when she realized the full extent of what Harry told her. "That's another quirk of magic, isn't it?"

"Pretty much, yes….." Harry said with a smile. Magic can be extremely tricky. "Don't worry though, we'll take really good care of you whilst you're here, you can count on it."

"Oh believe me, I do," Carol said and Harry turned his attention away from her for a moment.

"I don't even need to tell you what to do, do I?"

"Find where Valeria went, I know," Illyana said, and if she had to guess, she had to pay for the sins of her father.

"Enlist the help of Ananym as well, and try and get along," Harry told her and Illyana opened her mouth to protest, but Harry raised his fingers. "The two of you, you've been doing well so far, but you're getting dangerously close to falling back into old habits, so I'd watch it if I were you. You wouldn't want to suffer my displeasure, would you?"

Illyana paused and shook her head. Harry smiled, and cupped her face. Leaning into the kiss, he exerted his dominance on her.

There was a hint for more, if she obeyed his commands. If not ,well Harry would still get his pleasure using her regardless, but it would be a dry spell for her and any of his other pets that betrayed him.

"Clea, she couldn't have gotten far," Harry whispered to the Sorceress Supreme and she nodded in response.

"I know," Clea said and she got more of the same from Harry, a passionate kiss that left her wanting more.

Hell when Carol watched, she wanted even more. She recalled the first time she met Harry. It was a steamy weekend in Las Vegas. This particular trip down memory lane made her positively soaked between her legs.
"You know, you're getting off on this, aren't you?" Harry asked Carol suddenly and he caused her to spin around, and she looked like the little girl who got her hand caught in the sweet jar.

"No….well yes," Carol said, and she felt Karen's hands on her shoulders and more importantly her breasts on her back.

"It's been a long time since Harry took real good care of you, hasn't it?" Karen asked, whispering in Carol's ear.

In response her thighs clenched together, and fluids dripped down between them, rolling through her thighs.

"Yes…"

"Too long," Harry said, and he smiled and Carol threw her arms around his neck and leaned in with a kiss.

He ran his hands over Carol and felt her body up. The blonde relaxed when he worked her up and she hit a fever pitch again.

She captured his tongue into her mouth and started to suck on it like she would suck his cock, and Harry returned fire, brushing his thumb over her rear.

"You know, that seems like a good idea," Harry whispered and he yanked the thoughts from her mind. Carol's knees shook, on wobbly legs, and she had no choice, but to sink down to her knees, before him.

She drooled in every sense of the world, and her hands reached onto his pants.

She pulled his throbbing manhood out and smiled. She kissed him behind his ear, and then slowly worked her way down his neck. Carol teased Harry with a series of kisses all the way down his chest, and then his abs.

Harry always appreciated her technique and felt her hot mouth close in on him. The blonde edged inches away from him, and engulfed his manhood into her mouth.

Karen got down next to her and went between Harry's legs and licked his balls. Harry felt the passion from him boil over from the two extremely hot blondes servicing his manhood and causing pleasure to tingle within him.

"Oh, god, you two are so great," Harry grunted and both of these women gave him wicked grins.

The young man decided to prove who the master of them was. He channeled a telekinetic charge through their pussies when they sucked him, and that caused them to moan.

Carol felt as if her entire body was stimulated, each and every nerve ending, mostly because it was. Harry knew how to push all of those buttons that made life worth living. The blonde closed her eyes tightly and felt him work her over something intense, something fierce.

Karen experienced the exact same and her nipples grew extremely hard. She made her way up, and met Carol's lips when they unlatched themselves from Harry's cock, the sweet taste of pre-cum dangling from it. Karen returned back to where she was once again, and she licked all the way up his tool, meeting his head. She drove her tongue into it hard.

"Hey, it's my turn," Carol whispered and Karen smiled, and leaned back, her clothes stripped off
now from Harry's telekinesis.

"I have a better idea," Karen said and she smiled and kissed Carol on either side of Harry's cock.

Carol's magnificent breasts exposed themselves, and Karen's did likewise as well. Their tits enveloped either side of his cock.

Harry groaned and experienced a thrill that most men would never even dream of having. Both sets of breasts engulfed them in an intense double tit fuck.

"Oh, our tits belong to you, Harry," Carol whispered and Karen's large breasts threatened to engulf both Harry's cock and Carol's breast as well, not that she minded.

The two girls made out hotly in the center, and Harry groaned when he felt this double tit fuck. A large dose of cum erupted from his balls, and shot out of the tits. It splattered the faces of both girls, along with their breasts, and they cooed with absolute delight at what their master did for them.

Carol and Karen got to their feet, and waited for their master's word.

"Clean yourself up," Harry whispered to both of them.

"At once," Carol said and she shamelessly groped Carol's tit and wrapped her hand around it. She latched her mouth around the magnificent orb of flesh and sucked and licked the young man's cum off of it.

Karen's finger pushed into Carol's ass to encourage her, and also show Harry what she wanted to see. And not one to be outdone, Karen did likewise to Carol's breasts as she did to hers, sucking and licking them completely clean.

Harry groaned and the Incubus's need was strong and Carol's legs spread willingly for him. Harry decided to take things one step further, and implant his manhood deep between her thighs.

Carol groaned, when she felt that familiar sensation fill her body. Every time she felt it, it felt like fire erupting between her loins. Harry snaked his hand around her rear and pumped himself into her.

Karen smiled, and Carol's face rested between her hot thighs. The blonde pumped her hips up and allowed her to eat her pussy.

Harry pumped himself into Carol's wet snatch, and he felt her hotly close around him. He rested his hands on either side of her hips and kept pumping into her wet snatch. The blonde closed her eyes.

"You know, I can give you pleasure beyond your wildest wet dreams," Harry whispered, play with her. His hands rolled over her breasts, and channeled magic through them. That caused her cunt to squeeze his tool hard.

He continued to batter her center, and his large rod slipped into her hole again and again. The superheroine lost herself to her lust every time when he slammed into her. Her tightness closed around him, and he continued to push himself into her, her tight wet hole being an amazing place to bury himself into.

"Damn, he sure can, and she has a good tongue, I nearly…..great Rao, forgot," Karen whispered.

She pumped her hips up at super powerful speed when she felt Carol's hot tongue assault her and increase her pleasure from a hundred fold.
Carol smiled and she licked the heavenly juices from Karen's box and she got more heated the more that the trio hit their stride. Harry's manhood slammed deep into her body as well, and she felt him, his gift was about ready to be deposited inside her.

"Not until I give you an orgasm that will blow your mind," Harry whispered and he bit down on the back of her ear and caused her loins to explode in pleasure.

Carol was all excited about that and her hips tightened around him, and her nerves hit a fever pitch. He released an orgasm into her body. True to his promise, that did blow her mind.

Harry pumped into her a few more times, and the blonde closed her eyes, and her thighs pumped around him.

"Getting so close, aren't you?" Harry said with a smile.

"She won't….oh god, she won't let up," Karen whined and she could feel Harry's telekinetic gifts stimulating her pussy and nipples as well.

Carol thought that Harry tormented her on purpose. Some torments were worth the wait. his throbbing cock continued his journey to her center. It plowed her again and again to work her over.

Karen's juices offered her strength. They tasted delightfully sinful. Carol just had to suck them down for nourishment.

Harry pushed one finger up her ass, and closed his eyes. It was almost like having a second cock rammed up her ass when he fucked her, because there were spells to thicken ones fingers, if one was creative enough.

Carol felt like she was double stuffed and her tongue buried deeper into Karen. She seemed determined to suck the girl dry. Even if she knew full well that with her solar reserves, she could fuck for weeks without getting tired.

Harry smiled when he pumped into her from behind and the blonde closed her eyes and felt him bury himself between her thighs. She tightened around him, and drew him into her.

"Getting closer," Harry whispered and he ran his hands over her body one more time, and stopped short of hitting any true pleasure spots.

Carol felt her hips tighten around him, and she drew his manhood deep into her body one more time.

"Oh god," Carol moaned and Karen smiled and made sure that the blonde understood her duties in pleasing her.

"Yes, he's your god," Karen agreed, and Harry kept his method of pumping into her.

His balls tightened and his load of cum shot into Carol's hot and tight center. The blonde moaned, she appreciated the stress relief. He pumped an obscene load of cum straight into her body, and the blonde shuddered when she collapsed against the ground, his finger still pumping into her ass, and the pleasure drove her nuts.

"I think that you got all that you deserved," Harry whispered and in response, the cum leaked from Carol's pussy.

Karen smiled and prepared to return the favor from earlier and she latched her mouth onto Carol's pussy and started to suck Harry’s juices from it.
Illyana popped her head from the portal just as they wrapped up and just as they got dressed. She found herself disappointed that she missed what appeared to be quite the show, but she would have to deal with it.

"Master," Illyana whispered, and she saw Harry pull his clothes back on, and she eyed him.

"What news do you have for me?"

"Dire," Ananym said, and she popped through the portal. "I don't know what Doom did, but he incurred the wrath of someone very important in the Fey realm."

Karen and Carol rested, and Harry waved his hand, to use his Incubus energy to reenergize them. It was something that could be used for sexual purposes. It also had more mundane purposes that he used for great effect.

"You don't suppose....." Karen said and she trailed off, unable to believe it, but it was really true what was said.

"You don't.....what....what is it?" Carol asked and Harry said merely three words.

"Morgan Le Fay."

Normally a name wouldn't explain anything about what was going on here. In this case, the name perfectly explained everything that was going.

"I demand you to unhand me!" Valeria yelled. She was ignored as the two hideous creatures dragged her along the path. She felt extremely familiar energies around this place, but that didn't really faze her. Rather she needed to find a way out of here.

"The Mistress will know what to do with her," one of the shadow fairies said, and the girl struggled.

"Fine, this Mistress...I wish to speak with her," Valeria said, her teeth gritting in absolute anger when they pulled her along.

The fact was she had never been in a situation like this. Despite her haughty demeanor, she felt terrified. She never was in a situation like this before.

More of these faeries fluttered around her head. Some of them terrified her more than others, and others.....well they weren't exactly rolling out the welcome wagon for her. The dark haired girl hitched in her breath. She knew for a fact that she got even closer.

"It's just as well, the Mistress wants to speak to you," the shadow fae whispered. It was easy to tell that she relished the opportunity to throw this brat at the feet of the mistress. Dragging her along at this point turned in a chore.

That being said, Valeria found herself rolled down the path, and she landed right at the feet of the woman who watched her, somewhat with interest. She sat on a throne, and observed the girl, like she was a scientific project or great curiosity.

Off to the side, Valeria blanched when she saw that her father rested in an energy bubble. None of
his usual bravado, in fact he could not break out from where he was. He appeared to be stuck in time.

"What did you do to him?" Valeria asked and the woman smiled in response.

"He didn't see it fit to cool his heals when I requested him to do so, so I decided to a more…..hands on approach was required to ensure that he stayed in line," she informed the girl and Valeria's eyes flittered towards her.

"Just who are you?"

The woman's laughter taunted the Latverian princess and she balled her fists and nearly got to her feet, but the servants pushed her down.

"No, allow her to stand, any attempt for her to attack me, it will be amusing. Almost as amusing as Victor's attempt to take control of my realm….."

"My father never would…"

"You look at your father through idealized glasses, my child," the woman in the shadows said and she smiled.

Valeria looked angered. She was ready for a fight.

"I am not your…"

"Silly girl," the woman remarked in a condescending voice. "I hope you appreciate the trouble that I've went to bring you here. The Avengers amuse me, but they are like pets, eventually they grow… tiring. Another has caught my attention however, but why wouldn't he? Many have spoken of his coming for centuries, and now he has arrived…."

Valeria's impatience grew. "What are you trying to say?"

"For you it's nothing personal, I can't say the same about your father, though," the woman remarked and Doom's body trapped within the cage. If he could move, he would not get out of that forced energy bubble. "It goes back a like time actually, but why remember the past, when I can build a bright and glorious future."

"Just who are you?" Valeria asked and she realized that she could get to her feet now. She figured either they were arrogant or she had no chance in fighting this woman.

"They call me by many names, but the one most common is Morgan Le Faye."

To Be Continued On October 25th 2014.
Valeria Von Doom stood before her captor, increasing anger flashing through her eyes. She would not back off, she would not bow. That would be for lesser people than her. To admit such a cowardice would be a disgrace and she wasn't going to go down that road. Her stare remained determined and focused despite the anger she felt.

She also felt a bit of intrigue by the woman who captured her, even though she loathed to show it. This was Morgan Le Fay, the godmother of all things that were magic. She performed feats of sorcery that put her on par with the greatest of demigods. The long sigh that escaped her body indicated that her will faded. She was impressed.

Morgan laughed and watched the actions of the child. It was extremely amusing to her, but that being said, there was plenty to do. "I see it dancing in your eyes, you are impressed child, aren't you?"

"I don't know what you're talking about," Valeria whispered, her attempt to maintain some degree of respectability fading from being. That wasn't what she wanted to do, to be indebted to that witch in anyway. "You need to let me go, you need to release my father."

"But yet, I'm the only one who is control of this realm and the only one can decide what needs to be done."

It was true, as much as Valeria Von Doom loathed to admit it, it was Morgan who held all of the cards. She knew it as well as the witch did on the pedestal before her.

Morgan looked extremely thoughtful and waved at her. The teenage girl floated closer, a spell controlling her movements. The guards allowed her to leave. "You know, your father and I, we go back a long time. I taught him much of what he knows. Of course, he always thinks he knows more, he always will. That's the problem with Victor, his arrogance knows no bounds."

Valeria couldn't argue with that point.

"I see it in your eyes child, even you agree with it," Morgan whispered and she leaned towards her. One hand placed on the top of her head, the dark haired woman touched the top of the girl's head. "He wishes to waste his time with that pitiful realm, doesn't he?"

Valeria didn't answer. That mattered little, Morgan guessed more than enough. The death glares the girl gave her were fairly adorable, but Morgan didn't have any more time for games.

"He wishes to waste his time on revenge," Morgan said. Her eyes averted to Doom. Despite the fact that he was contained in a stasis bubble, with no way to go out soon, she didn't take any chances. "I've been in that realm numerous times. My name has grown to be a legend, so I daresay that I've made my mark."

"Yes, you have," Valeria said and her head drooped down. She felt terror about the fact that she agreed with every word this witch said. And now, she felt compelled to ask a question that she knew that she would regret to ask. "What happened…?"

Morgan frowned. "Between your father and I?"
Valeria nodded stiffly. She wanted to know why Morgan had such a hatred dancing through her eyes regarding her father. Scratch that, she needed to know. Her father made a few enemies that wanted his head, but this hatred looked to be really personal.

"Doom and I, we were extremely close at one time, and I thought that he might be different than others," Morgan said and her eyes fixed on Valeria for several seconds. The girl shivered in response. "But, I hate to say that I was completely wrong."

"You were…"

"He tried to betray me and steal my powers for his own game," Morgan said and she stepped forward and placed her hand on Valeria's shoulder. "A desperate gambit to be honest, and a foolish one, for he narrowly escaped with his life. It allowed me to achieve clarity; it allowed me to learn an extremely valuable lesson that day about who I should trust. And I knew that one day, Victor Von Doom would slip up and try and dabble with forces that he thinks that he comprehends."

"He comprehends far more than you think he does," Valeria whispered, but there was something about her voice that seemed unsure.

Morgan laughed in amusement. Valeria scrunched her nose together. She hated to be treated like a child.

"Who are you trying to convince?" Morgan asked the girl haughtily. "Doom spends time trying to convince himself that he was capable of so much more than he really is."

"My father has achieved…"

"Nothing but failure," Morgan whispered and she leaned forward and placed her finger on Valeria's cheek. "Your father's failed attempts to take down the Fantastic Four, who are nothing but cockroaches in the grand scheme of things makes me amused that he even tried to dabble into something beyond that. And he won't stop until he achieves his obsession. Those scars underneath that mask, they were a lesson that you would think would be learned by now."

"They were all about Richards…"

"Reed Richards is just the scapegoat for Victor's problems," Morgan whispered harshly to Valeria. "Do not think otherwise."

"You need to let me out of here!" Valeria yelled.

"I don't need to do anything, and if you don't learn obedience, you'll become exactly like your father," Morgan said and she leaned down so she touched nose to nose with Valeria. "Don't test me, child."

Valeria felt herself, ego or not, quelled underneath the burning demeanor of Morgan.

"Victor, you fail at many things, and you're going to lose the thing that you care for the most."

"You're…you're going to kill me?" Valeria asked and she felt a little less brazen than she started out in this situation. Mostly because she felt terrified beyond all belief now.

"Silly child," Morgan continued. "You are not the most important thing to Victor, and you never were. I would stop deluding yourself with dreams of things that cannot be."

Her eyes were on a different prize and she almost let Doom out so he could witness the destruction
of what he once tried to take over.

The entire world would be in her hands but she sensed something else coming. A wicked grin filled her face.

That would prove to be interesting.

Harry Potter returned to Limbo for the first time since he escaped. He had agents in the place, with Illyana and Ananym splitting duties. He had a motive for making those two work together, always a motive with him. That being said, the Incubus King was really pleased with the work that they did with the place.

"We've kept things together nicely while you were out, establishing your empire on Earth, master," Ananym said and she gripped his arm tightly and snuggled into him. "There have been a few unfortunate pockets of resistance that have cropped up but…." 

"They were crushed."

Harry smiled at Illyana's bold statement when she took his other arm, but as much as he liked to escalate this to the next level, now was not the time to do so. Rather it was the time for him to travel down the yellow brick road, all the way to Limbo.

"Morgan Le Fay?" Ananym asked.

"I take it you know the legends as well as the people on Earth do," Harry said.

"Her father and I crossed paths," Ananym said in an extremely delicate voice. "I think eventually, everyone in all of the known magical realms butts heads eventually. Any magical user wants a little more power, it's the mania of the powers."

"It's not about wanting, it's about taking."

Harry enacted plans to slowly exert his dominance on Earth, and with the inroads that he made with the Hellfire Club, he was well on his way. There would be some resistance, that didn't understand what he was doing. That thought he was some other villain who had half assed plans for world domination.

No, he learned from the mistakes of those who came before him and realized that a slow and subtle game was what needed to be played. The politicians who ruled the land did so because it was the people who chose them.

He vowed to eliminate any opposition where there was only choice. His ego demanded no less. He slowly wormed his way in. The heroes helped clear a path by taking down some of the rivals, without knowing it.

"Of course, master," Ananym agreed. "You do realize that…..the portal to the Fey Realm is rather intense, and it might be difficult to get through it…." 

"No more than any other portal," Illyana jumped in. It was true though, her own experiences taught her that portals worked, but at the same time, they never took you where you wanted to go exactly. And some just spat you back out like you were a bad case of indigestion.

Harry smiled, and he had a feeling that Morgan had a feeling that they were coming. The problem was that he was ready for her. To have such a resource at his disposal would allow his plans to move
This woman said to bow before no man, but she would learn regardless. The Incubus Queen knew that there was not a woman that he couldn't tame. It was just that some required a bit more work than others.

The hellish Limbo felt surprising warm and fuzzy, which made Harry extremely suspicious. His two mates stopped.

"It could be that she might be trying to beat us to the punch," Ananym said, and Illyana smiled.

"I think that much is obvious," the girl said and she pulled out a glowing sword. She was in one of those moods where she would hack first and ask questions at a later date, if at all.

"Deception is the name of the game, so I don't even need to tell you two that we need to stick together at all costs, and now's not the time for grandstanding," Harry said and both Illyana and Ananym shook their heads. "Excellent, I'm glad that we're both on the same page, hopefully we can…"

A loud whip crack resounded in his head and Harry stopped and looked towards it. Something happened around them, he could feel it.

Intently, Harry took the step forward, when suddenly, one of the winged creatures that appeared in New York fought out.

"Really, that's it, that's what she sends at us?" Ananym asked, and she thought that she could take one of those creatures in her sleep.

Five more shot out, and a sixth as well, that looked large and in charge as well.

Illyana's eyebrows corked up and she shifted her gaze towards Ananym. "You were saying?"

Ananym muttered something underneath her breath. It couldn't quite be picked up, mainly because it was in a strangled and obsolete tongue. Her hand illuminated with power and struck the creature in the chest with a full impact bolt of energy.

The creature's horrified scream echoed through the realm, and Illyana watched the progress. She held her sword in her hand and swung it violently.

She hacked the demonic creatures and sent blood flying everywhere. These creatures were mindless beasts, the only life that were given to do Morgan's bidding. And if they wished to live for her bidding, then they would die with it.

Harry watched, amused at the fact that both of the girls tried to do a game of one upping each other in an attempt to take the creatures that poured out of the portal.

While they battled the creatures, Harry wanted to see if he could shut the portal she opened and open up that he could control.

He placed his hands on the portal and the magic he felt swell through his body obviously burned through his body. He felt the need to scream when the magical portal energy tried to destroy his hands. Harry overpowered the portal. Just as he heard the sounds of Ananym and Illyana trying to one up each other.

"Pathetic, you call that an attack."
Illyana jumped up and cracked her foot off of the head of the creature. She swung around and slammed the sword into the chest. She super charged it with magical energy and yanked it out, all in one fell swoop. Dropping down to the ground, she turned to face Ananym. "If you think that you can do better…"

"I never think that I can do better," she replied and she charged in for the attack. Several magical throwing daggers impacted the tendons of the creature. "I know for a fact that I can do better, for sure."

"Ladies, we're leaving," Harry said, he reversed the portal and sent the remaining creatures back through.

"Of course master," Ananym said and she shifted her eyes towards the portal, now freshly opened. The three of them pushed themselves through the portal and all the way to the great unknown.

Tony Stark really hated science that he couldn't explain. To him that was what magic was and right now, he suddenly was transported into another place.

"Dark, dark, magic is at a work," Thor whispered when he dropped down to the ground at the palace.

"Yeah, I know nothing about magic, but that seems about right," Jan replied, shaking her head in response and she found herself outside of what looked to be an imperial palace. Carol and Clint dropped down next to both of them. "Looks like not all of us made the trip."

"That's a shame, we could have used the Hulk's fire power in this situation," Clint said, but he supposed that was just something that couldn't be helped. The man cleared his throat and shook his head. "So, are we ready to do this, or are we going to just sit around with our thumb up our ass all day?"

"Well when you put it that way…." Jan replied but she looked at the gates.

One moment the Avengers fought hideous looking creatures in the midst of New York City and the next minute they vanished as if some powerful force dragged them there.

And upon closer expectation, the creatures followed them through the portal.

"Oh, not again, this is getting old," Clint said with a grumble and he loaded up his arrow, ready to fire.

He stopped, that didn't work. He waited for Thor to work his magic.

"Avengers, welcome, you have stumbled upon my realm," a calm voice said. "You shouldn't worry, I have no meaning of quarrel with you."

"Oh yeah, that was before or after you sent the hideous beasts after us, because one would think that you might have just a bit of a problem," Jan answered furiously and she was about ready to pounce.

Before she could do anything, the creatures disappeared almost as suddenly as they appeared. That left the Avenger standing there absolutely there, baffled beyond all belief.

Clint managed to find his voice before any of them could even think about doing so. "Okay….what just happened?"
The gates of the palace swung open and Tony looked around them. JARVIS left the building, at least he couldn't get a connection to the computer. Not that it would do him much good other than a snooty message about there being science that couldn't be explained or something along those lines.

"So, are we really going to walk on inside?" Carol asked and Clint stared at her. "Of course, we're Avengers, that's what we do."

That being said, the Avengers walked inside, and saw Doctor Doom trapped in a glass, with a woman with dark hair waiting on the throne.

"Morgan Le Fay," Thor said and he looked at her. The woman's sadistic nature was known even among the people of Asgard.

"Wait, wait, wait, isn't she a myth?" Clint asked and Thor looked at her. "Well, if she is, she seems pretty real to me."

"I am very real Archer, as you'll find out and so are my pets," Morgan said and several large creatures with way too many teeth and way too many heads, along with too many legs appeared before them. "I have observed you Avengers from afar, and I must say, that I'm not impressed. But I'm not the type of person who leaves an enemy's death to chance, rather it has to be done by my own hand, and...you now bore me."

"Wait, you're..."

"Dinner time," Morgan said.

Thor didn't even wait for the pets to go into battle. Rather he smashed them with his Mjolnir as hard as he could. The large metal cracked against the creatures.

"I don't get this woman, I mean one minute she lets us go, and the next minute, she has her hideous pets, which are ugly by the way, try and kill us," Jan said and she started to fire away at them. "I really don't understand it....."

"She's along the lines of at least half of the women that I dated," Tony said and he raised his arm cannon up. He sent a rocket at the creatures. "Can't make up her mind, and she's really beyond bipolar."

"I'd be quiet while you're ahead if I was you," Carol said, the Avengers mowing down Le Fay's forces, even if it was slow going.

Given that he dealt with more threats that were beyond conventional science over the years, Tony made it a priority to upgrade his armor. Was it perfect? Absolutely not! It was closer to perfect than a long time ago.

"She's completely and utterly nuts, that one is," Clint said and he fired an arrow up over his head. It blew apart in the face of the creature and stunned it.

"You're preaching to the choir there," Carol said and she flew at her adversary with a double fist.

Perhaps it was just her imagination, but she sensed that Harry was near. He would have to be near.

If he wasn't, the Avengers did a pretty excellent job in holding their own. That being said, holding their own and surviving the battle were two entirely different things and they didn't want to fail at either.
"I'm beginning to think that we're going to become chow if we don't think of something soon."

One of the creatures struck the magical orb that Morgan encased Doom in. There was a gasp when the creature connected hard with the orb. Jan raised her eyebrows when she saw the abject pain the creature went into. If it wasn't so ugly and hideous and trying to eat her, she might have felt just a bit sorrier about it.

The woman was visited by a sudden burst of inspiration. "I think that I've got an idea that might be able to work."

"Of course you do," Tony answered, shaking his head in agitation. He lifted one of his arms in the air and fired a blast, but he got the same idea.

Doom slowly shifted, the creatures hitting his prison jarring him back to life.

Morgan's eyebrows raised and her jaw came open. This was not what she had in mind at all for this battle. Her creatures fell one by one.

Valeria rested in the chamber underneath Morgan's throne room, her arms and legs shackled against the wall. This was a position that wasn't very restful at all.

The two ugly guards outside of her cell did not add anything to the décor, in fact they detracted greatly from it.

She tried to wrench her arm free, but she failed when it slammed back against the wall. Once she found her way out of there, there would be hell to pay. She spent some time amusing herself about the awful things that she would do to these people that victimized her. It ate away at her insides that there was no easy way out.

Valeria's head arched forward and she saw the attacks that floored the ugly guards. They dropped directly to the ground. The resounding crack that followed filled her ears and caused shivers to flow down her spine.

She tried to pull herself back up out of her position, but her arm could not be released. There were numerous spells that could break these chains. These chains did a good job at negating any and all magic she could try. That frustrated her to no end.

The cell doors blasted open and the chains busted. She found herself face to face with quite the imposing source.

Valeria felt her breath taken away when she sensed the power that this young man possessed. She could only see his bright green eyes underneath the hood of his robe, but that enraptured her. The two females that walked beside him ensured absolute power as well.

"You should come with me, if you want to live," the young man whispered in a low voice.

Valeria frowned when she looked at him. "I'm not coming with anyone unless I know who exactly you are…"

"Then you can rot in Morgan's dungeons, until she decides what sick purpose she wants with you," the robed figure said and he turned around, his two companions walking around with him.

"Wait," she said and she threw herself at him almost.
Adjusting herself, she regained her composure. This was behavior unbecoming of a daughter of Latveria royalty. No matter what she could do, she couldn't allow herself to succumb to someone else's will.

"I thought you said that you weren't coming with me, unless you....."

"I changed my mind, but she has my father," Valeria said and she sighed. "And for all of his faults, he doesn't deserve what she has planned for him and the rest of Earth."

"Earth is mine, I think that we'll have words with her," the robed figure said and that presence of power caused goose-bumps to rise on Valeria's skin when she shook her head in response.

The sounds of fighting up above grew extremely intense. It was obvious that there was an intense battle taking place up above.

Iron Man felt like a tin can being crushed when he flew backwards into the wall. He could see Morgan, no long relying on the abilities of her pets, waving her hand around. Energy glowed from it.

"You Avengers long since passed the point of entertainment for me," Morgan said, but Carol dove in and knocked her down onto the ground. The witch flipped the blonde heroine off, but she landed onto her feet.

"Yeah, well you talk too much and don't get enough accomplished," Jan fired back as she fired her stingers at Morgan.

The witch deflected the attacks and she looked extremely bored when she was doing it.

The bubble faded around Doctor Doom, and the Latverian Monarch stopped and stared. He saw Morgan fighting with the Avengers and her attention preoccupied away from him. The man stared them down for a second.

He let her have her fun, and she knocked Iron Man around again and again like he was a tin can.

Iron Man blasted a huge missile at Morgan and she blocked it with a magical field. Then the ground beneath her blew up thanks to Iron Man.

"Nice diversion, gets them every time," Clint said and Tony smiled.

"Yeah, but my armor is humming, so I don't know how long that it's going to hold up."

Valeria showed up and watched the battle. Seconds later when she arrived, her father dived at a stunned Morgan.

Doom raised his hands over his head and blasted Morgan down onto the ground.

"It's been a long time, hasn't it Morgan?" Doom asked with a calm voice.

"Victor, it hasn't been nearly long enough," Morgan whispered, and she raised several magically charged daggers at him. Doom blocked them. "Next time, I won't put you in an orb. I'll put you into the ground!"

"Talk is cheap, much like you," Doom whispered, and Morgan's eyes flashed with anger and thinly veiled rage when she rushed him.

Doom and Morgan clashed together and the Avengers watched the battle, none of them getting directly involved and they wondered if they should at this point.
"Um, I think that whoever wins this, we all lose, so we better do something," Jan said and the battle between these two powerful forces.

Doom launched a glowing orb and electrified her with a scream. Morgan dropped down to her knees and she tried to lift her arm, but it caused the pain to rack through her body.

"Take your eye off the ball and assume that you have the victory but…"

Morgan blinded Doom with a shot and knocked him down onto the ground and a laser light show appeared.

Valeria rushed into the middle of the battle and tried to intervene with them.

Doom was momentarily distracted by his daughter showing up and Morgan nailed him into the wall hard. He cracked hard into the wall.

"You can't…"

Valeria knocked Morgan hard to the ground and she hit hard. The Avengers stepped in, but a magical field surrounded them and they bounced off.

"Do you have any idea what's happening?" Tony asked Thor.

"I don't have the slightest clue, some kind of magical backlash," Thor said and he hammered the barrier as hard as he could. All he could accomplish was a backlash that knocked him off of his feet.

Valeria stood in the center of the ring, between Doom and Morgan, both of them staring down at each other.

"This ends here now Doom," Morgan said and she smiled. "But you're not going to attack me, are you, not with your own daughter between us?"

"I could say the same about you, Morgan," Doom said, but he raised his arm. "If she does not know to move, then she is just damaged goods like everyone else."

"Remember, I taught you everything you know, but not everything that I know," Morgan whispered harshly and she prepared to take Doom down once and for all. Whether or not Valeria was in the way, her desire for vengeance overrode any sense for reason.

"You'd be surprised how much you overlooked that I learned since, Morgan."

Doom fired an overarching throw with his arm and tried to blast Morgan. Morgan blocked the attack and Valeria screamed when she tried to block both of them from attacking each other.

This didn't end all that well for her and the Daughter of Doom was seconds away from being crushed.

Then Harry zoomed in and saved her from being destroyed by the magical backlash of those duel and pushed her out of harm's way.

The next thing they knew, Doom and Morgan were gone and Valeria sat on Morgan's throne, breathing in and out like she just ran a marathon. With the powerful magic that she tried to block and failed at dismally, that wasn’t a big surprise that that knocked her for a loop. Her breathing intensified when she sat on the bench and shook her head.

So close, yet so far away, she couldn't believe it, but then again, there was a huge part of her that did.
Her arms dropped down by her side.

"Again, I ask…"

A portal opened up and on the other side, was New York City. Jan looked over her shoulder, seeing something amazing. Her mouth opened. It was beautiful and yet horrifying at the same time. It was such that she couldn't look away.

Carol smiled, when Harry was in that form, only women could see him, but men couldn't. And Jan got a taste of him.

Granted, she would deliver Jan to Harry eventually, but that being said, it was time for them to head through the portal and back home.

The Avengers landed back in New York City, and it was restored to pristine condition, almost like magic.

"It was almost like that attack never happened," Stark said and he looked up to see the jumbotron image of J. Jonah Jameson.

"And delinquent crime is up New York City, and it's all thanks to Spider-Girl…"

"The sights and the sounds of New York City are back," Clint wistfully stated in response when he viewed New York's number one newspaper publisher giving what seemed to be his twenty four/seven commentary on whether Spider-Girl was a threat or a menace.

It was almost like they never left and they never been attacked at all. The Avengers saved the world yet again.

Clea felt the changes in the air and she summarized the battle was only she could. "Both Doom and Le Faye vanished into a blast of light when you saved her."

Valeria sat on a chair and Nico slowly tended to her wounds, what little she had. She had to swallow her pride long enough to obtain medical attention, which was a road that was down.

"Yes, I saved her, but they could be anywhere or at any time," Harry told Clea and she nodded in response.

"We're going to search for them and find them," Clea said with a smile and she leaned in towards her master. "I'll keep you posted."

Her lips met Harry's with a searing motion and he pulled her into the kiss. The kiss was something she hoped could last for a while. Nothing lasted forever. Harry left his impression.

He slowly dropped her from him and she left in a daze and shook her head. Needless to say she found her breath being taken away out of her body.

"I'll see you later," Harry told Clea and she nodded in response.

Valeria watched him rather closely and studied him even closer. Her wounds almost were patched up.

"My father is gone, and you know what that means."

"A power vacuum opens up in Latveria, I know," Harry said, with a knowing smirk on his face and
he walked forward to inspect the work that Nico did.

Nico, eager to please, looked at her master. "She is at optimal health."

"Which she'll need to be, if she hopes to adequately deal with the fallout from Doom's downfall," Harry said and Valeria nodded at him, but she stared him down.

"I don't know why you wear that hood, your face is….."

"My enemies are such that they fear the unknown," Harry said to her and he could see her violet eyes stared onto his green eyes. He could have sworn that they were brown or maybe blue earlier. Then again, a sufficiently powerful magical user could maintain an illusion that their eyes were a different color.

"Yes, they are superstitious like that," Valeria agreed and she got to her feet before him. The desire to kneel before him was something that she fought.

Harry knew that she fought it and he placed his hand on her shoulder. This caused her to fight it even more. "I figured that you knew what I was from the first time that you saw me."

"And I'm in your debt," Valeria said to him and she looked him into the eyes, even though she knew that she shouldn't. Their eyes matched each other. The glare that she gave him was a forbidden fruit beyond all belief. "And if you're an Incubus King, I have a good idea what a debt to you entails."

"Yes, I know, and you know it, but we have far more complex problems than your debt, there is the matter of Latveria," Harry told her and Valeria's eyes snapped towards his, a questioning gaze appearing through them. "You need to stop unsavory people from coming into power there. As dangerous as your father was, you and I both know that there are far worse that could be on that throne."

Valeria nodded in response and nearly swallowed the lump in her throat. She knew it; she really knew it.

"Once you're situated there, I'll come calling and I'll collect the debt that's owed me," Harry said and he smiled. "First a slight down payment and then I'll send you on your way."

Harry leaned down and captured her lips. They were soft and moist and brimmed with power. And he controlled the body attached this set of lips thanks to the fact that she was in his debt.

Valeria wrapped her arm around Harry's shoulder and closed her eyes. She gave an intense kiss to him and enjoyed what he did to her. That was amazing beyond all belief and beyond all measure…..she couldn't really shake it off.

"That was just…"

"Once you get things in order, I'll be calling," Harry said.

Valeria walked off, in desperate need of a fresh set of panties, because she was certain that they were ruined.

"Master, may I ask a question?"

Illyana turned up at his shoulder and Nico had gone back to work during that time.

"Yes, Illyana, you may," Harry told her and the blonde placed her hand on her hip and smiled.
"Why would you….."

"Why would I want Latveria?" Harry asked. "There are resources there that I can use for my own benefit to be honest, and besides, if I didn't take it, someone else would."

"You could have taken her now though and taken Latveria," Illyana persisted, and Harry grabbed her around the waist and pinned her back.

"It's all about giving her the proper incentive," Harry whispered in Illyana's ear and she shuddered when he backed her against the wall. "People get things done when they have something to look forward to."

Harry left Illyana slumped against the wall.

"Is there anything that needs my immediate attention in Limbo?" Harry asked and Illyana shook her head. "Excellent, I think Carol wanted to meet up for dessert, so I'll go and take care of her now."

Illyana couldn't get used to his power, no matter how much she tried to do so.

To Be Continued On October 29th 2014.
Chapter Twenty: Discipline.

The change of management in the Hellfire Club turned more than a few heads to say the very least. The change was not for the liking of everyone. The old guard disappeared and when they were gone, very few missed them. There was an extremely mercenary environment in the Hellfire Club and there were only tedious alliances. They were broken as needed.

A young blonde dressed in an extremely tight red corset and tight black pants stepped forward like she owned the place. She had an exquisite body and she smiled when she checked herself out in the mirror. She hoped to catch up with her new king today and make sure that he didn't have any questions. The woman pushed her fingers through her hair.

Regan's father perished and she inherited a fair load of money, although she was sure that Emma Frost got her cut and her new King as well. Emma managed to give an extremely persuasive argument as to why. Her tongue was talented in loosening inhibitions.

"So, you're planning to tart yourself out in front of our new king, aren't you?"

A dark haired woman walked behind Regan and she turned around. She was dressed in a dark corset and what amounted to basically a thong, with a garter belt and stockings. She wore a long coat along with it.

"You wear even less clothing than I do, and you dare say that I tart myself out in front of anyone," Regan told Martinique.

Martinique looked over her sister with thinly veiled contempt.

"Those pants may have fit you when you were about five years younger, but one wrong move and they'd split in half," Martinique commented with a wide grin on her face. She gave her sister a smoldering smile and sighed. "That would be a pity, wouldn't it?"

"I'm certain that you'd mourn my misfortune," Regan replied in an extremely catty tone of voice. "But despite our misgivings, we do have the same goal. Perhaps we could try and get along for the sake of the Club."

Martinique nodded in response. "Yes for the sake of the Club…..this Club caused our father to become warped."

Regan picked up where her sister left off. "He is in a better place now. It wasn't a killing done out of malice. It was a mercy killing."

Their father, the cruel telepath known as Mastermind, twisted the minds of many of the enemies of the Hellfire Club. His powers amounted to nothing more than illusions and trickery. The sisters admitted that their dear father had some pretty good tricks at his disposal.

"Yes, one could attest to that," Martinique agreed with a smile and she reached towards her sister. She ran her hand through her blonde locks. "While I have been blessed more in the looks department, I'm sure that he will find me more appealing."
"We may disagree with that," Regan said. She looked completely smug when she stated something. "It's obvious that he prefers blondes."

The two sisters glared at each other for a second. Regan decided to drop her gaze and throw her arms down with a sigh.

"You realize how futile this is, don't you?" Regan asked her sister.

Martinique gave her sister a smile in response.

"It is extremely futile, when we should be working together for a common purpose," Martinique said and she stepped closer towards her sister to close the gap. A predatory smile appeared on her face. "The times we worked together, we have achieved great things."

Regan recalled that. If her sister's ego didn't get in the way, they could work together for a common goal.

Martinique smiled, she knew that the two of them could make a formidable duo. Providing of course her sister's ego didn't get in the way. Regan's ego outweighed her full potential. She thought more of herself than she really was.

"We're going to achieve great things again," Regan concluded.

She could just see the potential of bedding an Incubus King. Even though they had no delusions about who was going to be in control after they got him there. The blonde in particular got wet about the thought of being dominated. The few times she encountered Harry Potter, it had been a treat. The god wrapped in mortal flesh ruined many pairs of panties.

The dreams she had of them ruined many more.

"You are blinded by lust," Martinique said and snapped her sister out of it. "But he is desirable to have and we are desirable to be had by him."

Martinique reminded herself to be had, means to be taken. To be the obedient little bed pet of the Incubus King, and brought to pleasures that many women didn't dream of. Their master would treat them well as they served him.

"So, all we have to do is wait for our next meeting, and we'll have him," Martinique whispered with a bright smile.

"Or rather, he'd have us," Regan corrected her sister. There was no doubt about that, they had to be clear about who would have who.

The two Mastermind sisters walked to live up to their name. Little did they know who they were being watched by on this night.

Five sets of eyes watched them with glee.

"The poor dears, they have no idea what they're getting themselves into, do they?"

One of the girls, who was a bit taller than her four sisters, spoke. "No, dear, Celeste, they don't."

"But, Mother did give us the go ahead, didn't they, Phoebe?" one of the other sisters asked.

"Yes, we know why we exist," the tallest sister said and she put her hands on her hips.
"We belong to the King."

"Long live him," one of the sisters whispered with a dreamy look dancing in her eyes.

"But those two seem to lack a proper respect thinking that they can just seduce him," the fifth sister said quietly.

"Mindee, you do realize that we can have his favor by delivering them to his bed?" Phoebe whispered excitedly.

The sisters hatched what was a devious plot. They kept a close eye on certain mutants that could be used for their King.

This presented an ideal opportunity.

Claire slumped against the wall. She took a few seconds to regain her bearings. Any kind of fight against Diana ensured that she was able to get a good work out. Diana was able to give anyone a good fight, no matter the training.

That was the nature of training, and like Claire, Diana was among the last of her kind. Claire frowned, that was not something that Diana liked to bring up. Not that the Kryptonian could blame anyone about that.

There were sometimes where Claire wished or maybe hoped that she could move on. The fact that Karen was here, that allowed her some peace of mind. The fact was that no matter what, there was always someone out there.

It was a different Krypton, Claire understood and admitted that. The dark haired girl pushed a lock of hair from her face and gave a prominent sigh to herself. It happened in two different universes.

It kind of made her wonder whether or not Krypton was doomed.

"Again!" Diana said.

Claire rushed at Diana, trying a different angle of attack. The result ended up the same, with Diana flipping her onto the ground.

"Your mind is elsewhere," Diana said in a matter of fact voice.

Claire grimaced when she tried to pull herself up to her feet. Shaking her head, she cleared the cobwebs. "Yeah, my mind is elsewhere, how can you ever tell?"

"You're hoping to get a glimpse of him next time he visits, aren't you?" Diana asked.

"More of a glimpse actually," Claire added and she was nonchalant about that. Diana watched her sister with a smile on her face. "Oh come on, it's not like you haven't thought about that, have you?"

Diana didn't deny that. Logically speaking she couldn't deny that. Harry Potter invaded her dreams.

"You know, it's just something that you were bound to go through," Diana said with a smile and she waved for her sister to sit down. "You wanted someone who was strong enough to dominate you. To make you his."
"How…"

"I share the same thing," Diana said, and she put her arm around her sister's shoulder. "Even without his powers, he would be a formidable presence. He is much like the gods, only without all of the hang ups."

The many, many, many, hang ups as Diana reminded herself. To have divine power, normally meant that you could potentially have a few screws loose. Some gods and goddesses came down to Earth to mingle with humans. Others came down to Earth to mess with them. It was considered to be a perfectly acceptable hobby by some of them.

"He's just amazing," Claire said. "But you know, I'm not going to get anywhere without our mother's blessing."

Diana smiled, she could tell that Claire had some thoughts about what it would be like to be with Harry.

"I'm sure that you might get a chance if Harry pursues you," Diana said and she pulled Claire onto her lap.

Claire didn't protest. In fact she rested her head on her adopted sister's ample breasts. Diana stroked Claire's hair with a smile on her face.

"Do you think that he's going to take me….take an interest in me?" Claire asked.

Diana looked stern for a second. Then that stern look faded and was replaced by a smile on her face. "Yes, and yes."

Claire flushed at the Freudian slip that she made. The problem was that when she was around Harry, her tongue grew increasingly slick and it was slippery. Not to mention she got used to having her foot in her mouth.

"And you got a free view the other day," Diana teased her. "A preview of what Harry might do to you."

"Yes, yes, I did," Claire commented with a shrug, but she fell with a smile. "Where is our mother?"

"She's with Harry," Diana said.

Claire could have slapped herself in the face. She knew that. "Oh yeah, they're conducting business together. It must be important."

Diana smiled knowingly. She pretty much figured out what business did.

"So, is your mind where it should be, and not on what Harry will do to your body?" Diana asked.

Claire got up to her feet and nearly tripped over her feet. Diana's hands caught her and snickered.

"You know that doesn't really help my case a lot," Claire commented and Diana shook her head in response.

Claire leaned herself back. She couldn't get the picture of Harry bending her back against that wall out of her mind.

"So are you ready to go again?"
Diana could see Claire was in dream land. The tall Amazon Princess lifted her hand up and slapped Claire on the ass.

That caused the young Kryptonian to jerk out of dream land. She nearly tripped over her feet and Diana caught her. Amusement blinked in her eyes.

"Just making sure," Diana said to her.

"Yeah, I'm ready to get my ass kicked again," Claire said.

"Fine, assume the position."

The innuendo was not lost on Claire. They prepared to go into their next round.

Harry relaxed in a hot tub on the deck outside of the Hellfire Club. He was completely naked and he smiled after what he had been up to.

Zatanna sat next to him, her head resting on his head. He pulled the young dark haired magic user into him. Her breasts were sticky after what she had been through and she could feel something between her legs underneath the water. She closed her eyes and felt the pleasure course through her body.

"Sorry, I couldn't resist," Selene whispered with a wide and wicked grin across her face.

Zatanna's chest inhaled and exhaled. She could feel Selene's fingers leave the area between her legs swiftly and quickly.

"So do we got that all out of your systems?" Harry asked and his Succubi Slaves surrounded them. A stacked succubus wearing a loin cloth and a chain mail bikini passed around drinks to the group.

"For now, but another round should be in us, later on," Selene said and she stretched out, making sure that her feet brushed Harry's underside under the water.

She smiled for a second and acted like she was doing nothing out of the ordinary. She pushed Harry a little bit.

'I think that she's trying to figure out how far she can get,' Illyana thought in amusement.

'So, how far are you going to let her go, master?' Ananym asked him.

Harry gave them all a smile and responded to them. 'I'll see how far she wants to take this.'

There was nothing more that Harry said other than that. He could see Selene's foot slowly brush over his feet and she kept her eyes locked onto him.

"So any luck with finding Morgana?" Selene asked.

"Her trail has gone cold," Harry admitted.

That was frustrating and Selene gave him a sympathetic sigh in response.

"Well, when she wants you to find her, you will find her," Selene said. She had met the woman in the past, so she knew exactly how she operated. It was the type of woman who liked to play games.
Selene had no problems with that; she could play these games as well.

The woman's foot slowly brushed up against him again.

"Yes, but she'll be mine soon enough," Harry said.

"And as for her daughter?" Selene asked.

Harry thought about it. He could tell that Valeria wanted him badly. The longer she waited for what she wanted, the more satisfying it would be.

He felt the talented fingers of one of his Succubi slaves stroke the back of his neck. That gave Harry far more clarity to focus on what he needed to focus. Her fingers stroked him with increasing speed.

"She's already mine, but it's a matter of making sure she understands her place," Harry commented and Selene continued to pump him with her feet underneath the water.

She could see Harry's stoic look on his face. A brief flash of pleasure and he channeled magic underneath the water.

Selene's spine felt shivers blow down it. The woman shook her head in bemusement and Harry smiled at her.

"Don't give what you can't take," Harry whispered back to her.

Selene smiled and her pussy grew with the increasing heat through her. Her body felt an unsatisfied fire go through it.

"Latveria will be mine soon enough," Harry said. "There is Morgan to worry about and there is Victor Von Doom."

"Yes, there is," Selene agreed. Doom might be an insect compared to most. He was crafty and should not be discounted. "And have you considered Doom's mortal enemies in this scenario?"

"I have my eye on one of them," Harry remarked.

Selene didn't ask which member of the Four Harry had his eye on. It should be obvious. From her observations, this young woman didn't live up to her full potential being a member of the Fantastic Four.

Harry felt a tingle between his legs when her toes and soles continued to do their work underneath the water. He smiled and again fired a bolt between her legs and increased the pleasure involved.

"My partnership with Stark is bearing fruit."

'More like your growing relationship with his personal assistant and her personal assistant,' Karen commented with a smile on her face.

'Well regardless, I do have the resources there,' Harry said. He did think that Stark was smart enough to put the company in capable hands. Given that the Board was kind of gun shy about Stark.

"What did you find out through then?" Selene asked, slumping against the back of the hot top.

She really felt like she got worked through the paces, for about the third time today. She allowed the Succubi to feed her and she fed a little bit off of them to be honest.
"Justin Hammer," Harry said.

"Oh yes, Justin Hammer, he's been a thorn in the side of Tony Stark for years," Selene said.

"He wants to get a mining permit to mine the area around the Reeve Dam in Kansas," Harry informed Selene. "I've been looking into things and he seems to think that there is some mineral down there that he can use as a power source."

"The dam was built the year after Clara came to Earth," Selene informed him and she reached underneath the water to grab his hand tightly. "There might in fact be something down there that could be dangerous, that we overlooked."

Harry didn't know how they could overlook something down there. Fortunately Selene saw what was in his eyes.

"From what I can find out about Kryptonian technology, their ships have a cloaking component that makes sure that no one detects them when they travel," Selene commented.

'They do,' Karen confirmed.

Harry smiled, he wondered what could be down there. Hammer was someone that he should keep a close eye on no matter what.

"It could be something, or Hammer could think that there's something," Selene said and she was thinking really carefully about what could be down there.

Harry had to talk to Pepper later about what she knew and what Stark knew. Stark still worked for his own company, but he was now an advisor. Most of his work was now with the Avengers and also a consulting role with S.H.I.E.L.D. of sorts.

'Apparently, there are at least seven girls who are doing two separate devious plots to get you into bed,' Emma thought in amusement and she clarified something. 'Or rather, the Mastermind sisters plan to seduce you, and my girls are going to deliver them to you as a peace offering.'

'Well, they've got some ambitions,' Zatanna commented.

'Yes, they do,' Harry thought and he frowned in response.

He thought that if all of these girls wanted to play games, he could play games as well.

Selene felt excited at the thoughts that she got from her master's mind. That thought increased the heat through her body.

"Don't mind me, you've given all of the tools to entertain myself," Selene said and Harry smiled.

"Make sure she has a good time," Harry ordered the Succubi slaves.

All of them nodded in response. They climbed into the hot tub and joined Selene.

The water was about ready to get hotter and things were going to get much wetter.

Harry waved his hand and his clothes appeared on his body. He did likewise to Zatanna, who was dressed in a slightly more suggestive version of her mother's uniform. A tight white top wrapped around her chest, and she wore a skimpy black thong, along with fishnet stockings. White fingerless gloves covered her hands.
It was time for a show that some scheming sisters would never forget.

Deep underneath OsCorp, an elevator touched down to the ground floor. A figure exited the elevator.

Deep underneath the ground of New York City, there were a few armories in the city with this equipment. Norman Osborn might have been long dead, but his legacy continued. He invented weapons that can bring down his enemies.

Said enemies tried to get a piece of OsCorp in his absence. That could not do. OsCorp's future belonged to only one man and they all knew it. If they didn't toe the line and follow him, they would all burn.

A pair of extremely feminine hands reached and looked up with a goblin mask. It was ghastly and also practical. It had a built in air filter that would prevent the person wearing it from inhaling any gas.

"It will do," she whispered with a smile on her face and she ran her hand over the Goblin Mask in her hand.

She stared straight into the Goblin Mask that was in her hands and walked over.

The vault had been sealed since Norman Osborn's death. She was certain that certain people would love to break it open and raid what was inside. The state of the art battle armor inside proved to be a dangerous tool. Not that it was needed with the formula. It certainly helped though.

She pressed a few buttons and activated the vault from the outside. The vault slid open for her. It reacted to her touch and she smiled when she saw what she wanted on the outside of the vault.

The green armor was sleek and there was a purple chest plate as well. It might have looked cartoonish in some respects. That was just to lure a person into a false sense of security and make them not take the wearer seriously.

The wearer was to be taken very seriously in more ways than one.

She reached through and the armor was remote controlled to fit onto her body. The neural systems checked her vital signs.

She smiled, completely and utterly healthy.

A message popped up on her phone.

"Hammer," she whispered, disdain dripping from her voice.

Justin Hammer was one of the people who had been looking to undermine OsCorp and take control of the company. He tried to use Norman Osborn's death and the deteriorating mental state of the younger Osborn male to gain further access to all OsCorp had to offer.

"Pathetic," she whispered.

Hammer was pathetic, and Harry Osborn was just sad. He thought that he could live up to his father's legacy.
His father's legacy was truly right here and the girl in the goblin mask wanted would not only live up to that legacy. She would suppress it far and long away.

The glowing silver glider was fueled up. It could outrun many aircrafts. It also took a great deal of skill to man. One misstep and bam, they were on the ground.

"You think that you're going to stop him from getting what is his," the girl in the goblin mask whispered.

She picked up a new and experimental pumpkin bomb. A target appeared in front of her face. It resembled Wilson Fisk, one of the members of the OsCorp Board of Directors. Another person who tried to snatch OsCorp away from its rightful owners and another person who would pay for what they did.

She took a step forward and a wicked grin filled her face. On this night, the Goblin would ride again and vengeance would be hers.

"I think that we can stop for today."

Claire actually felt like she was being pulled out of a fire. She was getting better. Still she had a lot to learn.

It was a good thing to learn how to function without her powers. Even if she was coming into her powers even more, she wanted to learn how to live her life without utilizing those powers.

That being said, her backside stung a little bit when she pulled herself up to her feet. Diana knocked her onto it so often, that was understandable.

"Well done Claire."

Harry stood there in the door, watching the last few minutes of this sparring session. The girl turned towards Harry, with a frown on her face.

"Um, I thought that I…."  

"From what I've seen, you lasted far longer against Diana than last time," Harry said and he stepped closer towards Claire.

He was this up close and personal to her. Claire realized that he could do pretty much anything that he wanted to her and there would be no escaping. Not that she wanted to escape ever. Her heart sped up a few beats against her chest when he drew even closer to her.

"Are you okay?" Harry asked her.

That was a question that struck Claire as all. She tried not to look tense.

"I think the poor girl has bitten off a little more than she can chew," Phoebe said and she stepped inside. "Good morning, master."

Phoebe got on her toes and gave Harry a little kiss on the lips to greet him.

"Forgive me, my lord, but I am excited, and I can't wait to give you the good news," Phoebe said with a smile.
Harry would have wondered what the oldest of the quintuplets had in store. He could sense the wanton look in her eyes.

Phoebe slowly looked over her shoulder and gave Claire a piercing look. It was the type of look that said "better luck next time."

Claire crossed her arms and scowled. She'll see who has better luck next time. Those girls needed a spanking. The fact that Harry might give it to them excited Claire more than anyone would ever know.

That being said, Phoebe linked her arm into Harry's and smiled.

'Better luck next time indeed,' Phoebe thought to Claire and blew her what was the equivalent to a mental kiss.

Claire watched their retracting backs.

"You do realize that she's trying to rile you up, don't you?" Diana asked Claire.

Claire folded her arms underneath her chest. She didn't want to admit Diana was right, because that was obviously what the girls were trying to do.

"Don't worry, you'll get your chance."

Phoebe led Harry down the hallway. She and her sisters didn't do something like this lightly. This was a big step and if they displeased their master in any way, they would be in for a very long and very dry spell. It was all about planning and about picking their spots nicely. It was all about picking some really good spots as well.

'You do realize that he can hear our thoughts, don't you?' Mindee asked her sister nervously.

Phoebe shook her head. She thought that their combined mental shielding might be enough to block him out. They all disagreed about that point.

The blonde pushed the door open and Harry walked in behind her. He was greeted by an extremely tantalizing sight.

Martinique and Regan sprawled out on the bed, tied spread eagle, both wearing absolutely nothing. The other four Cuckoos surrounded them, with smiles on their face. They wore nothing else other than lacy white thongs and carried whips.

'Points for style,' Emma chimed in and she wondered what Harry was going to do.

Harry smiled. "Looks like you ladies have been planning this for an extremely long time, haven't you?"

Phoebe nodded feverishly. She lifted one finger and traced Harry's muscles through his shirt. Liking what she saw after that, she retracted her hand.

"Yes," she said excitedly, with the wicked grin increasing over her face. Her finger continued to move down and she lightly grazed his abdomen.

She slowly stepped back and swayed her hips. Harry could almost hear some music. The girls surrounded Harry.

"Here, sit down and enjoy the show," Sophie offered, helpfully pushing out a chair.
"Relax," Esme whispered in his ear.

Harry did in fact relax and see what they had in store. He had something in store of them in a moment.

Phoebe swung her hips into the air and with seduction burning through her eyes, she slowly unbuttoned her shirt. More gorgeous and soft teenage flesh was revealed.

"We better improve the circulation," Celeste said and she drooled in more than one sense of the world.

"Why don't you get on that, then?" Sophie asked impatiently and urgently.

"Hold on and be patient," Celeste said and she undid Harry's pants slowly.

Phoebe cleared her throat and made sure that her master's eyes were on her. She wore a lacy green bra from the waist up that contrasted with her flesh. They perfectly matched the most gorgeous set of eyes on the planet.

She bent over and shimmed down her skirt. She revealed a lacy red thong that barely covered what needed to be covered.

Phoebe walked over towards him and the girl straddled his lap. Harry's hands placed on the small of her back and she closed her eyes.

He brought her to the peak without touching her. He almost brought her to the peak the second time but he held back.

Suddenly all five sisters found themselves on the expanded bed. They were all chained next to Regan and Martinique.

"Sorry, remember who holds the cards for this one," Harry said with a grin and he snapped his fingers. "I'd like you to meet my lovely assistance, Miss Zatanna Zatara."

Zatanna sauntered into the room, with a wicked smile on her face. She edged closer to Harry and went up to him.

She leaned in towards him and pressed her lips onto his with a long kiss. Harry returned the favor and he placed his hand on her ass.

All of the girls felt a tingle, almost as if Harry's hands were caressing her ass.

"As you might have guessed, I've got something special set up," Harry said and he undid Zatanna's top. "Anything Zatanna feels on her body, you feel on yours. Only your feelings will be amplified by ten."

Harry slowly ran his finger down Zatanna's spine. She shuddered. It was nothing compared to the shudders that went down the spines of the captive audience that Harry had on the bed.

"So, shall we begin?"

Zatanna closed her eyes and felt Harry's hands squeeze her breasts. The magic that spiked through her hands caused the pleasure to increase through them.

"Bloody hell!" Regan yelled and she chanced a look up.
She saw her breasts contort as if there was some kind of hand groping them. That proved to her that someone fondled them. It was pretty real.

Harry slid his hands down Zatanna and she arched her hips up. This allowed him to remove her thong and reveal her dripping hot pussy.

"I think we should give these bitches a show they'll never forget."

Phoebe felt a hard tip against her entrance. Something pushed into her slowly, and she saw Harry slip his way into Zatanna.

Zatanna's legs spread and accommodated his manhood. The moans from the other girls caused her cunt to tighten.

Harry growled and bent Zatanna back. He slowly kissed her, starting down the back of her ear. He continued with sweet hot fire and kissed down her neck. Each kiss brought her closer to the edge of even greater pleasure.

Martinique wished that her hands were night tied. She felt Harry's able lips and she swore that she could see some kind of astral project hover over her. Hands manipulated her breasts and something slid into her again.

"HARRY!" Sophie moaned and suddenly a gag wrapped around her mouth.

Zatanna gave a shifty grin and slowly worked her pussy down onto the very real cock that was underneath her.

The girls screamed when they felt that cock spear into them. It touched all of their sensitive spots and caused an explosion of passion to erupt through their loins.

"That feels really good, doesn't it?" Harry whispered with a smile and he grabbed Zatanna's tit firmly and squeezed it.

She knew that he was deliberately winding them up and she went along with the ride. She bounced her hot tool box around his throbbing manhood. The panting increased, along with the pleasure. His hands touched her lower back and he pushed her down onto him.

Zatanna spread her legs wide and far. She spiked his throbbing manhood deep into her body and gained more momentum.

Sophie thought that she was going to lose it from the pleasure. Her nipples grew completely erect, almost as hard as diamonds.

'And here I thought that trait didn't get passed down,' Emma thought with a smile on her face.

Zatanna felt a rushing orgasm, with Harry's face buried between her breasts. She felt his cum heavy balls against her tight ass and she hung on for what proved to be a hell of a ride. She kept bouncing herself up and down.

"OOOH, yes!" Zatanna moaned and she tightened herself around his tool. The dark haired vixen pushed herself up and down onto him a little bit more when she rode him something fierce. She swore that she was losing her mind the more that he was brought into her body.

Her orgasm flowed completely freely and coated his cock with her clear juices. She pushed his manhood deeper between her walls. Her hips clenched him and she settled down.
Regan expected her orgasm to come, but it never did.

"You'll cum when I'm ready to have you cum," Harry whispered, and his hands continued to roam Zatanna's body.

Zatanna closed her eyes and the rush of pleasure coating her thighs spiked even deeper from her body. She rode his throbbing tool up and down. Her bouncing got even more intense the more that she rode him.

"Fuck me hard!" Zatanna begged him and she tightened her grip against his tool. Running her lips up and down him, she soaked in the pleasure. Her pleasure increased when she could feel how much she was driving these other girls nuts.

She was now leaned back and floated in midair. Hundreds of little blasts of pleasure shot through her back.

Mindee felt her nerve endings on fire and something grabbed her by the face. She didn't even bother to resist. A tongue pressed down her throat and massaged her tonsils.

'I swear it's getting more vivid, it's almost like he's there,' Phoebe thought.

If she didn't know any better, she swore that Harry created some invisible duplicates that would ravish them hard.

Harry closed his eyes and Zatanna's cunt massaged his throbbing tool when she passed herself up and down onto him.

"Feel that?" Harry asked her and Zatanna nodded.

"Take me baby, pound me," Zatanna whispered.

Harry did as he was told. He fed off of the lust of the girls he pleasured on the bed. Their frustration was his fool.

Each of their cunts were extremely tight and he experienced eight white hot pussies at once. Zatanna was the focus because he used her as the conduit to fuck the rest of them.

Their minds linking together in the throes of passion increased their pleasure and Harry smiled when he pushed himself to the depths of these goddesses.

They gave him everything they had and then some more. All felt extremely good and fulfilled his deepest desires.

His hands reached up and cupped Zatanna's breasts. She worked her hips down.

Phoebe panted and she could feel her master's grip becoming more vivid. She stole a look at Regan and she thought that the girl thought the same thing.

'Oh god,' Regan whispered, she felt her orgasm hold back a little bit more again. She wanted this so bad, she wanted to cum. She never wanted anything so much in her life.

Harry sensed that they all wanted this. Whether or not he was going to give it to them, that was another matter entirely.

Zatanna was on her hands and knees after an explosion of cum rushed through her body. She wiggled her ass.
"Let's give these bitches something to feel," Zatanna whispered.

Harry placed his hands on her breasts and ran down her body. He lit up a little bit more of her body and ran down her body.

Once her reached a certain part of her body, he spread her ass cheeks. Her hot ass beckoned for him and begged to be violated. His manhood pushed into her.

Zatanna felt them feel the pleasure. That caused her orgasm to increase at the thought that these bitches were getting punished.

Harry's hand combed over her body and lit up even more of it. She panted hungrily and lustfully. Harry palmed her breast and slowly slid up and down her body.

"Give it to me, give me more," Zatanna whispered, spiking in her ass. She felt Harry exert force into her pussy as well.

"Stop teasing us, please," Regan begged him.

"And this is the reason why you're being punished," Harry whispered and that caused her loins to heat up.

Regan felt him push into her and cause an explosive fire through her body. Once again her orgasm held back and she thrashed her hips up.

All seven girls felt the heat rush through her body. Harry had Zatanna pinned down and he took it out on her ass. And he took it out on all of their asses by proxy.

Harry felt them, they were all gloriously tight, and thanks to his aura, they will stay that way. He could heal any damage he caused by his cock ripping into their tight anuses with a mere thought.

"Getting closer," Harry encouraged Zatanna and he squeezed her ample chest.

Zatanna's thighs clenched together and Harry retracted his fingers. He made her taste herself.

All of the girls bucked their hips up and felt the astral cocks bury deep into their bodies.

Regan was the first to break because of his actions. She nearly shrieked at the top of her lungs when Harry plowed into her from above. Her shivering increased and she finally was allowed an orgasm.

It slowly was allowed out of her at a trickle. Then there was a hot rushed that caused her fluids to spill out of her legs.

The chain reaction from releasing Regan's orgasm caused an explosion down the line. Martinique was the next one to feel the rush. Her hips spiked up and she bucked them up. Her pleasure never really faded when Harry finished her next.

Then Sophie felt the burst of pleasure that connected through her loins. Phoebe followed and it was a chain reaction down the sisters.

Then they all felt the force of their combined orgasm.

Zatanna closed her eyes and felt Harry's balls against her. He was so close. He switched back inside her pussy. She sheathed him inside her and they prepared for the big bang that was come. His balls contracted with pleasure.
Zatanna whimpered with the sweet sensation of release.

"Here it comes."

Harry channeled his power and he wanted to give the girls one last mind numbing orgasm. He started the chain with Zatanna.

Zatanna blacked out from the immense pleasure that spilled through her body. Her hips closed tightly around Harry, holding onto his manhood through sheer instinct and determination.

Harry's hands cupped her breasts and he pushed himself as far into her as he could go. He let go his own orgasm.

All three girls settled down on the bed with a shrieking orgasm and that caused them to feel the pleasure.

"I think that I'll leave you with just enough energy to think about what you did. Then maybe we'll pick up with another lesson a week later."

A limo pulled out just as the sun had set on New York. It wasn't technically a late meeting, but it wasn't the time of meeting that you would want to do during the day. There were too many chances for some awkward questions that shouldn't be asked would be asked.

The limo door opened and a rather rough looking man with a flat top hair cut and a pinstripe blue suit exited the limo. He looked like your stereotypical gangster out of an old movie. Just because he resembled that, didn't mean he was any less dangerous.

He was known as Hammerhead. He was a former chief lieutenant of Silvermane's gang. After Silvermane had an accident involving a stone tablet that set back his plans about seventy years, Hammerhead decided to take control of Silvermane's old outfit. The Fat Man was trying to take advantage of the situation and gain further control.

Not to mention, there was rumors of a new Goblin in town, after Osborn had been 86ed a couple years ago.

Hammerhead tapped his finger on the limo and waited for his guest to arrive. He paced around in circles and resembled a caged animal.

"He's late," Hammerhead grumbled.

A second limo showed up and it was followed by a huge armored truck. Hammerhead's eyes lit up like a kid on Christmas morning.

"About fucking time," Hammerhead whispered with glee dripping from his voice. He would have rubbed his hands together, if he didn't have his hands on the briefcase.

The door of the limo opened and a pair of highly polished shoes swung out. The man who pulled himself out stood to his full height.

He was a middle aged man with silver hair. He had a rough scowl on his face and wore a well pressed suit. There were a couple of scars on his hand and he carried a silver haired can. His name was Justin Hammer and he wished to hold the entire world in his hand. He thought of power and
"Hammerhead," Hammer said, his eyes locked onto the mobster. He extended his hand forward.

Hammerhead took it and squeezed his hand when he shook it. Both men locked eye to eye with each other, never backing down. When they were done looking at each other, Hammerhead dropped the hand.

"You better hold up your deal of the bargain," Hammerhead said and he stared Hammer down. "I don't like being jerked around."

"As long as you pay me up front, you should have no problem," Hammer said, and his bodyguard stepped to the side of Hammer. "Back off, give him some space."

Hammerhead's two goons walked over to the back of the truck. One of them unlocked the back of the truck. The truck contained two large crates. One of them opened for them already. Several high tech weapons that looked like something out of a science fiction show waited for them.

The mobster could not be happier. "Boys, it looks like Christmas came early. Get the other crate open, I want to inspect it."

One of the goons climbed into the back of the truck. His friend followed them.

"Hammer, I swear, when you say you come through, you'll come through," Hammerhead said.

Hammer smiled. He relished when these weapons were confiscated and he could sell them to other mob bosses at a markup value, as weapons that would beat those that Hammerhead's mob had.

"Hey boss, I don't know about this…"

Hammer's eyes spun around and he saw a large pumpkin in the crate that they opened. He didn't even know about it.

Before Hammerhead could react, the van exploded with two of his henchmen inside!

"YOU DOUBLE DEALING SON OF A BITCH!" Hammerhead yelled, but a pumpkin bomb hurled out of nowhere.

"I'll take that, consider it tribute for daring to go against the true King of this city!"

A glider shot through like a blur and the rider ripped the briefcase full of money out of Hammerhead's head.

"Boss, something's beeping in the limo!"

Hammerhead threw himself behind a stone wall and not a second too soon. His limo exploded into a fiery wreckage.

Justin Hammer wondered who the hell that was. The Green Goblin? That was impossible, Norman Osborn was dead.

Wasn't he?

To Be Continued On November 1st, 2014.
The loud explosions rang from the attack of the Goblin. There was a figure perched on a Gargoyle high above the city. She swooped down from the point where she stood.

'It's showtime,' she thought with eagerness dancing in her eyes.

She wore a white and red costume that was made in an intricate pattern. She held up her wrists, where a pair of web shooters rested on them. A douse of pheromones came from her, but thankfully she had those under control and not a second too soon. She was just her friendly neighborhood Spider-Girl.

And she saw two douchebags scrambling for their lives. Hammerhead and Justin Hammer shouted at each other, both trying to blame the other for what happened.

'Heh, Hammer and Hammerhead, they really should be soulmates,' she thought, dropping down to the ground.

She looked up and spied with her little eye a Goblin who was on the attack. A pumpkin bomb flew out of the Goblin's hand and landed on the ground.

"Spider-Girl!" the Goblin shouted excitedly when she peered down at Spider-Girl.

"I should have known that you'd be in the middle of all of this trouble," Spider-Girl commented and she went towards the Goblin.

The Goblin dodged the attack and Spider-Girl bounced off of the wall.

"Come on, Spider-Girl, you know that you like the fact that I can't stay out of trouble," the Goblin whispered and she shot a glop of green goop out of her glove towards the web slinging heroine.

The goop ensnared Spider-Girl's arms behind her back and she landed down on the ground. She struggled and started to kick her legs squirming.

"I like when you struggle!" the Goblin whispered, excitement flowing through her eyes.

The Girl in the Goblin Mask prepared to dive bomb Spider-Girl. The friendly neighborhood web slinger avoided the attack.

"Okay, you want a fight, I'll give you a fight, you smug little bitch!" Spider-Girl yelled and she shot a line of webbing towards the Goblin.

The Goblin blocked the web line attack and pulled Spider-Girl up. A punch walloped her in the chest and brought her down to the ground.

"You know, you should watch the language!" Goblin yelled, and she tried to attack Spider-Girl.

Spider-Girl dodged the Goblin's attack. She hitched a ride on the back of the Goblin's glider.
"You know, I like taking you for a ride," The Goblin said, and she put on the breaks.

That caused Spider-Girl to fly head over heels and land down hard against the wall with a thud. Her back crashed against the wall, and the Goblin teased dive bombing her, but pulled back.

"You know, I'm pretty sure that wasn't what you had in mind!" she cheered and Spider-Girl looked at her enemy, gritting her teeth.

That wasn't what she had in mind and she tried to shoot a line of webbing.

"And we're into bondage, guess you aren't the good little girl that people think that you are," the Goblin taunted. "But then again, I know better, and I know that you're nothing…"

The Goblin went towards her, but Spider-Girl webbed onto the bottom of the glider. She tugged the flying device out from underneath the Goblin and the resulting impact caused the Goblin to crash hard onto the ground.

Spider-Girl looked around for her target. The Goblin's eyes flashed onto hers and a wicked smile crossed her face. The "just bring it" hand motion taunted Spider-Girl to come forward.

If the Goblin was going to invite her to just bring it, then Spider-Girl felt like it would do the Goblin a disservice if she wouldn't have brought it.

Two figures watched this battle from afar, the mobsters and Hammer's goods having gotten away.

"So, are they fighting or engaging in some really twisted form of foreplay?" Faora asked, hovering in the air invisible with her legs and arms crossed.

Harry frowned when he looked them over. "You know at this point, it's really too hard to tell…it's almost like there's something more to this than meets the eye."

As an Incubus, Harry sensed the sexual tension in the air. The Pheromones that shut underneath his nose ensnared his mind.

The Goblin threw one more parting pumpkin bomb over her shoulder. Spider-Girl ducked it and the bomb exploded behind her back.

Like a thief in the night, the Goblin got back onto her glider, and disappeared into a flash. Leaving a truck that belonged to Justin Hammer, another one, to blow up in smithereens.

Harry watched the progress of Spider-Girl to see how she would react.

"And she's going to go after the Goblin!" Faora asked in an excited voice.

'I'm going with Faora's early idea that this was some kind of twisted foreplay,' Karen thought.

'Yes, you've pretty much figured out what's going on here, haven't you?' Emma asked, with a knowing smile.

Harry's smile widened and he gave one word, with no elaboration necessary. 'Yes.'

Spider-Girl swung around the corner, choking on the dust that the Goblin left behind. Any time she encountered the Goblin, it always left her frustrated. Sometimes in a good way, but times like this, it
was in a bad way.

She made her way around the corner and paused, to look around. There was no Goblin in sight anywhere.

'Okay, looks like laughing girl gave me the slip again, I can't fucking believe this,' Spider-Girl thought and she put her hand on her chin, with a labored sigh coming out.

She didn't know what game the Goblin played. The only thing she knew was she didn't like any of it at all.

Hammerhead came around the corner and judging by the look on his face, he was after the Goblin as well.

"Well, if it isn't Al Capone's degenerate grandson," Spider-Girl said and she webbed two of Hammerhead's goons upside down no sooner did that sentence come from her mouth.

"Well, we were hoping for the Goblin bitch," Hammerhead said and he slipped a pair of brass knuckles on. "But you'd do just nicely."

Hammerhead charged his enemy, prepping his punch and prepping to put the screws to her. She dodged the attack.

"Stay still you little b….."

A glop of webbing shot and latched onto the Hobgoblin's mouth. The young heroine rushed forward and slammed a series of punches into his chest.

He staggered back, but he caught her with a sudden punch to the gut. He picked up the friendly neighborhood heroine and slammed her down to the ground with a huge impact. Her shoulder cracked down against the ground and he rushed her.

Spider-Girl dodged his charging headbutt. The web slinger jumped over the top of his head.

"Yeah, I knew that you were hard headed," Spider-Girl said and Hammerhead blocked her punch.

"You better learn that," Hammerhead whispered and he tried to headbutt her.

Something appeared and his head clung against the barrier that appeared. Hammerhead dodged around.

Spider-Girl's mouth opened and closed. Her shoulders slumped down when she saw Hammerhead who staggered. His arms frayed around in an attempt to grab her.

Hammerhead's eyes flashed with absolute rage when she looked at him. His head shook around.

"I don't know what you did, but I'm going to put the screws to you now!" Hammerhead growled.

Spider-Girl zipped from one side and she rushed around him. A series of punches clonked him on the back and dropped him down to one knee.

'Okay, don't hit him in the head, no sweat about it,' Spider-Girl thought and she tried to nail him in the throat.

Hammerhead blocked her attack and she slammed her knee into his throat. The web slinger slammed her knee down onto the throat of the man.
The web slinger webbed him up.

"You…..you…..you…." 

Spider-Girl webbed his mouth shut. A smirk spread across her face as she stared him down.

"Okay, you can sit down and think about what you did, the NYPD will be on the way, and they'll sort you out," Spider-Girl said, sliding backwards. She looked over her shoulder and peered around nervously.

'Okay, there's something that is going on around here, someone doesn't just jump out and attack you like that,' Spider-Girl thought and she looked through the alleyway.

Whoever her guardian angel was, he disappeared immediately. That left Spider-Girl hanging, quite literally. Her heart drummed nervously against her ribcage when she arched her neck back. Then she snapped it forward and looked around.

The sirens of the NYPD could be heard and Spider-Girl scaled the building. While she had her fans in the NYPD, there were a lot of them who brought her down. It wasn't entirely about Jameson's publicity against her, whether she was a threat or a menace or both.

'Okay, Hammerhead is done, and Hammer fled,' Spider-Girl thought to herself, and she looked around.

She was starting to get freaked out by the fact that there was no person who helped her around. She wanted to make one quick sweep but it was time to go home. She took a second to watch Hammerhead hauled off.

That being said, she was completely confused about the escape of her mystery savior. The woman looked over her.

Maybe it was just some fluke in the universe, weirder things had happened to her in the distant past and even weirder things would happen to her in the future.

'You must have confused the poor girl,' Illyana thought to Harry when she watched from afar. 'Is there any reason why you're deciding not to be seen?'

'My best work is done from the shadows,' Harry thought in amusement. 'Plus all I did was block a couple of headbutts, she did the rest.'

'And she did a good job at doing the rest,' Karen thought in a gushing voice.

Faora and Harry made their way into the same alleyway that had been cleared out by the NYPD.

'The real problem is Hammer,' Emma reminded both of them, and Harry nodded in agreement.

'Don't think I haven't thought about it, Emma,' Harry thought to her. Hammer's little deal with trying to get his hands on the dam was incriminating enough.

He didn't start to drill into the area yet, mostly because he didn't have the permission. It was inevitable that he would find his way in there and cause some kind of trouble.

'We're going to have to take a look at Hammer, a closer look at him,' Harry thought. 'Fortunately, Stark has been doing that for me, and whatever Stark has been doing, Pepper can access easily. And there's the connections that I've been building with SHIELD.'
'Do you think Hammer is in bed with someone that he shouldn't be?' Karen thought, frowning at the possibility of what that dangerous man could be up to.

'We should assume that he is, if he's willingly making a deal with the likes of Hammerhead,' Harry thought.

He opened a portal and he and Faora entered it. There was a lot more to do after the cleanup tonight.

The Goblin counted the ill-gotten loot that she picked up from Hammerhead. Oh that would do, especially when she figured that Hammer was counting on this money. It was a little known fact that his company had reached some low points in confidence.

The grin crossed over her face once more and a momentary giggle went through her voice. She hacked into his systems and found what he was after.

The man placed a bug into Tony Stark’s computer, and he was going to sell some of Stark's armor designs for the highest bidder. The auction was tomorrow night and Hammer counted on some big time people to show up and purchase the blueprints. He could make several hundred million out of the deal at least.

Some of her enemies turned up in the same place at the same time. The Goblin, she wondered if the Fat Man would show up.

She monitored OsCorp's floor and saw that Harry Osborn walked around the floor, accosted by security. They were under strict orders not to allow the Osborn heir through the front door.

Pretty soon, the Osborn legacy will be nothing but a disgraced whimper. A new King arrived and he would absorb OsCorp like his growing empire.

"Let's see….what we have here," she whispered in excitement.

She smiled, this had been a very successful day all and all. It was for the simple reason that as far as Hammerhead and Hammer thought, the goods that Hammer promised them blew up.

As it turn down, Hammer's little toys were now in her hands. The Goblin grinned in triumph, it took a quick switch, and a few thousand dollars to make sure certain truck drivers remained discreet.

Pocket change compared to how much this sold.

The phone on her desk rang. The Goblin took off her mask, her face still submerged in the shadows, her identity a mystery. The line she picked up was among the most secure on the planet. Even more secure than government agencies such as SHIELD, a line that she tapped into.

"Hello," she said and her voice brightened up when she heard the person on the other line. "We gave them quite a show today, didn't we?"

The Goblin's amusement filtered through her voice.

"Oh, I'll kiss it and make it feel better if you want me to," she said, amused at the admonishment she received. "Well, you know we really had to make that convincing so anyone who watched it wasn't wise to our game."

The Goblin sensed that there was something or someone behind her. Which honestly should be
impossible for the simple fact that she was in one of the most secure facilities on the planet. That didn't stop her from taking a look around.

"No, it's nothing, just had a weird feeling that someone was watching me, but it's nothing," the Goblin whispered. "Hammer's been dipping into Stark's cookie jar and he has the armor designs, apparently his computer security was kind of weak. You'd think that someone like Tony Fucking Stark could spring for better security."

The Goblin hung her head. Stark's loss was her gain. She loved this armor, but it could use a few additions.

"Stark might have had ways to shut down his armor," the voice on the other end of the phone said.

The Goblin amused herself with that thought. "I thought that he might as well."

The Goblin slammed her first down on the ground and looked up the few specs she managed to obtain from the drive she swiped from Hammer's limo. As far as he knew, the drive blew up sky high with the rest of the limo.

Hammer's loss was her gain.

"Between the two of us, we should be able to flush out any….failsafes that Stark has, along with disrupt anything that Hammer might have made," The Goblin said and she added with a smile. "And if Anthony Stark ever gets uppity, well we have a built in way to slow him down."

The Avengers weren't something that she ever had to deal with. They had their own weight class of enemies, and most of the Goblin's targets were douchebags who tried to maintain a respectable mask.

"Plus, the Iron Spider has a nice ring to it, wouldn't you think?" the Goblin asked, amusing herself from her frenemy's response on the other end. "Yeah, you like to stick to basics, but I don't want anyone to hurt you other than me."

The Goblin did one more scan of the security system. Menken was talking to someone on the third floor.

"I tell you, it's taking a life of it's own," Menken whispered.

"Oh, what are you up to now you little weasel?" the Goblin said, with Menken unaware that she could hear him.

Not much of anything relevant, at least he wasn't up to much of anything relevant now. He was just bsing some potential investors about trying to get on board with one of his projects.

Nothing that Menken needed to be put in a ditch for, at least nothing yet. She would have to keep an eye on him just to make sure.

The Goblin could have sworn that there was someone else here, but whoever was there, they were gone. She got the news that Hammerhead was in Ryker's Island now, where he'd likely hang out for a couple of months.

He seemed to be terrified about some ghost as well, which caused the Goblin to become amused and curious.

She never quite had that effect on her enemies. Maybe something was going on that she was unaware of.
Maybe, just maybe, it was really hard to tell.

"So, we've got a security hole in here," Pepper informed Harry, when he and Karen swung by Stark. "And Hammer might not have been the only one to exploit it."

It was at that moment where Harry saw Natalie become extremely interested about something. For a second at least before she returned back to her paperwork. She played her role pretty well. Harry was way too observant for his own good.

"Rest assure this will be investigated, but the problem is making sure that Hammer doesn't do anything with the designs," Pepper said and she frowned, seeing an e-mail come in to them. "There's an auction for the designs tomorrow night."

'Well there won't be much longer,' Harry thought.

'Are you going to buy them?' Zatanna asked, but it was Emma who jumped in.

'Why would Harry buy something that he's already entitled to?' Emma thought and that was a good question. There were no good answers to that one.

'Hammer already has them though, if the cat's out of the bag, someone could take them off of his system if they are sufficient enough hackers,' Carol added from afar. 'I'll see if I can cut some people off at the pass.'

'I'm sure a certain Goblin is already planning to pay Hammer another visit,' Harry thought.

After that last close encounter, it was agreed by everyone that might not do any wonders of improving Hammer's mood.

"All we can do is fix the hole, it shouldn't be that much of a problem, lock out anyone but us three from securing the system until we get it upgraded," Pepper said to Karen and Harry. "Oh and we should let Tony in as well."

"That might be a good idea," Harry agreed.

Karen barely kept the look of amusement off of her face. "Yeah, the last thing we need is Stark not being able to access his little toys."

"He did invent them, he should be able to use them," Pepper said with a smile crossing her face when she punched in a few keys on the keyboard.

Natalie hovered in the background and Harry's eyes locked onto hers.

"I'll be leaving for tonight, Miss Potts," she commented, she would have to inform Fury about the changes of Stark's security system. Also the fact that they were right and someone nosed around the security system, and it was in fact Justin Hammer.

Anyone who was anyone could be after those armor designs.

"That's fine, Miss Rushman," Pepper said, she figured that this woman would make a nasty retreat after everything that happened.

The two redheads looked at each other and they waited for Natalie to leave.
Harry flicked his finger and he heard a crackle.

"Only three bugs, SHIELD must be slipping," Harry said to Pepper and Pepper turned to face Harry in surprise.

"Does she know that you know?" Pepper asked and Harry shrugged in response.

"Let's assume that she does know," Harry agreed and Pepper shrugged her shoulders as if saying that was fair enough.

"Fury might have only sent her here because he thought that Tony's designs were compromised, and he turned out to be right if that was the case," Pepper said, letting a soft sigh escape her lips. "If that was the case."

"Do you think that it is the case?" Harry asked Pepper.

She didn't really know, but she would place pretty even money on that being the case. She poured herself a cup of coffee, which was a must for functioning this late at night.

"So, a brand new security system is in order?" she asked Harry.

Harry thought about it and was getting his ducks in order. He smiled and nodded.

"Yes, it would be a good idea to get a brand new security system in order," Harry agreed with her. "And we're going to add some sharp teeth to it."

Pepper sat up and took notice to these words. "Exactly how sharp are we talking about?"

Karen answered for Harry. "Well let's just put it this way. Anyone who tries to hack into the system this time is going to have a ton of fun getting all of the junkware out of their system."

Pepper whistled. She didn't say it. She sure thought it. These two really don't fuck around. Well Harry didn't.

"We have the same kind of security system at RAO, and... when word like to spreads, not too many idiots are going to try," Karen explained to her.

"Yes, and a few have tried," Harry added.

Pepper wrinkled her nose. She knew that she was going to almost regret asking. "About how many idiots?"

"More than enough to be depressing," Harry told her and Pepper sighed. "The thing you want to do is to make sure that it doesn't damage anyone other than the idiots who deserve it. And it sends a stern enough warning to anyone else."

Pepper figured that they were dealing with some extremely enhanced, not to mention extremely dangerous technology. She was right.

'Well this was going to prove to be interesting,' Pepper thought.
same high level military contracts.

"Make sure the doors are locked, and identities are checked," Hammer told his guards roughly. "Any Goblin's or Spiders or even Avengers, take them out and ask questions later."

His guards all nodded in response. Getting his hands on these armor designs was a desperate gambit. He tried to make armor of his own, but it always fell short.

Why deal with the rest when you can steal from the best? At first, Hammer offered Stark a fair amount of money for the armor designs. Stark laughed in his face.

What Hammer could get, he could take, and he managed to break in the computer system. He held in his hand the drive. The only other copy of the specs he had. The first copy was destroyed when the Goblin's attack occurred.

If he had money to spare, he would put a bounty on the fucking Goblin. He would destroy the bitch. She would die. Hopefully extremely slowly and hopefully very painfully.

"Okay listen up, I've got something that all of you would sell your own mother's for, but first, I need you to sign a release form that indicates that none of you will reveal to a soul that you were here tonight," Hammer said to them.

Some of the mobsters looked around. Not all of them were big time mob bosses, because they weren't that stupid. Most of them were intermediaries being sent there. There was also people from HYDRA and AIM in the crowd, or at least that was the rumors were.

"We all want a leg up against heroes like the Avengers and the Fantastic Four, and Spider-Girl!" Hammer yelled. "Iron Man got the ball rolling and his armor is difficult for the normal criminal to even hope to get up against. Many of you have tried to duplicate his technology. But it has been often imitated and never duplicated."

Hammer's eyes fixed on everyone and the grin crossed his face. It was really wicked to see that kind of smile.

"At least until now," Hammer whispered and there was a loud rumbling. "I hold in my hand a flash drive full of specs taking from Stark Industry of Iron Man's armor. All you have to do is make a bid. The highest bid gets the specs……and remember we're all gentlemen so no hard feelings here."

The bidding started and it was obvious that the people here were willing to pay an arm and a leg for the specs.

Hammer's excitement grew the more that the auction kicked off. He got more and more greedy with the thought of what money could be put in his pocket.

"People, I don't know what you're thinking about, but this is Iron Man's armor I've got here, Iron Man, this isn't some cheap imitation."

"One final bid."

The doors blew open and the Goblin hovered on the board. Her eyes peered underneath her mask.

"I'll let you live, if you give me the specs," The Goblin said and the bodyguards tried to attack her. "That's right, the measly price of your life, if you hand the specs over."

The bodyguards slammed down onto the ground, the telekinetic pulse making them go down to their
knees. The Goblin's grin crossed her face in an extremely wicked manner and she lifted her hands into the air.

The goons slammed down onto the ground hard. The impact jarred them.

The Goblin turned to face Hammer, who tried to pull a concealed weapon on her.

"Oh, that wasn't nice," The Goblin whispered and she slammed Hammer back into the wall so hard that his ribs broke. "You know, I didn't really want the specs on this drive…"

The Goblin smiled when she held the drive between her fingers.

"Not sure if it's legit, you are a lying douchebag to begin with Hammer," the Goblin said, running her fingers in between the portable drive. "And I'm a girl of simple tastes, and Stark's armor is a bit too extravagant for me."

The Goblin crushed the drive in her hands, melting it. Hammer watched as an extremely valuable item disappeared before him.

"Oh, and….this is a hold up!" The Goblin said and as if on cue, several more bombs exploded, causing the wicked men inside to scramble.

That was the Goblin's cue to relieve them all of a collective few billion.

"It's nice how you put your money in briefcases much easier to carry!" the Goblin yelled.

She hurled a sonic bat over her shoulder and the high pitched wail dropped them to the ground. The goons fell down, all clutching their ears.

"Consider it payment for me not exterminating you like cockroaches!" The Goblin whispered. "Of course, I technically don't need your money, but it will help build the world that will crush you."

The Goblin blew out of the front door and caused the screams of frustration.

Hammer cursed the day that bitch was born, especially considering that he had several angry and influential people looking at him.

The timely arrival of some government agencies, along with Avengers didn't improve his night, which sucked, big time now. The only good thing was that the only evidence was destroyed by the Goblin so they wouldn't be able to hold her.

Harry Potter waited for his dinner date to show up. She wasn't one to be late at all.

"Sorry, something came up at the office, and I had to take care of something."

Gwen Stacy showed up and she looked absolutely stunning wearing a silvery dress with her hair tied back. The dress clung to her curves.

"No problem, I understand things come up," Harry told her with a smile. "I've been just working over at Stark, the new security system that we talked about is in place. And is OsCorp thinking of adopting it as well?"

"Yes," Gwen commented with a smile when she sat down next to him. She couldn't help but look in
his green eyes.

She didn't get spell bound easily, but Harry Potter spell bound her.

"You're the new golden child of the business world," Gwen said and their dinner arrived. The two of them sat down to eat. "And there are talks that you're going merge with at least two companies. Stark and OsCorp are the two that everyone is talking about."

'Well that's among the companies that you've already merged with,' Emma said, a wicked smile crossing her face.

"It's all about building an empire, you're not going to change the world by waiting around for someone else to do it for you," Harry warned Gwen. "Even if I do have people delegated for the mundane stuff, I do need to be the one to fit all the puzzle pieces in place."

"Oh, yeah, I agree," Gwen said in an excited voice, shifting herself over onto the chair. "But you've made a lot of friends and even more enemies."

'That's business as usual for you,' Faora commented in amusement.

"Yes," Harry said to her. "It's just part of the territory, as you know.....but tell me more about yourself."

"Well.....I've told you some of the basics already," Gwen commented and she smiled, her fork slipping from her hand.

That wasn't intentional, it just happened. That allowed Gwen to duck herself underneath the table to retreat it.

Harry felt her foot brush against his thigh when she situated himself on the other side of the table.

"My mother died when she was really young, and my father, he was killed trying to settle a hostage situation between two rival gang factions in New York," Gwen said with a frown when she looked at Harry. "And I went to ESU after graduating high school early and graduated there with top honors."

"You do deserve every bit of the reputation you get as the smartest girl of your age," Harry told Gwen and his hand placed down on her stocking clad leg.

"Well, brains and beauty, that's a hard combination to master," Gwen said and Harry smiled.

"Some girls fail at both, no matter how well they think of themselves," Harry informed her and he leaned in, his eyes meeting hers. "I'm happy to admit that you achieve top marks at both brains and beauty."

Gwen jumped in in excitement and her grin grew even wider. "That's great, I'm really glad that you think that much of me."

Dinner was good, the company was better. Both of them talked about a few new projects that they were working on.

"That Arc Reactor that we're building is going to make Stark's look like a wet battery," Gwen said to Harry.

"You're pretty confident in that, aren't you?" Harry asked and dessert came.
Gwen ate the dessert, and she locked eyes with Harry, slowly licking the whip cream off of her lips. She wondered if she bit off a bit more than she could chew. "You seem like the type of person who likes your girls confident, the girls that know what they want."

Harry snapped his fingers and nodded in agreement. "Guilty as charged really."

Gwen shifted in excitement and wondered if she could take this to an entirely new level. Her excitement bubbled to the surface.

Harry saw her pheromones fire out at a level that they would bring a normal man down to their knees. There was something about the fact that Harry Potter was not a normal man. Even those who didn't know of his origins could figure out that much.

"So, we could sit here and play this game, or I can take you home and we can finish this night right," Harry whispered.

Gwen felt something rise between her legs. She was about to invite Harry back home to discuss some business, but business was the last thing from her mind with the way that Harry was looking at her.

She envisioned what he could do to her and excitement burst through her body. Gwen's grin got even wider.

"Honey, I'm game if you are," Gwen whispered in his ear.

Harry smiled and paid up for the meal. It was becoming abundantly apparent that he was game. And if he was game, he had a feeling that she was game as well.

The short drive home caused their anticipation to rise. They arrived at the penthouse that Gwen and Riley shared, along with their friend and fellow roommate Mary Jane.

Mary Jane was out for tonight, as was Riley. That left Gwen all alone with Harry to do whatever she wanted to.

"Let me slip into something more comfortable," Gwen said and she winked when she headed to the bathroom. "There's something to drink in that cabinet on the bed if you want it."

Gwen sauntered into the bathroom for a second and Harry sat down. He waited for her to return. Not for long though. The beautiful blonde sauntered back out of the bathroom, wearing a silky bathroom that went down passed her knees.

She walked over and straddled Harry's lap. Harry's strong hands pulled her into him and he leaned in, kissing her.

The kiss proved to be sheer electricity, with his tongue pushing into Gwen's mouth. His tongue pushed into her mouth and fought her for dominance. Gwen returned the fire the best that she could, their lips mashed together. Their tongues fought even stronger.

Harry's hands lifted up and pinned Gwen's hands behind the back of her head. He tilted the beautiful blonde back and the kiss deepened between the two of them.

He realized that her definition for something more comfortable was absolutely nothing at all between
Harry pulled the robe off, to reveal her body, and the feast of flesh that waited for him. He smiled, preparing to enjoy all of this.

Gwen felt Harry's eyes travel down her body and he drank in every last inch of the flesh that she had. Her flawless skin beckoned for him. Her blonde hair hung about her shoulders, her shining blue eyes stared towards him with lust. Her round breasts begged to be squeezed, with juicy dark nipples. Not to mention her tanned and soft looking flesh, with a strip of blonde hair down her center. A long pair of legs and a shapely looking ass made Gwen Stacy the perfect and extremely fuckable girl.

Harry growled, gripping her ass and Gwen squealed when he squeezed her ass.

"Give it to me, big boy," Gwen whispered, excitement dripping from her loins. "Don't you think that you're a little too overdressed through?"

"I think that you should fix that," Harry whispered and Gwen got up.

She slowly unbuttoned Harry's shirt like she was unwrapping a Christmas present. While the desire to tear it open and see what was inside nearly overwhelmed her, Gwen didn't want to ruin the moment.

His pants followed slowly when she stripped it off. He was in a pair of silken boxer shorts and Gwen felt him.

She wanted to have the treasure that laid before and her eyes stared on it. Slowly she pulled it down.

It beckoned for her. She eyed his throbbing manhood and without any preamble, she pushed her mouth onto it.

Gwen swallowed his cock into her mouth like she was born to do this. The truth was she never did this with any other guy. With plenty of women, she played, but never another guy. Her lips tightened around his tool. She slammed her lips tighter around his tool.

Her mouth played with him and she drew him deep into her throat. The sucking got even more intense.

Gwen felt her pussy heat up and there was only one thing that she wanted to do more than life itself.

"Fuck me please," Gwen begged him.

"You're mine," Harry whispered and he pinned her down onto her bed.

The blonde's eyes closed, she would have to agree in confirmation. She was his and he could take her in any way that he wanted to. There were numerous ways that he could take her, all of them which got her excited.

His manhood teased her dripping hot slit and Gwen felt a fire burn from her loins.

"Don't fucking tease me, just take me!"

"If you insist," Harry said and he grabbed her hips.

Harry rammed his manhood deep into her hot pussy. She clenched him in response. First she felt pain, Harry could tell.
He leaned down and bit on her earlobe, causing her to squeal in response. "Is this what you want?"

"YES!" she shrieked at the top of her lungs. He plowed into even harder. It caused her body to shake all over. "This….is…..what…..I want!"

Gwen felt her pussy pushed apart and Harry ram into her harder. This was the type of rough fucking that she wanted and couldn't get enough of.

Seconds later, the blonde rolled over onto her hands and knees. Harry was over the top of her, his hands placed on either side of her hips.

"One more round, oh drill me hard!" Gwen begged him, biting down on her lip with growing excitement bursting between her legs.

"More than one more round, several more."

Harry held onto her waist and felt her tight pussy wrap around him. She gave his tool a workout. This one was certainly a keeper. He admired how wet she got.

"You're nothing but a little nympho that craves cock," Harry whispered in her ear and Gwen's pussy clenched him hard.

"No, not cock," Gwen begged and she caught his tongue her mouth as she turned around. She sucked on it like it was his cock. When she pulled apart, she continued in a breathy and sensual whisper. "Your cock."

Harry wasn't going to deny that and he continued to plant the object of Gwen's lust in between her thighs. He felt her come to an orgasm, but he denied her at the last second.

"HARRY!" Gwen begged and she collapsed down on the bed, panting.

He kissed her on the back of the neck, pulled out of her.

"Don't worry, we'll have fun," Harry whispered to her and he flipped her over on the mattress. "You want to have fun, don't you?"

Gwen let out her next statement in a long hiss. "Yessss"

"Good girl," Harry whispered to her and he pushed back off of the bed.

Gwen was perched and her legs spread. She was ready to welcome him back in between her legs. Her wanton lust burned through her eyes. The horny blonde couldn't have enough of his cock.

Harry's mouth attacked her breasts and the blonde's panting increased the more that he worked her over.

Good things came to those who waited, and Harry held her hips. He pushed himself into her. The wet heaven that greeted him was sufficiently good.

Gwen felt her orgasm hold back. That just made her want to work his cock harder, so she could earn the right to cum.

Harry whispered in her ear, with a devious smile flashing on his face. "You catch on pretty fast Gwen."

"It's just like the student…..taught the teacher," Gwen whispered to him and her wet pussy rubbed
against his manhood when she tried to bring him.

"Well, you're a very adapt pupil," Harry whispered.

Gwen wondered if Harry planned to drill her into every surface of her room. She really hoped so because that would be so hot.

Harry sensed the thoughts going from her mind and he took her over towards the window near a balcony area. There were a few points where someone could be concealed.

Gwen felt his hands travel her body. It wasn't just one big touch that got her excited. It was hundreds of little touches that sent those sparks flying through her body. Her nipples hardened the more that he played with her.

"Are we having fun?" Harry whispered, kissing down on the back of her neck.

"Fuck, yes," Gwen agreed with him.

His tool was seconds away from penetrating her. Gwen still wanted that orgasm and knew that there was only one way where it wasn't going to be denied to her. She rubbed her ass against his throbbing tool.

Harry held onto her waist and cupped her breast. Seconds later he pushed himself deep into her smoldering woman hood.

Gwen's eyes closed and she wrapped her hand tightly against the wall. He rammed her hard against the window.

"Oh fuck, that's great," Gwen moaned and she tightened her grip around him. This caused sparks to fly deep through her loins.

"Just relax honey, we're getting warmed up," Harry whispered in her ear.

"Can hardly….wait," Gwen whimpered, and Harry's hands traveled all over her body.

Her wet center clenched his throbbing manhood and he continued the thrusts into her.

Harry stayed the course and made sure to work her up to a great orgasm. To her credit, Gwen worked her up towards one as well. The combined assault of their pheromones made it an extremely hot night to behold indeed.

Gwen held onto the wall when her lover planted his throbbing tool hard between her legs. These thrusts increased with each second. Her pleasure dragged along with the ride.

"HARDER!" Gwen begged him. "I need your cock, and I need to cum. Take me as hard as yo want to, but let me cum."

Harry smiled and he turned her so she could face him.

The moment of loss between her thighs caused Gwen to groan in frustration.

"Just so I can see you when I allow you to cum," Harry whispered hotly in her ear.

Gwen trembled and twitched. She felt her thighs close together and the desire that pumped through her grew even greater.
"Do it!" she whispered, begging him to finish her off.

Harry was seconds away from penetrating her tight hole. The smoldering center she pulled him into caused his manhood to tingle with desire.

"Your wish is my command, honey," Harry told her and he cupped her breast, and caused the moan within her throat to deepen.

Harry slid into her smoldering center for the last time, her legs stretched up over his shoulders. This time he was going to allow her to finish and the backed up force of many orgasms will be amazed indeed.

Gwen knew that he was going to let her finish and he increased the speed of his thrusts into her body. The blonde drew him into her.

The force of her orgasm was let out first in a trickle, and then in an explosion. Gwen already had hyper senses. This brought her to a new and improved peak.

The force her held back orgasm steadily worked Gwen for another one. She felt Harry's fingers dig into her thighs and he pushed into her, ramming into her hard.

"Give it to me," Gwen said, her body heated up with the thought of Harry's seed into her.

Harry smiled, ready to claim another one. The stronger and more independent the females, the better it was to break them into his will. He pushed into her, and Gwen returned, thrust for thrust.

Their loins matched together. Gwen's tight box snaked around him. Their sweaty bodies stuck together.

Harry held Gwen up against the wall and managed to implant his load of cum into her. The blonde's tight vice clamped around his tool.

She whimpered and gushed when she felt his white hot load into her.

She slumped down against the wall, her well fucked pussy oozing. That only made her more horny.

Gwen eyed Harry's cock with frantic desire and she placed her hand on it. She started rubbing it as fast as she could.

The pheromones drew them into another sticky and passionate round.

Outside the window, a pair of sweaty hands hung onto the railing with the woman concealed in the shadows just barely holding herself upright. She was pretty sure that she wasn't seen, but there were a couple of near misses.

She intended to get information when Gwen Stacy was out tonight, but the quick arrival back home caused her to have to abort the mission. This was before the sun went down. A quick look towards the sky showed her how long she had been out there.

Now she stood on the balcony as the sun came up, and knew that she had to get out of there.

Her thighs felt sensitive when they stuck together. Every step the Black Widow took, she imaged Harry Potter ramming her against countless walls and making her his bitch.
She watched them for hours on end, and she really could have left any time. She couldn't.

It was a wonder that she didn't get caught, but somehow, she managed to escape.

Did she?

There was nothing here going on, at least nothing that Fury would be interested in.

To Be Continued on November 5th, 2014.
Harry smiled, when he felt Gwen's hot hips wrap around his throbbing hard tool. He looked up towards her, and she sank herself down onto his throbbing rod when it went in between her legs.

"You couldn't wait for any more, could you?" Harry asked her. In response to this question, Gwen shook her head, biting down on her lip when she pushed her hips down onto Harry's throbbing rod when it went between her legs.

"No, I couldn't wait for any more, and I know that you'll give it to me," Gwen said. She gained the necessary momentum to bounce up and down upon his throbbing manhood. The blonde slowly began to gain some added momentum the more that she worked herself down onto him.

Harry groaned and grabbed her back, allowing her to slide down onto him effortlessly. He closed his eyes and felt her snug pussy tighten around him to an even greater degree.

"Well, show me how much you want it," Harry said.

His hands found her full and firm breasts. He ran his hands over them and slowly groped them. The pleasure flickering through her eyes caused Gwen to bounce even higher up and down on him.

"Oh fuck me, fuck me…..fuck me like you own me," Gwen panted. Her hips closed down onto him.

Harry smiled and brought his throbbing hard member deep between Gwen's thighs. That rocked her body. She continued to work herself down around his body, and be put through the paces by this young man beneath her.

The young man felt her tight body around him. The blonde rode his rod for everything that it was worth. The slick walls caressing his manhood were a pleasure that Harry couldn't describe beyond all words. One thing was for certain, it felt so good. He wanted it to continue for as long as possible.

"Oh, yes, yes, oh yes, oh more," Gwen breathed. She writhed her hot hips around his massive tool when it drove deep into her depths.

Her orgasm rocked her body. She took a moment for her brain to reboot, and she realized that Harry had her in a different position.

"Take me from behind," Gwen encouraged him, wiggling her ass in an enticing manner to try and get his motor running.

"That's the idea."

Harry held her hips from behind and slid into her again. Gwen nearly had an orgasm once more when Harry pushed into her. Her hips clenched around his throbbing rod, and Harry pumped himself into her.

Gwen's body burned with delightful pleasure. Harry pumped himself into her body. Each thrust caused Gwen's hips to twitch and spasm. The blonde didn't realize what pleasure was until now, but
she wanted to feel it. She wanted to feel all of it. His hands all over her body, she wanted to feel it. There were so many great touches that made Gwen nearly exploded.

"Horny bitch," Harry whispered. He gripped her ass tightly. That caused Gwen to squeal. "Don't worry, I'll be taking that as well."

"I would be disappointed if you wouldn't," Gwen said. Her eyes heavily lidded over in pleasure when he worked himself into her.

The young man sank himself balls deep into Gwen's sinfully tight pussy. The blonde's hips tightening around him caused a delightful seal to be felt. His hands rested on either side of her body when he pumped his way into her from behind.

Gwen bit down on her lip and felt him go deep into her. She felt another orgasm rock her body.

Harry smiled when he felt her tight walls clench him. She gave his rod a workout and that was what he wanted with a women. Things continued to pick up. He felt the velvety embrace coax him to an orgasm.

He held hers back and touched her body. He felt her shudder underneath each touch and that was like explosion went through her body.

"And now, as promised."

Gwen was in the process of coming down from her last orgasm, so she didn't really register the fact that this young man was about ready to slide himself balls deep into her ass. She could feel him in her like that. It was almost like someone flipped a switch and there he was. She bit down on her lip so hard that it hurt and just felt him go into her.

Rapid fire thrusts increased Gwen's pleasure. Her body heated up when he held onto her breasts. The steady momentum caused his manhood to spike into her body.

"Damn, you're fucking tight," Harry growled. He continued to feel the tight pull of her when his huge cock buried itself into her ass.

Gwen thought that she would feel pain. She was mistaken, as this was better than vaginal penetration. Then again she was a kinky girl, and whatever Harry wanted to do, she was game for it.

Harry's hands brushed over every inch of her body and Gwen's rear end tightened around his tool.

"Oh god," Gwen whispered. His throbbing rod sunk into her ass.

She closed her eyes and realized that a second Harry fucked her pussy when he fucked her ass. The blonde was now in heaven. Each of her nerve endings felt like they were at the edge of exploding. Both sides indulged themselves in each other and felt all of the benefits that a relationship with the other hand.

"Do you like that?" Harry asked. He felt both sides of her snug tightness. Gwen moaned when two versions of Harry fucked both of her holes. "No need to answer, the state of you tells me more than enough."

Gwen felt her body pleasured by Harry on both sides and she thought that her orgasm should be coming. She felt herself backed up and Harry tormented her. She was the meat in a Harry sandwich and that was a great arrangement to have.
"The only guy who will ever make you feel this good," Harry said. He sucked hard on her ear lobe and that caused Gwen to go completely wild and squeal.

She would have to agree. Both cocks pistoned into her and finally her orgasm broke free from its containment. She thought that it would explode from the pleasure. She wrapped her arms around the Harry in front of her and kissed him, pressing her large breasts against his chest.

The Harry behind her took his throbbing manhood into her and her ass was drilled even harder. Something had to give sooner or later.

Gwen reached a new state of bliss when every nerve ending of her body started to sing with pleasure. Both versions of Harry pumped into her from either side.

"Don't worry, we'll give you your reward, but first….cum."

Harry flipped the switch and Gwen came, and she came hard. Her body felt even more reenergized when she did and she didn't feel as if she was the least bit tired. Both sides took her for everything that she was worth from behind.

"That was a good girl," Harry whispered in her ear, and Gwen bit down on her lip in response. She agreed that she was a good girl, and she deserved this reward.

Harry was drawing out her torment, and each thrust on either side of her caused her to achieve miniature orgasms.

The Incubus smiled, his newest conquest trapped between both versions of himself. Her orgasm was at his mercy, where it should be. Both sides of Harry drilled her, and her tight holes clenched both of his cocks.

His rods buried in both sides of her and both sets of balls prompted release.

Gwen shuddered at her latest orgasm and her lover pumped her ass and pussy full of cum. She felt like she was almost drowning in the stuff when Harry hammered her from either end.

There was only one Harry, and Gwen rolled back on top of him again.

"Just getting started," Gwen said. She positioned her hips on top of his body and slid him back inside her.

Harry grabbed her breasts roughly and she moaned. "Good girl."

Gwen bounced up and down on him, determined to earn another dose of cum for her already overloaded pussy.

This would go on for quite some time, even longer thanks to the magic of time dilation spells.

After Harry finished up with Gwen, he was having a business meeting. In typical Harry Potter fashion, the Incubus King was surrounded by a group of women. In fact he was naked in a hot tub with them. Selene, Emma, and Karen decided to join them.

"We might have more guests coming," Selene said, when she kicked back and smiled. The Cuckoos all walked around, dressed in French Maid outfits. It might have been a different change from their normal school girl uniforms. "But we should start about the business of the day."
There was no shortage of eye candy, as the succubi slaves Harry took walked around, and made sure the needs of all of them were taken care of. Emma smiled and beckoned them over. One of them went underneath the water and went between Emma’s legs.

"Very well, the sooner that we can get to business, the sooner that we can get to pleasure," Emma said. He snapped his fingers in response.

Two of the slaves went underneath the hot water between his legs as well. He could feel what their talented mouths were up to and he turned to the girls, a smile on her face.

"Well, looks like you're getting a jumps start on the pleasure already," Harry said.

Emma gave him a bright smile in response.

"Honey, you should know that I'm the master of multi-tasking, and you know, given that Karen here seems to be getting a full body massage while we're taking, you shouldn't have any room to talk," Emma said. Her eyes viewed the visual buffet of flesh. The Cuckoos oiled up Karen's body, her breasts in particular and ran their collective hands over them.

"Right, well we can multi-task before going on to the real purpose of this meeting," Harry said. "All's been quiet on the Hammer front as of late. The Goblin attacking him has messed him up."

"Good, I'm sure that none of us are going to shed a single tear over that," Emma said with a smug smirk on her face. To be honest, she thought that someone like Hammer, who got in the way of business, deserved a lot worse than to be spooked. He would be taken care of in due time. "And when you're done, my dears, make sure you take care of him."

"Yes, Mother," Sophie said. With a smile on her face, she buried her face between Karen's breasts for a brief moment, and came up. "All oiled up and wet."

"Yes, very wet," Phoebe commented. She came up from behind Karen's legs and she licked the area around her lips.

"Subtle," Selene muttered underneath her breath. "So, you're making inroads to OsCorp."

"Yes, I am," Harry agreed. "I'm close to being in bed with them."

"I'm sure that you are," Emma said knowingly. With that statement she reached her hand over, making sure that the succubi slave was during her duty on their master from underneath the water. "Miss Stacy was putty in your hands last night."

"She wanted this for a long time, but that just proves that she's breathing," Harry said, groaning. The wonderful things that happened to him at the hands or rather the mouths of the Succubi slaves were something that defied all conventional description. They were really taking care of him and Harry couldn't have it any other way. Their hot mouths licking all over him were a sight to be seen.

"Yes, that proves that she is a living breathing female, I agree," Emma commented. She smiled when she saw the work that was done on Harry when one of the slaves done underneath the water. "And as for Miss Parker-Osborn…"

"She'll be joining soon," Harry confirmed.

His pets continued to take care of their master.

"There's Osborn's brat, remember him," Selene said. "The male one that is. I'm sure you'll be in bed
"I haven't given him the slightest thought," Harry said dismissively. "No more than I would an ant crawling on my shoe."

Mostly because Osborn Junior was merely an ant as far as the grand scheme of things were concerned. He would be crushed.

"Shaw's brat is cut from the same cloth," Emma commented. She could feel her daughters finally attend to her. "But he's all bluster and no action. Nothing that you can't handle, my lord."

Harry smiled, his dominion was assured, and he was slowly working his way into other places of high interest in the world. He had eyes and ears everywhere and they increased from each passing day. It was getting to the point where Harry had felt that the entire world rested in the palm of his hands to hold as he saw fit.

"It's getting to where you can move forward with your ultimate plan," Selene remarked. "They need someone strong to guide them and to tell them where they should go. We're at a critical stage."

"Yes, humans might destroy themselves within the next century without a strong leader," Karen commented, running her fingers down Harry's abs. She brought one of the Succubi slaves out of the water.

Karen's lips planted on the lips of the Succubi slave. She drew the seed out of the female's mouth, and then forced the Succubi to treat her breasts.

"They will, but I'm here," Harry said.

Some might judge his actions to be evil and they would be right in some respect. But Harry saw that a strong leader did what is necessary to ensure that the people around him, the people that were useful thrived.

"Profits are up, ever since certain people were sent on their way out, permanently," Emma said, trying not to look too excited about the demise of several former members of the Hellfire Club. She tried anyway, but she failed to do so in the most miserable way possible. "And, I'm sure that's everything."

"Yes, that's everything," Harry agreed.

"Excellent, let the orgy commence," Emma responded. Things prepared to heat up. There was really nowhere else that the meeting could go other than the obvious direction.

Justin Hammer slammed the bottle of booze down on his desk. To say the man had seen better days would be the understatement to end all understatements. He was an emotional and physical wreck.

"Okay, the Goblin's not coming back, sir, so if you can just calm down…"

There was a creek outside and that caused Hammer to become more jumpy than a cat who was in an entire room full of rocking chairs. His mind was going a million miles a minute and his heart beat even faster.

"I'm calm, I'm calm, I'm fucking calm," Hammer growled through gritted teeth. The man rocked
himself back and forth.

He reached underneath his desk and pulled out a handgun. There was a weird and wild moment where his bodyguard thought that Hammer was going to shoot him. He lost a big deal, several big deals, all thanks to the Goblin.

"I want you to write this one down, write it the fuck down, do you hear me?" Hammer asked. He practically foamed at the mouth when he stared down his bodyguards. Both of them backed off and they seemed to be terrified beyond all belief. "I want you to write it down and I want you to listen to me. That little bastard, or bitch, or whoever the Goblin is, I want a price tag on her head, and I want it now."

"How much, sir"

"A billion dollars to the first person who unmaskes the Goblin, I don't care if their head is still attached to their body," Hammer said. His sharp and beady gaze looked at the staff.

He realized that any of them could be the Goblin. The Goblin could be anywhere. No one was safe. He would have to carry a gun on him at all times, that was the only way that he could be safe.

"Sir, you need to calm down, your blood pressure….

BANG! Hammer shot the bodyguard full force in the chest. The bodyguard was only trying to calm his boss down, but Hammer wasn't thinking of anything sensible. He was a man on the edge and he practically snarled with absolute hatred.

"Don't you ever fucking tell me what to do, any of you," Hammer said. He looked unconcerned about the man on his floor, bleeding to death.

Stark had undermined him, Potter undermined him, Frost undermined him, Osborn undermined him, and now there was this Goblin who cost him money. Justin Hammer was a man who was slipping dangerously close to being over the edge.

He looked at his men and he practically snarled. He looked more like a rabid animal than a man.

Hammer reached towards the telephone and his staff all looked nervous. If they weren't too afraid of being shot like Hammer's bodyguard was, he would have designed.

He stopped and retracted his hand from the telephone. He stared at his shell shocked staff. All of them looked towards Hammer as if he lost his mind, and there was no question about it. He did.

"You, pick up the phone," Hammer whispered. The man shivered suddenly.

"Sir?" the man asked, unable to believe that he was being asked this. He was too terrified to argue about this situation to him..

"You heard what I said, did I stutter?" Hammer asked sharply. His subordinate picked up the phone quickly and nervously. The man held the phone in his hand, almost like he held a live wire. "Is it fine?"

"It's fine sir, I swear," the subordinate said.

"Dial the number," Hammer said, slapping a piece of paper down onto the ground. "And… put him on speaker phone."
It was almost as if Hammer was afraid that the phone was rigged to explode in his face. His staff shifted nervously. The man was paranoid beyond all reason and most importantly he was paranoid beyond all belief.

"Okay, okay, it's done sir," the subordinate said. He wondered if he could get out of here and disappear.

"Are you at Reeves Dam?" Hammer asked briskly.

"The crew is out there, waiting for your orders," the workman said over the phone. He sounded tired, but excited. "There's something down here, it's something big."

"It better be big for as much as I'm paying you," Hammer said. "I'll be on a jet and be down there by tomorrow, I want to see what you dig up yourself."

The workman was not going to argue. His fellow workers passed the call off to him, as apparently dealing with Justin Hammer as of late was a stressful situation in a half. The man appeared to have lost all sense of reality and it was terrifying.

The Goblin did wonders of screwing with his mind and it was only a matter of time before SHIELD closed in on his more unsavory operations.

"Make sure you don't allow anyone to come there that shouldn't be there," Hammer said. His teeth practically gritted when he gave this next order. "Shoot first, and ask questions later, do you hear me?"

"Yes, sir, but...why would anyone be going after us, isn't that a private business venture?" the workman said bravely.

Naturally he was brave, he was over the phone, and didn't have to deal with Hammer in person. Hammer wouldn't be able to pick him out of a police lineup.

"We hit something, and it destroyed our tools!" someone shouted in the background.

Hammer tightened his hand around the handle of his briefcase, which he picked up. "Don't touch anything, I'll be there by tonight."

Hammer knew that if it was powerful enough to destroy the high tech tools that they used to try to extract it, it must have been something big.

"Do not do anything, and keep my staff posted, they'll get the message to me," Hammer said. He chose two members in particular to act as go between people. He spoke to them with an unpleasant bark. "Let's go!"

They went and things were going to pick up something fierce.

"We'll get you medical attention," the staff member said to one of the bodyguards. "I got shot before by him, don't mind him he's just..."

A pumpkin bomb went off in Hammer's office and that sentence was never finished. Had Hammer not left five minutes earlier, he would have been part of the explosive climax.

Diana stretched after an intense training session. Given her heritage, she always worked herself to the
hardest.

She got up to her feet, wearing a tight white top and a pair of tighter shorts. She walked forward wearing no shoes. Diana reached over to get the towel off of the bench, but a hand reached out to grab it for her.

Diana's blue eyes looked up and they met those of the one and only Harry Potter.

"Is your mother in?" Harry asked.

"She's on Nova-Roma currently conducting business," Diana said. She continued to stretch a little bit to cool down from her workout. "Is there anything that I can do for you while you wait?"

"No, I think that I'll wait for her to get back, it shouldn't take too long?" Harry asked and he looked towards her with a smile.

"I'm cooling down right now, and then I'm going to relax," Diana said. "It's a shame that you didn't show up until just now, I would have liked a workout partner to help put me through the paces."

Harry smiled at her knowingly.

"Isn't Claire your normal workout partner?" he asked her and Diana nodded in response.

"Yes, she is, but she has a few projects that she has to wrap up, and she's helping Karen with something," Diana admitted. She slipped her shorts off to reveal that she wore absolutely nothing underneath them. She bent over the bench, her legs spread a little bit, and Harry got a full view of her shapely ass. "I always relax in the nude, I hope that you don't mind."

"Not at all," Harry told her, giving her a motion that told her to knock herself out.

Diana smiled, this might prove to be a fruitful day, if she played her cards right. She needed to play it cool because otherwise, she might mess this up, and that was the last thing that she wanted to happen. The young Amazon Princess stretched herself out.

"Do you think that you can get my shoulder, please?" Diana asked him and Harry smiled.

"It's a bit tense," Harry said. She sat down on the padded bench.

Harry worked his hands all over her back and Diana closed her eyes, enjoying them roll all about her body. She thought that she got more than she bargained for when his talented fingers touched over her.

"Oh, that's it," Diana whispered. She could feel his hands work over her back. They came close to touching her ass. Seconds later, Harry pulled away from her and ran his hands all over her shoulders.

"Yes," Harry said with a smile on his face. He leaned in towards her ear and whispered. "Extremely tense."

Diana would have to agree that she was extremely tense and she allowed Harry's strong hands to roam over the area of her ass. He leaned in towards her.

"Relax, it will make you feel good, and maybe we can go a couple of rounds on the mat later when you're more relaxed," Harry said.

"Perhaps you should get my front," Diana suggested to him. The look she gave him was full of plenty of suggestion alright. Her hair hung about her face, a sultry gaze flashing through her eyes.
Her adopted mother was a bad influence on her and in a good way. "It seems the most tense, you know."

Harry smiled and he ran his hands down the front of her shoulders. He brushed past her collar bone.

He summoned over a bottle of massage oil. He squirted them upon her round and shapely breasts. Her tanned breasts dripped with the oil and Harry ran his hands all over them, straddling Diana's lap as he massaged her.

"Great Hera," Diana mewled, closing her eyes in response.

"Just fell it Diana, just feel it," Harry commented, his hands working their magic on her.

His hands slowly dipped down closer between her thighs and she could feel him working her up into a frenzy. He kept stroking the area between her legs and added an immense amount of heat to her already worked up body.

His fingers lightly brushed against her, and he rubbed her inner thighs.

"Are you feeling good?" Harry asked her.

Diana couldn't respond on the account that he was panting. His hand rested between her thighs and his fingers were this close.

"Maybe this will relax you a bit more, Princess," Harry said. He slowly worked his fingers into her body.

Diana felt a spark of electricity in her and her hips closed around him. His fingers inched even closer into her.

She was at a state of external bliss and he already brought her to her peak. He pulled out of her and lifted his fingers. He smiled and licked them before her eyes.

That caused Diana to almost lose it. The tension that she felt returned in full and she wanted to jump him.

A flash of light caused Diana's fun to be interrupted and the one and only Clea turned up to join them.

"Apologies master, but we have a situation," Clea said. The Sorceress Supreme honestly felt bad about this, especially given the state of Diana.

"It can't wait?" Harry asked her. Most regretfully, she shook her head in response. Harry sighed. "Very well, lead me to it."

Claire returned no sooner than Harry left. She smiled and saw Diana on the bench, spread legged, panting, and wet.

"So, you've been denied, haven't you?" Claire asked with a smile and she could sense his scent here.

Diana's brain finally got a chance of rebooting. She shook her head and her mouth go pretty dry. Claire sat down on the bench and patted Diana on her upper back.

"Now you know what I've been going through, sis," Claire said with a smile. Slowly, she ran her hands through Diana's hair and then snuggled herself into her bare back.
"He got further than me than he did with you, you know," Diana said, ignoring the wanton lust that she felt.

"That makes things a bit worse, you know," Claire said and she smiled. "And I bet your fingers won't ever do again."

Diana sighed, she hated when her sister had a point.

"Poor baby," Claire cooed mockingly.

"You're just getting off on this, aren't you?" Diana asked.

"Oh yes, the fact that you were turned on and left hanging turns me on so much," Claire said with a smile and she straddled Diana's lap and looked into her eyes. "Maybe I can help you out, but no promises."

"Yes, do your sisterly duty," Diana ordered her firmly and Claire's lips curled into a light smile in response.

"With pleasure, Diana," Claire said and she could see how worked up she was. She was normally more relaxed after a workout.

Then again, Harry was getting her worked up and tensed out for what might have been a little more interesting work out. That was just in Claire's opinion.

Harry knew Clea for some time, especially considering the time that they both spent in Limbo. He long since stopped keeping track of how old he was officially ages ago. With his powers, he could live for a very long time. There was a chance that Earth could be dust and ash before he would be. There would be no ground left for him to be buried in.

It wouldn't be because Harry had long term plans for the Earth, but it could be.

"So, what's up?" Harry asked her.

Clea paused and answered. "That's up."

A woman dressed in tight black clothes stared them down. She had long black hair that framed her face and an alluring gaze that was hungry in more ways than one. She was looking at Harry like he was a particularly juicy slab of meat.

"Clea, you should have introduced me to him a long time ago," the woman said. Her gaze followed Harry and the smile on her face widened. "But, aren't you going to introduce me to him now?"

"My Lord, this is Umar, my mother," Clea said and Harry smiled.

"The sister of the ruler of the Dark Dimension," Harry commented, he knew her.

"The rightful ruler as well, but my brother doesn't seem to have gotten that memo," she said, eyes traveling down Harry's body when she looked him over. She barely held back the desire to lick the inside of her lips.

She could feel that things could get pretty steamy any time soon.
"I wish that I could be meeting you under better circumstances," Harry said. In response to that statement, Umar raised her eyebrow. "You wouldn't have made yourself visible if it wasn't underneath the circumstances that you're meeting me as."

"Very perceptive," she commented. She enjoyed a young man who was just as much. That was just the type of person that she wanted to have some time with. "My brother has struck a bargain with Doom."

Clea blinked at this news. She only heard that her mother wanted to meet Harry. There was nothing like this on the table, at least as far as she knew. The woman found herself completely dumbstruck and she choked out only one response.

"Is Doom crazy?"

Umar answered as only she could. "I wouldn't call Victor, crazy, but the fact is, he's arrogant. Arrogant enough to think that the Dreaded One will honor a bargain. He wishes for revenge on Morgan Le Fay."

Harry sighed, this was some grand cycle of revenge he had to deal with. Doom tried to steal Morgan's powers. She retaliated by trying to kill Doom and humiliate him. He didn't take too kindly to that and he made a deal with a dangerous person.

"I feel partially responsible for that, as I assisted Morgan, we go way back," Umar said. She strolled down memory lane in a nice trip. "In fact, I helped her with this little caper with Victor and her nice little revenge plot."

She could see Harry's eyes travel over towards her and Umar could feel the burning fury of his eyes onto hers. She wondered if she said too much.

Her blood felt like it ran cold when Harry spoke.

"You helped her…and you know where she went," Harry told her.

Umar normally wasn't intimidated. She figured that she could get used to her expectations changing when she was face to face with him.

"I helped her, but I don't know where she went," Umar admitted to him. "But, if you want to interrogate me, personally, I would be happy to answer each and every question that you have to say."

She stroked his chest and went down on his abs when she said this. Clea smirked when she watched the show. Her mother might be bold but she was biting off a fair amount more than she could chew.

"You know, I'll take you up on that offer," Harry said. He had Umar up against the wall before she could know it.

Umar could feel his strength push her back up against the wall. Needless to say, she was blown away by him. His strong hands kept her pinned back. He could pin her back with magic.

The way he did it was better; she appreciated a more intimate touch.

"Don't worry, I'll deal with you, when I deal with you, and you'll appreciate everything that I'll do," Harry said. He held her firmly against the wall and hard.

The extremely powerful woman felt spellbound by his strength. His hands clenched around her wrist
when he held her in position.

"Do you understand that you caused problems with my plans?" Harry asked.

"Yes, I caused problems with your plans, and you don't even know how sorry I am that I did," Umar said breathlessly. Her smile deepened when she looked at Harry."You know how much I'd live to make it up for you if you've just given me the chance."

"Maybe I'll give you a chance to show me."

Clea could see another party approaching. Her excitement reached a fever pitch when she realized that the one and only Selene was here.

Given the past between Selene and Umar, the show wasn't over. It had just begun.

Harry paused and he would have to wait for the show. It seemed like he was popular today and he got a message from Valeria about something that required his urgent attention.

One could argue that the fact that the Daughter of Doom might be in trouble could almost be a coincidence. Harry didn't agree, because he didn't believe in coincidences.

Justin Hammer arrived with his bodyguards outside of the work area by Reeve Dam. The businessman arrived, and he made sure that they weren't followed. The Goblin following him all the way out here would mean that this operation would be screwed up.

He had a multi-million dollar operation out there and what was hidden underneath the dam was worth money to the right buyer.

"Make sure to secure the area, I don't want any surprises," Hammer said. He saw the ragged workmen and stared at them with contempt.

There were melted tools on the ground by them. Any attempt to crack the wall had caused a wave of energy to shoot out and warp the tools into a melted mess of metal.

"See this is what happened to the tools when we tried to penetrate them through the dam," the workman explained nervously.

"So, I see," Hammer said dryly.

Hammer didn't know exactly what was down there. All he could see was some extremely big dollar signs and that was the name of the game. All of the big businesses slipped away from him. He was going to raise further capital.

"You know what to do," Hammer told them. "Take the dam down by any means necessary, I want what's inside."

"You want us to blow up the dam?" the workman asked, his mouth hanging open.

Such an action would cause huge massive floods that would go into the farm town right next to them. He wasn't sure if he wanted to be a part of that.

"That's not a problem, is it?" Hammer asked. His burning gaze focused into the eyes of the workman. It was pure madness dancing through his eyes.
"The people could be put in danger...."

"What's inside that dam is far more significant that a bunch of farmers," Hammer said. The dam looked like it might burst anyway.

The people didn't want to sell their farmland to him anyway, so they deserved to be flushed out. Hanging onto tradition when it impedes process got in the way of the kind of business that Justin Hammer wanted to do.

"Do not think that I can have you replaced if you don't follow my orders," Hammer said. This wasn't a threat, this was a promise.

The workman looked terrified beyond all belief. There was no choice for him.

"Rig the dynamite," he ordered.

He wasn't sure if this would work anyway. Whatever was in the dam destroyed all of their tools. So why would dynamite be any different?

Hammer watched, greed beyond all belief danced in his eyes.

To Be Continued on November 8th, 2014.
The country of Latveria had what appeared to be hundreds of different travel issues to get in and out of the country. Even after Doom's hiatus from the throne, there was problems for anyone getting in the country. They needed special permission to do so from the ruler. That was hard for most normal people to obtain.

Harry did have special permission, given that the daughter of Doom basically invited him here. The young man dropped down to the ground with a flash of light erupting from around him. He shook his head and he picked up some heavy duty back up. Illyana and Ananym followed behind him. They geared themselves up for battle.

"There has been a fluctuation of power within Limbo, and some creatures may have escaped to another realm that had been imprisoned elsewhere," Ananym said, and she frowned. "We're still finishing clearing out all of my father's secret bases."

'Still?' Zatanna thought. The very thought that they were still working on those bases completely floored.

'Yes, we still are,' Harry confirmed to them all. Belasco had a vast number of secret bases, the number of such were rather insane.

Harry scouted the countryside carefully.

'But has there been any direct confirmation that they have spilled out of the portals and ended up on Earth?' Clea asked, getting off to the point. She was keeping an eye on her mother and Selene.

Clea worried about the type of confrontation the two of them could have. The past those two had honestly spoke for itself. If they wanted to have some kind of throw down, they would have a throw down. There would be no doubt about that. Sorceress Supreme or not, she would not want to be the one to come between two of them when they had a battle.

Harry deferred to both of the girls. It was Illyana who explained it to the best of her abilities. 'Yes, and no, there has been no direct confirmation. There has been some indirect confirmation regarding the types of threats that manifested themselves on Earth.'

'That's nice,' Harry thought. There were many possibilities coming in his mind and none of them he considered to be something that he wanted on his planet. He hoped that they would be able to figure out where these creatures landed sooner or later.

He sensed that there was something dangerous coming on through that portal. He didn't quite know what it was however. All he knew was that he would keep his eyes pealed.

"She decided to come out of the Dark Dimension, didn't she?" Ananym asked. As she spoke, her voice seemed rather calm. There was a sense that she was agitated about something. "Umar."

"Yes, she did," Harry commented. He gave her a look that told her to drop the matter or else.
She did, although it was with great reluctance. She was not about to defy her master.

Illyana raised her eyebrow and Ananym didn't say anything. She sensed thoughts from her master that she agreed with.

'There might be some kind of tension, those two would have had to run into each other before,' Illyana thought.

They made their way down the road. The Imperial Palace was on the other side of the countryside. That was actually a surprise that it was at that location. Until one realized that it was in a Central Location of Latveria and it made perfect sense completely.

"She said that there was a small problem that we had to deal with," Harry said. He didn't exactly know what.

Illyana hitched in her breath. She knew first hand that the small problems could end up being pretty big.

Ananym raised her eyebrow and she made the obvious response. "Exactly how big of a small problem?"

Harry sensed that there was something in the air. Both of the girls had instincts along the same lines of his. They were not as refined as his was. He craned his neck up and paused.

The Palace sounded quiet and Harry had a questioning look in his eyes. He walked up the pathway, with two of the girls walking behind him.

"Maybe the Princess got spooked," Ananym suggested. She spoke in a fairly condescending manner. "Spoiled as she is, her own shadow might terrify her."

"You have room to talk," Illyana said and the two locked eyes with each other.

Harry cleared his throat and both of them turned to each other, staring each other down. "I'd like for us to fight anything that pops up, and not each other, if you'd please."

Both girls continued their stare down for about ten seconds and they shook their heads. They knew when to push the boundaries and they also knew when to back off. Both of the girls stood on either side there.

"My apologies master, I forget myself sometimes," Illyana said.

"Yes, I should be above such petty childishness," Ananym said, and she wrapped her arms around him and leaned in.

Illyana sensed the slight towards her. She drew in a deep breath to prevent her from stabbing an enchanted dagger through Ananym's head. For all of the headway that they had, there were instances where they devolved to old habits.

"You may," Harry told her, as he waited for her to kiss him. She decided to do so. "And Illyana, you may as well."

Illyana smiled, and decided to give her master a more passionate kiss.

'Slut,' Ananym thought to her.

'Only one man can satisfy me, so how can I be anymore of a slut than you are?' Illyana asked.
'Oh boy,' Faora thought. There was a lot of apprehension from her. She wondered if she should get the fire hose to spray these two bitches down. It was looking like things were heating up and not in a good way either.

'You don't say,' Harry thought, shaking his head in bemusement. He didn't think that it would be too much to ask for both of these girls to behave themselves but something told him that he was losing a battle.

A loud crack of magical energy hit their backsides and they jumped up. The look in their master's eyes showed them that the time for games was long since over.

"Now that you've got that out of your systems, let's head off," Harry told them. Both of the girls frowned in response.

There was a bright light that blinded them. A trio of ugly demons landed down on the ground out of the portal. They were followed by another pair of ugly demons.

Ananym watched their progress, and seconds later, the countryside was being attacked by an approaching army.

"So, I'm going to guess that this is the little problem that Princess Doom was talking about," Ananym said. This looked like more of a little problem from where she was standing.

Ananym figured that she was late to the party as usual. Already Harry and Illyana were on the battle, hacking demons to bits with their mystical blades. Ananym shrugged her shoulders.

When it Rome, or Latveria rather, do as you saw done. She thought that she could take more of them out than Illyana. She wouldn't dream of showing up her master. Not that she would even dream it would be possible.

For some people, dealing with a horde of demons going in from another realm, that would be a huge problem. For these three, it was just another day.

"They're like the ones that he sent to us, only they're more powerful," Illyana said. The female hacked across them like they weren't a problem.

For her it wasn't really a problem. Harry could hear the sounds of battle from inside the palace and he made a split second decision.

"A couple of them ported into the palace," Harry told them. Both girls blinked, but Harry was away faster than light.

"So, we're going to have to deal with these things," Ananym said. She raised her hand up and blasted the demon down to the ground.

"You don't have a problem with that, do you?" Illyana asked. She wasn't really taunting her fellow pet, just asking a question.

Ananym raised her hands into the air and slammed them down hard. The pulse of magical energy rippled over the ground. A miniature earthquake rose out and then sucked the demons through a hole. They were destroyed like they were nothing.
"What do you think?" Ananym asked.

Illyana held the sword in her hand. She took aim when she slammed into her adversary. "Fair enough."

She swung the sword and swiped at her enemies, causing them to back off. The rift opened and several tentacles wrapped around the demons. It yanked them back through the portals.

The creatures screamed in abject agony. One might feel sorry for them. Until they remembered the fact that they were hideous demons and didn't deserve any pity, but still some would feel sorry for them.

Harry stampeded his way through the gates of the Latverian palace and the doors swung open. He knocked down the front door and it swung open to allow him his entrance. So far, so good, at least what he thought.

He wasn't going to count on not running into anything. Valeria was able to handle herself with her training. At least against normal threats, but there were some things which were out of her weight class.

Harry's ears followed the sound of combat. He rushed up the steps. About three steps up, Harry reached a barrier. He obliterated the barrier without any effort and also nullified the monitoring spells that would have announced his arrival.

He saw the hideous creature swing his spiked club at Valeria. Valeria launched an energy blast which damaged his armor.

"It's just for show, you silly little girl!" the demon said in the type of a deep voice that you might expect a demon to have.

"Oh, is it really just for show?" Valeria asked, a smirk crossing her face. "Then why don't you take off the armor and show me how good you really are. Unless you're too terrified to do that."

"I'll show you!" the demon growled and swung his club.

Harry teleported in front of him and the club cracked. Along with every bone in the demon's right arm shattering, it was a huge one-two punch. The demon grimaced and it's rage cancelled out it's pain.

"You!" the demon growled, his arm hung off to his side like a limp noodle, and he rushed towards Harry.

His arm was sliced off at the shoulder by Harry's next attack.

"You know, you attack me too many more times, you'll run out of limbs," Harry said.

The demonic black blood splashed down onto the ground. The creature tried to attack Harry again and his other arm was hacked off.

"You know, I should put you out of your misery!" Harry said. He sprung into the air and measured him for a violent attack.

A silver dagger shot from his hand and caused the demon to super charge. He blew up into millions of microscopic particles. He dropped down to the ground.
Two more demons approached out from beneath the throne. As amusing as this lot was, Harry didn't want to split hairs fighting them for too much. So he didn't, he lifted his hand, and slammed it down onto the chest of the creatures.

The demons dropped down onto their backs, and Harry delivered one more finishing touch.

"I swear, I didn't summon them," Valeria said, and Harry's green eyes looked around. There were a few books about the floor, some of them having to do with rituals. "I didn't intentionally try and summon them at least….I was looking…"

"For a method to see if you can find your father," Harry said. He stepped closer to her.

She didn't back up because she knew that he would grab her anyway. He very nearly closed the gap between them.

Valeria nearly swallowed a lump in her throat and spoke swiftly. "Yeah."

"You need to be more careful," Harry told her. "The intent of what you did caused a ripple effect."

Harry channeled magic into his hand and scanned the area around him. He frowned and decided to add.

"Although it was not completely your fault, not this time at least," Harry told Valeria. "There is something coming in from the other end, and…an old enemy of mine didn't take too kindly to what I did last time."

"Do they ever take too kindly to what's done?" Valeria asked and Harry smiled.

"No," Harry said. With that simple word he sat down upon Doom's throne as if he owned the place.

It was a mark of how much Valeria respected him that she didn't call him out on it. At his urging, she sat down on the Throne as well, upon his lap.

"Your father has formed an alliance with a very dangerous force that he'll live to regret dealing with," Harry said to her and Valeria corked an eyebrow. Her curiosity got the better of her. She couldn't help it. "Does the name Dormammu ring any bells?"

Valeria cringed and the Incubus King turned her so she faced him. She practically straddled his lap and that was not a bad position to be in for anyone.

"Yes, several," Valeria said, leaning in towards him so her bright blue eyes met Harry's green eyes. "Way too many, but my father, do you think that….do you think that…"

"I don't know, I can't even begin to have insight on what your father is doing," Harry commented and she shifted against him. Harry slipped the cloak off of her body, to reveal that she was wearing a tight black shirt and tight black pants underneath. Her tremendous assets flaunted out for him. "I have my theories of what he's doing…"

"Half of the time, some of his more insane plans are because there's a defective Doom Bot," Valeria said. She could feel his hand on the small of her back. He lightly rubbed circles around it and she thought that she should protest this action.

She just couldn't protest these actions. It felt so good and her inhibitions melted away.

"No more demons, at least for now," Harry whispered in her ear and Valeria nodded. "And we'll see
what your father is up to, along with Le Fay."

"You think that she could be involved in this?" Valeria asked.

"We should assume so although she's jumped off of the grid," Harry commented to her. Valeria felt herself melt underneath his embrace. The dark haired female felt more and more like he had her trapped underneath the palm of his hand.

That was something that she accepted. More importantly that was something that she appreciated more.

"The last time we were together, you were well aware that you were in my debt," Harry told her.

Valeria could feel her heartbeat quicken. She was not ignorant to what that meant, to be in the debt of an extremely powerful Incubus King.

"And today you saved me again," Valeria said, and her body burned for him to take her.

She thought at first it was the debt, it was something deeper than that. It was something much deeper than that.

"I don't like my payments to be left unchecked," Valeria said. She decided that she would go for broke. "Please take me."

Harry smiled when he ran his hands over her neck and he cupped her face. Valeria could feel the fire burning from his fingertips. He leaned in closer to her and the daughter of Doom opened her mouth.

The first kiss caused an explosion of passion to blown through her mind. His tongue kept pushing deep into her mouth and Valeria returned with a deeper kiss. Their tongues dueled for domination with Harry winning the duel with her.

She could feel Harry slowly unveil her clothes from her body. The brunette felt her breasts exposed. They ached to be touched, to be played with, everything along those lines. Her flat stomach showed that she worked out.

Harry sensed her arousal. He could sense an aroused woman, one that really wanted it, and this one wanted it. The nature of the Incubus was impulsive, but this one would be a lot better when he had her after all of this time.

He closed his eyes, and his clothes melted from his body.

"Time to pay your debt, Val," Harry whispered

Valeria got to her knees to worship her king.

The Daughter of Doom leaned in. Her lips wrapped around his tool. His throbbing rod sank into her mouth.

"Show your devotion to me," Harry whispered. To encouraged her, he tightened his grip around the back of her head.

Valeria intended to do this as well. She wrapped her hot lips around his large tool and pumped it into her mouth. His manhood slammed deep into her mouth.

Harry grew harder in her mouth. Her hot mouth slurped him and she drew her hand down. Her hand gripped him.
"Harder!" Harry whispered when he pumped himself into her mouth.

Valeria sucked his cock harder. Her lips and mouth worked him over into a fever. She felt his tip grow into the back of her throat. It was a magical gift that he allowed his cock to grow deep into her mouth.

She tilted her head back.

"Soon you'll get my cum," Harry told her.

Valeria eagerly anticipated that. Ever since her first meeting with him, she anticipated this action.

"It looks like we missed the party."

Ananym turned. The demon watched the daughter of doom suck their master's cock. She had good technique. There was always room to improve. The girls trained underneath the succubi slaves who had the best technique. It was always about finding new and inventive ways to pleasure their master.

Illyana smiled and wrapped her arms around Ananym. She forced the redhead demon girl against the wall and pushed her there hard.

"I think that you're pretty wet and you need relief,' Illyana said. Her fingers slowly brushed up and down Ananym's slit.

The redhead's hips pushed out towards her. Her juices coated Illyana's fingers from her tender actions.

Valeria continued her blowjob. She could feel Harry's penis choke her throat. Her body got even hotter when she grinded herself down on his manhood.

"Going to come so," Harry whispered, grabbing her hand. "You better not waste a drop of my gift."

Valeria kept sucking her. Her tongue swirled around his manhood and she lathered his manhood with her tongue.

He bucked his manhood into her mouth. Her mouth opened up as his cock spurted his manhood into her. She was careful not to waste a drop of his cum as it spilled down her throat.

Harry released an immense load into her mouth and tested her devotion to him. She tilted her head back and drained his balls.

Harry pulled Valeria up to her feet by her wrists. His next movement was to push her back down onto the throat. Her hot thighs spread for him.

"Take me, master," Valeria said, and Harry smiled at her in response.

He caused Illyana and Ananym to slam against the walls and the chains wrapped around them. He levitated two floating dildos, to wire them into his nerve endings. He waved his hand and locked Valeria into their nerve endings.

"Master, please," Ananym whispered. The dildo brushed against her dripping lips.

Illyana felt the toy about ready to penetrate her. It kept touching her. It came really close to entering her body.

Harry grabbed Valeria from behind. His finger teased her and then his cock did the same.
"Beg for me," Harry whispered in her ear.

"Please master," Valeria responded in an equally hungry way.

Harry pushed into her body. Her tight walls wrapped around him. He pushed into her. His hands rested on her hips as he pumped into her. The princess closed her eyes when Harry plowed into her hard from behind.

Valeria thought that she was going to lose it. Her hot thighs clamped around his tool and she drew him deep into her. The fact that those two bitches felt the same things that she felt got her hot. Another rapid fire series of thrusts caused her body to explode with pleasure.

Her hands clutched the edge of the throne of Doom. Harry's cum loaded balls slammed into her body.

His mouth bit down onto her.

"Mark me, make me yours!" Valeria shouted at the top of her lungs.

Valeria's hot walls tightened around him. Harry smiled and he thought that he wouldn't deny a request from someone like her. It was one that he agreed with. He pushed harder into her from behind.

Ilyana's hips bucked and she felt the full force of Valeria's orgasm. Her legs tightened around each other and she shuddered with the pleasure. The simulated cock pushed into her. She looked over and could see the pleasure that boiled through Ananym's eyes.

Ananym felt it. The fact that the doctor of Doom got debased on the throne got her hot and bothered enough. The fact that she felt Harry taunt her, work her over, it felt increasingly good. She slowly felt the dildo pleasure her on its own accord. It vibrated at a steady rate and caused her hips to tighten around it.

"FUCK ME LIKE YOU OWN ME!"

Valeria's passionate shriek could be heard for the entire world to see.

"There is no like it, you're mine now!" Harry said, wrapping both of his hands around her hair.

Valeria felt herself slumped against her father's throne. The orgasm nearly reached its fever pitch. They were going to destroy Doom's throne and she got off on that.

Her tight pussy wrapped around him. He finally allowed her orgasm to come out and he kept pumping into her body from behind. The young man kept pushing himself into her body at a rapid fire rate.

The super powerful series of thrusts caused her hips to ripple around him. She felt his orgasm coming and that caused him to drill her with a rapid fire movement.

His balls tightened and he emptied the contents of his balls into her super hot pussy. Valeria felt herself plowed into the chair again and again.

The dark haired Latverian princess collapsed on the throne. She felt Harry's hand run down her ass.

The focus of the dildos switched the asses of the captive audience that Harry chained to the wall. The young man's eyes traveled all over Valeria's ass.
"One final hole before you're completely and utterly mine," Harry said, his finger brushing against her anus.

The woman could feel him about ready to work into her. His throbbing cock moved outside her entrance. Her ass looked rather sweet and tight. Harry couldn't wait to enter it.

He didn't need to wait. He was right in front of him. His hands touched either side of her ass and he sunk himself into her body.

Valeria's eyes closed and his hand brushed against her right breast. He sunk himself into her hot ass from behind. He thrust into her again and again, heightening her pleasure to something really fierce.

Harry felt her ass tighten around his throbbing manhood. He rammed himself deep into her inviting bowls. His hands ran over her body. Her sweaty curves felt amazing and awesome underneath his grasp.

The young girl bit down on her lip. Harry plowed her from behind as hard as he could from behind. Over and over he planted his manhood into her ass. Each thrust caused her to spasm. Her orgasm held back, until the point where he decided to release it.

Harry further reduced the throne to nothing. He pounded her in her ass. It felt really great to be inside her tight and inviting ass.

"I've taken you in every way possible, your future pleasure belongs to me," Harry said. The Incubus king slowed down his thrusts when he worked into her.

"Oh yes!" Valeria agreed.

She never felt so good. Her fingers wouldn't feel the same. Any toy wouldn't feel the same again. The one and only thing that she wanted was his cock deep into her ass. He pounded in her ass.

Illyana felt the pleasure spread through her body. The dildo rammed into her ass, harder and harder. Her ass felt raw from the pleasure that Harry gave her.

Ananym experienced the same emotions. The thrust of the dildo buried into her ass. Several deep thrusts rippled into her ass as it rammed her hard. The ramming got harder.

Valeria slumped over the vault. She thought that she would have felt weakened and battered. The Daughter of Doom thought that, she thought wrong. Harry's held his hands around the back of her hair and pulled it back. He slammed himself into her body.

"Please, cum in my ass."

Valeria's eyes closed tight and her ass got battered. She could sense that her master was about ready to cum. Her pleasure got released. The Latverian Princess soaked the throne with her hips that bucked up.

Harry forced her to taste some of her cum. That caused her to get even wetter. He planted his manhood into her ass.

Both girls on the walls were allowed shrieking orgasms. His balls released their load into Valeria's ass.

She slumped down onto the throne. Her panting escalated when he completed injecting her ass with his hot and sticky seed. His hands rested on her ass and planted into her, reaching his conclusion.
Selene sensed that there was an old friend of hers arriving. One could use the term friend extremely loosely. There was a pure love-hate relationship between the two of them. Sometimes they were in love and they wished to hate each other.

She noticed Harry going off on a distress signal and she approached the woman. Clea stood there nervously from one side.

"Selene," Umar said. There was a calmness in her voice that chilled anyone who listened.

Eyes between both of these women locked on each other. Selene matched her calmness. "Umar."

The two of them had a lot of tension. There was so much tension that Clea almost expected a fight scene.

"I would like to have thought that we would have moved beyond what happened," Umar told her. Selene's mouth curled into a frown in response.

"What do you think?" Selene asked her. The two women kept looking into each other's eyes. "It wasn't my fault what happened."

Umar smiled. She knew that she could pat this woman on the shoulder in a condescending manner, but she resisted her utter most impulses.

"No one blames you because of it," Umar commented, and her lips grew even wider with the smile over her face. "But I suppose that even most of us will have a guilty conscience."

"Just what are you doing here, Umar?" Selene asked. There was a certain amount of testiness to her voice.

Clea watched the interplay with both of the women. It was like a tennis match. A high stakes battle between the two of them. If a fight broke out, Clea shuddered to think of the consequences.

Umar didn't rise to Selene's bait. "I'm here because we all have to be somewhere. More accurately though, my brother is on the move again. He didn't take what happened with his latest setback too kindly, if you can believe that."

Out of the many things spewed from that woman's mouth that was something that she could believe.

"Tell me more," Selene said, leaning towards her.

"He has formed an alliance with the one and only Doctor Doom, and they intend to cause trouble for anyone who gets in their way," Umar continued. Selene's face shifted into an unreadable expression. "Doom might not be dangerous enough on his own, but my brother wishes to acquire domain of the dark dimension."

"And you thought that you could entice the Incubus King to do your bidding," Selene said. "He doesn't do your bidding, Umar."

"No more than he does yours, Selene," Umar said. It was obvious at this point that both women seemed to be trying to feel the other out.
Selene hated when this woman showed up. They had many wild nights and also many wild fights. She wasn't kidding when she said that it was a love-hate relationship.

"Mother, my master will not be pleased if you cause any trouble," Clea said, warning dripping from her tone.

Umar smiled at her daughter. "I forgot how much you grown. And a belated congratulations on your appointment, I thought that you were worthy of it. And I'm glad to see that I was proven correct on all accounts."

Clea nodded.

"You were more adept to the job than Stephen Strange was," Umar continued.

There was a nervous atmosphere in the air and Umar whistled. The woman wondered when their delightful Incubus King would return with news. He had been taken away on an emergency and any invaders, she could tell that he would not take too kindly to intervening with his domain.

Incubuses rarely took kindly for anyone interfering on their domain. That was a territorial thing. It was a thing with all men in reality, but it was entirely true with the Incubus race.

"Mother, we have a situation."

Selene averted her eyes towards Claire, who stood in the doorway. She was followed by Diana, Amara, and Karen tagged along with them as well.

"What kind of situation?" Selene asked.

"The power has gone out and the backup power had to be kicked on," Claire said. She was at a loss to explain exactly what happened. "Only the crystals are able to be charged, the actual power is completely fried."

Selene frowned. "Are you sure?"

"Yes, I'm sure," Claire said, and she hoped that she didn't get blamed for this.

The few crystals they hooked up proved to be a useful temporary source of power. Exactly how long they would hold remained a mystery. It was only for emergency purposes when the crystals kicked on. They were a strain on the life expectancy on Earth technology.

"If I'm correct, then the problem is city wide."

"It is, didn't you feel it, my daughter?" Umar asked. Clea looked at her mother confused and Umar pressed on. "The power fluctuations, the one that caused shivers to go down your spine. At least it did mine. At first I thought it was our king returning."

"He's not your king yet, Umar," Selene said, not fully trusting this woman's attention directed towards her king.

"Let's not split hairs over the technicalities of this, honey," Umar said. It was obvious Selene was trying to keep calm despite how condescending Umar's response was.

"We should just let cooler heads prevail, until Harry comes back," Diana said.

She hated to be the voice of reason. There were sometimes where she just wasn't good at it. The Amazon princess was far better than she was when she was younger at being the voice of reason.
"Yes, we should," Amara agreed, and she nervously watched her grandmother.

She arrived to get a status report about what was going on for the X-Men and she got dragged into a fiasco. Her communicator buzzed.

"I think that something's happened at the X-Mansion, I better go," Amara said to them.

"Keep me posted, they could be handling the same problems that I did," Selene responded.

Amara nodded, she knew of her mission and her duty. She would not fail of it.

'So, the situation has been tempered in Latveria, but we've run into other problems,' Harry informed the group.

'One of my spies within Hammer indicates that he plans to blow up the dam, and....'

'There's something down there,' Karen thought suddenly. It hit her that there could be something down there.

'You got that much off of the scans, didn't you?' Faora asked her but Karen remained silent.

'That's our next stop, Smallville, there's something in the air there, and Hammer's going to screw something up, meet me there, five minutes,' Harry said, all without taking a breath.

Justin Hammer felt like he was the king of the world. His bad mood based on what he was dealing with regarding the Goblin almost faded.

"It's prepared, sir, just waiting for your orders."

Hammer was caught by a sudden arrival.

Harry Potter arrived. Harry Fucking Potter arrived to stick his nose in where it wasn't wanted. Hammer's scowl deepened.

"Well, what do I owe the pleasure?" he asked, tightening his hand around the tip of the cane.

"That's a nasty limp you have, Justin," Harry said to him. "Souvenir from an encounter with a goblin? Or maybe some other spook?"

Justin Hammer almost got baited into saying something that he shouldn't. He held himself back.

"You're going to blow up a dam where you don't know what's down there," Harry said. "Is it just me, or is that a stupid idea?"

Karen's eyes raised and she shook her head. "No, it's not just you. It's a very stupid idea."

"It's an extremely stupid idea," Faora commented.

Justin Hammer was not one to be deterred no matter how stupid some people might have said that idea was. He was feeling so confident that he would backtalk Harry Potter. He knew of the young man's Hellfire Club connections. It wasn't exactly a closed secret around the business world. Even if he hadn't confirmed it out loud, it was known.
"A stupid idea is you trying to interfere with my plans," Hammer said. He gave them a look as if he dared them to try something. "Something that you have no right to do, I might have, as all of the documents have been filed legally. You should clear out now, before I have you all arrested."

Harry decided to call Hammer's bluff. "I'd like to see you try, Hammer. I'd really like to see you try. Especially with all of the skeletons that you have buried. Or Goblins."

Hammer's eye twitched at the statement regarding goblins.

'He's been gotten to,' Gwen thought, smug as shit.

'So you've figured out your way onto the bond network, then?' Illyana asked.

'Been just trying to figure out my way around it,' Gwen admitted. 'It's kind of weird the first couple of days when you hear random voices inside your head. But you get used to it after a while.'

Harry snickered, he could feel her pain from that one. He stood face to face with Justin Hammer as Hammer's eyes averted to the workman. A grim nod was given which indicated that he wanted to do it.

"Take out the explosives!" Harry yelled.

This caused Hammer to hit the ceiling. "You have no right to....."

A portal opened right inside the dam and cracked it completely open. It disrupted the integrity long enough for the dam to burst and water to flow out.

A flying chunk of green rock thumped Hammer in the face and knocked him out.

"That's the same rock that was in Limbo," Karen said. They had been shielded because of thankfully.

"Yes, Kryptonite, didn't we call it?" Faora asked.

It did make sense. It was a meteorite from Krypton that was radiated. Therefore it was Kryptonite. It made more sense in her head, she would have to admit. The dark haired girl shook her head.

"Look!" Karen yelled, pointing down towards the ship.

She felt a sudden sense of Deja-Vu and it was easy to tell why. The same exact ship down to the last nut and bolt was resting underneath the cracked dam. She listened for any signs of life stirring inside of it.

Another portal opened, and this time something flew out of the portal. It looked like a creature that was of the worst nightmares of someone else. It glowed with energy.

"Get it away from the Kryptonite!" Harry yelled. The creature gave a feral growl and that indicated that it wouldn't be that easy.

It siphoned off the Kryptonite energy, and more of it was behind the dam, along with the ship. Another portal opened, splitting the dam open.

Harry's spell absorbed through the portal, and it was too late to seal the dam. His only alternative was to stop it from flooding the town.

The dam burst and a cascading effect of green rocks and water flowed down. Not to mention an
army of demons that grew even larger thanks to the radiation they absorbed. They consumed Hammer's workers, absorbing their bio-energy and reducing them into nothing but dead husks of nothing.

To Be Continued On November 12th, 2014.
Chapter Twenty Four: Invasion From The Dark Dimension Part One.

Fighting demons from another dimension was just another Tuesday for Harry Potter. Or was it another Wednesday? He couldn't quite recall exactly what day that normally happened on. All that he knew was that he had to get these demons away from the Kryptonite and now. They got stronger every second they fed off of it.

"They're feeding off of it," Faora whispered in a gasp. She could see Harry swoop in and remove the power cell.

There was also the fact that the not so mysterious alien ship hovered in the dam. It was about ready to break free from its containment. One last nudge and it would be there. It was almost jostled free now.

Harry lifted his hand high into the air and slammed it down on the rocks. The rocks solidified and the energy absorbed out of them. Harry banished the energy to a place where it would not harm anything or enable anything.

That was just half of the battle. The demons still wanted to fight and one of them whipped out a large set of tentacles in an attempt to take Harry's head off. Harry dodged the tentacles and they slammed down onto the rocks. Hitching in a breath, Harry avoided his adversary one more time when it tried to take his head off.

Raising his hand high into the air, Harry launched a bolt of energy from his hand. The creature couldn't get out of the way of this attack if it even wanted to. It shot forward and impaled one of the creatures.

"He's got the right idea," Faora said and she slammed her hands down on the rocks.

"But what about the town down there?" Karen asked.

"Leave it for now, it can't be helped!" Faora yelled.

She felt saddened for the death of innocents. Mostly because they didn't do anything but they had a bigger problem. That problem was sending a group of demons back to where they have come from. She hoisted her hand up off the group and a super sonic punch knocked one of the creatures back through the portal.

Karen's breath hitched into her body and she could see her ship. The loud siren that came off of the ship indicated that the stasis field was about to fail. She was lucky not to get a bit of a horrifying shock when her field failed. That was beside the point however. The blonde rushed over.

Horrifying creature with fangs and fingernails tried to take her out. Karen wasn't dealing with any of that shit. She dodged his attack.

"Take this!" she yelled. Her heat vision backed it off.

Harry was hard at work in figuring out a counter measure to send these creatures back through the
"I'm reversing the portal which they came from, the ship ripped a hole through time and space because of what Hammer did," Harry said.

He looked around to see where Hammer disappeared in all of this. True to form he ran away like a little bit. Although Harry suspected that there was a chance that he got devoured one the demons. That might give them a spot of indigestion trying to digest someone like Hammer.

'The entire world has gone mad,' Clea reported to him.

'Got to worry about the immediate area right now,' Harry said. He closed his eyes when he fired his energy through the portal.

It was time to send his demonic enemies back through the portal and to the other side. The Incubus locked onto the power flowing through the portal. His breathe increased and became rather ragged. It seemed like no matter what he did, this was going to be a draining process.

He let out his breath in a solid crack and nearly fell over, landing on his knees. Karen and Faora approached him in a tentative manner.

"Are you okay?" Faora asked him.

"Just give me a minute," Harry said, shaking his head. He thought that he was pretty lucky not to die out there.

Speaking of lucky, the ship hovered back and forth. Harry sensed a chill in the air.

'The power is completely out, but no sense that anything is coming through yet,' Emma added. 'They might be waiting for orders.'

'My thoughts exactly,' Selene said. 'The party that you encountered in Kansas might have been the scouting force.'

'And when they exposed themselves to the green rocks, they grew completely and utterly mad,' Ananym added, wringing out her hands fairly nervously.

'That's about what I figured,' Harry thought to himself. He took a deep breath into his body and mentally plotted what his next move would be.

The next move obviously was to get the ship out of here.

'I'm bringing another one back, it resembled Kara's ship,' Harry thought to Illyana and Ananym.

'So you did find another alternate version of her for your collection,' Illyana said. There was a note of approval given to her voice.

'Although I would recommend not bringing her to limbo given how the older one reacted,' Ananym thought.

'Weren't you the one who tried to coerce me to do your bidding?' Karen asked Ananym and Ananym waved off those thoughts.

'Details, please spare them, darling,' Ananym thought. She might have looked amused given the circumstances and under normal ones she would have been.
Karen folded her arms underneath her chest and she gave a lengthy sigh. There was one thing that couldn't be denied, they had to get the ship back and then deal with that. It was too dangerous to be here.

Harry made the modifications on the core, which should hold the ship stable. Until the moment where they brought the young woman out of the ship, they would have to keep her secure. If she got woke up prematurely, that could have consequences.

Harry looked up at the sky, it was cloudy with a chance for an invasion. Those were symptoms for a day that he never enjoyed.

"After all that we've been through, you think that you could put our differences aside, at least for a moment," Umar said. Selene's critical gaze burned onto the woman's face. "After all, we're only on the precipice of an invasion that could destroy every sentient life over several realms."

"One that you had no small part in setting the ball rolling for," Selene commented, acid pouring form her tongue. "But your punishment is not my duty. I'll leave it to the master to have that great joy."

Umar wasn't going to lie about the fact that caused some excitement to flow through her body. She leaned over towards her daughter, who positioned herself between Selene and Umar. It was almost like she didn't trust them to hold a civilized conversation without coming to some kind of blows.

"So, how is being punished?" Umar asked.

"If he wants you to get satisfaction out of it, you will, if he doesn't, you won't," Clea commented to her mother. Umar offered her daughter a knowing smile in response.

"I'm sure that it will be something great when he does, then," Umar said and Clea's stance was calm and rigid. It was obvious that she was not meeting Umar's bait, whatever that was. "Like a true Incubus King, every woman that he sets his sight on is underneath his thrall."

"I didn't think that you were a woman who would get off on that," Selene said, smiling at Umar. Umar returned the smile and reached forward. Clea flinched at this sudden movement. Umar only placed her hand on Selene's shoulder and smiled. "You could say pretty much the precise thing regarding the Black Queen of the Hellfire Club. You don't seem like the type of person who would get off on being controlled."

Selene wasn't going to say anything. She knew her role. It was something passed down from a long time ago. She was going to play the game as it was. Harry was better than expected. The Incubus King satisfied her every wanton desire.

"I suspect that you won't have a comment regarding that," Umar said. "We must prepare for my dear brother's attempt to take over this realm. He was a bit sore about his plans for Limbo and his plans for you being disrupted."

Clea hated to think of what her uncle's plans would have been like for her. The man was twisted like any ruler of a realm.

"But I don't think that he has properly learned his lesson," Umar commented, folding her arms underneath her chest.
Umar realized the second that she spoke that she might as well have stated the obvious.

"You don't think that, do you?" Clea asked.

The truth was when Harry got his hands on Dormmanu, there was going to be something to pay. She could take that to the bank.

"How did he take control from you?" Selene asked. "I thought that your control was assured after he failed to take in the last time."

"The Dreaded One has his supporters, despite his personality being less than appeasing," Umar commented. "It doesn't really matter though because any of those supporters are going to suffer the same fate of Belasco's when our master takes him down."

"Exactly how did you lose it, mother?" Clea demanded of her.

"I would think that one so submissive would not have such a strong state of independence," Umar commented in amusement. "But since you asked nicely, I'll tell you."

Clea prepared herself for some kind of word game. That was just the way that her mother rolled. It wasn't done purposely or maliciously, that was just the way that her mother rolled.

"I was preoccupied with other matters," Umar commented with a smile.

Selene raised her eyebrow and Claire at this point returned. She could tell when her mother was at the end of her rope with someone. It was essential for this young woman to keep a long distance. Slowly she backed off and crossed her arms.

"What other matters?" Selene asked.

"It was tracking down a friend of mine that vanished from the scene, I told you about Morgan, or have you forgotten already?" Umar asked.

Selene shook her head and there was a long sigh that escaped from her body. She wasn't going to say the completely obvious thing. Morgan Le Fay pulled some kind of disappearing act every few decades. She turned up in another time when she was needed or felt bored and wanted to cause mischief or remind people that she was in fact Morgan Le Fay.

The Black Queen of the Hellfire Club did not ascend to her position based on stupidity. She knew something was up. Especially with someone like Umar, but she wasn't going to press on that issue.

'We're not going to get anything,' Selene thought to Clea.

'You look about ready to strangle her,' Clea thought.

Selene decided to assure her. Or rather what counted as reassuring a person when it came from Selene's mouth. 'I could strangle her yes. That would work fairly nicely but there's just one problem. She's a potentially valuable resource for our master.'

Selene need not say any more. They got a signal that their master was in position.

"Since you caused this mess, you're coming with us," Selene informed Umar. This was in a tone that left precisely no room for any arguments whatsoever.

Umar smiled her wicked smile and her gaze locked onto Selene's. "Of course, darling, I wouldn't miss it for the world."
There was something rather sinister about that kind of look that Selene couldn't put her finger completely on. She was up to something, but then again for as long as Selene knew Umar the woman was up to something.

Harry followed the portal residue and he almost expected that he walked into a trap. That seemed to be the story of his life really, walking into traps.

The only problem for the person setting the trap was that Harry often turned it around on them. He reminded himself of this fact instead as Karen and Faora walked next to him.

'It won't help for me to tell you that he left a papertrail for you on purpose, would it?' Ananym asked Harry.

Harry shook his head. 'No it wouldn't. I'm already on my way to meet him and whatever he throws at me, I'll be ready for it.'

Harry wasn't even bothered by the fire and brimstone that surrounded him. Most people would be unnerved greatly. After spending most of his young life in Limbo and worse at the Dursleys, Harry grew used to the tender embrace of what went on around him. Karen and Faora followed him.

'My younger self's ship is safe and secure, and no one will be able to use anything inside,' Karen thought.

The blonde shook her head. There were many horror stories about people using technology that was meant for good for purposes of evil. She could feel Harry's strong arm on her and it steered her in.

There was not a creature stirring. Not even a demonic mouse. Harry approached the gateway. There were seconds for him to make a decision and he pulled out a blade. He dripped some of the demonic blood that he collected onto it and shoved it through the gateway.

The gates cracked open and Harry stepped back. His breathing hitched into his body when he walked forwards into the gate.

"Coast is clear," Harry told both of the Kryptonians.

The coast might have been clear so far. There was a sense that there was darkness flowing through the air around all of them.

The bones of several fallen enemies filtered on either side. Faora narrowed her eyes. That was a common tactic for an enemy to psyche someone out. Put the bones of a defeated enemy out and make them think twice about their approach.

"I know that you're in there, face me!" Harry yelled. "After the last time though, I wouldn't have blamed you if you ran away like a little boy underneath his mother's skirt. Did you enjoy me present Dormammu? But you must have not, because you would have thought twice before trying to mess with another realm that I tried to claim for my own."

"You dare mock me in my own domain."

"Well we're not quite inside the Dark Dimension, but I'm sure that I can take that as well," Harry commented, making a step forward.

"Do you not realize who I am, I am….."
Harry broke the shield with a piercing impact spell. That offered a two pronged impact. The first prong allowed him to shatter the villain's defenses and allow him to get on through. The second prong of the attack shut up the demon in mid monologue.

The man stepped out, he towered over most. He especially towered over Harry who was by no means a short man. He wore armor and a flaming skull head.

"So it comes down to this, Incubus King, I will make the world that you've claimed burn!" the Dreaded One yelled.

"No, I don't think that you will, and you will pay for trying to attack those who I have claimed as well," Harry said. "I hope you enjoy when I take your niece and your sister for my own. And if you have any other attractive females that could be of use to me, feel free to send them my way."

That caused the Dreaded One's eyes to flare with anger and Harry was pretty sure that he touched a nerve. The smile that crossed the young man's face was obvious. That was what he intended to do.

"Take them out, but bring the Incubus King to me…"

"You wish to destroy him yourself!" Umar yelled. She managed to sound so animated and dry when she showed up that it was amazing that she managed these two states at once. "After all of these years, after all of this time, couldn't get a new line."

Selene and Clea turned up as well.

"You thought that you could deceive me!" the Dreaded One yelled at the top of his lungs.

"Yeah Door Mouse Guy, we did," Karen said. There was a taunting nature to her voice when she spoke.

The bones on the side of the road shifted and rattled. They formed into flaming skeleton warriors, complete with weapons.

"Of course, he would have to try a cheap attack like this," Clea said, and she braced herself ro an attack.

The bones were fortified with magical power. That didn't matter to this group.

"Former foes of the past, arise, and do my bidding, squash this group of interlopers!" Dormmanu yelled at the top of his lungs.

"Wow, flare for the dramatics much," Karen said, shaking her head. She would normally be amused, except she was kind of bemused to be honest.

The Dreaded One slipped off into the shadows. Karen conjured a pair of daggers that glowed. She rushed at the skeletons.

The skeletons exploded into several chunks of bone fragments.

Harry sent a dark spell at the skeletons. It was a nasty spell when used against real live humans. It would give them some kind of magical bone disease where their bones degenerated slowly until they were nothing but skin and organs. It was a horrific way to die.

It worked just as well on these enchanted magical skeletons. Harry waved his hand and his latest attack shattered them into bits when it slammed into them.
Umra watched how Harry Potter moved. She observed him from afar especially regarding his trysts with various women. This was the first time that she had the pleasure of being in the same area as him.

One of the skeletons tried to attack her. She dismantled it handily and then conjured demonic dogs which ripped the bones apart.

"My brother always seems to go for quantity over quality," Umar said. As much as she wanted to condemn the person who invented that expression to a cold dark existence, she had to admit that it was fitting.

"Well he's compensating for something," Harry said without missing a beat.

'Do you need our help?' Illyana asked. She felt herself blown away.

No matter how many times she saw her master in action, there was something new that caused her to be bedazzled and excited.

'Keep control in Limbo, we've got this,' Harry thought. 'He might try to take control there, but between you two, Zatanna, Wanda, and Nico, you have enough fire power where any invading forces should be taken down.'

'Not to mention we have an army of human shields that you collected from your old world,' Ananym reminded him.

Harry remembered that and he was going to utilize that if he could. He was dwindling the Dreaded One's forces. The huge problem was that the man himself disappeared.

"He's sealed the gate behind him, the crafty bastard," Selene said. She turned towards Harry, asking for his input.

"He's not as crafty as he likes to think he is, there's more than one way around all of this," Harry said, placing his hand on the edge of the gate and running his hand over it calmly. The young man knew that there was a way in and a way out.

"Knowing someone like him, he'll return, he always does," Clea said.

"Next time, he'll be finished," Harry commented.

The six of them took in the carnage around them. The bones were nothing but dust. Harry arranged it where no magic would be able to raise these fallen foes of Dormmanu ever again. The power of the Incubus King was such that he could do something like this.

"Not a peep out of Doom, that's oddly out of character," Faora said to herself.

"His daughter has been taken to a safe location, hasn't she?" Selene asked and Harry smiled and nodded. "Right after you claimed her."

Umar waited for that moment where the Incubus King would address her. She knew that it was coming sooner rather than later. His burning gaze fixed on her.

"You know, you enabled part of this invasion when one of your plans didn't go as you thought that it would," Harry said to her.
"Forgiveness is earned through your actions and what you can give me," Harry said, and he turned towards the group. "Karen and Faora, finish setting up camp. We're going to storm through the gate when the ritual I set up is finished. Clea and Selene, keep an eye on the ritual and make sure no one interferes with it."

"Of course, master," Selene said.

She swooped down upon him and her soft dark lips met his with a passionate kiss. Harry wrapped his arm around her, and pulled her in. There was a hint that there was even more to come.

"Only come in upon my signal," Harry said.

Clea offered herself to her master and Harry took control of her. Her soft lips pressed down upon his. His hand stroked her lower back as it sent sparks down it. It was a sign of much more to come if she wished for it and if he wished to give it to her.

Harry waited for Clea and Selene to leave. He turned his attention to Umar.

"Do you wish for me to get on my knees before you, my king?" Umar asked him.

Harry smiled, amused at her incentive. "In a moment, I may ask that of you."

The Incubus King knew one thing and that was with the nature of what Umar did, it would be much more satisfying to leave her hanging, at least for a short time.

"Wait there, and don't move until I give you permission to do so," Harry said. "You may breathe, but that's all that you can do."

Umar could feel the overpowering Incubus King had over her. She had no choice to comply with his wishes. Her body gave a full shudder when he stepped away from her.

"Illyana, anything on your end?" Harry asked her.

"No my lord, there is nothing, not even a blip on the radar," Illyana thought, she said this next statement in a fairly apologetic manner. It was almost like she felt bad. 'He fled but he hasn't made his actions.'

"No sign of Doom," Harry thought to her.

"No sign of Doom and no sign of Le Fay," Illyana confirmed for him. That proved one thing to Harry and that was that they played the one game that no one liked to play. He was on the verge of playing the waiting game.

"I'm sure the Dreaded Dipshit will do something that will give away his position, that's what he's bound to do," Ananym thought. 'We'll keep you posted, master, you just enjoy your new party favor.'

Harry smiled, he intended to do so. He could turn to Umar who to her credit didn't even move except for the permission that he gave her to breath.

The thrall he had over women showed his power, but to use it too much would take some of the challenge. That being said someone of his abilities and his prowess, there would not be that much of a challenge to begin with. Harry figured that he would just take that challenge when he could.

"You may blink."
Umar did in fact blink and Harry walked towards her. He placed his hands firmly on her hips.

"You can answer any questions that I’ve ask of you," Harry told her.

Umar wasn't sure the exact moment she submitted to Harry. Only that she enjoyed the control that he exerted over her. She wanted more of it, much more than that.

"Do you know anything concrete of your brother's plan?" Harry asked her.

Umar paused. "No, master, only that he intends to gain revenge on you for locking him out of Limbo. He may wish to use Doom as a pawn. Morgan might be playing both sides, but I haven't been able to divine her role in this."

"You've been watching me and being a dirty voyuer, haven't you?" Harry asked her.

Umar wouldn't deny it. "Yes, master, I have, and nothing could get me off more. I spent many nights imagining what you could do with me."

"Turn around," Harry said to her. "Spread your legs and place your hands upon that pillar."

Umar obeyed his orders. She felt her nipples growing hard.

"Cum hard," Harry ordered her and Umar felt a rippling sensation go through her body. "See that's the kind of power I have over you."

"By mere words….but by touch…" Umar whispered and Harry wrapped his arms around her from behind. He cupped the underside of her breasts.

"Yes, by touch I can do much more, so much more, and now you belong to me, and so does your pleasure," Harry said. "I can make you cum as many times as I want to, or no times at all. But I reward my pets if they behave and punish them if they do bad. And you've been very bad, Umar."

She shuddered and felt her clothes burn off of her body. Her legs spread even more when she bent over. She wanted this from Harry.

"But to give something to you, you must give something to me," Harry told her and smiled. It was time to cement his authority over another woman. "Down on your knees."

Umar sank to her knees before her master. She watched with greed when his hard rod was exposed to her.

Harry got a good look at his newest pet's body. Her midnight black hair formed an alluring curtain around the area of her face. Her blue eyes shimmered at him with lust. Her breasts were large and perky, and seemed to defy gravity. She had a fit looking waist with hard defined abs. A pink pussy that just burned lust with a small thatch of black hair rested above it. Not to mention her ass was to die for. He could take it all night long.

He would have plenty of time to explore that body. He only had one order for his new pet now. He knew that she would comply with it. Umar's burning lust focused on his hard rod when it hovered tauntingly next to her lips.

"Lick it," Harry ordered her.

Umar started at the base of Harry's cock and ran all the way down to the base. She made sure to bathe it with her salvia and kept licking it.
"Don't neglect the balls," Harry ordered her.

She took his balls into her mouth and looked up at him, with an alluring look on her face. She took one of them into her mouth and suckled on it a little bit. The other one was in her mouth and she suckled on that one in response.

The moment she treated both of those balls with respect, she looked at his cock. Harry only had one word that showed the orders. "Suck."

She sucked. She sucked him big time. Umar took the tip of his cock into her mouth. Her wet and hot mouth encased him. Like a pro, she took him down in her throat.

"Oh, that's a good cock sucking slut, taking it in deep like that," Harry said to her. He wrapped his hands around her hair and yanked on it to show his dominance. She looked up at him, it was an erotic sight with his cock pushed in her mouth.

Harry enjoyed the ride. He decided to work her up. It would be more pleasurable to him if this woman was worked up. After she was worked up, he might be able to take her. His hands rested on either side of her face and he rocked himself deep into her mouth. She deep throated his cock hard when it went down her throat.

"Yes, that's it, you want the gift I'm about to give you, don't you?" Harry asked Umar. He gripped her hair and made her look up towards him.

Her burning eyes fixed on him when she pushed her mouth down upon his manhood. It was obvious with how much she worked him over in her mouth that she wanted this and she wanted it badly. Her hot lips pressed against him.

Harry rested his hands on either side of her face. His balls tightened. Seconds later, he pumped a load into her waiting mouth.

Umar closed her eyes and made sure not to waste a drop of his seed. It spilled down her throat in a series of rapid fire spurts. Every single spurt caused her body to shake and quiver.

Harry pulled her up to a standing position and smiled. He squeezed her breast causing her to shiver.

"And now turn around," Harry said.

She realized that her master was still hard. He bent her over the edge of the stone and his throbbing hard cock pressed against her thigh.

"I hope it fits," Umar said to him. She was so wet that she doubted that nothing wouldn't fit but the heat that continuously rose from her body proved that she wanted this so bad.

"Don't worry, it will."

Harry slid into her from behind. He felt the crushing grip of her tight pussy hug his incoming manhood. His hands braced upon her hips when he rocked into her from behind. He stretched her out.

Umar closed her eyes. Not only was his cock bigger than she remembered it in her mouth, but her pussy seemed to be tighter and snugger. Harry forced it open and caused a combination of pleasure and pain.

Her orgasm held back.
"I need to cum," Umar breathed. In response Harry slapped her hard on her breast.

"You'll come when I say you will, is that understand?" Harry asked. He roughly squeezed her breast for emphasis.

"Yes…..master!" Umar yelled and Harry rammed his hard cock into her again.

He roughly plowed himself into her tightening body. Harry smiled when he realized that she milked him with her silken walls. Using all of her pussy muscles to give him pleasure meant that no conditioning was needed.

He decided to reinforce his control. Taking two hands full of hair, he pulled on it. He noticed that Umar's pussy got even tighter when he yanked on her hair.

He pulled out of her and turned her around in one fell motion. He smashed her back first into the pillar. His hands rested on her thighs and pushed deep into them. His fingernails scratched her up when she looked up towards him. There was an extremely adoring amount of lust dancing in her eyes when Harry held her into place.

"Take me, like this!" Umar suggested. She could feel Harry's hands locked around her.

"Oh don't worry, I'll take you in every way," Harry said, and he could feel her hot juices pump out of her upon his mental command. "Cum, you may cum now."

She came again and her pussy thrashed. The moment that she was nice and slick, Harry slammed himself into her.

He wrapped his lips around one of her nipples and sucked it. Umar felt him suck her body, and explore every last inch of it with his hands. It was almost like he fucked her into a state of complete and utter submission.

His manhood speared deep into her body. Her hot pussy caressed his cock and took him into her smoldering hot depths.

"More, please, more," Umar begged him. Her thighs clenched down hard upon him. His mighty spear passed between her legs.

Harry bit on her nipple. That caused her to tighten around him.

'Clea, come here and see what state your mother is in now, and tell me if she's learned obedience,' Harry thought to her.

He rammed his huge cock deep into her body. This was the kind of control that he exerted over his women.

Clea walked over and she felt herself blown away. She knew better by now to touch herself.

"Are you getting off on that, honey?" Umar whispered, and she could feel Harry squeeze her breasts hard. He attacked them with a ravenous fury.

"I think that your mother should treat you right and eat your pussy," Harry told her.

Clea knew that this wasn't a suggestion, this was a command. She slowly stripped her cloak off and her under armor.

"You've grown up to be beautiful my daughter, but I know that you'll taste as good as I am," Umar
"Don't talk, just devour your little girl's womanhood," Harry told her.

Clea straddled Umar's face. She felt the hot tip of her mother's tongue impale into her body. The Sorceress Supreme felt a jolt.

'You always wanted to know what my tongue would be like in your hot cunt, didn't you?' Umar asked her.

Clea nodded, fiercely biting down on her lips. She followed the process of Harry's cock.

"You've been a naughty little girl," Harry said, reaching over to cup Clea's breasts. "I can see where you get it from however."

Clea nodded fiercely, the juices trickling down between her legs. The duel assault of Harry groping her tits and her mother devouring her pussy drove her completely mad.

Harry grunted, Umar's strong and powerful legs wrapped around him. He pulled almost out of her and then slammed back into her body. His balls drained their contents into her pussy.

"Clea, clean out your mother's dirty pussy," Harry said to her.

Clea walked over towards the place where she arrived into this life. She felt the smell counting from her mother's twat to be extremely overpowering.

She dove between her mother's legs and slowly licked her. The sounds coming from Umar's mouth caused delight to rise from Clea.

The next step was Harry's hard throbbing pole to push between her thighs. Every time he fucked her it was like being fucked for the first time all anew.

"It's nice to see a mother and daughter cement those bonds," Harry whispered to both of them.

Harry sawed his way into Clea from behind. His hands rested on her back to give him the support that he needed.

"Plow my daughter, please master," Umar said.

There was not a better sensation in the world in watching your daughter get fucked by a powerful Incubus King while she ate your pussy. If there was, Umar couldn't really think of it. She could barely think at all right now due to the fact that she was being plowed nice and hard from behind with a series of rapid fire thrusts.

Her hot pussy gripped him when he worked into her body. Harry smiled, he allowed both of their orgasms to be released.

Clea sucked down the delicious forbidden juices spilling from her mother. The combination of her and Harry was good and a fresh dose was just about as good. That caused her to cum and cum really hard.

Her tight twat manipulated Harry. His cock grew even larger inside her body. It touched her womb to cause spikes of sensual pleasure to roll over her body.

"Here comes your treat for being such a good pet," Harry whispered.
Umar smiled when she felt her daughter's hands rest on her breasts. She encouraged her daughter to squeeze them.

The roaring rush of cum cascading from Harry's balls painted Clea's insides white. Each thrust shot a huge splash of cum into her. He impacted her, firing his load into her womb over and over again when he fired his load into her.

Clea collapsed on her mother. The excitement that spread through her body burned up and she was glad that she shared this with her mother.

To Be Continued On 11/15/2014.
Selene paced back and forth. This was the calm before the storm. She half expected something dangerous to happen although she didn't know how dangerous it was. The woman leaned in towards Harry.

"What is it?" Harry asked. He was quick and to the point where he turned up.

The Black Queen of the Hellfire Club frowned. "I'm not sure my lord, but I can see something trying to break through, do you want me to…"

"Stay calm and don't do anything," Harry replied to her, holding up his hand to stall her movements.

Clea and Umar returned back from behind him. Umar frowned and spoke calmly. "If you know my brother, you know that he has an inability to let anything go when he should."

Harry figured that much. The huge thumping put the Incubus King on alert. There was a strange aura that was going about in this Dark Dimension. The young man placed both hands on his hips and he continued to hear it.

Crack, crack, crack, that was the sound that it made. Harry Potter made sure his women stood behind him. Then he lifted his hand.

"I think he expects to get the jump on us," Harry muttered underneath his breath.

The problem was that Harry Potter wasn't going to get jumped on by any Dreaded Demon. If Dormmanu wanted to bring the fight, then he was going to get the fight brought to him. Harry closed his eyes and he could sense the powerful creatures on the other side of the gate. The ritual also powered up and that would give Harry a powerful bunch.

The blood runes began to glow and there was a chain reaction. Each and every one of them spiked with immense degrees of magical energy! There was a huge chain reaction when all of them went off. The bangs grew louder and louder when they kept spiking each other.

Clea could see the gate blow open. Her master looked over his shoulder towards her and locked eyes with her. She knew now was the moment.

The Incubus King led his way through the gate. A hideous demonic entity was injured because of the magical backlash. Harry put it out of his misery when he conjured a blade and stabbed it through his throat. Demonic blood splashed against the ground. A series of stabbing motions caused the demon to go down.

"He keeps trying to fight, I'll give him that," Selene said. With a wave of her hand, she turned the creatures to stone. Her next attack caused the stone creatures to shatter down to the ground.

"That's the problem, isn't it?" Umar asked. The woman looked around in noxious. She could smell something noxious in the air.
One stolen look at her king and it was obvious that he smelled it as well. The young man walked forward and swiped the lock of the door until it clicked open for him.

He stormed the gates of the castle with a renewed fury and vigor.

"Okay Dormannu this is it, face me!" Harry yelled. He was going to bait him.

He intended to strike while the iron was hot. It was unfortunate that his dreaded enemy didn't want to fight him face to face.

"He's not run out of tricks, apparently," Clea said, with widened eyes. The winged demons above them circled them and proved that he didn't run out of tricks.

They had stone hard skin, razor sharp teeth, and claws, and glowing red eyes. They also spit acid so they were a nasty little combination of everything that was wrong in the world.

Umar watched this spectacular sight. Her brother really had some interesting tastes for some of the nastiest looking creatures in the world. It was horrifying to see these things bare down upon them.

The display of power that their Incubus King delivered was far more terrifying. The way that he moved, what he did, and more importantly how he did it, it was done swiftly and more importantly brutally. Umar's mouth hung open when she watched the progress of her king. He hacked and slashed at the enemies that hovered above the top of his head.

"Damn,' Umar whispered when she watched these creatures. She could feel these creatures circle around them.

"Indeed," Selene said, not wanting to have something in common with Umar. There was one thing that couldn't be denied.

Harry threw himself in a zone. His attacks hacked at the creatures with a brutality that was unmatched. These magical assaults obliterated the stone skin of the creatures and caused them unbearable pain.

If one was watching from the outside, they might have thought that he took great offense to the fact that he had to fight minions and not the real deal. One would assume that and they would be right.

Harry saw the blood soak his hands. Calmly and casually he cleaned it up. His teeth gritted and his jaw set. He made his way forward and casually rapped on the door.

When his casual movements didn't prompt the door to be opened, here was the point where Harry snapped. He raised his hand and sent a single bolt of black light.

Faora and Karen turned up just in time to see Harry blow the gates open. They were about to say that the gates had sealed themselves and no one had escaped onto Earth or in Limbo. The words never reached the tip of the tongue and out of their mouth.

Harry destroyed a sealed magical door.

"No one has opened the doors to his inner quarters ever, it is sealed by a spell….." Umar said, stopping abruptly when her daughter pinched her backside.

"He can," Clea said firmly.

Harry Potter walked forward and saw the empty throne room. He smiled. There were several
personal affects that he was going to loot.

"Oh, that's pretty careless, leaving your stuff lying around like that," Harry commented, picking up a glowing black amulet and analyzing it with a smile. "I'd hate for anything to happen to it, wouldn't you? I mean anyone can walk into here and just swipe anything."

Harry waved his hands and the artifacts disappeared right before everyone's very eyes.

Umar watched this turn of events in abject shock. She was almost surprised that her brother didn't turn up to strike down Harry Potter just took his things. Just like that, without any thought of it. Any thought of pissing him off, well actually there was a thought of pissing him off. It was a thought that this was an obvious attempt to piss him off.

"He just did that, didn't he?" Umar asked.

"Yes," Faora said, she knew that her king had a big set of balls, that much was obvious. She watched him, with hunger flowing through her eyes.

If this wasn't the time nor the place, she would jump him right here. The dark haired girl smiled when Harry continued to walk forward.

"I think what we really seek are behind these doors, but stand back in case I'm wrong," Harry told them.

They were about to protest his orders because he was never wrong. His strength of personality over them compelled them to take a couple of steps back. Their knees were completely shaky where they stood.

"I think that it might be a good idea for me to knock on the front door, wouldn't you agree?" Harry asked.

He thumped on the door and it cracked open. The flaming one was standing right before him.

"You have willingly entered my domain, you have…"

Harry slammed his hand right into Dormmanu's face, essentially bitch slapping him down to the ground.

"You always have to monologue," Harry said, and he conjured a flaming battle axe, which his enemy narrowly ducked. "I don't like that!"

Harry prepared himself for an immense fight scene against his most dreaded enemy ever. The Dreaded Dormmanu was not pleased of being slapped down like a bitch and he attacked Harry instantly.

Doctor Doom paced around like a caged animal. To say that the events of recent days were not going his way was going to be a mouthful. He was banished after his battle with Le Fay. The woman got the better of him. It proved, as much as Doom loathed to admit it, that the teacher had a few things that the student needed to be learn.

He traveled through countless dimensions before he landed at the feet of the Ruler of the Dark Dimension. Doom had heard of the man. He may have ran into him once or twice in pacing.
The Ruler of the Dark Dimension had a problem; he had lost control of the Limbo Dimension. The young man who took it from him was a young man that was a thorn in Doom's side.

"We had a deal!" Doom raged, even though he paced back and forth. His new partner said that he would return soon and assist Doom. "I assisted you, because I expected Le Fay's head on a plate. No one dares turn their back on Doom. DOOM SHALL BE ACKNOWLEDGED, DO YOU HEAR ME!"

Doom hit up an invisible wall. The wall rippled slightly around him but it seemed like no matter what he couldn't push through.

"YOU DARE STOP DOOM!" Doom yelled.

The new power that he got through this deal was useless. He was beginning to see that fact. Dormmanu had fooled him and if there was one thing that Doom loathed immensely that was being fooled to any degree.

"You can't stop me forever, I will break free!" Doom howled. He pounded on the wall as hard as he could manage.

The wall slowly rippled around him and he could hear the sounds of combat on the other side of the wall. Doom curiously stepped towards the other side of the vault and almost pushed himself through. There was a rippling sound again.

He could see that there was more give in the wall.

"If you think that you can deceive me, you are completely insane," Doom whispered, and his voice rose in pitch. "DOOM WILL NOT BE EASILY DECEIVED! You will honor your end of the deal, Dormmanu, one way or the other."

Doom slammed his fists through the gateway and the energy barrier rippled. The Ruler of Latveria tried to push his way through the barrier. There was plenty of give to it. He slammed his fists through it.

He would have burned had his armor not protected him. That being said, Doom could feel the heat when he was in there.

"YOU WILL NOT BE ABLE TO HOLD ME BACK, YOU WILL NOT BE ABLE TO HOLD BACK, DOOM!"

Doom howled when he slammed himself through the gate. The barrier ripped away finally and he was greeted by the sounds of what proved to be an immense battle.

No pain, no gain, and Harry Potter were going to make sure that all of his enemies gained a lot of pain.

"I can't believe the coward fled again," Karen said, curling her fingers up into fists.

"Well that's what he does, he never sticks around for too long," Umar said, shaking her head.

Dormmanu was pretty close, she could sense it. Exactly how close he was, she couldn't really tell for sure. If there was one thing that Umar could tell was that her brother was always one to lure an
enemy into a false sense of security.

"Come out and play….."

Harry could hear the crashing of a barrier on the other side. A loud rant, with a lot of Doom rant sprinkled into it.

Karen and Faora picked up the sounds with their immense hearing. There were smiles on their faces.

"I guess we found where Doom went off to now," Karen commented.

Harry raised his eyebrow and waited for Doom to crash on through. He didn't want to distract himself from the main enemy.

Dormmanu nearly got lucky taking Harry's head off with one punch. The shield raised up caused the Dreaded One's attack to bounce on back.

"You've been given ample warnings to cease your hostilities against me," Harry said, sending several throwing knives into Dormmanu's tendons. The impact of the attacks utterly destroyed his tendons, slicing them.

The Ruler of the Dark Dimension never thought that he would feel pain from such a mundane object or really any pain at all. That was a galling sensation for anyone to feel, much less an entity that caused such destruction and terror. His name was spoke in such whispers.

"I think you've discovered one important thing, haven't you?" Harry asked. "Stephen Strange may not have dealt with you permanently, but he's long gone. There's a new set of rules and as I say goes. But they're the rules you like to fancy yourself to play by, isn't it?"

The Dreaded Ruler of the Dark Dimension channeled some kind of magical energy in an attempt to heal himself. He was blasted in the back by another.

"You took Doom's knowledge and tried to storm his kingdom!" Doom yelled, taking the shot while Dormmanu was down.

This was not going the way that the ruler of the Dark Dimension anticipated. He struggled back to his feet.

"You can fight me all you wish, but I will be around still, and I will crush all that oppose me!" he yelled and Doom got launched into the wall. "And now…"

"Another monologue, you'd think that you would learn that's not a good idea to do around me," Harry said, causing the man's head to stop flaming. That was a trick amongst itself and many thought it would be impossible to extinguish that flame.

"No, no, this world, it's mine for taking…"

"That's where we have a conflict," Harry said, and he ripped him to pieces. He could have destroyed him now, but he wanted to leave a few pieces of him intact long enough for the true measure of his defeat to settle in. "There's a certain pecking order in the universe. I sent you an explosive warning to stay out of my way. Apparently I should have sent something a bit more lethal, because that would have done the job better."

Dormmanu wondered in the back of his mind where it all went wrong. He tried to fight one more time, but he was whipped down. He was all out of tricks, all out of minions, and most importantly all
"You take what is mine, we have a problem," Harry said. "And now I've taken everything from you."

Dormmanu could feel several razor sharp daggers slice into his spine. It was pain beyond all measure. His arms and legs twitched and he felt torment beyond anything that he knew in his life.

"We have a huge problem," Harry whispered intensely. His tongue almost curled into a hiss when he looked down at his enemy. "Do you understand what kind of problem we have?"

"No….." he whispered and he felt something curl in the back of his mouth.

"Yes, I want this Dimension and I'm taking it, and I don't care who likes it," Harry said. "And you have collected a few slaves over the years that I'm sure can be fun just like the rest."

The Dreaded One screamed when Harry ripped into him. There was a stony and grim expression on his face when he drawn out the pain and suffering.

Clea, Umar, Selene, Faora, and Karen viewed the show before them. Karen spoke for all of them.
"Damn."

That was right, Harry's power caused these five extremely powerful women to be spell bound and blown completely away. His green eyes glowed with energy and he ripped his enemy apart like he was nothing. To Harry Potter, such an enemy was nothing; he was beyond nothing in fact. His hands dripped with the taint of blood and Harry raised them up in the air.

"It's done, it's over," Harry whispered to him.

Doom walked towards Harry Potter. He weighed the consequences and the possibilities in his mind.

On one hand, he was going to go up against the young man who had taken down the Dreaded One, Dormmanu just like that. It was in a snap of his fingers. That was something that caused Doom pause.

On the other hand and Doom reminded himself of this fact constantly, he would never get another chance like this for as long as he lived. It was time to make the most of these efforts.

The only problem was that someone nailed Doom with a bolt of energy from behind and he vanished into some alternate realm.

"I hope I didn't miss the party, did I?"

"You got here just in time for the cleanup, Valeria," Harry said, turning towards her where she stood behind where her father once was. There was nothing but a pair of footprints. "What did you….."

"Just standard protocol to ascend to the throne of Latveria," Valeria said with a smile and she sauntered over. She wrapped her arms around her master and kissed him heatedly. After a deep kiss, she pulled away from him. "Of course the throne is yours, my liege. But we should not leave anything to chance, just to make sure."

Harry knew that she was in for a special reward because she did the vast majority of his work for him. The smoldering footprints of what was once a living, breathing Doctor Doom was proof enough of that.
"We have a lot to do," Harry told them.

'The Dreaded Dipshit didn't even step one foot into Limbo,' Ananym reported to them. 'We waited around for a while….the Succubus slaves and their pets kept us company. But there was no attack.'

'He'll spend the next eternity pulling himself back together,' Harry thought with a smile on his face.

'Where you will be there to rip him apart all over again,' Wanda thought.

The gift of bonding with the Incubus King had many advantages. One of them was eternal youth and everlasting life, even though a lot of these girls had longevity. That was just one of the many benefits of bonding him.

'I'm almost looking forward to doing it again, and I wish I would have caused him just a bit more pain,' Harry thought. He placed his thumb and forefinger together to show how much pain he intended. He shook his head. 'Oh well….I think that he'll suffer well enough and the spoils of war are prominent enough.'

Harry stopped. He was on his way to the facility where they kept the ship to meet with Karen and Faora.

It happened again and it flashed through his mind again. It never happened when he was awake and it was far stronger this time.

The redhead girl stood at the edge of a field. She dressed in a form fitting red robe with a golden Phoenix Emblem on it. Energy surrounded them and Harry approached her. He could feel this power, it was closer to him. He kept walking towards her.

It was almost within his grasp. She was almost within his grasp. He could reach out and touch her just like that.

Suddenly he was shaken back to life. It was like no time had passed in the real world. That was the closest that he had ever come to reaching out and touching this mythical and powerful figure of his dreams. His mouth grew suddenly dry because of the thought of her.

'The time approaches, my king,' Emma thought to him.

'I understand that it has, and the blocks on her are coming undone, but has she removed them herself?' Harry asked.

'I believe over time once she hits her maturity, they would break away, the dreams that you've had of her were the first signs of that,' Emma thought. 'But now she reaches the power. Amara is in position and monitoring for anything peculiar regarding her. She has complained about a headache and left her training session to go and lie down.'

'So it is happening,' Harry thought. 'Does Xavier know?'

'He suspected that this could happen one day, years later, but by then the blocks had already been on and it would be even more dangerous to remove them,' Emma commented, folding her hands over her lap. 'Xavier wanted to spare the girl the torment of what her powers would give her. She couldn't handle the torment of them, no one could. It's a force as old as time itself. You know that the Hellfire Club awaited the moment where they would manifest in another. It has been over a century
and the last occupant was driven mad.'

'But if I help temper the power…'

'Then you will have a very powerful asset underneath your thumb, among the others that you have obtained.'

Harry knew that his dreams were more vivid. It was almost like his Incubus Aura demanded the most powerful females possible. He saw a flicker of his mother's conscience also within the edge of this Phoenix Force. The ritual she did had severe consequences. She sacrificed her soul and her existence to give Harry these gifts.

Only Harry wondered sometimes if she sacrificed herself completely, with these strange flashes that he felt.

'Are you okay, master?' Illyana asked nervously.

'I would have to ask as well, that seemed to be the most vivid episode yet,' Zatanna thought.

'I'm fine, just worry about what you need to worry about,' Harry thought.

He figured that he would get a few more flashes when he got closer to the moment where her blocks ended up breaking. With her full power unleashed that quickly, Harry prepared to do damage control and gain an extremely valuable asset in the process.

Claire and Diana walked together towards the address that they had been given. They approached Faora and Karen who were waiting as well.

"We're just waiting for Harry to get here," Karen said. "He had some last minute conquests to take care of."

She actually didn't know what her master was doing. She got a weird spike of energy not too long ago that caused her to be unsettled and very concerned. The blonde shook her head, she had to deal with it.

"You found it, you found the ship," Claire said. The dark haired Kryptonian was giddy with excitement, she could hardly wait. That was another survivor of Krypton and she nearly bubbled with excitement.

She tried not to look too anxious because of several reasons. The first reason was that she didn't know if it was her cousin in the ship. And she might not be anything like Karen, despite being like Karen.

It didn't make any sense and Claire took a moment to look at Karen. Her eyes lingered on her chest for a matter of minutes and she pulled away, looking kind of flushed for obvious reasons. The blonde didn't look too upset or even looked like she noticed.

If she noticed, then she was playing it cool.

Diana smiled when she saw Harry show up.

"Sorry, I'm late, there was a couple of pressing matters that I had to take care of," Harry commented.
"No, you're on time, we're just early," Diana said and Claire nodded her head in agreement.

Faora smiled, they already had these two trained pretty good and they hadn't been officially claimed. She could sense by the look that Har gave him that they were at the top of his list of potential conquests.

"Nothing much, I talked to Emma about something, and it's happening soon, you might have gotten a flash that rang your head," Harry told Karen.

Karen's mouth hung open and she nodded in surprise. Whistling she thought that she should be surprised. She should be far from surprised however. "So that's it…"

"Yeah, that's it," Harry said in agreement with her. There was a second where Karen's lips curled into a surprised smile and she just let her arms down.

Claire and Diana had a good idea what they were talking about even the fact that they found out was kind of an accident.

"We should be able to safely bring her out of the ship and we have protocols in case she's hostile," Harry said.

"What, are you going to pin her down and fuck her brains out?" Faora asked without in tact and that caused Claire to grow red and Diana to pat her on the back.

"Now there's an idea," Diana muttered, that would be a good way to calm someone down. And they would submit to Harry.

She submitted to Harry just as well, what little they were able to do at least. And it left Diana with a taste for more and one that could not be quenched by any means other than Harry.

"Just hold that thought for one moment," Harry said, clearing his throat.

All of the girls stood up straight and held that thought quite nicely. He turned towards Karen and smiled at her.

"Would you like to do the honors? Harry asked her. "Technically speaking, it is you."

"Yes, technically speaking it is me," Karen agreed with him. With not a further word, she took a half of a tentative step towards the ship.

She knew how this worked. She didn't know how two identical ships failed like that. It may have had something to do with the Kryptonite flying at the ship when the planet exploded and it triggered some kind of sensitive stasis lock.

The young woman brushed her finger and carefully activated the trigger. She took in the readings on the ship and slowly turned around to report her findings to the rest of the group.

"She might be a little weaker, but not as weak as if the radiation shielding around the ship cracked open and let the Kryptonite inside."

Harry felt another flash suddenly. This was not the time or the place to feel them. His strength of will could have pulled him away, but he didn't want to pull away. He was on the field again, and this time there was a door between the two of them.

Locks were on the door and she stood on the other side. Her eyes grew wide when she blasted at the
door. Some of the locks loosened, and then she collapsed on the field.

"Closer," Harry whispered, feeling Faora's hand wrap around his to firmly bring him back out of reality. "How is the ship?"

"Almost there master," Karen said, biting down on her lip when she kept working through the final lock of the ship.

She had to dismantle these ships tightly.

'Amara said that she felt that one on her end, and Xavier has ushered them all into the subbasement, and has taken Ororo, Wolverine, and Summers up there to see if they can mitigate the damage,' Emma reported back to them. 'I think that Ororo might have the best chance to get through. Wolverine doesn't have the tact, and Summers….well let's just say that he tries hard. And the Phoenix is upset at Xavier.'

'I see,' Harry thought, hoping to keep his mind on one problem at a time.

The immediate thing was to get the ship done and open. The occupant was inside. He watched Karen unseal the final lock of the ship. The glow of energy that came from the ship was very familiar.

Karen thought that her younger counterpart would at least come out in a place that was far less depressing than Limbo. That was an awful dimension to wake up to even if things worked out for the better eventually.

She watched her younger counterpart's eyes flash open.

"And that is my cousin, Kara from Krypton," Claire said with a smile. The girl was dressed in tattered white rags. These rags were once elegant robes. It appeared that the material of the clothes deteriorated over the years, even if the ship stayed mostly intact.

Kara stumbled from the ship and she fell into the arms of Karen. It was obvious that she was alive but in a very disoriented state.

"Get her to the medical bay, you know what to do," Harry told Karen.

"Right," Karen said, scooping her younger self up into her arms.

Harry waited for another flash but nothing came. He thought that he reached the calm before the storm.

'My lord, everything has settled in the Dark Dimension, there is no further threat of invasion,' Clea reported back to him.

'Excellent,' Harry said, with a smile.

He had other further problems to deal with, so the last thing he wanted was an invasion from the Dark Dimension again.

"See if there's anything we can salvage on the ship, and see if it can be useful," Harry told Faora and she nodded.

It was time to play the waiting game.
To Be Continued on 11/19/2014.
Kara Zor-El of this universe’s Krypton was completely disorientated the moment that she came out of the ship. The last thing she remembered was that she took her father's ship, and followed her cousin's ship to Earth. She wanted to make sure that things were safe. Her Aunt Lara couldn't go because of the high risk pregnancy that a natural Kryptonian pregnancy had.

The next thing she knew, she stared face to face with a blonde woman with a short haircut and piercing blue eyes. Kara found herself rapidly confused for a number of reasons. She thought at first it was her mother, but then she stopped those thoughts when they crept in the back of her mind. She didn't remember a time where her mother was so well endowed. Her head rang so much that it hurt. The blonde shook her head and gave a prominent sigh.

She needed figure out where the hell she was and soon. Her eyes felt like they were watering when she held her head up.

"Just calm down and relax, you're very weak, but you can be strong again," the blonde told her.

Kara couldn't really fight this if she wanted to. She was so weak. If she was on Earth, shouldn't she be stronger? The effects of their yellow sun were supposed to nurture a Kryptonian back to health.

"Where am I?"

"In a safe place," a young man said and Kara turned to take a look at him.

The moment that she looked into his green eyes, she felt an immense amount of strength and also a bit of weakness as well. It was an amazing paradox. Kara couldn't even begin to fathom what she felt, much less explain what she felt.

"Easy does it, your ship nearly failed, you could have been poisoned."

Kara took that news about as well as anyone would. She could see another female come into focus. At first, Kara thought that it was her Aunt Lara. No, it wasn't.

'Unless she changed her hair color.....and somehow didn't die with the rest of Krypton,' Kara thought. No sooner did she think that, she felt a crippling amount of weakness come over her again.

She didn't think that this was a fun time. She tried to think about maybe just maybe that the planet didn't blow up like everyone thought that it did. The blonde scoffed and her throat could feel red and raw.

'Kara, you're a fool,' she thought to herself. She wiped the sweat from her forehead. She never felt more weakened in her life.

The blonde wanted to lie into bed. Her garments were stripped off and she found herself to be nude. Not that she had any problems with her body, but it was just a bit unsettling.

"We need contact with the skin to ensure that no Kryptonite poisoning has occurred," the busty
blonde. "We need an infusion of yellow solar radiation to spike her power core. It's partially blocked...don't worry, this won't hurt that much."

Kara would have preferred that he didn't hurt at all. She caught on quickly enough. "This will give me full access to my powers, right?"

"Yes, it should," the busty blonde said and she smiled. "My name is Karen, this is Harry, and this is Faora and Claire."

Kara wrinkled her brow. The name Faora rang a bell in her mind. She wasn't sure how or why.

"Just lay back," the young man known as Harry said.

There was something powerful about him. Kara could tell that he was Kryptonian by the way that he held himself.

"She's quite the specimen, isn't she, Har?" Faora asked him.

Harry would have to agree. Then again, a version of one of his favorite girls would demand his attention. Kara rested back on the table and she could feel things blink to light.

The yellow solar infusion process began. Kara wasn't going to lie, they were right, it did sting a little bit. The energy infused into her body.

The pain faded seconds later and Kara could feel a new flow in her. It was almost like if she got reborn. The blonde got to her feet shakily.

"Give yourself a couple of moments to assimilate to the solar infusion into your mind, your cells were weak, but thankfully it was only a partial Kryptonite poisoning and you've been dormant in the ship for that long," Karen said.

Kara was reminded of her mother when she rattled off several scientific facts in a rapid fire machine gun like fashion. The blonde's lips curled.

"But your cells after this first infusion, should be able to assimilate yellow solar radiation at a rate where your body will not go into shock," Karen rattled off at a rapid fire fashion.

"Are you doing well?" Claire asked.

"I'd do better if I had some clothes," Kara said, and she looked at them. "Not that I have a problem with being naked with any you...and I just put my foot in my mouth, didn't I?"

Claire smiled and she zipped off. She returned with some clothes for Kara.

"They should be about your size," Claire said. "We're about the same body type."

Kara looked at this Claire girl and accidentally, her X-Ray vision turned on. It was like a click when it switched on. The moment that it was on, she very well couldn't figure out to turn it off. She wasn't sure whether she wanted to.

Karen, smiling at Kara accidentally checking out her own cousin's body, reached over towards her.

"Just close your eyes, and focus, it's going to be like flexing a muscle," Karen said and Kara nodded.

She realized that when her eyes started stinging. It happened after she got good look at Harry.
"Just let it go, you'll be able to better control it if you do," Faora suggested and there was a set of curtains that caught on fire from Kara's eyes shooting heat vision.

'Don't worry, I never liked those curtains much, anyway,' Emma declared in a droll voice.

"So, who exactly are you people?" Kara asked. She didn't want to seem too demanding but at the same time, she wanted answers.

"I told you, my name is Karen, I'm like you, only from an alternate universe and older," Karen commented and Kara frowned. Her mouth curled into a slight "O" shape and she nodded. There was something about that which made a little bit of sense, she guessed.

She was just going with the flow at this point. She finally slipped on her clothes. She wore a tight red shirt that fit snugly around her body along with a pair of black leather shorts. It was a bit snug but it would have to do.

"And I'm Claire Gallio, but I was born Clara Jor-El," Claire commented with a smile on her face.

Kara was shocked and astonished, this girl here was her cousin, a teenage version of her cousin. No wonder that she was so disoriented.

"And I'm Faora Dru-Zod," Faora said. Kara looked at the girl with a surprise. She knew that name. Zod was a decorated military commander on Krypton but when he felt that he got railroaded by the Council, he grew mad. He was stripped of his body and sent to the Phantom Zone.

"And I'm Har-Zod," Harry commented to her. "But the world at large knows me as Harry Potter."

"It's good to meet you….we're all that's left…..even if we're not all from the same universe," Kara whispered. She felt completely faint.

"Don't worry, we'll do anything to make your transition into this world more easy," Harry said and he dipped behind her. He whispered lightly in her ear. "Anything."

Kara felt excited for numerous reasons. She knew that anything could mean a lot of things. She would get used to this brave new world.

"It will happen any day now, my lord," Emma commented, kneeling before Harry Potter. She waited for the moment where she was given permission to rise up and face him in the eye. "She has already made the change and soon like all, she will be underneath…..."

"Emma, I understand it will take some time."

Harry Potter learned patience because not to be patient with his long term plans lead down a road to abject management.

"She's fighting the rising of the power, because she doesn't understand the power," Harry commented, with a smile. "And in his limited knowledge, Xavier doesn't understand the power that she possesses either."

"He doesn't have an imagination, and both him and Magneto are two sides of the same flawed principle," Selene said. "While those two argue about their ideology, the Hellfire Club will take in their best and their brightest, and slowly leave the flawed remains to wither on the vine."
Harry thought that was a good idea. The Hellfire Club had their spies inside both enemy camps. Of course, their aims were far bigger than this upcoming war between humans and mutants.

"SHIELD is also a concern, as is their darker counterpart," Emma said.

"They continue to rise even though people keep cutting off the head, two more grow in its place," Selene said. "What do you say, my lord?"

"I do not attend to cut off HYDRA, because it can be useful in some respect," Harry said. "One day, they will not be chanting Hail HYDRA, they will be chanting Hail Harry Potter."

His plans for HYDRA and SHIELD were amongst the long term variety. He knew for a fact HYDRA infiltrated SHIELD somewhat but he infiltrated HYDRA as well. Both groups were being set up underneath new management, they just didn't know it yet. He was using HYDRA as a puppet to weaken SHIELD whilst he was worming his way into HYDRA's management and taking out several power players, turning them against each other.

"How is our newest guest coping?" Selene asked.

Harry smiled. "She was a little rattled at first, I think. But other than being rattled, she's coping pretty nicely. I think that she'd do a pretty good job at settling in fairly nicely."

Harry kept her under the close watch of Karen and Faora who monitored the progress of her powers. She was down there for a long time so her health was first and foremost a concern. So far things looked so well, so good.

"Another one to your collection, my lord?" Emma asked him. Harry smiled.

"Another one to my collection, but you should know that I only take the best and the brightest into my inner circle," Harry said.

"And a younger version of one of your Alphas would be amongst the best and the brightest."

Harry closed his eyes. It was calm before the storm. He thought that he thought he saw a flash of his beloved bird.

"Amara reported in just recently," Selene informed him.

Harry raised his eyebrow, his interesting rising at this. "What did she say?"

"She said that Xavier has released the lockdown and Jean is sedated in her room, it appears to have worked whatever they've done," Selene said.

Things were going about as they expected. It was almost eerily so.

"It didn't though, it was a mere ceasefire at best, to buy them some additional time," Emma said. They knew what was on the line now.

"You don't think that this will end any time soon, do you?"

Harry was asked that question and he smiled. He'd like to talk with Amara and get a bird's eye view of what's happening here. He had given her a way to go to and from the mansion without being detected. Given her solid mental shields, she was a good spy on Xavier, not that she was the only one in the Mansion.

Xavier thought that he had his spy within the Hellfire Club but she was a triple agent and loyal to the
Black King of the Hellfire Club and the Black King alone.

"All is quiet, all is calm before the storm," Harry muttered underneath his breath.

That was a curious thing and he decided to wait before summoning Amara, he would check out on how things were in Limbo.

Harry appeared through the portal. He could see Anynm and Illyana reclining on the chairs, treated by the Succubi slaves. They looked up towards Harry, smiles crossing their faces when he approached.

"My lord, it's excellent to see you," Illyana commented. Her eyes shifted towards Harry with a sultry smile on them.

"All is calm…"

"Yes, master, all is calm," Anynm agreed, getting from her feet. She allowed the towel to drop from her body to expose her amazing body and sensual curves. She approached him with a naughty glint in her eye. "But are you calm master? That's what I want to know. You have been through an extremely stressful ordeal."

"She hasn't approached yet," Harry admitted to the girls.

"That's a pity," Illyana said, she could sense how much her master wanted the power. She felt a hint of the power through one of the visions and it excited her.

"Well good things come to those who wait, my lord," Anynm commented to him. She understood this better than anyone.

"Yes, my lord, we found another one of his stocks," Illyana said. "And we have went through the Dreaded Ones libraries and added to your collection. It just grows much like your collective of fine females."

Harry smiled when her hand lightly cupped his crotch. It was obvious that she intended for his collection to not be the only thing that grew.

"Perhaps we should give you a demonstration on the work that we've done," Anynm said and she clapped her hands.

The Succubi slaves got to their feet. They were dressed in what could barely be considered clothing. The scraps of clothing had a tight fit around their bodies. The tight fabric fit around them and it was an alluring experience.

"A demonstration would be for the best," Harry commented to both of them. "And I know that both of you have done your best."

The two of them lead him forward. The palace had a few new additions. Harry raised his eyebrow.

"Toys that could be used for torture or they could be used for pleasure," Harry said. He was impressed which didn't come easy. Both girls nodded in agreement, both of them looking extremely excited. If they were capable of doing so, they would have rubbed their hands together. They would have to settle for just standing there, calm and collected. "Very impressive, the two of you collected things nicely."

"That's just the tip of the iceberg, my lord," Anynm said and she linked her arm onto his. "Would
you like to see?"

There was another guest that would join them momentarily. Valeria turned up and walked towards him. She stopped suddenly and remembered who she dealt with. Sinking to one knee, she looked up at him.

"My lord, Latveria is yours completely," Valeria said and Harry motioned for her to rise.

"Did you have a shadow of a doubt that it would be?" Harry asked her.

She shook her head, she didn't have any doubt. That was the power of her master. His strength was far greater than anyone could imagine.

"Continue the tour," Harry said, his eyes flickering towards the girls. It was more than obvious where this tour would end.

Amara nearly bumped into Claire and Diana on her way to Harry's office. She was caught off guard so much that she almost didn't see the two girls when she ran head long into them. The Princess of Nova-Roma stopped and looked at the two girls.

"Let me guess, our master wishes to speak to both of you as well," Amara said, interest flashing through her eyes.

Diana smiled. The games were about to get interesting or so she assumed. "I believe that's the case."

"It's time," Amara muttered to herself. She turned to Claire. "So you've met your cousin, haven't you?"

"Yes, I have," Claire told her and Amara smiled at her. "She actually was a bit surprised that she was in the box for so long. She came out of it though ready and willing to go. I think that she would be a good addition to the group."

"I know that she would," Amara said with confidence. She held the bracelet on her wrist. It flashed her to the Xavier Institute and back as needed. She needed to give regular reports on what was happening now.

"So what's going on?" Diana asked her.

"I'll let you know when I let our lord know," Amara commented. She followed both Diana and Claire into the office where Harry waited for them.

The scented candles caused them to grow slightly light headed. The moment that they entered this office, it was obvious what Harry's intentions were for them the moment that they showed up. Harry sat behind his desk.

He was in the process of finishing up the shipping orders to Latveria. The new trade agreement that he helped put together would net him some new political capital. Some doubted that Doom was out of the picture. Harry thought that he would be inclined to agree with them and made sure that there were plans for Doom if he did come back.

Just because he saw Valeria blast Doom with his own eyes didn't mean that he was going to take any chances. People like Doom would always come back at the worst possible times. Harry knew that
one hundred percent of the way.

"Hello, ladies, sit down," Harry said and he could see Amara take her seat in front of him. The Nova-Roman princess looked ready to serve her master. "Amara, Selene has told me that you have a report for me regarding our potential acquisition."

"Yes, my lord," Amara agreed. She hitched in a deep breath in her body. That caused her chest to raise and lower. "Jean has been experiencing the same flashes that you have, although she's trying to hide it. I'm not sure what Xavier has told his inner circle, but they seem to be pacified by it. The fact that he put most of the new recruits on lockdown seems to indicate that he's more concerned."

"He sedated her, didn't he?" Diana asked.

"That won't last, not forever," Harry told both of the girls and they nodded in agreement. "Trust me when I say that…"

"I know, Master, believe me, and Xavier will realize that point soon enough," Amara commented. "She is currently asleep, and…"

"Xavier will not know that you're gone, time has not passed one second on the outside world since you entered this compound," Harry told her and Amara raised her eyebrow. "You've done well Amara, all of you have done well."

Claire hoped that this would happen for real. Her body grew in excitement.

"Kara is handling things well, isn't she?"

"So far, yes," Claire agreed. She was sure that Kara could tell her about her birth parents. She didn't want to prod the girl with too many questions.

"She has the potential to be strong," Harry commented to the trio of girls.

"And she has the potential to serve you," Amara said and Harry raised his eyebrow. The Nova-Roman princess looked rather pleased at the sudden attention that focused on her.

"As you all do," Harry smiled. "And now, I believe that you should be awarded. And I know that you have longed for this for a long time."

Amara didn't want to seem too wanton but her master spoke the truth. She did long for this for a long time. Her body grew in excitement. The heat rose from her body.

"To your feet, all of you," Harry said.

Diana, Amara, and Claire all rose to their feet. Harry smiled and waved Amara to come in to him. His arm wrapped around the Princess, holding her in tight. He could smell her arousal and it smelled good.

His lips pressed against hers with a kiss. Amara pressed up against him and felt his fingers rest on her hips. Things were about to heat up suddenly.

"And I believe that you're next, Diana," Harry said and Diana stepped forward, wrapping her arms around Harry.

"It would be an honor, master," Diana whispered to him. She fiddled with the buttons of his shirt as much as he would allow her to do so.
His strong hand groped her firm buttock. That caused Diana to be pulled in really close to Harry. The Amazon Princess closed her eyes when Harry held onto her tightly. His kiss was passionate and powerful. With the merest touch he drove her completely over the edge into an orgasm.

Diana stepped back, her body completely flushed from the pleasure. She got a small taste a while back and she wanted more.

"And last, but certainly not least," Harry said, and he looked towards Claire. "I want you to kneel before me."

Claire obediently kneeled before Har-Zod. There was nothing else that she could do. Her knees belted when she was in front of him. Her hot breath closed upon him and she grabbed the side of his hips.

"Disrobe me for her so she can pay tribute to her god," Harry told Diana and Amara. The two Princesses obediently disrobed him. "And do not worry, you will get an ample opportunity to pay tribute to me. Both of you will."

Both girls flushed with growing excitement and they removed Harry's trousers, allowing his manhood to be unimpeded.

Claire got down on her knees before Har-Zod and she looked him right in his cock. She saw it from a distance. Seeing it from a distance and seeing it up close were two different things entirely.

"Here, allow me to help you," Harry whispered to her and he grabbed her around the head. He forced her mouth down upon his hard tool like it was nothing.

Claire went down onto him. She nearly gagged on his cock. Somehow, someway, she managed to stay the course. Her mouth wrapped around his and she sucked him really hard.

Amara watched her aunt go down on Claire. That was so hot that she couldn't even begin to describe it. Suddenly she could feel Harry's fingers on her from behind.

"I wonder what I should take first?" Harry asked, whispering hotly in her ear. Amara closed her eyes when Harry played with her asshole.

His finger was moist from her wet vagina and he shoved it deep into her ass. He pumped his finger into her.

"Not yet, hmmmm?" Harry asked her, rubbing his cock between her tight ass cheeks and pushing her up against the desk.

"YES, PLEASE!" Amara yelled, she grew excited and why wouldn't she be? She was seconds away from having Harry's huge throbbing manhood slammed into her ass. The Princess could feel herself tingle with excitement. Her ass got even hotter with every single moment.

"Yes, things will be pretty hot, won't they?" Harry asked, gripping Amara around her thighs. He slammed into her tight ass.

Diana was tied up against the wall and slowly a third Harry ran his hands down her. She shivered when his mouth opened to reveal a large forked tongue. It seemed to grow several times its normal size. Slowly the tongue brushed up against her breasts when he curled them around her nipples.

He licked up and down her body. Her toned abs were a sight to see and Harry spent time paying them the attention. He could feel her legs rest on his shoulders. The closer he got to her, the more he inhaled her glorious sent. He was almost inside her with his tongue.
Seconds more passed and Harry edged his tongue into the depths of her body. Diana nearly passed out from the pleasure when he worked his tongue into her dripping hot twat.

"Ohhh, god, Harry!" Diana moaned, pumping her hips up against his mouth. His tongue really worked her over something fierce.

She thrust her hips hard into his mouth and Harry kept licking her harder and harder. He drew her to another orgasm.

Claire tried to take him deep into her throat like she saw her mother do from afar. She didn't gag that much. Her throat became extremely tight and she used her throat muscles to work him.

Harry smiled, he burned her clothes off when she was down on her knees. Her breasts bounced. They weren't Karen's size yet, but they were still fairly large for her frame.

He worked his cock deep into her mouth. Her hot wet mouth engulfed him to make a lustful slurping sound. His balls tightened.

"Don't waste a drop," Harry whispered to her.

Claire took him into her throat and groped his balls as much as he allowed her to. She felt her body heat up at the promise of the incoming gift that was about to shoot down her throat and into her stomach. Her belly ached for the promise of cum when it went into her.

He grabbed her by the hair and forced her down onto him. She enjoyed the intense face fucking when he came closer.

A grunt followed up by a roaring rush of cum into her mouth caused Claire's mind to be blown.

"FUCK ME, FUCK ME EVERYWHERE!"

Amara's powers nearly reduced Harry's desk to cinders. It was fortunate that Harry managed to clear everything off. His cock pushed into her dripping hot pussy and another cock found its way into her ass. Another cock was in her mouth as he face fucked her. All of her holes drilled by so much cock.

Harry could feel the combined assaulted pleasure on every inch of his body. Each her holes felt somewhat hotter than the last. Harry closed his eyes when he felt the increasing pleasure work through his body.

"YES!" Amara shrieked at the top her lungs. Harry pounded her in every single hole that she had and it felt so good.

Diana felt just about as good as well. His tongue completed its tour of her body. His hands rested on her breasts.

"Take me, my lord, I'm yours, fuck my brains out!" Diana shouted to him. She pressed her hands against the wall, allowed only this simple amount of movement.

"Don't worry," Harry said, his throbbing cock sliding between Diana's thighs. The Amazon Princess squeezed her hot walls down about his manhood. "You won't be able to think or walk much less when I'm done with you."

She really hoped so. She could see the orgy of lust going on with Amara being gang banged by a bunch of Harry dupes.
Harry gave her right breast a firm squeeze. "Just a preview of the fun to come later."

Diana grew rapidly excited about that. He continued to pound her pussy into a fine paste in the corner. His hands roamed her body all over the corner and she squeezed him even harder. She closed her hips around him.

"Oh like that, just like that."

Claire could feel herself lowered onto him. His throbbing cock stuck into the air, and she felt it tear through her virgin opening. The pain left her after a few seconds. Claire decided to ride him like the horse that he was.

"Great one, thank you for this blessing," she murmured. Her hot box smacked onto him.

Harry's hands roamed her body. Her innocence was torn away and her body and pleasure now began to him. He groped her body and caused her to bounce harder.

"Yes, ride me, ride me, like the blur that you are!" Harry called to her. Claire closed her eyes and she looked like a blur when she bounced higher and higher down onto his manhood.

Her soft walls closed around his tool and she pushed his manhood deep between her walls. The deeper this tool buried into her body, the better things felt. His hand wrapped around her breast and squeezed it.

Amara rested down on the desk. From all sides, she was pounded completely hard. She now had a pair of cocks in her hands that she stroked. Each inch of her body felt like it was on fire and the she was being fucked down to the floor through the tattered desks.

Harry felt the extremely simulations of power that continued to appear within his very form on all sides. The young man groaned when he felt her work him over. Each side caused him to feel a delicious tingle through his body.

"That's good, oh that's really good," Harry grunted again.

"THAT'S FUCKING GREAT!"

Diana felt Harry's hands squeeze her ass. He had already made her cum several times. He slowed down her orgasm. Then without warning, he released it back into her mind. This resulted into a mind shattering effect that left Diana breathless. She slumped hard against the wall when he kept pounding her over and over again as hard as he could manage.

"Fuck, oh fuck, oh god, oh fuck!" Diana begged him.

"Yes, I am your god and yes I'm fucking you!" Harry yelled and he bit down onto her ear.

The power coursed through her body. Every inch of her felt like it boiled through pure molten hot fire, and in her mind, she could also feel the pleasure of Amara and Claire.

Claire felt her position reversed. Harry allowed her a great boon to ride his cock. This time, he would be in control of the sex. Not that he wasn't in control before but this increased ability caused the energy and the passion to boil through her.

His hands rested on her wrists and he yanked them back. Roughly he fucked her from behind. This didn't slow Claire down. No on the contrary, it increased the pleasure that rose through her body. The pleasure that spiked through her loins.
"I think my little girl wants more, doesn't she?" Harry whispered to. "Who's your Daddy now?"

"You are, fuck your little girl like the whore that she is!"

The other girls weren't going to deny that was so hot. Harry yanked her hair and allowed her orgasm to flow free. Her clear cum coated his cock. His hands traveled over Claire's body. The solar energy stored into her body was something that allowed the sex to be a more pleasure experience. He could batter her so much that she would heal instantly.

Claire enjoyed this hard fucking. Her body increased with pleasure. The tingles that flowed through her body caused her to be pleasured.

"It's getting closer, but that's what you want, isn't it?" Harry asked her.

Claire nodded feverishly. That's what she wanted. That's what she had to have. Her body couldn't handle waiting. She had to have it. She had to have his hard cock drilling her like a hammer. Stretching and pushing her apart with each thrust. The dark haired goddess parted her thighs and breathed heavily when Harry continued to hammer into her.

Diana and Amara were also fucked into a stupor. This was the power of this young man before them. He caused their bodies to shake with pleasure. He drilled them over and over again.

Amara was being drilled by several cocks at once. The one in her ass felt the best to her. Not that she was complaining about the state of any of these cocks.

"You're so hot, I think you deserve a treat," Harry whispered, and she stroked his cocks superfast.

His balls clenched and it shot two white hot loads of cum into her face. Amara could feel the full blast of cum coating her face. She didn't know what more to say other than that. Other than the feeling of having the cum coat her face was an extremely delicious thing.

Not to be outdone, Diana squeezed him. His mouth bit down on her neck.

"Mark me, make sure the world knows that I'm your whore!" Diana yelled him. "Master, drown me in your cum!"

"Yes, my beautiful wondrous slut, anything that you want!" Harry whispered, and he played with her ass.

That got her to cum even faster. Diana collapsed against the wall. Harry thrust into her until she reached a drooling state. The moment that he pulled out of her, cum drained from her pussy.

"Daddy, have I been a good little girl?" Claire asked, biting down on her lip and giving a good girl voice when he rammed into her.

"Yes, I'm going to reward you, but sometimes good girl's need a little…motivation as well," Harry said, slapping her breasts when he pounded down onto her.

Claire squealed at the top of her lungs when his manhood spiked through her body. She was this much closer to the edge. Her soft walls hugged him when he planted his throbbing manhood deep into her body.

She was almost there at the edge. She could tell, she could feel. It would be for her and all over her. His thrusts battered her pussy the more that he slammed into her. The walls clenched him when he continued his path into her.
"Oh god, cum in me please, I need it."

Harry slammed his cock into her pussy and it happened. He released her orgasm which had been more held back then she thought it was. He rapidly fired his heavy load of cum.

Claire saw her two fellow pets fucked into a stupor, in puddles of cum. That was her fate and she was accepting of it. He followed his path into her, hammering her deeper and deeper, until the point where he was satisfied.

And if her master was satisfied, then so was she.

Kara roamed around the base, just getting a feel for things. It had been a long time since she had been able to get up, stretch her legs, and breath. Being in a ship for almost fourteen years was not exactly the most memorable experience in the world, especially for a sixteen year old girl like her. That was a terrifying thing to say the least and the blonde was really happy to be able to have a chance to get out of the ship and actually stretch her legs.

The young man who saved her got to her always. Har-Zod, she wasn't aware that the General had a son. Then again, she knew that he came from an alternate universe. So anything that happened in this world wasn't irrelevant. Maybe there wasn't a version of Har-Zod in the world that her and Clara crashed.

Kara really was pleased that Clara grew up to be extremely beautiful. She didn't land quite where her uncle planned, but she did pretty well for herself.

Kara whistled and mentally added to herself. 'More than well given the state of this place. She's done pretty well. I'm pretty happy with her.'

Kara had been through a rigorous training session that had taxed her to her furthest most outer limits. The blonde allowed herself to take a deep breath and just soak in the atmosphere around her. The architecture resembled Krypton in some ways, but it was a more lively environment and that made her smile brightly.

She wanted to meet with her cousin and her friends. Kara found herself bedazzled by the grand hallway. The blonde did pride herself for being extremely intelligent. All she had to do was track down her cousin.

'She couldn't have gone far,' Kara thought to herself. There was a moment where she paused. 'She said that she was going to have a meeting with Har-Zod. Yeah, that's it, I'm going to have to track her down that way. It shouldn't be no problem, no problem at all, should it?'

Kara shook off those thoughts. Even on Krypton talking to yourself might be the earliest signs of some kind of madness.

The blonde stopped at the end of the hallway. She wanted to look around for someone to ask some questions.

The blonde heard a moaning sound, it sounded like her cousin. Kara frowned when she heard that and tried to utilize her super hearing to find her cousin.

After some trial and error, Kara zoomed up the stairs. She skidded to a stop, nearly overturning a rug.
Her X-Ray vision activated and the blonde was caught off guard by something. She could see Harry on her cousin. She realized what they were doing.

She really realized what they were doing. Her nipples grew rather hard at the sight. Kara thought that she could turn off her X-Ray vision. Only she was having a little trouble. Her hand roamed down and touched between her legs. The lewd action caused her hand to keep traveling. Her tight leather skirt she wore was a snug fit.

She managed to put her hand down her skirt and closed her eyes. The blonde's fingers brushed against her and she thought about her mother's private movie collection that she stumbled on one time. The blonde's fingers kept brushing against her again and again.

"Hello Kara," a husky voice whispered in her ear.

Kara nearly turned around and felt her older self's stronger hands on her. The blonde shivered underneath her grip.

Karen grinned lustfully at the act that she caught her younger self in. The blonde's arms tightened around Kara's chest. Slowly she leaned in and whispered in her ear. "So, how are you doing?"

"Fine!" Kara yelped. She could feel a flushing motion in her cheeks. The heat rose completely from her body and it felt like her thighs stuck together the more that she thought about it. She couldn't turn her X-Ray vision off no matter how much that she tried.

"Oh, I see…..well Harry is quite the man, isn't he?" Karen asked. "He makes me cum at least a dozen times a day, at least, did you know that?"

"Um, no," Kara said, feeling her head press against Karen's ample bosom. She couldn't tear her eyes away from the lewd act.

"Yes, he's that good, and he can just do it without that much effort, but what would the fun be in that?" Karen whispered in Kara's ear. "It wouldn't be that much fun, would it?"

Kara found her instinctively shaking her head. She imagined herself in the position that Amara was in now and her heat rose from her cheeks and diverted from her eyes.

"Close your eyes, take a deep calming breath," Karen whispered in her double's ear. She ran her thumb down the back of her neck. "It's okay, let Mommy make it all better for you."

The young woman wrapped her arms around Kara's neck tightly and the blonde flushed even greater when she was spun around. Kara's face pressed into Karen's breasts. The younger blonde squealed when Karen forced her to motorboard her tits.

"Does that make you feel better?" Karen asked her, a smile crossing her face. "Does that make you feel really good, honey?"

Kara got red about the area of the cheeks, and shook her head. That made her feel really good, it made her feel extremely good. The blonde shifted away and backed away from her.

She could see the door open and Karen was distracted by things momentarily.

"I have to use the bathroom!" Kara yelped and she ran out in the other way.

She was going to be having naughty dreams about pressing her face in between Karen's breasts while Harry took her in all of her holes. It was a delightful thought to have. It seemed like when she
moved, her thighs rubbed together.

"It appears our little voyeur got quite the show," Harry commented to Karen.

"It would be too long, she's choking for it," Karen said to him. "Are you going to join her in the shower, master?"

"Let her stew in her own juices a little bit more," Harry said with a smile. "I'm sure that it will make her pleasure even greater.....but it seems like you've gotten worked up."

Harry grinned at her, and pulled her towards his office. Amara, Diana, and Claire laid on the floor, all wrecked.

"Perhaps we should fix that, master?"

Harry was most agreeable to that and he stripped Karen slowly, and found a spot on the office floor that was not occupied by a completely wrecked body.

Jean Grey was a moody and irritable mess. Granted that seemed to be the most likely situation for a teenage girl to be in on a good day. They tended to be moody and irritable creatures, but Jean's powers spiked to another level. The stress of this war involving the mutant race did not help her mood. Plus also the fact that she was a great honor student also added a certain amount of stress on her.

There was something that happened. She had a dream of a mysterious cosmic bird. It was trapped behind the door. On the other side of that door, there was a field. There was an alluring young man with green eyes. This young man beckoned to Jean and lead her towards him. The redhead couldn't believe that a creature like that existed.

Jean had been returned to her room and sedated after another episode. Charles Xavier seemed rather worried.

'Worried for good reason, fears my power,' a voice whispered in her head. It was a rather strangled voice of an undistinguished gender. Jean couldn't tell if it was male or female. 'A beautiful bird could not be caged, should not be caged. You have power beyond all measure. You can be so much more. You can be so much more.'

There was an echo in the back of her mind. Jean could not block this out. It kept pounding on the back of her head. It started slow at first and then it shifted to a demonic war drum. There was a loud thump, thump, thump that went across the back of her head.

The redhead dropped her face down onto the pillow. The warmth that spread through her body got even more intense.

'It's more than a fever, although things will got hot pretty soon,' the voice said. 'Just let it go Jean, don't be afraid. There's no reason to be afraid.'

Jean shook her head. She knew that there was a reason to be afraid.

Yet why should she be afraid? There was no reason to be afraid. She could be free.

'Just unleash the locks Jean, set yourself free,' an encouraging voice said. It was a female with a
British accent. 'Be free, so we can both be free. Be with him, so you can be all that you can be. You don't have to be a chess pawn. You can be so much more. You have the power to rewrite the universe.'

'Who are you?' Jean asked, thinking.

'He is ready for you, my flesh and blood, embrace him, the sooner you free yourself, the easier it will be, if you keep fighting it, reality breaks,' the woman said to her.

Jean wondered about this mysterious woman. She had a connection to someone. Was it the alluring green eyed young man from her dream? Jean couldn't really think too straight. This was causing her head to feel like it was on fire.

'Let it go, Jean, let it go,' the mysterious British woman almost sang.

Jean looked up, she could almost see the woman bathed in the fire when she closed her eyes. The woman's crimson red locks flowed and her green eyes shined like bright emeralds. She was completely there but barely there.

'Feel free, my little bird, spread your wings,' another voice whispered to her.

This was a telepathic prod on her brain that was coming from elsewhere in the world.

'Come to me, Jean, my mate,' a third voice whispered.

Something reached out for her and grabbed her hand.

The locks on the door sprang open.

There was a loud psychic scream, the doors in Jean's room flew open, just as the doors in her mind did so.

A burst of fire incinerated everything in her path and then she was gone.

All was quiet, perhaps a bit too quiet.

To Be Continued On January 3rd, 2015.
The power of the Phoenix becoming uncaged could be felt by every single telepath in range. Harry was in place instantly after the explosion occurred. The young man followed the trail in the Astral Plane.

One needed to understand that the Astral Plane caused reality to be turned upside down. The green eyed youth smiled when he approached her. He had been invading her thoughts for some time and she invaded his for some time as well. It was unknowing on her part.

It was unknowing on his part as well, at least at first. Once Harry gained further control of the connection, he slowly was able to remove the blocks Xavier put in place one at a time. He tempted Jean with slightly more power while filling her mind with thoughts.

The problem was that Jean's Phoenix power psyche had more issues than what Xavier did. If it was only Xavier putting the mental blocks on her, that would be one thing.

'Charles did the best that he could due to his limited expertise at what he was dealing with,' Emma thought to herself with a frown. 'Don't deny it, a young girl with cosmic powers can be quite horrifying to say the least. And she could destroy entire star systems if pushed.'

'I know,,' Harry said and he almost seemed excited about that possibility. 'If she harnesses the power properly, she could be a power house.'

'And by her, you mean you,' Wanda thought to Harry.

'I gave you about as much control as you need over your powers and it's opened your mind and enlightened your spirits, hasn't it?' Harry asked her.

There was no disagreement from Wanda at all. The entire group stood by when Harry took the trip down the Astral Plane.

'She'll come to you, master,' Regan commented. 'Didn't you say that she visited your dreams first when you were in Limbo?'

'Yes, a part of her at least, and there's something else on the outskirts,' Harry thought, but he didn't elaborate on that point.

Harry figured the best thing to do was to meet her half way in the middle. He decided to handle this fairly calmly. If he upset the balance, he could have something on his hands that he didn't want on his hands.

He could see a glowing door to his left. Harry was adept in not tripping up any mental minefields.

He saw Astral Energy flowing in and out around. The demons in the plane fled when Harry brought himself to his full power.

'I believe through that door is the most ideal way to find her, or at least a part of her,' Emma
thought. 'You may have to put the puzzle pieces back together while you're in there.'

Harry sensed that there would be trouble. He unlatched the door and could feel a rush of energy. It was like flowing water coming in in front of his face. Only instead of flowing water, there was a cascade of thoughts. Thoughts of races who long since had been extinguished.

Harry saw something flash before his eyes. There was a memory of a young girl with green eyes and red hair swinging on a swing. Then she gained velocity and flew through the air at super speed.

The memory faded away with a solid crack. Harry shuddered. It was familiar to him and at the same time foreign. That was quite the strange paradox.

'Master, are you fine?' Emma asked to him.

'Just a flicker in here, there are countless, that one just took me off guard,' Harry thought. 'Don't forget why you're here, Emma.'

'Make sure she doesn't escape you.'

Harry spun around and saw her standing there. She stood in the light. Her face glowed bright. Red material hung from every inch of her body, with robes that tightened around her. The silver Phoenix emblem was on her body.

"Step forward," Harry told her gently.

The young redhead did. She had some strange combination of the innocent of youth on her face and an eternity of wisdom dancing through her eyes. Harry felt completely spellbound by her when she continued to approach him.

"Closer," Harry whispered to her and the redhead did as she was asked.

"You were the one that I saw, you're him," she commented quietly. "The rest of us are lost. Will you help?"

Harry's statement was calm and clipped as could be. "I'll help."

"Thank you," she commented with a smile on her face. She walked towards him but something stopped the two of them from meeting. Her face flickered in the light. "We better hurry, before it's too late to put the rest of us together.'

'This gets more curious by the moment,' Emma thought. There were three more versions of Jean Grey walking around in circles. They appeared to represent different aspects of her emotions.

"There they are," the first echo whispered. "The Phoenix is incomplete. She is incomplete. We are incomplete. If we are not complete, we are not happy. Bad things are going to happen if we're not complete. You don't want to know what bad things are going to happen."

"I have an idea," Harry commented grimly when he looked at them. The Phoenix really seemed determined to put the pieces back together.

It wasn't entirely what Xavier did that caused this. Harry reached forward and drew the girls forward.

They absorbed into the main shell. He could see how fractured it was. Jean was beside herself, quite literally.

'Put her back together, heal up the pieces, and then I'll work with the power,' Harry thought. He
used his Incubus Aura to help bring Jean under his control.

He busted the locks and now he had a problem. It was a big problem.

'She needs to willingly come to me to make this work,' Harry thought to them all. 'It's a good thing that I enticed her.'

He turned to Jean's fractured astral form.

"Just focus Jean, and do it. You have the power."

The more conscious form of Jean Grey freaked out about as well as a teenage girl can. She screamed at the top of her lungs when she could feel something assaulting the back of her head.

There was a soft voice that broke into her subconscious. "Jean, you need to calm down."

It was still inviting and still extremely British. It was still an echo in the back of her head that caused Jean's head to jerk back and up. The pounding of the back of her head echoed on and forward.

"I'm calm, okay, I'm calm," Jean whispered. Time frozen around her and she didn't know how to restart it. "I trap myself in a time bubble...I can't get out. Tell me how can I get out, please!"

"You can't break it, out without destroying reality," the voice told her.

Jean stopped her attempts to bend the time dilation bubble around her. She sank down completely, her red hair flipping down her face.

"Why?" Jean asked.

"To protect everyone, namely you, until the pieces are put back together," the voice whispered. "Your subconscious is completely bent. It's destroyed."

Jean frowned. "I thought that you were here to reassure me? How can reassure me when you tell me that my mind's damaged beyond all hope? Tell me that, tell me.....tell me that. I don't even want to know any more."

Jean felt her emotions destroyed. It was almost like someone stood next to her and comforted her. He told her that it was going to be okay.

"That was him, wasn't it?" Jean asked. The voice was so faint that she almost didn't hear his whispered words of encouragement. Hell, he wasn't completely sure that she was hearing this voice.

Her subconscious felt like it cracked like an egg. The stress of what happened recently made Jean wonder if she lost her mind.

Ororo stood frozen on the other end of the time bubble. She wasn't the only one but she was certain that she was the only one that Jean could see.

"Are you there?" Jean asked. She felt more fatigued than anything now. The rush of power wore off and she felt burn out. It was almost like someone shut her energy off and only gave her the bare minimum to live.

"I've always been there, it's just whether I've wanted you to hear me," the female voice answered
Jean wasn't too sure if she enjoyed that there was some kind of entity always floating around in the back of her mind. Her subconscious felt like it was completely unhinged to the point where she couldn't distinguish fantasy from reality.

"If you're let out before things are fixed, then reality dies."

'Yes, calm down,' another soothing voice whispered in Jean's head. The redhead frowned deeply. She didn't suppose that freaking out would do much good. She was calm, she was extremely calm. You didn't know how calm she was.

'Help is on the way,' the voice whispered to her.

Jean placed her hands at the edge of the bubble. She couldn't touch it. Her mind became clearer suddenly. Perhaps they were right; perhaps the pieces were being put together.

She turned her head to the side and saw a green eyed young man with messy black hair. The alluring sensation of power coming off of him caused Jean to shudder. Her entire body heated up.

"Once you're at ease with who you are, come there and find me, we need to talk."

Jean wanted to reach out and touch him. Her hands passed through him when he contorted into mist.

The redhead collapsed to the ground. The self-contained bubble locked her out of the outside world. A heated breath filled her body and seconds continued to grind by on the clock.

Was she on a clock? She didn't quite know.

'Tell me what to do,' Jean thought. She almost seemed desperate because she kind of was.

There was nothing but even a sign. Jean could feel her frustration explode through her mind. She really hated that there was no sign of what she could do. There wasn't even a hint.

'Don't worry Jean, when the time is right, you will know what is right.'

The hormonal redhead teenager didn't like the sounds of that. She did the only thing that made sense. She sat down in the middle of the ground with her arms crossed and her legs crossed.

Every time she felt a twitch in her head she saw the image of him. The young green eyed man showed himself. It was the same young green eyed man who haunted her dreams. Or maybe she was the one that haunted his dreams? It was hard to really tell now.

Jean saw a field in her mind's eye. She willed her mental avatar to walk down it, giving her the proper amount of guidance.

Elizabeth Braddock sat in her study. She fancied herself a nice warm bath tonight. There was a lot of business to be done before she made the hop across the pond next week. Her affairs were completely in order.

'Betsy, I need to have a word with you,' Harry whispered to her mentally.
'Oh Harry, I was wondering if I would be talking to you,' she thought to him through the bond link. 'What can I do for you?'

'Many things, but I'm clearing up the mental minefield of the Phoenix Force...and I'll be meeting the avatar shortly,' Harry explained to her.

'That could be some risky business,' she suggested with a frown. She might have spoken the obvious. She very much did speak the obvious.

'I know it's risky business,' Harry thought. 'There are echoes within her mind that are hostile. And as someone who knows what dark echoes in the mind can do, I appreciate it. And I ask if you can help me.'

' Hmm, I don't know if...'

'I would have helped him do the heavy lifting, but something tells me that the Phoenix might not be too happy to see the White Queen of the Hellfire Club in her mind,' Emma thought to her. 'Once she's calmed down, I can reveal myself to her. Until that very moment she's calmed down.....well you know what kind of mess we're in now.'

Betsy understood everything perfectly. She was in her study, with the door locked. There were instructions for no one to bother her, so it was pretty much just business as usual for her.

She owed it to Harry to help. He assisted her greatly in getting her mental house in order after all.

'It would be an honor and a privilege, my love.'

Betsy's grin went over her face. It was one of those smirks that was intoxicating.

She waited for further instructions. There was a second where Harry paused and then he smiled.

'Just close your eyes and lock onto my mind,' Harry thought to her. He mentally relayed instructions to her. 'Oh, and watch that first step, it could be a killer.'

It wasn't the first time Betsy joined Harry on the Astral Plane, given the fact that they lived on separate continents. It was the first time she joined him on the Astral Plane for some pleasurable endeavors though. She took that one journey into the mist.

Harry caught her when she landed. It went without saying that Harry was always there to catch her. She smiled when she saw him there.

"Nice catch," Betsy said to her. A radiant smile filled her face.

"For you, always."

Betsy looked around and saw the redhead girl standing there. She looked from Harry to Betsy and then she smiled.

"You must be Jean," Betsy commented to her, stepping towards her.

"In a sense, yes," the redhead commented. She shifted into the shadows.

It was obvious by this time she assessed whether or not Betsy was a threat to the world she created in her mind. Seconds passed and shifted into a couple of minutes before she nodded.

"So you're here to help me put myself together again."
"We're going to try and guide you," Betsy said with a warm smile. She step towards the redhead.

"Careful, she's hot," Harry told her.

Betsy raised her eyebrow and smiled. The double meaning of Harry's words could be figured out by anyone with more than a few brain cells. "I see."

"We've got to go down that final hallway," Jean said. "There's a part of me who hasn't accepted that this isn't happening."

Betsy looked increasingly nervous. Harry clasped his hand on her shoulder and tried to tell her not to be nervous. It became hard to do so but she did.

"That wouldn't be the conscious part of you, would it?"

"To divide the subconscious and the conscious in something like this would be an exercise in futility," Jean said and she paused for seconds, before giving a long sigh. "In essence yes. Be careful. She's hostile. She's the part that's most confused about this. She didn't have as many years to come to terms to this because she wasn't the one locked away."

Jean turned around and saw her counterpart in the real world reflected back at her.

"He didn't understand it," Jean whispered. Betsy and Harry stood as third parties to Jean's mental madness. "He didn't understand it. I'm not sure he wanted to understand it, but he didn't. No human can understand it. So, he shouldn't be faulted for it too much."

"I see," Harry whispered to her.

"This way, please."

Betsy stood next to Harry. She was the back up in case something gone wrong.

'So here's the point where I have to ask....' Betsy thought, trailing off as Emma, being how Emma was, popped in through the link.

'You want to know the chances of something going wrong, don't you?' Emma thought to her.

Betsy would prefer that she knew that straight yet.

'Both astronomical and highly likely,' Emma thought to her.

'Not much sense with that one,' Illyana piped in. 'But at the same time, I understand precisely where you're coming from.'

Betsy's tone was absolutely humorless when she spoke. 'I'm glad that some of us do.'

'Well, we got to make sure that she doesn't tear a hole in time and space, I don't even need to tell you how bad something like that would be, do I?' Harry asked them.

'Believe me, I got the message loud and clear,' Betsy commented. She could feel Harry's hand on hers.

'And her energies grow stronger in all dimensions,' Clea thought. That made perfect sense given that the Phoenix was eternal and there were ways for it to outstretch in other areas.

They reached the end of the hallway and there was another version of Jean standing before them. It
was a more conscious version of Jean. Betsy, Harry, and the other fragment of Jean walked forward.

"Jean?" Harry asked.

Jean's eyes snapped back open when she looked at Harry. There was a moment where it appeared that she questioned him. Her eyes went wide open when she looked at him. There was something akin to fear in her eyes. Then there was acceptance.

She was the only one that could break down the gates and let Harry completely in. Harry took another step towards her.

There was a glowing light. Harry was this much closer to putting the pieces together.

"Don't worry, Jean, you're safe," Betsy commented in a soothing voice. "We're going to help you make sense of all this, trust us."

"Yes, I trust you," Jean commented, her voice extremely soft.

She wanted to be back together about. Being beside herself was not something she enjoyed too much of.

Harry personally was glad that she was calm. If she wasn't, someone with great cosmic powers and teenage hormones could rip a hole through time and space like they wouldn't believe. He experienced one of those great moments of dread as well.

It was time to put her back together, piece by piece.

'I think that you're one step closer to prepare the Phoenix for bonding,' Emma thought. This went a bit smoother than she thought, especially given what they had to do to trigger the rise of the Phoenix within Jean.

The Hellfire Club didn't enter without a plan.

Harry used his pheromones to start warping and wrapping himself around Jean's mind. It caused her to feel different and the Phoenix to become more merged with her.

Kara thought that her head was going to spin. By her perspective, it had only been mere days since she was on Krypton. She was ready to escape the planet. And now she was here on a brand new world. She was kind of at a loss where to begin and more importantly where she wanted to go.

"It can be a lot to take in, can't it?"

Kara turned around and saw Karen standing there. She wasn't the only one but Kara relaxed around an older version of herself. Not her mother, she embarrassingly reminded herself.

"I'm sure you know better than anyone," Kara said. She budged over so Karen could sit down next to her. Diana, Amara, and Claire stood outside the door. All of them looked like they were getting ready for something important. "How did you come to….cope with things?"

"It wasn't easy, but you woke up in a better place than I did, trust me," Karen said. There was a moment where Kara looked at her in a quizzical manner.

"Where did you wake up?" Kara asked. She wanted to know but at the same time, she was almost
afraid regarding what she found out.

Karen's face twisted into a grim smile. "I woke up in an alternate hell dimension. I could have been taken by demons. Thankfully someone else got to me first."

"That must have been a situation that you didn't expect," Kara said. She said this because this was a situation that she didn't expect.

"You need to expect the unexpected, you know," Karen commented to her.

Kara turned her attention to Claire. It was hard to believe that she was practically grown. It just showed Kara that there was a lot of time that passed. She was trapped in stasis.

"I'm just glad that you were found by someone," Kara said. She got to her feet fully and faced her cousin with a warm smile.

"And I'm glad that I'm the woman that I could be and not the woman that someone else decided to make me," Claire said to Kara. "But it's good that you're okay after that. Once I met, Karen, I wondered if another version of her escaped from Krypton."

"There was a chance that I might not, a chance that I might not have ever left Krypton," Kara said. There was something grim about her voice when she spoke. Claire placed her arm around Kara's waist.

"But all that matters is you're here now," Amara commented. She spoke in a bright voice that was hard for Kara not to get a bit cheered up by.

"That's always a good thing," Kara said. She switched topics to something that was haunting her mind. "So Harry…"

"I was wondering when you would ask about him," Karen commented. She looked at her younger sister with a teasing expression on her face. The two sets of bright blue eyes locked onto each other.

"So what do you think of him?"

"There's just something about him, he's amazing," Kara said. She spoke in an absolutely breathless voice. It was just as well because Harry was the type of person that would take someone's breath away.

Karen laughed in amusement.

"Well, he is extremely powerful, and he can satisfy all of the needs that you have," Karen commented. She stepped behind her younger counterpart and lightly placed her arms around her. Kara closed her eyes and her head rested back, perhaps instinctively on Karen's breasts.

"He can," Diana agreed. She smiled. "Our king had all three of us at once."

She made a sweeping gesture to indicate that all three of them meant Amara, Claire, and herself. Kara's eyes went as wide as saucers when she learned that particularly tantalizing bit of information. Her mouth grew suddenly try and she was foaming at the mouth just a little bit at the thought of what could happen.

She shook, growing weak in the knees.

"All three of you?" Kara breathed in an excited voice. She couldn't believe it. It caused a heat to form between her legs when she thought about it.
Karen's fingers rested firmly on her stomach and inched closer. "Yes, Kara, all three of us."

Kara closed her eyes tightly and there was a smile that crossed her face. The woman's fingers brushed against her flat stomach and caused tingles to fill between her legs.

If she had got a bit lower, she would have touched Kara in an extremely intimate place. It was starting to drive her wild. Just as the thought of Harry.

Claire caught a sense of her cousin's arousal and smiled. She wondered what it would taste like.

"You know, you want him, don't you?" Claire asked.

Kara tried to close her eyes and started breathing.

"He's a very powerful man, isn't he?" Kara asked.

"He's more than a mere man," Diana commented. She was getting a bit wet and horny herself just thinking about it. "He's a sexual beast."

Kara got thoughts in her head about Harry taking her every which way. They weren't thoughts that entered her mind before. Her nipples hardened against her shirt.

They hardened even more when she realized that Karen's hand were on top of them. She grinded her crotch against Kara's backside and held her arms around her tightly.

"Maybe we can ask Harry to treat you to something special later, once he's done," Karen said. She leaned in where her hot breath was on the tip of Kara's ear. The younger blonde squirmed eagerly against her. "Would you like that, honey?"

Kara could not believe the potential pleasure that flowed through her body. The blonde's thighs closed together when Karen continued to play with her. The blonde behind her continued to toy with her and it was making her feel so good.

It made her feel better than so good, it made her feel really good.

"So worked up," Amara commented with a wicked grin. She placed her hand on the bare skin of Kara's stomach. "Maybe we can help prepare her for our master later."

Kara felt sexual desire flow through her body. She had been on that ship for an extremely long time and the bombardment of solar radiation to get her vitals working also caused her hormones to explode with insanity.

"Just relax, baby, and let Mommy take care of you," Karen whispered in her ear. Her voice was sultry.

Kara didn't fight it. She didn't want to fight it.

Betsy stepped back into safety. She was there in case things got hairy but she knew that Harry could handle things.

Jean's eyes rolled into the back of her head. Harry gently placed his hands on her face when several sides of her were reconciled.
'So far, so good,' Emma commented.

'I sense no signs of resistance, she's become submissive to your touch,' Regan added from afar.

'Like you have any room to talk about that one,' Martinique commented. She crossed her arms and Regan stared back at her.

'Like you have any room to talk about that one,' Regan sniped back in a mocking voice.

'Ladies, do I need to get the paddle?' Emma thought dryly. That caused the two Mastermind sisters to tense up extremely quickly.

There was a moment where Jean shivered. She looked completely confused and reluctant.

"Don't worry, Jean, it's going to be okay, you're going to be whole again," Harry said. He placed his hands on either side of her face and leaned in. He gave her an extremely powerful and potent kiss. His tongue snaked into her mouth.

Jean succumbed to his kiss and kissed back even harder. She could feel her body heating up and it wasn't from the Phoenix Force.

Betsy, who was close by, got a blast of things. Regan, Martinique, and Emma also got a nice little blast of it, despite being a bit further away from things.

The Phoenix rose within Jean. It sensed the power of the Incubus. Her mate pulled her in. He ensnared her. Her body heated up in his grip. Jean shifted against his body. The redhead's whimpering pleasure increased when he worked her over.

The power Harry held over her was something to none.

"Almost there," Harry commented.

For the first time in her life, Jean felt her emotions return to herself. It was a sobering experience. Everything flooded back to her just like that. Things she suppressed, they returned to her.

"It's all coming back to me," Jean whispered. She closed her eyes and caused Harry's clothes to melt off of his body.

She felt a sexual desire that overwhelmed her body. The heat rising through her body caused her pleasure.

"You're here to bond me," Jean whispered. Her clothes faded from her body. She grinded her naked body up against Harry's. "Take me, bond me, do anything that you want to with me!"

There was a primal desire that burst through her body.

Harry grabbed her and pinned her against a stone pillar. Jean's body shivered when Harry had her back up against the wall. The power which coursed through his body was amazing.

Betsy wasn't the target of Harry's pheromones and even she felt the desire to be taken by him. She mentally created a chair to collapse back into. The heat rising from between her legs was strong.

"You know, you might have the ultimate cosmic power, but I'm the one that leads this dance," Harry said.

Jean nodded, biting down on her lip in a sultry manner. She spread her legs for him.
"Take me, bond me, breed me, do whatever you want to me," Jean said. Her voice grew more bold and stronger. "The Phoenix wants what you can give to me."

Her core almost absorbed him when Harry got close to her. He smiled and made sure this area was shielded, both in the minds and the real world. It was going to get extremely hot and extremely quick, in multiple ways, in more ways than one!

"YES!" Jean screamed. Her body begged for him.

He released her orgasm and he didn't even touch her. The fact that he could make her orgasm just by stimulating the right pleasure centers of her mind caused Jean to become very excited.

Nothing beat the real thing, nothing ever beat the real thing. The real thing edged towards her.

'Don't worry, Betsy, I'll be with you in minute,' Harry thought to her. 'Feel free to keep yourself occupied until I'm ready.'

'Of course, luv,' Betsy said, licking her lips. She leaned back to enjoy the show.

Harry got a good look at Jean's body. He liked pretty much everything that he saw. Her red hair formed a nice seductive curtain around her face. Her green eyes burned with lust. Her fully formed breasts begged to be touched, be played with. Her nipples grew erect in an uncomfortable manner.

Her stomach was extremely toned, even on the mental plane. Harry reveled in the gifts the Danger Room training gave her. His cock grew erect when he took in her toned abs, her long legs, and he grabbed around to feel her shapely ass.

Paradise existed between her legs. Her cunt dripped with desire for him. There was a red strip of hair coming down between her legs. She dripped with desire.

"Consider yourself taken," Harry whispered.

He grabbed Jean and speared himself into her. Her pussy felt so warm that if he was normal, if he was human, or even if he was just merely mutant, his cock would completely melt going into it. The fact that it was so hot caused him to harden into her.

"It's so big," Jean whispered. She spread her legs so he could fit into her. "Is it growing?"

"You're going to take it all," Harry told her firmly. He brushed his hands down her breasts and played with them.

Jean closed her eyes and felt him pumping his manhood into her smoldering hot depths. There was no question about this. She felt intense desire smoldering between her thighs. His hands played with her breasts and caused her to feel things that she never knew was possible. She felt amazing, it was so great.

She thought that she was going to explode with the new pleasure that coursed through her body. Harry's hard manhood spiked into the depths of her body, and he was just getting started with her. His thick tool pushed her lips open and she engulfed him deep into her depths.

Jean closed her eyes and felt an amazing rush boil through her body. Her nipples hardened. She needed to have him, deeper inside her. She needed to have him so deep that she would feel him buried into her depths.

"Harry, please, oh Harry, oh god," Jean begged him. He pumped into her pussy.
"Just hang in there Jean, you're going to feel so good," Harry whispered. His hand pressed on the underside of her breast when he kept pumping into her body.

Jean wasn't the only one that felt so good. Betsy was feeling good herself as well. She spread her dripping hot thighs about as far as they would go. Her pussy lips hungered for something, something hard going between them. Her hunger could not be sated by any means.

She did take the advice that someone gave her at one time. Betsy proceeded to go fuck herself. And she fucked herself hard. It was so hard that it almost hurt. She pushed her hips up when she spiked the dildo deep into her. The woman thrashed herself up against the intrusion that went between her lips. There was so much pleasure. Her hungry nether lips devoured what spiked within her.

Her mind also connected what Harry did to Jean. Jean's dripping hot center slid around him and engulfed his manhood.

Harry felt the pleasure of both of the sexy telepaths who joined him on the Astral plane. The network of pleasure branched out and engulfed the minds of anyone who was near enough. They grew even closer, even nearer, and the pleasure could not be beaten by any means. They just leaned back and enjoyed what was going to be an amazing ride.

"Fuck me, fuck me hard," Jean begged him. Her pussy could not have enough of him.

She felt the orgasm slowly building up her body. Harry's ability to slow it down, make her long for her release, made her even hotter. The flames engulfed their bodies when Harry speared into her.

"You want your release, don't you?" Harry whispered in her ear. Jean looked up, a sultry gaze dancing in her eyes. Her breath grew extremely sharp and ragged. Her breasts begged to be touched even more.

"Come on baby, release me, release me, make me feel everything that you can."

Harry released the hold he had on Jean just long enough for her to feel the orgasm. It caused him to feel pleasure when her tight vice tightened around his cock.

Betsy panted when her hips thrashed on the stone tab she laid herself out. Juices coated the tab when they went down her legs.

Suddenly she could feel a set of fingers brush down her legs, and collect the juices on them. Betsy's eyes fluttered over and her nipples grew even stiffer.

'And here I thought I was the only one that could turn my body to diamond,' Emma thought blandly.

She made Regan and Martinique get between her legs and give her pleasure. Her two pets eagerly lapped up the juices that gushed from her cunt from the pleasurable sensations she felt.

Harry hovered over Betsy and started to plant kisses all over her warm and willing body. His lips were the stuff of legend and one could say that about they could be classified as weapons.

"Too bad you skipped straight to the main event," Betsy told Jean through a hazed voice. Her tanned thighs spread and Harry drove his tongue between them. "His tongue.....it's simply divine, you know."

Betsy closed her eyes and felt Harry go to work on her. He acted like a starving man, lapping up all of those sweet, delicious juices that rolled between her thighs.

Jean thought that she was going to explode when she saw that Harry was doing. Harry was back
inside her.

He could split himself into several duplicates and they could all feel the same pleasure along with give different pleasure.

"Continue the bonding process," Harry whispered. The heat hugged both his and Jean's body. "Stay focused."

Jean's dripping wet pussy engulfed his throbbing rod deep within her body. The redhead's wet cunt closed around him when Harry made his way into her body. Her legs wrapped around his body and ensured that he did not stray too far away from her pleasure centers.

There was a pleasurable "oh god" that escaped from Jean's lips. Harry continued to assault her with a deep and long thrust. His manhood speared into her wet walls and caused her to lose all sense of her mind.

"Yes, oh god, your god."

Jean wrapped her arms around him when her Incubus King continued to assault her nerve center with pleasure. She felt like she was getting hit with a million things at once and even her powerful brain had difficulty keeping up and processing it.

"FUCK!" Harry grunted. Her wet walls slid around him and popped hard around his manhood.

Harry grabbed onto her ass and slammed himself into her body. His thrusts assaulted her body and brought her to the depths of even more pleasure. Her wet lips caressed him when he went in and out of her.

He was so close to causing her to lose her mind.

Speaking of losing her mind, Betsy's moans increased in volume and intensity. Harry rolled her over where she was pressed chest first upon the rock. He held her arms back and sawed into her from behind. Betsy's dripping cunt took his manhood.

"Perhaps I should switch to a different venue."

Betsy shivered when she realized what Harry meant. He pushed his finger deep into her anal core and started pumping his way into her with his finger. That caused her pleasure to explode in her body. The more he gave her, the more she desired. She wanted so much more, her body was this close to having some kind of overload.

"I think that I better take that perfect ass and drill it," Harry commented. He diddled her from behind and Betsy panted, her breath increasing in intensity when he pumped his finger into her.

She wanted that in the worst way. Anything Harry gave her, her body craved. He was like some kind of drug she couldn't get enough of. Her body accepted his throbbing rod delving into her hot and smoldering depths.

He switched venues and stuffed himself into her ass.

"Are you normally this tight?" Harry asked. His well lubricated cock sodomized her.

Betsy closed her eyes and felt her pussy being simulated along with her ass. That caused her panting to increase.
Jean was being fucked against the wall. How many orgasms did she feel?

"I'm going to make you cum over and over again, until you can't take it any more," Harry whispered. His manhood slammed hard into Jean and caused pleasure to shoot through her loins. "You're going to beg for your release."

Jean moaned and her release came again. It spiked through her.

"And you're going to beg for mine," Harry added. His hands rested on her hips when he pushed into her body. He grinded himself into her and her wet pussy clenched him.

"Yes, Harry, please cum in me, cum for me, I want this, I want this, please, please, please!" Jean chanted. Her tight pussy clamped down around him.

Harry grunted when he pushed himself deep into her body. The redhead sucked in his cock. Every inch of it pushed into her inside.

"Send your sticky cum into my womb, and fill me up with so much that I explode," Jean said. She knew that once an Incubus came inside a women, this woman was theirs forever.

She wanted that. She needed that. Jean closed her eyes when she felt Harry bury deep into her. She felt his cock stuffed deep into her womb. The redhead's lips engulfed him when he impacted into her.

"God, so good, so very good!" Jean moaned deeply. Her hand wrapped around his bicep and she squeezed it.

Harry delved into her and they were going to have an amazing mutual orgasm.

Betsy was slammed down hard into the bench and her eyes closed. She felt her ass being violated again and she loved every last minute of it.

"Cum in my ass love, cause it to be sticky and sore," Betsy begged him. She felt extremely horny and her body was about to explode.

Harry obliged on both of them.

The three of them felt an amazing combined orgasm. It rocked anyone who had not had the presence of mind to shield their bodies.

Jean returned back to the real world and collapsed on the bed. Her entire floor was completely soaked with her juices.

She looked outside the doorway and saw Ororo slumped against the wall, breathing heavily. She didn't stop touching herself.

"Now that's what I call a climax," a voice whispered in her ear. She saw Harry standing next to her in the flesh.

"Um, I don't have anywhere to sit that hasn't been drenched in my cum," Jean said.

"No matter," Harry replied. "It won't take too long to discuss the arrangements for your future."

Jean's interest was grabbed. She moved close to her mate. She craved his touch or more importantly what his touch could do to her.

To Be Continued On December 18th, 2014.
Putting Together the Pieces

Chapter Twenty Eight: Putting Together the Pieces.

Jean Grey entered a state of what could only be considered to be tranquility. At least she was more tranquil than she would ever be given the circumstances. She was far more relaxed and far more in tune with her emotions than she would ever be for a long time.

A lot of that had to do with the young man standing by her side. The Incubus King had a way with women and Jean appreciated that. Her eyes averted towards Ororo, who was slumped over in the hallway, panting.

"So, what did you do to her?" Jean asked. This wasn't done in an accusatory manner but really, it was more in the form of asking some kind of question. She honestly had to know what was going on.

"Well, I'll be honest, she was a little too close to the blast," Harry said. Jean raised her eyebrow. "There are instances where when two powerful individuals are in the act, sometimes anyone who has the misfortune of getting too close, gets a blast of the emotions that are running wild."

"In other words, we cause an orgasm for everyone who was nearby," Jean said slowly.

She actually would accept that. Jean had to laugh in amusement. It was a long time that she had been in this good spirits. Dealing with some powers that were about ready to break free and overwhelm her did not lead to many good moments. The Redhead feared that there was some pressing issues with her. Her mental faculties most certainly were not in order.

Harry fixed them. Jean recalled them now that all parts of her were reconciled. He put them together piece by piece.

She shuddered at the methods that he had to do this. That being said, there was a lot that she didn't understand about what happened.

"This power, it could twist someone," Jean said.

Harry leaned forward and cupped her hands on either side of her face. He looked Jean honestly into her eyes.

She shuddered. The power of just his eyes was enough to send her spiraling mentally out of control. Any woman who looked into his eyes was completely and utterly underneath his thrall.

Not that Jean had any choice in the matter. She began this day underneath his thrall when he helped her tap into the powers of the Phoenix Force.

"Any power can twist anyone if they let it," Harry said. He stroked his finger slowly down her chest. He saw Jean succumb to his touch and there was a moment where time seemed to stop. His mere touch set off waves of pleasure through her body. "I helped you embrace the power. I helped you become what you should be. The Phoenix rose within you Jean and now the sky is the limit."

Harry gave Jean a kiss that caused waves of electricity to go down her body. It was the kind of kiss...
that made a person's toes curl and their panties moisten.

Jean backed off from Harry. The power flowing from his power caused her to wonder what kind of wicked power he had over each and every female he encountered. That was the point though. That was truly the point.

"Thank you for getting everything in order," Jean said. She stroked Harry's hair.

It was obvious that she was struggling with every single thought to jump him right here.

'Xavier was....misguided to think that he could tame that power,' Emma thought.

'So one of the voices in my head,' Jean commented. She frowned and it hit her. 'Emma Frost, the White Queen of the Hellfire Club, I should have known, and you're....Harry Potter.'

'Yes, I see that my reputation precedes myself and often times destroys myself,' Emma commented. There was a certain amount of dryness to her voice that indicated that she was more amused by this fact than anything else. 'But it was a long time coming, Jean. And you have been visiting Harry in his dreams for a long time and he's been visiting you in yours I'm sure.'

'Yes,' Jean said breathlessly. She used her mental shields to block some of the nature of those dreams. Even though it was obvious to anyone with a Kindergarten level education or higher exactly what the nature of these dreams were. 'Now all we need to do is find out who this British woman is....'

'That would be me,' Betsy commented.

'No, she sounded a little bit different than you, sorry,' Lily replied.

'Just how many voices do you have in your head anyway?' Betsy asked.

'Well she'll have a lot now considering she's been added to the bond, although Harry's disabled that function not to overwhelm her,' Emma said. 'And yes, honey, I'll explain that all to you later.'

'I can't wait,' Jean commented. She honestly meant that at the bottom of her heart. 'And I mean that, I truly and completely mean that.'

'I know you do, Jean,' Emma replied. 'But tell us more about the British voice in your head.'

'I saw a glimpse of her, she looked like me, only not like me,' Jean said. She realized how confusing she sounded and she tried to elaborate the best that she could. 'The green eyes and the red hair and she called Harry her flesh and blood.'

'We'll look into this later,' Harry thought to her.

He figured that this was the case but he couldn't be sure. Jean was giving him confirmation that it might be sure.

'Exactly what?' Jean asked. She wondered what Harry was cooking up.

'You should get some rest, and actually allow Emma to walk you through some things,' Harry thought. 'I'll come back here to discuss your future later.'

Jean stole one last kiss on Harry for the road. The two of them entangled their tongues into each other and Harry vanished into the distance.

'So, what have I gotten myself into?' Jean asked.
Harry arrived back in Limbo. Illyana and Clea joined him no sooner than he arrived. It was obvious what Harry was thinking. As the Sorceress Supreme, Clea didn't even need to have it spelled out for her.

"You're concerned that there's a chance that Jean's cosmic fit might have torn some dimensional barrier open," Clea commented.

"That much is obvious, and there's the potential it could have," Harry offered. He was going to wait and see for now. Harry's hand swept over the edge of the dimensional barriers. They glowed underneath his hand when he checked them.

It may take a while but Harry Potter took pride in his work. He understood the need to underline every single last little detail. There were a series of subtle cracks forming inside the dimensional barriers. Harry frowned when he looked them over.

There was absolutely nothing so far. So far so good, but Harry needed to check deeper.

There were already certain energies stirred up when the Dark Dimension burst open. All it took was one little crack to shatter everything.

Illyana helped her master check things out. She understood the need for what they were doing. Each barrier was mostly intact. It appeared to be a miracle in the making.

His hand reached over and the three of them locked hands. There was a warmth that spread.

"Absolutely nothing," Harry said.

"Dare, I say that it's a miracle, my lord?" Clea asked. She couldn't keep the pleased smile off of her face.

"Miracles happen every now and then, Clea, so yes, I think that you can safely say that this is a miracle," Harry said. He reached around and squeezed her hand.

Clea allowed herself to relax underneath Harry's grip. It would have just given her more work.

"And how is Jean adapting?" Clea asked.

"She's adapting about as well as you could expect," Harry said. He had another situation regarding Jean, but it will wait. "One final sweep just to make sure."

Illyana smiled. If her master had any faults, not that she would admit them out loud, he was a bit of a perfectionist. She didn't blame him given the circumstances. It was better to be careful than to regret not being so later.

"So, you have her, that should move forward the next step of your plan quite nicely," Illyana said. She closed her hand and waved over the barrier. "And I believe that everything is as it should be."

"I'll check one more thing, I'll tend to you later," Harry said.

The Incubus King faded out, leaving Clea and Illyana with their own devices. They had to join up with Ananym in a little bit to check up on the status of one of the longer term projects of their
Harry arrived at SWORD headquarters. There was hardly anyone there but he knew that Carol was there, working.

Harry slipped inside. With a handy little magic trick, he froze time for mostly everyone in the base.

Carol looked up, completely shocked for about ten seconds. She slowly realized what was going on. "I should have known."

"You should have, but yet it was a surprise," Harry said. He leaned towards her and pressed his lips onto hers with a kiss. "You're slacking Carol. Or is it just been that you're working too late?"

"Working too late, obviously," Carol admitted to him. She shook her head to clear it. "But when you're dealing with policing the universe, even though it can't be done, you got to put in a few extra hours."

"There hasn't been anything coming on through within the last twenty four hours," Harry said.

"Other than the sudden burst of cosmic power near Westchester that you warned me about, there was nothing," Carol informed him. She frowned and then slowly followed Harry's thought process. "You thought that cosmic power would be picked up by someone else."

"Yes, I figured as much," Harry replied. He made his way over to look at the systems Carol was monitoring. His hands ran over the console. "Thankfully it didn't trigger anything. At least nothing yet."

Harry looked grim. Anyone who tried to invade his planet would have suffered the consequences of that. He would destroy all of the men and take all of their women. If the women were useful, he had a use for them. If not, they still had a use as glorified toys for his pets, just like those foolish wand wavers were.

"It's almost like you're expecting something," Carol said. Harry raised his eyebrow when he looked at her. She looked back at him, unblinking and dare he say it, a bit unapologetic. "Sorry, it's just…"

"I understand and I'm prepared to do anything to protect my planet," Harry said. He placed his hands on Carol's waist. "And you know that."

"I know that," she agreed. She leaned up against Harry. He was barely touching her but she felt his power and control wash over her. "And I don't blame you. The universe is an untamed place, as SWORD has found out."

"The upgrades I've funded should give SWORD some added teeth," Harry said. He moved behind Carol and wrapped his arms around her waist. He pressed his lips at the back of her neck and his hands moved up to touch her breasts. "To the world at large, I'm just such rich guy who donates a lot of money and makes even more. And I leave the heroes to do what they do best. Recklessly throw themselves into situations that get them killed."

"Hey, I recklessly throw myself into situations that can get me killed," Carol whined. He pressed her against the control console and started to strip her of her uninform.

"I'm hungry," Harry told her as he brushed his finger against her thigh. She spread her legs in response, a slave to his will.
Harry left Carol completely and utterly wrecked when he returned to the Xavier Institute. He had a meeting with Charles Xavier and that would be a nice discussion.

There was a small part of Harry that respected Xavier on the level of accomplishments but there was a larger part of him that detested a lot of what the man stood for.

Harry disabled the security when he entered the Mansion. It was almost a joke with how easily he could disable such things. Harry hated being mocked.

'Ah the infamous Xavier institute security, I almost forgotten how paper thin it was,' Emma thought. She looked rather amused by the look of abject disgust on Harry's face.

'Exactly how many times does this place get breached a month?' Harry asked.

'On average, three, but that might just be during the slow months,' Amara said. She smiled when she saw Harry mentally lift his hand up to facepalm himself. 'Believe me, Harry, the feeling is more than mutual.'

Harry stepped towards Xavier's office. He wondered how aware he was of what happened in the Mansion involving Jean. Harry honestly didn't care because he was going to take care of things right now.

He knocked on the door and it opened on its own accord. Harry put the hood up over his face. He didn't want Xavier to see his face in light.

"Don't bother getting up," Harry said. He walked towards the wheelchair bound Charles Xavier and his fellow X-Men fell to the ground around him. Harry took them out with a sleep spell.

"Who are you?" Xavier demanded. He saw his students on the ground in a pile. This guy just burst into the Institute like he owned the place. Xavier tried to look into his face, but he saw nothing.

"That's not important, but you've been having a very bad day," the man in the hood commented. There was almost amusement dancing in his tone. "Not to mention the fact that it began before I walked in this door."

"You don't....."

"I do," the man in the hood commented. He slowly began to tick things off, carefully counting the ways why this day sucked. "A power you tried to hold back broke loose and put everyone in this Mansion in peril. Yourself included, actually yourself especially. And your chosen leader is somewhere in the Nevada desert, so I would suggest you retrieve him sooner or later and warn him not to play with fires that could get him burned."

Xavier frowned and tried to read this man's mind. That proved to be a mistake as his skull felt like it was splitting open.

"And that's what happens when your curiosity gets the better of you," he whispered. His voice deepened. "Your X-Men is an interesting project and I think that mutants are part of the next stage of evolution. Humanity is heading that way, whether or not a few blow heads in Washington like it or not."

Xavier nodded, although he frowned at the man's choice of terminology.
"I'm here to collect what is mine," the man in the hood commented. Xavier could barely blink, much less think. "And that is Jean Grey. I've claimed her for mine and I can allow her powers to grow and prosper better than you can."

"What makes you so certain about that?" Xavier asked.

"I know because underneath my guiding hand, many powerful women mastered their complete potential," the voice commented. "There are two things that could happen right now. Jean can and will come willingly with me."

"That's her choice, not yours." Xavier commented. He was trying to figure out exactly what he was dealing with.

"Curiosity is what put you in that wheelchair and curiosity might be one puts you in a prison of your own mind," the hooded figure commented. His voice got bolder and Xavier could sense the power coming off what he said. It was nearly terrifying to hear his voice echo like that. "As I said before I was rudely interrupted, Jean can and will come willingly with me. Or you can try to stop her, try and cage her here like you tried to cage her powers."

"I was trying to….."

There was a loud bang and the windows of the office cracked.

"You had incomplete information of what the Phoenix Force was," the hooded figured commented. Xavier was paralyzed completely. "Perhaps I shouldn't fault you for that fact. In fact, I'll go as far to say that I won't fault you for that one. You had what you had and you tried to understand certain things about the power that you had."

"Yes, yes," Xavier managed. He nearly choked when the tightened grip of power.

"And for the record, Jean has chosen, she knew that this day was coming," the hooded man commented. "Those who fight battles who are unwilling to do what's necessary are not contributing to any situation. They're contributing to a problem. And now it's time for you to join the rest of your students in dream land."

Xavier blacked out suddenly. He was left with nightmares of his greatest failures. People who he tried to save down a dark path but couldn't. People who died underneath his watch played nicely in his dreams. The person who haunted him the most was the Phoenix Force. It messed with his mind something fierce.

"You weren't giving him an option, were you?"

Harry turned around and saw Ororo Munroe waiting in the doorway. She was dressed and in a better state of mind since the last time Harry met up with her.

"Thank you for keeping an eye on her until the moment arrived," Harry commented.

"Anything," Ororo said, with a smile. She looked at her king with a hungry expression but that could wait until another day.

'So are you ready to go?' Harry projected to Jean.

'Yeah, I'm ready to go,' Jean agreed. She had a question. 'How many spies do you have in this place? No wait....let me guess, they're all female, aren't they?'
'She does catch on really fast,' Emma thought in an approving manner. This one was going to be fun to have around, the White Queen wasn't going to lie.

Jean's awe was obvious when she looked around the Headquarters Harry took her. The green eyed wizard smirked when he lead Jean inside.

Harry smirked. "Be careful, you're going to strain your neck looking around that much."

Jean clapped her hands on her hips and frowned. "Sorry, it's just that….."

Harry smiled when he clapped his hands. Five identical blondes all dressed in maid uniforms showed up. The skirt of the uniform barely came up to meet their thighs and it was obvious that they were wearing some extremely skimpy panties underneath. The tops of the uniforms showed a plunging neckline that would make anyone who saw them a little wet in the mouth and a little hard in the pants.

"Sophie, could you and your sisters show Jean where she's staying?" Harry asked.

"At once, master," Sophie commented, sauntering over towards him. She smiled when she looked at him. "And I hope that the uniforms are up to specifications."

"They can be shorter if you want them to," Phoebe added. She walked on the other side of Harry and pressed her ample breasts against his side. There was a sultry smile on her face. "So, what do you think?"

"I think that you should take Jean's bags up to her room," Harry commented. He looked them. "We'll do a full uniform inspection later."

"Of course, master," Sophie said. She fluttered her eyelashes at them.

Mindee shook her head and gave an exasperated sigh. "I do apologize for my sisters acting like such sluts, master. Perhaps I should make it up to you later, for their disgraceful behavior."

"Look who's acting like a slut now, you tart," Esme said. "You act worse than the Mastermind sisters do."

'HEY!' Regan yelled through the bond link. Martinique was about ready to say the same thing but she realized that she agreed with her sister, so she wanted to nip that problem in the bud.

"Take Jean's things up to her room, if you will," Harry said. His voice was calm but extremely firm. The type of voice the quintuplets knew better than to disagree with. "And make sure that she feels at home."

The girls looked rather giddy at the thought of servicing the Phoenix. They almost got extremely wet between the legs at the thought of what they were going to do. Not to mention how they were going to serve her and later their master.

'Don't mind them, if they get out of line, you have my full permission to spank them,' Emma thought.

'Why do I think that won't exactly act as a deterrent,' Jean commented.

'Likely because it won't,' Regan offered. She was a bit miffed at someone being compared to her in an unfavorable way. She could see the comparison to Martinique.
Harry turned around and saw a pair of bright blue eyes staring out of him from a room. It was obvious the person they belonged to and Harry was meaning to have a few words with her sooner rather than later.

"Hello, Kara," Harry said. He blocked her from shutting the door.

"Harry," Kara said. She was trying to look like she hadn't been watching Harry. That seemed to be a little bit creepy to her, likely because it was a little bit creepy to her.

"How are you doing?" Harry asked. He approached her and he looked like a predator stalking its prey.

"Well it was hard at first," Kara admitted. She felt her heart flutter when Harry closed the gap on her. Pretty soon both of them were going to be face to face with each other and that was when the real fun was going to begin.

"I can see how it can be hard," Harry admitted. He reached towards her with a smile and placed his hand on the side of her face. He slowly and swiftly began to stroke her cheek. Her cheeks heated up underneath his touch.

Kara closed her eyes and felt Harry's able hands stirring up something beneath her.

"What are you doing?" Kara asked.

"Krypton was rather repressed in sexual ways, weren't they?" Harry asked. He walked behind her. "But your mother disagreed with that fact, didn't she?"

Harry's fingers brushed underneath her skirt. Kara thought that she was going to die of lust. The one touch might have been light and it might have been extremely brief. She felt it and felt pleasure roll over her body.

She felt him continue to tempt her. The temptation grew when he continued to play with her.

"Don't worry, Kara, I'm here," Harry whispered in her ear. "Your mother disagreed with that fact. You were one of the few ones to be born natural, weren't you?"

"If anyone on Krypton ever learned the truth......"

Harry smiled when he felt Kara's nipples press against his chest. They threatened to tear through her shirt. He slowly played with her. His fingers brushed outside of the fabric. The only barrier between the fabric and her was his fingers.

"You want me, don't you?" Harry asked. Kara looked at him, trying to block the lust out of her mind. She was involuntarily pushing her womanhood towards him. His fingers came close to entertaining her but he pulled back. This caused her to slump against the wall and pant. "Ever since you saw what I did to your cousin, you wanted a piece of that."

"You knew that I was watching," Kara said. She felt Harry's hands slowly tease her underneath her shirt.

"I always know when a female feels unquenched, sexual lust," Harry said. He touched her but at the same time, he didn't touch her. That left Kara hanging, begging, she pleaded for more. She had to have even more, she didn't know what would happen if she didn't get more. "But, you know, I'm here, and it's time to quench that sexual lust."
Kara saw a show of Harry's bonding with the Phoenix earlier. Emma implanted it all in their minds as a reminder of his power.

"I'm sure that there's some kind of courting process, but you're in desperate need for me now," Harry said.

Kara realized that he had her out of her panties in a matter of seconds, while she was busy catching his bearings. His pants slowly slipped down.

"You've done this to me, it's time to see how tight you are. You're going to please me and I'll give you what you want."

Harry's finger pushed into her. Kara felt him touch areas that had never been properly stimulated. Her nerve endings exploded into an amount of pleasure.

"Oooh," Kara moaned, and his finger slowly pulled out from underneath her skirt.

"Taste," Harry ordered her. Kara tasted her own juices and that caused her to orgasm again. Her thighs pressed together when she shook all over in a pure lust ridden fury.

Kara slumped against the wall. She panted with pleasure beyond anything she ever felt in her life.

"Good girl," Harry whispered to her. There was a sense of naughtiness dancing in his voice that caused her pleasure centers to explode. His throbbing manhood brushed against her dripping slip.

Kara watched him disappear underneath her skirt inch by inch. She felt him push her apart and make her his woman.

Harry ripped open her shirt to cause her delicious teenage breasts to bounce out for him. He slowly played with them. He slowly worked her up.

"Only halfway in you, and you're already screaming," Harry said smugly. He clenched her breast. "I wonder what things will be like when it's all the way in."

Kara panted, her hips trying to coax the rest of his manhood inside of her. She wanted to find out. Scratch that, she needed to find out. There was so much pleasure she had to have that her body was nearly going to explode waiting for it.

"Please," Kara whimpered. Harry pulled all the way out of her almost and left her hanging against the wall. The blonde bombshell clutched her hands against the wall. She panted extremely hard.

His cock was this close to penetrating her one more time. His balls slapped against her thighs. Her legs spread about as far as they could go. He shoved it into her, this time all of the way.

Kara felt pain and then it was replaced by an overwhelming explosion of pleasure. All of the power pumped to her pussy. She clenched his throbbing cock, never keeping it far from her.

"I think we should…..try for something else," Harry whispered, and he guided Kara over.

Kara felt herself land on the soft bed. Harry pressed her down against the bed.

Suddenly, he pulled out of her. Kara felt the feeling of lost and she was rolled over.

Harry slapped her on her rear. The sting his power caused prompted Kara to shudder all over. More
pleasure spread through her heated loins. Harry was about ready to take her in any way that he could.

His throbbing cock inched precious inches away from Kara's smoldering hot center. She thought that she was going to get something wonderful and she was going to be proven right.

His cock shoved inside her and parted her legs. The blonde screamed out loud in pleasure when he was all the way inside her.

"Just relax Kara, I'll take care of you," Harry whispered to her.

Kara nodded, biting down on her lip. She knew that he would take care of her.

"Is this a private party, or is any tight Kryptonian pussy invited?"

Karen showed at the door. She was dressed in a thin bathrobe. The busty blonde shrugged it off of her shoulders, and revealed a tight red corset, along with a thong, stockings, and garter belt. The corset looked barely able to hold her mammoth tits.

Kara was distracted by Harry's large cock, spearing into her body. That being said, Karen's glorious fun bags were more than sufficient to turn her head another direction.

"Normally I'd have you eat my pussy," Karen said. She smiled when she laid back on the bed. Her pussy wasn't in front of Kara's face, rather her tits were. They poured out of her corset. Karen slowly and seductively pulled it down the rest of the way. "I think that you know what I have in mind, don't you?"

Harry shoved Kara's face down into Karen's tits. Karen did the rest of the work and wrapped her arms around Kara's head to pin her in place.

"Yes, baby, suck my tits!" Karen moaned.

Harry was behind Kara and he rammed into her. He used some of the lubricate on his fingers to pump his finger deep into her asshole. Her pussy responded to him on that one.

"I bet this bitch wants her ass to be fucked," Harry whispered. He played with Kara's ass when he buried himself balls deep into her.

Kara's moaning into Karen's tits resulted in Karen's hips thrashing up and down. Another Harry showed up, split off from the original copy.

"We're going to have to hold you down," Harry whispered. "We're going to need a big rod to bolt you down."

"Well it looks like you have that with you right now, don't you?" Karen asked. There was a sultry expression crossing her face when she looked at Harry. His manhood inched down closer between her legs.

"Good thing I do, don't I?" Harry asked her. He spread Karen's thighs and parted them.

Kara could hear the delightful screams that weren't completely motivated by her worshipping Karen's tits. The blonde felt a sense of excitement and anxiety when she thought that Harry was about ready to fuck her ass.

"Claire, honey, could you do be a favor and take Kara's pussy, while I fuck her ass?"
Kara looked up with a blurry vision. She couldn't believe it but her little cousin arrived. Her pussy tightened around Harry's rod at what she saw. She wore a black thong with a strap on hooked to it.

"Welcome to the Hellfire Club, my dear cousin," Claire said. She brushed her cock against Kara's belly after Harry turned her.

Kara was about ready to be double stuffed by her cousin and her mate. Kara whimpered when Harry was this close to entering her ass.

"I think that I better take some of this, to make sure."

Harry lubricated Kara's asshole with his fingers. Her puckered hole was wet and ready for violation.

Kara closed her eyes and felt Harry's throbbing cock enter her asshole. Seconds later, she was distracted by something else.

Claire shoved her toy into Kara's pussy. She thought that nothing could beat Harry but at the same time, it was doing a pretty adequate substitution.

Especially when Claire set it to vibrate at super speed in Kara's pussy, an action that caused her mind to flood with lust.

"Your tight ass belongs to me," Harry growled. He pumped himself deep into Kara's tight anus. The blonde tried to fight against his attacks but he had her exactly where he wanted her and he was not letting go.

"Yes, it does," Kara agreed. She let out a moan. Both her holes were filled.

Karen decided to add to the fun. She had a strap on of her own. After Harry nicely fucked her pussy, she wanted something else.

"Suck," Karen ordered her sister.

Kara wrapped her hand around the dildo and got it nice and wet with her tongue. She could tell that it was connected to Karen's nervous system, so she would feel everything that an actual cock would feel.

She acquired a few interesting videos from her mother's stash during her research on Earth, so Kara was pretty sure the technique. She would allow her instincts to guide her regardless.

"So good, so good, keep it up," Karen moaned. Kara's tight mouth wrapped around her fake tool that entered her mouth, and she was going to mentally explode when Karen worked her over.

Kara tried to keep focused on her older sister, even though Claire and Harry working her over caused her mind to explode into large amounts of lust. The two of them seemed to be competing to give her more pleasure.

"Welcome to Earth, I know that you'll do well," Claire whispered. She squeezed her cousin's breasts and smiled. She then pressed her hard nipples against Kara's and allowed some friction to be developed.

Harry pumped his throbbing cock into Kara's tight ass. It felt so warm around him. He had some nice asses, but hers was up there. Her youthful excitement also made it that much more exciting to debauch her completely.
His tongue extended and he licked Kara behind the ears.

"When I say the word, they're going to cum, you're going to cum, and only then is when I'll cum," Harry whispered. He grabbed Kara's waist and continued to pump into her.

"Yes, yes, yes, master," Kara whimpered. She could feel her excitement reach a fever pitch.

That word, as usual, was music to Harry's ears. Karen channeled her cum through Kara's mouth. Kara lapped it up like she was a starving woman in the desert.

Claire impacted her cum into Kara's pussy. Kara thrashed and squeezed her cousin's cock. The dark haired woman pushed her hips forward and filled up Kara.

Claire and Karen were now tied up on the floor and they could feel what Kara was going to feel at the end.

Harry's thick manhood pushed into Kara from the front. Both versions of Harry worked her over on either side.

"And now, it's time for the grand finale," Harry whispered. He explored Kara's insides with both of his cocks. He pushed himself into her.

Kara was feeling so much pleasure that she could hardly stand straight. All she wanted was to cum. Why couldn't she cum? That's what she wanted to know. Her pleasure was spiking beyond what it should be. This pleasure was driving her completely wild.

"Oh, oh, oh," Kara panted. She felt herself shake all over.

"A little bit."

He watched Karen and Claire. Kara's last traces of innocence ripped away and it was an arousing sensation to put things mildly. Both Kryptonian females rested on the floor when Harry worked them over like he owned them.

"Just a little bit more and we'll have it," Harry whispered. He could see the excitement from both women bursting on through. Their pleasure enhanced when he worked them over to the edge. "Just that much more and you'll be in heaven."

"YES!" Kara shrieked.

His cocks felt so good inside her. Kara was losing her mind. She cooed and moaned underneath him when he rapidly spiked her pleasure centers. More pleasure impacted either side of her body.

He drove her closer to the edge. It was closer than she ever felt before. Pleasure continued to work her beyond every conceivable measure.

Harry allowed her to cum finally, releasing another orgasm from Claire and Karen in the process. Their combined pleasure overwhelmed any woman who happened to be locked into the bond link presently.

Harry allowed them to come down from their combined pleasure, slowly but surely.

It was then when he finished the job. He came in Kara's ass first. His cream injected into her hot ass.

Then it was time for Harry to make her his forever. The boiling sensation which rose through his balls signaled that he was going to have a big load.
"Don't worry if you pass out," Harry said, rolling Kara over so he could look her in the eyes when he did this. "It's perfectly normal."

Kara screamed when Harry injected his load into her. The blonde pumped her hips up, bringing his cock deep down into her smoldering hot depths. Her legs clenched around him when he emptied his load into her.

She shivered when she faded into a state of bliss. Her arms wrapped around her mate and a smile of content crossed her face.

Kara appreciated her new master as she blacked out from over stimulation.

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Natasha Romanov moved with all of the swift precision you'd expect the spy known as the Black Widow to move at. She carefully looked over her shoulder and kept pressing forward.

"We're going to have to take a quick peak at Stark's files, because they've been recently upgraded," Fury told her.

"Right," Natasha commented. She knew the game better than anyone else. "My security clearance should be able to get me in. There's something going on behind the scenes."

"SHIELD has their own problems, but if Stark has been infiltrated by HYDRA, they would have access to weapons that are beyond what most countries are capable of," Fury said. "And Stark says that he doesn't make weapons any more. I don't know what he calls that glorified playsuit of power armor."

"It would have to be considered a weapon, sir," Natasha commented. She slipped inside carefully and discreetly. "Potts left an hour ago, so there are only some security guards on the floor. They should be taken out easily."

"I'll leave it to you, report back to me when you have what we need," Fury commented. "Fury out."

"Widow out."

Natasha was glad that Fury left her to do the job that she was paid for. The super spy slunk into the shadows. She could sense that there was a laser grid of security that would trip several alarms.

She pulled out a canister and sprayed the button on the side. The crisscross of security grids appeared on the ground. Natasha placed her hands on the back of her calves and launched herself up over the grid.

The Black Widow moved with precision grace. She had to get to the end of this hallway.

The power box was at the end. One burst of electricity fried the power. By her estimations, the backup generator would kick on in approximately three minutes.

More than enough time to take out that guard in the dark, that's what she did, slamming the back of her fist into his head.

The guard crumpled down to the ground. Natasha raised her hands and pulled out the guards keys.

She found the one that she needed and opened to access the secure area. The power was going to flick on just in time for her to access the main computer system.
'Right, this lab has its own power grid area,' Natasha reminded herself. There was a surprising lack of security.

She supposed that the security out in the hallway should be sufficient enough. At least it would be sufficient enough for a highly trained SHIELD agent.

She made her way to the computer system. The passwords she had should work.

Only they didn't. Natasha had to get around the security system the old fashioned way.

"You know, Miss Rushman, that's not going to work," a voice commented, echoing through the lab. Natasha got to her feet and saw that there was no one there.

"Show yourself!" she yelled.

"Breaking into a top secret lab from a corporation that has resources to make your life very difficult isn't a good idea," the voice commented. "A naughty, naughty, girl, perhaps you should get a spanking?"

Natasha felt something goose her from behind. She screamed when she got up. Her hands were raised and she tried to blast at something.

'Great, I'm shooting at ghosts,' she mentally grumbled. She saw some tentacle like devices shoot from the wall at her.

Natasha dodged the attacks before they could hit her.

"Your movements are good, the way you move, and I'm sure that there's one thing that you don't lack," the voice commented. It was obvious that he enjoyed the fact he was getting in Natasha's head and causing her to lose her mind. "And that's stamina. You have plenty of it. You have an ample amount of it."

The tentacles wrapped around her arms and legs and yanked her back.

"But you're forgetting who runs this game," the voice commented. Natasha struggled to free herself. "And for the record, your com link has been disabled."

Natasha was afraid of that almost. She felt herself pushed back first against the table. Lasers manifested out of the wall when she was placed onto the table.

She was strapped tightly against the table. Natasha tried to free herself. The leather straps dug against her breasts and against her pussy. It caused her to be frustrated and a little bit aroused as well.

Natasha wasn't going to lie. She enjoyed being turned on like this.

The lasers caused her cat suit to be ripped off. She was wearing nothing but a skimpy bra and a pair of thong panties. The thong panties which rapidly grew wet with arousal.

"Good evening, Miss Rushman or should I say, Miss Romanov?" he asked. A man with a hood turned up. "It appears that you've been doing some freelance work on the side. And those references you had, they were good, too good. Hence why I checked them and found the paper trail that they lead back to."

He placed his hands inches away from her legs. The straps shifted to restrain her hands and feet. Her legs spread like she was presenting herself for.
"SHIELD, I must say, I'm intrigued by how you expected to keep that one, and I wonder what Fury's game is," he said. "Then again, you've been viewing what I've been doing for some time. And not all of that is because of what Fury wants. He only wants you to keep an eye on what's been happening here at Stark. He's afraid it's been compromised. He might see it to be a tad suspicious that all of the male employees have been reassigned to other Stark facilities."

He brushed his fingers down her flat stomach. He slowly played with her and placed his fingers on the band of her panties.

"Tell me, Natasha, did you enjoy the show Gwen and I put on for you?" he asked her.

"I should have known," she groaned. Her core pumped up an amazing amount of heat.

"Yes, you should have known," Harry agreed. His fingers inched closer to the sweet spot. "I want to know what Fury thinks is happening and what information you might have for me. If you're a good girl, I'll reward you."

"Oh, do you expect me to talk?" Natasha asked. She was trying to retain some of her bravado.

Harry smirked. "No, Miss Romanov, I expect you to cum."

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To Be Continued On December 22nd, 2014.
Chapter Twenty-Nine: Interrogation.

Harry smiled when he hovered over Natasha. It was obvious that he had her underneath his thrall. A devious smile crossed his face when he looked her over and he would be working her over in a matter of seconds.

"What are you doing lurking around?" Harry asked. He placed his hand on the side of her cheek and brushed it down. He slowly made his way down towards her neck and then placed his thumb in between her cleavage, pumping in between the sweet and tender valley. Natasha gave a light moan in response when he slowly worked her over. "You're being a naughty little girl trying to spy on me for Fury?"

Harry slowly zipped down her suit to reveal more of her body. It was down to her stomach now. The young man smiled. He zipped it back up. It was almost like he was taunting her with the prospect of sex.

Natasha squirmed underneath the restraints. Her body succumbed to his touch and she didn't want to suffer any more. He played with her.

"Please," she begged him. Harry continued to tempt and toy with her body. It was amazing how much he was able to work her over and the interesting thing was that he barely even touched her.

"In a minute, honey," Harry said. A wicked smile crossed his face. He continued to play with every single inch of her body. The redhead vixen felt like she was trapped underneath his power. His thrall was strong.

"I'll tell you anything, anything you want," she said. She felt her suit unzipped and Harry smiled when he brushed his fingers across her sensitive opening. He toyed with her and she whimpered underneath his touch. Harry had her underneath the palm of his hands.

"I know you'll tell me anything, you'll tell me everything," Harry continued. He kissed her on the side of the neck.

The door swung open and Pepper entered. She didn't wear her normal business attire, rather she wore a tight black shirt and blue jeans. She walked towards the bound and half naked Natasha.

"So, she arrived when you said that she did," Pepper responded. She was casual and walked towards Harry.

"Of course she did," Harry said. He swept her up into his arms and kissed her deeply. His tongue pushed into her mouth.

Pepper wrapped her arms around Harry and he backed her off. Harry took her back onto the desk and kissed her solidly. He made sure Natasha watched him kiss Pepper and remove every article of clothing until she was in her bra and panties.

The kiss broke and Pepper was left breathless. There was a slight wet spot forming at the crotch of her panties. She sauntered over to join Natasha. She kneeled down beside her, placing her hands on
either side of Natasha's sighs.

"You tried to seduce me to get information, and you got further than you think, but you don't remember it, do you?" Pepper asked. She looked down at Natasha and ran her hand down the woman. "So, Harry's going to take you. He packs a big rod for interrogation. But you're going to tell us what we want to know. If you do that, then you'll be rewarded."

She could feel Harry behind her. His able hands molested her body. She closed her eyes and just melted into his touch.

"Tell us what we want to know," Pepper commented. She reached up and there was a large rod connected to a cable. There was a generator that had been turned on and the rod was vibrating. "Now this vibrator, it was developed to give super heroines relief when Harry just can't be around. It can deliver an orgasm that can make a normal woman black out into a pleasure coma. And you're far from normal, aren't you?"

She brushed the rod against Natasha's tender lips. She closed her eyes.

"But, turning up the frequency would make it unbearable," Pepper whispered. She could feel Harry part her. It was just a chance to fine tune her ability to multi-task. "You can have this pleasure, and far more, if you answer what you're doing here."

She rubbed it over Natasha's breasts. That caused her to shiver in pleasure. Pepper's wicked grin increased.

"Fury thought that…HYDRA infiltrated Stark, and he knew about the leak about his armor months ago,' Natasha whispered. Pepper edged her rod inches down, so it parted Natasha's thighs. "Before it happened."

"And you didn't seem it fit to inform us," Harry said. He stopped his actions inside Pepper. He didn't want her to come undone before they were done playing with the Black Widow. "Well we knew about the HYDRA thing and little do they know, they've opened themselves up for something else entirely."

"What?" Natasha asked. She was curious but her horniness overrode any natural sense of curiosity. She just wanted relief, was that too much to ask.

"You're going to give information to Fury, but it's going to be information that we control and it will lead him where we want him to go," Harry commented. "You're a spy, you know all about deception. You thought that you could deceive me. There was just problem. I knew from the second that you walked in that door what you were. And now, you're going to be mine, forever, and always. And now, I'm bored of conversation. I need to feed and both of you are worked up."

Pepper took the rod and slammed it into Natasha.

"That should keep you busy until our master is ready to make you his forever" Pepper whispered. Her face exploded into pure bliss when Harry took her all over again.

Harry's throbbing manhood speared in between Pepper's hot thighs. The Redhead dug her nails into Natasha's thighs, in lieu of having a bed. That caused her loins to explode in pleasure when he kept slamming his throbbing hard cock deep inside her.

Pepper begged for Harry to take her. Her body heated up when he sent his throbbing rod into her loins. It was obvious that he got off on making strong women helpless and there were few women that were stronger than the Black Widow.
Pepper kissed the Black Widow's stomach and used her belly button to muffle her moans. Her moans escalated when Harry pounded into her at super seed, his balls drilling across her thighs when he hammered her.

His long thrusts caused pleasure to escalate through her body. From the top of her head down to the tips of her toes, he thrust into her. His long and hard rod spiked into her body.

Natasha could see Harry's cock enter Pepper from her vantage point. She marveled out its size. It almost seemed to be growing and splitting the fiery redhead in two. Judging by her moans, Pepper enjoyed being dominated by his big cock.

"Finish her, so you can finish me," Natasha begged him. The rod was set on a high setting but her pussy wanted something more real. It was an adequate substitute but not the real thing.

Harry grabbed onto Pepper's hips and spiked his throbbing manhood deep into her smoldering snatch. He thrust into her rapidly. His balls slapped into her smooth thighs. The Incubus King brushed his hands all over her body and played with her nipples.

He got her to cum in no time flat. Harry speared his manhood into her dripping hot pussy. It clenched around him when he continued to work her up into an orgasm. That was pleasure, pure and unbridled pleasure.

"You will cum!" Harry growled. Pepper's pussy, already well worked over, tightened around his rod.

She came and she came hard. She spilled her juices down around him. Harry pumped into her a little bit more.

Natasha wondered when it would be her turn. She could tell that Pepper hadn't been finished off yet. The rod was removed from her snatch and replaced by Pepper's skilled tongue.

"That spy hasn't suffered enough," Harry groaned. He felt Pepper's tightness envelope around him. She milked his rod when he thrust into her nice body. Each push into her body felt like pure sexual bliss when he continued to pound her. "Lick her pussy, make her cum, harder, make her cum so hard that she can't feel her legs."

Pepper's frantic licking to keep up with her master's demands sent Natasha into a stream of pleasure. Harry smiled when he violated his pet's body. His throbbing manhood fired a series of shots into her and his cock tightened.

Another orgasm exploded through Pepper's body. Her tight hips wrapped around him when Harry fired into her over and over again. His balls emptied their gift into her wet and willing snatch. He pushed himself into her depths and emptied the load into her.

Pepper collapsed onto Natasha's pussy. Harry smiled at a job that was well done. He stepped back and looked at both of them.

"Impressive," Harry whispered. He motioned for Natasha to get in close.

Natasha realized she was freed and she slunk to her knees submissively. Harry smiled when she crawled on her knees. His manhood was this close to her. It stuck out at an angle was almost in her face.

She captured his throbbing cock deep in her mouth. In two swift strokes, she got him into her mouth. Her hand fondled his balls.
Natasha took him deep into her throat and prepared to blow his mind, quite literally. Unfortunately, despite the fact that her mouth did wonderful things to his cock, Natasha's lips pressed down onto his throbbing rod when he entered her mouth.

She drew her lips around him, but Harry decided that he was done with any foreplay. He picked her up.

She slammed into the wall. She felt the burst of pleasure that rose between her thighs. Harry edged closer to her, his cock sticking out.

He planted his thick manhood into her wet and willing pussy. Her lips engulfed his manhood when he pushed inside of her. The redhead spy thought that her thighs were going to explode and coat his massive cock with her juices. One thing was for sure, she felt the pleasure.

"You're mine, all of you is mine," Harry grunted. He pushed his throbbing manhood in between her legs.

Harry grabbed her hips and kept spearing his manhood into her. She pumped her hips up. Her legs snaked around him to hold him in close.

He battered her pussy. She moaned and cursed in Russian as well. Harry smiled and leaned down to assault her breasts.

Her pussy closed around him. Her super tight muscles were built for battle and also for sex. Harry felt the thrill of her going around him.

The battered Pepper was only half aware of what happened. She slowly lifted her fingers to play with herself. Moans escalated from her body when she saw her master plow his newest servant.

Natasha arched her back and spread her legs. She wanted his throbbing cock deep into her. She wanted all twelve or more inches penetrating her, violating her. He made her his constantly and she appreciated it.

The redhead pushed herself up towards him. She felt her orgasm back up. Her body longed to cum. Harry's hands touched every single part of her body that he knew for a fact drove her wild. And it drove her wild, constantly.

Harry pushed all of the right buttons and they drove Natasha completely mad. He thrust himself down into her.

"Getting close, aren't you?" Natasha begged him.

He pulled out of her. That left Natasha was a feeling of emptiness. She would never feel right without his cock inside her again.

That's what she wanted. Natasha rolled over and Harry penetrated her once again. He grabbed her shapely ass and used it for leverage. He speared his thick rod inside her. The redhead buckled underneath her pleasure.

His cock went into her again. He hammered her hard from behind.

"You're going to cum harder than you ever came before and you're going to do it now," Harry said.

Natasha tried to take control of herself, this was her own body. She failed to maintain control no matter how hard she tried. She succumbed to his power. She was a slave to him.
His manhood spiked into her body and she came harder than ever before. He was right. Her body shook completely up.

She kept cumming and she came even harder. The waves of pleasure cascaded through her body when her tight cunt enveloped his manhood.

Natasha moaned with Harry hammering her from behind. His hands pushed over her breasts and he pumped into her.

His balls tightened and a rushing cascade of cum filled her body. She tightened her thighs around him when he pumped into her body.

Natasha's over stuffed pussy was now overflowing. She collapsed to the desk, panting, she felt so good, so complete.

Natasha panted when Harry leaned over her. She was claimed for his and Harry thought that he had a good asset in SHIELD. Although she was far from the only asset Harry claimed for his on that front. But it was important for Harry to cover all of his bases.

"You've got some information that you found for Fury and you will make your scheduled meeting," Harry said. "He will find it extremely useful and it's nothing that will incriminate my plans."

"Yes, master," Natasha commented. She lived and served her Incubus King. She gave her the best sex she ever had in her life by a country mile.

Her body felt extremely succumbed to him. She looked up at him with wanton eyes. It was obvious that she wanted more.

Harry was going to give her more, because he always took extremely good care of his pets any time. She was no exception to this rule.

Harry and Karen arrived at OsCorp the next morning.

"So, you seem to be racking up women at…..well at your usual rate," Karen commented. There was a knowing smile on her face.

"Well, you know me, I live to please anyone that I encounter," Harry said. He walked in past the lobby and they entered the elevator, making their way up to where Riley and Gwen were meeting them. "And you know, why would I make any female suffer? Why have them settle for less when they can have the very best?"

"That should be our market slogan," Karen replied. "It would really show that we're not people to be fucked around with."

'No, it's the women that will get fucked though,' Emma said.

Gwen showed up to meet them. She greeted them with a smile on her face.

"It's great to see both of you!" Gwen shouted in a gushing voice. She composed herself for a moment. Of course, that was hard to do when Harry swept her up into an embrace and kissed her breathless.

Karen smiled, appreciating seeing her master at work. That left Gwen breathless and longing for
She longed for so much more and Karen grinned when she saw Gwen manage to get herself back to life.

"Riley's in the lab, she's.....we found something new....but you know that because we called you," Gwen said.

They had a few more discussions on the table. The most important of those things were the eventual merger between OsCorp and RAO. That was one of the most long term projects that they were working on, but obviously the living, blood Osborn heir was making some difficulties.

Harry felt that he was being more than patient with the little tosser. If he stepped into his way too much more, Harry would have to take steps.

"Is Harry here yet?" Riley called from inside the lab. She wore protective equipment and was outside a protective tank.

Inside the tank there was a black lifeform that inched along rather creepily. It wouldn't be breaking out of the tank any time soon but there was a sense that there was something in the tank.

"Yes, Riley, he's here," Gwen said. She smiled at her friend's passion bubbling over.

Riley tried to compose herself. "Harry, it's good to see you, and this....this is the thing that I've wanted to show you."

"Looks like some kind of symbiotic lifeform," Karen commented. She frowned. "Where did you find this?"

"A meteor impacted one of OsCorp's satellites and this was what was on board, we sealed it up, and it's here now," Riley commented. "The satellite wasn't damaged; nothing too bad anyway but.....we have it here and this could be a valuable discovery. It could have the key of healing several diseases within it."

"Well that would be a valuable tool to have at your disposal," Harry replied. He had some questions about the symbiote.

"I added some of my DNA to it, and it bonded with it, and learned from it," Riley said. She brimmed with excitement.

"Just a blood sample though, right?" Karen asked. Call her insane but these kind of symbiotic life forms caused her to err on the side of caution.

There was a knock on the door and suddenly they turned around. Harold Osborn decided to invite himself in.

He stopped and looked at Harry and Karen standing there.

"I heard about the satellite," Harold said, looking past them towards Riley. She folded her arms and regard him coolly.

"Do you think that a restraining order is just a suggestion?" Riley asked. She stepped towards him but Gwen shook her head.

"You can't just kick me out of this building, I still own a part of OsCorp," Harold said. He looked like he was about ready to fight her for it.
"You better back off, or we'll call the police," Gwen said. Her eyes narrowed dangerously.

"You better leave," Harry said.

Harold stopped and stared him down. He was about ready to say that he wasn't intimidated by Harry Potter. That would be a lie.

"I still own this company….I'm the rightful heir and I will have it," Harold said in a smug tone. He stepped back instantly.

"Someone riled him up about something, didn't they?" Karen asked.

Riley responded with a brisk nod. "Indeed."

It didn't take a rocket scientist, and there were four people in this room that qualified as such, to know who Harold Osborn was being riled up on.

"We'll keep an eye on Menken, he's been lurking around," Gwen said. He was only kept around because he knew where a lot of the Osborn skeletons were buried and that was useful in pushing Harold Osborn out of the company.

Once the merger officially went through, Menken would be the first person out the door. He had been involved in some pretty shady business himself as well.

Gwen checked the cameras. She saw Harold stop and talk to Menken. There was a somewhat heated discussion between the two of them. Both obviously thought that the other was their puppet. It would be funny if it wasn't sad.

"I'll be so glad when we can legally get both of them," Gwen commented.

"Jen's looked over his contract, we have a way to get rid of both of them," Harry said. Gwen and Riley both looked interested in what Harry had to say. "But only after the merger takes place and the stock they own is pretty much just a blank piece of paper."

"Guess we're just going to have to deal with those bastards for a few more weeks," Riley said. She wasn't happy with that but she learned patience.

She played a very long game and if those two continued to incriminate themselves, then it would only be a matter of time.

It might also be a matter of time before both of them had a nice little accident and accidents tended to happen fairly often at Oscorp.

Harry had an invitation from an old friend for lunch. And he wasn't about to turn down a request, especially when it was from such a beautiful woman.

The blonde woman turned up dressed to kill in a black dress with a plunging neckline. The dress came up to her mid-thigh area. Her nice stockings covered her legs and she wore her heels. She had a fit body and she approached him.

"Harry, thank you for meeting me on such short notice, it's been a long time," she said eagerly. She leaned forward and gave him a nice kiss on the lips.
She was out of her depths and Harry wrapped his arms around her body. The young woman felt his tongue brush into her mouth. That was amazing and it took several moments for her brain to reboot.

Harry pulled away from her. "Hi, Sue, how are you?"

"Fine, well, other than getting sucked into an alternate dimension and attacked by giant bug creatures that wanted to eat me and the rest of the team," Susan Storm commented. She spoke in such a cool and collected way that one might think that she was just used to such a thing. There was a grin on her face when she leaned towards Harry. "And I swear Reed wanted to marry one."

"Of course he did," Harry replied. He led her inside, her arm snaked into his. She looked to be clinging onto his arm. "I can tell that you're back into what passes for sanity."

"Well the Fantastic Four gets attacked by something at least two times before breakfast," Sue said. They sat down on the table, it was one of the most exclusive eating establishments in all of the city. She shouldn't be surprised that Harry, with all of his connections, got them inside in front of people who waited weeks for reservation. "Three times on the weekend."

"That bad?" Harry asked.

"No, not that bad," Sue admitted. There was a twinkle of delight in her eye. "Likely fairly worse."

"Oh that's lovely," Harry said. He got the menu. "The entire meal's on me by the way."

"You're too kind, you know that, you could spoil a girl," Sue commented. She slowly kicked her shoes and her stocking clad feet were exposed. She brushed her foot against Harry's inner thigh and smiled when she looked at him. "You know, that's why women flock to you. You give them everything they need and could crave."

Her foot continued to work up and down his leg. Harry smiled and knew what kind of game she was playing. One could get used to something like this. Her foot kept stroking up and down. She reached him, getting closer to him.

Sue felt Harry's hand placed on her stocking clad foot. He slowly stroked her foot and placed it on his crotch.

"Dinner should be on the way in about five minutes, sir," the waiter commented to the couple. He was your stereotypical snooty waiter with an obviously fake and posh accent.

"Take your time, I'm sure it will be worth it," Harry said. He brushed his hand slowly up her leg and got closer underneath her dress. "Isn't it worth the wait, Sue?"

"Yes," she said. She held her hand around the glass that was left on the table to keep herself on her mind. Harry was working her over a long time ago.

She pretty much gave up on Reed. Power like his really went to waste when he was more interested of test tubes and giant bugs.

Harry shifted the chair over. He placed his hand on Sue's lap and slowly pushed himself against her. Her pantie fabric was the only barrier between his fingers. The blonde slowly lifted her hips up and she whimpered when he played with her.

He kept playing with her. His fingers tempted her. The blonde was really squirming underneath his grip.
There was a beeping sound suddenly. Sue groaned when she realized that this was going to end her pleasure. She tried to ignore it.

"I guess you better answer that," Harry said. He pulled his fingers away.

Slowly he put them up to his lips and slowly tasted them. That caused Susan to shudder. Her nipples nearly pushed through the fabric of her dress. It wasn't because of the air conditioning either.

"Yes, I better fucking answer it," Susan said. She gritted down on her teeth and took it into her hand. Her hand shook and she answered it. "Yes, what is it?"

"Sue, are you busy?" Reed asked her. Sue was gob smacked that he answered that question. "We got a situation with one of my inventions…just a minor situation really."

"How major is this minor situation?" Sue asked. She frowned deeply. The woman knew, oh she just knew, that this was going to make her night end short.

"They're pouring into the lab…..we could really use the back up," Reed commented. She got to her feet and sighed.

"Right, Reed, it's fine, just fine," Sue grumbled. There were times like this where she almost wanted to take some vacation time. Unfortunately in the super hero world, there was no such thing as vacation time or sick days.

Harry waited for Sue to say goodbye. She adjusted her dress and he looked at her.

"You realize that position that I have underneath me is open," Harry said to her. He stepped towards her, practically closing the gap between the two of them.

Sue could feel her heart drum against her chest. She shook her head when she felt the drool come down her lips. She tried not to show it, but she really felt like it. She really wanted it and she wanted it bad.

"It's getting more tempting every day," Sue commented. Harry cupped her chin and leaned towards her.

His breath caught her ear and that caused her to tingle. She wanted to jump him right there in public. "Just think about it."

"I've been thinking about it, every single day," Sue commented. She rubbed herself up against him, but stopped. "I better leave now, before I'm not able to leave."

"Oh, well think about what you want, someday," Harry said.

Sue nodded. She thought that the entire Fantastic Four thing would be good and they kept Victor in check when the rest of the world couldn't. But when Victor was out of the picture, she wondered what the point was.

The blonde walked out of the door, thinking about what Harry offered her.

Harry was left, smiling.

'You very nearly have her underneath your thumb, master,' Illyana thought. She placed her mouth against her finger into her mouth and twirled her tongue against it at the thought.

'Not to mention a few other body parts,' Carol added. She knew that Harry had his eye on Susan.
Storm and planned to seduce her away from the Fantastic Four.

"She really deserves better than being Richards's babysitter," Valeria commented. She didn't really agree with her father on many things, but she agreed that Richards was an insufferable fool sometimes. His so called genius experiments caused a lot of the damage that the Fantastic Four had to fix.

Her father's problems were all on his own now.

'I think we all agree about that,' Wanda commented. She could have sensed Sue's arousal and tonight would the night.

'I would say that Richards cock blocked you, but I don't see him being that self-aware,' Valeria said. She smiled. 'He's a genius in some areas but with relationships, he's.....well he's about as self-aware as most men are, only somehow worse.'

'Good thing Harry's beyond most men,' Karen gushed.

'Yes, pump my ego up, that's really good,' Harry said. The banter was good. 'Betsy, are you in town?'

'Yes, love,' Betsy commented to him. 'I just got to the penthouse suite about ten minutes ago.'

'Expect me to be there in about an hour,' Harry informed her. 'I've got to check up with something else real quick, but I should be there in an hour, an hour and a half tops.'

'I'll be there with bells on,' Betsy said. It had been a while since she got some time with Harry in the flesh. Astral Plane sex was good but nothing could beat the real thing.

'And not much else,' Emma commented dryly.

The village around the dam was evacuated. Thankfully it wasn't able to pour into the greater Smallville area or elsewhere in Kansas. That was one of the smallest joys that they had, not too many people had been killed.

Hammer got hoisted upon his own petard and his remains were found some days later. It wasn't clear whether he was killed by the dam or one of the creatures. Harry personally wasn't going to shed many years over someone like that. Especially given that he was the type of person that ignored the warnings of his staff.

Harry, Claire, Karen, Kara, and Faora all turned up to take a look around. There was a chance that something else came down with the meteor rocks. The usual idiots hadn't quite shown up yet. Both on the sides of good and evil, but there were still a few rock fragments they needed to clear up.

They arrived underneath the cover of darkness. It was a peaceful night.

"These rocks were responsible for a lot of people getting sick and some of them gaining powers," Claire said. She ran into a few of them a couple of times and while some of them had potential, many just needed to be locked up.

"SHIELD has gifted people locked up in a facility somewhere," Harry answered. He didn't agree with a lot of Fury did but he was going to have to say he agreed with this one. He wanted to take a closer look at these meteor rocks to see exactly what trouble they caused.
"Are you….."

"Yes, I am, we're going to make sure it's all cleared up," Harry said. He turned to Kara. The young blonde sighed when she looked around. "It's a reminder of all you lost, isn't it?"

"Yes, it's a reminder of all that I lost," she agreed. She reached in and grabbed Harry's hand tightly. "But there's just so much more that I gained as a result."

"That's a reasonable and balanced way of looking at things," Faora commented approvingly.

"Yes, thank you," Kara said. Her mother always told her that there were two kinds of people. The kind that dwelled on the past and the kind that built a future. Kara knew what type of person she wanted to be.

"A lot of the rock fragments have been swept away when we cut off the demons' fuel source," Karen admitted. All of them wore shields that would protect them from the Kryptonite radiation. Depending on certain chemical reactions, it could be different colors. There was green and red, but there was also blue, black, and gold, which was the rarest.

Thankfully gold was the rarest because exposure, even for a short time, could potentially drain Kryptonians over their powers completely.

Kara looked down. She could hardly believe that for over fifteen years she was down here. It was a good thing that the right people found her.

"Sorry, I'm just thinking," Kara said. Karen smiled when she placed her arm around Kara and pulled her in tight.

Kara blushed slightly when she realized that her cheek brushed against Karen's chest. She closed her eyes, not that she didn't enjoy what was happening. She really enjoyed what was happening, completely, one hundred percent, totally, enjoyed it.

"What?" Karen asked. She could see Harry's gaze on her. It was amused, ever so briefly. The young green eyed wizard shook his head when he pulled his gaze away from Karen.

The Incubus focused on the energy around the area. There was also the concern that some less than desirable elements might find a way through a rip through the fabric of space and time. Even if the rip was something that was small and extremely minor, Harry wasn't taking any chances whatsoever. He brushed his finger against the edge of the rocks that cracked.

"So, can we breathe now?" Claire asked.

"You may breathe, there is nothing here that could break on through," Harry said. There was a momentary sigh of relief from all of them.

"We don't need anything coming out of the Phantom Zone," Karen replied. Harry turned towards her, raising her eyebrow. "Phantom Zone or worse."

"What could be worse than the Phantom Zone?" Claire asked. She heard enough stories about that place. Harry looked at her. "Did I just ask one of those questions that I honestly don't want to know the answer to?"

"Yes," Harry said. He gave one more sweep around the area. Everything was completely one hundred percent as it should have been.
'A relief, it's good that this went right, because it could have went wrong,' Emma thought.

'How wrong?' Jean asked. She was getting used to all of the voices inside her head. It was jarring at first but she got the hand out of it.

'Again, that's one of those questions that you really don't want to know the answers for,' Wanda said. She really wished those questions never would have been asked because she honestly dreaded every single one of the answers.

'I get your point,' Jean said.

Now Harry had everything in the area done, he was ready to meet with Betsy for their private dinner.

"I trust you girls can finish exploring the area on your own," Harry said. All of them nodded in response to him. "And if there's something….."

"We'll let you know right away," Claire said. There was a wicked smile crossing her face. She leaned closer towards Harry and closed the gap that occurred between them.

All of the girls wanted a kiss now. Harry gave them a kiss, but he pushed a little bit of his power into them.

He dropped them to their knees and disappeared into the night, leaving them completely spell bound.

"He knows how to make an exit," Kara whispered. The group had a bit more exploring to do but by all indications, Harry and the rest of the Hellfire Club got the heavy lifting pretty much done.

Harry arrived at the Penthouse suite Betsy rented when she stayed in New York on Hellfire Club business.

'Come inside, Harry,' she commented with a purr.

Harry opened the door with a smile and saw the dimly lit room. It was lit with candles all around them. Betsy crossed her legs when she gave Harry an inviting look when he entered the room. He crossed the room with a smile on his face.

She was dressed in a transparent robe that just barely covered her body. It was almost opened and there was a hint that she was wearing absolutely nothing underneath. There was a bottle of wine, along with two glasses on the table. There was a tin of strawberries that were set out as well as some whip cream.

"Good evening Harry, it's been too long," Betsy said. She got up to her feet and threw her arms around Harry's neck.

Harry overwhelmed her quickly. He kissed her heatedly. The British turned Asian women moaned underneath his tongue when it entered her mouth. Harry gave her a gift that allowed her to switch between both of her forms for the sake of variety.

Betsy broke the kiss. She smiled when she motioned for him to sit down. He didn't need telling twice. He sat down and made himself at home.

She propped her feet up on Harry's lap. Harry raised his eyebrow for a moment but said nothing. She reached over and poured Harry a glass of wine and one for herself.
"Here's to a successful business venture and the continued rise of the Hellfire Club and their king," Betsy said. She put the wine to her lips and drank it with a grin. Harry took a drink.

"Yes, there's nothing, but the sky being the limit now," Harry commented.

"I tried to get the best wine possible and I know it's a challenge to give you a bit of a buzz," Betsy said. She could feel Harry giving her a foot massage which caused her motor to get running.

She reached over after that was done and pulled herself onto Harry's lap completely. Her ass rubbed against his crotch as she situated herself and she pulled the tray with the strawberries and whipped cream forward. She was careful not to spill it.

Harry leaned towards her, whispering in her ear.

"Are we comfortable?" Harry asked her. Betsy nodded excitedly.

"Oh yes," Betsy confirmed. She was more than comfortable. She took one of the strawberries and dipped it into the whipped cream.

She slowly dragged her tongue over the strawberry and then when she taste tested it, she fed it to Harry. She watched him chew it up with greed.

Betsy made sure his eyes stayed on her when she took another strawberry. She placed it into his mouth and he chewed on it. The pleasure of the strawberry was felt when he chewed down on it.

The two of them shared the meal which continued to get more and more exotic. Betsy was facing Harry suddenly. The two of them fed each other the strawberries, with the supplies getting depleted.

"You have some cream on your lips, luv," Betsy said. She slowly slid down his body, pulling off his shirt when she did. "I guess we're going to have to go straight for the source for some more, won't we?"

Betsy kept kissing all the way down his body. There were tingles of delight when she worked his body. She kept kissing on the way down and got closer to his throbbing cock. Her mouth could not wait to have him in it.

She pulled down his pants and saw the prize she had been searching for. The woman breathed when she looked at it.

Betsy's hot mouth wrapped around Harry's throbbing tool. She didn't waste any time. She just wanted to bring Harry pleasure, plenty of pleasure. His manhood pushed down into her throat when she brought herself down onto him.

Harry groaned when Betsy took him deep into her throat. She looked up at him, like an elegant whore. Her mouth wrapped around his throbbing tool when she came down onto him. Harry reached on in and grabbed her around the head. She pushed her hot mouth around his throbbing tool and started to work him into a frenzy.
"Yes, oh god, yes, that feels so good," Harry grunted. Her lips continued to pleasure him when she came down onto him.

She rubbed her nose onto his pelvic bone. In response to her action, Harry fucked her face. That was something that got her motor running.

His cock was bathed with her salvia. She sucked him for a few more moments, until her jaw was a bit sore.

"We better switch venues," Betsy suggested. She shrugged her robe off and revealed her tight body. "And I could use a big cock up my ass, ripping me up."

She situated herself onto Harry and sat down on his cock, impaling it into her ass. Betsy closed her eyes. The pain rocked through her body. That pain was replaced with pleasure seconds later. She bounced up and down on his thick cock, feeding it into her ass.

His strong hands cupped her breasts. She encouraged him to continue to play with her body.

"You're going to have to work with it," Harry whispered. She used her toned ass muscles to stroke his manhood. She really was working for it.

"Oh, I know, luv, and I'm up for the challenge," Betsy moaned. She could feel him rubbing her clit when she rammed his ass down onto him. Her cheeks parted to accommodate his thick intruder. This manhood was seconds away from violating her. "Play with my twat, oh that's it. THAT's IT!"

Betsy screamed at the top of her lungs. He inserted his fingers into her. He played with her insides, exploring them for his own.

The hot British-Asian telepath ninja rammed herself down onto Harry's throbbing tool. She wanted even more of this deep inside her. She wanted all of this inside her. Her ass felt like it engulfed his cock when it went into her.

Harry touched her breast with his free hand. He squeezed it. That caused her to squeal in response when she kept bringing her ass down onto him. Her pussy gushed with the tender and loving juices that only someone like that could have.

"Keep your cool," Harry grunted. He jammed his cock hard up into her ass. Betsy kept rocking herself back onto him. "And you can cum freely."

He sank his fingers into her as deep as they could go. They channeled the full force of magical energy into them. Betsy's pussy twitched and splattered her juices onto him.

Betsy panted heavily. She felt so good with this cock rammed into her ass. She came so hard at the thought of what he could do with her. The fact was she felt so violated and that's the way she loved it.

His big cock spiked into her insides again. Betsy rammed herself down onto him, allowing her ass cheeks to spread. She would be damned if she didn't accommodate him properly. Her panting increased when she continued to bounce harder down onto him.

Harry groaned when she kept working him over. She was about ready to make him explode inside her. To punish her for this, he made her eat her own cum.

Betsy feasted off of his fingers like they were a divine treat. She felt his heavy balls push up against her ass. He held her arms back and forced her to impale her ass onto his cock over again.
Her panting increased with her nipples growing harder. She thought that she was going to die. Harry touched them.

"Are you coming undone?" Harry asked. The lightest touch drove Betsy completely nuts. She thought that she was going to lose it. His fingers brushed over her nipples and increased her torment tenfold.

"Oh, god, oh god," Betsy moaned. She wanted him to cum inside her ass so badly.

"Do you want me to cum in your ass?" Harry asked her. He slapped her on the ass for emphasis.

"YES!" Betsy screamed at the top of her lungs. Did he need a diagram? She thought that she would die if she didn't have her man's cum inside her ass and right now.

Harry pushed her forward a little bit, so he got the leverage. He allowed her to rock back and forth, her tight ass muscles working his cock.

Her arms were held back by some kind of invisible force. Betsy knew that because Harry manipulated her twat again. His thick fingers brushed against her body.

Her juices shot up onto his fingers. They were captured and Betsy lost her mind.

"Pound my arse," Betsy begged him. Her face could be seen by Harry in the mirror and pure lust burned through it.

"You're a dirty anal slut, aren't you?" Harry asked.

She didn't have time to answer that right now. The orgasm Harry allowed her caused ripple effects to go through his body. His cock seemed to grow another inch in her ass but that could have been Betsy's imagination because it felt so good.

Something this good should really be illegal. That was the fogged expression that continued to escalate through long.

"Sure, you couldn't hold back much longer," Betsy whispered. She tried to retain some of her bravado. Harry pulled on her hair, her arms. He rammed himself deep into her tight ass.

"You'd be surprised how long I can hold back," Harry grunted. He spiked his thick manhood into her supple rear. She kept bouncing up and down on him, trying to bring him into her. "Trust me on this one."

'Oh, honey, I trust you, believe me," Betsy breathed. He played with her breasts and ran his hands over them.

She was going to be reduced to nothing but a puddle of cum and drool in a moment. All things considered, Betsy didn't think that was an entirely bad way to go. She focused on his throbbing cock penetrating her ass when she bounced up and down onto it. She closed her eyes and went down onto him.

She felt him penetrate her constantly. His fingers stimulated her about as well as his cock. And she ensnared into her mind, making her think that a second cock violated her from the other side. Betsy didn't know what to think, other than she loved everything that came with this.

All good things had to come to an end soon and Harry allowed her orgasm to explode into her.
"Getting closer, think you can keep with me?" Harry asked her. Betsy groaned when her tight ass hugged his cock.

"Yes, baby, oh yes," Betsy panted. Her breasts swayed when she kept working him over. His massive manhood kept spiking into her ass.

Something had to give and she could feel how heavy Harry's balls were. They smacked against her after all.

Betsy's nipples got unbearable and hard. Harry continued to play with them and he let it go.

He really let it go. She felt with each thrust and with injection her pussy gushed. She stained the couch cushions when he rammed his thick cock into her tight ass. The hot Asian-British mutant continued to bring her rectum down onto him. She rode his cock like it was going out of style. Her panting escalated to another level when he continued to go into her.

"Getting really close now, aren't we?" Harry asked her. Betsy nodded her head fractically.

The second load he stored injected into her. He was driving her nuts, which was the intention. He spiked his manhood into her ass.

She slid off of him, her ass covered in his cream. He kept cumming on and in her tight ass. She got off on it.

"I need some of that in my needy pussy," Betsy whispered. She rubbed her moistened and hot lips across him. She bit down onto her lip with a sultry gaze. She resembled a school girl, giving him a pout. "Do you think that you have enough left for me, please?"

She didn't wait for his answer. She impaled her pussy down onto his cock. She felt bliss when she worked herself down onto him. He feasted on her breast and caused her to arch back. Her hips grinded onto him, when she clenched his tool with her hot pussy.

"Just a little bit more," Harry grunted.

She allowed her orgasms to roll on in. Her body was covered with a sheen of sweat.

"So sexy," Harry informed her. Betsy muttered a quick thank you but that was about all that she could do. The pleasure escalated when she rammed her dripping cunt down onto his impressive rod.

He had one more load and it found its way inside her. He splattered deep into her body. Each burst of cum continued to escalate when he shot the load into her.

Betsy collapsed onto him, her breasts on his face. Harry held her up.

"Time to tuck you in for the night," Harry whispered. She kept cumming on instinct when she looked at him.

"Just a quick nap, and one quick one before breakfast," Betsy panted. She could barely hold herself up.

"I assumed as much," Harry told her. He looked at her. She was sweaty, sticky, and satisfying, along with so very hot.
Harold Osborn returned to the OsCorp main office well after hours. He shouldn't be there but he was able to find another way in.

Menken suggested that some of his father's old stash might be in a secret hidden chamber in this lab. He needed to suit up and prove that he was the rightful heir to the OsCorp legacy.

No one was here, not Riley and not Gwen, not even any of the security guards. He walked past that alien slime in the tank. Why anyone wanted to even sudden such a disgusting creature was beyond Harold.

"There has to be a switch around here somewhere," he muttered. He felt around underneath the table and tried to find the trigger.

It was possible that Menken could have been mistaken. Or worse, Riley found it first and destroyed it. That would be something that she would do out of spite to keep Harold from getting his legacy.

He heard laughter that caused the hairs on his neck to stand up straight. The laughter continued to escalate and Harold looked over his shoulder. He was nervous about what he heard and he could have sworn that he saw the face of the Goblin the mirror.

That was impossible, his father died. They cremated the body. His father for some reason made Riley the executer of his estate.

And that's how they pay him. Burning the body and shooting the ashes somewhere into space where he couldn't be found ever again, but Harold shook his head. Once again, that wasn't really the point. The point was that he found to find something.

He was going to scream if the formula wasn't here.

"Oh, are you lost?" a voice asked from the shadows. "Then maybe we can help you find what you're looking for."

Harold entered the shadows and looked around. The person that he thought was there already vanished. He swore that he would quit using just about a day ago but he needed another hit right about now.

The blood Osborn heir turned around and saw the glass of the case cracked slightly. There was nothing inside.

The black slime escaped. Harold continued his search for the secret chamber. He was slowly coming to the conclusion that Menken was trying to get him caught for reasons only known to Menken.

That was the last thought that went through Harold's head before complete darkness did.

To Be Continued on December 24th, 2014.
Chapter Thirty: Venom

Riley-Parker Osborn approached the press area. Gwen was sitting next to her. She saw Mary Jane and Betty in the crowd for the Daily Bugle. They were taking pictures and reporting respectively. She also noticed Harry and Karen. She figured that several of Harry's other girls would be around as well. They always had a presence.

The world was watching her give this speech. This extremely public press conference would be the first step in growing OsCorp to a bright and glorious future. Riley took a moment to look around and smiled.

"OsCorp has always been about innovation, about making the world a better place," she announced. "I am happy to inform you that we're going to move forward. All of you know what happened to Norman Osborn. There's no need to deny it. The man experimented with something that he likely shouldn't have ever experimented with. When he did something like that, he snapped. I can assure you that we're going to move beyond that."

Riley looked out. There were people who would be making their own decisions about how to take what they learned here. She noticed that there was one particular young man who was conspicuous by his absence.

He was likely throwing a tantrum after being spurned yet again. He would be out of here, along with the rest of the trash from OsCorp. There would be some people who had their days numbered by this merger.

"I'm pleased to announce a new day is coming for OsCorp, and some changes on how the company presents itself from the public," Riley said. She spoke out to the crowd. "Over the past nine months, I have been working with Harry Potter and his RAO Corporation. It isn't so much of a business arrangement, but rather a merger between OsCorp and RAO."

There were some shocked sounds. One Donald Menken's face briefly contorted with worry when he watched.

"The merger will go through in the next several weeks," Riley announced. "And we're moving beyond the legacy left behind by Norman Osborn. We're moving towards a bright and glorious future."

This would be about the moment where she would announce Harry and allow him to say a few words himself. Riley never quite got to that moment.

A loud explosion resounded from the other side of the stage. There was the pitter patter of foot steps when several goons rushed out, and pointed their guns.

Riley's bodyguards made their way on the stage.

"Alright, listen up, we represent real change in this city, and we know that OsCorp got their hands on something that we want," one of the goons commented with a rough and obviously fake accent. It sounded like an American doing his best impression of a stereotypical Indian. "Either it gets handed over or people suffer."
Riley slipped off into the shadows. Gwen also slipped off into the shadows. Mary Jane made her excuses to slip off into the shadows as well.

Harry watched them calmly. He admired their boldness, he’d give them that. He doubted very much that they’d be very successful in obtaining their goals but Harry had been proven wrong before. All he would have to do is wait and see.

"Alright, where is that rich bitch?" one of them asked.

Another explosion resounded and a slightly more sophisticated group of thugs arrived. They fired on the first group with weapons that annihilated them instantly. One could argue that the plot thickened.

"Make sure you get the alien life form, in the name of HYDRA!" one of them yelled.

'They enjoy their work too much, don't they?' Claire asked. She leaned back and enjoyed the show, or the ass kicking that was to come rather.

'Pretty much,' Gwen commented.

They didn't have a chance to react even further. There was something large and dark that swooped its way in.

"Playtime's over!" it growled.

It arrived. It had a black version of Spider-Girl's costume. There was a white spider on the back of the costume. Lines of black webbing fired out and grabbed onto the enemy soldiers. They tried to fight but they didn't have a chance.

The thug was punched right through the chest hard. The wind got knocked out of it when it fell over. It started to wheeze in absolute agony. There was another punch to the chest when it was doubled over.

One of the goons started to fire a blast towards it. The blast didn't have any effect.

"It tickles!" the creature yelled.

Harry slipped away along with everyone else at this point. He was observing the creature.

'So, the symbiote latched onto someone,' Harry thought.

'Two birds, one stone,' Gwen commented. Harry raised his eyebrow and then nodded. He saw what Gwen was doing and it was quite devious. He was proud of her.

The creature dove down and smashed his enemy down onto the back of the head. One of the goons tried to attack it. The goon was grabbed by the throat and forced against the wall hard. It slammed him down and growled.

"What are you one?" one of the lone HYDRA goons asked. He was a bit braver than he would have liked to admit. There was a shaking tone to his voice when he spoke.

The creature's head snapped around and there was a wide grin on its face. "I'm poison to anyone who gets in my way. In fact, call me VENOM!"

Venom raised his hands and clapped the skull of the goon. He fell to the ground, a ringing going through his ear.
The police were about ready to arrive. Venom growled and made his exit. His work here was done.

Riley was back into her office after the incident. This Venom slipped off into the night. Gwen was waiting with her in her office. They were actually waiting for someone to show up.

A knock on the door caused both of them to become alert.

"Come on," Riley commented in her usual crisp businesslike tone. The door opened and Donald Menken entered the office. "Sit down, Menken."

"I found something, Miss Parker-Osborn," he commented. He held out a disc for her and she took it. "The symbiote was stolen by Harold Osborn. I'm truly sorry about that. Surely that will be cause to evict him from your company."

"Perhaps," Riley commented. She took the security log from Menken and placed it into the computer. She analyzed it slowly.

"Seems like Harold was in the wrong place at the wrong time," Gwen stated. She hid her face in the shadows in the pretext of taking some notes. There was a smile that shifted over her face when she kept scratching down the notes. "It's really sad in some ways, isn't it?"

"Yes, it is," Menken commented. He seemed sincere, at least in some ways. "Are you going to take steps to reclaim the life form?"

"We need to, it's beneficial for our plans moving forward, but it's curious how it attached to Harold like that," Riley responded. She watched the security camera feed. She marveled how the Goblin was able to keep herself hidden on tape. There was a brief second where you could hear her if you listened closely enough. It wasn't that bad. At least it wasn't anything that was too noticeable. "And what would happen to him long term."

Menken turned his head around and nodded. It was obvious that he wasn't wanted around here much longer. It was just as well. He had a meeting that he needed to attend. He exited the office in pretty much good grace and continued to walk down the hall, taking careful strides when he did walk.

"And now we're going to see where he goes," Harry commented, piping up on the communication link.

"You know, one of these days, you're not going to surprise anyone," Gwen said. That being said, they were watching the security to see where Menken was heading so urgently. "But you saw Harold's process of essentially bumbling his way into his powers, didn't you?"

"Of course I did," Harry answered. He wasn't about ready to forget that procedure. It did amuse him to see someone like Harold Osborn, who was weak, run away with a moderate amount of power and think he was a god. "Imagine what the symbiote could do with someone who truly knew what they were doing with it."

"I'm imagining it, and it's glorious," Gwen commented. She turned to Riley. "Wouldn't you say it's glorious?"

"Very much so," Riley admitted. Her face turned into one of those calculating smiles. She pulled up a chair so Harry could sit down.

He was between both girls and that wasn't a bad place to be. Menken entered his office and dialed up the phone.
"He thinks it's a secure line," Riley said. She bent her head down and shook her head sadly. "He's deluded himself into thinking that it's a secure line anyway. "But he should know that in my building, there's nothing that is too secure for him."

She adjusted a knob that allowed her to listen in on this so called secure line.

"Get me Baron Strucker, it's urgent…..there's been a snag in the proceedings," Menken whispered urgently.

"Wolfgang Von Strucker, one of the old Nazis that are out of their depth with me," Harry added. He smiled. HYDRA really thought that they would be masters of the world. They would sorely disappointed.

"Menken really thinks that he's going to get away with selling the symbiote to HYDRA," Gwen commented. She sounded disgusted. She really wanted to kill that bastard but now wasn't the time.

The time was rapidly approaching though when he would be wished the best of his future endeavors. Gwen's eyes eagerly flashed when she thought about it.

"Strucker may be one of several potential buyers," Harry commented. There was this problem where the symbiote was rather attached to the host.

If it found a better host, it would move on. That was what Harry thought at least. The creature was unpredictable and they were redefining what they knew about science.

"We had it all set up where my men would steal the symbiote," Strucker whispered. There was something extremely harsh that dripped from his voice. He almost sounded accusatory when he spoke. "We had a good deal I thought. And then there's this monster that attacked us."

"This monster is Harold Osborn, and your men can do what you wish to remove the symbiote from him," Menken said. "He's an asset that has grown useless."

"Oh, and I suspect you value how useful you are to HYDRA and our aims, do you not, Mr. Menken?" Strucker asked him. Menken didn't have a chance to respond. "Yes, we know that you're hanging onto your position by the barest traces. You slip up and you will be done. You will be out of it. Do you think that we do not know in HYDRA, well my friend, we always know. Just remember that."

"Yes, Mr. Strucker," Menken responded. He spoke almost through gritted teeth. "And I'll be in touch."

Harry smiled. That was certainly incriminating enough. He had a few perspective buyers for the symbiote. Menken saw the writing on the wall and obviously thought that he could accumulate enough money for him to disappear into the night.

He played a different game though. The symbiote was too valuable of an asset to allow slip away. He was going to find out who was after it and make sure to make them an offer that they could not refuse under any circumstances.

It was an extremely dangerous game Menken was playing with someone as mad as Strucker, but Harry decided that two could play that game.

"I have all of the research we conducted on the symbiote before this latest round of experimentation," Gwen offered. Harry turned towards her. "Perhaps you can make something of it."
There was no doubt in their minds. Harry would make something of it.

Another perspective buyer was angered that others got in his way. Menken promised him full access to the symbiote. He was on the line right now and talking to the man.

"And you had no knowledge that HYDRA got involved, did you, Mr. Menken?" the man asked. His name was Wilson Fisk. He had a different name, that being the Kingpin of Crime.

"I didn't have any knowledge at all, I swear that I didn't," Menken commented. He sounded sincere.

At least he would sound sincere to someone who was a gullible fool. The Kingpin did not rise to prominence for being a gullible fool however.

"If you're lying to me, I'll be most displeased, Mr. Menken," the Kingpin whispered. There was a sense of malice in his voice. A sense of a threat that would be carried out if he found out that Menken lied to him.

"I won't let you down, Mr. Fisk," Menken said. He sounded like the devious little toady everyone thought that he was. He was almost tripping over his words in his attempt to speak respectfully.

"You are our most important and most valued buyer, you know that."

"So, you tell me, but words are cheap and your actions are costly," Fisk commented. He had a wide smile on his face when he shifted his arms together. "Especially given that you are slowly losing control of something that you were supposed to gain control of. I'm not pleased with this, Mr. Menken."

"Aren't you?" he asked him. "It's Harry Potter….."

"Yes, Harry Potter, well to make him an enemy would be foolish," Fisk commented. Even with all of his connections, Fisk was very careful to choose his battles with the Hellfire Club wisely. Someone like Shaw he could discuss business with and they could come to a common ground. They were cut from the same cloth in many ways.

Harry Potter was something else entirely.

"He's just a businessman, he wants to make money, and….." Menken said. His voice trailed off.

"You better hope that dealing with my vengeance is the least that you have to worry about," Fisk whispered. "The game that you're playing is extremely dangerous. People might not get hurt but you will. You will get hurt, trust me on that one, Mr. Menken."

There was no response that was given. The phone hung up.

Did Wilson Fisk trust Donald Menken? Only a fool would trust someone blindly and without any contingency plan. One would especially be a fool to trust someone like Menken who had his own agenda obviously. Fisk knew that there were other buyers for the symbiote.

He ran afoul of HYDRA and he was sure that SHIELD and AIM would be after the symbiote as well in due time. Among several others, several others willing to make a few dollars for their own goals.

Fisk needed a soldier that would be able to stand up to Spider-Girl. She disrupted more than a few of his operations recently. She was an annoyance that he wished to annihilate by any means necessary.
If only Spider-Girl was the problem, then Fisk would be happy. He saw what happened to the Goblin. The Goblin might be considered a blessing in some ways with the way she destroyed all of Fisk's enemies just like that.

Fisk knew better. She was destroying obstacles and taking territory for herself. Fisk mobilized for war and he needed insurance.

He needed the symbiote.

The plan was to find Harold Osborn. Fisk reached over to the phone on the desk and dialed up a number.

"There's a new plan," Fisk said. "The first person who brings me the symbiote will get a bonus. If Harold Osborn is still attached to the suit, then we'll deal with that. If not, so much the better. Take him out, he's only some spoiled rich brat with an overinflated sense of self worth."

Fisk put down the phone. He knew that putting a bounty on Harold Osborn and more importantly the symbiote would get things done. More things got done when money was an incentive. He leaned back in his overly large chair.

It was good to be the Kingpin. If he had this symbiote, he could win the war against the Goblin. She got closer and closer to his doorstep with each passing day. That lead to a sense of urgency Fisk couldn't even begin to properly describe.

Once he had the symbiote, then Menken would have an accident. Providing someone else didn't kill him because he double crossed them as well.

Harold Osborn, now known as Venom, looked over New York City. His face contorted into a grimace when he looked over and saw everything beneath him.

"My father, he always considered me a disappointment," Harold whispered. He could feel the power. "I thought that his legacy would be the thing that would drive me, the thing that would define me. I wouldn't need his legacy though. I would need my own legacy, the one of Venom."

Harold stretched out. The large slimy tongue the symbiote seemed to give him flickered into the light. There was a crack of thunder nearby and a flash of lightning. The rain was coming down. It added to the dark and brooding atmosphere.

He came face to face with the goons from HYDRA. They held their weapons on Harold Osborn.

"Come quietly, and no one needs to get hurt," one of the HYDRA goons whispered.

"No, I won't need to get hurt, that will be all on you!" Venom yelled. He shot out his tendrils and latched onto the weapons.

The HYDRA goons slammed to the ground. Harold swooped in and began to lay the smack down on them as only he could.

The HYDRA goons wished that they had a hope against him. They obviously didn't. It was a struggle when they fought him.

The goons were wiped out suddenly when Venom stood over him.

"The package is here," someone said. She shot Venom full on in the neck with a dart.
Venom stopped suddenly and turned around. He saw a redheaded woman standing before him. She had a low cut red bodysuit that clung to every curve of her body. She carried an assortment of weapons.

"I told you to wait to get into position," a second woman commented. She dropped down instantly next to her. She had green hair that draped over half of her face. This did the job of giving her an alluring and fairly seductive type of look. Her smile grew wider when she stared down. She wore a tight bodysuit that also clung to every single curve. It stretched over her large breasts that threatened to burst out from where she stood. "Patience is a virtue that you must learn if you ever hope to succeed."

"Yes, if you insist," the woman commented. There was a bored tone to her voice.

The redhead, Sin, held up a grenade.

"Our benefactor stated that this will take the wind out of your sails, ugly," Sin commented.

"Well you can tell your benefactor to eat it!" Venom growled.

Sin sighed and she flicked the grenade down to the ground. It shattered onto the ground and sent sonic vibrations. Venom felt the waves of energy cracking against him. He dropped down onto the ground and gave a loud anguished scream.

Harold Osborn wondered what was happening. The symbiote was coming undone from him. He struggled to keep it together.

"One more of these, and you'd be done," Sin stated. She looked at him with a smile on her face. The second grenade packed an even greater punch and it would get the symbiote.

"Menken is a fool if he thinks that he can trust the likes of you!" Venom yelled.

"My thoughts exactly," Sin answered. There was a wicked and spiteful smirk that spread over her lips. She held the grenade in her hand and carefully balanced it. She hurled it with expert precision towards her enemy.

The grenade whirled through the air. A line of webbing shot out of nowhere and latched onto the grenade. It flung it harmless into the air where it exploded.

Sin turned around and spotted Spider-Girl standing perched on the gargoyle.

"Remember, make it convincing," Harry whispered in her ear piece.

"I know, not the first time," she remarked.

"Spider-Girl, an annoyance," Sin said. She pulled out a pair of glowing knives and rushed Spider-Girl.

Spider-Girl flipped out of the way and landed perfectly on the ground. Sin wasn't to be deterred. She rushed Spider-Girl with the knives once again. Once again, Spider-Girl avoided being skewered by her enemy.

"You better watch where you're running with those knives!" she shouted. She doubted that she was going to get through a person who was kind of mentally unhinged anyway. She rushed towards her again.
'It's almost like she's not in on the joke,' she thought to herself. One of the knives whipped through the air. She dodged it. Had it connected, she would have been sliced to ribbons. The knife came back around and she had to dodge it again. 'Or she is insane.'

Spider-Girl wanted to put even odds on either happening. The woman rushed her again with the knives.

"Viper, use the last one to finish him off, I'll take care of this web slinging nuisance," Sin said.

"Let me make things perfectly clear, you aren't going to give me orders," Viper said. She wanted to smack around that girl for getting out of line, but she restrained herself.

Venom grabbed Viper from behind. She flipped out of his slimy grip. She didn't prefer to be molested by tentacles today or any day really.

She pulled out a miniature hand cannon and started to fire at him. Venom dodged the blasts.

She took the final grenade but a door burst open. A large hulking brute of a man burst through the doors and started to charge forward.

Rhino smashed her down to the ground completely hard. He didn't care about no bitch and she wasn't going to get in her way.

"Alright, you!" Rhino yelled.

Harold Osborn was completely out of it. The symbiote was on auto pilot and using his body as a puppet.

"Kingpin's put a bounty on you!" Rhino yelled. He charged Venom. Venom dodged with agility.

Rhino went smashing into a brick wall. He could see the fight between Spider-Girl and the crazy redhead. He had a score to settle with the web head but that would have to wait.

Spider-Girl didn't expect Rhino to show up but perhaps she should have changed her expectations. This was going to be painful. Not as painful as those knives going through her if she didn't keep her eye on the ball.

"Give me those!" Spider-Girl yelled. She web yanked the knives from her.

Sin slammed onto the ground. Her mouth hit the ground hard and split her lip open. She slowly pulled herself up.

The woman locked eyes with Spider-Girl. Her tongue slowly swiped over her bottom lip and licked the blood off of it. The crazed look dancing in her eyes told the story better than anything else.

Spider-Girl shivered and she continued to fight her.

Viper watched the battle and made plans to remove the symbiote. This battle wasn't over yet. She would be having words with Strucker about forcing her to be babysitter for the Red Skull's brat.

The Skull might have been long since dead but his legacy lived on through HYDRA. There were many people who speculated that it was the reincarnation of the Red Skull pulling the strings as their mysterious benefactor.

Viper didn't really pay much attention to such fairy tales. She had work to do and what she had to do was take out Venom.
Venom was back up and it was game on. She would engage the symbiote for her prize.

"Come to me, now!" she whispered. There was a tone of her voice that indicated that she wasn't going to take no for an answer at all.

"Bring it, bitch!" Venom yelled in response. His voice was most certainly not Harold Osborn's.

"So, with Harold knocked out, are you trying to tell me that the symbiote has taken on a life of its own?" Gwen asked. They monitored the battle closely. Harry sat in the chair and Gwen sat firmly on his lap.

Karen, Diana, Illyana, Ananym, and Claire were all there as well watching the battle.

"I've been looking at the notes of the symbiote," Harry commented. He smiled when he shifted through the notes. "I know what it feeds off of and that might be a good way to control it when we put it on our chosen host."

"Do you have someone in mind?" Gwen asked.

"I know you do," Harry responded. Gwen smiled and nodded. "It's draining the bodily fluids from Harold and within the next few days, it will leave him nothing but a weak husk that either needs the symbiote or he'll die."

"Well, it's not real loss," Illyana commented. "He served his purpose. The symbiote can control a host that has been knocked out or rendered unconscious. We've been able to figure out that much, haven't we?"

"Yes," Harry agreed without missing a beat. He leaned back and observed what was trying into a four way battle.

Spider-Girl took on HYDRA who took on the Rhino and they were all taking on Venom. That proved to be an interesting battle.

"Certain bodily fluids will easily control the path of the symbiote better than others," Harry commented.

"Well, this is going in a direction that we all should have seen coming,' Emma thought.

'So, it would stand to reason that sexual fluids would be the thing that would twist the symbiote's loyalty, along with the wearer of the symbiote,' Diana commented.

'Astute reasoning and that's what I assume what Harry is intending to go for, am I correct?" Emma asked.

'Correct,' Harry responded after a moment. He smiled when he considered a couple more things that were going to take place sooner rather than later. 'But I had to make sure. And obviously modifications will need to be made for the symbiote before we slip it onto someone we actually like.'

'Of course, this is just a test run and Osborn is a glorified guinea pig,' Emma responded. 'Although I do have a read on his thoughts from my position, they're faint but they're submerged deeply into the symbiote.'

'And the battle is winding down, and HYDRA looks like they're about to make their move,' Kara commented. She was watching closely but she had direct orders not to get herself involved by any
means whatsoever.

She wasn't going to be the one that was going to defy her master's orders. She was well trained like the rest of them are.

"I'm coming now with a plan, it's time for the symbiote to get a new temporary host anyway," Harry said.

None of them asked what exactly Harry had in mind. All of them had a shrewd idea what he had shoved up his sleeve. If they were right, it was going to be something. If they were wrong, it still might be something interesting.

Harry was off as quickly as he could in a speed of light. He vanished to leave them with the notes.

Gwen knew that now as not the time where they would cut Menken loose. Once they had the symbiote though, plans did and would change.

Spider-Girl found herself head to head with Rhino. Somehow they had switched dance partners and this was not a consensual switching of dance partners to be honest.

'I honestly don't know how I get myself in these messes sometimes,' she thought.

She could see Viper launching the grenade at the symbiote. She dodged Rhino and webbed onto his horn.

She sent Rhino flying towards one of the HYDRA agents. She watched closely when Harold went one way and the symbiote went the other way.

Harold flew off of the edge of the building and landed hard onto the pavement beneath. Spider-Girl lifted her hand up and allowed the symbiote to retract onto her hand. It slowly formed around her.

She had the power now. Both of the HYDRA agents stood nervously.

"I think you're all out of toys," Spider-Girl commented. She knew what kind of power this symbiote held. She studied it for a while.

Therefore she knew how to control it better than anyone else. She raised her tentacles up into the air and wrapped them around Viper and Sin.

She web yanked them and threw them into the wall. The two of them found themselves in a sticky situation when they bound them with no place to go.

Rhino, never one to be smart enough to give up, charged her.

"Attractive women, I have time for," Spider-Girl whispered. She dodged Rhino and tripped him up. "You, I don't."

Rhino couldn't put the brakes on if he wanted to. He slid and tried to go over the edge of the building. The beast just barely put the brakes on. He came precious inches short of flying over the edge of the building and making an extremely nasty mess.

"So close, but so far, I'm disappointed," Spider-Girl whispered. She snapped her fingers in response when she stared Rhino down. Rhino looked at her, almost daring her to do something. Spider-Girl wasn't going to be the type of person who was going to back down.
She decided to help him the rest of the way. She kicked him hard off of the building.

Harry arrived just in time to see Rhino fly to a very painful landing. That armor might protect him from dying. He would suffer some extremely vicious injuries when he landed onto the ground hard.

"So, did that feel good?" Harry asked. Spider-Girl should have known that he was showing up.

"I'm sure he survived," she commented.

"What about Osborn?" Harry asked her.

From the vantage point of Sin and Viper, they could not see the mysterious man. The black goo they were covered in writhed and moved on them. It came precious moments from violating them and they were sure that the host could control it with her mind.

"He had problems the moment things thing came on him," Spider-Girl commented. "I got you a couple of pets."

"And it's not even my birthday," Harry commented. He turned towards them.

He approached them. Both of them tried to break free but it seemed the more they struggled, the more Spider-Girl caused their bindings to play with them.

"I've got some questions for the two of you," Harry told them. He stepped closer towards both of them. They struggled in an attempt to free themselves but there was really no easy way out from where they were.

Sin tried to save face. "Forget it, we're never going to give anything up to you."

"Surely it isn't out of some kind of loyalty towards the current, soon to be former, management of HYDRA," Harry said. He smiled. "You have information about Strucker that I need to complete the puzzle, along with several high ranking HYDRA officials."

He approached them closer. He allowed his Aura to wash over them. All of the girls shuddered with thinly veiled delight. His power caused them to whimper with delight.

"Compliance will be rewarded," Harry told them. If there was one thing he was good about, it was pumping information out of women.

They would be in the palm of his hand. They would find out how good he is at interrogation much like the Black Widow did.

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To Be Continued On December 26th, 2015.
Donald Menken knew when he was backed up against a wall. He was playing so many angles for this entire symbiote thing and it backfired spectacularly in his face. He was sweating bullets. He reached forward and grabbed a towel off of the desk. He dabbed his face with a towel and took a deep sigh.

It was time for him to have a nice conversation with the Kingpin and it would be a conversation that he was not looking forward to having. His sweating escalated when he looked at the phone. He knew that ignoring the phone call would not lead to any kind of pleasant consequences.

He took a deep breath. They could still reclaim the alien lifeform and he could still get out with a killing, hopefully without being killed. The Kingpin didn't scare him.

Menken pressed a button on the receiver and something blinked to life. He waited impatiently for someone to pick it up on the other side. There was a moment where he thought that the Kingpin dropped the call. If he could only be that fortunate, his life might be a lot easier.

"Yes, Menken, I understand that Harold Osborn is still running around with the suit that you promised me," The Kingpin commented. His voice was brisk and accusatory.

Menken blanched. If there was one thing that he hated beyond everything else, he hated being accused. He was going to fight this with every fiber of his being, if he could help it. He slammed his fist down on the desk.

"I hope you didn't hurt yourself with your attempts to assert yourself," The Kingpin replied after a second. "I'm waiting for your explanation, Mr. Menken. I'm sure that I may consider it amusing if you've caught me in the proper mood."

There was an instant where took a deep breath. Menken massaged his raw knuckles.

"Rest assure that we're taking the necessary steps to reclaim the symbiote, and OsCorp will have it delivered to you as soon as possible," Menken said. He wondered briefly how Norman Osborn dealt with people like this. His respect for the man sky rocketed.

"Do not disappoint me, Mr. Menken," The Kingpin warned him. If the Kingpin talked to most people like this, that person would be in some serious trouble. In the meantime though, Menken was not concerned. "Because the people who disappoint me, bad things happen to them. Just bare that in mind, if you will."

"Yes, I understand," Menken commented through gritted teeth. He massaged his knuckles when he turned around.

"If you don't deliver the symbiote, then I will take the needed actions," The Kingpin reminded him. Menken understood what those needed actions were and he grew a fair bit pale at the implications of what the Kingpin said. "You have until tomorrow morning to show me results. Then we do things my way...I'm giving you an opportunity to prove me wrong. You shouldn't make me regret doing so."
Menken regretted doing so almost instantly but if Kingpin didn't get him first, it was HYDRA. It was time for him to take his leave out of the country.

He turned around and walked down the hallway. He was sure that OsCorp would be in other hands. Hell, he knew for a fact that he would be shown the door before too long. So it would be best if he expedited that process himself.

Menken walked down the hallway. He took enough money off of the top and stashed it in his own private accounts that he would be more than fine. He needed to leave the country, start again under a new name. He was in way over his head.

He cursed to himself. He forgot his briefcase. The man made quick strides back to his office.

"Have a helicopter on the building in about ten minutes," Menken said. He was getting out of here while it was good.

He unlocked his office, reached in and turned the lights on. The moment the lights flickered on, he saw the Goblin sitting in his desk chair like she owned the place.

"Are you having a bad day, Menken?" she asked.

Menken tried to go for the door. She was in front of him at the speed of light.

"Now, I'm here just trying to have a nice, pleasant chat, and you just decide to run away," the Goblin commented. Her frown grew rather deep.

She picked up Menken and hurled him halfway across the office. He smashed into the desk really hard. The wind was knocked out of it.

"That's really rude, you know," she whispered. She walked towards the desk and looked down at Menken. "All I'm trying to do is have a nice pleasant conversation, and you decide to run."

"What do you want?" Menken asked. "You're dead….you're supposed to be dead."

"Different goblin, new and improved, but I never pegged you for the bright type to understand that," she commented. "You try and run from me again, and well…..I hope that you know sign language. Because that's about all that you're going to be capable of when I rip your throat out."

She destroyed Menken's desk with a pair of well placed fireballs. He reached to his coat but she grabbed his hand. She gripped his wrist tight and twisted his head. It cracked with a solid snap.

"I really hope that you're not trying to reach for your gun, Mr. Menken," she threatened. She looked fairly disappointed. "That's in rather bad form, you know."

Menken cursed her out completely. His hand was shattered completely. The Goblin lifted him up and slammed him face first into the desk.

"Right amount of force not to give you a concussion," Goblin whispered. Menken's bleeding nose splattered blood on the desk. "But the right amount of force to make the point that I'm honestly not fucking around. Do you hear me?"

"Yes," Menken whispered. The Goblin's hand was firmly on the back of his neck.

"You're going to tell me every single incriminating thing you know about who you're going to work with me and I'll know if you're lying," she whispered.
Her deadly whisper showed that she wasn't fucking around.

Speaking of not fucking around, Viper and Sin could tell that about their enemies.

"Compliance will be rewarded," Harry repeated. There was a smile on his face. He could see both of the females.

"Just get it over with it already, kill us," Sin demanded. She wished that she could free herself but the more she struggled, the more this thing molested her.

The fact she was certain Spider-Girl controlled it with her mind just made things all that the more kinky.

"You know, you're too valuable of resources to be killed, most attractive women are in fact," Harry said. He reached forward and placed his hand on Sin's cheek. Her face heated up by his mere touch. She got excited and she wasn't completely sure it was from those tentacles that threatened to rape her either. "You either have resources as pets or you have other more tangible resources. Regardless I have a use for you."

Harry smirked and leaned in to whisper in her ear.

"I have a use for you and I'll use you in any way I see fit."

Viper could sense that she got herself into a sticky situation. Well that might put things mildly. She knew enough by now to rest or she would be molested by the symbiote.

She was pretty certain Sin figured that out as well. The only difference was that she wasn't trying to relax, it was almost as if she embraced the tentacles violating her in every way.

Harry turned to Spider-Girl.

"So, adding your blood has given it a taste of your powers and when combined with you, I wonder what it does," Harry commented to her.

Spider-Girl gave him a smile when she placed her hand on his chest. She knew what the symbiote craved and what could control it beyond all else. It craved bodily fluids and a steady helping of bodily fluids coming from an Incubus would be a divine dish.

"Gwen has been teasing me about you for so long, and I hate her for it," she whispered. She created a miniature knife with the symbiote. That allowed her to slowly cut through the fabric of Harry's clothes and expose his muscular chest underneath. The hood of the robe was still up, obscuring his face to anyone who didn't want to see it. "I know the two of you have fucked like rabbits on your so called business dinners."

Harry looked at her and smiled. "Guilty as charged."

She could feel him back her off. "And I know this symbiote as meant to be a gift for someone else but….it's just amazing to take it for a test spin."

"Well, it's best to run some tests on how it reacts and how to control it with someone who can handle it, before we pass it on to the intended host," Harry commented. The mask retracted and Riley's soft lifts were revealed.
She leaned towards Harry and gave him a soft and tender kiss. Her lips connected with his in a blistering kiss.

The suit worked its way down Harry's pants, teasing him a little bit. The suit also teased the two HYDRA females that were pinned to the wall.

"You know," Riley whispered. She could see Harry's pants halfway down about the area of his hips. "Those two are being neglected. I'm sure that they've been driven absolutely and completely mad by the teasing."

Sin looked to be about ready to jump something. She thrust her hips out trying to get relief. Harry smiled when he walked towards her.

"What is HYDRA planning?" Harry asked them.

"HYDRA….they've infiltrated SHIELD, and they're using it's resources to locate where….where he is," Sin whispered. "They thought that he was dead, but he was kept in stasis, and they've been keeping a watch over him."

"The Red Skull?" Harry asked her.

"Yes, the Red Skull," Viper agreed. Her demeanor shifted. She was becoming extremely weak when she felt her suit being cut off. Her soaked undergarments would be the only thing that she would be wearing before too long. "Not all of HYDRA is behind this, a lot of HYDRA fears what the Skull could do along with the rest of the world. But it's….Whitehall and Strucker, they are the ones who want to bring him back. He might already be back by now, but we don't know for sure."

'Guess the Red Skull is as much of a boogeyman to the majority of HYDRA as he is to the rest of the world,' Emma thought.

'Well they would have won the War had it not been for him and his obsessive madness,' Selene thought. Red Skull getting brought out of the box would eventually screw HYDRA over after their short term success.

"That's extremely interesting," he said. "I hope you realize that HYDRA is going to be under my control soon, just like you are."

The two HYDRA females were stripped of their clothing. They were in a very compromising position.

"I'll take Viper, you take Sin," Harry whispered to Spider-Girl.

She smiled, she had this costume, at least for a little bit. She was going to make the most of what she had for as long as she had it.

Viper saw her soon to be master walk towards her. The closer he got to her, the more his Aura washed over her. The seconds ticked by like they were moments. She realized that the symbiote retracted so it created shackles around her. Her pussy ached for him. Her breasts also begged for attention.

He grabbed her breasts and squeezed them. That slight touch caused her to moan.

"I'll serve you, just please fuck me," Viper whispered. Her resolve was slowly fading away underneath his godlike power.
"You have been worn down mentally for weeks, you just haven't known it yet," Harry said. His pants dissolved and his monster cock was released. "I just have the thing for and you're going to take it hard."

She wondered if it would fit in her. She was so excited, she had to find out whether or not it would fit into her. His manhood pushed against her dripping hot lips and was about ready to penetrate her insides.

One last push would drive her completely mad. His manhood slid into her smoldering hot depths and she closed her eyes.

That felt so good. That felt better than so good. That felt really amazing. His hands rested on either side of her hips when he kept pumping into her body.

The woman's tight pussy clamped down around him when he entered her body.

Sin meanwhile waited for something to handle. Tendrils retracted from the suit and played with every inch of her body. The girl closed her eyes and felt one of them brush down her body.

"Rape me, take me like a no good slut, and rape me!" she ordered Spider-Girl.

"I wonder if it's considered rape if someone is begging for it," Spider-Girl commented. "Under law, I'm guessing not."

She used her suit to create a cock that was nearly as big as Harry's.

"Just preparing you for things to come," Spider-Girl whispered.

Spider-Girl sank her throbbing phallus into Sin's body. Sin closed her eyes and was ripped apart by a cock that was just getting thicker and longer.

She relaxed the size of it. "Not yet, baby, got to save some of you for my master. But I can get your slutty little body nice and sweaty for him."

Her tendrils caressed Sin's body and played with her. Her nipples hardened even more, the more Harry played with her.

"God, feels really good," Sin panted.

"No, my master is your god, I'm just someone who helps him do his divine work," Spider-Man said and she sent them around the area of her ass.

Viper wished that she could have her legs and arms free. She wasn't about to go anywhere. The HYDRA agent enjoyed the deep thrusts into her.

"Who is your loyalty to?" Harry asked.

"My master, you, you, my master," Viper breathed. She realized that she didn't have any control of her pussy muscles.

"Good, your compliance will be rewarded," Harry whispered. He brought her to a nerve racking orgasm.

Viper was left wrecked and shuddering. Her pleasure was just to begin.

"Time to switch, Riley," Harry whispered to her.
"Of course, she's all ready for you," Riley agreed. She gave Harry's cock a parting pump before she moved over towards Viper to take her.

Sin watched her master approaching.

"Take my ass, take me hard in my ass!" she begged him.

Harry ran his hand down her ass. "Well since you asked so nicely."

Harry turned her around. Her ass was primed and ready for his throbbing cock. He played with it, shoving his finger into it, pumping.

His finger was good but that was not what Sin wanted.

"Take me hard in the ass and make me your slut!" Sin begged him.

"Who is your master?" Harry asked her.

"You are, you are, now fuck me!"

The sexy redhead wanted his cock rammed up her ass, so he was going to do it. He was going to ram his cock deep into her ass. His balls ached with want and need. He aimed himself towards her and brought himself deep into her ass.

Sin grabbed her hands onto the wall. She was still tied up. This was like a dream come true his massive manhood pumping into her ass over and over again. She thought that she died and went to heaven.

His hands tormented her breasts as well. They were grabbed roughly.

"You're the type of slut that likes it rough, don't you?" Harry asked her. His throbbing manhood spiked deep into her body.

She clenched him with her ass. "Yes, I'm your slut, your slut that likes it very rough. But you can give it to be rougher....."

He rammed his entire fist into her pussy. That caused her to scream out loud when the whole of his hand assaulted her pleasure centers and drove her completely nuts. She felt completely and absolutely nuts. Her pleasure centers kept getting spiked when he worked her over.

"What do you think?" Harry asked her.

"Yes, oh yes, oh god," Sin whimpered. She felt pleasure from the absolutely pain that spiked through her body.

Harry rammed himself deep into her and his thrusts got even more intense. The Incubus assaulted her body. The fact she was getting off on this rough fucking caused him to build up quite a load. He was going to claim both of these sluts for his.

Just like HYDRA was going to be his. There were a few females in there. Along with a bunch of ugly old Nazis that he would have to kill but he doubted anyone would fault him for killing Nazis.

Viper thought that she was going to lose it. Spider-Girl pounded her with immense strength. Her pussy inhaled the cock.

"What was that?" Viper moaned.
"A little gift to help strengthen your compliance for our master," Spider-Girl said. She forced her re-hardening cock into her. Viper's fluids fed the lust of the symbiote something fierce. She continued to rock into her body. "And it will be rewarded handsomely and constantly. But constant reinforcement is important."

She slid away and a second Harry walked in. He grabbed her and cupped her breasts. Her pussy ached and he was about ready to enter her.

"Time to finish you off, and you're ready for it, aren't you?" Harry asked.

Viper was getting off on Sin getting fucked like a slut. She deserved to be dominated like that. And now Viper was about to be dominated just as hard.

Her master explored her body roughly and gained dominion on every single last inch of it. An explosive sensation shot through her loins when he kept pounding her over and over again.

Viper thought that she was going to lose her mind. Her master lost his load in both her and Sin. He claimed both of them rapidly painting their insides with his thick and juicy cum. Both of them were rocked with an immense amount of pleasure.

Harry pulled out of Viper and left her panting against the wall. He thought that he made his point completely.

The two Harry's joined together as one. Riley shifted the Symbiote into nothing but a sexy set of lingerie.

It shifted aside from her and exposed her dripping hot pussy. The young man stepped closer towards her. Her dripping hot cunt called for him. The young man played with her dripping hot pussy and she begged for him to continue.

"Please, I've wanted this for so long, I don't even want to tell you," Riley begged him.

Harry played with her dripping hot body. He ran his hands over her body. His cock was inches away from entering her and stretching her out.

He gave it one final push and her hyper sensitive nerve endings went wild when he entered her body. Her tightness enveloped him when he entered her body. The woman clamped her tight walls around him and milked his throbbing prick.

"Take me, oh spank me!" Riley yelled. The symbiote was used to fondle his balls when he entered her.

"You dirty girl, you're asking for it," Harry said. He made sure that the two HYDRA agents saw this devious display.

Both of them looked like they wanted even more despite the fact that both Spider-Girl and their master fucked them seriously hard.

Speaking of being fucked seriously hard, Harry grabbed his lover's breasts. He tweaked her nipples and pushed deep into her body. Riley felt the bursting of pleasure explode through her body when his throbbing cock continued to assault her from behind.

"Yes, yes, oh yes!" Riley moaned.

"You like that, you like all of that, you like my cock going inside you, don't you?" Harry asked her.
He pushed himself into her and her pussy rubbed him.

"YES!" Riley screamed. She hung onto the edge when Harry plowed her hard from behind.

Their lust escalated when Harry worked into her. She used the suit to give both of them a new amount of pleasure. She fucked her own ass with it when he plowed into her pussy.

"That is so hot," Harry whispered. He grabbed her nipples and pushed her down onto the roof. "We're going to destroy the roof if we're not careful."

"I don't give a fuck!" Riley yelled at the top of her lungs. Her dripping hot cunt slid down around his throbbing hard tool. He pumped into her dripping hot cunt.

Her slick lips milked him. The Symbiote grew excited by the sexual fluids that it was about to be fed. The Incubus was going to give it pretty much everything that it desired and then some more. He pumped himself into her body and increased her pleasure.

Harry's balls slapped against her and their load increased. Each thrust brought himself closer to his edge. He groaned when he pushed himself into her body. Something was going to give.

"It will be just as loyal to you as I will be," Riley whimpered. Gwen was right; this was more than worth the wait.

Harry plowed himself deep into her throbbing hard depths. The young man spiked himself really hard into her.

He let it go and the roaring rush of hot cum spilled into her. The symbiote and Riley both were sated when the Incubus unloaded his ample gift into him.

Three girls and an alien suit were left satisfied beyond all belief.

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OsCorp seemed quiet; one could argue that it was a bit too quiet. Those were famous last words that many have spoken before they met their absolute and complete doom.

SHIELD arrived because they had received a tip regarding some illegal activities that might be interested. A female agent made her way into the factory. She was a tall woman with blonde hair that was tied around her. She wore a sleek black tactical bodysuit.

Bobbi Morse, codename Mockingbird, had gone into situations like this before. Situations where she was uncertain what exactly she was dealing with. The woman took half of a step forward down the hallway.

There was something red on the floor with an arrow pointing forward. She hoped that it was paint even though she speculated that it was something else entirely.

'No, that's not foreboding in any way whatsoever,' she thought to herself.

She followed the arrow forward. She was a second away from requesting some kind of back up.

The door was open and a terrified looking Donald Menken hung by his wrists from the ceiling. He was ungagged but he couldn't speak like his throat had been damaged.

SHIELD had been listening to Menken for a while. He was Norman Osborn's former right hand man.
so he was a subject of interest.

Bobbi took a swift step towards the desk. There was a stack of folders placed on the desk that grabbed her interest. She frowned when she looked at them. They were details of a communication that had been opened up between Menken and members of HYDRA.

He couldn't explain it on the account that his throat was damaged.

"We have something here, just like we suspected with Menken," Bobbi reported in. "If his dealings with HYDRA have been compromised, there is a chance that they could snipe him when they get out. I'm requesting back up."

"Sending Agent Romanov right now," Maria Hill reported over the communication link.

"Are you sure that we can pull her off the task that she's doing?" Bobbi asked. "And what's Fury doing in all of this?"

"That's classified information, Agent Morse," Maria said. She didn't want to bring up the fact that Fury disappeared just last week. There was no cause for concern because Fury did that quite often. That left Maria holding the bag.

If she was honest, she would rather run a daycare center than babysit some of the agents of SHIELD.

Bobbi felt an increasing sense of foreboding the longer she was in this office. She knew that there was a reason why Menken was left alive. It would be a lot worse off for him if he was.

She pulled out a pair of batons. She could hear footsteps coming down the hallway.

Bobbi cursed herself; she had no time to defend herself.

She came face to face with the one and only Harry Potter. That caused her to have far more questions than they would have answers.

"I'd ask who you are and what you're doing here," Harry commented. "And if I don't like the answers, security will be on their way up."

Harry turned and saw Menken stringed up from the ceiling like a Christmas ham. He raised his eyebrow and turned towards the woman. He knew she was Bobbi Morse, a top field agent of SHIELD, but naturally he was going to pretend that he didn't know that because it served his plans better.

"And did do this?" Harry asked.

"No, he was like that when I got here," she commented towards him. She was trying to get a better reading of this young man. She prided herself on being able to read people but she was pretty sure that she was baffled. "And you are…?"

"Harry Potter," Harry commented. He knew that she knew but one thing was sure. He wasn't the only one playing a very careful game.

"Bobbi Morse, I'm investigating a top terrorist organization that is trying to ensnare itself into several businesses and I found information that Mr. Menken was talking to them," Bobbi commented. She wanted to see how he would react.

There was a pretty good chance that he might be involved with HYDRA. Then again, there was a
pretty good in chance many people were involved with HYDRA and they didn't even know it.

"Well that's grounds for his termination as well, company policy makes it very clear that we're not to collaborate with terrorists under any means," Harry commented. He was cool and collected.

Bobbi nodded. "I wonder what he would say for himself."

"Well, he doesn't seem to be saying much of anything, does he?" Harry asked.

Menken tried to speak, but pain went through his face.

"His vocal cords have been damaged," Bobbi said. It was amazing how someone knew how to do this without even breaking the skin. They would have to hit the point precisely to injure, but not kill a person.

"Well, then I guess that he won't be saying much of anything right now, would he?" Harry asked her. "Feel free to investigate anything that you want to. Anything to take down the forces that threaten us."

"Right, there's some back up coming," Bobbi said. She was shaken with how cool he was. Most people would be shaking, stammering, or launching into a well-rehearsed story about what was happening.

Not Harry Potter, the young man was as calm and collected as could be. Bobbi frowned when she looked at him.

"I'll get out of your way," Harry said. "My office is down the hall if you need anything. We won't be disturbed."

Bobbi nodded but she didn't have much time to follow up on that. Natasha approached her.

She didn't see the shadow of the nod that Natasha gave Harry. She was that discreet when she entered the office.

"So, what does he know?" Natasha asked Bobbi.

"His vocal cords have been damaged, he's not talking even if he wants to," Bobbi commented.

"A shame, really," Natasha remarked. She didn't seem too sad at all. She looked over the battered man who swung like a pendulum. He was trying to communicate with his eyes that he wanted down. Natasha's eyes dropped towards the material on the desk. "It's quite fortunate that we have more than enough to expose what he's been doing."

'SHIELD thinks that you're working with HYDRA, so be careful,' Natasha thought to Harry.

'As we both know, it's far more complex than that,' Harry said. 'And besides, I'm not working with HYDRA.'

No Harry wasn't working with HYDRA, he was pretty much running HYDRA. He used their alleged leaders as pawns that he could manipulate on a chess board and do with as he pleased.

The game would prove to be fascinating in more ways than one. HYDRA takes over SHIELD and Harry takes over both organizations, without anyone being the wiser.

He would also have the resources to manipulate the power behind the scenes of the governments of the world. He used tactics that big businesses used in the past, manipulate political leaders with
money and contributions to carry out his goals.

Only Harry carried out his plans a far vaster scale.

Harry sat in his office and took a trip over to the Astral Plane. Emma, Selene, Jean, Karen, and Gwen all met him.

"Riley has given up the symbiote, it was with great regret but she knows the plan and will abide by it," Gwen answered. "Besides, she has great power. There's something that comes along with great power but I'm at a loss to remember what it is right now."

"I'm sure that if it's important enough, it will come to you," Emma responded. "Several birds with one stone have been taken out and I feel like we've made a big step for what we wanted to do for today."

"Yes, well, you know Harry, he never does anything too small," Karen commented. There was a moment of suggestion in her voice when she talked to him.

"Well, you're about as subtle as you always are," Jean said. She was relaxed. She stood at the arm of her master. "But I'm glad that you are ready for something. You're presence reaches far. Further than many people even know."

Harry assumed that most people would stop with the control and the power he had already. Harry wasn't most people though.

"So, you know that the symbiote is controlled by your power," Karen said.

"It wasn't in doubt at all, you should know that," Emma said. She looked smug and took her place by the other side of Harry.

She gave all of the girls a nasty look that pretty much said "better luck next time". Emma wasn't about ready to give up her place next to Harry. Her arm gripped around her.

"Everything is going as planned," Harry said. "It sounds like a cliché, doesn't it?"

"Cliches often become such because they tend to be true and work out well," Emma said. She leaned towards him and gave him a reassuring kiss on the cheek. "Trust me, soon there will be far more women bowing before our queen."

Faora stepped out of the shadows. "I believe the proper term is kneeling before our king."

"Sometimes it seems too easy, doesn't it?" Gwen asked.

"It seems that way on the surface," Harry answered her. He stepped away from Jean and Emma, leaving them both alone and pouting.

He closed the gap between himself and Gwen. He reached towards her and wrapped his arms around her waist to pull her in tight.

Gwen allowed herself to breath when Harry's arms wrapped around her. He held her in nice and tight and he wasn't about to let her go. If that wasn't a good place to be, she didn't know what it was.

"But there are a lot of things that you're planning to do to get what you want," Gwen said. "Reality
might be yours one day."

"We always reach for the heavens, there is an entire multiverse out there for the taking," Harry admitted. He was eternal and he had given his mates gifts as well. All in exchange for their loyalty to him but it didn't take that much.

There wasn't a woman on Earth who would not want a piece of Harry any more. He stepped away.

"So, what became of the younger Osborn?" Emma asked.

"He was hauled off to the hospital and I'm sure that he'll find himself into custody by SHIELD and by proxy HYDRA, soon," Harry answered her. He wouldn't lose a wink of sleep regarding what happened to Osborn. "Nice job you did on Menken."

"Hey, you got to take pride on your work," Gwen said. A grin went over her face. "And if I would have killed the poor bastard, he wouldn't have suffered later. He won't be able to talk his way out of this one."

"I would think that you took care of that quite nicely," Karen replied.

"You have to hit it in the right spot at the right angle, otherwise I'd slice his throat, he'd die," Gwen explained. "It's a nasty little move but it takes precision and focus."

"And you do it nicely."

Harry cleared his throat. There was a knock on the door of his office back in the real world. The monitoring spells warned him of the approaching individuals.

"We'll pick this up later," Harry replied.

"I've got a lunch date with Riley anyway, maybe we can meet you after we're done?" Gwen asked.

"That'd be nice," Harry answered.

He faded back into the real world. Just in time for the knock on the office to be properly heard and for him to answer.

"It's unlocked," Harry said. The office door opened and Bobbi walked into the office. "Can I help you, Agent Morse?"

"Menken has been hauled off, he tried to embezzle a fair amount of OsCorp's funds and there's evidence he may have been using them to fund at least one of the operations of this terrorist group," Bobbi informed him. She confirmed information that Harry widely suspected. "We've been able to determine that you're not involved in anyway, but we'd like to ask you a few questions if you don't mind."

"My office is open, anything that I can do to help," Harry responded.

He watched Natasha make her way into the office, sauntering in behind Bobbi.

"You've been a person of interest for a while," Bobbi commented. She hoped to get Harry to slip up.

"A person of my means attracts a lot of attention," Harry argued. Bobbi raised her eyebrow. "But I'm sure that you've already known that."

"It seems to me that you know far more than you're letting on as well," Bobbi responded. Harry got
up to face her and look her straight in the eye.

"Do tell me what I know," Harry said. He leaned towards her and gave her a knowing smile. "You know, I would almost think that you have a very vested personal interest about this."

"Nothing personal, just curious about how you seem to be netting all of these top line business deals," Bobbi said. She wondered for the first time if she was biting off more than she could chew. "And how they are companies that HYDRA are interested in."

"Oh, HYDRA?" Harry asked.

"Yes, HYDRA," Bobbi commented. "You know what I'm talking about."

"It appears that we have a discussion that we need to have, Agent Morse," Harry replied.

"I'll close the door so we're not disturbed," Natasha commented. She casually closing and locking the door behind her, leaving all three of them alone in the office.

"So, how was it?" Gwen asked Riley. "I want all of the sticky and sorrid details and I want them now."

"Well, it was about as good as you said, but I'm sure that you know that better than anyone else, don't you?" Riley asked. Gwen leaned towards her. "The two of you have been fucking like rabbits during your so called business lunches."

"Hmm, guilty as charged, and since this was your week to wear the Spider-Girl costume and my week to play the Goblin, I guess that it worked out for the favor," Gwen said.

"Admitting it, it felt good to punch Menken in the throat," Riley said. She was disappointed that she didn't do it.

"Caused him to shit his pants before I did it, so it felt good all around," Gwen stated. Mirth danced through her eyes.

"Well hopefully that was figurative, because that would be a mess to clean up," Riley said. She held her nose up into the air.

"Figurative, but he thought that he saw a ghost," Gwen said. She tipped back the drink she held and looked thoughtful. "That wasn't the first time that a Goblin showed up at his office."

"I wouldn't put it past Norman to terrorize his employees for shits and giggles when he's on the Goblin juice," Riley added. She could see the door open and Harry approached them.

"Don't worry Harry, you can take my seat," Gwen said. She got up from the chair.

No sooner did Harry sit down, Gwen took a place down on his lap. She leaned back towards him and smiled when she rested against him.

"You're subtle as a tennis racket to the nuts," Riley said, shaking her head.

"Oh, you've got room to talk," Gwen said. She stared at Riley with a challenging expression dancing in her eyes. That was until Harry cleared his throat. That forced Gwen to sit up straight. "Sorry, it won't happen again."
"It better not," Harry commented. There was a part of him that was amused that his girls seemed to fight for favor.

In some ways, it was good because it kept them on their toes. It was provided of course they didn't get too out of control with it. That might have been the problem though.

"So, did you have any problems with SHIELD?" Gwen asked him.

"No, we came to an understanding," Harry commented.

Gwen didn't ask what happened. She was smart enough to put two and two together.

"So, the symbiote has been tested and we've nearly got it prepared for the binding of its new official host," Harry said. "Speaking of our former hosts….."

"I've done some checking around and Harold Osborn has been locked in Ravencroft in one of the most secure rooms," Riley said. "He won't be getting out any time soon. Most certainly not ever to contest your power."

"Not that he would ever contest your power when he was too busy whining about the loss of his precious," Gwen answered. She leaned back and shifted herself towards Harry. "So, what's your plan?"

"I'm sure that you've got a host for the symbiote in mind," Harry whispered in her ear.

"Yes, I told you," Gwen added. "And she'll be coming to the press conference when we officially announce our merger. Now that Menken and Osborn are out of the way, there should be no problems."

"What about the Kingpin?" Riley asked her.

"We'll deal with the Kingpin when the time comes, his empire is about to fall into the hands of the Goblin," Gwen said. She knew the Kingpin was going to make a move that would get him in trouble. "But you know I'm more inclined for some dessert. Would you mind escorting us back to the penthouse, Harry?"

"I think that's agreeable," Harry said. Gwen slid slowly off of his lap and landed on the floor.

She wiggled her ass at him. Harry responded by spanking her and causing her to yelp. Riley smirked.

"You reap what you sow, Gwen," Riley said. She got up and Gwen leaned towards her.

"Just wait until later."

To Be Continued On December 29th, 2014.
Harry, Gwen, and Riley returned to the Pent House. Things would prove to be really interesting from this point onward. Harry and the two girls sat around, with coffee having been dished out, along with snacks.

Gwen reclined back on the couch with Riley sitting next to her. The two girls shifted to the side, with Harry taking up the space in between them.

"You do realize how long we've taken to arrange this meeting, haven't you?" Riley asked. Harry turned towards her, raising his eyebrow. "Because, its been a really long time coming, for the three of us to get together."

"It's worth the wait though," Gwen piped in. The blonde shifted herself back against the couch and smiled. Harry reached towards her and wrapped his arm around her. Gwen shifted and she looked to be deep in thought. Her brow crinkled up as she thought nice and hard. "Well, I think that we should have some explanations for you. Actually, they're in order after what we said."

"There was an accident a few years ago at OsCorp, and you were involved in it," Harry commented. 

"Yes, the OZ formula, it exploded, and spooked spiders," Gwen said. She shivered. 

Riley smiled and figured that Harry deserved an explanation. "Gwen, doesn't really like spiders."

"I'm over that," Gwen said. She glared at Riley, as if threatening her against saying anything. Harry just smiled and let it go, at least for now.

"Really, because there's one crawling over your leg right now," Riley commented. This statement caused Gwen to nearly jump halfway off of the couch and shiver. Harry tightened his grip around her arm.

"Ladies," Harry said clearing his throat. 

"Right, before I was so rudely interrupted," Gwen said. Her glare was briefly directed towards Riley before she turned around. She leaned in closer towards Harry. "The OZ Formula was created by Riley's father…..and he was killed, likely by HYDRA, because they wanted it. The only problem is that they jumped the gun."

"Any notes were in his head and died with him," Riley continued. "But that didn't stop people from replicating his formula. My mother survived the crashed and remarried Norman Osborn. That….didn't end too well for her. Given that she ended up drinking herself to death after five years of marriage. Not that Norman had any use for her after she didn't have the formula."

Harry frowned but Riley continued.

"I learned a lot from Osborn and I eventually became is preferred heir, because I wasn't a disappointment like the product of his semen," Riley stated.
Gwen pulled a disgusted face. "I do not want to, under any circumstances, ever, want to think about Norman Osborn's semen. What's the matter with you, Riley?"

"A whole lot actually, but that's not the point," she replied and she folded her arms together, leaning back. "But Harold fell out of favor. He may have caused the second accident with the OZ formula, the one that mutated Norman into the Green Goblin. By then, Gwen and I were used to our powers, and we teamed up to bring him down. It was classified as an accident and the formula killed him."

She didn't doubt that at all. It was extremely interesting.

"I decided to become the Goblin when the Kingpin's hold on New York became too dangerous for Spider-Girl to take down," Riley said. "As you know, we tag teamed the roll of Spider-Girl. We drove Jameson absolutely nuts."

"Short trip," Gwen muttered underneath her breath.

"Yes, we drove Jameson absolutely nuts by our duel roll and the fact that we kept tag teaming out was Spider-Girl," Riley answered. She sat back against Harry. "There were times where we were seen at two places at once and someone thought that there was an entire clone army of me out there."

"Now that's an interesting idea," Harry piped up.

"Well, it does have some potential, yes," Gwen commented laughing. "But we created the Goblin because we needed an enemy for the Kingpin to face and for him to fear."

"It wasn't easy," Riley admitted. "The man is brazen enough to take it to anyone and he does have the resources to. He's even thinking about sniffing around in New Jersey and you know how bad the crime is there."

"Isn't there a killer clown or something, killing people and leaving smiles on their faces?" Harry asked.

"I think so, guy's got more issues than the Goblin can ever have," Riley said. Gwen frowned and looked at Riley. "I let Gwen play in the Goblin suit most of the time. Although I wish that I hadn't lost the coin toss. You know, so I could punch Menken in his god damn throat."

"You might have killed him," Gwen said.

Riley looked at him. "It would be like putting down a dog at this point with him. People would be thanking me later."

"Well, I can't fault that logic," Gwen responded, folding her arms. "But, she's Spider-Girl and I'm the Goblin. Except for the times that I'm Spider-Girl and she's the Goblin."

"And Mary Jane helps out sometimes, filtering us information from the Bugle," Riley added. "Would have liked to see her in tight spandex but without powers, it's not happening."

"At least for now," Gwen added. She pushed herself onto Harry's lap. Riley glared at Gwen. Gwen responded by sticking her tongue out at Riley. "But I suppose that we're going to have to make sure the symbiote is secure."

"Everyone poking around, we don't need any more trouble," Riley said. "HYDRA is involved, and that could prove to be interesting."

Harry smiled. They all knew what was happening regarding HYDRA. Harry had some big plans for
the organization and they would be put underneath his control sooner or later. Two of their top agents already were underneath him today.

"So, now what?" Riley asked, giving Harry a knowing smile.

"What do you think?" Harry asked her.

That answered the question pretty much better than anything else. Riley was going to be underneath Harry's thrall now and she would learn her place.

The two girls were at his disposal and Harry's pheromones ensnared them.

Viper returned to the main HYDRA base. She kept the mask of deception that she always wore on when she walked inside.

The guards allowed her to pass. She was afforded a certain amount of respect, even though she had been demoted in the ranks of HYDRA. She walked toward, taking each stride with pride.

Sin already returned to where she stayed. Viper didn't really care where Sin was. She wasn't in the mood to play the girl's babysitter, not if she could help it.

The woman stopped at the front of the doorway and knocked three times.

"Enter," the voice of Baron Strucker whispered roughly.

Viper slipped inside. He thought that he was so smug, so in control. He didn't even know that HYDRA was undergoing new management underneath his overlarge nose. The woman stepped forward and stopped right in front of him.

"Let me make one point perfectly clear and perfectly plain, Strucker," Viper said. Her voice grew extremely harsh when she stared down at him. "I am not some glorified errand girl that you can send whenever you want to take packages."

"No, you're not, considering that you have failed to obtain the alien lifeform," Strucker said. He had two large guards by him. It gave him a certain sense of intimidation. "And Menken is now under the custody of SHIELD. HYDRA will have him and he will tell us everything that he knows. I knew that he betrayed us from the very beginning. Compliance will be rewarded and betrayal will be punished most severely."

"Yes," she commented. "But you stuck me with the brat of the Red Skull....."

"Do not speak of his name to me," Strucker hissed. He was sick of being reminded how he wasn't nearly as intimidating as the Red Skull was.

The Red Skull was the boogeyman to HYDRA. The man's insanity and cruelty was legendary. Strucker refused to be compared to the man. His return was inevitable though and it may have already happened. Loyalists existed and despite Strucker's intent to ferret them out, he was unsuccessful.

He appreciated the irony. They were like the rest of HYDRA. One head was cut off. Two more grew within its place.

"I'm not a baby sitter and I'm not someone who plays pick up, you've got plenty of disposable grunts
"Yes, and many of them are infiltrating SHIELD right now as we speak," Strucker said. He turned around and looked out the window, even though it showed nothing but dirt. They were underground. "The time of SHIELD is at an end. Fury has become obsolete and HYDRA will reign supreme over the land."

Viper smiled in the shadows. Strucker was too busy basking in his own glory to know that he was being played and he was being played big time.

"Well, you seem to have all of your plans in order," Viper commented. One might miss the sarcasm in her voice if they did not listen for it.

"Yes, I do," Strucker agreed. He frowned deeply. "But, I was hoping to obtain information from Stark that would allow me to achieve my aims. Unfortunately, I continue to get blocked."

The fact was Strucker wasn't certain if this individual blocked him on purpose. He knew that there was no way that he could know the grand plans of HYDRA.

"It's just chance that he upgraded the security systems when he did," Strucker commented, more to himself than anyone else. "HYDRA is nothing, but adaptable. Once SHIELD falls underneath our fist, we have all of the resources that are needed to move our plans forward."

Strucker paced around his office. There was information on his desk that had been passed to him by one of his spies in SHIELD. The treacherous Black Widow, he had his doubts about her at first. She seemed to be handpicked by Fury and he didn't trust wisely.

Her deception and information allowed HYDRA to gain numerous victories over SHIELD and set them up for future falls. There were other spies but among them all, the Black Widow reigned supreme.

He was having a meeting with her very soon.

Viper frowned. Strucker seemed to have a new second in command and that didn't sit too well for her. Her new master couldn't take control of HYDRA soon enough.

The goons against the wall were just punch clock and useless. They didn't really have any point other than just an extra warm body to throw at their enemies when they surrounded them.

"Make sure I'm not disturbed when I have this meeting," Strucker whispered.

"Of course," one of the guards said. He knew better than to go against Strucker.

Viper shook her head. It would be so easy to put a knife in that old bastard's neck right now. If she did though, there would be chaos and her new master would not be pleased because of that.

She watched Strucker leave his office. She followed him because her services were needed elsewhere on the base.

HYDRA was made up of mostly men but there were some females and Viper personally trained them all. It was time to take out her frustrations.

Soon, they would be training underneath a new master. Certain preferred members of HYDRA would all hail a new master.
"Finally, about time you did something right, Watson!" Jameson yelled in a triumphant voice. He was pretty much dancing in his seat but thankfully he was spared about that. "These pictures, pictures of Spider-Girl are going to be on the front page. And we're going to finally expose what a menace that she is."

"Oh, you know me, Mr. Jameson, I aim to please," Mary Jane said. She decided to keep some of the other photos that she took. They belonged with her private collection after all.

"Well, you should be pleased with this, I'm going to pay you the standard rate for these," Jameson said. "Don't get too much of a big head though with this. Even a blind squirrel can find a nut every once in a while."

Betty slipped behind Mary Jane in the office. She was all to used to Jameson's ramblings by this point in time. She took in a deep breath.

"Good, you're here Brant, I have something for you, both of you," Jameson said. "This is going to be big news, there's going to be a press conference with Riley Parker-Osborn and Harry Potter. They're at RAO Plaza and they're going to announce something big. And by big, I mean big, really big, bigger than big."

"So, you think it's big?" Betty asked.

"Yes, I think it's big, did I stutter?" Jameson asked. Both of the girls shook their head in negative. "This is going to be big. It's going to be so big, the type of thing that is so big that it hurts."

Mary Jane and Betty exchanged a look with each other. There was really nothing that they could say about this. It was hard to keep a straight face around Jameson sometimes. Thankfully, Betty practiced her poker face after years.

"And Riley Parker-Osborn, her work should be celebrated and commended," Jameson commented. "She managed to bring that company back out of the depths, when people thought that it would fail. She's a true heroine, unlike Spider-Girl. Now there's a role model that we can all get behind talking about. Unlike Spider-Girl."

Mary Jane found it extremely hard to not comment about the irony about the situation. She looked extremely amused at this situation.

"And speaking of Spider-Girl, she could show up, and if she's there I want, more pictures, more pictures, more pictures of Spider-Girl," Jameson said.

"Of course, sir," Mary Jane said.

"Let's go, we want to get some decent seats," Betty commented. She took Mary Jane out of the office. "He's in a rare mood."

"I thought that he sounded rather subdued today," Mary Jane responded. Betty turned over her shoulder and looked at her.

"If you say so," Betty answered. She was just humoring Mary Jane when the two of them walked down. "So, Harry Potter…..what do you think that he has planned?"

"Well, the RAO Corporation has big plans to improve the world, everyone is going to have a Red Sun," Mary Jane said.
"Don't you?" Betty asked.

"Yes," Mary Jane answered. She gave her a smile. "Don't you?"

"Of course I do, got it on the first day it came out, and it's improved my life so much," Betty answered. The two of them left the Bugle into the nice weather of New York City.

It was a nice day today and it would prove to be an interesting one. The two girls arrived outside and Gwen turned up in front of them.

"Hi, Gwen, how are you doing?" Mary Jane asked.

"I'm doing really well," Gwen commented. The blonde female had a bright smile on her face, almost like she was up to something. She stared down at Mary Jane and locked eyes with her. "Are you heading over to the press conference?"

"Yes, I'm heading over," Mary Jane answered.

"Excellent, Harry wants to meet with you afterwards, why don't you come up to our office?" Gwen asked.

Mary Jane smiled but Betty asked the question that Mary Jane didn't think to ask.

"Why would Harry Potter want to meet with you?" she asked. Betty was extremely curious. Her instincts as a reporter were tingling.

Mary Jane shrugged in response. "I don't know why…..but I guess that we'll find out after the press conference, won't we?"

"Yes, we will," Betty admitted. She did wonder what Harry had up his sleeve. She may have held a place on her heart for that particular young man. She was not alone.

The press conference was about ready to take place. Karen already left with Harry in the role of his personal assistant. Kara, Claire, Selene, Emma, Jean, Clea, Ananym, Illyana, and Diana all sat in the crowd. Most of them were disguised. Some of them more so than others, they were just the type of women who stood out in a crowd.

'So, I got him,' Clea thought to her fellow bond mates. She dropped her shoulders and sighed. 'One of Strange's old enemies decided to cause a lot of trouble.'

'Who was it?' Selene asked. She encountered a lot during her time and indeed she encountered a lot of the enemies that Stephen Strange did. Some of them had a bad habit of not staying dead when they were supposed to.

'I don't know, I couldn't pronounce his name,' Clea admitted. She shrugged her shoulders when she shook her head. 'Of course, I don't think he was able to pronounce his name either. Not after I busted his jaw at least and sent him packing.'

'We're still on the hunt for Morgan,' Illyana thought.

'She has a bad habit of staying about three steps ahead of everyone,' Selene commented. Her frown deepened. 'But don't worry, we'll find her, sooner rather than later.'

Selene knew that Morgan couldn't run forever. She was hopping realms to stay a few steps ahead of Illyana. She and Ananym, along with help from Valeria continued the search for the mother of all
witches. She slipped away like the slippery snake that she was.

'Where is Valeria right now?' Harry thought.

'She won't give up the hunt, my lord, she seems intent to find her mother, and put her at your feet as a gift,' Ananym said.

'Ah, that's cute,' Claire commented in amusement.

'That's one way of putting it, yes,' Emma said. She shifted her legs together and waited for the press conference to begin. She amused herself by thinking that some of these vultures actually thought that they had a chance of rattling Harry. They would find out differently. 'You can't deny that there is some kind of charm to something like that.'

'Devotion like that should be rewarded,' Selene agreed. She sat with her two daughters on either side of her. Diana and Claire were rewarded for their devotion and she had pride that they were devoted as such.

Things would prove to get even more interesting sooner rather than later. They could see Riley making her way to the stage. Gwen followed her and the two of them were in deep conversation about something.

Riley spun around and made her way up to the microphone on the stage.

"Thank you for coming out today, and hopefully we won't have the situation we had last time I announced a press conference," Riley said. "Anyone who tries anything today will be shot on sight, no questions at. We got invisible drones ready to strike down anyone who blinks wrong."

"We don't see anything!" a loud mouth member of the press yelled.

"Of course you don't, hence invisible," Riley said. "But never mind that, OsCorp is all about moving forward and moving beyond the legacy of Norman Osborn. For the past three years, I've been building OsCorp towards a bright and glorious future. A future each and every one of us can be proud of. A future that will put smiles on the faces of each and every one of you."

There were loud cheers from everyone. Riley managed to get them eating out of the palm of her hand.

"OsCorp will be moving to bigger and better heights, when it is the latest company to official join the RAO umbrella," Riley said. "Chances are most of you have Red Suns out there and a new operating system sponsored by the Red Sun will be out within the next two years. Along with a tablet version of the Red Sun, a home computer, and a laptop system. By the next ten years, we expect the Red Sun to outstrip Windows products by a significant margin."

There was a long pause involving the people there. They looked excited about what was coming down the line. Some were skeptical that this was going to happen the way that Riley said it was going to happen.

"And there are several other projects in mind, that will hopefully make menaces like Spider-Girl obsolete," Riley added. The woman folded her arms underneath her chest and leaned forward. "But, ladies and gentlemen, I bring to you the visionary behind the RAO Corporation, the man who made this possible. Put your hands together, for Mr. Harry Potter."

Harry walked onto the stage, followed by Karen. Riley and Harry shook hands on the stage as photos were snapped.
Harry turned around and he looked out into the masses that showed up.

"As Riley mentioned, the Osborn legacy that caused this company's rise and fall will be a thing of the past," Harry answered. "There is no need for the people who helped this company toward some rough times to worry. There will be jobs for them waiting at the other end of the tunnel. Everyone would get a fair chance for evaluation."

There was a sense that Harry would be cutting some people if they weren't part of his plan for the vision to move forward. Everyone would get a fair chance. It remained to be seen whether or not Harry was just giving them enough room or enough rope to hang themselves.

"The world has been through some tough times and there are a lot of people wondering what can happen to next," Harry replied. The young man stood right beside Riley at the stage. "All of us are going to answer that question and I'm confident that the answer will be one that will be of your liking."

Harry had the crowd riled up and excited. The Incubus had a certain amount of charm to get people to listen to his words.

"A brand new satellite will be launched by the end of the year, that will bring us closer together, with better communication," Harry announced.

The satellite had other applications that could be used. Harry ensured that he would utilize all of them to the best of his abilities.

Harry could see a couple of HYDRA agents watching in the crowd as well. They were disguised as members of the press. Natasha gave him a comprehensive list and he passed information that he obtained from his other sources within SHIELD to her, to leak to HYDRA.

HYRDA weakened SHIELD while Harry was working his way into HYDRA and putting them further underneath his heel.

He smiled deeply. Things worked out for the best. It was all about playing all of the pawns and making them destroy each other. When that was done, there was only one person who could conquer the chessboard.

'So, they were eating out of the palm of your hands,' Diana commented. 'Granted, that happens a lot but.....'

'They're considering you someone who is going to change the world, and they don't even know how true that is,' Emma thought.

'Well, you give them some modern convenience and they are willing to follow you everywhere,' Selena thought. She looked really amused. 'I guess that just proves what you say. People are really ruled by technology, aren't they?'

'Yes, they are,' Harry agreed. He was speaking with Gwen and Riley, and answering a few questions to some members of the press. 'But, they're going to get something of value, even if I get much more of battle.'

That was the way that they would win a war. They would give people something of value and Harry would obtain much more.

"So, you've got big plans for the future, don't you?" Betty asked.
"Yes, but you heard what I said," Harry replied. "The future doesn't happen tomorrow, the future happens now."

"Well, I think that a lot more people will be glad that the Osborn influence is out of OsCorp," Betty said. She reported on the carnage that Norman Osborn went on when he went all Goblin. The battle between him and Spider-Girl was one of the most violent that New York had ever seen.

The end of Norman Osborn would be a mercy killing to be honest. The man was already in questionable mental facilities and there were many horror stories that his former employees came out after the fact about how he treated those who didn't meet his standards. One of the worst people to get treated like that was his own son.

"Well, we're going to do what we can to make the future as bright as it can," Harry said. "So, do I get a glowing review?"

"Yeah, even though the press conference was a bit standard," Betty answered. "No one attacked."

"Is that, that much of a rarity that people don't attack press conferences?" Harry asked.

"In this city, yes, it's pretty rare," Betty said. She smirked and put her hand on her hip. "If you're really lucky, there might even be an alien invasion during it."

"I thought that was only if you held a press conference on a Tuesday," Mary Jane offered them. Betty shook her head in amusement.

"Yes, yes, if you insist," Betty commented. She barely was able to keep the smile off of her face when she spoke.

"So, you wanted to see me?" Mary Jane asked. She didn't want to sound too eager.

'She's trying not to sound too eager,' Jean jumped in through the bond link. She was barely able to keep the amusement out of her voice. 'Oh this should be interesting.'

'I can't wait,' Diana said and there was a lot of agreement from the various bond mates.

"We're ready if you are," Gwen said. She looked at Mary Jane like she was a particularly juicy piece of meat.

They lead her off in the other direction towards the office. That left Betty standing there.

She was fighting with herself. On the one hand, she knew that she could get in a lot of trouble for walking around in a private building without any permission.

On the other hand, she was really curious. She had a feeling that there was more to this relationship between Gwen, Mary Jane, and Riley that met the eye. And when you added Harry Potter into the equation, it led to something really juicy that she just had to take a peek at.

Betty's curiosity overrode everything else. She wouldn't be a good snoopy reporter if she didn't take a small peak.

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**To Be Continued On December 31st, 2014.**
"So, we've did all of the tests, I think that it's safe to safe that it's perfectly, one hundred percent safe," Harry informed Gwen and Mary Jane.

"We wouldn't have put you in the crossfire if it wasn't," Gwen added in a reassuring voice towards Mary Jane.

Mary Jane took a moment to allow everything that they told her to sink in properly. To say that this was amazing would be putting things rather mildly. This was just really amazing and she couldn't believe that such a gift was being put in front of her. The redhead frowned deeply when she spoke and said just about as much.

"I'm really flattered, but this kind of power, it's extremely amazing," Mary Jane whispered. There was something dancing in her eyes when she spoke. She was pretty much sold but it was almost like she talked herself out of it. "Are you sure that this power wouldn't….."

Riley lifted one of her fingers and placed it on Mary Jane's lips. That stopped the redhead completely in her tracks from talking.

"We wouldn't want anyone but you to have this power," Riley whispered in her ear. Mary Jane looked back at her. "Trust me, it's our way of saying thanks."

"Now that the bonding process is more controlled, there should be no need to worry about the symbiote taking over your mind," Gwen informed her. Mary Jane opened her mouth. "The previous host was weak willed and he gave into the symbiote. He wanted a little bit of power. You on the other hand are strong."

"You can step inside, it's perfectly safe and the symbiote.....it understands it's role," Harry said. He spoke for the first time, looking directly into Mary Jane's eyes.

She had to admit that she was reluctant at first. Harry could sell pretty much anything and make someone think that it was a good idea. The redhead photographer couldn't put her finger on it quite yet but he had that way of convincing people that what they're about to do would be in their best interest.

'That might be what makes him such a good businessman,' she thought.

Gwen reached over and cupped the soft skin on her face. "No one is forcing you to do this. But consider this our gift to you after all of the times that you helped us."

"Oh, I'm grateful," Mary Jane said. She could feel the thoughts of what such a life form could do enter her dirty mind and take over her subconscious. "You know I'm grateful that you're giving me this gift."

"Yes, I know," Gwen agreed. She leaned forward and caught Mary Jane in a simmering kiss. The redhead could feel Gwen's tongue taking her over.
She returned the kiss and that caused her body to relax. Gwen's powers allowed her to create pheromones of her own. They only worked on women and they bent them to her will. It was a devious little trick that she had up her sleeve but it worked out nicely.

The young woman let Mary Jane go in a daze. The redhead shook her head and took a couple of steps back. Her knees shook when she made her way to the chamber. Her breath increased when she stood on the outside.

The chamber slid open and Mary Jane stepped inside. She wasn't sure what was going to happen. Only that it would be something that would change her life.

"Prepare yourself MJ, this might tickle a little bit," Gwen commented. "Oh, and for the bonding process to work completely, you will need to remove all of your clothes. I'll help you with that."

Several robotic arms came out of the side of the chamber and slowly stripped off Mary Jane's clothes. A show was made of it when the redhead's fit body was exposed for consumption. Her nice large, firm breasts, her flat stomach, her shapely ass, and her long legs all were showcased nicely. She had a body that a supermodel would envy and in fact she wanted to go into that particular career at one point in her life.

"Amazing, the perfect specimen," Gwen commented. She pressed a button.

"Hey!" Mary Jane yelled. She felt one of Gwen's robotic arms in the chamber grope her from behind.

"Sorry, honey, I couldn't resist," Gwen answered. A wicked grin broke out on her face when she kept playing with Mary Jane on the other side. "Prepare for the injection of the life form for bonding."

Mary Jane prepared suddenly for the life form. She saw it slide in. It understood what its intended target was and it understood that it was time to bond to its honest.

She felt the slimy symbiote bond to her body. It slipped between her legs and that caused Mary Jane's thighs to close together, releasing fluids that combined with the symbiote. Two tendrils wrapped around her breasts.

She closed her eyes and she was wearing a corset with a matching thong and symbiote stockings.

'She'd fit in quite nicely, wouldn't she?' Regan asked.

'I'd have to agree with that, for once, you make a good point,' Martinique conceded. It pained her to admit that regarding her sister, but it was true.

"Bonding process is a success," Riley announced. She licked her lips. Mary Jane looked good enough to eat wearing that symbiote. "And now it's time to present you as an offering for our new master."

Mary Jane was going to ask a question but her body betrayed her. It caused her to walk forward. She was burning up with sexual lust.

The symbiote understood what her objective was. The redhead woman walked up towards Harry. His aura dominated Mary Jane.

He swept her forward into an embrace and the redhead felt herself push against his arms. His tongue pushed deep into her mouth and he dominated her with one of those kisses that would blow her
mind. The redhead could feel the dominating probe of his tongue settle into her mouth. She breathed when he worked things up to a fever pitch, his tongue wrapping around hers when it settled into her mouth.

Mary Jane could feel him kiss her like nothing ever before. She was getting extremely faint when his hands pushed up.

The symbiote opened up, understanding what was expected of it. Harry ran his hands over the redhead vixen's supple body and increased his actions when he started to play with her.

His throbbing manhood inched towards her willing opening. She was going to take him inside her.

Mary Jane felt like every single one of her nerve endings caught on fire when just the tip of him entered her willing pussy. The redhead's legs eagerly parted. She realized that he was so big. She played with toys along with Riley and Gwen but this was something else entirely.

This was the real deal and Harry slid deep into her body. His cock worked into her body each inch. Mary Jane arched her back when Harry went into her body. The redhead could feel him work deep into her body.

"YES!" Mary Jane begged. Her body felt need explode through it.

One of the symbiote tendrils snuck towards Gwen. They ripped into Gwen's outfit and tore it off. It then pushed into Gwen's pussy, violating her with a series of thrusts.

"Turn about is fair play," Mary Jane whispered. She managed to control the symbiote into fucking Gwen. She felt Harry push her against the table when her hot pussy inhaled him.

Harry could feel this sheath of flesh wrapped around him. To say that this felt good was an understatement, he felt extremely good. Harry grabbed her hips and pushed into her. His balls slapped against her thighs when he entered her body. Her hot pussy clenched her throbbing rod when he entered her.

"Fuck me, fuck me," Mary Jane moaned. He slid deep into her body.

Riley smiled when she had her pants on. She slowly diddled herself. Her fingers pumped into her pussy and the coating appeared on them. She lifted her fingers up carefully and lifted them up to her lips. She touched her fingers to her lips. She popped them inside, sucking and tasting the juices.

A duplicate of Harry turned up. He wrapped his arms around the brunette bombshell and pushed his lips onto her with a hot kiss.

Riley melted into his embrace. Her body pressed against his. Her crotch rubbed against his and the personification of power went through him. He sank his throbbing cock into her dripping hot pussy. His hands rested on either side of her waist when he pumped into her.

"Take me, take me, oh harder, YES!" Riley yelled at the top of her lungs. She felt Harry's thrust work into her body.

The woman's tight snatch envelope his cock when her slick walls enveloped his throbbing manhood. Harry kept pumping into her body when he worked into her.

"YES!" Riley yelled at the top of her lungs.

Mary Jane was not to be outdone by those moans. Harry grabbed her hips and pumped into her. The
symbiote went underneath Harry's balls and played with them.

Her pussy was so hot, so juicy, more fluids excreted from her when the pleasure ran through her body. There was a promise that Harry would inject her with his hot fluids.

Mary Jane lost her mind.

"You've dreamed of my cock for a long time, haven't you?" Harry asked. She tightened around him. He pulled almost out of her and then slammed back into her. "Hmmm?"

"Your master asked you a question," Gwen said forcefully. Her eyes lidded over with heavy pleasure.

Riley was behind words. Harry had her bent over the desk and he slammed his throbbing cock into her tight body numerous times. The dark haired vixen could feel him deep inside her.

"Yes, yes, ever since that I walked in and you and Gwen," Mary Jane panted. Her wet pussy slid around his intruding member. She lifted her hips up and Harry sank himself into her body. "I watched you….oh god, I watched you and I wanted you."

"You've been spying on us, you dirty little voyeur?" Harry asked her. Mary Jane nodded, biting down on her lips.

"Yes, fuck me, punish my pussy, take that big cock and violate me!" she begged him. Harry grabbed her hips and pumped into her.

Gwen wanted some of that action but she smiled widely. "It appears that you weren't the only one that was being a voyeur, MJ."

Betty Brant stood outside the door. She watched the entire amazing spectacle from the outside. Her skirt was rumpled up and her panties were slid back. Her fingers coated with her own juices.

Mary Jane shot over a symbiote rope and pulled Betty into the room. She gave an eep when she was pulled inside.

"Now, Miss Brant, what kind of hosts would we be if we didn't invite you inside?" Gwen asked. She walked over towards Betty, a predatory look dancing in her eyes.

Gwen wrapped her arms around Betty and the blonde pulled her into an intense kiss. Her tongue pushed deep into Betty's mouth. The hungry probe into her mouth caused Gwen to lean back into the kiss. She enjoyed pretty much every single moment of the kiss that was being given. The tongue brushed deep into Betty's mouth.

Betty relaxed underneath her kiss. The brunette already was worked up and now she needed some relief.

"Oh, god, now it's a party," Mary Jane moaned. Her tight cunt got even tighter around Harry. The young man above her kept pounding her perfect pussy. She was driven wild by what he was doing.

The Incubus felt a tightening in his loins. He was going to add two new pets to his army tonight. Mary Jane's pussy grew tighter around him. Her orgasm flowed freely when she pumped her juices out and lubricated his cock.

"That's…so….fucking great," Mary Jane moaned at the top of her lungs. Harry grabbed her hips and spiked into her body.
"The best is yet to come," Harry informed her.

The symbiote got excited because it understood what was happening next. Harry rammed his cock deep into her. Mary Jane moaned, the symbiote moving around to caress Harry's balls. She wanted his cum to shoot out right into her pussy.

He groaned, just as Riley collapsed from the work of the duplicate on the other side. Her pussy was overflowing with cum.

The prime version of Harry slammed his massive rod into Mary Jane's tight center. The redhead pumped her hips up in response.

"Cumming hard," Mary Jane moaned at the top of her lungs. Her slick walls pumped their fluids and released some pheromones of her own towards him.

Nothing compared to Harry, but it could be of use. There was no time to talk right now, as Harry pumped his load into her. The symbiote was given what it craved. The Incubus shot its cum into her body.

Mary Jane's body thrashed and her walls milked every single last drop of cum that she could gobble up into her.

The redhead was left slumped over on the table. She was panting after Harry was done with her. The young man turned around and his face turned into a wicked smile. He could see Betty Brant prepared for him on the table.

Gwen jammed an overly large dildo into her, working her overstuffed body.

"You know, you could have just asked to join in, we would have let you," Gwen whispered. She flipped the vibrating setting on the dildo. She pushed it into her body over and over again.

"Oh god!" Betty yelled. The dildo rammed into her body. She lifted her hips up in response when it entered her body.

"That was just a warm up, you naughty girl," Gwen said. Betty was strapped the table, primed, and ready for fucking. Gwen sauntered over and grabbed her hands around both sides of her face. She gave Betty an intense kiss, ramming her tongue into her mouth. "If you think that the warm up is good, here is the main event."

Gwen pulled the dildo out of Betty's hot cunt. She felt a sense of loss in herself that could never be felt again.

It was not for long however. Harry stepped over towards her and his throbbing cock aimed towards her.

Betty saw him taunt her. He was so big. Her pussy needed that inside her. She needed it right now. She didn't think that she would last that long if she didn't have that cock inside her. She tried to lift her hips up to meet him.

"Give it to me, please," Betty begged him. He rubbed his cock against her dripping hot lips in response.

"You walk into my den, you're mine," Harry said.

"Yes, I'm yours, just fuck me," Betty begged him. The brunette reporter tried to push him into her.
With one swift shove, Harry planted his throbbing rod into her tight body. Betty thought that her loins were on fire when Harry entered her body. Her tightness clamped down onto him when he pushed into her with a series of rapid fire thrusts.

Betty thought that she died and went to heaven. That might have been the ultimate irony because what Harry did to her was positively sinful.

Harry pulled almost out of her. He left her pussy dripping and wet. He slammed himself into her again.

Each thrust, he brought himself into her body. The brunette woman pumped her hips up when he went into her.

"Yes, take me, harder, deeper, faster!"

"Lift your hips up, and show me what you got," Harry growled.

Betty was determined to earn her gift. Her dripping hot lips slid up and down around him when he pumped his manhood deep into her body. The woman could feel him slide deep into her. He was balls deep into her body.

"Fuck me hard!" Betty begged him. The woman tried to break free from the restraints so she could wrap her arms and legs around him.

A rough thrust into her body and him roughly grabbing her shoulders prevented that. Betty lost herself in his thrusts.

"You know that I like it rough, oh god, take me, harder!" Betty begged him. Her tight juicy quim wrapped around his tool when he worked into her.

"Yes, take that bitch, and teach her a lesson," Gwen said. Mary Jane slithered on top of her, now growing a cock with her new toy. Gwen felt the symbiote cock push into her body and spread her lips apart.

Betty was losing her mind with what was being done to her. She thought that she felt the tip of the iceberg. She felt nothing yet. Harry worked her needy cunt to the point where she thought that she was going to explode.

He released her orgasm and again, she didn't think that she felt anything better than this. She was proven wrong yet again. Harry plowed into her body when he thrust deep into her. Her dripping center clenched his rod when he worked into her.

Betty arched her back when he slammed down into her. The young woman's slick walls caressed his manhood.

"Good girl, you've earned your reward," Harry whispered. Betty shivered underneath his grip. She was a good girl and she earned this reward. "I'm going to make you mine forever. Would you like that?"

Betty nodded. The energy surrounding her pussy caused her to have another orgasm that rocked her mind and her body.

Harry planted his thick rod deep into her pussy with several more thrusts. The woman pumped herself up onto her.
His seed continued next. He injected volley after volley of his white hot cum and filled her quim up to the brim.

Betty collapsed underneath him. It was obvious that he was still hard and she experienced another hard fucking.

How many rounds could she go? Actually the real question was how many rounds could she last?

Valeria sat on the throne in Castle Doom. Her father was long gone but some of the messes that he left behind for her to clean up was a lasting monument of her legacy. The dark haired girl sat perched on the throne, her arms crossed together. She looked forward with a stressed look on her face.

Stopping an uprising wasn't exactly what she planned to do to spend her Friday night. Especially when you added everything else that was on her plate now.

Valeria's eyes snapped up and a portal opened. The woman's lips curled into a smile when she saw who exited out of it.

"My lord," Valeria said. She stepped forward and dropped to one knee before Harry. Her master approached her.

"You may stand," Harry told her. Valeria got to her feet before her Incubus King. He leaned forward and pressed his lips down onto hers with sizzling kiss.

Valeria allowed his kiss to overwhelm her. She could feel tingles going down her spine when his lips worked her over.

Harry stepped back from the woman and smiled when he looked into her eyes. "I take it that you have had your share of problems."

"It just comes along with the territory, but I think the worst was that defective Doombot who thought that he was the real thing," Valeria said. She sighed and walked over. She leaned against him and draped her head on his shoulder. "They're a useful army, but they're more trouble than they're worth."

"I would highly recommend dismantling them all," Harry told her.

Valeria turned towards Harry and she raised her eyebrow. She looked over him and nodded. "That might be the best idea."

Harry was amused that his suggestion was interpreted as an order. That was just the power that he had over women.

"We're expecting Illyana and Clea at any second," Harry said.

"They wouldn't be late, would they?" Valeria asked. She knew that anyone who was even a little bit late would be punished at the hands of her master. They would be punished at those strong and powerful hands of her master.

She was torn between fear and excitement at that thought. She wondered if she was fairly insane and she might be proven to be right.

The portal opened up and Clea and Illyana approached. The two of them stepped forward to pay
tribute to their master.

"No, they are not late, I am merely early," Harry said. He turned towards her and backed her off to greet the two of them. "There is a difference."

"Then forgive my assumption, please, master," Valeria answered.

Her master sat down on the throne. She wasn't about ready to argue with him. She took his spot at his feet and Clea and Illyana took a spot on either side of him on the throne.

"Status report," Harry said.

"Morgan remains a ghost as always," Illyana said. She appreciated a good hunt as much as the next person but this was getting just a tad bit absurd. She looked towards them.

"Yes, she does," Clea agreed. "I've reached out to my mother in an attempt to get some insight. She has even lost sense of the trail."

"She assisted Morgan in the first place," Valeria commented.

"Yes, she did," Harry agreed and he turned to Clea for further insight.

She gave it to him. "Yes, she did, at least to start out. Morgan decided to change her plans and slip away from my mother. The trail ran cold on her end."

"Would it seem obvious if I said that she was up to something?" Valeria asked them. The eyes looked at her and she allowed a sigh to escape her body. "Yes, I thought that might seem a little bit obvious if I said such a thing."

"She is up to something," Harry agreed. He really hated to be out of the loop for numerous reasons. The problem was that Le Fay was crafty enough to keep about four or five steps ahead of him.

Illyana placed her hands on either side of his shoulders. Her hands slowly ran down him and rubbed his shoulders. She tried to relax him with a smile on her face.

"Don't despair, master, you'll find her," Illyana commented. She understood his frustration and she empathized with him. That was sure. "She's bound to slip up and you'll have her."

"The hunt is more satisfying when the prey is crafty," Harry said. There was no one who had more time to develop her pray than Morgan.

He could see Valeria slump up towards him to face him.

"She does have a lot of answers to give, why she has run from her rightful master," Valeria said.

"Pride, it dams many men and women," Clea commented. She could tell that Morgan Le Fay was someone who outrun her destiny and her destiny was to be underneath their Incubus King, where he could do with her as he pleased.

What he pleased could be many things. Clea knew that when her lord wanted something, he would take it by any means necessary.

"I'm afraid that she will learn an extremely valuable lesson at my hand," Harry said. He imagined Morgan Le Fay on her knees before him, just like every other woman should be. That would be a triumph to bend someone so strong at his will. "I think we need to backtrack over every possible avenue to make sure you didn't miss anything."
"Any idea where we should start?" Clea asked.

"The Fay Realm would be an ideal place to begin, yes," Harry answered her. Clea frowned and she nodded in affirmation.

That would be where they would begin on their quest. Morgan might have left a clue there. Whether it was intentional or inadvertent they would figure that out all too soon.

HYDRA was caught going into an occupied government facility and SHIELD was on the attack.

"Alright, spread out everyone. We're going to make sure that they don't have whatever's in here."

The SHIELD agents didn't know what was in there. All they were told by Maria Hill was to go here and secure it. They got the information from the Black Widow that this would be a place of interest.

The HYDRA agents protected what they felt was rightfully is. They got a tip off that SHIELD was going to get into this base. Despite this base being the property of HYDRA, something that their leaders funded with their own money.

Agents on both sides went down to the ground. SHIELD used some non-lethal weapons because they wanted information. HYDRA didn't care because they had all of the information that they needed on SHIELD. They shot to kill and they did it with style.

"I don't know what HYDRA has in there, but we can't let it remain in their hands. It could be extremely dangerous."

If the HYDRA and SHIELD agents hadn't been too busy firing back and forth at each other, they might have noticed a dark haired blur shot her way through the nearest entrance like a corkscrew.

Claire made her way inside. The Kryptonian girl didn't know what to expect. She was just following what Sin and Viper informed Harry. The information would be inside. She wondered what this was all about. Viper didn't even know, all she knew that there was something here.

'I set SHIELD and HYDRA on each other, they're too preoccupied with each other to know that you're inside,' Harry told her.

'Right,' Claire thought. She shifted her arms when she looked around. 'And thank you for putting this much faith in me, my lord.'

'It was faith that was well earned,' Selena said. She remained stoic but on the inside, she was beaming with pride for her daughter.

Claire wished that she could stick around to see some of the battle. It seemed like an intense one. Her mission overrode her desire to see some action.

So far, this base seemed mostly abandoned. No one had been inside for an extremely long time. It reached the point where Claire wasn't really sure why HYDRA would want anything inside this base. Especially if the base had been cleaned out a long time ago, but then again, it might be something subtle. It might be something small and not in the base.

That was always the case. There was something subtle and small in the base. The young woman walked around and used her X-Ray vision to skim the base.

She noticed a locked safe. She stepped forward.
'Now smashing it open would let them know that you were here,' Diana advised her. 

'Yes, Diana, I know, I get it,' Claire commented. She wrapped her finger on the safe. She listened closely. 

The combination could be easily figured out by a few swift detective tricks. While Claire wasn't the world's greatest detective, she knew her way around. She turned the dial on the safe and spun around a couple of times. 

The tumblers in the safe clicked and the safe door swung open. The young woman reached her way into the safe and pulled out a stack of papers. 

They didn't seem to be anything of value right now. There were plans for explosives but Claire didn't see them as anything that would change the world. 

'No, for the record, they seem mundane,' Karen thought. 'I don't understand. Sin and Viper thought that…' 

'Keep looking,' Harry told her. He was confident that there was something in those papers that would tip the scales in his favor. 

Claire kept flipping through the papers. The last thing she wanted to do was upset or disappoint her master. She kept looking through what was stacked out in front of her. 

She noticed something else half shoved underneath the desk. Hope might spring eternal but there was only one way for her to find out. 

Claire picked up the folder and it was labeled "Project X-23" on it. The woman frowned when she skimmed through the contents. 

'Well, that's interesting,' Jean mused. She caught a glimpse of it. 'It seems like some of the old Weapon X people defected over to HYDRA and they tried to create their own weapon.' 

'And they knew enough to know that the female was the more deadly of the species,' Harry added. He thought that this was promising. 'The real question is, does Wolverine know about this?' 

'I'm not sure,' Jean admitted. She frowned. 'But it might be really hard to ask him, considering that he's out doing....whatever Logan does.' 

'Well it's best if we keep this closed into the circle anyway, and make sure that certain people in SHIELD don't catch wind of this,' Emma thought. She frowned deeply when she crossed her arms. 'At least until you have complete control.' 

'We're one step closer,' Harry thought. 'Excellent Claire, you have what you need. SHIELD is about to overtake HYDRA.' 

'Lose one battle to win a war,' Natasha confirmed. 

'Precisely,' Harry added. 

'And we're going to win a far bigger war than ever before,' Gwen added. She thought that Harry's plans were nothing but big. 'So, how are things on your end?' 

'A dead end, I'm afraid, but I'm not going to give up searching until I have her underneath me,' Harry said.
'Well, it will be a glorious day when she learns her proper place.'

SHIELD broke into the base but found absolutely nothing. Claire already sped out with the one thing of tangible value to both groups. She didn't have a chance to look it over too much but she was pretty certain it contained a vital clue where they were holding the weapon. That would be vital to her master's plans going forward.

Harry returned from his recent tracking of Le Fay. He had a couple of promising leads and several frustrating dead ends. He seemed to be no closer to capturing Le Fay underneath his thumb now that he did a few hours ago.

Something did come up nicely though. Illyana, Valeria, and Clea appeared behind him.

"Slippery," Illyana said.

"She will be slippery when I have her," Harry added. He smiled deeply when the three girls circled around him.

Claire sped back in. She put the brakes up before she could run right into Harry. That seemed to be a recurring problem with her. She didn't watch where she was going regarding Harry.

"Hey there, Claire," Harry said with a smirk. The dark haired Kryptonian stopped at her. "Do you have what I want?"

"Yes," Claire said. She handed the folder towards him. "A lot of soldiers are both sides fell today."

"No one of value," Harry answered. He conjured a comfortable chair for him to sit down and look through the literature that he obtained at his leisure. "But it will make things all that much easier when I take control."

The young man smiled. His control was more or less assured.

Jean appeared at his shoulder. Harry mentally summoned her so she had no worry about intruding on what might have been a private meeting.

"So?" Harry asked her. Jean raised her eyebrow and Harry presented the literature for her to read. "What do you think?"

"I think that she could be of use and there's enough information where we have a good idea where she might be," Jean said.

Harry agreed with that. The only problem was making sure not to act too soon. While the Incubus was impulsive by nature, Harry had enough humanity left in him to understand the value of patience. The young man stood up straight and proud.

He would have what he wanted. He would have his prize. He looked over the document in front of him.

"They improved on the model," Harry whispered.

"There's something in here about a trigger scent," Claire pointed out. "How they use it to cause her to go into a feral rage."
"Yes, I can see that," Harry agreed. His smile grew wider when he looked over the paper. "Well, that trigger scent can be manipulated to be used in any way that I please."

It was obvious that Harry had his own plans regarding how he intended to use this X-23 project. He looked it over with a wide smile on his face.

Jean shuddered. The Phoenix drank in the power that her mate was giving up. She fed off of it like it was a battery.

There was something deep inside the Phoenix that seemed interested. It was so powerful and so pressing that Jean could feel a jolt in the back of her head. She felt a slight headache coming on when she blinked.

"Is there something wrong, Jean?" Harry asked her. He looked over her for a moment. "You had another episode, didn't you?"

Jean nodded her head and frowned deeply. She thought that the episodes finished when the Phoenix merged with her. Or maybe she merged with the Phoenix. They were technically one, they were just disconnected.

Jean was going to cease that line of thought immediately before she gave herself an even bigger headache than she did.

"May I?" Harry asked. He leaned casually towards her and placed his hands on either side of Jean's temple. "Just relax and let everything flow naturally."

He always knew that there was someone who was lurking around the area of the Phoenix Force. There was some kind of dark echoes of a distant past swimming around Jean's subconscious and the subconscious of the Phoenix.

Due to the connection he felt from the Phoenix, it also surfaced as a part of his subconscious. Harry frowned deeply when he probed the inside of her mind.

Harry could see her. He saw a man with glowing red eyes that resembled slits, but other than that, he saw a hood over his face.

The killing curse flew directly at her. She didn't have any sense of who she was anymore. The ritual empowered Harry and made him extremely strong.

It also caused her soul to splinter and to shatter. It was thrown off into some kind of nexus or limbo.

Jean relaxed underneath his grip and Harry found that it went into the Phoenix Force.

"I have to check on something, just….let me know if you have any more flashes," Harry said. If he was right, then this might prove to be interesting.

"What's going on?" Jean asked.

"I need to find out if I'm right or just pissing in the wind," Harry told her. He looked deep into the eyes and saw it fluttering in the subconscious of Jean's mind. The Phoenix power faded and she was gone or rather she was there, just better hidden. "Trust me, Jean…..you trust me, don't you?"

"Yes," Jean said. She wondered what this was all about. She figured that she would find out sooner rather than later.
Harry leaned towards her and gave her a deep and passionate kiss. He slipped away from her.

Jean turned towards Claire with a quizzical look in her eyes. The dark haired Kryptonian threw her hands up in frustration.

"Sometimes we just have to trust that he knows what he's doing without asking him," Claire said.

Faora swooped in from behind her so quickly that she might as well have come out of nowhere. "He's had an idea that something has been lurking for a long time. Now this is the first proof of what it is, but he's not going to act without all of the information at his disposal."

Jean frowned. She didn't like not having a sufficient amount of answers. When she thought that she had all of the answers, it seemed like everyone kept changing all of the questions.

Nick Fury distanced himself from the day to day operations of SHIELD hoping to flush out the rats. He had left Maria Hill in charge. He only told her enough where she can steer the ship effortlessly when he was gone.

Fury was a survivor but he felt every one of his years. The Director of SHIELD could hear what was going in from the latest news.

The news proved to be only one small part of the problems that he dealt with. What was left unsaid on the news proved to be another problem. HYDRA rose from the depths after being inactive for some time. They eased their way into society and took control of several high ranking military installations.

Then there was Dell Rusk, Fury wasn't an idiot, he knew what was going on right there.

The United States government was asking questions regarding who the Avengers answered to. He knew who had an agenda there and who really wanted to help out. The problem was when people ran scared, they did some dangerous things. They did some things that really hurt more people then helped.

And now Dell Rusk wanted SHIELD put underneath the watchful eye of the Defense department. The man clutched his fist together and breathed heavily

He would have to unmask the menace sooner or later. How the Red Skull survived his latest death raised many questions. Fury knew better than anyone else that if there was no body, there was no death. That was just the bottom line.

Fury made his way through this facility one of his contacts told him about. He hoped that there would be evidence that would point him in the right direction of who was behind this.

"Damn it," Fury grumbled. The computer hardware looked trashed.

When the computer systems were destroyed, he was going to look for the hard copies. The filing cabinets were in the back of the office. If someone left something behind, they would know.

There was nothing in the drawers other than a cloud of dust. His eye narrowed when he looked around.

'Someone was here before me,' Fury thought. The real question was who showed up before him. He
would find out sooner rather than later.

The man took half of a step forward and looked around. There was a sense that someone was watching him. The real question was who was doing it.

"Show yourself!" Fury yelled.

There was a loud bang and Fury shielded his face. Gas filled up the facility where he was standing in.

Nick Fury slumped down onto the ground, coughing. There was a figure that swooped in.

He picked up a huge wooden chair and swung it towards his enemy. The chair shattered off of something. Fury didn't know what happened.

"Sorry, Fury, you know too much. Even though you don't realize it yet."

Someone jabbed a needle full of something in his neck. Fury saw his life flash before him before he blacked out.

Harry slumped over the numerous books he had. The first thing that he would have to do was find out how his mother did what she did. He had some ideas at first but a clear picture would allow him to piece together the puzzle pieces.

It was extremely powerful magic. And there was some kind of subconscious force that guided him in the right direction where he could figure out what the ritual was. His finger traced down the page of the book.

"Exactly," Harry muttered underneath his breath.

It was a one in a million shot if one would be charitable with something that could happen with this. If Harry was honest and he was being more accurate, it would be a one in the billion shot.

The young man flipped through the book he slammed onto the table. He had an idea forming in his head. He would have to test something to make sure that it would work.

There was a knock on his door. Harry figured that he could use the company.

"Enter," Harry said.

Susan Storm entered his office. She wore a nice black trench coat that stretched down all the way to the ground. She sauntered over.

"Hello, Harry," she said in a flirty voice. She leaned over the desk and captured his lips into a sensual kiss.

'Well someone's feeling really daring today,' Emma commented. There was much agreement with anyone.

"Hey, Sue, what can I do for you?" Harry asked. He could sense something about her that was different.

Her aura was completely different than he noticed. He knew the subtle changes. She looked far more
daring and she looked at him, undressing him with her eyes.

"Oh, that's a loaded question," Susan whispered. She now sat herself on his desk and crossed her legs together. "But there's a lot that you can do to me.....and for me as well."

Sue seemed unapologetic about the Freudian slip. The woman crossed her legs over each other on the desk and she placed her hands behind her head.

"Is it just me, or is it getting a bit hot?" Sue asked. She undid the front of her shirt and shrugged it off of her body.

She dropped it to the floor. Harry saw her breasts done up in a tight black corset. She wore a nice lacy black thong and a pair of black stockings that fit to her body. The corset was about a size too small and her breasts overflowed out of it.

"Oh yes, things are about to get very hot," Sue whispered. She slid off of the desk and shamelessly found her way onto his lap. She leaned into him and pressed her lips against his with a burning kiss.

The blonde beauty pushed her tongue into his mouth, but Harry pulls her back and pinned her back onto the desk.

"What's going on here?" Harry asked.

"I want you, don't you want me?" Susan asked her.

"Of course, but something is going on with you," Harry commented. "If you can help me figure that out, I'll give you what you want."

Sue pouted when she looked at him. "But I want it now."

'Nice outfit,' Selena commented approvingly. She could sense the sexual lust burning off of Susan Storm. It would be pure fuel for a incubus. 'But am I the only one who senses the hand of Morgan Le Fay?'

'No,' several voices agreed.

Harry pushed his fingers into the band of Sue's thong panties. "If you explain what happens and be a good girl, I'll give you a reward. Is this understood?"

She felt his overwhelming power wash over her and shivered. "Yes, master."

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To Be Continued On January 6th, 2015.
Chapter Thirty-Four: With Malice Intent.

Harry knew in the back of his mind that the only way to distract Sue was to give her what she precisely wanted. His fingers probed her insides and she closed her eyes to feel him exploring inside her.

"Yes, tease me, take me," Sue begged him. "Let me get down on my knees and worship my god."

Harry gave her a non-verbal cue for communication. Thankfully, she was intelligent enough to get the message. The blonde slid down off of the table. She got down on her knees before Harry and prepared to worship him.

She reached into his pants and stroked his cock. She cooed when it came out. Her wet hot mouth wrapped around it. Harry held the back of her head. She looked up at him with her mouth full of his cock. The not so subtle encouragement for him to fuck her mouth danced through her eyes. Harry held onto the back of her head and started to pump into her.

Sue closed her mouth around Harry's tool. Each thrust brought his manhood a little bit deeper into her mouth. The blonde tilted her head back when he slammed his massive rod over and over again into her willing and waiting throat.

Harry could feel what she wanted and he continued to give it to her. Her body looked like it craved his cock more than anything.

Her hot mouth wrapped around his mouth and she sucked him when he fucked her face. A constant and rapid fire series of thrusts brought Sue into an eternal state of bliss. The blonde tilted her head back when Harry went deep into her throat again. His thrusts powered on through and caused her to moan loudly when he kept going into her throat.

The blonde wanted what churned in the base of his cock. Her hand wrapped around his phallus and she slowly stroked him. His balls loaded up with some delicious cum. Each thrust was what she wanted even more.

"I'm going to give you what I want," Harry groaned. He spilled his seed down her throat.

Sue didn't have a chance to register the taste of him. He lifted her up off of the ground and slammed her onto the desk.

"Oh, Harry, this is what my hungry cunt needs," Susan begged.

"If you're going to be a nympho, then I'm going to treat you like one," Harry told her forcefully.

He slammed himself into her. Sue's pussy was exposed and her breasts spilled out of her corset. Harry leaned on in and attacked her breasts with a renewed fury. His tongue brushed against her nipples and he sucked on it.

"Yes, baby, yes, pound me, make me….oh god," Sue begged him. Her dripping hot slit caressed him when he rammed down into her. The blonde really could feel the burn when he entered her body.
Each thrust caused her to shiver and shake underneath him.

Harry decided that he would drive himself down as deep as he needed to inside her. Her slit caressed his cock when he entered her.

"You know what I want, pound me harder, harder!" Susan begged him.

Harry could sense precisely what was happening. He had Illyana and Ananym get a reading from the other end of the room when he distracted Sue with an intense and rough fucking. Her hot pussy lips caressed around him, and he sawed down into her.

"Seems like you want even more than you're getting, doesn't it?" Harry asked. Sue looked up at him. Lust burned through her eyes.

He decided to give her more than she wanted. He flipped her over onto the desk and pressed her breasts down.

His cock grew a little bit more and stuffed her tight pussy full. Sue moaned when he hammered into her from behind.

"Yes, you know what I like, a big cock in my twat, you know that I want to be fucked!" Sue begged at the top of her lungs. Harry leaned forward and grabbed both of her arms.

"Yes, your body is mine, but you know that," Harry whispered. He continued to push into her. His massive prick stretched her out.

Sue could feel the intense actions of what he was doing. His hard cock pressed into her. Her nerve endings felt more sensitive than ever before. That was the one thing that she objectively could remember in the back of her mind.

That was what was in the back of her mind anyway before she got fucked. Her tight pussy caressed him when he entered her from behind. The rapid fire thrusts got even more intense when he kept drilling her from behind.

Her dripping hole caressed his manhood when he entered her. He slowed down the thrusts.

"HARRY!" Sue begged him. She couldn't believe that he would deny her exactly what she wanted. Her pussy felt a great deal of loss and despair when he pulled almost all of the way out of her.

"Don't worry, you'll cum when I'm ready to make you cum," Harry grunted. He pushed inside her. "And call me master."

"Yes, master, please make this little cum slave cum," Sue begged him. She was really getting into the moment and her inhibitions weren't all the way. "Fuck me in all of my holes until they're fucking raw. Do you hear me? I want to be fucked raw."

She tightened her silken walls around him. Harry used a magical cock construct to screw his way into her ass.

Sue thought that she would lose all sense of herself. His rapid fire thrusts brought her over the edge. He slammed her onto the desk.

"Yes, take me, baby, take me, please," Sue begged him.

Harry allowed her this one small pleasure of cumming. Her cunt became so tight, wet, and juicy that
Harry would be finished off in a blink of an eye if he wasn't an incubus. The demon's cum continued to churn to the base of his cock.

"Don't you want to cum in me?" Sue asked in a little girl's voice. "Don't you want to make me your cum dumpster forever, Daddy? Fuck me harder, Daddy!"

Harry groaned when her tight pussy closed around him. The young man pumped into her hard from behind.

His cum spilled into her dripping, wet, and juicy hole. Harry grunted when he emptied his seed into her willing and wet pussy.

Sue was down on the desk and Harry could tell that she was ready again. The Incubus decided to step up his game.

"I knew that was just the warm up," Sue cooed, when Harry plowed into her. He tweaked and manipulated her breasts when he slammed into her constantly.

The game continued for a very long time, even longer with the time dilation property.

'It's just as you suspected,' Illyana thought. Harry created a trio of duplicates to play with Sue while he talked to Illyana and Ananym. 'Someone put a thrall on Susan and decided that it would be an amusing idea to send her here in this state.'

'It removes all of her inhibitions and by all of them, I mean all of them,' Ananym thought. 'She is going to do things that she might want to do, but she shouldn't.'

'Well, that does explain a lot of things, doesn't it?' Harry asked. 'She also sent her brother to an alternate dimension because he was.....well Johnny was being Johnny.'

'That really sums things up nicely,' Riley said. She had her share of run ins with Johnny Storm and while he meant well, he did have the sort of personality that could rub a person the wrong way if you didn't know that all that well. 'So, what are you going to do know?'

'I suspect that I better pull him out of wherever Sue stashed him,' Harry answered. He knew that the hand of Morgan Le Fay was all over this but he would deal with her in due time.

Harry went to the dimension.

Across town, Johnny appeared back at the Baxter Building. His eyes widened and he was rocking back and forth. It was apparent that Reed and Ben didn't even notice that he had vanished. Reed Richards was doing Reed Richards things and Ben Grimm was watching television.

Ben noticed Johnny Storm on the floor rocking back and forth. "You okay there, match stick?"

"The horror, the awful, awful horror!" Johnny yelled at the top of his lungs. He placed his hands on either side of his head and continued to rock back and forth like a mad man. "I swear, Sue can't take a practical joke.....because.....she sent me to that awful place. It's an awful, awful place."

"About how awful are we talking about?" Ben asked.

"It was worse than the Care Bears," Johnny yelled. He breathed in and out. "Never again, never again. I don't know what's up with Sue. Maybe it's PMS or something."

"Well, I'm not going anywhere near her if that's the case," Ben replied grimly. He figured that she'd
be okay. She was the most well-adjusted of the four. How much that was praising her, he really had no idea.

Reed continued to work in his lab and he was isolated in his own little world, without a care in it.

There was a knock on the door that brought them all out of their various states of stupor.

"Do you think that you could go get that?" Ben asked.

"What if it's them?" Johnny asked. There was a certain amount of fear dancing through his eyes. He didn't want it to be them at all.

"Ah, I'm right behind you kid, just go and answer the door," Ben said. There were some days where he didn't even know what to make of all of this nonsense.

Johnny walked forward. He felt some mortal dread going through although he didn't really know how that was. He would find out soon. The young hero reached forward and opened the door.

It wasn't some demonic hugging abomination on the other end of the chair.

"You're that Harry Potter guy?" Johnny asked.

"Yes, I am," Harry agreed. He was almost amused by this. "I need to talk to Reed Richards."

"Yeah, good luck with that," Johnny said. A parade could go through here and Reed might not look up from his work unless he was to give some kind of passive "fascinating." He was that much into his work.

Harry figured as much. Reed Richards might be a genius but his social skills were a mixed bag. One could say that was the case about most geniuses. Harry didn't really know but he would find out. He took a careful stride forward.

Reed was at work on some invention that him and maybe about five other people on Earth would have been able to figure it out.

"Doctor Richards, I need to talk to what happened to your lab assistant earlier," Harry answered. He figured that the source of what happened to Sue lingered somewhere in this lab. He just needed to figure out where it was.

"Sue?" Reed asked.

"Yes, Sue," Harry said. He was entirely patient, which he would need to be when dealing with the absent minded professor.

"Well that's the thing, she said that she was going out to clear her head, get some fresh air, but I'm sure that she'd before too long," Reed said. He was actually more attentive than normal but that could be because he was talking to someone he judged as a scientific equal. "Would you like to stay or would you like to leave? If you would like, I have a few ideas that I'd like to hear your input on."

"Sue showed up at my office today and...she wasn't quite herself," Harry said. He swiftly evaded a four hour Reed Richard lecture.

"Well, I hope that she isn't coming down with something, we just got back from the Negative Zone," Reed said. He dismissed that off point. "I can assure you that there's nothing that she could have come down with there. We've scanned for any bugs."
"Yes, and there are some big bugs out there," Johnny replied. He shuddered at the bad memories.

"Johnny," Reed said in a reproachful voice. "Sorry about Johnny, he had a traumatic experience in the Negative Zone that he just hasn't gotten over yet."

"Yes, because it's unreasonable that I would get over being eaten," Johnny replied. Reed brushed over his answer.

"Think, think really hard," Harry said to Reed. He was used to dealing with people who had a roundabout way of dealing with things. He did talk to politicians. "Was there anything that happened that could account for Sue's odd behavior?"

"Well, nothing that I can think of," Reed said. Then one could see the brain of Reed Richards almost plugging itself in. "But there was this one thing."

"What one thing?" Harry asked. He was a bit curious but at the same time, he almost didn't want to know.

"It has to do with the gem that we found," Reed answered. Harry gave a loud "hmm" when Reed said that. "It heated up and exploded. A large piece hit Susan in the head. But we ran several tests and it came up clean."

"Of course, it came up clean regarding science,' Illyana thought. 'Magic is an entirely different matter all together.'

'But trust me when I say this, Richards does everything possible to pretend magic doesn't exist,' Valeria thought. She recalled that from her previous encounters with him. He was borderline insufferable with how much he absolutely refused to acknowledge magic.

"She's safely in one of my labs and she's undergoing further tests," Harry replied. "Do you still have the crystal or did you throw it out?"

"I wouldn't throw out a mysterious crystal like that, imagine if it would have fallen into the wrong hands," Reed said. "I learned my lesson after the last time."

'Something like this has happened before?' Jean asked.

'What hasn't happened to the Fantastic Four,' Karen piped in.

Reed had the crystal safely sealed in a vial. The crystal hummed in the box. Harry was pretty sure that it didn't affect the other members of the Fantastic Four. It was intended for one person, one person alone.

"I should be able to figure out it did," Harry answered.

"Wait, are you sure that you can figure it out?" Johnny asked.

"Yes, I can figure it out, trust me, I'm a doctor," Harry answered.

Harry walked out of the Baxter Building with the crystal in his hand.

"Are you sure that was a good idea, Stretch?" Ben asked.

"He's just a businessman, it isn't like he's some kind of alien monster in disguise," Reed answered. "I'm sure that he'd..."
"Yeah, I'm pretty sure that it's fine, and Sue went to him, so there's something to that there, I guess," Johnny said. "It's odd that none of your scanners were able to pick up on anything odd."

Reed was curious. There had to be a rational scientific explanation that didn't involve magic in any way because magic simply didn't exist. People thought it was magic because no one could figure out a way to explain it just yet.

Selene waited eagerly to meet with her master. She knew that he was dealing with the Fantastic Four. Reed seemed to be the smartest man alive with ADD, but she was pretty sure that he would take that as a compliment.

There was a knock on the door and Selene's ears perked up. She gave a smile in response when she leaned towards the door.

"Enter, master," Selene said.

Harry entered and he held the crystal in his hand. The Black Queen of the Hellfire Club eyed the crystal that he brought in. Her excitement brimmed when he walked forward. He placed the crystal which was wrapped up in the plastic.

"Well, you were correct to liberate this crystal from Reed Richards, although I wish that you would have done so before he had a chance to study it," Selene said. She recognized such a gem off hand. It glowed with positive malice in front of her. Extremely obvious pun was intended. "This is the malice gem."

"I've heard of it," Harry commented. "It turns the deepest, most suppressed desires of a person on and amplifies them."

"And it removes all of their inhibitions," Selene added. She looked at the crystal. In the right hands, it could be a very vital tool. "It figures that someone like Morgan Le Fay would use the crystal for her own gains and the game that she's playing."

"It's almost like she's playing a really long game of cat and mouse with me," Harry remarked. He eyed the crystal and wondered what surprises it would bring him. He took the crystal into his hand and rotated it. It was still encased in the glass. "But this has certainly got my attention."

'I suspect that I don't have to tell you of the potential of having such an item on your hand,' Illyana thought. The raw power of the crystal caused her to be excited and what it would do.

'As if our king wouldn't have figured out the obvious,' Jean thought. She knew that Illyana knew that this was obvious.

'Yes, well you ladies better simmer down before you experience punishment beyond all reckoning,' Emma said. She could see the crystal and she imagined some people being corrupted by them. The Incubus's magic enhancing the power of the crystal would make it a very valuable weapon.

Harry frowned when he analyzed the crystal. He had some thought in his mind.

"I want this crystal looked over before I even decide to use it," Harry commented. He wouldn't put it past Morgan to put a nasty surprise in it.

'That's extremely wise, my lord,' Wanda thought.
'Of course he's extremely wise,' Jean said. The dark haired mutant looked at the Phoenix.

'You know, you don't have to be an uppity bitch about it,' Wanda fired back. One argued that she nearly spat back.

Harry cleared his throat and he brought all of the girls to focus. He was pretty sure that this crystal would allow him to put Sue in a state that was mostly normal as well.

"The crystal helps unlock certain doors, even though the doors being opened can be extremely jarring," Harry remarked. "For the person—if we should adapt the use of this crystal, it must be slow and fluid."

"Yes, my lord, naturally," Selene agreed. She knew that anyone who was under the thrall of the crystal would be a loyal and obedient puppet. A servant to their king. "And it would cheapen the hunt any other way."

Harry smiled, it was all about the hunt in many ways. He knew that he enjoyed cornering his prey, taking it, and making them beg to make them his forever. The benefits were pretty good on both ends, so Harry didn't have any questions.

"Morgan, one of these days, we're going to meet and you're going to join the rest of them," Harry said.

"I'm not certain if she's playing games or she's just going through what she presumes to be an entirely elaborate courting process," Selene replied. Harry raised his eyebrow towards her.

"Either way, she will be put beneath me where she belongs," Harry said.

'She will look particularly good kneeling before you, Har-Zod,' Claire said.

'Not as good as you, honey,' Faora said. Diana and Karen both chimed in with their own agreements. Claire crossed her arms together but she wasn't disagreeing. 'But just think of all of the things that you can do with those crystals. Behind every so-called good girl, there's a bad girl that's just waiting to bust out and play.'

'Very true,' Zatanna agreed. She flushed but she could feel one of the girls go between her legs when she was being pleasured. She had full run of the master's slaves today and she was taking advantage of that.

'So, is there a status report that I can have on Sue?' Harry asked his girls.

'She's doing well enough,' Jean piped in with a smile. 'Your duplicates have brought her into a sated state. Her body burned off the initial surge of magic. You can take her underneath your control easily.'

'But that's just a formality,' Emma commented. She knew that Sue had been wanting Harry for some time. It was just a matter of her getting that single nudge that would put her underneath Harry.

"I can trust you to secure the crystal, can't I?" Harry asked Selene.

Selene's lips curled into a smile and she responded by leaning towards him. She kissed him fully on the lips and drew back towards him.

"Always, my master," Selene said. She made sure not to touch the gem.
Granted, given her own loose morality and lack of inhibitions, she didn't think that the Malice Gem could affect her. She didn't want to tempt any kind of fate by stirring up the law of Murphy.

She had a secure vault that was really nice for the crystal. The woman could hear the haunting thrall that had drove many people to lose their inhibitions.

Once the master ran all of the tests, they would know what they could do. The games would increase.

It was almost like Morgan gave her master a gift. Perhaps the woman knew her place after all but she would still get punished for all the trouble she caused.

Sue was walked in, with Betsy holding a chain with a collar on the other end of her. It was just a precaution in case Sue broke out from where she was. She had some extra fire with Emma and Jean.

Emma was soothing Sue's mind with visions of what Harry was doing to her and inciting her pleasure centers. It wouldn’t last for long

Betsy smiled. She could see that Emma's pretty dirty imagination came in handy with sedating the prisoner really well.

'You're the one leading a naked blonde woman soaked in cum on a chain and you're accusing me of having a dirty mind,' Emma thought. She decided to kick things up a notch. She knew that this wouldn't hold for that long but she could certainly try the best that she can.

'You know, she has a point, and you know that I hate admitting that she has one,' Jean thought.

Emma gave her a cross look. Jean gave her a triumphant smile in response.

Sue was lead into a room. She could feel the power and the presence of her master.

"You're almost there, darling," Emma whispered in her ear. "Work it up slowly. Watch your body heat up. Release the power."

Sue's hips thrust out as she relieved herself on the illusion that Emma gave her. Jean and Betsy could feel her orgasmic fury and that got them all hot and bothered.

"Hello, ladies."

Harry showed up in the middle of the room. He was dressed in his ceremonial robes.

"I've got her prepared for you, my king," Emma said. She placed her hand on the top of Sue's hair and absent mindingly twirled her hand through her blonde locks. It looked like she was really ready for him now.

Harry summoned Sue to her feet. The blonde leaned towards him and Harry kissed her fully. His tongue pushed into her mouth.

Sue moaned deeply into the kiss. Harry's hands explored her bodies and channeled the energy through her.

"You're coming more like yourself, but you're different," Harry responded.

Sue's eyes glowed purple and she looked at him with a smile. "It feels good to be free, my king."
"You're fine, but much like an Incubus or a Succubus, you will require constant sexual intercourse to keep you from going insane," Harry said. He looked her over and smiled. "I trust that won't be a problem with you."

"No, absolutely not my lord," she breathed. It was obvious that Harry had her.

"Clean yourself up and wait for me in the bed chambers for your next treatment, my succubi will keep you occupied until I'm ready to treat you."

Sue nodded. She ran her fingers slowly down Harry's chest and played with it. She sighed deeply when she pulled away from him.

"Yes, master, I'll wait for you, it will be worth it," she commented. She sounded positively breathy when she leaned in.

Her kiss lingered on him long. She worked her hand down his pants and started to stroke him.

Betsy grabbed on her leash and got Sue's attention. She turned around with a pout.

Harry was amused by the byplay when Sue was lead off into the other direction on the leash. She was at a level where she was not a raging nympho.

If she was, she would snap the chain without a second thought. Selene appeared right next to him, Emma, and Jean.

"So, it was just like I deduced, wasn't it?" Harry asked. Selene nodded. "The last person that had their hands on the Malice gem was the one and only Morgan Le Fay."

"Yes," Selene agreed. "I looked at the texts and traced them. She used the gem to cause chaos in Camelot. Although given some of the things that Merlin was up to, one could argue that he deserved it."

Harry nodded. He knew that trusting wizards with long bears was a fallacy waiting to happen.

"It all worked out in the end," Jean said. She didn't want to breach the subject right now. She was carefully stepping around it in an attempt not to offend her lord and master. "My lord is it....."

"I have a pretty good idea what happened with you," Harry answered. "I have answers for you. Wait for me in my office and I'll be there in an hour. Unless you've had any further episodes that need to be addressed right away."

"No, there hasn't been, master," Jean said.

Harry looked her in the eye for a test. There was such conviction in her voice that there was no reason why he shouldn't believe her. He had to check and she passed the test.

"Then wait for me I'll be with you in an hour."

Jean understood that other things took priority. She was looking anxious to find out what her master found out. He leaned forward and gave her a kiss that hinted for something more.

Harry turned towards the bedroom and Emma took her leave as well. He walked forward and entered his bed chambers.

Sue was practically gift wrapped on the bed for him. The young man approached her.
The blonde woman tingled with excitement. She felt Betsy's hand slowly stroke her hair when she was on the side of the bed.

The Incubus approached Sue. He kept looking towards her. His hand placed on her inner thigh and he slowly stroked his hand up.

"Do you want this?" Harry asked her.

"Yes," Sue agreed. She could tell that Harry enjoyed working her up.

"Relax, and let your master take care of you."

His finger brushed against her. That simple movement sent electrical sparks through Sue's body. She was entirely sensitive with what he did to her.

Betsy decided to sit back and enjoy the show. She would offer her master the needed assistance if her master's pet had gotten out of line.

Morgan Le Fay watched from her domain. She knew that it wasn't safe and she knew there would come a time where the Incubus king would court her. There was a part of her that was excited.

The only really frustrating thing was that she lost the malice gem to Har-Zod. She had to admit that it was really an interesting play on his part.

She supposed that there should have been better planning on her part as well. She should have more directly used the gem to influence the Fantastic Four. Reed Richards and his curiosity could have screwed over her plans. Thankfully the right one was hit.

Morgan's lips curled into a smile. She did something that Victor failed to do. She managed to split the Fantastic Four and set the ball rolling for their eventual downfall. She wasn't going to take complete credit.

She could sense that there were other people trying to tap into the fey realm.

HYDRA was one of the main sources of her headache. They always were people who were a bit too interested in the occult for their own good. The dark haired woman whipped her hair back out of her face and she leaned forward. Her neck was strained a tiny amount.

Power was something that came around her. She could feel him creeping in on her. Each step reached her closer.

The woman decided that now was the time to move. She wasn't done playing the game of cat and mouse just yet. Her excitement increased.

It was the hunt that she appreciated. This little game was her version of foreplay as far as she was concerned. She was upset that she didn't mastermind Victor's downfall but you take what you get in this world.

She chose her battles quite wisely.

"You know, the master will catch up with you."

Morgan turned around and saw someone standing in the shadows.
"Who is there?" Morgan asked. She hovered in the in between. She knew that no one could attack her and grab her in her current state.

"You'd like to know, but just be certain that when he retrieves me, I'll let you know exactly where you are," the voice commented softly. She had a British accent and it was extremely clear and well spoken. "But don't worry, Morgan. I'm sure that he will be forgiving once you kneel before him."

Morgan reached through the mist. She could see some demented echoes flash through. She felt her hands get burned.

She grimaced with what she touched. It felt like hot fire that scorched the palm of her hands. For the first time ever, fear set in deep within the mind of Morgan Le Fay.

She was also caught by something else that caused her to be unaware. The realms were growing closely together for the first time in the long time. She didn't know what was happening but her interest was grabbed.

The woman's neck craned off to the side and she frowned. She needed to move near.

Jean hated the mysteries of life that plagued her from time to time. She was just getting used to the Phoenix Force. She was just getting used to becoming one with the cosmic entity that rattled around in the back of her mind for some time.

A hint of a voice inside her head, at first she assumed that it was some kind of backwash from Harry trying to help her get the Phoenix Force under control. Now he wasn't really sure because of that. Jean could hear it at random intervals.

She recalled a dream she had the other night. She was on the other side of a long hallway. Her curiosity worked out well when she walked. She made her way to the mirror on the other side.

The girl on the other side of the mirror resembled her but at the same time didn't resemble her. It was weird. She had green eyes and red hair but the differences were superficial. Jean couldn't really explain how she knew that this woman was different. There was a darker bent for him. Not that Jean was the paragon of virtue and light after Harry got a hold of her. That was one thing that she could take to the bank.

Jean's face twisted into a wicked smile. She waited for someone to approach. There was a knock on the door that brought her out of her thoughts.

"Yes," Jean said. She didn't want to sound too breathless. The door flung open and Gwen came in on the other end. "Oh, hi Gwen."

"Nice to see you too," Gwen replied. She tried not to sound too sarcastic but Jean shook her head.

"Sorry, it's just that my master is coming soon, and I'm nervous about what he has to say," Jean said. "He does have a way of keeping a girl waiting."

"But he makes it more than worth it," Gwen said. She sat down and placed her hand on Jean's bare knee. The redhead looked forward. Her green eyes met Jean's bright green eyes. "I agree though. He does have a way of making girls wait for what they really want. But when we have it, it's satisfying."

She could see that Jean was burning up inside with thoughts of what Harry had to tell them.
"He's coming soon," Gwen said.

"I have faith," Jean said.

Gwen leaned forward. Her lips pressed against Jean's mouth. Jean closed her eyes and she could feel Gwen's soft lips press against hers. She felt absolutely stunned by what Jean did. Her breath had been taken away.

"It's excellent you have faith," Gwen replied.

Speaking of the man of the hour, Harry arrived outside the door. He entered and the two girls got to their feet to greet him.

A shadow of a smile crossed over his face. "You may sit down."

Gwen and Jean sat down. Now it was the moment of truth.

"I have a pretty good idea what took place," Harry stated. Gwen and Jean were attentive. "My mother used an ancient and powerful ritual that put me on the road to what you see today. The ritual was supposed to sacrifice her soul to empower me. It changed her in ways that she might not have dreamed of but never the less, she would be proud of."

"She would be a fool not to, not that anyone who could give birth to you is a fool," Gwen answered. She realized that she stuck her foot firmly in her mouth. She had a really bad habit of doing that.

"I understand and your point is well noted," Harry said. "My mother was not a fool, as she had a clear sense of preservation."

He reached over and took a drink. He offered one to the two girls and they graciously accepted it.

"The problem I see here is that she didn't consider Riddle's construction of the Horcruxes," Harry said. "Therefore her soul didn't….quite hit the stage of the afterlife."

"That means it can be retrieved and placed inside a vessel," Gwen suggested. She sipped on her coffee. She frowned when she looked at him. "Do you have any idea…"

"Oh, she's close by, she's always been close by," Harry said. He looked Jean right in the eye when she said that.

"Wait a minute, you're kidding me, right?" Jean asked. She realized who she was talking to and she clammed up immediately. "You're really not kidding me."

"No, Jean, I'm not," Harry answered.

"Wait, your mother is inside Jean," Gwen commented. She was enjoying that visual image as it haunted her mind for a moment. "When you throw out the obvious kinky implications, exactly how do you get her out?"

"Actually, through the accident that gave you your powers, you've tapped into something," Harry said. Gwen raised her eyebrow.

Surely he wasn't referring what she thought that she was referring to. She figured that he was.

To Be Continued on January 8th, 2015.
Harry waited for someone to show up who would have a pretty good idea of how to explain this, even a little bit better than he could. Both Gwen and Jean were confused. There were a lot of ideas that he had regarding it but there were some things that he didn't know. He didn't want to go in without harming his mother's soul or Jean.

There was a flash of light that erupted from around them. The one and only Sorceress Supreme presented herself before them. Clea had been looking into the matter for an extremely long time. Harry smiled when she approached him. She acknowledged her master when she bent down towards him. Harry looked her straight in the eyes.

"There's been some big changes regarding my mother's soul, as I was explaining to them," Harry said. Clea smiled and plunged head long into the situation.

"She's your mother, but at the same time, she's not Lily Evans," Clea said. She brushed her hand through her white-blonde hair. "That's the paradox of such magical rituals. It changes the very essence of a person but at the same time, you can't alter what lies beneath."

Clea got to her feet and slowly kept pacing back and forth. It might have seemed extremely frustrating and tiring towards her. She really needed to stir up the creative juices in her mind. Harry gave her a warning look when he looked at her. The Sorceress Supreme gave him an apologetic look and settled back down in front of him.

"She was supposed to be banished and her soul was supposed to be taken as payment," Clea said. She frowned and everything slowly clicked together. "But there was one thing that changed everything. All of us know it about as well as anything else."

"It's Riddle and his soul, everything didn't really click together, did it?" Harry asked. She shook her head in response in the negative.

"No, his fragments of the soul splintered together," Clea answered. She leaned towards him. "Her soul fragments disappeared into the ether. They latched onto something…..and the obvious thing for it to latch onto was the very thing that would give it life."

"It's the subconscious desire for someone to live, even if they know that they're going to die," Gwen said. There was a wise response for her to give.

"I agree and my mother wishes to give her life to preserve mine," Harry said.

"But, that didn't turn out that way, at least not entirely," Zatanna said. She had followed Clea in. Harry, Gwen, and Jean turned towards her and now that she had their full attention, she continued to speak. "Those rituals, and you know my father drilled it into my head, but those rituals change a person down the core as much as possible. It turned Harry into something different."

"But you're not complaining about this," Harry said. Zatanna shook her head. "Good, because if it wasn't for that ritual, I would be weak, pathetic, and…"
"I doubt you could ever be weak, no matter the circumstances," Gwen said. Harry turned towards her and his eyes locked onto hers.

"You're right, I never will be weak," Harry answered her. She wondered what was going through his mind. "But back to the matter of my mother. There's a reason why those dark echoes haunt Jean now stronger than ever."

"It's because she's angling for a way to break out," Clea said. Jean allowed a whistle to escape from her lips.

"Are you…"

"We're going to find her, even if she's not completely Lily," Harry said. He could feel a deep connection to her. "This entity started as Lily Evans and that's close enough."

Harry was in quite the interesting mood. None of his inner circle or none of the other girls for that matter were going to ask him what exactly was up. Perhaps they thought that there was no answer that they were going to get that would be satisfying or that Harry would punish them for speaking out of turn if he didn't want them to acknowledge the situation.

That was just as well as far as Harry was concerned. He didn't really know exactly what he was dealing with here in this one. His green eyes narrowed when he thought about his latest plan and more importantly what he would have liked to accomplish.

"So do you…?"

"I've got some thoughts of what I'd like to do," Harry said. He sensed that there was something off. He hated not having answers to his questions. That indicated that he was out of control and the last thing Harry wanted was to lose control. That was one of his worst nightmares.

Illyana popped up and a portal opened up. She got down and addressed her master by extending herself to one knee.

"You may step up and face me," Harry told her. He leaned towards her. "Report."

"There have been some odd anomalies with the various realms," Illyana said. Harry stared her in the eye. "Ananym and Selene are checking it out right now."

"Could it be your mother?" Jean asked. She didn't feel Lily, or whatever it was, active in her mind. That didn't really matter much of anything.

Harry pinched the bridge of his nose and thought about it. "Either it's her or someone trying to question my authority. Which they will soon regret."

Sometimes Harry felt like he spoke the obvious. Then again, the obvious was a key point to hammer in what he wanted.

He was heading back to meet Selene. This appeared to be a never ending roller coaster of things that were happening and he was going to pull the brakes on it the first chance he got.

'Who would be brazen enough?' Karen asked.

'Many,' Clea responded darkly. 'There are numerous fools that are capable of much more than they really think that they are and thus they cause problems.'
Harry pinched the bridge of his nose and sighed. If that wasn't the truth, he honestly didn't know what was anymore. Fools, that was the description of anyone who tried to go against him.

"It's odd," Ananym remarked. She could not make heads or tails of what was going on.

"I expect answers," Harry said. He surveyed her with warning eyes. The incubus was not one to handle failure all that readily.

"There is something that's slipping in through the mediums," Selene said. She took a step forward. "At the first glance, I sensed the hand of Morgan Le Fay stirring things up."

"But now, you don't," Harry replied. He nearly had his hands on Le Fay a while back but she slipped away. You didn't live as long as she did without being a bit too crafty your own good.

"Whatever is doing this, it's not her style, and there may be human involvement trying to tap into mystical realms," Selene said.

Harry decided to throw his head back. Ananym walked over to the other side of him and daringly rubbed his shoulders. The young woman allowed her master to relax underneath her grip. Her soft hands brushed all over his shoulders.

"Yes, that doesn't exactly help things, I'm well aware of that," Selene commented. She could see her master's gaze shift. There was a certain amount of annoyance that flashed through his eyes. She could tell his agitation reached a fever pitch. "And yes...."

"It's not it, it's regarding the elements my mother tapped into when she used the ritual," Harry said. He got to his feet.

One might be prone to accuse Harry Potter as being single minded, although no one would ever dare accuse him to his face. Ananym ceased her actions because she knew the consequences of meddling in affairs now. The last thing she wanted was her hands to get burned off.

"It's an element that my mother thought that she understood but she either misinterpreted or miscalculated," Harry added. "It is the same element that Gwen is unknowingly tapping into, hence why she's getting some of the backlash."

"Does it affect the Phoenix Force then?" Selene asked. Harry turned towards her and nodded.

"Partially," he grudgingly admitted. He placed his hands forward and racked his brain for some carefully placed explanations. "But the two of them are sister elements to each other. Both powers are extraordinary."

"And I'm certain that you're trying to figure out a way to tap into it now," Jean answered. Gwen frowned when she stood beside Jean.

She didn't have a chance to ask what Harry was talking about. She only had the loosest idea but she was confused.

"Do, you have any idea?" Gwen asked Selene.

"I would be foolish to presume to explain it to you before our king has his say," Selene answered. She lived long enough to know what he could be referring to. And if young Miss Stacy tapped into
such a power, it would explain another reason, amongst others, while the Incubus King focused on her.

"Power is nothing if you don't know how to use it. And I know how to use it. I believe I have a clear idea what is happening and it ties back to what happened to my mother."

Harry's sudden return caused all of the girls to jump up in shock. They nearly stumbled over themselves when they fell over.

"Relax," Harry said. It wasn't really a suggestion as much as it was an order. Harry's commanding presence put them all on edge.

"Yes, you tell us to relax but…"

Harry shook his head and Gwen grew silent.

"Sorry, please explain," Gwen said. She spoke in a small voice and she seemed nervous that Harry pretty much shut her down.

"My mother's sacrifice triggered something that got Belasco's attention," Harry said. He smiled. "Wand wavers were descended from an extremely powerful group of magical users, as I found out. But, what was once a teaching tool, it caused their magic to degrade over several thousand years. They knew no other way."

"Which is why you kept only a handful of amusing pets and burned the rest," Ananym replied.

"I prefer to think of it as a mercy killing, but essentially yes," Harry said.

"Seems a bit evil," Gwen commented.

"I am a demon," Harry reminded her. Gwen shrugged her shoulders. "The inherent magical potential that was locked away in all of us was lost over time. My mother managed to figure out a way to return that back to me to allow me to survive the killing curse. But there were ramifications as you well know."

"Yes, we're well aware of that," Gwen agreed. She could feel her heart race when Harry explained this to her.

"One of the strands I followed back ends at you," Harry said. He touched the top of Gwen's forehead and she looked at him.

The information Harry gave her and Jean were quite interesting. It put more than a few things into perspective.

"You tapped into something called the Goblyn Force, which is even more primal than the Phoenix Force," Harry commented to her.

"Yes, that explains so much," Gwen agreed. She knew that she tapped into something but she wouldn't quite call it the Goblyn Force. Who was she to argue with the expert? "So….."

"You haven't even tapped into a percent of your potential," Harry said to her.

"Seriously?" Gwen asked. Gobsmacked might have been an interesting word to describe her.
Flabbergasted might have been even better.

"Yes, and I will assist you on obtaining your full potential," Harry said. "The lessons will be very long and hands on but I think that you're up for it."

Gwen wasn't going to complain in any way whatsoever about the potential of spending more time with Harry. She had to barely keep a widening smile off of her face. Excitement brimmed through her.

"When you're ready to teach me, I'm ready to learn," Gwen said.

"When we retrieve Lily's echoes from the medium, then your lessons will begin," Harry said. He turned towards her and corrected himself. "Actually your lessons start now when you help me retrieve my mother's echoes from the medium."

Gwen's mouth snapped open. She shouldn't have been too surprised that Harry was hands on from the beginning.

Clea showed up to join them. Obviously her status as the Sorceress Supreme would be invaluable from them to travel through hostile and dangerous realms.

"Tapping into demonic forces will leave you of questionable sanity," Harry told her.

"And so will being tapped by demonic forces," Gwen added. Harry placed his hands on either side of her shoulders. Jean watched the byplay with amusement. "You want me to focus, don't you?"

"I do," Harry confirmed to her. "But don't try and do so too hard. You could overwhelm yourself and overload your mind with way too much power. I can pull you out and you will survive, but you will be in pain."

"So, don't put myself in a position where you have to pull me out," Gwen said. She could feel the energy around her. It was illuminating.

"Easy," Harry hissed lightly in her ear. She would have shivered but her mind went elsewhere. It strayed to the numerous powerful realms.

Temptations surrounded her. There was power and then there was this. This was something else entirely. Gwen didn't even want to describe what she was feeling around her. Her heart kept beating harder, more fiercely. The insanity gripping her was rather tempting.

"I can feel them, I can feel both sides of it, and I can feel her calling out for me," Gwen said.

"Reach, but do not touch," Harry told her.

"How do I know?" Gwen protested. Harry adjusted his hands on her shoulders and held them firmly.

They could see the reflected image of Lily Evans through the medium. There were numerous pieces of her soul. It seemed like a demented jigsaw puzzle that they would have to put together. Harry placed his hand on her.

"You see that, and Jean I want you in this as well," Harry commented to her. Jean obeyed her master's words. "Clea, make sure that no one tries to attack us?"

Clea turned around and guarded the exit portal. She had Illyana, Ananym, Wanda, and Zatanna if things got too dangerous. She honestly hoped that things wouldn't.
Jean recalled Harry pulling her back together when he helped her gain control of the Phoenix Force. A similar principle may have existed here. Harry wrapped his arm around her and drew her in closer towards him.

'Intense, isn't it?' Wanda asked. She got some looks that told her to be silent and just let this happen. The Scarlet Witch felt her nerves explode through her body. Everyone seemed to be too tense.

Gwen could feel both sides. The Phoenix and the Goblyn Force stood on both sides of it. It was like a sight of light and a side of molten hellfire and darkness. It was like the two versions of the afterlife in their own strange ways.

Gwen's hands shook.

"And now your real lesson begins, if you're willing to learn it," Harry stated to her. He leaned in towards her. His mouth placed on her ear. "Are you ready?"

Gwen nodded. She really had no choice. She could feel the warmth spread over her. She could feel them all swarming around her. Her fingertips felt something spread through them. She experienced power and lots of it. Her heart kept racing and beating against her chest. Harry's arm wrapped around her and held her in close.

"Just relax and let it happen, and bring it all together," Harry said. He cleared his throat. "Jean, are you here?"

"Yes, I'm here," Jean agreed. She could feel the fractured remains of Lily about ready to pop back through the back of her head.

"And that's only step two of our plan," Harry said. "For step three, I want you to help me collect them."

"How?" Gwen asked. She was at a loss to what Harry had up his sleeve.

Harry turned towards her with a smile on his face. "Just watch and learn my little protégé."

Gwen could feel the full power of the Goblyn Force flow eagerly through her body. She felt increasing excitement through her. She just allowed Harry to guide her along her way. How could she have gone wrong with that? There was absolutely no way that she could have gone wrong, that was for sure.

"And breathe and it's time to leave."

"Already?" Gwen asked.

"We need to commence with the final step of the plan," Harry told her.

Gwen was completely thrown off by that. She looked at him and raised an eyebrow. "And what is the final step?"

"Now that will be a surprise," Harry said. He took the hands of Jean and Gwen. Both girls linked onto either arm.

They vanished out of the realm and they wondered what their master held up his sleeve next. He was never one not to have some kind of plan.
"So, we have all of the echoes," Gwen summarized. She felt excited about getting everything together. Harry turned towards her and a smile crossed his face.

"Very good, we do," Harry agreed with her. "We have all of the echoes and then…"

"All we need to do is put them together," Jean continued. Harry nodded with a smile on his face. "So….."

"A ritual put her there in the first place, a ritual is what is going to piece together what we can from her," Harry answered. He mentally went back to Limbo.

'Are they ready?' Harry asked.

'Yes, they are prepared, they understand what needs to be done,' Illyana thought. 'And they will give a bit of their life force willingly. Especially given that the means are going to end up justifying the ends.'

"They always do," Harry commented. His face curled into one knowing little a smile. He waited for the portals to open up.

Seven Succubus Slaves exited through the portal. All of them were dressed in thin strips that only barely covered those bits that were considered indecent by those with high morals. Harry amused himself by the fact that soon enough they wouldn't even need that.

"And now, I need one more favor of you girls," Harry said. He knew that he didn't need to ask but he felt that it would be wise to do it for the sake of formality.

"Anything," Gwen whispered breathlessly. She could feel something in the air. There was a scent that caused her body to grow weaker with desire.

"The number seven is an extremely magical number," Harry informed her. Gwen did a quick head count of the number of Succubi that were in the room. Sure enough there were seven of them. "Even Riddle knew this, in his own twisted way. He aimed to create seven Horcruxes and split his soul into those ways."

"And there are seven succubi slaves here," Jean commented. She caught on.

"And because I'm going to be monitoring the ritual, I will not be as active with this, although I will help them when I can," Harry replied. "Therefore, each of you will need to have seven orgasms. All of them will need to be timed so they happened at the same rate. It's not something that I can divide my focus on."

"No, no need to apologize, it's for a good cause," Gwen answered. She looked towards Harry, blue eyes meeting green eyes. "Does that mean….."

"Strip naked, and we'll begin," Harry told them. He was not about to beat around the bush.

Gwen didn't hesitate to strip off her clothes. Her blouse came off first in a flash. She was out of her pants fast.

Jean decided to burn her clothes off which allowed for an alluring atmosphere. She propped herself up in the middle of the Rune circle and she beckoned one of the Succubi slaves to come over towards her.

Harry watched Jean's expression grow increasingly sultry. The redhead smiled and encouraged the
slave to come towards her.

"I will be outside the circle, and will give direction," Harry said. He watched Gwen stripped completely naked. "Slowly, work them over, and no matter how much they beg for it, do not make them cum until I say that they are going to cum."

Harry’s force held a lot of weight. Gwen could feel the Succubi hands tempting her. This was really close to her. They touched parts of her body except for her breasts and between her legs.

Harry's eyes shifted away from the erotic display of flesh to monitor the gouges. He could hear the wanton moans.

"Remember, no matter how much they beg, not until I say so," Harry said. The energy would be more pleasing if Harry was able directed it slowly.

He could see many busy fingers working Gwen up. She was worked up to a slow and amazing fury. The blonde's legs were spread apart and they stopped short.

Harry saw the glowing orb grow higher. He could sense the whispers of his mother from afar.

"Yes, you can fill it building up….less touching, pace them," Harry ordered them. He knew that he would reap the benefits of this later.

The succubi did their task. Gwen's breathing became more labored. She could feel something building up in her.

"And pull away!" Harry yelled. Gwen bit down on her lips to avoid the moment of protest. "And now I want you to pick up the pace. Pick it up faster. Pick it up as hard as you can!"

Gwen thought that she was going to die. The area between her legs heated up when she could feel the pleasure increased.

Jean also felt the pleasure increase through her.

"And it's time to cum," Harry ordered them.

They did exactly as they were told. Harry gave some visual cues with his hands and they slowly built it up again.

"That's one," Harry said. "Let's see if we can dictate the tempo for the other six. And I know that you two will be up with it."

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Some time passed after the ritual. Jean and Gwen were on the tables and they were completely soaked and tired. They were both extremely tired and worn completely out. There was a sense of satisfaction that left their bodies.

Especially given that they wore out the Succubi slaves. They went through all seven rounds without breaking.

Harry stepped inside. He could tell that their bodies were still hot.

"Oh, god, that was seven intense rounds, and yet I still want sex," Gwen breathed. Her chest raised and fell when she collapsed down onto the table.
"Don't worry, I'll take care of you in a minute," Harry told her. "We combined the essence of you two, combined with what we took with the Succubi, and what was left of my mother. It combined to form a new entity."

"Oh, I'm sure that will make more sense when you fuck some sense into me," Jean begged. She was too weak to lift her arms up but at the same time, she needed relief.

Harry's lips curled into a momentary smile. He could see the cocoon that was growing based off of the ritual. "Obviously that ritual has a great more deal of power in it than I realized before. That's extremely interesting."

Harry kept his eyes off of them. He would tend to them in a moment.

He could see the new life form. He could feel the new life form. The backlash created by the fragmented remains of his mother was something else.

"Behold, you two have given life," Harry said to Gwen and Jean. "Her Succubi name is Madelyne."

"Yes, that's....she's beautiful," Jean said.

"She does look a bit like you," Gwen commented. She looked over the woman. "Kind of."

Harry saw Maddie's/Lily's vital signs and they were weak but visible. He turned towards Gwen and Jean.

"And now it's time to tend to the after effects on you two."

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To Be Continued On January 13th, 2015.
Harry tended to both Gwen and Jean. The aftermath of the ritual left them more pent up than ever before. He wouldn't have it any other way. He was able to drain off some of their energy in the most pleasurable way possible. He left them sleeping and smiling when he was done. The emerald eyed wizard turned over.

He checked on the woman who had drifted off into sleep. Maddie, Lily, whatever you wanted to call her, she was being restored back to life. He approached her and looked over at her body. It was a tricky and convoluted process to bring her back.

He brought her back and it was well worth the wait. Harry brushed his mother's red hair out of her body. Her nude body shivered when she came used to her surroundings. Harry made sure she was covered completely up.

"Sleep well," Harry whispered to her. He could see her beauty and obviously the power of the succubi enhanced her beauty.

He kissed her on her soft red lips when she slept. A smile curled across her face from the contact. It was almost like she knew when she was asleep.

Harry stepped over. Was he tired? No far from it, he was not tired. Harry sank down on the couch and took a nice breath. He shook his head, clearing the cobwebs from his mind. Harry looked her over and frowned.

It had been a long day for all of them. He would have to check up on the realms to see if they settled back down. He would pretty much agree that today was a success. He frowned when he looked over everything around him. His mother rested and got into a soft snoring fit.

'My lord?' Valeria tentatively broke in through the bond link.

'Yes, Valeria, what is it?' Harry asked her. He was in a calm state and he folded his arms over his chest. He wasn't short, but cool.

'There is a situation at the castle,' Valeria thought. 'You better….you better come here and check it out for yourself.'

'What is it?' Harry asked her. He hated being kept in the dark. Valeria's lips curled into a frown when she spoke.

'It's just something that you need to see yourself, I swear that it will be worth your while,' Valeria answered. She shifted her arms together. 'Someone broke through the security of the castle, and…..well you'd be very interesting with who he reports to.'

Harry stood up. He could see Illyana approach behind him. He turned towards her and she frowned.

"What is it, my lord?" Illyana asked him.
"Valeria said that she got an intruder that broke on through in Castle Doom," Harry informed her.

"The security there is tight though, isn't it?" Illyana asked. She looked towards Harry and frowned. "Yes, and I'm realize that there is no security that is fool proof. But do you think that's Doom? Is there any possibility that he has returned?"

Harry pinched the bridge of his nose. He saw Valeria blast her father right before his very eyes. Knowing Doom, he might have just been sent into oblivion and he could have found his way back.

He turned towards Illyana, who waited extremely patiently. "We'll find out, won't we?"

He reached in and gripped her hand. The two of them stepped through the portal. Harry could feel something.

'It's a different kind of uneasy than what was caused by your mother,' Clea jumped in through the bond link.

'Yes, it's someone who is trying to tamper with something that they shouldn't,' Umar chimed in. She was trying to figure out the perfect strand to search for. 'I'm not certain whether or not it's Morgan, but this does have her fingers all over it.'

'Wonderful,' Harry replied in an extremely calm voice. He would know when he arrived at Castle Doom. Could Morgan be making another play for Val? He would find out soon.

Valeria Von Doom looked at her captive prisoner with absolute contempt. She didn't have too much respect to those who entered into her domain without any permission. She looked over the man who struggled when he tried to break himself free.

"I'll never speak to you!" the man answered.

"Mind your tongue, before I remove it," Valeria said. She looked towards him and her nose crinkled. "But, I'm not the one who you should be worried about."

A portal opened up and Harry exited it. Illyana followed him. Valeria turned towards both of them and smiled.

"He's not that forthcoming with information, my lord," Valeria said in an apologetic voice. She frowned and Harry brushed past her.

"Yes, they really rarely are," Harry replied. He looked into the man's eyes. "He's certainly HYDRA. You can tell by the demeanor."

"HYDRA will control are, there's nothing that you can do to stop our rise!" the man yelled.

"And you can also tell by the fact that he pretty much vomits HYDRA rhetoric," Harry commented to her. "And, you really have no idea what's going on around you, don't you?"

"I don't….you don't have any idea," the man commented. He tried to remain upright and proud. Harry's amused eyes flickered towards him and he scoffed.

"What were you doing here?" Harry asked.

'There were some past problems between Doctor Doom and Red Skull,' Valeria informed him. 'But
I'm not sure if the Red Skull would even attack Doom's domain. He doesn't want to create that intense of a war.'

'No, but you might be a different thing entirely,' Harry said. He disabled any surprises the man had on him. There were a few that he had to remove.

"Those explosives were a cute thing to try and smuggle in here," Harry told him. "But it isn't going to work all that well. Now, I'm going to ask you one more time and I'm not going to be happy if you don't give me the answer. WHAT WERE YOU DOING HERE?"

"HYDRA will reign supreme," the man said proudly. Illyana raised her arm and was about ready to blast this bastard into another realm.

Harry blocked her arm and shook his head. He knew that he needed to keep him awake.

"Well either you tell me willingly," Harry offered him. He stared into his eyes. The demonic flash of light went through his eyes. "Or I peal back the layers of your mind and tear out the information. I don't really care one way or another. Either way, I get what I want."

"Forget it," he spat angrily. "I'll never…"

Stubborn to the last but Harry pushed onto the top of his head. His blood poured out of the side of his mouth.

"You can't say that you didn't warn him," Illyana said to the man. His eyes nearly bugged out of his eyes. She turned over and looked Harry. "So, what did you find out?"

"The Red Skull is trying to tamper with things that he has no comprehension with," Harry said. There was a tone of darkness that flashed through his voice. He felt a slight amount of agitation when he spoke. He frowned. "And there's something lurking here."

Harry turned his attention towards Illyana. "Do you think that you can keep an eye on things here?"

"I can take care of myself," Valeria protested. Her voice was really haughty. Harry's eyes turned towards her and he swooped down onto her. She added a hasty "my lord" to her statement. It might have been a bit too late, too late when Harry's eyes approached her.

"I'm aware that you can take care of yourself," Harry responded. His gaze burned deep into hers. "But that doesn't really matter when your enemies are a bit more capable than you are."

He placed his finger to her lip in a warning manner. He didn't want to hear one word from her. He turned to Illyana who nodded.

"It will be fine, I'm certain that the two of us will be able to handle anything that goes on through," Illyana said.

"Yes," Valeria said. She knew better than to defy her master. Defying her master would lead to some trouble. Her eyes flashed in frustration. "Yes, I understand."

"Excellent, I'm glad that you have the message," Harry replied to her. He left through the portal.

"I think we should secure the gate from anyone who shouldn't be here," Valeria said. And she looked at the man who was tied to the pillar or rather nailed like he was a sacrifice. "And we should have someone clean this mess up."
"That would be for the wise, I think," Illyana agreed. She knew that her master was on the edge. It wasn't without good reason. The realms weren't this close to meeting together in some time.

'If the Red Skull and his supporters take advantage of this, we could have a problem,' Natasha warned them.

'It's why the Red Skull's supporters are being neutered as we speak,' Illyana commented. She knew that her master had a plan and that was more than good enough for her.

Morgan Le Fay's encounter with the mysterious red head left her completely confused. The burns on her hands completely healed but there was a sense that she missed something. Much to her frustration, she felt more bound to the Incubus King than ever before.

"I guess what they say is true," Morgan remarked. She tried not to get into the habit of doing internal monologues when no one was around. That seemed like more of a Victor Von Doom thing to do. That being said, she was completely thrown off from where she was. "Pride often comes before the great fall."

Morgan cleared her throat when she spoke. It could be clearing her thoughts. The realms were merging, something that only happened briefly once every thousand years. It was only a brief overlap.

The overlap wasn't a problem. It was what happened when the overlap occurred. There have been numerous crisis events that started overlapping things at an increasing frequency. Her beloved Fey Realm was not immune.

She remembered also that she could not return to her Fey Realm. That would be the first place the Incubus King would come and seek her out. She wondered if she just run into his arms.

"No, that would cheapen the thrill of the hunt," she replied to herself. She knew that it would be much more pleasing for both of them if he forcefully took her. It was getting harder to resist him after the red head used her powers to mark her.

There was a hint the Incubus King lingered in the shadows behind her. Morgan felt a knot well up in her stomach.

She also sensed that there were some dangerous forces that were trying to break on through. One of the most prominent of those dangerous forces was the one and only Red Skull. His devious actions did cause a bit of an issue with where she wanted to go forward.

"It's time for the Skull to get crushed like a cockroach," she said. She knew that they were going directly for Valeria. Those fools couldn't have figured out the connection. There were very few people with the mental abilities to figure such a thing out.

Morgan's lips curled into a frown. Could they have all figured it out? There was a deep frown that went over her face.

She could sense that one of the Incubus King's pets was keeping an eye on her. The ruler of Limbo was an extremely powerful protector. Morgan doubted that there would be a person brazen enough to mess with her.

There were people who were way too brazen for her liking.
Her pulse rushed and she turned her head around. There was someone lurking up around her. It was time for her to depart and make herself scarce.

You learned more by watching then by speaking. Morgan could see several shadowed figures pass by her. They didn't know that she was there.

'Focused on a single minded objective,' she thought. She frowned when she shrugged her shoulders. 'There's a road that I've been down far too many times to speak.'

Morgan could sense something stirring up. Did the Red Skull know what trouble he was causing?

'Does the Red Skull know what trouble he's causing by dealing with such delicate elements,' Riley thought in a surprised voice.

The group turned up to meet with Sin and Viper. Harry and Riley were there. Gwen recovered enough to meet them. Karen and Claire tagged along.

'I'm pretty sure that the Red Skull believes that he knows what he's getting himself into,' Emma answered swiftly. There was a tone in voice that indicated that she was none too pleased. 'But whether or not he cares is an interesting debate that I'm not sure any of us want to get into right now.'

'That's the truth,' Harry replied.

The HYDRA base was one that SHIELD cleared out a long time ago. Therefore it would be the last place where SHIELD would arrive.

Sin entered inside, followed by Viper. Viper seemed about as pleased as one would expect by having to mind a dangerous wild card like Sin. There was only one person who tamed her.

'I don't know how you managed to do that, but that is just a testament of your power,' Natasha said. She might have been deep under cover in both SHIELD and HYDRA, along with deep under the covers with Harry, but Sin didn't seem to want to follow any orders.

'Obvious, isn't it?' Harry asked them.

"Viper, Sin, welcome," Harry told them.

"It has been too long, my king," Sin said. She stepped forward and waited for acknowledge. There was a not so subtle glint in her eyes that she wished for a kiss.

Karen offered a thinly veiled roll of her eyes. She had been with Harry for a long time. She was used to the needy bitches angling attention.

"I'm pleased to see both of you," Harry said. He took a moment to see to Viper and Sin. Both of them kneeled down before him. "No need to do so."

'But good for training them so well,' Faora said.

'Not that it took that much, they need a strong leader to guide them,' Natasha chimed in. She knew that she had that same feeling many times and she was really glad that Harry took in her as a result. She didn't know what kind of guidance she would have without that.
'Strong leaders do the job nicely,' Harry replied. His face curled into a knowing smile when he looked both of the girls in the eyes.

"You seek information on the Red Skull, don't you?" Sin asked. She was never one to beat around the bush.

'Curious that she referred to him as the Red Skull and not her father,' Riley said.

'Well look at it this way, would you want to refer to the Red Skull as your father?' Gwen chimed in. Riley raised her eyebrow and she shook her head in negative.

'Okay, point well taken,' Riley replied.

Harry nodded. "I would like that information, but I would also like information on a project that HYDRA has been working on. But first I'd settle for the information on the Red Skull."

"Well, most of HYDRA doesn't even know that he still lives," Viper said. It was jarring news to her and she was sure that it would be just about as jarring to many others. The Red Skull was essentially the boogeyman even to HYDRA.

Harry thought about the fact that HYDRA lying to their own members might undermine their trust. But then again, he shook his head and dismissed the idea. HYDRA lying to their own members was something that should be assumed.

"He tries to breach the realms to get his hands on power beyond the wildest dreams of all," Sin replied.

One could also hear Natasha scoff through the bond link. 'That sounds like the Red Skull, alright. He always has been someone who wishes to get his hands on the most powerful thing. He does think of himself as superior to all else.'

'HYDRA is ready to expose SHIELD," Viper added.

"Well, that would play into things quite nicely, given that HYDRA is about ready to experience a shakeup of their own," Harry said.

"What do you have in mind, master?" Sin asked.

"That would spoil the surprise," Harry said. He could see Sin about to protest, perhaps quite violently. His demonic eyes flickered over towards her and that caused her to stop.

'I really don't know how you do it,' Natasha repeated.

'He has certain gifts,' Pepper said. She had been listening in during this entire meeting. 'And do not forget about X-23.'

'Thank you Pepper, I was just getting to that,' Harry said.

"Project X-23," Harry said. That caused Viper to tense up. "I take it this won't be an issue."

"It was HYDRA's attempt to duplicate the original Weapon X from the ground up," Viper informed to him. "As you might be able to summarize, there were numerous failed attempts."

Harry pretty much got that much. He could see both of the HYDRA agents grow suddenly numerous.
"But there was one that was perfect enough to be classified as a success," Harry answered. Both Viper and Sin answered by nodding their heads in response. "That would be Project X-23."

"Yes, it would be," Viper confirmed. "But it had to be put on ice because it was deemed to be a liability."

"Well, there are ways around that, I think," Harry replied. They all wondered what he had up his sleeve. "I will meet you back here within the next three days. Have the project ready for me."

"It will be done," Viper said. She thought that it had more potential than HYDRA was able to figure out.

'Wolverine with PMS?' Claire asked. She frowned when she thought about it. 'The mind boggles.'

'Yes, it does,' Karen agreed. She didn't want that image in her head though.

Harry returned to check on Maddie. She might not have been completely his mother now but there was enough of his mother within her that Harry was going to consider her about as much.

He could sense that she was awake. Sure enough, she was waiting for him. The attractive redhaired green eyed woman had her hair tied back when she looked at him. She wore nothing but a short silk bathrobe that covered only what needed to be covered. She approached him, sauntering forward. Her hips swayed when she approached him.

"Harry, I sensed that you were coming," she commented with a purr. She placed her hand on his chest and felt him. "So strong, so healthy, just like I assumed that you had the potential of being."

Her tongue trailed lightly across the edge of her lips. She caused it to become moistened when she looked into his eyes. Passion swam through her eyes when she looked him over. She stared him down and brought him forward.

Her form radiated sex. The combined consciousness of seven Succubi being used in the rituals played no small part of that. She placed her hand down onto his lap and she slowly traced down the waist band of his pants.

"I've watched you from afar, and you realize how frustrating it was to be on the other side of the barrier," she said seductively. She brushed her hands down his chest and unbuttoned his shirt. "It was like looking from the outside of the glass. I could look, but I couldn't touch. It frustrated me. But you knew that."

"So…"

"It can be confusing when you have duel identities," she answered. "My human name was Lily Evans, but for all intents and purposes, she did technically die. But she also lived on, that was quite the puzzler. You, Gwen, Jean, and your pets, you created the new entity, Madelyn, that stands before you. But, it doesn't really matter. I was made for you and for your pleasure, if you choose to have me."

Harry actually had a question that he wanted to ask her before their mutual lust overwhelmed the two of them.

"What did you do with Jean?" Harry asked her.
"Oh, she's just tied up at the moment," Maddie said in a sultry tone. She looked deep into his eyes. Her green eyes looked a bit more haunting than his. She trailed her tongue against her lips and caused them to moisten. "We were actually going to start something interesting, but you showed up."

"You were going to start without me?" Harry asked her. He raised his eyebrow.

Maddie's face fell. She could feel pain and despair that she did something to her master. "Please forgive me."

Harry led Maddie into the next room. As he expected, he found that Jean was strapped to the bed. Her hands and legs hooked to the bed where she was put spread eagled before him. Her legs spread in front of him, her moist slit exposed directly in front of him. There was whip cream and chocolate sauce smeared all over her body.

"She looks good enough to eat," Maddie said. She tore off Harry's shirt but she stopped when he cast her one of those looks. "Or would you prefer a two for one special?"

Harry motioned for her to strip. She did, her clothes pushed down her body. Her fit form unveiled slowly for Harry. Her red hair formed a seductive curtain around her body. Her full lush breasts exposed for him. They looked completely soft when he looked the over. Her nice curved body exposed. She had the perfect hour glass figure with an amazing strip of red hair that went down her.

"Lay down," Harry ordered her. He moved her in and extended the bed just enough to fit her. It was still snug where she laid next to Jean.

Harry waved his hand and the straps wrapped around her body. They were so snug around her that it caused her to twitch when they tightened around her.

"Please," Maddie begged him.

"Don't worry, you'll get the same treatment," Harry said. He performed spells on them that would both increase their pleasure and slow it down.

He summoned the chocolate sauce and whipped cream. He spread it out over Maddie's extremely hot body. She whimpered when he slowly played with her. The cream spread over her body.

"You do look good enough to eat," Harry added to her. "Let's start with your juicy center."

Harry leaned between her legs and he pressed his tongue into her center. He could tell that she wanted this for a long time. The succubus manifestation of his mother pushed her hips up with Harry using his tongue and burying it deep inside her.

Jean was barely able to sustain any sense of being awake. Her hips lifted towards him. Harry reached over towards her and placed his hand between her legs.

The redhead panted when Harry slowly stroked her inner lips. He worked his fingers around her and pumped into her.

Maddie's hips thrashed up and down. Harry made her cum and made her cum hard. Harry licked his lips when he looked up into her eyes.

"Jean, have fun," Harry told her, when he released her.

"Harry!" Maddie breathed. She could feel Jean hover over her body. The redhead had a wicked grin on her face when she attacked her.
Jean's hot mouth lavished her body. Maddie breathed in heavily when Jean kept working her over. She slowly licked the chocolate and cream off of her body.

Harry stepped back and he grabbed Jean from behind. He played with her folds and slowly worked her over.

"Going to get even stickier now, isn't it?" Maddie panted, in between orgasms.

"You know it," Harry whispered in her ear. He moved back behind Jean from his position and slowly stroked her sopping hot folds.

He pushed his manhood deep into her needy pussy. Harry held his hands on either side of her hips when he pushed into her from behind.

Jean's hot pussy clenched around him as Harry pumped into her. Jean's mind linked with Maddie's when she felt an extreme burst of pleasure through their bodies.

Both of them felt the combined pleasure both of them experienced. Harry held onto her hips when he kept pumping into her from behind.

Jean pressed her mouth onto Maddie's dripping hot center. She did exactly what Harry expected with her.

Harry pulled almost all the way out of her and he plunged into Jean hard from behind. He held back her orgasm.

He pulled completely out of her and he spun her around. He motioned for Jean to get back into position. The redhead did submissively. She spread her legs for him when Harry strapped her back into place.

"Now we're going to take this up to the next level," Harry said. He placed his hands down and cupped their pussies. He slowly worked them up. "It's time to teach you a lesson about what happens when you start without me."

Harry sped up the thrusts of his fingers into their dripping pussies. He manipulated their dripping hot holes when he worked them up and down. He removed his fingers from them. He reached towards them.

He fed Maddie a taste of Jean's juices and did the same thing the other way around. Both of them happily sucked the juices from his fingers. Both of them were determined to suck him drive.

Harry decided that he would take one of them. It happened to be Maddie who got taken first.

"Yes," she breathed. Her dripping hot pussy wrapped around him. Her son's throbbing manhood slid into her body. She lifted her hips up and she cranked his manhood deep between her molten hot thighs.

Harry bent down and grabbed her breasts. She closed her eyes deeply when he plunged into her. He sped up his thrusts as quickly as he could.

He brought her to an orgasm and switched tactics. He held onto Jean's thighs and did the same to her. He worked in and out of her.

Jean panted when she felt Harry's cock go into her. It was lubricated with Maddie's juices. The son's cock was lubricated by the juices of what amounted to his mother and her twin. Jean panted when
Harry entered her.

She felt a wall when her orgasm grinded to a halt. Harry held his hands on either side of her thighs. Her dripping slit caressed the tip of his cock when he was almost inside her.

Harry switched tactics when he switched back to Maddie. Maddie breathed heavily when he entered her.

"Take me!" Maddie shrieked.

Harry grabbed her breasts and licked them. She painted when the hot liquid leaked from them. Harry's mouth wrapped around her breast and he sucked it.

He got them on their toes. He switched back and forth between the two of them. He denied them of their orgasms.

"Fuck," Jean moaned.

"Yes, I knew that you wanted it," Harry said. He held her breast and squeezed it. The redhead's pussy tightened around him.

His balls slapped into him. Both redheads were battling with him. Both of them wanted to make him cum.

Harry switched back and forth through them. Maddie felt the sinful, slightly, taboo things that she was doing to him. He allowed her to orgasm a little bit. There was a nice sweet release that flowed through her body when she lubricated his cock.

He switched back to Jean. Jean felt the pleasure that both left Maddie and entered her. Their minds linked together when they began one.

Harry grunted. He could feel Jean's pussy clench him and work his cock. His balls slapped against her chest. His hands placed on her breasts and squeezed them.

"Getting close," Harry said. He roughly molested both sets of youthful, firm breasts. "I wonder which one of you are going to get it."

"Please master, I've never had it," Maddie whispered hotly. Her pussy ached with the loss of him. She breathed in and out heavily. "Please, give it to me, I really need it."

"We'll see if you earned it," Jean said. Her pussy felt vacant. Harry summoned a glowing toy and he pushed it between her legs.

Maddie felt satisfaction when he entered her from above. She wanted his cock deep into her.

"Yes, cum for Mummy, please," Lily's voice whispered through her mouth. "You need to cum for me, my precious baby boy."

Maddie pumped her hips around him. She tried to coax every last drop of cum out of him into her. The redhead pushed herself up and down. She wanted it. The redhead vixen wanted all of it. Her body twitched around him when he pushed into her.

"Take me hard," Maddie breathed. It was so hot. He leaned down and touched her breasts. He kept rubbing his hands around them. He added a delightful amount of heat to them. He stimulated them and she pushed her hips up. "Oh yes, feels really good."
She felt a feeling of loss from her orgasm. Harry switched over and plunged himself into Jean.

The games continued when Harry gave each redhead a few strokes. Both of them screamed out loud.

Eventually, Harry had his fun. He released their combined backed up orgasms. Their hips thrashed and pumped up and down.

"Don't worry, there's more than enough to go around with both of you."

Jean and Maddie both understood the meaning of that. Harry's manhood pumped into them a few more times. Their bodies thrashed as much as the restraints allowed them.

Their minds became completely one. Their wet cunts clasped them. They realized that Harry visited both of them at once.

Harry felt the pleasure from both of the girls and both sides of himself. He worked them up to an orgasm.

It completely flowed when Harry allowed his balls to launch his cream into their bodies. Both Jean and Maddie twitched when Harry slowly brought them down from their orgasms.

Harry pulled out both of them and looked at both of them. His eyes skimmed over them.

"And now, clean each other up, my pets."

Viper folded her arms together. She pulled some important strings to get this project there. HYDRA was too busy with other things that a disabled project was the least of their problems. She tapped her foot on the ground and frowned.

She looked up and saw Harry arrive. Claire and Diana followed him on either side. They resembled a pair of bodyguards. Dangerous bodyguards no one would dare mess with. Viper was well trained.

"You have her," Harry said.

Viper saw only two women next to him. She understood that he would likely have more lingering around.

"Yes, I have her, but…..I'm sure that you can find a use for her," Viper said.

Harry raised his eyebrow and nodded. There was a knowing smile that crossed his face. He stepped forward and walked towards the containment case.

He saw a surprisingly soft face on the other side of the glass case. Dark hair formed her face in a curtain. Her tight and fit body was extremely athletic. There wasn't any hair on her body other than that on top of her head.

"That's surprising," Claire said. She looked towards the young girl and smiled when she looked at her.

"She's your gift," Viper said.

"And it's an excellent gift," Harry added. He thought about all of the uses he could use to her. "Stand by for the end."
Viper inclined her head. She knew that they were reaching the moment of truth soon enough. She watched Harry disappear with X-23.

Kara sat in the lab, her arms and legs crossed. Emma, Regan, and Martinique hung out, dressed in their casual best. Emma got to her feet and gave the woman a nice view. She looked over the body.

"It's official, Wolverine is more appeasing as a girl," Emma said. "But why would HYDRA put her on ice?"

"Viper said that HYDRA couldn't control her properly," Harry informed her. "Obviously they neglected to figure out the potential that a weapon like this had."

It went without saying Harry was able to unlock the potential of anything if he just put his mind to it. His hand brushed over the side of the case. He would bring her out soon enough.

'It's time,' Natasha thought to him. Harry raised his eyebrow and there was a calculating smile crossing his face.

'Yes, it is,' Viper agreed. 'I know the plan…'

'Do not act until the moment that I give the word, HYDRA needs to take control and then HYDRA is taken down,' Harry thought.

The world would need someone with the resources to rebuild it and Harry positioned himself to be the most attractive person to do so. He wasn't about to go public, not with his powers at any rate. He did plan to wipe out some unfortunate irritations with one swift motion if he could manage it.

Clea decided to jump on through the bond link. 'My lord, a complication has arisen.'

Harry figured as much. It did go without saying that even the best laid plans had snags in them.

Valeria impatiently waited for the other shoe to drop. Zatanna and Wanda joined her and Illyana in the meantime.

"Okay, this is the most awkward slumber party ever," Zatanna said, trying to break the silence and perhaps ease the mood.

Several sets of eyes locked onto her showed that no one was willing to take a joke.

"It's right outside the master's reach, whatever it is," Valeria said. She wished that she could snag it and get her hands on whatever was causing them trouble. "And you know that it's going to keep that way until it's ready to act."

"You locked the gates down," Illyana said. Valeria turned the Limbo princess. She nodded twice.

"Naturally I did but one can never be too careful," Valeria said. She got to her feet. "She's nearer than she ever has been. I swear that she taunts me. I swear that she gets off in doing it. Well, she's going to be bound and dominated by the master."

There was no need to ask who Valeria referred to.

"I hope that he offers me a first class seat to her domination," Valeria said. Smugness crossed her face when she looked on.
"Do you?" Wanda asked.

"Quiet," Illyana said. Something jolted her up and put her on edge. She rose to her feet and looked from one side to the other side.

"What is it?" Wanda asked. A cross look from the Limbo Princess showed Wanda that she wasn't going to be in the mood for games of any kind.

A sword appeared in Illyana's hand. It glowed within her hand.

A loud explosion echoed throughout their collective consciousness. There was a redhead female who got spat through the portal. She smacked into the ground with a thud.

Normally, Illyana would have been amused to see Ananym at her feet beneath her. That seemed to be a good look for her. The state of her fellow pet added some gravity to the situation. Illyana lurched forward and offered her hand.

"What happened?" Illyana asked.

"Look out!" Ananym yelled. She winced at the dagger plunged through her arm.

Something wicked arrived through the portal. It was obvious the Red Skull dabbled in thing that might be a bit beyond his control and had cracked the line between the realms.

'I'll warn him, try and hold the line,' Clea projected to them.

"Easier said than done," Zatanna said. There was one question that haunted her.

What was going to come through that portal?

To Be Continued on January 15th, 2015.
Valeria sought to determine precisely why these creatures were attacking her. There had to be a reason although she didn't really think of a really good reason right now. The creatures stormed on through, hideous and ready to jump on her.

Wanda summoned the full force of her powers. She knocked them over and to the ground like they were nothing. Then the moment that they knocked to the ground, they duplicated. Where there was one, there was in fact two. There was a hideous amount of laughter that resounded from them. Their glowing eyes, sharp fangs, and dangerous claws looked positively demonic when they stepped forward.

"We can't fight them," Zatanna said. She put up a barrier. The creatures tried to slam their way through the barrier. "Maybe there's something we're missing on how we can defeat them."

"Well we should figure it out pretty quickly," Wanda said. Her voice sounded breathless. The creatures tried to pound their way through the other side of the barrier. "Because, if we keep blasting them, eventually we're going to have an army that….."

She lost her train of thought and her stream of words when the barrier was hammered. An explosive amount of attacks fired through the barrier when they kept slamming into it. Over and over again they attacked.

"We're going to have the numbers overwhelm us," Ananym said. She could feel the sweat and the frustration overwhelm her personally. She saw Illyana muttering underneath her breath. She was speaking any number of recall spells but much to their agitation, absolutely none of them worked. "I hate to say that, but none of it is going to work."

"We will rip you to shreds," one of the demons whispered.

"Oh, that makes our lives easier, actual threats," Zatanna said. Her heart beat steadily across her chest. The creatures slammed their way against the barriers and hard. The dark haired sorceress could feel the frustration swim through her body. "But at least we know they're intelligent."

"Not a good thing, Zee," Wanda added. She wondered if it was her hex magic or all magic that caused them to be duplicated like that.

"We need to send them back," Valeria said. She knocked one of them back and caused it to smash against the wall. "You foul creatures don't belong in my kingdom."

"This world is ours for the taking," the creature whispered. His hunger indicated that he intended to feast on the young, supple flesh around him.

Zatanna waved her hand and several of the creatures were caught in containment units. They already began to break free seconds after they were placed inside. She didn't know what to do. There was an intense amount of frustration already brimming from her mind the more that she worked through this.

"You cannot hope to hold us, you are only to be used as fresh meat for our conquest."
"Sorry to break this to you, but we've been claimed," Valeria said. There was a smug statement to her tone. "And the master will not be pleased with you attempting to infringe on his territory."

One of the creatures responded with a nasty laugh. "This master, what can he do to us? He's nowhere nearly as powerful as any of us. We will crush him underneath our feet."

"He can do all sorts to you," Valeria said. "I believe you have heard of the Incubus King."

It was almost like you can time this to a science. Harry turned up and flashed through the portal. He was determined to destroy everything that got in his way.

The creatures turned towards him. A few of them backed up in fear. One of them was brazen enough to attack Harry and try to assert his domination.

Harry hacked him to pieces in a matter of seconds. The other demons watched in awe as this boogeyman in their community absolutely destroyed their demon brother. There was nothing left of him.

A couple of more who might have been inclined to fight shivered.

"None of you are beautiful women, therefore you're useless to my cause," Harry said. He gave them a smirk. "All of you intended to take what was mine, as yours. That was the most boneheaded and obvious mistake you all could have made."

One of the demons threw his hands into the air. Another one was foolish enough to charge at Harry. The young man dodged the demon's attack.

He sliced a spell through the demon. He caused his blood to boil with fire, his bones to turn to stone, and his organs mold to mush. The creature dropped down to the ground. He was bleeding from his mouth and breathing.

"So, are there any more of you who wish to test their luck against me?" Harry asked.

One of the demon looked like he was about ready to attack. Harry raised his hands and sent a series of metal spikes against their enemy. He was hacked to bits and forced back.

The other demons turned around. Their mouths hung open. They saw the Incubus King and they knew that their chances to defeat them were less. They cut their losses and ran to the portal.

Harry kept his eyes on them. He knew from experience that it would be extremely unwise to ever turn your back on a demon. He knew this because he was in fact one. The young man smiled when he watched them leave.

He sealed the gateway behind them and fortified it. It was one of many that were opening in weird points around the world. Clea was running all over hell in an attempt to put out all of the fires. She could only be in so many places yet. This was the biggest pocket of them that Harry ran into in his time.

"Is it okay to collapse now?"

It took a few moments for the girls to recover from their ordeal. Harry wasn't about to leave just yet.

"I don't understand what happened," Wanda said. She felt as if her failure was obvious. She
clenched her fist together and allowed herself to break through with a soft sigh. "I really wish that I understood, but at the same time, I really don't understand, at all."

Wanda could feel like her head was spinning around.

"Your magic always has interesting quirks to it," Harry commented.

Wanda frowned, that was one way of putting it. Another way of putting it was that it was completely insane and utterly unpredictable. That was what she was going with personally. The dark haired magic user breathed in and breathed out extremely easily.

"Dare I even ask?" Zatanna asked. Harry turned towards the dark haired magic user. She grew a bit red around the area of the cheeks, but she remained fairly defiant when she looked Harry in the eyes. The dark haired sorceress crossed her arms together. "I mean, these demons popped through the portal..."

"You're not accusing the master of knowing about this, are you?" Ananym asked. Zatanna shook her head. Ananym's expression relaxed.

"The Red Skull is hidden from most of HYDRA, he's not exactly the most popular individual among them," Harry replied. He smiled. "The problem is that no one is willing to do that much to stop him from taking back control."

Harry smiled and he paused.

"Well, almost no one," Harry said. This little ritual pinpointed the Red Skull's location and he hoped that he would be able to locate him in due time. The girls all smirked at this. "He does have some fanatic loyalists."

"Something tells me they will not be long for this world," Valeria said.

There was a swift smile that crossed Harry's face that pretty much confirmed this fact. This wasn't for the first time nor would it be the last that she was glad to be on the good side of her master.

"I sense that Morgan is near," Harry added. "What HYDRA was doing stirred her out of her hiding?"

"She can't hide forever,' Maddie commented. There was almost a giddiness in her voice. She bounced up and down in excitement. The redhead allowed a nice light breath to escape her body before she explained. 'When I was in the beyond, I marked her for you. I marked her for you and now she's yours forever.'

Maddie grinned with glee and Harry had to admit that he was a huge fan of this plan for obvious reasons.

'So now she has no choice, not that she ever did,' Emma thought. She looked like Christmas came early and more importantly it brought a few other holidays along with the ride. 'She will be drawn to you. The search is over, I think.'

'She is stubborn, so she'll fight it to the end,' Selene commented dryly.

Maddie piped in. Both her succubus side and her former human identity of Lily-Evans Potter brimmed with excitement. 'That is the beauty of it. The more she fights, the more that she'll want it. She's working herself up into a frenzy.'
Harry enjoyed that news, it was good news, the best. He couldn't be focused on Morgan just yet. If she came to him, she would be a useful tool.

"HYDRA always has been interested, some might say obsessed, with the occult," Harry commented. "And now their interest is pointing me towards their most infamous member."

"You will obtain the fruits of your victory, my lord," Illyana said. She leaned on in towards Harry and lightly brushed her lips against his in triumph.

Harry could not help, to keep a smile off of his face. HYDRA was slowly masterminding the downfall of SHIELD and Harry would soon mastermind the downfall of HYDRA. He would obtain some interesting and useful resources.

"Summon me should they dare return," Harry said. The girls all nodded. They knew that they would be foolish to return after the show that Harry gave them. At the same time, one could not be too careful with that fact.

Harry left the girls. He stepped right towards Clea and Umar as well.

"The demons are now fleeing, word of what you've done to their brothers has reached them," Clea said.

"Yes, and I also sense Morgan draws closer, or rather she's drawn closer to you," Umar said. Devious intentions flashed through her eyes. There was a smile on her face and she ran her tongue over her soft lips a couple times.

"She was marked by my mother for me," Harry informed her.

"That's loyalty that should be appreciated," Clea said. She smiled when she wrapped her arms around Harry. Umar set herself on the other side. "Everything is in order."

Harry got a message from Viper. It was all of the indication that he needed to find out that HYDRA was on the move.

Nick Fury was dropped down onto the ground. He tried to lurk around one of the top secret bases. He almost got away with uncovering something big. He got a bit too far in and realized that someone dangerous returned.

He was thought to be dead. They never found the body so Fury was pretty sure that there was a good chance that he wasn't dead. The one and only Red Skull stood over Fury, utter contempt flashing through his eyes.

The contempt was mutual, even if it flashed through only one of Fury's eyes, as opposed to both, for obvious reasons. A pair of beefy bodyguards stood on either side.

"Nick Fury," The Red Skull said roughly. He leaned towards him and pushed him up to his knees. "I remember you being a bit whiter the last time we met."

"Flesh eating virus, body swap, funny story about that, will tell you about it when I blow us both to hell," Fury said.

"I think not, Commander Fury," Red Skull said. He had immense strength and he had been growing
stronger. "You see, there is so much about the universe that is awful and yet beautiful. SHIELD wants to hide it, just as much as they want to hide themselves. Now that everything is out in the open. People always thought that we were the villains, but SHIELD have done just as much to oppress the people as HYDRA has."

Fury wasn't going to dignify that with a response. 

"That is not a complaint," The Red Skull said. He held a gun at Fury's head. He entertained the thought of shooting him in the head right now. "But, you should be more honest with your intentions. Honesty does set you free."

"What would you know about honesty?" Fury said through gritted teeth. "I didn't even know you still lived until now."

"You didn't know, but you thought that I might," the Red Skull said. He looked extremely excitement. In his mind, Christmas just came early and brought all of the other holidays along for the ride. The Red Skull leaned down and a swift smile spread over his face. "But you kept information from your so called trusted people. Which shows foresight."

Red Skull shot Nick Fury in the side of the neck. Sparks flew from the side of his neck. 

"Just as I expected, a Life Model Decoy, which means the real Nick Fury still lives," Red Skull commented. "I know that you can hear this still, for the transmitter has not been broken as of yet. One thing you need to understand is that knowledge is power. I have a grand amount of power over you. More power than you could ever dream in your miserable existence."

The Red Skull's grin grew increasingly wicked when he spoke. It was almost like he had lost all sense of himself.

Harry Potter heard this from his perch point. He knew the Fury that was sent in was an LMD. He knew because he sent it as a diversion to the Red Skull. The real Nick Fury had been indisposed for quite some time now. SHIELD had been getting their orders from an LMD for an extremely long time and it was one that had a master other than Fury.

The Red Skull was about to deliver his grand proclamation to the world. As stirring as Harry was sure that this speech was, he was going to act sooner rather than later. The young man pulled his hood up. It fitted over his face and his face glowed underneath the darkness.

He could see that there were cameras placed everywhere.

"I finally have the entire word in the palm of my hands. Nothing is going to stop me now."

Harry loved when they left openings for him, especially such ironic ones. He dropped down. Before the Red Skull could even blink next, he placed two bolts through the chest of each of his bodyguards. They dropped to the ground.

"What matter of creature are you?" The Red Skull asked. He drew his gun on Harry.

He fired a series of bullets at him. None of them hit the mark when they just bounced off of him.

The Red Skull held up an amulet in his hand. That would protect him from the creatures he summoned.

"I order you to stand down demon, for I hold power over you," The Red Skull said. The Red Skull saw him step forward. "I don't understand….you're not like the others…..well the sheer numbers
game shall overwhelm you. These creatures are like HYDRA. Cut one head off and…"

Harry propelled the Red Skull against the wall. He landed onto the ground. Harry prepared to finish him off.

Several portals opened and winged monsters flew out at a rapid speed of light. They skidded to a stop when they realized what they were up against.

"That's right, it's me again," Harry said. His grin was rather prominent underneath his hood. It was almost like he dared these creatures to bring it.

"You know your duty, protect me," the Red Skull said. He didn't know where this demon came from, but he could not be allowed to live.

"Do not worry, master, I'm with you," Viper said. She smiled when she assisted the others in helping the Red Skull out.

It might look like nothing was going according to plan. On the contrary, everything was going according to plan. Harry's powers fried the video camera set up. All of them exploded in a shower of sparks and fire.

The demonic creatures swooped down at him. He placed up the shield. They all hit the shield and vaporized it. It was almost a mark of how lazy Harry could be with his powers, where he only needed to use but a fraction of it to tame these creatures.

'They were sentenced to their tomb by him,' Selene thought. The group through the bond watched in awe.

'It's the Red Skull, of course he wouldn't have any regard for their lives,' Gwen said. She could see the creatures try and attack Harry.

It went without saying their attempts to take them down didn't end so well.

'The good news is you're doing population control on this particular race of demons,' Clea added. There was a breath that escaped her body. She crossed her arms and legs together when she sighed. 'The bad news is that there is an extremely long way to go with them.'

'I enjoy a challenge,' Harry said. Fiery death swirled around his hands and he propelled it forward at the speed of light.

The fire struck the demons. The demons screamed out loud in pure and utter torment. Harry didn't want to say that this was music to his ears because that was harsh.

It would be accurate no matter how harsh it would be.

Viper wondered why her master had given her the order to take the Red Skull out of there when he had a chance to destroy him. The woman held the Red Skull up.

"Walk me a bit further, and leave me here," Red Skull said. His body healed rather quickly but his injuries were more long lasting.

The only solitude was that the demon that inflicted this upon them did not follow them.
"It's nice of you to stick around, Skull."

The voice of Tony Stark could be heard. The Red Skull lifted his head up and saw the Avengers stand before him. His gaze lingered with a special amount of hatred and malice for the one and only Captain America.

"Avengers, how nice of you to join me," The Red Skull said.

"Wish I could say the same thing about you, Skull," Iron Man said. "Why don't you come along quietly?"

"But of course," The Red Skull commented. There was a smile on his face.

"Really, Red Skull come along quietly?" Wasp asked. She locked eyes with Ms. Marvel and both of them had the same uneasy thought.

It was the same uneasy thought that the one and only Captain America decided to voice. "I don't like the looks of this and I don't trust this."

"I have not done anything against you Avengers," the Red Skull replied. "Isn't this America? Isn't this the home of the brave and the land of the free? Isn't it innocent until proven guilty? Aren't the ideals that flag you wear on your body stand for? Or is that just something that you choose to follow for the people that you like and respect."

The Red Skull didn't fight. Neither did HYDRA. The Avengers were ready for a battle.

"Due process, I believe I'm entitled to a fair trial," Red Skull said. "Although, I think there is more of a problem with SHIELD being exposed to the entire world and the United States government being in an uproar about it. And given that you Avengers are sponsored by SHIELD, well that doesn't look too well on your public image rating, now does it?"

Captain America didn't say anything. It was hard to tell if it was possible for a set of eyes to hold more anger and hatred then they did today. One might argue that Captain America could not and should not hate.

"But, then again, you Avengers always were good at adapting," Red Skull said. "And I figure that I should give you a sporting chance. I should give you a battle to fight, a chance for you to look like heroes in the face of the world."

The ground slowly rumbled underneath them. The first indication of what was happening was that Red Skull activated some kind of Earthquake machine. That wasn't beneath his abilities.

"And let's see if you can try this on for size," The Red Skull commented. He looked completely mad.

The ground burst open and several gigantic Red Skull robots came out from underneath the ground. Their eyes glowed with malice when they looked down at the Avengers.

"Sure, all of that power, and what does he go back to?" Wasp asked with a scoff. "Robots, giant robots."

"I guess the rumors were true, he really is compensating for something," Hawkeye said. He stared up at the large robots. They rumbled when they approached them. There was a loud cracking sound when the robot stepped on forward. "You know, I'm going to need a bigger bow."

"You keep saying that, but you never follow up on it," Carol said.
The hooded Incubus King watched the battle from afar. The Avengers took on those monstrous creations and he smiled.

'So you do have the disarming codes, right?' Carol asked. She was trying to make it out like she wasn't having a conversation with Harry over the bond link.

'Yes, why?' Harry asked her.

'Then why aren't you putting in the disarming codes, yesterday,' Carol replied.

'You're pretty much handling yourself just fine without my help,' Harry said. 'SHIELD has been signaled by the way. This should prove to be interesting.'

'What about the real Fury?' Carol asked.

'Trust me, you don't want to know,' Natasha answered. She used an electrical jolt of from her Widow's stings.

'And I want to see if Stark can figure out how to shut these down himself,' Harry said. He was always intrigued at seeing the full capabilities of potential rivals.

'Or you just want to see him squirm,' Emma thought.

'Never has he squirmed so much ever since the last Board of Directors meeting that he was forced to attend,' Pepper thought.

'Thought he was normally cool under pressure,' Harry said.

'Well you can only be so cool under pressure when you know you've messed up big time,' Pepper offered. She crossed her arms over her chest a bit smugly.

Harry would have liked to hear the story of this. However, there was really no time to hear the story. He could see that Stark did manage to get some of the robots to malfunction but others, his efforts fell rather short.

'Shall I take pity on him?' Harry asked. He waited for some feedback on this one. The smile crossed his face and he waited calmly and patiently.

'You might as well,' Carol commented.

'I'd make him squirm just a little bit more, it's good for character,' Emma thought.

'Vindictive, much?' Pepper asked with a smile.

'No, just that I detest someone having such an ego and a high opinion of themselves,' Emma thought.

'Well, mirrors must not exist in your house,' Regan murmured.

'What was that dear?' Emma asked. 'I couldn't hear you over the sounds of the pot calling the kettle black.'

'And that's what we call a burn,' all five Stepford Cuckoos chanted in unison.
Tony Stark didn't know how, he didn't know why. He honestly didn't even care. All he knew was that those robots were shut down. They weren't shut down a moment too soon as far as he was concerned. He could breathe a bit more easily now.

SHIELD was there. There was a simple problem, now that everything was out in the open, they didn't know who to trust.

"Attack them!" Viper yelled.

"I did not authorize this attack!" The Red Skull protested.

He saw Captain America throw his shield at him. He saw that shield flying at him so many times that he grew to hate it. The Skull dodged the attack.

HYDRA's minions and the agents of SHIELD were sent in a free for all with each other. The Avengers were caught in the middle.

'Dare, I ask what you're doing?' Carol asked.

'Both sides are going to rip each other apart, and not understand that the stakes are far higher than this,' Harry said. He continued to hover high above the battle. He made sure to shield any people from both sides that he could use later. There were some extremely attractive females that he would have liked to see in his bed.

There was a loud scream of agony when one of the HYDRA goons got nailed in the back.

"And now we're stuck in an army of red shirts," Hawkeye commented. And he heard the military choppers come in.

Harry frowned. That wasn't necessarily going his way. He was going to have to fix that. The last people he wanted involved was the United States military.

'And I'm sure you just said something that many countries said on both sides,' Natasha commented. She used a pair of energy knuckles to hit people on both sides. Her cover as a spay allowed her to do so and she would allow both sides to make her own assumptions.

'That felt really good to punch some of those people in the face, didn't it?' Pepper asked. Natasha's smile and another gut punch to one of her enemies was the only response she gave.

Harry watched the chaos increase. He was glad that he was the one that inspired all of this. Things would get more intense when time went on.

There was another thing that interested him. He decided to let this battle between SHIELD and HYDRA to pick up to its logical conclusion. The Red Skull and Captain America also battled. That always proved to be entertaining to some people, Harry was sure. He was merely bored by the entire process of it.

The face in the mist was something that caught Harry's attention instantly. He stepped towards it and saw it swirling before him. Harry pressed his hand on the other side of the mist and stirred it up a slight amount.

The face of Morgan Le Fay could be seen. Seconds later, she slid out, and chaos followed her the moment that she fully manifested herself.
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Harry approached her. The Incubus sensed that this was not any kind of trick, but at the same time, he couldn't help being a little bit on edge. He closed the gap in between the two of them. He went face to face with the godmother of all dark magic.

She didn't back up, she didn't flinch. She stood still across them. She was half emerged in the mist. The woman surveyed Harry as if he was some oddity that she didn't have an opportunity to figure out. Her leg stretched forward when she left the area of the mist. Her arms shook when she approached him.

Selene arrived next to Harry. The Black Queen of the Hellfire looked very pleased with the situation. She resembled the cat that ate the canary. Her dark eyes flashed towards the woman in the shadows. There was only one smug statement that could come out of her mouth. "So we finally got you."

"I was cast out of my realm, so I had no choice but to arrive here," Morgan said. She looked at the Incubus who approached her. She had every chance to step back. The woman didn't take any of those chances. "It is not here by my choice..."

"That's what they say," Harry commented. He could hear the sounds of combat off in the distance. The world would be different. "But do you expect me to believe that?"

Morgan looked at Harry, her jaw halfway away from dropping. She managed to stop herself from allowing her jaw to drop. She wouldn't look so dignified if she did. Harry reached forward and he touched his hand to her cheek. This simple touch might not have seemed like an action that changed the world. It was an action that got her blood boiling and her eyes locked onto his eyes.

"I knew that you were marked and it was only a matter of time before you would find me," Harry told her. "And you did cause a fair amount of this trouble, didn't you?"

Morgan didn't argue that point. She stood up straight as could be. "My plans...didn't got as planned. HYDRA stepped all over them and then there was Victor...you know how that goes."

"Both elements are plans that will be in the past," Selene commented. She ran into Morgan several times over the centuries. She wore numerous guises in her attempt at deception. There was no mistaking who they are. "But, you are where you belong. You have not been cast out, you been brought home."

Even a sorceress the caliber of Morgan Le Fay could not help and be a bit intimidated when she was trapped between two extremely powerful forces. The Incubus King didn't need to exert too much power to bring women underneath his beck and call.

He walked behind her. There was no touching. It wasn't needed. His mere presence was more than sufficient to cause her skin to eat up. The woman's heart kept beating faster and faster.

"Time is an interesting thing, isn't it?" Harry whispered in her ear. She didn't react that statement. "Those who manipulate it have the power."
He waved his hand and the sounds of battle stopped around them. The only three that were aware that any time had passed was Harry, Selene, and Morgan.

"I couldn't do this if I was an active member of that battle," Harry said. "That was why I took myself out of the battle and placed myself here. Here is where I needed to be."

He saw Captain America in the process of smashing his shield into the face of the Red Skull. It was a moment in time he would cherish forever.

"Yes," Harry said. He levitated a bullet that had been sent into the air once he froze time. He redirected the trajectory and enhanced it using a bit of magic. "This is what you can do if you set your mind to something. It isn't a glorious ending by any means. I'm certain that the Red Skull thinks that he will rise again."

Harry smiled.

"Fools have tried to destroy HYDRA, but you only cut off one head and another two grow in its place," Harry said. He levitated another bullet where it was aimed at the Red Skull. There was a third bullet. He didn't want to leave this to chance. "But, I'm not a fool. First I eliminate their leaders, then I replace them. I'm the head that grows in its place. And I'm not the head that can be simply cut off."

Harry smiled when he turned to Morgan. The woman looked excited about the power he exhibited. He grabbed her by the arm lightly.

The two of them vanished off to the side along with Selene. Selene eagerly watched the carnage that was about to follow. There would be an amazing amount of bloodshed that would happen. The woman couldn't wait to see it all as it transpired.

Every last bullet connected to the head of the Red Skull. They pierced him and his head exploded.

Captain America watched when his hated enemy dropped to the ground before his feet. Someone took him out. It was over.

The chaos that was going to follow would be even more insane than ever before.

"I didn't understand what the Red Skull was doing until it was too late," Morgan whispered. She hated that she had such an obvious blind spot.

"It will be made up for later," Harry said. There was a slightly threatening tone to his statement that caused Morgan to wonder what he had in mind.

"The magic is Asgardian," Selene popped up out of the blue. "And the Red Skull tapped into further realms that he shouldn't"

It was almost a shame that the Red Skull's death happened so quickly and so swiftly. Harry wanted his death to be more tormenting than that. He wanted to rip him to shreds for what he caused.

Valeria, Illyana, Wanda, Zatanna, and Clea all waited back at the castle. They had a feeling that something was happening.

"No further attacks," Valeria commented lightly. She would have to admit that the silence was more than a little unsettling. She crossed her legs and waited for something to happen.
"Quit doing that, please," Zatanna said to her. Her voice was spoken in an urgent whisper.

"Sorry, I do this when I'm nervous," Valeria said haughtily.

The girls all tensed up when a portal opened. The one and only Morgan Le Fay stepped from the portal. That caused all of the women to tense up. Clea maneuvered her way in front of the girls. Sorceress Supreme or not, she might be just a little bit out of her depth dealing with the likes of Le Fay.

The witch amused herself with the stance that these girls took. They were ready and able to fight her no matter what. She looked at them, a smile crossing her face when she stared them down.

"What are you doing here?" Clea demanded of her.

Morgan waited in amusement. She decided to bring up one obvious point. "I bring you no harm."

"Yes, I've heard that one before," Valeria said. She thought that she was going to blast this woman back to whatever diseased realm. "You are in my castle, therefore you need to state your business with me. And you have two minutes to convince me why I shouldn't rip you apart."

"Other than the fact it would be amusing to see you try," Morgan commented lightly.

"She's with me."

The portal remained open and Harry walked out of the portal. The girls fell back into line when they saw their master approach them. Morgan smiled in amusement.

"They are like obedient dogs, I'm impressed....."

"Morgan," Harry said, and she fell back into line at his stern warning. No sooner than did Selene exit the portal and look towards Morgan. A grin tugged on the corners of her lips.

"You were saying?" Selene asked. She leaned towards Morgan and gave a shadow of a smile directed towards the woman. Morgan's eyes went up and she shook her head.

"We have a problem," Harry said. All of the girls figured as much. None of them were going to say that they figured as much.

"What kind of problem?" Zatanna asked.

Harry was only too happy to explain and he did so crisply and calmly. "The problem is that Red Skull might be dead, but whatever he did lives on. One of the many artifacts he tampered on might be Asgardian."

"You didn't find out about this," Wanda said. She corrected her tongue when she realized that she had talked sharply to her master. "I'm sorry but...

"There is no need to apologize, you couldn't have known, this time," Harry commented to her. Wanda relaxed. She realized that she dodged a nice little bullet. "The Red Skull decided to only let his people know what they needed to know. And while my spies knew a lot, they didn't know everything."

It went without saying that Harry knew that they weren't lying.

Another portal opened up. Claire and Diana appeared. They were his eyes and ears in the city, and they were only to report to him if this was an emergency. Judging by the looks on their faces, this
"Report," Harry told them. Claire dropped to one knee where she was in front of Harry. Diana copied her sister's motion. He waved his hand. "Rise."

The two of them rose to their feet. Their smiles spread over their faces and Claire spoke to him.

"The power grid inside the city is compromised, there is something big happening."

"The battle between HYDRA and SHIELD is over, and SHIELD has fallen, but HYDRA is crippled enough for the taking," Diana added. She took a moment to put her thoughts in line. She looked straight into Harry's eyes. "But yes, the flickers are inside the city are much alarming. The danger of it is such that…"

"Diana, calm down," Harry told her. He leaned towards her. "The source of the magic is being located as we speak. Is it powerful enough to knock Electronics off line?"

Diana nodded her head in response. There were several power outages within the city.

"People are in a panic," Claire helpfully pointed out. "And when people are in a panic, they are…"

"They are easy to take out, I know," Harry said. He turned to Diana. "Join us on this, we're going to need all of the help that we can get."

"What can I do, how can I help?" Claire asked suddenly. Harry's eyes shifted towards her. She took a moment to melt underneath his gaze and he looked straight into her eyes when he spoke.

"You know that you're not the best person to deal with magic," Harry reminded her.

She nodded up and down, her jaw set. That was for sure.

"Help lead my strike team on the ground and make sure everyone stays out of our way when we do this," Harry replied. "Go with Natasha and Carol, they'll fill you in what you need to do."

Claire nodded. She knew that her master knew best. She looked into his green eyes in an adoring manner.

"I won't let you down," Claire said to him. There was conviction in her voice and Harry believed that.

"I know," Harry said. He kept his eyes on Morgan. He could see that there was a moment where Valeria stared at her. "And you’re going to stay with me."

Morgan was going to ask whether or not Harry trusted her. She knew the answer to that question one hundred percent of the way.

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The Avengers arrived in the middle of New York. Iron Man stopped and he punched at his armor in an attempt to reboot it.

"You'd think that with all of the magical enemies we go against, you would guard your armor against it," Hawkeye said. He waited to see what was going to come out of this portal.

"I did, but this magic is different, I can't explain it," Iron Man added. "Widow and Ms. Marvel are
coming to back us up, but I don't know when."

"Guess, it's just us four against all of them," Wasp said. Given that the four of them included the one and only Thor, Wasp really did feel somewhat confident about their chances. The woman watched and she lifted up her hands.

"Be still and careful, my friends," Thor said. He swung his powerful hammer and was about ready to fight anything. Anything did turn out to be anything and it turned out to be among the most awful things. Thor's jaw extended when he spoke. "By Odin's beard."

Tony managed to calibrate his armor. A large serpent appeared from the other end of the portal. There were sparks that erupted from the portal. There were other creatures that came from the portal as well.

"I'm going to need a bigger bow," Hawkeye said. Thor grabbed him by the shoulder and roughly pulled him back.

"Stand back!" Thor yelled to him. The archer looked at him and he nodded.

There was a loud bang that echoed. There was a lot of reality shifting all around them. Tony frowned when the serpent disappeared as quickly as it appeared. Or maybe it did. The air around them got a bit more purple and then shifted to blue.

"JARVIS, do you know what's happening?" Tony asked. "JARVIS?"

He tapped his finger to the edge of armor.

"I'm not sure sir, there is…..the energy is….." Jarvis said. He started to cut in and out.

"That's not good, is it?" Tony asked. He tried to reboot the armor. "Have I mentioned how much that I hate highly advanced science that I can't explain?"

He was loath to admit it to be magic. Even though there was a nagging voice in the back of his head that said that it was magic. There was a crackled in his armor.

"LOOK OUT!"

Wasp yelled that warning out. She dove on in the large fiery monsters that rushed at her. She fired at them at a rapid fire rate.

She thought for a second she was going to be crushed. Her heart never beat so fast. She thought that it was going to clench in her chest. Her breathing escalated when she saw it approach her.

She was back in the middle of a debris strewn New York street with Avengers all around as far as the eye could see. Carol and Natasha stepped towards her and looked around.

"Jan, are you okay?" Carol asked her.

Jan nodded her head feverishly. "Yeah….yeah….I am now, but Clint, Thor, and Tony, they're…"

"The realms are close together, they're about ready to collide with each other. The Red Skull accelerated the process."

Jan turned around and she saw an imposing figure dressed in dark robes. His hood was pulled over his face. She could see a pair of green eyes on the other side. She saw a glimpse of what was underneath. It was a glimpse.
"It was you," Jan whispered.

"Focus,' Natasha warned her. She grabbed her around the arm. She turned towards him. "What are the chances that things are going to be fixed?"

"A good chance, I've got several experts on it as we speak," he said. Natasha nodded in response. "We need to keep the civilians out of the line of fire as much as we can."

Jan saw a blur fly out of the corner of her eye. Her mouth opened and it shut. She wondered if this was who she thought it was. She had a feeling that it was. Her heart kept beating intensely.

The Blur was a real thing. She didn't see it before. Carol and Natasha didn't seem too surprised. She turned towards them with an accusatory glance.

"You've seen the Blur before, haven't you?" Jan asked. She folded her arms over her chest and stared down at them.

Carol gave her a knowing smile. "We better do that crowd control and just leave him to do his work."

Jan was about ready to turn to the hooded figure to ask a question. She was surprised by the fact that he disappeared in a flash of light.

"Don't worry, he always does that," Natasha replied. Her lips curled into a smile. "But he has to be numerous places at once for this to work."

Jan had several questions. Carol smiled when she put her hands on the younger girl's shoulder and whispered in her ear. "Don't worry, we're tell you everything that you want to know and some things that you don't want to know."

Jan wasn't going to lie, she could hardly wait.

Harry stood in the middle of the nexus Realm.

'Are we all in position?' Harry asked.

'I'm in position,' Zatanna said. She looked rather excited and ready to go.

'Yes, I'm in position,' Wanda commented with a grin on her face. Valeria stood beside her and she spoke the cue that she was ready.

'I'm in position,' Valeria agreed. She was put near Morgan, likely because her master wanted to test her self-control. She wasn't going to hex that bitch, at least not yet. She was tempted to.

'I think that all of us are in position,' Morgan replied in her own charming way. She shifted her arms and reared her head back with a nice little sigh. 'Are we ready to get on with it, or aren't we?'

'We are,' Harry said. He leaned towards Morgan and his lips curled into a calculating grin. 'But, remember where the power lies here.'

'Yes, she best remember that, or she might need to be more closely bond,' Maddie added. There was malice that went through her tone and her eyes flashed with a crazed amount of passion.
Jean snickered. She knew that Maddie would punish Morgan personally for running from her master if she was allowed the opportunity.

Harry smiled and he placed his hand on the Rune he drew on the ground. The energy spread through it and his arm vibrated. He could tell that the realms didn't want to be drawn back apart. There was a sense that they were dueling for domination and there could only be one.

He was getting a good look at the makeup of all of the realms. It would serve well for his future plans. His energy crossed over to Zatanna. It hit over to Wanda. Then it went to Valeria to Morgan to Illyana to Diana to Ananym and to Clea finally.

There was a many point attack that kept rocking things forward. Harry channeled all of the energy through his body when he healed the cracks that were in the realms.

'Everything is going down, obviously everything is back to normal,' Clea said. Her lips curled with a nice smile. She thought they dodged a dangerous bullet.

A large blast erupted. Harry sensed that there was another presence that assisted him outside of the circle. He didn't know who it was. He knew that there was someone there and assisted him.

'We better keep an eye on anyone else who tries to sneak up on me,' Harry thought to Clea.

'Yes, my lord,' Clea agreed with him.

The party arrived in the Red Skull's domain. It was preserved. He was surprised that it didn't get raided by someone.

"It wasn't for a lack of trying, master," Sin said. She approached him and got down to her knees. If she would have been allowed to, she would have serviced him right here and now without any shame whatsoever.

Harry smiled and waved his hand in front of her face. "To your feet, Sin."

"The Red Skull is an avid collector of many items," Sin replied. Harry nodded in response. "And I doubt that he even understood half of what he acquired over time."

"And he only used a fraction of the power that he had at his disposal," Morgan added. Sin faced a woman that she held in great esteem. Her eyes locked onto Morgan's for several seconds. She nearly bowed her head down and smiled at her. "But that was his flaw, not the flaw of anyone else."

"It is just as well," Harry replied to her.

Harry was an avid collector of many items as well. Most of the time it was girls, but he enjoyed seeing what magical artifacts he could get his hands on. A few of them were of value, but most of them weren't. You had to move through the shit to find the real gems.

All of the magical artifacts that were of no use to him were promptly and completely destroyed. While he did not have any use of them, that didn't mean that anyone else didn't have any use of them. He frowned when he looked over one large staff.

"It's always the large magical staffs, isn't it?" Zatanna asked.

"People tend to compensate," Morgan replied. She smiled. She was glad that some things were constant. It made going through time to be jarring if it is otherwise. "Although most of these are useless and many more of them are cursed. They might give the user a slight boost of power, at the
expense of decaying their insanity and their health."

"One could never tell with the Red Skull," Sin replied. She moved Harry over towards the mysterious fault that was off to the side.

Harry looked at the vault. He could sense there was something of value behind the vault.

"You should find something more of value than any magical artifact in this stronghold," Sin offered him.

Harry broke the vault open. There was a large amount of gold and diamonds in the vault. That was the tip of the iceberg.

He reached into the vault and saw that there was a stack of documents as wide as his arm resting in the vault. He scooped them all up into his arms and smiled.

"Is it to your liking, my king?" Sin asked him.

Harry smiled. It was very much to his liking.

"SHIELD and HYDRA both in the same day," Natasha said. She walked next to Harry during the hallways of what was once a functioning SHIELD base. "And obviously, Fury is the world's most wanted man from some of the things that he did above the law."

"Investigations will take place," Carol added. She walked beside Harry, moving shoulder to shoulder with him. "And someone is going to need to take the reins of the security of the world."

"This does present an interesting opportunity, doesn't it?" Harry asked. He had his contacts in the government. He had some interesting incriminating material on everyone from the President on down. There was no need to use it, because his charm and wit would be the things to get him in the front door.

"And I'm certain that you will be the one that will take the most advantage of it,' Natasha commented. There was a knowing glint in her eye.

Harry smiled when he looked her over. There was a nice smile that spread over her face when he looked at her.

"SWORD is mine, SHIELD is mine, HYDRA was mine, and that's just the beginning," Harry said. He placed his hand underneath his chin. "In some ways, the Red Skull helped me."

"You put the realms back together, didn't you?" Carol asked him. Harry turned towards her with a raised eyebrow.

"No, I just spun back the time table of what it was supposed to be," Harry said. "The realms will join when I say they are going to join and not a second before."

Time and space had a master and that master was Harry Potter.

"You've been quite an impression on young Miss Van Dyne,' Natasha commented crisply.

"That was my intention," Harry whispered to her. He pulled both of the girls into either side of them. He was pressed on either side of them. This was exactly where he wanted to be in a situation like
this. "Don't worry, she'll get all of her answers and soon, but when I'm ready."

"It would do well to leave her to choke for it just a little bit longer," Natasha said. As a spy, she knew everything about seduction.

"You two, Maria, and Bobbi all stand by, you have places in my new organization, and I'm sure that there are a few other recruits that you might want to recommend," Harry told them.

Natasha gave him a sultry smile. She placed her hand on his shoulder and stroked it carefully. It was obvious that she wanted something right now.

"In time, Natasha, in time," Harry said. He took her hands and pinned them back onto the back of her head.

Harry leaned towards her and kissed her fiercely. She took his lips into an intense and really powerful kiss.

He let her go and left her breathless. Carol frowned when she crossed her arms. Not to make her feel left out, Harry kissed her again. His hands explored her body and touched every area that made her completely wild.

Both of the girls were left panting and wet and wanting more. Harry channeled the power between both of their legs and caused them to pant even more.

"I expect any information that you have to be brought before me, soon," Harry said to them. He flashed away from them.

Bobbi walked onto the scene and saw both of them standing there, completely shaken. She smiled when she approached both of them. "He was here, wasn't it?"

Harry returned to his quarters. Morgan waited for him.

"For once, you didn't run," Harry told her. He approached Morgan and held her around the waist.

"I don't think that I could have run this time, if I wanted to," Morgan whispered hotly. Harry waved his hand.

Her robes slowly unraveled. It was one thing to tear a person's clothes off. Harry slowly unraveled them to unveil her undergarments. She wore a nice silky black set and the crotch of her panties is wet.

"The moment that she marked you, you burned up with your lust for me," Harry said. He placed his hand on her stomach and ran his hand down it. "And now, you're going to experience what you've wanted?"

Harry magically hurled her back onto the bed. Her firm and fit body was exposed to him. Her beauty was extremely intoxicating and Harry was ready to take her. He was going to take her in every single way possible.

"Master, please, please," Morgan begged him. He ran his hands down her smooth thighs.

"You want this," Harry said. His clothing slowly faded from him to reveal his naked body. He made sure that Morgan got a nice good look at him. "I'm going to make you beg for me."

"Yes," Morgan said. She wondered what magic ensnared her mind. She would never beg. She was
too proud to beg in fact.

The powerful magic of the Incubus rolled over her mind. She kept panting heavily and Harry kissed her lips. It was a light kiss, but it sent fire spreading to her loins.

Things went slightly downhill from there for her inhibitions.

Harry wrapped his lip around her nipple and teased it. His tongue brushed against her nipple and it caused her to moan lightly. Her hips rose up when Harry kept toying with her nipple. His tongue brushed against her nipple and he sucked on it.

His lips continued to travel down her body. Morgan spread her legs and allowed a breath to hitch into her body. He moved ever so closer towards her center. He kept kissing down her body and he stopped.

He stopped extremely short of her center and then he moved down.

Morgan thought that she was going to lose it. He rose up and brushed his throbbing manhood against the edge of her stomach.

"Please, oh god," Morgan begged him. His manhood pushed against her slit. The woman was about ready to lift her hips up and allow him to enter her.

"Yes, I am your god," Harry agreed with her. The woman thought that she would never submit.

"I bet you say that to all of the women," Morgan said. He cupped her pussy in his hand and slowly worked one finger into her.

"Yes, I do," Harry whispered. He kept playing with Morgan's aching womanhood. He was slowly working her up. "But that doesn't make it any less true."

A second finger slowly slipped into her. Harry played with her pussy.

"I'd bet you want my cock in you, don't you?" Harry asked her. Morgan looked at him, her sweaty breasts heaving up.

"Yes," Morgan breathed lustfully. She thought that she was going to explode in a fit of lust. He kept brushing his fingers against her moist and needy womanhood. Harry parted her vaginal lips.

Magically, she was flipped over onto the bed. She was pushed down face first onto the bed and her ass was there. A magical whip effect could be heard in front of her.

The second of a whip cracking against flesh could be heard. Harry smacked the whip across her rear and she whimpered. Her juices exploded from her center. Harry pushed his hands against her ass.

"Nice and plump," Harry said. He squeezed her reddened ass cheeks after whipping her. Morgan groaned. "And now you made a mess, you dirty bitch. Maybe I should take you in hand for that one."

"Yes, maybe you should," Morgan agreed. His manhood brushed against her asshole. He was inches away from penetrating her tight hole. The woman thought that she would feel something beyond all pleasure.

He grabbed her hips and roughly shoved all twelve inches of her. He took her virgin ass hard from behind. The first couple of thrusts brought her unbearable pain.
"God, it hurts so much," Morgan groaned.

"You need to atone from your crimes," Harry said. He brought her a little bit more pleasure and played with her cunt a little bit.

The following thrust into her body caused her to experience some small amount of pleasure. He hammered her tight ass from behind constantly.

She wanted his cock inside her. He pushed her face down into the bed and rammed her hard from behind. His thick manhood spiking into her body caused her to be driven completely and absolutely breathless.

His rapid fire pumps of his manhood in her ass caused her to moan even more loudly. The more Harry worked her over, the more that she got excited. These thrusts pounded her ass from behind and Harry kept up his actions.

"It's time for you to see what I can truly do."

She felt another extremely hard cock slide into her body. The two cocks stuffed both of her lower holes. She wasn't sure if he made a duplicate or merely duplicated the sensation.

Morgan thought the point was completely moot.

"Who is your master?" Harry whispered. He grabbed her by the hair and pulled her face off of the bed so she could properly answer.

Morgan's lips curled and a ripple of pleasure coursed through her loins. "You are, Har-Zod, you're my kind. Take me harder."

"Your loyalty will never waver ever again," Harry said.

She wasn't going to argue that. She was going for either the duplicate theory or some extremely powerful magic. His hands exploded her body. She felt at least four of them caress her breasts. Morgan felt her body size up.

"So much pleasure," she moaned. He speared into her body on all ends. He really took his liberties with her when he kept thrusting into her tight and willing body.

"Yes, I know you feel the pleasure, but now it's time for you to cum."

Morgan tried to regain control of her body. There was one problem, she didn't have any control of her body any longer. He was the one that had that control.

Her nerve endings exploded when juices leaked down her legs. An explosive rush of cum splashed down her legs.

Harry groaned. He aimed both of his cocks into her body. The Incubus had many talents and this was one of them. One assaulted her pussy and the other drilled her ass. He thought about giving more pleasure.

A blast of pleasure struck her clit. More of her sweet juices covered the cock that was inside her pussy. Harry pushed deep into her body. He worked her over with hard and swift thrusts. Each of them caused her body to shake and twitch. Her pussy pumped him.

"Getting closer," Harry whispered. He leaned forward and bit down on her ear. "Do you want your
"Give it to me," she mewled. She felt both ends being pleasured.

Harry smiled. He decided to tease her a little bit longer. "Once, I certain that you have earned that reward, you will receive it."

Her body succumbed underneath his touch. Jolts of pleasure fired all throughout her body. It was hard for her to keep her head up.

Harry had one warning for her. He leaned forward and whispered in her ear. "If you pass out before I'm done, then I'll find someone else to finish it."

Morgan's whimpering increased. She was bound and determined not to pass out. Both of his cocks aimed their way into her body. Her tightness gripped them when he pushed into her. Both ends caused her loins to rush with amazing pleasure.

It was so close that she could feel it. He allowed her to cum once again.

"Such a good pet, I'll keep you around."

Morgan tensed up around him. She was about to get a heavy load into both ends.

Her entire world exploded into stars when he pushed into her body. His thick manhood spiked into her body and he rested his hand on her waist. He kept up his thrusts into her body.

"Don't think that we're done now, do you?"

"Absolutely not," Morgan breathed. Harry held her up by the hair and turned her around so she could face him this time.

Seconds later, he plunged back into her. He fixed to dominate her all over again.

A woman watched the situation from her position. She slowly turned to another figure in the shadows. It was pure darkness around them, so neither of their faces could be made out.

"Our plan didn't work, my lady," the woman whispered.

"It's merely a setback," the woman in the shadows commented. "I didn't come all of this way for nothing."

"Of course, my lady."

To Be Continued On January 22nd, 2015.
"I think that she learned a valuable lesson about defiance," Harry concluded. He walked down the hallways of one of his many office building headquarters. Gwen and Karen trailed behind him, keeping him company. "I have to admit she was worth the chase."

"Some people are worth the chase," Gwen commented. There was a bit of a grin etched on her face when she leaned towards Harry. "But, what you've obtained from HYDRA, it's amazing."

"Yes, Red Skull kept a master list of all of the bases that they have around the world," Karen reminded them. Harry looked at her. There should really be no need for her to bring up this point because he knew it already by heart. "And now, you can pick and choose what you want and what you destroy. There might be a few more treasures on the base."

"People are still wondering what happened and SHIELD.....well they're being raked over the coals some of them," Gwen said. "The world is waiting for someone to step in to take the reigns and pick up the pieces."

Gwen's eyes looked towards Harry. A smile crossed her face when she did that. Harry leaned towards her and whispered in her ear.

"Extremely subtle, aren't we?"

Gwen didn't miss a beat. She just grinned. "You do have more resources. Some people talk about taking over the world. You're going to become closer to doing so than anyone else before."

"Making one thing straight," Harry said. He wrapped his arm around Gwen and pulled her towards him. The young blonde shivered when her king pulled her in closer to him. "I'm not necessarily taking over the world. I'm just bringing order to it. Control though is the best way to bring order to the world, so..."

"In a roundabout way, she's right, master," Karen said. She consulted a few notes. "And you've got a meeting with Maria Hill. I'm guessing that if she isn't already under your thumb, she will be soon."

"It wasn't easy," Harry said. Karen raised her eyebrow. Gwen shook her head as well.

"Only because you make it that way sometimes," Gwen said. A grin crossed her face. She could feel Harry's grip tighten around her. The beautiful brainy blonde chose her next few words carefully. The last thing she wanted to be was an example. "I swear that there are times where you just.....I don't know, you just love a challenge."

Harry wasn't going to deny that fact. He led both of the girls into the conference room finally.

"You know, sometimes I don't even need my Incubus Aura to convince people to do what I want," Harry said.

"Well, given that you are quite easy on the eyes without it, I would guess that you wouldn't," Gwen replied. She sat down on Harry's lap when he sat down on the chair. Her hand started to slowly
stroke Harry's chest when she played with him. The blonde grinned obviously.

Karen decided to sit down on the table. She snapped a folder into her hands.

"So, now, you've collected all of the active female Avengers…"

"Not completely, I still haven't sealed the deal with Wasp," Harry corrected in. Karen smiled and leaned back on the table.

The first couple of buttons on her blouse were completely unbuttoned.

'No, he hasn't,' Carol confirmed. 'It's more than inevitable though at the rate we're going. I think that her dreams have been haunted by you.'

'Well, I may have enabled that,' Emma responded. 'My trip to Avenger's tower the other day…'

'That was you, I should have known,' Carol commented. 'But I didn't think that Harry needed your help all that much.'

'He doesn't, but I couldn't resist having some fun of my own,' Emma thought. 'The moment Harry shows up, she will be choking for it.'

'Right before she's choking on it,' Kara said with a grin.

'I have corrupted you so well,' Karen said. She wiped away a mock tear from her face and the grin continued to widen. 'Have I mentioned how I'm so proud?'

'You might have, yes,' Claire replied. The truth was that she was glad Kara said it, because if she didn't say it, she was going to say it.

Karen checked the folder. "You're going to make a lot of money off of some of the investments that you made. And you're planning to make even more with what you collect from HYDRA. And that's not to mention the former SHIELD is going to do your bidding."

"I have to ask, what actually did happen to Fury?" Gwen asked.

Harry turned her around on his lap and allowed her to slide to the ground. The beautiful blonde kneeled before him and Harry smiled when he leaned down. "Do, you really want to know?"

Harry rested one hand on the top of her head and placed the other hand on Karen's thigh.

"Yes, I would want to know, if you can tell me, please," Gwen said. She leaned back and realized how this looked. She prepared to worship her master like always.

"I'll tell you later," Harry said. He waved his hand and made Karen's panties disappear faster than a speeding bullet. "I haven't eaten in a while and I'm hungry. And I can tell you are too."

Gwen knew exactly what to do. She didn't need to be drawn a diagram to be told what to do.

Harry grabbed onto Karen's thighs and drove his tongue deep into her dripping snatch. The blonde could feel him go into her. She panted when she lifted her hips.

Gwen fumbled with Harry's pants. His magic rippled through the air and connected with her nipples to cause them to grow stiffer. The blonde pulled down his pants and his large cock stuck out to her.

"Let's see if I can try something different today," Gwen said. She slowly unbuttoned her blouse."I
know this is more Karen's territory, but I think that I can hold my own."

She pulled off her blouse and her bra to reveal her firm pair of D-Cup breasts. Gwen was glad of the blessings that the super powers gave her. She wrapped her large tits around his tool and began stroking him up and down.

"Rao, yes," Karen panted. She dug her knuckles into the desk when Harry kept working his tongue into her. She watched Harry's cock go between Gwen's nice tits.

Harry felt his throbbing meat missile slide between Gwen's tracts of flesh. He could feel his balls ache with the pleasure of him going deep between her breasts. She grinded her tits up and down him when she wanked him.

"That's it Harry, cum, cum on my pretty face," Gwen begged him. She could feel a massive load build up. "Paint my face like a fucking whore."

It was so hot and Harry's balls tightened. They launched a large load of cum into Gwen's chest and pretty face after she worked him over. Cum shot out of his dick like a fire hose and drenched Gwen's face something fierce. That was just around the time where he finished eating Karen to a shrieking orgasm.

Karen collapsed onto the desk and panted. Gwen decided to get up on the desk and pull Karen up. She made sure their master locked eyes with them. Gwen wrapped her arms around Karen in a heated embrace and she kissed him.

She made Karen clean her breasts. All of the cum was sucked off of Gwen's tits. She moaned.

Harry had his pick of the nice pussy. He could tell that Karen really was aching for his cock. The Incubus decided to give her the first treat. He held onto her hips and pushed into her.

Karen could feel Harry go into her. Gwen laid on the desk and her skirt rolled up to reveal that she wasn't wearing any panties. The busty blonde was so dazed and confused. Harry's throbbing manhood launched into her. His hands molested her large tits.

"Your master is pleased with you," Harry grunted. "So much so, that he's going to allow you to cum again."

Karen's body thrashed when he spiked his throbbing hard rod into her body. The blonde's hot walls inhaled his throbbing manhood when he went into her and then pulled almost out of her. His tip brushed against her walls.

He slammed into her and she felt the amazing vibrations caused by her loins. She shuddered. He played with her nipples. That caused her to shiver even more when he picked up the momentum.

"Here, let me help you," Gwen whispered. She grabbed Karen's hair and pushed her face into her cunt.

Karen sucked up the sweet and delicious juices that rolled down Gwen's thighs. The blonde thought that she was going to explode.

Harry slapped Karen on the ass. That caused her to moan into Gwen's pussy. Her slick velvet vice tightened around Harry when he allowed her to orgasm again. His body rocked into her. His balls slapped against her thighs when he pumped into her several times. He allowed himself a bit of momentum when he pushed himself into her.
"Feels so good, doesn't it?" Harry whispered.

Gwen was brought to a shrieking orgasm. Karen's tongue pushed into her.

The fun continued for a little while longer. Harry felt it build up in his balls. He slammed himself into Karen hard. She tightened around him and stroked him.

He brought her to seven nerve racking orgasms. Karen’s body shuddered. He played with her nipples and brought her closer to the edge.

"You like it don't you, you like me toying with your slutty body, don't you?" Harry whispered in her ear.

Karen nodded in response. His balls launched his load into her. His powerful cum caused her body to be overcharged with cum.

Gwen could feel the intense moaning. That really caused her pussy to feel good. It felt so good that she squirted all over Karen's face.

Karen collapsed down and Harry pulled her away. He could feel Gwen's tight, wet, snatch beneath him. His finger teased it. It was thicker than the cock of your average man when he pushed it into her. Gwen mewled underneath him.

"Ready to take my cock?" Harry whispered. Gwen bit down on her lip.

He didn't wait for an answer. He took her pussy like he owned it. His throbbing manhood stretched her walls when he entered her from above.

Gwen could feel his large intruder push into her. Her tight walls clenched him hard when he grabbed onto her hips.

"I know how much you like taking my cock," Harry whispered in her ear. He pushed himself down into her.

Gwen allowed the pleasure to blow through her body. Her king touched her nipples lightly. That caused her to twitch around his tool when she worked him.

"Yes, I love it, please," Gwen begged him. She could see Karen down on the desk, a victim of her king's actions.

Gwen panted when Harry pushed into her hard from above. She slid around him when he pushed into her. Her pussy caressed his tool when he came down deep into her. He held onto her.

"Don't slow down, fuck me hard, "she growled. She pretty much encouraged him to take liberties with her body.

Harry could see Karen coming to. He closed his eyes and he allowed a duplicate to be formed.

Karen was rolled over and the duplicate of the Incubus slammed her onto the desk. She slid off of the desk, to the point where she floated in midair on her back.

"I have you now," the Incubus hissed. Harry stroked her pussy and that caused Karen to lift it up to greet him.

"Please, I need your cock again, I can't live without it," she whimpered. Harry smiled when he slid his thick hard manhood into her dripping hot core.
Karen lifted her hips up and she met his thrusts. The two of them created a heavy wind in the office at super speed.

Gwen was allowed to ride her master. She teased the tip of his cock at her pussy. Her legs spread when she came down onto him. She thanked him for that accommodation.

"My breasts are yours," Gwen begged him. He started to play with her breasts and grope them. The blonde closed her eyes and gyrated on his tool. She arched herself back the more that she pushed down onto her.

The wet sound of flesh on flesh continued to rise. Gwen's heat hugged Harry's manhood. She felt herself cum.

She was spurred on by the sight of Harry forcefully fucking Karen in midair, while she rode Harry's cock. Sometimes magic was so grand, Gwen wasn't going to lie. She kept bouncing herself down onto him. She rode her master's throbbing hard pole when he kept working her hips down him. She moaned when her pussy slid around him.

"Yes, that's it, that feels so good," Gwen begged him. Harry reached over and grabbed her breasts. He started rubbing it.

"I'm going to cum really soon," Harry warned her. Gwen panted when Harry spiked into her.

The three of them were going to orgasm all at once. It was going to feel great for all of them. Gwen's walls clenched his tool.

She came hard and lubricated his cock. The force of her tight muscle contractions caused Harry to launch his sticky seed into her body. The blonde clenched down onto his manhood when he went down into her.

Gwen collapsed down onto her. Karen's shrieking orgasm followed when Harry filled her up with seed.

There was one Harry with two blondes in the middle when the dust cleared. Both of them lovingly stroked his chest and he knew that this was far from over.

Jean dressed in a nice black jacket, a tight red top, and a tight pair of black pants. She waited outside of the lab to be summoned by her master. She wasn't the only one that was waiting out there. Betsy stood by her. She wore a nice tight pair of black pants and a tight black top around her.

"So, he's going to meet us in a little bit, isn't he?" Betsy asked.

"He's never late, but he did mention that he had some business to take care of," Jean reminded her. The two of them were early, but it was good form to be earlier."And you know that he wanted us to be here when she is brought off of ice."

"I can't believe that they were able to do this," Betsy said. She closed her eyes. "The original Weapon X program, it was so…"

She was searching for the right words. Jean was right there to snatch them from her mouth.

"Moody, dangerous?" Jean asked her.
Betsy snapped her fingers and smiled. "That's the ticket. The fact that they did this with a young teenage girl…"

She trailed off. Jean raised her eyebrows when she turned to Betsy and spoke to her.

"The things that they did to her….to force her powers, unspeakable," Jean whispered. She was glad that she wasn't the one that was around with Harry when he visited the living scientists responsible for the project.

And yet in some ways, she was disappointed that she wasn't the one that was with Harry.

'What was done to them, is not something that should be seen by innocent eyes,' Emma replied. There was a tone of malice to her voice that was chilling. 'Although I'm unsure that anyone in this particular grouping qualifies.'

'It was that bad, wasn't it?' Betsy asked. She was trying to keep a cool head but even she felt her tension rise.

'It was bad, let's just put it that way,' Claire replied. She wished that she hadn't decided to tag along.

'I will confirm that it was,' Selene agreed. The group all took a turn for the nervous. When Selene said that something was bad, you could take it to the bank that it was pretty bad. After all of what that particular woman had seen and done over the years, there was some nastiness in her history.

Jean wanted to ask Emma what Harry did to them. On the second though, she didn't want to know.

'There was one scientist that did try to help her have a better time, but the problem was her superiors wanted a conditioned weapon,' Emma added. She tried to give them torment about along the lines of what they gave the young would be weapon. She had to admit that she underestimated them.

'Doctor Sarah Kinney? ' Gwen asked. She still sounded dazed from her previous meeting with Harry.

'Yes, she was in pretty bad shape when we saw her, she was tormented to get the project to comply,' Emma thought. 'Although her name is Laura, at least that's the name that Doctor Kinney gave her.'

'Can't believe that someone like that was with HYDRA,' Gwen replied.

'Not exactly willingly though, was it?' Diana asked.

'No it wasn't,' Selene confirmed darkly. 'HYDRA gives out opportunities to young scientists, and by the time they're in, they either go willingly or they are brainwashed to comply.'

'Yes,' Emma confirmed. She could see that some of those scientists went along with HYDRA's schemes willingly. There was no need to condition them. 'Blackmail is not needed when you have the resources that HYDRA did.'

'But they did have some interesting ideas never the less,' Gwen admitted. That was one thing that she was going to admit.

'Interesting, that's one way to put it,' Emma dead panned. She knew that was a pretty good description of what HYDRA was.

Harry turned up at that moment. Betsy and Jean jumped halfway up into the air.

"And again, he indulges himself in his ability to sneak up on women and drive them nearly to heart attacks," Betsy said. She wasn't mad, she was grinning. That was something that she learned to live
with regarding Harry.

Her arms threw themselves around Harry and she gave him a passionate and blistering kiss.

Jean raised her eyebrow and frowned. She pouted a little bit when she realized that she wasn't getting an adequate amount of attention form Harry.

"It would be wrong if I didn't give you this attention," Harry answered. Jean beamed when Harry approached her.

He wrapped his arms around her tightly and pulled her into an embrace. Jean's lips met with his. The power spread through her body when his hands explored it.

Jean staggered back with a dazed look and a bit of a grin on her face. There was a hint that Harry was going to pick up where he left off later.

"To business then," Betsy replied. She didn't mince words that much. "You called us here because…"

"I'm going to bring Laura off of ice, but….she might be a little touchy when she gets woken up," Harry said.

Jean snorted. Harry turned towards her and raised an eyebrow. "Well if she's anything like Logan first thing in the morning, then yeah, a little bit touchy describes it."

"Indeed," Harry replied.

The two of them made their way into the main lab area. Illyana and Ananym joined them. It was always interesting when Harry put these two in a room alone with each other. He tested them to see whether or not they would behave. Most of the time, they did. There were instances though where they didn't.

Harry placed his hand gently on Illyana's shoulder and caused her to turn around.

"Are you ready to begin the process?" Harry asked her.

"We're ready master, and we've been altering the scent that HYDRA used to control her," Illyana said. Ananym stepped over Illyana, much to the blonde Russian's chagrin.

"I'm sure that you'd find it much to your liking, my lord," Ananym said.

"He will trust me," Illyana commented. The girls were about a few steps away from regressing.

Harry waited for them to calm down back. When he thought that there was going to be a fight occurring, he cleared his throat roughly. That caused both of them to snap back towards him. The apologies were on the tips of their tongues.

He didn't allow them to be spoken. Rather, he turned to Betsy and Jean. "Are you ready to begin?"

Both girls smiled and indicated that they were most certainly ready to begin.

One of Harry's powers was a great ability to multi-task. While the girls helped him slowly de-frost Laura, he made his way onto the Astral Plane.
He stepped forward and he could see her standing at the end. She presented herself to him wearing some extremely lacy red lingerie that allowed absolutely nothing to the imagination.

"I never know what to call you, half of the time," Harry said.

Her human name was Lily Evans, her succubus identity was Madelyn. The redhead turned towards Harry with a grin. A throne appeared for him.

"Now that's what we have to call service," Maddie said. She invited her master to sit down at the throne. She slunk before him on her knees. She slowly stroked his thigh when she was at her knees before him. "And to answer your question, call me whatever you wish. As long as you keep giving me the gifts that all women crave, I don't care what you call me."

Harry reached forward and stroked her hair.

"You may have put a lot into the ritual to…..remove anything that resembles inhibitions," she admitted. She leaned towards Harry and smiled.

"The Astral Plane is here….the sky is the limit…."}

Including being able to talk with your mouth full,' Maddie thought to him. She decided that she technically wasn't talking with her mouth full, at least not under these circumstances. She expanded her throat a little bit, so she didn't gag.

"Yes, well in a sense," Harry agreed with her. He stroked her red locks and guided her pretty face when she continued her work. "So, it must have been something to be in that position for all of those years."

'Yes,' Maddie replied. Her clothes dissolved and she was completely nude when she worshipped her master. It was obvious that Harry was along the same lines of being completely nude as well. 'But I have to admit, my lord, this is a position that I find more appeasing.'

Harry grunted, he would have to feel that it was more appeasing as well.

"You may rise and face me now," Harry commented towards her.

'Now?' she asked. She was comfortable with his manhood lodged completely down her throat.

"Yes, now," Harry answered her. Maddie slunk to her feet. Her firm breasts bounced and dazzled him. Harry pulled her up onto his lap. "But this is a position that I'm sure is better."

Their joining caused electricity to flow through their bodies. She grabbed around his neck. "Yes," she said biting down on her lip.

"Focus on the task at hand," Harry added. He remained silent for a moment and relayed some instructions. He also tested the focus of Betsy and Jean, with his hands wedged firmly down their pants and he played with them.

"Yes, rub them raw," Maddie encouraged him. There was a slight amount of drool that came down her chin.

"It's a wonder we get anything done, when you don't take these meetings seriously," Harry commented to her.

She shook her head and started to pant. Her mind was completely wrecked when she hit her peak.
"I take these meetings extremely seriously," she protested. "Yes, right there."

"So, how is your time at the Hellfire base?" Harry asked Maddie. Maddie bit down on her lip.

The part that was Lily Evans was turned on by the fact that this was her son doing this. The part that was the succubus was really turning her on because Lily Evans was turned on by the fact this was her son doing this to her.

"It was pretty good," she admitted. Harry slowed down his actions and that caused her to shake her head. She wanted it faster, but it was obvious that he craved information. That was one of his greatest desires, it almost beat out his drive for sex. Almost, but not quite. "Sure those uppity bitches Regan and Martinique thought that they could take liberties with me."

"That's mighty bold of them," Harry said with a whistle. He had her bent over his throne now and he placed his hands on her waist.

"Yes," she agreed. He smiled when he placed his hands all over her body. The places he touched her caused her more than your average amount of pleasure. "But, don't worry, I put those bitches in their place."

"I'm sure that you did," Harry said. Emma chuckled in amusement through the bond link.

'Oh you better believe that she did,' Emma thought. The smugness that spread through her voice at those two in particular being put in their place was amusing. 'I think that the two of them are still tied up somewhere on the grounds. My daughters are taking care of them.'

'And suddenly, I feel a bit sorry for them' Betsy said.

'Stay focused,' Harry warned her sternly. 'We're almost there.'

It wasn't clear whether or not Harry meant for freeing Laura or Betsy reaching her peak. It looked to be both.

"I'm sure that you can tend…..oh yes right there…..tend to them…..when you visit later," Maddie breathed. Harry allowed her to drop to the ground.

He slunk down to the ground and pinned her down. His body was over hers. She bit down on her lip when she was pinned beneath him. The heat that rose from her was intense and she knew that Harry was going to take her.

"I'm sure that you'll be a valuable asset," Harry said. He explored certain parts of her body for emphasis. He turned her body over. "And speaking of assets….."

Harry slapped her on the rear and that caused her to whimper underneath him. He leaned towards her and whispered in her ear.

"Should I or shouldn't I, I wonder?" Harry asked her.

"You should….you really should," Lily whispered. "Take your Mum's tight ass and….."

Her words were cut off by an extremely passionate moan. Harry needed to wrap up this meeting and he would do it in the best way possible.
Harry returned completely to the real world. He was just in time to see Jean discreetly or maybe not so discreetly, pulling up his pants. She licked something off of her lips when she rose to her feet.

Betsy leaned over with a playful grin on her face. She looked at Jean and eyed her with mischief dancing in her eyes.

"I think that you missed a spot," Betsy offered playfully. She decided to be helpful and reach forward. She wiped the cream of Jean's face.

Betsy popped her finger into mouth and sucked the cream off of it slowly. She made an erotic little show around it. She licked her tongue around her lips and watched Ananym and Illyana look at her. Both of the girls looked rather annoyed by the show that she was putting on.

"Sure, she gets to have all of the fun, while we stand here," Illyana said. She folded her arms over her chest and gave a huff.

Ananym was about ready to give a similar complaint along those lines. She saw her master's burning eyes on her. "You know, you shouldn't complain and be grateful with what you got."

Illyana was about ready to protest that Ananym was about ready to complain about the same thing. She never got a chance to when Ananym pushed her against the wall and shoved her tongue into her mouth.

'And somehow, I can see those two having some really interesting rounds of hate sex,' Gwen commented from afar. She was dazed even more after the show between Harry and his mother that they bared witness to on the astral plane.

Wanda smiled. 'Trust me when I say this, they have had some really intense rounds of hate sex. I'm sure that is a long time coming.'

'You don't see two girls go from fighting to fucking so quickly….well except for Karen and Faora maybe,' Clea thought.

Faora jumped on in, she was on the defensive immediately. 'Hey, the two of us haven't been at each other's throats for a couple of weeks.'

'More likely because Harry keeps something down both of your throats,' Claire commented.

'I wouldn't speak because you willingly kneel before Har-Zod at the blink of an eye,' Faora commented. 'And before me as well….and you've missed a spot.'

Harry smiled when he walked over.

"She's ready, all we have to do is wake her up," Betsy said. Laura was in a deep sleep, on a table.

"Having her strapped to an operating table might not be the best idea in the world," Harry replied. Both of the girls tried to jump in with an apology. "It's no matter."

Harry waved his hand and the operating table shifted into a bed.

'Extremely subtle,' Zatanna thought.

'Just like you sometimes,' Wanda replied. That caused Zatanna to fold her arms and explode into a pout.

'Girls, do behave yourself, or you'll be joining Regan and Martinique,' Maddie commented in a soft
voice. It sounded more like Lily Evans than her Succubus Form.

'Right, sorry,' Wanda said hastily. She leaned back and waited for the spawn of Wolverine to be woken up. 'I have to say…'

'She's beautiful,' Kara concluded.

'Yes, although Viper said that she wasn't too happy when she got put under,' Natasha reminded him. 'So, she could be a dangerous beauty. She's something that could rip apart anything.'

'We have the scent altered, and I don't even need to tell you how,' Harry answered.

'No, I'm able to put two and two together,' Natasha replied.

'Glad to see that you're able to figure out that Harry altered it where she would crave his cum,' Gwen answered.

'Extremely graphic, but very accurate,' Emma commented.

'It left me with no questions,' Mary Jane commented.

'How are you enjoying your new costume, MJ?' Gwen asked.

'I love it.....Betty and I are on assignment right now, but we're passing the time quite nicely,' Mary Jane stated. There was a wicked grin on her face. 'I also used it on the Black Cat the other night.'

'Oh, I wish I was there to see that,' Gwen said, pouting.

'I was there to see it, and it was hot,' Riley answered. She leaned back and she could almost see Gwen's glare go towards her.

'I hate you sometimes, and I want you to know that,' Gwen pouted.

Riley gave her a smile and blew her a mocking little kiss. 'I love you too darling.'

Harry was about to interject, but he was too amused. Betsy and Jean looked at him after a moment. Ananym and Illyana pulled themselves away from each other.

"So, are we ready to do this?" Harry asked them. Both girls nodded in response. "Stand by…..Jean, would you like to do the honors?"

'Hopefully this won't be as horrifying as the time I had to go into Logan's mind,' Jean thought to herself. She bit down on her lip when she approached her.

'Teenage girl, remember?' Emma thought. She sounded amused. 'So, it would be more horrifying.'

'Won't be any worse than the minefield that we had to deal with when we entered your mind,' Betsy commented. Jean stiffened when she stood up. 'Which wasn't your fault, and I'm just stating an observation, not a complaint.'

'Right,' Jean agreed. Betsy gripped her arm gently and held her hand. 'Maybe we should do this together.'

'If you want my help, then I'll be happy to,' Betsy said.

Harry chimed in with his own two cents. 'That might be for the best…..but bring her out on three.'
Jean and Betsy teamed up to jolt Laura slowly and surely to a state of being awake. Her bright blue eyes flickered open when she woke up.

Laura shivered when she woke up. The young teenage girl that was designated Project X-23 became more awake.

"Relax, you're here."

"Where am I?"

Laura was about ready to react. Harry suspected that she was going to act in a negative way, so he had a way to mitigate that problem instantly.

If someone knew what they were looking for, they could realize that the realms drew closer together than ever before. The Earth villain known as the Red Skull tried his best to force that joining of the realms together.

He tried to do it, but in the end, he failed. There was some direct intervention from a certain young man who stepped in and decided to help stop that.

The woman who stood in the shadows watched and smiled. She knew that he was coming soon and it wasn't a moment too soon.

Dark forces threatened to break on free and cause the entire world to be consumed under ever lasting fire. The woman who waited on the edge frowned.

Her midnight dark hair hung to her shoulders. Her bright blue eyes allowed a seductive nature. Her face was soft and regal. She wore a green outfit that bared a fair amount of cleavage. It was more of a means to distract her male foes.

One might mistake her as Lady Sif of Agard when they showed her. The woman drew her hand upon a rune and checked something.

"A battle will be forced soon," she whispered.

"My lady, do you think that you can force him to come here?"

The dark haired trickster turned around and her eyes locked onto her companion in the shadows. She wore a nice green top that held her ample breast although she had nothing on the other woman. That was nothing to really sneeze at though. She crossed her arms underneath her chest. Her blonde hair had a green tiara like object. Her enchanting eyes looked alluring and had put many men under her spell. Her pants formed tightly towards her.

"I know that you seek to have him for your own, Amora, but the Incubus is a tricky creature," the dark haired trickster commented. Her tone was soft and silky. She touched her hand to the rune and it hummed underneath her. "You will achieve pleasure beyond all measure, but at the same time, your body will be enslaved to his."

"There are far worse fates," Amora commented.

"Given the alternative, I quite agree," the trickster stated. "The fire god approaches and he wishes to
destroy all that is alive. Odin has drifted into the Odin Sleep."

"Yes, which means that you should try and conquer Asgard," Amora concluded dryly. "It is what normally happens in a circumstance like this."

"Yes, and Thor….the foolish child, will try to protect Earth above all else, thus getting locked out, and leaving Asgard ripe for my conquest," the trickster commented, her tone bored. "But something is different this time. The cycle we have been doomed to be placed in for all eternity may be altered. His magic may have put another variable in the game."

"What kind of variable?" Amora asked.

"Just wait and watch, my dear Enchantress," the trickster stated. "I will act and you will be with me."

"Of course, Lady Loki," Amora said.

She wasn't going to lie, she liked Loki much better as a female. She only used the male form to troll people.

"Shall I lift Thor's curse, so she can find out what she truly is," Loki replied.

"Perhaps," Amora whispered. She had to admit that Thor as a male was easy on the eyes, but there was far better eye candy.

"Perhaps her true form should be given as a gift for our future master," Lady Loki said. She had encounters with Selene in the past and she eagerly awaited this day.

To Be Continued On February 3rd, 2015.
Chapter Forty: Progress Reports.

Some time passed since the events of a couple of months ago. Both HYDRA and SHIELD had been put underneath new management. That management was the one and only Harry Potter. There were numerous extremely useful resources kept. Other resources were shelved. It was in the middle of a brave new world for everyone. For most of the world, it seemed like very little had changed, but for some who knew the game, they knew that there was more changes to come.

Harry took advantage of this rare downtime to prepare for his next action. He knew that calm often lead to some kind of horrific storm. The young man walked down the hallways of one of his conference buildings.

He looked at the map of the world. HYDRA had an infinite number of bases. There were a few that even the Red Skull didn't know about. Harry figured that the Skull would be displeased if he figured out that his HYDRA agents kept information even from him. Harry figured that point was moot given the fact that the Skull was currently worm food.

The young man smiled at the very thought of it. Life could be pretty grand sometimes, if he had to say so himself. He swept his hand over the images that were presented before him at one of the bases. This was in the middle of a hostile enemy country. Harry tended to avoid conflict whenever possible, even if it was unavoidable during certain instances.

A stack of bodies as high as the sky would not be something would be able to slip underneath the radar.

’You know, there are sometimes where I wonder if you do ever sleep,’ Karen commented. She was half awake herself and she wasn't fit for human interaction. Not until she grabbed her morning cup of coffee at least. That would be the moment where she was raring and able to go.

’Only when I have nothing else better to do,’ Harry said.

’It's some kind of Incubus thing,’ Zatanna offered. ’He gains his energy back and then some by fucking every attractive women who spreads her legs.’

’Not that's a complaint or anything,’ Claire said. She still was feeling her last meeting with her king and it did leave her smiling a fair bit.

’Zee is right, that's exactly how I get my energy,’ Harry said. He waved his hand against the map of the world.

He could see someone step behind him. Early in the morning, his senses were completely heightened. Emma approached him. She was dressed in a nice silk bathrobe and judging by the looks of him.

’I hoped that you were awake,’ Emma told him. She could see him busy at work. The White Queen did what she dared to do. That being placing her hands firmly upon his shoulders.

Harry's back arched into her relaxing action. The beautiful blonde kissed the side of his neck when
he went back to work.

'So, are we even halfway done?' Emma thought. Her mouth was extremely busy.

'We are,' Harry confirmed to her. Her soft hands slowly worked underneath his shirt. She kept running them up and down his chest and dared dip a little lower. 'We only picked up a few more bases, because the Red Skull's information was woefully incomplete.'

'They must have been really brave to keep that information from the Red Skull,' Natasha thought. 'And oddly successful.'

'He did strike me as a person who had a good idea of what was going on in his organization,' Karen said. She was a bit more wide awake.

'Yet, he didn't see Har taking over,' Faora thought. She beamed with pride. She was halfway down the hallway and would be joining Harry and Emma momentarily.

'That just shows how great he is,' Diana said. Her voice was gushing to the point. She actually was beside Faora and would be joining Harry and Emma for their early morning fun.

Harry was nearly done.

'Do you think that HYDRA had it, like the rumors said?' Claire asked.

There was no need for elaboration what she said. Harry knew what she meant precisely. Emma licking his abs when she ventured further downward didn't stop that.

'Well….mmm….well, if HYDRA has it, you can rest assure our master will take it,' Emma commented. The mental talk was more important now than ever before given how full her mouth was.

'That's right, and....' Harry said, and he lost his train of thought. He grabbed the back of Emma's head and held her steady against him. He regained it after a few seconds. 'That's just right…'

Faora and Diana showed up instantly. Both of the girls were stripped naked. Both of them took their places on tables on either side of Harry.

'Well, seems like he's going to get quite the energy boost,' Karen commented. 'Makes me want to fly out there and join the party.'

'The more, the merrier;' Diana said. She walked behind Harry and wrapped her arms around Harry's back. She pressed her large breasts against his back and her crotch against his backside. She kissed him across the back of the neck.

'Yes, we'd love to have you for breakfast,' Emma said. She got up to her feet and swallowed.

Faora dove over and grabbed Emma. She kissed the blonde heatedly.

'It's a wonder that you get anything done,' Carol said with a chuckle.

'I'm a good multi-tasker,' Harry confirmed to her. The double meaning of that. 'Natasha, are you getting all of this?'

'Yes,' Natasha said.

'And tell Pepper that I said good morning,' Harry thought to her.
'I will once she finishes,' Natasha commented.

'Seems like we're not the only ones going for a nice breakfast,' Faora said. She watched Diana take Emma's place, kneeling for Har-Zod. She cast an angry look towards him.

'Snooze, you lose,' Diana said. She popped her lips together and gave Faora a mocking little kiss.

'Amazon brat,' Faora grumbled.

'Ah, I love you too, sweetheart,' Diana commented. She took all of Harry into her mouth in one fell go.

Harry wasn't going to lie, this was going to be a fairly productive morning. And when he took the HYDRA base tomorrow, there was a chance that he could run across something that he could use even more than this.

Right now, he was going to allow himself to indulge himself in his women. He had a few other places to go today, but they would be right after Breakfast was finished.

He felt something warm and soft wrapped around his nether regions and knew Diana took things to the next level.

Jean Grey waited for the meeting she had with Harry Potter. The redhead was dressed like a sexy scientist. Her hair was tied back in a ponytail. She wore a nice pair of sexy glasses that added to her feature. She wore a long lab coat that stretched over her ample form and fit her body nicely. She wore a pair of knee high boots underneath it and not that much else.

'I'm not sure if that is proper lab protocol,' Gwen commented. 'But I approve of the outfit never the less.'

'As long as Har approves,' Jean said. She worked herself up for this moment.

'I'm sure that the master will approve greatly,' Maddie thought. She was elsewhere, otherwise she would join them. 'You do look good enough to eat, honey.'

'Well, coming from you, I'd take that as a compliment,' Jean said. The redhead knew that their latest project was behind that door. All she had to worry about was wait for her master to arrive.

Harry arrived in front of her. Jean smiled when he arrived. She knew that he lived to give all of his women heart attacks by showing up in front of them without warning. Jean did have a bit of forewarning and saw him coming.

"I'm sorry that I missed breakfast," Jean said. She licked her lips and drank in the aura that rose off of him. It was intoxicating and drove the Phoenix to the deepest fits of desire. She leaned forward and placed her hand on Harry's chest. "It seemed to be an extremely eventful encounter."

"Believe me, it was," Harry agreed. He cupped his hands on either side of Jean's face. "But there is no need for you to apologize. You are where you need to be."

Harry's lips met Jean's with a fiery kiss. Things threatened to get more fiery when the Phoenix emotions deep inside her started to stir up. The redhead gave a wanton sigh when Harry kept kissing her lips. His hands briefly pushed underneath her coat.
Jean was left against the wall and panting. He nearly drove her to the edge with his mere touch and then pulled away. He really knew how to leave her frustrated. She was left frustrated in ways that one could not even describe with mere words. Her thighs pushed together.

"We're going to save some of this for later," Harry said. "Right after we deep with the patient."

"I can hardly wait," Jean said. Emma had been feeding her images all morning.

'Just to make sure you're properly motivated,' Emma thought.

Betsy snickered through the bond link. 'She does have an interesting way of motivating people.'

'It does work, does it not?' Emma thought.

There was no one who could argue with that. It did in fact work. Harry opened the lab door.

"You've returned."

The voice spoke calmly. The girl's black hair was extremely silky. She had a pair of vibrant blue eyes that looked alluring, but hinted a sense of danger. A tight black tank top molded to her firm breasts and it rode up slightly to show her taut stomach off. She wore a pair of cut off jean shorts. It showed a fit set of legs, nice and shapely. Her ass was in fine form as well.

"Good morning, Laura, I promised that today was the day."

Laura stepped towards him and smiled. Jean could sense the feral desire from her eyes.

"We're sorry about having to keep you locked up like this," Jean said. Laura shook her head and her eyes flashed firmly onto Jean's face.

"Don't be sorry about that," Laura said firmly. "I'm a weapon, you did what you had to do."

"You are not what they made you," Harry said. She was extremely valuable though, once she had been properly trained. "We just need to make sure that you're physically fit and ready to go back out."

"And all of the nasty surprises that HYDRA might have left are out of the equation," Laura added. She wanted nothing better to rip those bastards apart. "Sarah is she…"

"We found her and she's recovering," Harry replied to her. "We would have brought her to see you, but….."

"She's too weak to travel after what HYDRA did to her, to get me to comply," Laura said. "I wouldn't be surprise if HYDRA did worse when…."

"The bastards who did this are suffering," Jean said. There was a fiery glint through her eyes. She knew what Harry did to them and in her opinion it wasn't enough.

"Good, I'm glad," Laura said. She liked Harry more and more by each passing moment and in fact now was sizing him up like he was a particularly delicious piece of meat. She wanted him in the worst way and that could be pretty bad. "Now for this physical…..?"

"Sit down," Harry offered her. Laura did as she was told. "This won't hurt a bit."

Laura was going to take his word for it. His word was good. She felt a tingling sensation when her body was caressed by hundreds of invisible little fingers.
Jean watched the girl's reaction. A soft moan stifled on her face. Her nipples stood out nice and Jean wanted to play with them. The carrier of the Phoenix Force showed restraint, even though it was very scarce and very strained.

Harry smiled when he saw her restraint. It was something that she showed extremely rarely, especially given the circumstances.

He gave her the signal and Jean smiled.

"Very good, Laura," Jean said her.

"So, I check out?" Laura asked. She acted extremely impatient and Harry placed his hand on her bare thigh. That caused her to blink and shiver at the thought of what he was doing. The sensations spreading through her body were amazing.

"Yes, you check out," Jean commented. She placed her hand on Laura's other thigh. The young teenager was being bombarded by sensations that she never thought that her body was capable of feeling. "All we need is one final test to make sure that you check out."

Laura was curious about what that test was. Jean pulled a vial out and she flinched.

"That's the same thing that…"

"It has been altered," Harry told her. Laura stood up straight and wondered exactly how it had been altered. "You will react in a different way, trust me."

The vial was uncorked and the rage Laura normally felt was replaced with a craving for something extremely wonderful.

Laura bounced up to her feet and tackled the Incubus against the wall. She was surprised of the exertion that she had. She never thought that she would come close to dominating this young man.

He grabbed Laura's wrist and nodded.

Laura understood what to do then. She slunk down to her knees before her master. She wanted him and she would have him.

She ripped off of his pants and then removed his underwear. His throbbing cock popped out before him. Her tongue licked the large pole up and down. She paid attention to his balls.

Laura's greedy mouth wrapped around his tool and brought herself down when she touched her nose down onto his pubic bone.

Jean sat back on the table and waited her turn. She watched when Laura's greedy mouth wrapped around his tool. She brought herself down.

"Yes, you're working out well to specifications," Harry groaned. He reached down and guided Laura. Her mouth came down onto his tool when she brought him deep into her throat. Her hot mouth continued to assault him over and over again.

She bobbed up and down with hunger dancing through her eyes. Laura's soft hand rubbed his balls when she started to really work him over.

His seed was near, she could sense it. Harry held her face and then he rammed into her mouth. He spurted a heavy load into her mouth.
Laura got up to her feet in a daze. Jean grabbed her and pushed her back onto the table. The redhead overwhelmed the young girl with her power and started to kiss her heavily. Laura couldn't believe this. She didn't want to believe this. Jean's hot tongue pushed deep into her mouth and sucked the cum out of her.

Her clothes started to become unraveled and she felt a hot tongue brush against her pussy lips. Laura wrapped her legs around his head.

Harry ate her out. He came up with a smile. "Jean, you're going to have to taste her."

"That good?" Jean asked.

"Very good," Harry replied to her.

Jean kissed her way down Laura's body and came down to meet her nether regions. Laura's pussy tingled when the sultry redhead left a long and lingering kiss around the area of her nether lips.

Harry reached up. "I'm not to be ignored, you know."

He squeezed her breasts and that caused her to shiver in pleasure. A few more squeezes like that and it made her feel good.

Laura came in no time because of Jean's probing tongue. The redhead stood up with a naughty grin on her face. She licked her lips when she looked at Laura.

"Yummy,' Jean said in excitement. She slowly stripped off her lab coat to reveal that she didn't wear anything underneath. She parked herself out on the table beside Laura. "Why don't you return the favor?"

Harry lifted Laura up and flipped her over. Her pretty face was parked on the other side of Jean's dripping hot cunt. She inhaled her scent and dove between her legs. She ate Jean's pussy out.

"Oh, she's a good pussy eater, Harry," Jean whimpered. She grabbed both of her hands down on the back of Laura's head and brought her face down onto her cunt. "I think….oh….oooh….AAAAHHH!"

"You think that deserves a reward, don't you?" Harry asked her. Jean nodded in the middle of her orgasm. Laura really was making her moan and returning the favor, with some added interest on this time. Harry played with Laura's dripping snatch, rubbing his finger about it. "That sounds like an excellent strategy."

Harry lined up his rod for her.

"And I think that she agrees."

Laura would have to agree with the fact that he thought that she agreed. Her hot pussy snugly tightened around him. Harry really knew how to fuck her. Her hips pushed back as much as they wanted. Harry rested his hands around the area of her hips when he pushed into her.

The dark haired woman could feel everything. Her slick walls continued to work over Harry's massive prick.

Harry could feel her squeeze onto him. She had some really tight muscle control and every time she healed, she would be virgin tight. Harry decided to put her healing factor to the test. He drove his massive rod into her.
Laura felt him explore her insides. She thought that he couldn't go any deeper than he did when he pushed into her body. She was wrong. She was glad that she was wrong.

Harry spent a long time exploring her wet pussy. He held her breasts and channeled energy through it. She pumped around him in excitement.

Laura's walls closed around him and Harry knew that the end was here. He wanted to drive her to an amazing orgasm before he finished inside her.

Her silk walls clenched him.

"Fill her up, oh I want to feel her scream into my fucking pussy when you cum inside her and make her orgasm," Jean begged. Her words were slightly incoherent on the fact that Laura's probing tongue made her orgasm herself.

Harry thought that could be arranged. His hard cock spiked into Laura. "Oh, this pussy is so tight. Best thing I got so far from HYDRA."

Harry planted his throbbing rod into her tight body. He shot an immense load of cum inside her. Several thick ropes shot into her.

Laura's responsive pussy clenched him and made sure every drop of his sticky seed sprayed into her body. He rocked himself against her.

Harry pulled out, fluids dripping from his cock.

Jean sensed an opportunity and she made her way over. "Oh, what a mess. Maybe I should clean that up?"

The redhead showed how fiery she could meet by instantly engulfing Harry's manhood into her mouth. She tasted the combination of Laura's and Harry's juices and that caused a fire to rise in her belly.

Harry grunted and grabbed onto her ponytail to hold her head into place. She was so fucking hot with his cock in her mouth, with those glasses on and her hair tied back.

"Maybe we should give you a nice little check up," Jean whispered. She straddled Harry's lap and wrapped her arms around him.

"We can both give each other a check up," Harry said. He grabbed Jean's hips and pushed her down onto his manhood.

Jean screamed when Harry filled her body. His throbbing cock stimulated and attacked all of her nerve endings. His roaming hands clenched her breasts.

"Your response time is amazing," Harry said. He took one lubricated finger and pumped it into her ass when she rode up and down on him.

"Yes, oh yes, glad….yes….you noticed," Jean whimpered. She slid her hot walls down onto him when she kept working him over. Her body shook when her breasts bounced in front of his face. Harry took one of her breasts and squeezed them with his free hand.

Jean felt the pleasure course through every inch of her body. Her nerve endings felt hyper stimulated.

Harry enjoyed the ride as well. It was fast, intense, but neither of them had any desire to hold back.
They just allowed their power to flow through each other.

The fire appeared in the room and licked both of their skin. That caused both of them to tingle. Harry held his hands on Jean's rear end and pushed her down onto him.

He allowed her orgasm to hit first. Jean released a wave that caused everyone on the bond link to tingle when the orgasm hit them.

Harry's orgasm hit next. His balls tightened and he launched his load into Jean's stuffed pussy. The redhead smiled when she rode him to climax.

Both of the lovers collapsed in a sweaty and sticky heap. There would be plenty of time for more soon enough.

Laura was stirring and she wanted more. Jean and Harry exchanged a grin and took their opportunity to strike the girl unaware.

One would think that Pepper would be a bit out of her depth when she showed up for this meeting. There was Karen, Selene, Emma, Gwen, and Riley. All of them were extremely formidable women in different ways. Pepper was glad that they were on her side. She didn't want to meet them in a dark alley, rather she wanted them to back her up if she met someone in a dark alley.

"Have a seat," Gwen commented. The redhead sat down. "So, how are things?"

"The usual, we still had a deal with a couple headaches left over by the previous management," Pepper said. "Tony and the other super heroes are being raked over the coals though after the entire HYDRA thing. The Avengers were independent from SHIELD, but...."

"Thanks to misinformation, there are some idiots who think that they were sponsored by SHIELD," Natasha said. She approached the table. "And despite information to the contrary, there's a lot of people who still think that."

"Well, people tend to go for the easiest most convenient story, even though it's wrong," Emma replied after a second. She cupped her hand to her chin in deep thought. "I guess that's just how things are done anymore."

"I agree," Selene said. "But, the resources we have are more prominent than any government."

"I'm surprised that they haven't shut Harry down yet," Pepper said. She got her share of shifty eyes from everyone involved. She wilted underneath some extremely powerful gazes. "And for the record, I don't want Harry shut down, it's just that...."

"There are some people who don't want some extremely embarrassing skeletons dragged out of their closet," Emma said.

Pepper whistled.

"Don't dare ask sometimes," Gwen commented before she could.

"It's better off that you don't know."

The man of the hour appeared himself.
“I’m honestly surprised that you didn’t show up in the middle of the room,” Riley said when she faced Harry. Harry took his seat at the head of the table. "You actually used the door like everyone else."

"And that shocked you even more, I’m sure," Harry answered.

"Of course, it did," Selene added. She made sure to take a seat nearest to her master.

Emma was about ready to take a seat on his other side, but Gwen took it before she could.

'Ooh, you’ll pay for that one,' Emma thought. The woman was most times as bad as her word.

Gwen only had one smug statement in response to that one. 'Bring it, bitch."

'Okay, ladies, that's enough,' Harry commented to them. His stern gaze caused them all to fall into line. 'Don't make me get out the firehouse and spray you down."

'One would think that is a euphemism for something,' Karen said. There was a few eyes that cast on her. 'I'm just saying."

'Only for the dirty minded,' Amara said. She stopped and realized what she said. 'Which would be a lot of people in this group."

'Well most of us are quite frankly guilty as charged,' Betsy said. She shifted her legs and crossed them over each other. If she wasn’t across the pond right now taking care of some last minute business, she would have joined this lot, but unfortunately, business called.

Emma looked fairly nervous at the look that Harry was giving them across the table. Riley picked up on it as well nearly as quickly as Emma did.

"You know, we better…get on with the meeting," Riley said nervously. "We have some information on our new bio-suits."

Harry waved on for them to continue. Gwen was the one that jumped on in.

'Yes, the sooner that we got on with this, the sooner that the orgy can commence,' Emma thought.

'That's extremely subtle,' Betsy offered when Gwen explained the suits, using a lot of scientific jargon that might fly over the heads of most people. 'And didn't you have enough for breakfast?"

'It's nearly lunch, a healthy diet is important for a healthy life,' Emma thought.

'And you sound like you're giving a PSA now,' Betsy fired back.

'A girl needs three square meals a day, even if I did get a large helping,' Emma thought to her.

"So, as I told you, the initial test subject is working wonderfully for the suit," Gwen said. "The suit can be replicated under certain circumstances and used within the rehabilitation of certain villainesses."

"Their obsession with mass murder and mayhem can be diverted to something else," Riley commented. "Although I'm not sure the suit is entirely needed…"

"It might not be, but it could be utilized as an extra added incentive," Karen commented. Riley frowned and nodded her head. She really didn't think of that off hand. "The suit has an interesting quirk in it as well."
"Why don't we bring in Miss Watson to explain it herself?" Harry asked.

Gwen smiled and on cue, Mary Jane arrived. She wore an extremely form fitting female business suit. The black blouse stretched against her body and her skirt showed a great deal of her leg. It wasn't very professional, but oddly none of them minded it all that much. She walked over, swaying her hips gently.

She stopped at the edge of the table and leaned on in.

"I'm afraid there are no further seats," Selene commented.

Mary Jane gave a sultry grin. "Then I guess I'm going to have to make due."

She took her spot on Harry's lap. Gwen looked sullen at the fact that she didn't think about that. Emma reached forward and patted her lightly on the back of the neck.

"An excellent seat arrangement, if I do say so myself," Emma said. It was hard not to look smug, especially when that was default state. "Now, you were to say something regarding the suit, weren't you?"

"Yes, after Riley and I countered the Black Cat a while back, we utilized the suit to subdue her and teach her a lesson," Mary Jane said. "And the suit warped her biology that she craved the wearer of the suit and anyone she considered master."

"That would explain why Black Cat allowed herself to be caught breaking into one of my buildings by me and insisted that I punish her," Harry said. That caused Gwen to drop the folder that she was holding on the table.

"Oh, I want to see that," Gwen said. Harry reached around and smiled. "Why didn't you let me see that….."

"Felicia does have a very able mouth, as you well know," Riley commented. Emma and Karen both also nodded in agreement.

"We have experience…..wait Felicia…..Felicia Hardy?" Pepper asked. That did oddly make a lot of sense.

"I'm not sure if I was to say that out loud or not," Riley said sheepishly. "Anyway, MJ said that the wearer of the suit can infect the person that they target that can bind them to them or in this case, their master."

Harry thought that would be interesting. The suit would allow him to be one step closer to getting every woman on the planet underneath his thrall. Or at least all of the ones that he was interested in.

And if other men had a problem with that, it was off to the Phantom Zone with them.

Speaking of hellish dimensions, Harry decided that it was time to take a stop to Limbo. He could feel that there was something in the air. He didn't know how much he liked what he felt in the air. The young man walked forward.

The Succubi slaves waited to greet him when he approached one of the main fortresses. He vaguely remembered this being a fortress that once belonged to Belasco. He was long gone and any chance
of him returning was destroyed.

There were some followers that eagerly waited his return. A few of them caused problems and were promptly crushed. Others were just intend to grumble in a dimension that they thought that Harry could not reach them.

Those grumbling demons better realize that there was no dimension that was out of the reach of Harry.

A trio of Succubi slaves led him inside. They were slowly removing his robes when he walked. Harry had breakfast, he had his meeting with Jean and Laura, and the mandated post business meeting orgy. So it went without saying that he was just warming up as far as he was concerned.

Harry was stripped naked and approached the pool area. He could see an equally naked Ananym and Illyana in the pool. Both of them seemed to be getting along which naturally made Harry a fair bit suspicious.

"Master, please join us," Illyana said. She allowed the warm water to ease her tense muscles. A couple of succubi slaves made their way underneath the water and played with her.

"Yes, the water is excellent," Ananym said. Harry entered the water.

"I take it that everything is well," Harry said. He felt his muscles relax because of the magical properties of the pool.

"Make sure to give him all of the attention, he is your master," Ananym told the slaves and they shifted away from Illyana.

Illyana clutched the side of the pool. She was panting because of the pleasure that these girls gave her. Her master getting the same treatment was more than acceptable.

"All goes well as can be expected?" Harry asked. He asked this question the second time after they dodged the question.

"Perfect," Illyana said. She leaned up against his shoulder and their bare flesh touched each other. The hot blonde Russian witch grinned when she was up against Harry.

Ananym hated to rain on their parade. She was in such a good mood because of the magical properties of this pool. "It really is perfect."

'Wanda,' Harry said sternly through the bond link.

'What?' Wanda asked. She looked up and bit down on her lip nervously. 'How may I serve you, master?'

'Did you use your probability altering powers to make these two get along when I wasn't around?' Harry asked her. Wanda wasn't anywhere near Harry, yet she could feel his penetrating gaze brush over her.

'Maybe,' Wanda replied. 'Just a little. Not too much, just a little....that's not a problem, is it?'

'Well, just use your power responsibly,' Harry thought. He allowed himself a nice little sigh and he leaned back.

'As you know, with great power, there must also come great responsibility,' Riley lectured. That
caused Gwen to reach over weakly and slap her. 'What did I do?'

'You know what you did,' Gwen said. She was too tender to move and do anything more than that.

"It's calm, almost too calm," Ananym said. She frowned deeply when she looked at Harry. "There's something coming master, but I'm not sure what it is."

"You have to be a downer about everything, you know that," Illyana said.

"Not being a downer," Ananym fired back. I'm just being realistic.

Harry sent a jolt into the pool and caused both of the girls to nearly jump in shock. There was laughter.

'Well, that had an interesting effect,' Zatanna thought. 'It caused them to both have a heart attack and an orgasm.'

'Which is perfect,' Karen added. There was plenty of agreement with all of them.

"Is there room in this pool for one more?"

Harry felt a pair of breasts press against his back. He recognized they belonged to Clea. He could recognize her by her voice naturally, but the breasts clinched it.

"Always," Harry said.

The Succubi tended to her. Clea made her way into the pool and subtly pushed Ananym out of the way. She joined Harry and Ananym pouted. Illyana cast her a triumphant look and all Ananym could do was stare back in agitation and anger.

Harry cleared his throat loudly and both of the girls sat up straight.

"I believe that you have news," Harry said to Clea.

"Yes, although I'm not for sure what it is myself," Clea admitted. "There have been no battles with enemies that have names that most people cannot pronounce, much less spell. But there's been an unsettling calm about us all."

Harry wasn't going to say it, out of fear of jinxing himself. It was the calm before the storm. He knew it. The energies that he felt in the realms six weeks ago slowly returned and they would grow stronger than ever.

"Be prepared for anything."

To Be Continued On February 6th, 2015.
Chapter Forty One: Seize and Find.

It was a dark and eerie afternoon. There were storm clouds that rolled in and there was a storm that brewed around them. There were many individuals who hoped for the fact that this wasn't an omen for things to come.

Harry arrived outside of what he thought was the final HYDRA base that he had to loot. Naturally, he wasn't counting his chickens before they hatched. There was numerous times where he had arrived at these HYDRA bases, but there had been clues, hints, that there had been more bases there. The wind blew in their faces.

His companions left. They were three members of the super hero team known as the Avengers. They had tagged along on most of the missions. Natasha Romanov, better known as the Black Widow, was no stranger to HYDRA. She dressed in the usual skin tight black outfit that left pretty much nothing tangible to the imagination. She was followed by Carol Danvers, better known as Ms. Marvel. She wore a nice tight red outfit, with a bottom that showcased her ass. Her red mask covered her face.

Janet Van Dyne, better known as the Wasp, brought up the rear. She had to say that there were a couple of nice rears that she brought up as well. Her short dark hair framed her face and her alluring eyes flashed with passion and desire. Her suit strained against her breasts and her tight ass. She could feel the power of the young man that was with them.

"Relax," Harry told her. Jan shifted.

She was about ready to tell Harry that she couldn't very well relax when he was with them. The words never found their way out of her mouth.

Thankfully, Natasha saved her from any further humiliation when she spoke up. "So, this is the last HYDRA base?"

Carol chimed in to answer this question for Harry. "As far as we know."

"Yes," Harry agreed with her. "As far as we know anyway."

He didn't even need to tell the group to watch themselves and be careful. They were all professionals, they dealt with saving the world many times over. Harry did deal with saving the world a couple of times, but only because it conflicted with his future plans of taking it over in the not so distant future. The young man took step forward and frowned.

"There's no security," Harry replied.

"That's odd," Carol said. She would have thought that there would be an immense amount of security at a base like this. The intelligence they received showed that there would be an immense amount of security here.

"Someone might have already discovered this base," Natasha commented.
"Or, maybe they thought that the snow and the cold weather would be enough to discourage people," Jan suggested. She shrugged her shoulders. Personally, she thought that was a pretty good explanation. Harry turned towards her and waved his hand. Jan's eyebrows raised and she held her mouth open. "Maybe not."

There were a couple of vehicles that rested in the snow. They thought that they were well camouflaged. It was rather high tech looking, almost like they got salvaged by some crafts that were out of this world.

"I'm going to have to swipe these later," Harry muttered to himself.

'Of course you are,' Karen thought. She gave a wicked grin in response. It wouldn't be Harry if he didn't swipe the vehicles.

Jan shivered. "Sorry, it's cold."

"Let me know if I can find any way of warming you up," Harry said. He placed his hands gently on Jan's shoulders. That one action caused her to shift against his hands. She closed her eyes and Harry ran his hands gently on the back of her neck.

"Doing a good start at that right now," she murmured underneath her breath. It seemed like Harry was able to caused certain desires to stir up in her body.

Carol and Natasha exchanged a knowing gaze with each other.

'You know, she's about ready to break soon,' Natasha thought. She could feel it and thus she was excited about it.

'I know she's about ready to break,' Harry thought. Carol looked at him with an amused glint in her eyes when she stared him down. 'It's all about finding the right moment to make her break, you know.'

'You're having way too much fun with this,' Carol answered. She could feel a bit of the power that Harry exerted to cause Jan's emotions to run wild. It wasn't too much, but it was enough for them to feel it.

'That is the nature of the Incubus,' Illyana lectured her. 'If they didn't have fun with their female charges, then what interest would life be.'

'She does have a point,' Natasha commented. She really enjoyed Jan being stirred up. She deserved to be laid, but Harry was going to take care of that right away.

"So, are you ready to go inside?" Harry asked her.

Jan nodded. The sooner that they got this mission over with, the sooner that she could get to some more pleasurable endeavors with Harry, and that was what she wanted to do.

Harry smiled. He was glad that a lot of people had their priorities straight. They were aligned with what they exactly should be. He turned to face Natasha and Carol. Both of the women offered smiles when they looked at him.

"Are you ready to go?" Harry asked both of the women.

"Yes," Carol agreed.
"Always," Natasha commented. She was more restrained than the other two were.

The two of them entered the base. They weren't quite sure what they had to deal with when they got inside.

The base looked oddly unremarkable on the inside. Harry sensed that there was something else inside the base. He looked underneath the covered rags.

"Don't tell me we stumbled into the HYDRA storage house," Jan grumbled. Harry raised his eyebrow when he looked at her.

"Maybe," Harry said. He saw a part of the wall that was damaged. "Maybe not."

Natasha's keen eye sought that part of the wall as well. She placed her hand on the wall. The wall shifted and turned inwards. It revealed a steep set of stairs that allowed them to descend downwards. The redhead spy raised her eyebrow and she looked rather impressed by this.

"There's something down in that basement," Natasha whispered.

Harry's sharp hearing picked up the sound of voices.

"We need to find it, it has to be down here somewhere."

'Not the only one to think that, apparently,' Natasha thought. She figured that it could be one of any number of threats.

Harry was the one that lead the way down the stairs. He pulled the hood over his face and gave himself the appearance of some demonic shade. He wanted to strike terror into the hearts of anyone who had gotten in his way.

He further descended down the steps. Carol and Natasha joined him and Jan brought up the rear. Jan stopped and she looked forward. Natasha groaned a slight amount when she saw who they were up against.

"It looks like a group of angry beekeepers," Jan commented with a slight frown crossing her face.

"That's Advanced Idea Mechanics, better known as AIM," Natasha replied. She moved in to attack them.

They turned around and began to fire on the group. The girls ducked for cover, but Harry stood in front of them. He looked extremely amused by their "efforts" to take him down. He was so amused that all he did was lift his hands up into the air. The guns ripped from their hands when they crashed into each other. The bee keepers staggered and they nearly fell over.

"By the way," Harry commented. He caused their guns to explode in their faces. "That never was going to work."

Carol grabbed three of them up at the same time and threw them down onto the ground.

"Yeah, they're scientists, therefore they're just a little bit squish," Carol said. She watched Natasha jump up with a kick that took out one of the enemies. He landed onto the ground with a solid thud. She reached into her belt and gave them a shock.
"Just a bit," Natasha agreed. She would be lying to herself if she wasn't enjoying this nice little battle against the forces of AIM. The redhead took them out.

"I wonder where their big headed leader is," Carol replied. She could see the looming shadow approaching them. "And you ask, and you shall most certainly receive."

Carol gave herself a nice long heaving sigh in response. There were times where she really should have learned to keep her big mouth shut. It might be the difference between them getting out of there alive or not.

"Avengers, we expected you to come here, so we brought a contingency plan."

MODOC turned up. He had an extremely big head, and tiny little limbs. He was dressed in golden and purple armor.

"What is that thing?" Jan asked. She could barely keep a straight face when she looked at the creature, thing, man, whatever it was. "That looks….that looks….."

"Silence, child, I am MODOC, and I will crush you Avengers," MODOC commented. He was angry about his AIM scientists being taken down by tissue paper. "You think that you are clever that…"

Harry gave a long sigh. He knew that he was in the middle of a long and extremely painful monologue from an enemy that might not shut up any time soon. He gave himself a crisp sigh and waved his hand.

"Just do it," Harry answered him. He knew that he was going to do it anyway so he figured that he might as well give that thing the idea to do so. "Do it, get it out of your system."

"You're going to let him monologue, instead of blasting him away," Jan said. She groaned.

"As I was saying, you Avengers think that you are so clever, but you don't know what lies deep underneath this base," MODOC said. "It's an item of great power, the Cosmic Cube that has been created by HYDRA. They never had a chance to activate it…"

"Thanks for the tip," Harry replied. He thought that this trip would be boring.

There was a loud crash on the other end of the wall. There were several large robots that approached them. They all had MODOC's face in their stomachs and they were all armed to attack.

"Destroy them," MODOC ordered his robotic creations.

"This should be fun," Harry replied. He could see that the robots were shielded from high energy attacks. This man had a brain on his shoulders. A head that size, he better have one. Otherwise he would have a lot of empty space.

"Well, robots, again, it must be Wednesday," Jan said. She looked bemused and kind of bored when the robots approached them.

"You're getting some perverse entertainment out of all of this, aren't you?" Carol asked Harry.

Harry responded with a swift shrug. MODOC disappeared down the steps, likely taking all of the scientists with him that Harry didn't blow away.

"Yes, very much so," Harry answered.
Natasha raised the spiked gauntlet that was on the top of her hand. She swung a huge punch with it and ripped into the chest of one of the robots. Sparks flew in every direction possible when the robot dropped to the ground.

"That was oddly simple," Natasha commented.

"Yeah, we have drastically different definitions of what was simple," Jan replied. She was on her back and she sent a series of stingers at the robot. It swatted at her but Harry pulled her out of the way.

Jan staggered back, her arms wrapped around Harry's neck. His chest pressed against hers when he held her up. The dark haired woman looked back up at him. There was a flushing in her cheeks when she looked at him.

"Um, thanks," she said in a small voice.

"Don't thank me yet," Harry warned her. Jan yelped and sure enough there was a large energy blast that cut through the air.

The woman thought that her heart was racing rather quickly. And that wasn't just because of the fact that she was wrapped into Harry's arms. That didn't help with matters either.

Carol drove her fist on in and took out the robotic creation. She caused several large parts to fly everywhere and she showered the entire group with oil and other fluids.

"Yeah, that's a nice one," Jan said. She shook her head and realized that she didn't get to see how dripping wet Harry might be because he had the hood on.

"We're going to have to get to him before he gets his hands on the cube," Natasha said.

Carol couldn't resist breaking in with a point that had been haunting her. "You know, I'm not even sure if he could get his hands on the Cube."

'You know the woman raises an interesting point,' Claire added. 'Although he does have the perfect head for target practice.'

'I'm sure Harry is going to use it for target practice when he gets his hands on him,' Kara replied. She sat next to her cousin and enjoyed the show that was about to take place. The blonde leaned back and she had a question.

She had the question that Karen pretty much swiped from her in a flash. Kara was about ready to pout, but she realized that just meant that great minds did in fact think alike. At least that was the idea, that great minds did think alike.

'So tell me, do you have any way to disable them?' Karen asked. She referred naturally to the robots. 'Or are you just going to do this the old fashion way.'

'I'm sure that I can given time, but this has gone rather smoothly all things considered,' Harry thought. 'MODOC is a child playing with such extravagant toys.'

'Child is one way of putting it,' Natasha answered. 'He is in some need for some nasty and cruel discipline.'

Jan frowned. She couldn't put her finger on exactly what or more importantly why. There were just sometimes where she had a sense that Natasha, Carol, and Harry were carrying on a conversation.
'I think she's about ready to figure it out,' Gwen said. She noticed what Jan was saying through Harry's eyes. 'So are you about ready to bring her in on the little club?'

'Good things come to those who wait, but yes, I'm about ready.'

MODOC could see the case on the other side of the lab. His face contorted into a wicked smile. It was scary how excited that he was.

"So, are you going to need a moment, or do you want us to kick your ass now?"

MODOC turned around so fast that he might as well have gotten whiplash. He could see the Avengers and this mysterious hooded stranger stand on either side of him.

"You are too late Avengers, I have the Cosmic Cube," MODOC yelled. He looked completely drunk on his power, and he didn't even have it yet.

"How about, no," Harry said. He lifted his hand and blasted him into the wall.

MODOC's head cracked against the wall like an overly grotesque egg. There was a loud scream when all of his circuits shut down.

He dropped down to the ground, sparks still flying out of him.

"Finally, that shut him up," Natasha said. She looked towards Harry, who leaned over and cracked open the case.

The case contained a big pile of absolutely nothing within in. Jan raised her eyebrow and gave a whistle.

"Well, that was a let down," Jan replied.

Harry frowned. He wasn't about ready to give up this base without a quick look around. The Incubus King hated to go into any base empty handed. Even though he would score some AIM technology out of the deal.

'You are becoming quite the hoarder, aren't you, Harry?' Gwen asked.

'Well, most of the time it is women, and who could really fault him for that,' Faora thought.

'No one could,' Natasha thought. 'So are we combing over the base one last time before we leave.'

Harry took a second to mull over his options. He nodded in response to these girls. All of them frowned.

Jan's frown was the deepest of them all. "Okay, seriously, I hope you don't get mad at me for asking, but am I missing something?"

Harry gave her a shadow of a grin. She wasn't going to lie, that sent shivers down her spine. "I'll explain it to you later."

"I can hardly wait," Jan said. She didn't mean to sound sarcastic, not at all. That was just the way that it came out when she spoke.

Harry smiled; he was working her up for a long time now. Once they swept this base and claimed their rewards, Harry would claim the real reward.
"So, it appears that the rumors of a Cosmic Cube being on the base, they were greatly exaggerated," Carol replied. She gave a long sigh.

"I'm pretty sure that it was in development at one time or other," Harry told the girls. They all nodded in agreement. This seemed to be a likely scenario.

"So, they scrapped it, or something?" Jan asked him.

"Yes, very likely," Harry agreed with them. He wrapped his arm tightly around Jan and pulled her on in.

She hated when he did that. Jan tried to focus on something else other than her overwhelming desire to jump Harry. It was a desire that was becoming more prominent by each passing moment. She could see Carol's eyes on her and a shifty smile crossed the blonde's face. Jan threw her arms together and gave a slight sigh in response.

"So," Jan muttered underneath her breath.

"Yes," Harry commented to her. She shifted towards him, her cheeks growing a slight bit heated.

"There were a lot of amazing things found in this base, even if we were down one Cosmic cube," Jan said. She frowned. "But, those have to be really hard to make."

"They are really hard to make, as they should be," Natasha commented. There was a warning tone to her voice. Great cosmic power never ended well for anyone involved. That was one thing that they could take to the bank. "But, if there is any chance that they exist anywhere, we're going to have to find it and bring it on in."

"And we will," Harry replied. His voice was firm, so firm that it caused all of the girls to jump. "But, we should box up everything that we found."

"Unless we uncover anything else, that's it for HYDRA, for now," Jan said.

Natasha smiled. While she wished that they were done with HYDRA, they needed to look at things in a realistic way.

'A machine that causes Earthquake's.....I'm sure that there could be some kind of use for something like that, other than killing a bunch of people,' Gwen thought. She actually thought that most of the technology and artifacts Harry found could be put to some horrible use. She had an inventive and dare one say it, an extremely twisted mind.

"That's about the only use that I can think for it as well,' Riley thought. 'I suppose that if you needed to demolish a city and rebuild it from the ground up, that could be a handy way to knock a bunch of buildings over at once."

'There you go,' Mary Jane added. She smiled.

'There is some use for a mass death machine after all, apparently,' Karen said.

'But what about the other artifacts in that base?' Claire asked.

'Take that on a case by case basis, I think,' Kara thought.

'Better for me to have them, and not the United States government,' Harry said. He paused. 'Or any
government for that matter.'

He was pretty sure that any government would be obsolete. He really wished that he had that Cosmic Cube, but he supposed that it would be a shortcut. If there was any hint of the Cube being out there, he would pounce on it.

"The database on that ship, that will have a list of all of AIM's bases, won't it?' Jan asked. She could barely keep the eagerness out of her voice.

"I'm sure that it will, and we could look those bases over later," Harry replied. Jan nearly bounced up and down in excitement. That did some wonderful and fairly delightful things to her body.

Carol and Natasha watched the younger woman in an amusement.

'Well, that kind of energy should be harnessed, for a more convention use, I think,' Carol replied. Natasha nodded in response right next to her.

Jan frowned and she could sense that there was something going on here. Harry reached forward and grabbed the side of her face.

"We'll explain when we get back to base," Harry whispered to her.

Jan was about ready to protest that suggestion. Harry never gave her the opportunity to do so. He pressed his lips against hers. Her soft lips met his in a blistering kiss.

Her entire world seemed to stop around her. Nuclear fallout and meteor showers could occur around her, but nothing else mattered other than that one little kiss, which was the kind of kiss that caused tingles to go down the spine of anyone who experienced it.

Jan staggered back when he completed the kiss. Her heart was racing. It was a good thing that she didn't wear panties underneath her costume, otherwise they would have completely soaked beyond all help.

Natasha and Carol grinned. That was the final nail in her coffin as far as they were concerned.

The trip back to base was unbearable and long for Jan. It seemed like she waited for an extremely long time for this and the wait was compounded. She kept herself busy going through the AIM databases. Now with MODOC out of the equation, their toys were ripe for the taking.

'You do realize that you could have teleported them all out of there, couldn't you?' Wanda asked. Harry gave one of his pets a nice little smile. Wanda shook her head. She should have known, really she should have known. 'And that's why you didn't, because you wanted to.....yeah I can see it now.'

They were down on base. Natasha and Carol left. Jan followed and she was well aware that Harry was right behind her. The young man's hood and robe was off. He was wearing an extremely tight shirt that showed off his muscles and tight pants that left not that much to the imagination.

Jan wondered if he was doing this on purpose to screw with her.

'Of course he's doing that on purpose, but you're going to take him, aren't you?' a naughty little voice thought to Jan.

Jan didn't need much prodding.
'Mum,' Harry warned her.

'Sorry, I couldn't resist,' the Succubus replied. Both the Succubus side and the human side were amused at what they caused.

'Given your impulsive nature, I know that you couldn't,' Harry replied. He smiled despite himself.

"Carol, Natasha, make sure everything is secure," Harry replied. "Jan and I will bring the data drive inside."

"Yeah, we will," Jan said. She hoped that there was somewhere where she can sit down and be plowed really quick.

The naughty voice inside her head picked up, although it sounded oddly different. 'You're going to feel so much better when he bends you over that desk and takes you.'

'Nicely played, Emma,' Jean replied.

Jan tried to ignore her hormones. Her pussy was extremely wet and her nipples stuck out from the other side of her costume.

"I've bound Natasha and Carol to me," Harry said. He allowed her to sit down on the desk and he placed his hand on her thigh. It felt nice and soft even from the fabric of her costume.

"Wait, you're..."

"An Incubus, yes," Harry said.

Jan bit down on her lip. One hand, she had a demon in front of her, that was going to fuck the daylights out of her. On the other hand, she had an extremely hot demon in front of her that was willing to fuck the daylights out of her.

She could see this being all kinds of taboo. The heat pumped from her center when she longed for him to be inside her. Harry rubbed her lightly from the other side of her costume. His hands drew closer to the forbidden zone.

"So, are you going to steal my soul with your dark Incubus magic?" Jan asked. Her nice chest inhaled and exhaled. Harry reached towards the zipper of her costume and slowly pulled it down.

Her cleavage exposed for him when he continued to play with her. The woman closed her eyes when Harry slowly dipped his finger in between her thighs. He nearly was inside her, but not quite. If it wasn't for the barrier of her costume, she would have had his finger deep inside her.

"Already done that, but now it's time to seal the deal," Harry said. "And since you're plenty wet, we won't waste any time with formalities."

"Really," Jan muttered. She was so fog bound with lust that she couldn't keep her head straight.

"Well, almost no time."

Harry had her zipper undone to her belly button. Her breasts spilled out of her costume. Harry saw the young, flesh bounce out before him. He was going to enjoy this and he smiled.

Harry had her costume down around the area of her hips. Her breasts beckoned for him. They bounced perkily in his face. He reached forward and gave them a squeeze.
Jan closed her eyes and felt his strong hands. He released pheromones that caused every nerve ending of her body to be hyper stimulated. Her body twitched and shook underneath his strong hands. The young man kept running his hands all over every single last inch of her body. The woman whimpered underneath his grasp.

Harry ran his finger down towards her belly button.

She looked up and saw his body. His physique was drool worthy. He was extremely fit and Jan spread her legs eagerly. The cock hanging between his legs was already large and seemed to be growing, to touch her pussy lips.

"I don't know if I can get that all in me," Jan whispered. She wanted to try though. She really needed that cock badly.

"Well, we always find a way to make it work in the end," Harry answered. He held onto her hips and she spread her legs for him.

Jan bit down on her lip. She was going to brace herself for this. His throbbing head brushed against her slit and he entered her hard.

Harry was only halfway in her and she could feel her body subconsciously shrink. Her pussy grew tighter around Harry's long cock and her breasts grew larger.

"Nice and tight," Harry hissed. Her breasts looked absolutely massive on her tiny frame now and Harry pushed into her. "But, you should learn some control."

Jan relaxed and she grew, with her breasts growing with her. Harry grabbed her and flipped them so she was on top of him.

The dark haired Avenger spread her arms out. Her breasts swayed and bounced. She felt Harry's mouth attack them. They were oddly sensitive at this size. She threw her head back and allowed herself a moan when she pushed herself all the way onto her cock.

She allowed herself to stretch like she never stretched before. She came down onto his manhood when it speared inside her. Jan closed her eyes and felt her loins heat up around her body. His hand reached and he cupped her breast. He squeezed it and she moaned in response. Her walls spread when she accommodated his massive member.

Carol and Natasha slipped inside. They saw the erotic sight of Jan trying to force her tight, small body down on Harry's cock. Her growth powers seemed to be enhanced to her breasts. Harry wrapped his mouth around one of her nipples.

Carol could feel her legs part and Natasha drove her tongue into her pussy.

"Oh, that's no fair," Carol moaned.

Jan closed her eyes when she bounce up and down on Harry. Her large breasts swayed and bounced. She could feel Harry use his sexual energy to fire off a duplicate.

"Take that bitch, take her, harder than you take me," Jan moaned. Harry grabbed her hips and speared her down on her.

Jan howled in a combination of pleasure and pain. This cock hit areas that she never knew. A toy would be ruined for life for her. She needed this manhood into her. Her pussy juices leaked over his pole when she brought herself down onto his body.
Carol slumped against the wall. Natasha had numerous talents and many of them were oral in nature. Her tongue kept lapping up Carol's hot juices.

Her suit was ripped off and Harry was behind her. Harry grabbed Natasha's breasts hard and groped then.

"Didn't think that you would go too long without me, did you?"

Natasha felt Harry's cock inside her. Her walls tightened to trap this manhood into her. His balls slapped against her clit and she yelled when he entered her.

"Harder, make your cock bigger, split me in half," Natasha begged. Carol grabbed her around the head.

"Less talking, more eating," Harry told her. He slapped her on her firm ass when he pounded into her.

"Yeah, what she said," Carol whispered. She held onto the wall and spread her legs. Natasha's nose pressed against her and she inhaled the scent.

The sexy Russian temptress drove her tongue really deep into Carol's dripping hot pussy. She moaned into it, which caused Carol's cream to spill out into her waiting and eager mouth.

Harry could feel Jan gaining her momentum, but her adrenaline tapered off somewhat. She held onto Harry's shoulders and began to pump herself up and down onto him. Her dripping wet walls caressed his manhood when she came down onto him. Her wet walls slid around him when she pumped him up and down.

"Are you getting tired already?" Harry asked her. He slapped her on the rear and then went around. He drove his mouth into her breasts and started to suck on them. That caused her to rear her head back in an extremely lustful moan.

The more his mouth worked her over, the more she thought that she was going to loser her mind. Harry's mouth was pretty skilled all things considered. He licked and caressed her nipples when he played with them.

"No, I can take it, please, harder, cum in me, I need it," Jan begged him.

Harry decided to allow her orgasm to flow freely. Jan moaned loudly and reared her head back. She didn't know how much that Harry held back her release. Her walls leaked all over Harry's cock.

He slipped her over and had her pinned face down onto the desk now. He ran his finger down her tight asshole.

"You've never been fucked in your ass, have you?" Harry asked. He cupped her ass with one hand and her pussy with the other hand.

"No, no, no, that's dirty," Jan whimpered. She bit down on her tongue. She could feel her juices flow and Harry caught them in his hand.

"But yet, you're so wet because of it," Harry whispered in her ear. He shoved his digits in her hand and she sucked her cum off of it. "You want my hard cock in your ass, don't you?"

Jan's body betrayed her when he rubbed her pussy. He inserted one of his fingers into her ass and got it nice and lubricated.
"But it won't fit," Jan said. She got horny and scared at the same time at the thought of his throbbing hard manhood entering her.

"Don't worry, I'll make it fit," Harry said. He pushed into her, slowly and it caused her to scream when he entered her ass.

Harry left Natasha a sticky and drooling mess on the ground. Carol dropped down to her knees and kissed him on the tip of his head. Her hot mouth wrapped around his tool and she cleaned up the juices Natasha left on him.

He pulled her up against the wall and put her there. His manhood brushed against her entrance hole. Carol lifted her legs up and prepared to take him inside her. She needed this inside her and she needed this inside of her in the worst way possible. She needed that large cock to penetrate her body and make her scream for the heavens.

"Take me," Carol begged him. She grabbed his shoulder and looked into his eyes. Hunger ran through her eyes when she stared him down. "Take me, hard."

Harry wasn't about to deny her a treat. His thick manhood brushed against her and slammed into her. Harry held her breasts and pumped against her into the wall.

Jan screamed in pleasure when his large cock took her anal virginity. She felt her tight cheeks spread. His fingers also stimulated her pussy in a way that it felt like a second cock was. A magical jolt rubbed her nipples and pleasured her clit as well.

"Look how many times that I've made you cum when I was in your tight ass," Harry whispered. Jan clenched around his fingers and he pumped inside her. She could feel another cock inside her, even though she was circle that it was his fingers.

Carol's screams on the other end of the room caused her to clench tighter. His hands moved up her body and swiped around her sizeable breasts. Harry started to rub her breasts. That caused her to pant underneath his immense efforts.

Harry pulled almost all the way out of her and slammed into her. Jan could feel his heavy balls slap against her clit. That caused sparks to fly through her body.

His fingers pushed into her deeply. Jan rode them up and down. She wondered if she would get a reward.

"Here it comes," Harry whispered to her. He held onto Jan and slammed into her one more time.

His balls unleashed a heavy load into her ass. Jan was sure that she was overflowing. Some of the cum also shot into her pussy as well. How that happened, she didn't know. She guessed it was some kind of extremely powerful magic.

Natasha walked over obediently, her hips swaying.

"Clean her up."

Jan couldn't believe that she had Natasha's hot and able tongue up her pussy. She slowly licked her and that caused her to cum again. She could feel Harry continue to play with her breasts.

"You're mine, now, pet."
"Yes, master," Jan whimpered. She could feel Natasha behind and licking her ass. Harry's cock reinserted itself into her pussy.

Carol meanwhile, grabbed the arm of the Harry dupe. She stroked his cock with her wet snatch. It tightened around him. Sweat rolled down her body.

Harry pulled out of her and spun her around. He spread her legs back and aimed himself towards her. He pushed into her when she was pressed against the wall. Harry gripped her breasts when he squeezed them.

"Let it go."

Carol's legs twitched around him. Her pussy vibrated and she kept cumming hard. She kept cumming constantly, her juices lubricating Harry more and more.

Harry decided that it was time to give Carol a reward. He slammed himself against her when she was up against the wall.

His balls unleashed their load into her. Carol felt herself filled up by his thick cum. Her body felt energized from the gift her master gave her.

"Good pet, now why don't you have Jan clean you up?"

'Avengers orgy assemble,' Gwen commented.

The sex continued with Jan licking out Carol's pussy while the duplicate of Harry fucked Carol's ass. The prime Harry fucked Jan's pussy while Natasha gave her a rim job.

The entire group was left sticky and satisfied by the end of the night.

To Be Continued on February 10th, 2015.
Swept Away

Chapter Forty-Two: Swept Away.

Harry didn't know what to make of this lengthier than usual calm before the storm. He suspected that there were going to be something happening. The similar weird energies that manifested themselves before him a month back continued to pick up. They were getting slightly more prominent at times and less prominent at other times. He was at the edge, but so far there was no cause for present and obvious concern. Whether that would change depended on several factors.

He was on the island Nation of Nova-Roma. Claire was his obvious guide, given that she had spent most of her life on this island. Amara got a stage of the pouts because she couldn't assist Harry with his trip to the island. Duties of the X-Men came first.

Kara followed next and she looked like a kid in a candy story. Karen followed behind her and looked fairly amused at the actions of her younger sister. The busty blonde reached forward and nudged Kara lightly. That caused the younger blonde to nearly jump up and spin around roughly.

"You got to admit, this is pretty amazing," Kara said. Karen's lips curled into a smile when she looked at her. "And you're…"

"I agree with you," Karen said. She placed her arms around Kara and pulled her on it. Her head rested on Karen's breasts. "I'm just being a bit more subtle with what I'm doing, that's all."

Kara frowned deeply. It was Emma who decided to jump in with what the younger blonde was thinking.

'I hate to say this, but she does have a point,' Emma thought. She plucked the thoughts out of Kara's head before she could speak them. 'There is really no part of you being subtle at all, given the way that you're dressed.'

'Hey, if you have it, flaunt it,' Karen thought. She smiled. 'And besides, you're the last one that should be giving lectures on modesty, White Queen.'

There was an amused round of laughter from the other end of the bond link. Jean and Betsy seemed to be the ones that were the most amused by this.

'I have to say she does have a rather valid point,' Betsy said.

'And for the record, I wasn't giving a lecture, I was just making a comment,' Karen said.

"The Fortress," Kara said with a long sigh. "I have to admit, that I didn't expect something like this."

"Did you expect a secret fortress in the Arctic snow and ice, perhaps?" Claire asked her. Kara raised her eyebrow and inclined her head to shake it.

"We do have a Fortress like that, but it's mostly used as a back up more than anything."

The group leaned forward and Diana joined them. Diana approached them and obviously her attention was fully on Harry. The Amazon Princess threw her arms around Harry's neck and pulled
him into a kiss. The Incubus overwhelmed the Amazon Princess with his pure power. He made sure to back her up against a pillar and leave her absolutely breathless.

Betsy smiled through the bond link. 'I have to say that was well played.'

'Har always is,' Faora said.

"To add on what Diana said earlier, we have several back up Fortresses,' Claire added. "It's at several points of the world, so we can transfer as needed. Plus it's good to have a base of operation close by."

"And we're hoping to add one in space, right?" Kara asked. She had been working with her cousin on something that she thought would be amazing.

"That's what we hope to do," Harry said. He had to admit, having a large Fortress in space would make his inevitable plan either.

"So some kind of Watchtower thing or something like that?" Diana asked him.

Harry smiled at her in response. "Yes, something like that."

The two of them made their way into the main Fortress. It was made from the crystals that were on Claire's ship. The drive they took from AIM was being carefully scanned.

Kara in particular looked like a kid in a candy store, but Karen looked equally eager when she looked at the drive. She almost rubbed her hands together and resembled some kind of super villain. Harry cleared his throat.

"Please don't do that," Harry whispered to her.

Karen turned around and looked sheepish. Claire chuckled and looked amusing. She could hear a light hum and that directed her attention to something.

"The Fortress is receiving some weird energy readings," she remarked. Harry and Karen exchanged a nervous look with each other. "The energy readings knocked us off line for a minute, thankfully we're back, but that was weird."

A distress signal erupted through the Fortress. There was a loud glare that caused them all to stand up and take notice.

Claire was about ready to act on it. A pulse of energy flowed through the Fortress and smacked into them.

The energy caused a warm sensation to flow through her body. The first time it hit her, Claire didn't really think much of anything. Kara's scream alerted to her that something was wrong.

Slowly, the dark haired Kryptonian turned around. Kara was in a state of shock. Harry, Diana, and Karen were all gone and there didn't seem to be anything that pointed to where they went.

"I don't have any idea what happened, do you have an idea what happened?" Kara asked. She looked completely nervous.

Claire grabbed her by the waist and pulled her in. Kara tried to protest by pulling herself away. The
dark haired woman kissed her lips. Kara relaxed underneath her soft lips. That calmed her down.

"Are you better now?" Claire asked her.

Kara looked into her cousin's eyes. All she could do was nod wordlessly. She was about as well as someone could be.

'HARRY, HARRY, ARE YOU OUT THERE?' Kara thought. She felt like she was just talking to herself.

"The bond network has been severed, hasn't it?" Claire asked. Kara turned towards her. "I tried to reach out and tell Selene that I was coming but I didn't get any answer."

Claire focused as hard as she could. She tried to get the bond link. All she hit was a brick wall where there was absolutely nothing there.

Claire and Kara made their way forward. The two of them made their way past the guards. The guards didn't even bother to question the two girls coming in.

Kara could hear her cousin's heart beat increase the more than the two of them approached their destination. The younger blonde's nerves were about as shot as could be.

Claire pounded on the door. No sooner did she did was Selene entered.

"You felt it, didn't you?" Selene asked. There was no question that she knew what was going on. Selene backed off and allowed Kara and Claire to enter the room without a word. "The bond has been knocked off line. I can't even reach Emma, Jean, or Madelyn as well."

"The girls are all spread out on various projects," Claire said. She pinched the bridge of this nose. "What caused this?"

"Our master said the realms drew closer together as this once in a life time moment occurred," Selene said. She reached forward and checked one of the artifacts. Said artifact was pretty damaged. She was certain that she could repair it if given enough time. The only problem was that time was not a luxury that she had. She tapped on the side of the artifact.

Claire never saw her mother this way. She seemed so calm and collected.

"Diana was swept up in the same current that Harry was," Claire informed Selene.

"Yes, I figured as much, she would have been right beside you," Selene said. You didn't live for thousands of years without missing a beat.

Selene approached the nearest exit and she turned to Claire. "You need to get the information to Emma immediately. Providing it didn't knock out all of the telepaths when the master had been knocked out."

"Right," Claire said. She was a woman on a mission and she knew what she had to do.

The dark haired woman felt dazed and fatigued when she flew through the air. She wished that she could find some kind of reassurance for her cousin. The problem was that she didn't have that reassurance for herself.

Harry disappeared before her very eyes and there wasn't a think that could be done about it. That was an extremely tough and bitter pill to swallow.

Claire arrived outside of Frost Mansion. The window was opened and that was good. It allowed her
to slip inside mostly undetected.

The dark haired woman entered and saw Emma dozed off in her office chair. Her coffee was spilled all over her desk.

"EMMA!" Claire yelled.

The White Queen stirred awake. Claire yelled for her again, but all she accomplished was a throbbing headache.

"Yes, I heard you the first time," Emma said crossly. She rubbed the top of her head. She could feel a throbbing sensation about the area of the back of her head. No matter how much she wished that would go away, it just wasn't happening. She lifted her hand and rubbed the back of her head. She allowed herself to sigh. "The bond link, it got severed, didn't it?"

Claire nodded slowly. Emma got to her feet. She really wished that she could concentrate enough to reach out and touch someone. She robbed her temples.

Emma hadn't had a hangover before. She had given plenty of people hangover like symptoms with her powers, but she had never given herself one.

"Just give me a minute to figure this out," Emma replied. She rubbed the side of her temples.

Emma finally recovered enough from her trauma to focus on what she had to do. The White Queen was outside of Clea's Fortress. If anyone could figure out what happened, it would be her. Emma knocked three times on the Fortress.

Nico appeared outside of the Sanctum. She frowned when she saw Emma. "Our master isn't here?"

"I wish to speak with Clea," Emma said. Nico raised her eyebrow.

"She gave instructions not to be disturbed," Nico said. She could see the gaze of the White Queen skim over her body. Emma looked into her eyes.

"Child, this can't wait, our master has been swept into a wave, along with Diana and Karen," Emma replied.

Nico's body slumped. It was obvious by her body language that she felt something extremely mysterious in the air. She felt a stabbing pain through her head. She didn't have the level of clearance through the bond that some had, she had some. The Asian witch was able to piece together the information slowly, but surely.

"Right this way," Nico told Emma. She gripped the White Queen around the hand.

Claire nervously took a step inside. The Sanctum didn't like her.

She also expected to hear voices inside her head describing that fact in great detail. There was only one problem. She heard absolutely nothing in her head. There wasn't a mere whisper.

Claire wondered why she had reached the point where not hearing voices inside her head was the unsettling point.

"Mistress, the White Queen is here to see you,' Nico said, nervously.
The doors burst open and a rather haggard looking Clea exited. She looked fairly out of it. Emma motioned for her to step forward.

"You look like you've seen better days," Emma said. Clea looked at her with a quizzical eye.

"You have as well," Clea replied. She figured that she should get down to the point. "Sit down….not in that chair, it bites."

Claire realized that she dodged the bullet. She wished that she had the banter to call her out on that fact. She missed the banter so very much.

"I've been investigating a disturbance, Wanda Maximoff and Zatanna Zatara have both vanished," Clea said.

"We can add them to the list, that includes Harry, Diana, Karen, Jean, and Madelyne," Emma said.

That caused Claire to look at her and a frown crossed her face.

"I didn't know that Jean and Maddie were gone as well," Claire said.

"Yes, they were in the office with me when they were whisked away," Emma replied. She really wished that she could have more focus than she did. Her head still felt like it was on fire when she spoke. "We were just having a nice little discussion and then…"

"A light hum, followed by an energy pulse?"

Ananym and Illyana turned up to join the party. Both of them looked extremely ragged when they walked there. Illyana looked drained and she sat down along with Claire, Clea, and Emma. Ananym preferred to stand. She did grab onto the wall for some kind of support. Her breath increased when she thought about it.

"Yes, I trust it's the same for all of us," Emma said. Claire nodded in response. "And you were in Limbo when it happened?"

"And now I can't get into Limbo," Illyana said. She frowned and she decided to drop the bombshell that really underlined how screwed they were. "I can't get through any dimensional barriers at all."

"Likewise," Clea said. She hated the fact that she couldn't channel her powers.

"There's someone powerful blocking you again," Emma said. "You don't think it's your uncle again."

"No, his lesson was well learned the last time," Clea said. She waved her hand to dismiss that very notion out hand. "I have a feeling that it was someone who was woken up months ago."

"A number of enemies are out there," Ananym said. She racked her brain for anything that might point out to who caused this. "I wonder…..if that call for help was a last ditch effort to pull someone there."

Illyana looked rather intrigued by this thought. "If that was the case, I do feel sorry for the person who thought that they could bring our master there."

Ananym knew exactly what Illyana was saying. She didn't agree with the girl on many things. This one she agreed about. She finally swallowed her pride and sat down in a chair. Her breath was let out in a solid pant and she leaned back.
"Are you going to be okay?" Claire asked.

"Once our master returns to where he should be, it will be fine," Illyana said. She had to hold back everything that she had from ripping apart anything until he was returned. "Our master won't be pleased by this. He will be furious that we didn't reach out and grab him."

"We did attempt to breach the dimensional barriers, but they are solid," Clea replied. She placed her hand on the top of her hair and stroked her white blonde hair. "It's almost like there was some force that didn't want the barriers tampered with until the moment was right."

"Who?" Nico asked. She didn't normally speak out of turn. She was curious.

"A question that we may not like the answer to," Clea said.

Emma's cell phone went off. She was honestly surprised electronics still functioned in a high end levels of magic that pumped through the air. She answered the phone promptly.

"So, I take it that you know what's going on," Gwen said. "Harry's gone and that's why none of the bond link are working."

"I could reestablish it given time, at least a crude version of it," Emma said. There was only one problem. The never stop ringing in her ears prevented her from thinking too straight. "But, it's going to be harder than we think."

Emma was keeping her mind open for a sign, any sign. The backwash did something to her telepathy. She picked up a few thoughts here and there. Many thoughts though were like a badly tuned radio that went through her head.

"I'll see what I can do about trying to figure out a way to re-connect everyone," Emma said. She brushed back her head and sighed. "But, are you all there?"

"If you mean, MJ, Riley, and I, then yes, we are all there," Gwen answered. She frowned. "I…..it's hard to explain."

"Then don't explain it over the phone, explain it in person," Emma said.

Something dawned on Claire that she had to share with the rest of them. She looked towards them and her smile deepened.

"Yes, what is it?" Emma asked.

"She has a connection to Maddie through the Goblin Force," Claire said.

Emma thought about that one and there was two minds with that. The first one was that their connection with their master was severed. Therefore, she would assume that all other connections were just as severed if not more so.

One could argue that they said certain things about assumptions.

Gwen felt like she had her arms ripped completely off when Harry was detached from the bond link. Her breath hitched in her body.

"Just take a deep and calming breath, and focus," Mary Jane whispered in her ear.
"You know, Riley is the one who is pacing around like a caged animal," Gwen said. Mary Jane raised her eyebrow.

"Your point is?"

"I'm not the one that's really freaking out," Gwen said. She fixated on the same satellite image. It was almost like something bombarded the Earth.

Energy waves of some sort. Gwen was visited with a theory that was implausible and insane. Yet, it would explain so very much.

"What if?" Gwen muttered to herself. She trailed off and pulled out a sketch pad. She figured out the calculations and wondered if she could be far off.

Riley noticed Gwen deep in conversation. The brunette parked herself down in a chair beside Gwen. She threw her head back and sighed.

"What is it?" Riley asked.

Before Gwen could explain what she thought was a plausible theory, Emma turned up. Clea followed her. Claire had flown back to Nova Roma quickly and picked up Selene and Kara to bring them back here.

"Is there anyone else coming?" Gwen asked.

Claire blinked at this question. She shook her head. "I don't think so."

"Good, because I'd only like to explain this crackpot theory that I have once," Gwen said. She wasn't even sure if she understood exactly what was happening here. The blonde sighed deeply when she went to work. "This is an image that was picked up by the former OsCorp satellites just around the time of the disappearance."

She punched up the image on the camera. There were flashing lights that appeared around the area of Earth. A shadow engulfed the planet for a moment.

"And stop and freeze," Gwen said. She had an image where there seemed to be two Earths for a brief second. The Earth appeared to have split in half. There were several large flashes of light that appeared around them.

"Someone duplicated Earth," Clea whispered. "To duplicate an entire planet…"

"It takes magic beyond the reasoning of most people," Selene said. She was more than intrigued with how this was pulled off. The dark haired woman pushed her hair back and frowned. She was trying to come up with an explanation that was reasonable.

"So, I'm guessing that Harry and the others weren't transported, but rather everyone else was transported," Gwen replied. She was about ready to contradict her own hypothesis with the next thing that she said. "Unfortunately though, the fact Wanda and Zee were teleported from Limbo raises a serious question mark."

"It might not as far fetched as you think, actually," Kara said. She reached forward and grabbed a pen. She sketched a drawing out. It was a nexus area that her mother showed her one time. The Phantom Zone was in the midst of it. Earth was around that area as well and the Limbo was fairly close by. Kara bit down hard on her lip and left an impression on it. "Limbo could have been struck by the same magic and changed position on this line."
"I'm confused," Riley said.

"It's very elementary science, when there are certain shifts in subatomic particles, universes can change position," Kara said. "In other words, Limbo used to be to the left of Earth on the dimensional line. Now it shifted over to the right and might explain why Illyana and Ananym can't access it on the same point."

"Oh, I got it now," Riley said. "The Phantom Zone…"

"The circle on the edges," Kara said. She recited what her mother said about the Phantom Zone. "It is everywhere, but nowhere. And Asgard is in closer proximity to Earth, along with the other realms that branch off of this Nexus pocket."

Everyone nodded. Kara was glad that they got everything. All of the universes changed position where the access points would be different. The original Limbo access point was sealed off for a reason. She shuddered to think what would be there now that Limbo was moved.

"I wonder if our resident God of Thunder might be able to shed some light on anything," Claire said.

"Well, I'm about two steps ahead of you," Gwen said. She punched up a call with the communicator she had been given as an honorary avenger. "Carol, are you there?"

"I can't hear anything through the bond, what happened?" Carol asked.

"Long story," Gwen said.

"Well, those tend to be the most engaging," Carol replied.

Gwen gave a long sigh. She told Carol about it and their theories.

"We got a situation then," Gwen said. "I need to speak to Thor. Do you have any way to get in touch with him?"

"I'm afraid that I don't, he has vanished without a trace, and he's been gone for a long time," Carol said.

Gwen realized immediately what happened. She couldn't believe that she hadn't connected the dots before.

"Loki," she said through gritted teeth.

That explained pretty much everything. Riley placed her hand up and sighed. "Oh, dear Odin, please don't tell me that he turned Thor into a frog again."

"I'm honestly surprised that you didn't turn Thor into a frog again," Amora said. "You've done that trick so many times that it's worn thin."

"My male counterpart did have a repetitive sense of humor," Lady Loki whispered. She leaned back on the chair she was sitting in and she watched. "And the realms shifted and…"

There was a loud rumbling and she was knocked off of the throne. Loki was thrown from the throne. The trickster tried to get herself to her feet.
"It's happening," Loki said. "The end."

"Is it....."

"Yes, it is," Loki replied. She sensed that there was something unsettling. "He has broken free from his chains."

Amora normally was bold and brave. She experienced a rare emotion that she never felt in her life. That was fear. It crossed her face and caused her heart to speed up immensely. Loki grabbed Amora around the wrist.

"Focus, we need to make preparations," Loki said. She picked up the amulet she acquired.

She looked at it and frowned. It was such a fragile piece of jewelry.

"The last time he was imprisoned, he brought upon countless deaths," Amora whispered.

Loki didn't mince words with what she said next. "Yes, because there hasn't been a number properly invented to describe the number of deaths he caused."

The woman prepared herself to battle. She could sense something approaching. The woman walked over towards a crystal gate. The Trickster made sure that she stood up straight and her posture was good.

"There is a silver lining to this cloud," Loki answered. "Salvation is on the way."

Amora stood up straight and was surprised by that. Her mouth hung open and she looked surprised. "How?"

"How indeed," Loki whispered. That was on question that she wanted to answer.

The dimensional barriers shifted once again. It was hard to determine what parts was the original Midgard and what were the duplication in the division. Several of the realms sliced through when it was duplicated.

Loki had one person she could call in for with a favor, even though she might not like Loki calling on her.

To Be Continued On February 13th, 2015.
Chapter Forty-Three: Across the Realms Part One.

There was one thing that you could take to the bank regarding Harry Potter. No matter what, he hated being taken to some place against his will. He was transported from Earth to Earth, or maybe the other people were transported to the duplicate. He stood with Karen and Diana when he was. Then he ended up on a very familiar bridge outside of Asgard.

He turned to Karen and Diana, both of them who looked a bit shaken at what happened.

"I'd explain what happened, but honestly, I have no idea," Harry remarked to both of them. That caused Karen to cork her eyebrow and nod in response. She really didn't blame him for not having any idea. She was about as confused as he was considering the situation.

"I don't know about you, but I can't hear anyone in my head," Karen said.

Diana breathed a sigh of relief. Well, maybe not relief, but she was glad it was confirmed.

"Same here," she replied. She frowned and slowly turned to her mate. "So, do you have any idea what could be causing this?"

Harry deeply frowned before he made his guess. "It's something extremely powerful and very dangerous. I don't want to even begin to guess what could be causing this."

All Harry knew was that he would be making words. He could feel the realms still, but something felt off. It was like nothing was in the place that it should be. Harry drew in his breath. He hated the lack of order in his universe.

Harry looked on out and he could see a pair of familiar redheads waiting for him on the bridge. He approached both of them. Jean and Maddie both stood on the bridge, they looked rather dazed.

"Harry, thank God it's you," Jean whispered. Her tone of voice was nearly breathless. She walked over and threw her arms around Harry's neck.

He held her up nice and calmly. The Incubus used a mild dose of pheromones to keep her from losing it.

Maddie heaved a sigh of relief. Harry not being around was causing the Phoenix to behave in an erratic manner. Not that she was not coming close to losing things herself, but the Phoenix seemed to re-define some rather frustrating behavior.

"So, we're here, but the question are any others here?" she asked.

Harry frowned and he could hear more footsteps. That answered Maddie's question for her. Wanda made her way forward and nearly collapsed to her knees when she reached them. Zatanna arrived as well a moment later, although she didn't collapse to her knees. She was breathing in a fairly ragged manner though and struggled to hold herself to her feet.

Harry extended a hand out and helped Wanda up as well.

"She's.....we were cast out of Limbo," Zatanna said. She hitched in a breath and frowned. "I don't
know what happened to Illyana and Ananym."

"We'll find them, once we figure out what happened," Harry said. Wanda clung onto his arm and
didn't seem to want to let go any time soon. Harry allowed her to do this. The dark haired magical
mutant took a nice and deep breath when Harry moved her on. "You know it's going to be okay,
right?"

Wanda nodded crisply and calmly. The woman seemed to be at a loss for words. That was
something that was rare for someone like her.

"I don't know what she saw," Zatanna answered. Harry leaned towards her and placed a hand on her
shoulder. "However, whatever it is…"

"It could be just the shock of having the bond link disconnected," Jean offered. She knew that she
freaked out something fierce. She couldn't escape from where she was.

Harry picked up on that thought. "It's something more powerful than we realized it if it can't hold the
Phoenix."

"How powerful can that be?" Diana asked.

Karen was the one who answered the question. "It's more powerful than life itself."

The two of them swung open the gates. Harry was greeted with the smell of fire and brimstone the
further he walked on in. That wasn't something that he saw to be out of the ordinary. One could
argue for him it was just another day at the office.

Harry stepped forward and his calm strides lead him to something really awful. Had he not been an
Incubus, it would have turned his stomach and disgusted him.

All he regarded this scene before him was scientific proof that something dangerous was striking
through the realms.

Karen's explanation of "Rao" was punctuated by Diana's exclamation of "Hera."

The slain bodies of several hundred Asgardians were scattered across the battle field. There was the
smells of burning rubble that filled their nostrils.

Harry stepped forward and picked up the sword on the ground. It was still warm.

"This happened very recently and the person who did this got out of here very quickly," Harry
explained to them.

"No person could do this," Jean whispered. She stopped when she looked around.

Harry smiled. She did have a point. There was not a single human being alive that could kill that
many gods. There were several wounded, but since there were no women amongst the pile, Harry
moved on past them. Karen, Diana, Jean, Maddie, Wanda, and Zatanna pass him.

"He is here, he approaches," Wanda whispered. She finally broke her silence. She saw a terrible
flicker of something before she cast through.

The chaos magic in the air nearly overwhelmed the woman. Her heart kept beating steadily against
her chest the more that she waited. This was an awful incident for sure. She nearly wanted to fall to
the ground and explode into a weeping fit of insanity. She drew her breath in and kept herself calm.
It was only because of Harry's strength that she didn't.

Selene knew that there was one place on Earth that they could find some answers. The dark haired magical user crossed the countryside. Clea, Emma, Illyana, Ananym, Claire, and Kara followed her.

'I know this is a crude workaround and could go out at any time,' Emma thought. She managed to summon the reserves to reestablish a mental link, although long distance was still a problem from her mind.

She suffered a severe psychic attack and that caused her mind to be ravaged. Jean lashed out and attacked whatever attacked them. Emma blacked out sometime after that. The moment she woke up, Maddie and Jean were gone.

'It will have to do for now,' Clea thought.

Latveria was ruled by Valeria Von Doom and the citizens knew not to defy her rule. They would incur the wrath of something very powerful if they did. Her rule was most certainly much more fair and evening. Some of the citizens joked that they missed the weekly visits of those American superheroes, the Fantastic Four, after Doom had attacked them.

Some thought that their former leader needed a better hobby than tormenting his enemies and that was why they had so much trouble.

Clea could sense the same kind of dark magic in the air that had been bothering her. They crossed the countryside that lead to the Palace of Doom. Flames shot up from the ground when she approached it.

'And it has been trashed,' Claire thought. She looked around the ground for clues.

Magic seemed to be the culprit. She was well out of her depth.

"So, you can hear me now?" Gwen asked in their ear pieces.

"Yes, I can hear you," Emma said. "Have you located Harry and his companions."

"I wish I had better news for you on that front," Gwen said. She chewed down on her lip quite nervously when she continued to work on. "There has been nothing else that has caused us trouble."

"I wouldn't be so sure about that," Kara said. Gwen jumped up and she wondered what was with this entirely negative comment. "Latveria has been attacked."

Kara made her way forward to the palace. There was some kind of magical barricade on the palace that prevented her from going in.

She could fly through it at super speed, at the risk of shattering every bone in her body. While she had been working with her magical gifts with Harry, her experience was rather rudimentary at best.

"Stand aside please," Ananym said. She was essentially bored and she crossed the threshold. She placed her hand on the other side of the gate and caused it to glow.

It caused a stabbing pain to flow through her hand. It was passive, not active magic, so it was easier to take down.

"And now we can go in," Clea confirmed. "Providing of course there were no other nasty surprises."
"Step carefully then," Selene said. She wanted to find out what happened. Her order was being disturbed and she didn't like that. "Valeria, Valeria!"

There was a groan that Kara picked up. She pointed them down the hallway.

"She's in the throne room," Emma said. She figured as much. That should have been the first place they all would look.

The broke open the throne room and they saw the Doom Bots being smashed to the ground. Valeria was dropped to one knee and looked like she was attempting to direct traffic. The breathe had been knocked out of her body when she had been attacked.

Claire's eyes went forward and she saw the source of it. The Destroyer robot had attacked Latveria and Valeria was fighting it.

"We need to take that thing out," Claire said.

"Agreed," Kara said, before anyone can argue with the point. She frowned. "Any ideas how to do it?"

Valeria wondered exactly how she got herself into the mess that she did. She sensed a shift in the air a few hours ago. She didn't think that much of it. Harry gave her the heads up that there would be some kind of attack, but this was beyond her wildest imaginations.

This was pure insanity, she wasn't going to lie. The dark haired woman dropped down to her knees and hitched in a breath. This Destroyer was something that could take down Thor. Her magic didn't seem to have any affect on it. In fact, her magic was erratic and extremely wonky. She was about ready to lose her mind with trying to take this thing down.

There was a large crash outside and Valeria could find the barriers being taken down. Help was on the way.

"Doom Bots, to me," Valeria said. She didn't know if this was going to work. She didn't really care if this worked. She was only using it as a delaying tactic in an attempt to bye herself some time.

The Doom Bots started to march in and attack the Destroyer. They were crushed instantly like the glorified tin cans that they were. Valeria watched the sparks fly when the Doom Bots were entirely destroyed by the attacks.

The doors broke open and Valeria slumped against the wall. She could hear the words they said, but they weren't coherent. This was partly due to the fact that she suffered a magically induced headache that caused her to struggle in her attempts to focus.

A blonde blur shot through the air. She dodged the attack of the Destroyer.

A second blur came down from underneath and slammed a punch to the chest of the Destroyer. Sparks shot out of the Destroyer and it almost fell over. There were another series of punches that rocked the large robot.

Ananym pulled her out of the way.

"So, I guess the calvery is here," Valeria said. She was dazed and blood dripped from the gash on her stomach on the ground.
"You're badly hurt,' Ananym replied.

"Yes, I noticed," Valeria said. She watched Clea try and contain the Destroyer. "It's been ramped up, someone enhanced it."

"That someone is Loki," Ananym replied. Valeria shook her head.

"That does seem to be the obvious suspect, but not this time," Valeria said. She tried to stand up to stand beside them and fight.

The only problem was that her wounds were such that she could barely stand up. Blood splashed out of her mouth when she coughed. Her knees were weak and she wobbled on them in an attempt to keep herself from standing up.

Kara went one way and Claire went the other way. The Destroyer could have given both of them a fight.

'So are we just flying around randomly, or do we have a plan?' Claire asked. Clea sent an attack to its back.

'Illyana, what is the status of the portal?' Clea asked.

'I think that I found where the door is now, but I'm not sending that thing to Limbo,' Illyana thought.

'Send it to the Phantom Zone for all I care, send it to our master's former world...there isn't nothing much there but ashes and graves,' Kara said. She avoided the large fist of the Destroyer.

Kara dove down underneath its gapping arms and Claire came down. She used her heat vision. That got the Destroyer's attention, even though it didn't damage it.

Illyana gritted her teeth when she summoned the power through the portal. This was much harder.

'I don't know how long I can hold this open, so you better work quickly,' Illyana warned them.

Kara and Claire shot towards the Destroyer. They nailed it at super speed. It was going to hurt to connect it, but they had no choice.

Valeria lifted an arm up. She summoned every bit of energy she had, despite the pain racking through her body.

A bolt of purple energy shot from her hand and caused the Destroyer to lose its balance. Kara and Claire both double slammed it through the portal.

Both girls dropped down to the ground and felt rather dazed.

"I don't know why I feel so weak," Kara said. She shook her head. Her fist normally would have healed quicker from bashing it into something hard. Right now it was bruised, no matter how much she ran her hand up and down it in an attempt to appease her injury.

Emma looked outside and blinked. "I have to say that this might be a very good reason."

The Red Sun shined brightly outside. They had no idea when that happened.

"Magic is changing more of this world, but into what?" Ananym asked.

"Something awful," Valeria gasped. She collapsed onto the ground.
Kara managed to catch her before she did. At least she still had her quick reflexes even though her powers was diminishing and her and Claire burned through a lot of reserves.

"We don't have enough power to fly her back for medical attention," Claire said.

"Then we're going to have to try and patch her up here," Clea said. She did have knowledge of some healing magic. The Sorceress Supreme wouldn't live up to her namesake if she didn't.

Each inch they navigated of Asgard was far damned than the last one. Harry was getting increasing agitated.

Karen reached over and placed her hand on Harry's shoulder. She knew that he was frustrated, but the last thing that she wanted for him to do was lose his cool. She turned him around and gave him a kiss.

She allowed Harry to attack her throat with his tongue. The Incubus needed to let off some steam more than anything else.

Wanda was calming down a little bit. The chaos in the air caused her head to thump. Things weren't as they should have been. The Red Skull's experiments stirred up elements that he hadn't even dreamed about during his life.

"Things are going to be okay," Zatanna told Wanda.

Wanda opened her mouth and nodded. She really wished that she could agree with Zatanna. The problem was that there was plenty of evidence that showed her that things weren't going to be okay.

Diana decided to be the one that was brave enough to speak to them. Karen and Harry pulled apart, his hands still resting on her hips.

"There's someone up there, near that area," Diana said.

Karen decided to ask the question. Harry's hands slowly worked their way towards her center. She hitched in her breath when she spoke. "Is it friend or foe?"

"I don't know," Diana admitted. The entire group turned towards the location and all of them became extremely uneasy and it was for good reason. "Maybe we should go up there and see what we can find….whether it be for better or for worse."

"Good idea," Harry agreed. He seemed fairly calm all things considered. He drew some of Karen's energy.

Maddie may have helped a little bit. She passed him. Jean brought up the other side and she stopped. There was a thumping that occurred in the area of her head. The redhead couldn't believe the sensations that she felt.

"What's the problem?" Harry asked Jean curiously.

Jean frowned, she really wished she could figure out the problem. "My powers….you know that they're not working as well as they should."

"Yes, but we'll figure that out once we figure out who did this," Harry said. The Incubus looked to be ready to tear someone's throat out. He sought blood and he didn't care whose blood it was.

"Yes, we will," Jean agreed. Her heart drummed a nice and steady beat over her chest. Harry
reached towards her and grabbed her hand firmly. "But, there is someone up there, and she isn't too happy."

"I can deal with her, no matter how unhappy she is," Harry said.

He stepped forward and lead the way. He put himself ahead of the members of his group. Harry wondered if this person was the one behind this. He got the sense that she wasn't, for some reason. His instincts rarely proved to be wrong. There were times that they were off, but it worked out well in the end, he thought.

It turned out that there was no need for them to approach this figure. She was the one that approached them quickly. Her dark hair framed her face when she rushed out of the shadows.

She jumped forward and swung a sword towards them. Harry dodged it. He caught a few glimpses of her. Her dark hair hung messily about a beautiful face. Her red and white battle garments were completely tattered. The look of rage crossing her face couldn't hide the beauty that she showed. She rushed towards him attack.

Maddie frowned. She never was happy to see both her son and lover attacked. She decided to get into the head of this enemy.

'Asgardian, they are difficult,' Maddie thought to herself. She managed to link minds with Jean.
'Jean, honey, could you help me?'

'It would be my pleasure,' Jean said. She could see Diana block the punch of this woman. 'And that's like looking in a mirror, the two of them.'

'Not like we have any room to talk when we spar,' Maddie said.

'There are differences with us though,' Jean thought.

'As there are with them' Maddie reminded her. Jean couldn't really argue with that logic. Her breath caused her chest to rise and fall. 'But they do look similar when they are afar.'

Maddie decided to get the woman's attention by striking one of the key pleasure centers of her brain. The woman's knees slowly buckled underneath her.

Harry smiled. Jean and Maddie set them up and he was about to knock them down.

"We're not here to fight you, unless you give us cause to," Harry said. He stepped forward and grabbed the woman firmly upon the hand.

The woman relaxed underneath his grip. She took one look into those green eyes and she was completely spellbound.

'Those eyes, it gets them every time,' Maddie said with pride.

"Who are you?" Harry asked her. His voice was firm, but not demanding. Still there was a hint that he expected an answer and he expected immediately.

"Lady Sif of Asgard….the others……I don't know what happened to them," this woman, Lady Sif, said. She grabbed onto Harry's waist and held her arm around him.

"I don't know, but someone has slain many warriors here," Harry said.

"Yes, I already know of that, but I'm referring to the rest of my party, we were separated," Sif said.
She looked into the eyes of this beautiful creature. She tried not to get caught up in him.

"Were all of you females?" Diana asked. Sif nodded in response without hesitation. "We'll do what we can to find them all and bring them back to you safely."

"Thank you, I'm forever in your debt," Sif said. There was a light energy glow that enveloped her body. She was unaware of the ramifications of that statement.

Karen smiled and she asked a question. "Where is Odin?"

"Odin placed himself in the Odin Sleep, despite the fact that it was unadvised," Sif commented. "He has vanished without a trace. Thor has vanished as well."

Diana snapped her fingers. "I bet it was Loki."

"Yes, it normally is," Sif agreed. She sounded more bored and frustrated by this than everything.

Harry frowned. Loki did seem like the obvious answer to what was going on here. He almost seemed a bit too obvious. He was getting more questions than he had answers and he wasn't sure if he liked any of that.

"Let's move and find them," Harry told Sif. She nodded graciously. They were going to need all of the help that they could get.

Loki knew that this journey resulted in swallowing a great bit of her pride. The Trickster crossed into a realm that was left oddly untouched. That was odd and made her wonder about something. The Asgardian stepped into the shadows, through the mist.

She heard whispers of distrust when she approached. It was just as well. Loki didn't have any delusions that she did some wicked and spiteful things in the name of just being bored.

There was another loud hiss when she walked forward. Loki almost felt like she was being drawn into a domain that she might not leave. Amora waited on the other side. She was the backup in case this plan didn't work and there was every chance that this plan didn't work.

"Loki," a dark voice whispered from the shadows. "You've changed."

"Yes, I've heard that joke far enough, it's nearly as old as the trees," she commented in a crisp voice.

A three headed dog roared in the shadows. "Down Fluffy."

Loki raised an eyebrow when he looked at the creature. "Fluffy?"

"It's a gift from an associate of mine, he dabbles in death himself," the woman in the shadows commented. Of course, a more accurate term would be that he diddled with Death, but that was not so subtle. "It's previous owner named it Fluffy. It won't answer to anything else. And these dogs, they smell deception."

"Well, with three noses, it could smell a lot," Loki commented. Her tone sounded rather bored when she spoke. "You know why I'm here, do you not?"

"I have an inkling, and my realm is threatened by the same thing you feel threatened by," the woman commented.

"Hela, you know what..."
"I know much about what you've done and I know that you don't have any direct involvement in this one," she commented. The woman put a special emphasis on the word direct. She didn't trust Loki for obvious reasons.

"You turn your sibling into a frog every few years for an eternity and everyone seems to be so distrustful of you," Loki recited in a bored voice. "Let it go, Hela, just let it go."

"If you start singing that accursed song, you will pay," Hela replied. She seemed to be agitated. She pulled herself up. She had an eerie kind of beauty. A dark bodysuit wrapped snugly around her curves. "But, perhaps we can form an alliance of convenience."

"Yes," Loki agreed. She saw the shadows get into her personal space. "Call off your wraiths before I transform them into bunny rabbits."

"That's the best you can do?" Hela asked. She waved her hand and the wraiths backed off.

"As anyone who has a vegetable garden can attest, bunny rabbits can be extremely evil," Loki replied. She spoke without irony. "So do we have a deal?"

Loki extended her hand. Hela didn't shake it for she knew better. Man or women, she was a trickster and there was always a double meaning to her words.

"Yes, we have a deal, but if you betray me, Odin's past punishments of you will seem like a back rub."

To Be Continued February 15th, 2015.
Valeria's day pretty much sucked big time. She would have loved to count the ways, but there were far too many to speak of and all of them gave her a slight headache. The young girl stretched her limbs out and allowed herself a nice little sigh. She shook her head when she attempted to return herself back to a state of ease.

"So, what's the damage?" Valeria asked her. She stretched and groaned.

"Well your arm is still tendered, but you should know that much," Clea said.

Valeria shook her head. "I know that much. What happened to my palace?"

Illyana gave herself a sad little frown. That really underlined all of the reasons why the Daughter of Doom had her priorities misplaced. Then again, it was a beautiful place and it was a shame that it got ripped apart. The woman knew that Valeria had revenge on her mind.

"Just sit still and you can take a look for yourself, once I've given you the clear," Clea said. She knew healing magic, but she wasn't a master of it. She thought that she did okay.

The Daughter of Doom rested and she tried to keep herself calm. Her wounds slowly healed themselves over. She didn't realize how close they were to being really fatal. Clea wasn't going to be the one to explain that to her.

"Can you clear me now?" Valeria asked. There was a sullen frown on her face. She was patient, to an extent. Her patience only lasted so long. She collapsed onto the bed.

"I'm guessing that you will be out of commission for a long time," Kara replied. Her hands were wrapped up. The band Harry gave her was on the blink for some reason. The yellow sunlight filtered in.

"Same for you," Valeria said. "Do you have any idea why the sun turned red?"

"I don't know, but I wonder if the duplicated Earth was moved elsewhere," Kara said. She couldn't explain it, but she felt the dimensional barriers shift and turn. She could feel an aching sensation through her hands.

"I don't know, I don't want to even begin to think about any of this," Claire said. She knew that Harry was gone.

"He is still there, somewhere," Valeria said. It was almost like she found out where Claire was. "Morgan might have been able to find him."

There was a raised eyebrow and Ananym leaned towards her friend. They had bounded over time due to the fact that they had twisted and obsessed fathers.

"I didn't really think that you would be the person that would think to call out to Morgan at a time like this," Ananym said. "Why the about face?"
Valeria gave a pained sigh and not just because she got sliced to ribbons. "Desperate times call for strange bed fellows."

Clea nodded and double checked the Daughter of Doom. "You're about as patched up as you're going to get."

Valeria nodded and pulled herself to her feet. She walked a little bit better. The budding young sorceress was not ready for battle any time soon.

"I'm guessing any active magic that I channel will cause my body to hurt like hell," Valeria replied. Clea blinked and she looked at Valeria. She nodded in response. "Very well, then."

Valeria swept through the makeshift infirmary. Ananym decided to follow her to help her deal with the damage.

Kara sat on the bench. Illyana turned towards her. "I'm sorry there isn't more than I can do."

Kara waved off her apologies. "I know that you've done the best that you can."

"It isn't about your hands, although I wish that I could have done better with those as well," Illyana said. Kara raised her eyebrow and nodded. She did wonder what Illyana was referring to. "If I can only find our master, we might be able to assist it."

"Does it feel like there's a large part of you missing when he's not around?" Kara asked.

Illyana inclined her head down. She wasn't going to admit it outright, but she did so. "I'll find a way to cope."

She saw Kara's bright blue eyes on hers. The young woman gave a long heaving sigh in response. She was spared by the explanation when Valeria returned. She looked like someone mortally offended her. Given her palace was completely trashed, that seemed to be a pretty good explanation.

She walked forward and her hands shook.

Selene followed her and she was in deep conversation with Emma. "I tried to reach out to Morgan. I agree with Valeria, if anyone can shed light on this madness, she can."

"Hopefully," Emma replied. "But you didn't have any success of reaching her, did you?"

"No," Selene admitted crisply. The Black Queen of the Hellfire Club wasn't someone who did hopeless for obvious reasons. "There is no reason to say that there is something wrong with her."

It went without saying that there was no reason to say that everything went right with her either.

Sif was glad that she joined up with this group when she did. The legend of the Incubus King who came from another realm spread through the land. There were people who said that they met him. Sif doubted that many of these claims were true. She would entertain that some of them might be.

"There's something off in the air," Sif muttered. She stood by Harry and Diana was on the other side. Karen, Wanda, and Zatanna were in front of them. Maddie and Jean were in the back of them.

"Yes, it's been in the air for a while, but I'm sure that you've noticed," Harry said. He was careful not to stir up the mist. At least he was careful not to stir it up until he had a pretty concrete idea of what
he was up against.

There was a loud hiss when Harry stepped on through the mist. He frowned deeply when he continued to walk on through.

"I don't know about you, but I don't like the looks of this," Zatanna replied.

"You're not the only one," Wanda said. She stopped short, but shook her head.

"Maybe we should set up camp," Diana said. She looked towards the young girl who looked about ready to lose her mind.

"No, we've got to find the rest of Sif's party," Wanda said. She wasn't going to let this slow her down and most certainly not the rest of them.

Sif wondered about this. There was no sign that any of them were around. Harry reached towards her hand and gripped her hand firmly.

"They're still out there."

She wondered how he could speak with such certainty. "How can you be so certain?"

"I would know if they weren't out there," Harry said. He was starting to regain some of his senses, even if a good portion of the bond had been disconnected from him. That was because they were on two separate worlds technically and there was something blocking them. "If you've heard the legends that I have had an affinity for Death, I can assure you that it's true."

Sif couldn't believe it. Her mouth hung open and Harry smiled at her.

A fiery wreath shot in the air above his head. Zatanna recognized some of the symbols that were written in the fire. Many other symbols were a loss to her.

"That's what I saw, we're getting close," Wanda said. She would figure out what was happening here, one way or another.

A hideous round of laughter was heard. Harry stood up straight. He wasn't about to back down from mere laughter. It was something that he stared straight in the eye and took on without any fear whatsoever.

There was a loud crackling sound when something broke from its barrier. A hideous looking demonic creature made of fire with molten hot spikes showed up.

"So, you dare try and stop the master?" the creature asked.

Karen shook her head. "So if your boss is the master, that must make you the bitch."

The creature gave a loud and primal roar. It shot fireballs in the air. Harry caused the fireballs to freeze into ice balls and he ricocheted them back at the creature. It was a nice little tactic that wouldn't be possible if it wasn't for the magic, of magic.

The creature gave a dangerous howl. It was spitting fire, quite literally.

"Don't look now, but it has a slightly uglier twin brother," Jean said. She sensed it coming.

"I don't know, that one might be better looking," Maddie said. She looked at the creature with a critical eye and she smiled. "But……in this case, it's really hard to tell."
The duo of demons became a trio. Harry conjured an energy blade in his hand. For some, this would be an alarming situation. Others, they might feel that they were doomed.

For Harry, it was just another day out of his life. He fought demons for most of his early life in Limbo. He was the biggest and baddest of them all in his opinion.

The creatures decided to rush towards him two at once. Both of them went for Harry and attempted to take him out.

Harry zipped out of their way. Wanda nailed one of them with a hex bolt and took him out.

Sif watched the battle. She could not believe this. She saw Diana rush on over past her. The Amazon Princess nearly bumped past her.

"Feel free to join the battle," Maddie said.

Sif stood up straight in embarrassment. She couldn't believe that she had nearly missed out on a fight.

One of the creatures held a burning sword. She slammed her cold hard steel into it in response. Both of them battled for domination. The woman closed her eyes and exerted her control.

She watched Harry exert his power. When he was around, there was no control other than his. He sent the bone spikes back at one of his demons.

"Seal the portal before more come through!" Wanda yelled nervously. She could sense that this was just the first wave. There would be an army coming through.

Zatanna tried to do what she could to seal the portal. Karen walked next to her.

'I'm pretty sure we can figure this out, if we can work together,' Karen thought.

'Yeah, right, right, sure, right,' Zatanna said. She was nodding up and down and trying to find the way to seal the runes off.

'Are you sweating?' Karen asked.

Two of the demons fell over and the third was left down. Harry waved for Sif to step back.

"I believe that we'll have some words with you."

The demon struggled. Diana's lasso was wrapped around the creature. No matter how much it tried to escape the grip, it couldn't burn out.

Sif raised her eyebrow and wondered what Diana's intentions were. Harry decided to explain things for her.

"The lasso will cause him to tell the truth, no matter what," Harry said.

"Are you sure that will work?" Sif asked. Diana frowned when she heard her lasso being doubted. "There is no offense meant, but demons are masters of deception."

"I'm confident that it will work," Diana commented. She tightened the lasso grip around the demon. "And you would kill us if you were allowed the opportunity."
"Yes," the fire demon breathed nastily. "I will tear into your bodies and feast upon your remains. I will enjoy what I eat from you."

"He's a real charmer, isn't he?" Zatanna asked. She tried to lighten up Wanda's mood, but Wanda was still a bit agitated. She was better off now that the portal is closed.

"That's confirmation that it worked," Harry said. "If he was able to deceive us, he would have tried to bargain with us."

Sif nodded. That made perfect sense to her. "Would it have worked?"

Harry shook his head. He knew better than to accept a bargain from a demon. These types of demons feasted on despair and longed for chaos.

"You're going to tell me who your master is," Harry whispered to the creature. "And keep in mind, any hesitation on your part will result in your destruction."

The demon couldn't lie even if it wanted to. It was loyal to its master, up to an extent. That extent faded when it's very life was in peril. It understood the situation that it was in when Diana yanked on the lasso that was tied around it.

"Surtur."

It was one name, but it was a name that caused most of them to tense up in nervousness. Sif did flinch most of all. That was a name that no one would ever want to hear in their lives. It was a name that many in the nine realms feared hearing. Even the legends reached Karen and Diana. Wanda seemed more tranquil than ever, because at least it gave credence to her visions.

Harry looked at the demon calmly. "I see."

"Yes, and he knows that if he defeats you, there will be no one that will be able to stop his plans," the fire demon commented.

"Have you been told his plans or are you unimportant enough where he hasn't even bothered to tell you a thing?" Harry asked the fire demon. The creature squirmed and it was obvious he struggled with the question.

The fire demon tried to speak. There was something caught in his throat.

"Hesitation will mean your doom," Harry reminded the creature. "I'm waiting for your answer, creature."

"He doesn't judge me as important enough to tell me his plans," the creature said. He seemed incensed and if he could burn through the rope to attack Harry, he would. Even though it would mean his doom. "I honestly hope the two of you tear each other limb from limb."

"But, do you think that I'm going to allow you to live long enough to see that battle?" Harry asked. The creature shook his head.

"No, you wouldn't, even if you told me that you would allow me to live, I wouldn't believe it," the creature said. "You are a demon, you are one who is a master of deception."

"You understand how the game works, very good," Harry said. "Do you have anything else to tell me?"
"I have nothing to speak to you, Incubus," the demon hissed. The Incubus King was both feared and hated among other demons. The creature spat white hot fire towards Harry.

"That makes two of us."

The creature disappeared and screamed. Sif stepped up towards Harry. Her mouth was wide open suddenly. "This is far worse than I thought."

"So, this is what the Red Skull woke up," Harry said.

"You don't seem too worried," Karen replied. She stepped behind Harry and wondered if something had gotten knocked loose in the battle.

"I don't see it as a worry," Harry replied. There were a few of the group that was going to protest this statement. "I see it as a challenge that I'm going to overcome."

Sif thought that she would see this as false bravado from most other people. The woman would believe the statement from him. Her eyes looked towards him. "What are we going to do?"

"Set a trap for him," Harry said.

"That would actually be the best..." Sif said. She trailed off and Harry was already giving instructions to his women.

"Karen, Zatanna, and Wanda, see what you can do about setting up detection barriers," Harry said. He felt more of his powers returning. He needed one extra spark to reclaim his powers and he knew the way to get that spark. "Maddie, you and Jean go out on the perimeter patrol and summon me if there's a problem."

'It will be a pleasure,' Maddie thought. She was glad that she had a chance to hear voices in her head again.

Sif walked over next to Harry. The three of them entered a small little cottage that manifested out in the middle of nowhere.

"You never cease to amaze,' Sif said.

"You've seen nothing yet," Diana commented. "Are you okay?"

"My injuries have been far worse in sparring," Sif said. She crossed her arms together and shook her head. "I think that the quality of his minions speaks for him leading us into a false sense of security."

"Oh he isn't as strong as he thought that he was," Harry commented. The three of them sat down on the bed with each other. "He's weak, now is the perfect time to strike."

"His bravado is such that he wouldn't turn down a direct threat to his power," Sif said to him. "I wish we can find them, unless..."

Harry silenced her with a kiss. His adrenaline was worked up in the middle. The Incubus needed to feed.

Sif was surprised by this bold action. She reached forward and grabbed the back of his head. She held his head into place and kissed him in an extremely heated and passionate matter.

The dark haired woman leaned backwards and sighed when Harry back off.
"I feel left out," Diana commented.

"Then allow me to correct that endeavor," Sif said. She wrapped her arms around her and pressed her sizeable breasts against Diana's.

The two of them exchanged a passionate kiss with each other. Harry watched them indulge in this passionate make out session.

The two of them battled for position and Diana flipped Sif over on the bed. She kissed her on the side of her neck and sucked on it.

Harry moved down between her legs. His hand rubbed her thigh and worked her over. Her nude body was revealed and she spread her legs for him.

"Do you want to have some fun while we wait?" Diana asked.

"Yes, yes, yes," Sif whispered. His hand nearly parted her and Diana kissed her.

The heat that rose between her legs got extremely intense and Harry moved in for the kill.

Harry sucked on her clit. That caused passion to explode from her loins. Sif closed her eyes and she started to breath heavily. His tongue pushed deep into her pussy after he was done sucking that.

Sif could feel his talented tongue go into her mouth. His tongue explored her pussy. She reached on in and grabbed around the back of her head. The dark haired woman lifted her hips up.

Diana slid over her face and stifled her moans. Sif grabbed Diana's supple cheeks and her pussy got exposed for him. She placed her fingers into her ass.

"Such a good girl, work her and make her cum," Harry whispered. She rubbed her pussy and he drove himself into her dripping hot pussy. "And I'll make you cum."

He said the last part of this in Parseltongue, speaking into her pussy. Sif clenched her legs around him and her hips thrashed up. Harry gave her a literal tongue lashing.

Diana rode herself down onto Sif's tongue. She expected that she did this before.

"Hera, it feels good, oh yes," Diana whimpered. She felt Sif's tongue rotate into her pussy. She ground herself up and down on her face. "I'm going to cum."

Harry released Diana's orgasm and allowed her to cum. Sif lapped up her pussy juices. Harry drove his tongue into her and ate her out as well. Sif closed her eyes and she pumped herself up. He sucked her pussy juices up.

She came extremely hard into her mouth. The woman's hips roughly thrust into her mouth. His tongue lapped up every drop of her.

Harry got up and settled himself between her legs. His hands placed on Sif's firm thighs. He leaned forward and stole a kiss from Diana. Diana tasted Sif's sweet juices off of her lips before she leaned back.

She was breathing heavily and Harry allowed Diana to step back. Harry leaned down and kissed Sif on the lips. There was a combined taste of their juices. Harry pulled away from her and pinned her hands behind her head.

"Are you ready?" Harry asked her. His manhood brushed against her dripping slit. "Are you ready to
"Take me," Sif breathed. Harry held onto her breasts and squeezed them. "Please take me, take that really hard cock, and stuff it into me."

Harry tweaked her nipples and that caused her to whimper. He teased her entrance with his throbbing manhood. She whimpered when he brushed up against her. The Asgardian warrior pushed her hips up.

He played with her again and again. He teased her with his manhood. Harry grabbed her breast and squeezed it. He leaned towards her and kissed her nipple. He sucked it and she moaned.

"Don't tease me," Sif begged him. Harry was almost into her. Half of an inch was almost into her. He pushed another inch into her.

He shoved the rest of him inside her body. She stretched herself out and closed her eyes. She felt her thighs spread when he entered inside her.

Sif moaned underneath him. Her pussy stretched when his cock slammed into her body. Her dripping wet pussy slid up and down onto them.

"More, deeper," Sif whispered. She could feel Harry go into her. His large cock spread her out.

He decided to shift his attention towards another way. He pulled out of her and turned her over. His manhood brushed against her wet and hot pussy. Sif whimpered when he was a couple of inches away from entering her.

Sif spread her legs and she felt all of him inside her.

"Mine, all mine," Harry grunted. Her wetness closed him. The bed shifted beneath them when Harry forced her down. He held his hands on her ass and pushed himself into her down upon the bed.

Sif gave a moan of delight when Harry pushed into her body. The young man spiked himself into her. His hard and throbbing cock stretched out her body when he entered her. His thrusts battered her tightness over and over again.

Her wet pussy clenched him when he slid almost all of the way of her.

Diana ran her fingers down her nipples. She rubbed her nipples and she ran her hands down her body. Her fingers pushed into her pussy.

A duplicate of Harry grabbed Diana's hands and prevented her from playing with herself.

"Punish me," Diana breathed heavily. He pushed back against her. She sucked her nipples and she panted. "Punish me."

"Don't worry," Harry said. He flipped over Diana and tied her up with the lasso. "I will."

Harry spanked her tight ass. That caused her to moan and groan. He brushed his cock against her when he was done.

Sif looked up in time to watch the Harry duplicate over towards her. The prime version was ramming into her from behind. He slowed his thrusts into her. His hands pulled up the Asgardian and made her kiss the ass of the Amazon.

"Use your tongue," Harry whispered in Sif's ear.
Sif obeyed and lubricated Diana's ass with her tongue. She grabbed onto Diana's ass and used her tongue.

She left things nice and moist. Harry held onto Sif's breasts and pounded into her. She moaned into Diana's ass.

Her tight pussy clenched him. She didn't get his cum yet, but it was close. Harry ran his hands over her body. He played with her nipples, nibbled her neck.

"Hold on, you haven't felt anything yet," Harry informed her. Sif closed her eyes when Harry squeezed her breast.

The duplicate of Harry made his way behind Diana. Harry ran his finger down her ass and fingered her. Diana moaned when Harry kept pumping his finger into her ass. He cupped her ass and slowly played with it.

His manhood slid into her perfect ass. Harry pushed into her. Diana moaned.

"Feeling good," Harry whispered to her.

"Yes," Diana agreed. She felt his throbbing cock spear into her loins. His fingers stimulated her pussy at super speed. "But it's going to feel better when you make Sif yours. Make her yours!"

Diana chanted this and her passion increased. Harry was hammering into her body. He held onto her hips and speared himself into her tight ass.

Sif was pushed down onto the bed hard as well. She could see Harry ram into Diana's ass. She wanted some of that for sure.

"You know, you'll get it soon enough," Harry whispered. He marked her on the back of her neck. Sif's wet pussy clamped around him when she tried to work him into an orgasm. Sif's silken walls closed around him when he kept working into her. "Just relax and feel this moment."

"I am, I am," Sif whimpered.

"Then do it, come for me," Harry told her. The hormones from the heat of the battle that happened and the heat of the battle that was to come increased their passions with each other.

Harry held her breasts when he pushed into her body. Sif grabbed onto the bed when he pounded into her. Her dripping pussy closed around him.

He was in her so deep. She came and allowed it to flow within her. Sif's dripping hot snatch clenched around him. She looked down onto the bed, drool coming out of her mouth.

She tightened around his cock and saw the duplicate's cock entering Diana's tight ass. He ran his hands over her tight stomach and hammered into her hard.

"And now we're coming to cum together, all three of us," Harry whispered.

Diana's pussy thrashed on the bed and her juices stained the bed. Harry grabbed onto her hips and he shot his load into her ass.

Sif clenched him when she was leaned onto the bed. Harry grabbed onto her tits and rocked himself back against her. Her tight pussy worked him over.

"Keep cumming," Harry whispered to her. Her pussy tightened around him. She milked his hard
"Do you want me to cum?"

"Yes," Sif begged him. Her breathing escalated when Harry pushed himself into her. He brushed his hand around her nipples. "Yes, yes, oh yes!"

Harry's thick balls slapped against her and touched her clit when he positioned himself right. Her body heated up. "Say it, tell me what you want!"

"Shoot your hot cum into my body, I really want it so bad," Sif begged him. She held onto the edge of the bed and Harry hammered into her from behind.

"At once," Harry told her. He leaned forward and nibbled on the side of her neck. Sif whimpered when he spiked himself into her body. He spread her legs and he entered into her body.

Sif's cunt wrapped around him and pumped him. She finally received his gift when he shot his load into her body. Sif collapsed onto the bed when Harry rammed into her body.

He pulled out of her and his powers returned completely. All it took was that one little spark and he found it.

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Hela kept her eyes locked onto Loki. She would be lying if she trusted Loki, whether man or woman. She knew from experience that the Trickster spoke in double speak. She knew far more than she let on. It was just unclear exactly how much she knew.

"So, we have a deal?" Loki asked.

Hela nodded crisply. "If you double cross me, then I will make Odin's punishment look like a back rub."

"I believe that we've obviously established that point," Loki whispered. Hela looked into her eyes. "You know that he approaches. And it seems obvious that you've met him."

Hela didn't confirm anything that she told. She walked her way down the pathway. The echoes backed off when she approached the gate. She confirmed that it was sealed.

"And Amora is on the other side," Hela whispered. Loki turned to Amora and her mouth widened. "There is no use for your deception. I have a good idea what lingers and…"

Hela took a surprised breath when she sensed something. There was powers of death and powers of life. There were avatars of life, death, and rebirth. Hela sensed something on the other side of the gate.

"Is there a problem?" Loki asked. "Is it…"

"The Phoenix looms," Hela replied. Loki was about ready to place her hand on Hela's shoulder. She turned around.

"Yes, the Phoenix is rumored to be the mate of the Star Child, the Traveler, the Incubus King," Loki said. She ran her hand through her silky dark hair. "I suspect that there are numerous names that he can be given."

"But many call him master," Hela said.
"Are you one?" Loki asked.

"Silence," Hela said. She heard something and it shifted outside of the gates. "He is trying to break on through. But his target is not any of us. Thor was a minor inconvenience. Odin was one, and you are."

"I'll show him a minor inconvenience," Loki said. She placed her hand on the gate. She shifted her hand against it. "Dare we step through and meet him?"

"No," Hela replied. Loki's eyes shifted behind her back. She was about ready to ask why not. "He'll met us."

"Cryptic, but true," Loki offered. She frowned. "And I assume that there are some who think that I'm the person who is behind this."

Hela hung her head and gave a sigh. There was a pretty good reason that they suspected the likes of Loki. Her reputation preceded itself. She was willing to work together with the woman for now, until she showed her true colors. If her realm was compromised, then she would have to work with some strange bedfellows.

There was also a saying that ranged true on Midgard. One must keep their friends close and their enemies closer. Her unique representation with Loki in any form caused her to regard her as a dangerous threat.

"One would think that you would be involved with this," Hela muttered underneath her breath. "Given that every time that Odin goes to sleep, you're right in the middle of this."

Loki raised her eyebrow when she looked up.

"And you turn Thor into a toad and are you trying to tell me that….."

"I don't know," Loki replied. She spoke with honesty, even though no one believed it. "So, if his pet Phoenix is there, that means the Incubus King will greet us."

"I have nothing to hide from him," Hela answered. Loki turned and gave a nice mock hurt look at the woman. "It seems like you're the person who has something to hide."

"You wound me," Loki replied. She placed her hand onto her heart quite mockingly and breathed.

"I'm certain," Hela said. She had to worry about her own control. "Are you prepared to fight anything?"

"I'm always prepared to fight…"

There was a loud crack outside of the barrier. Hela nearly fell over. She held herself up. Fluffy's growls got even louder. The beast smelled deception and for once it was not coming from Loki.

Amora waited outside of the gates. She did wish that she enter Hel. Loki said that she wouldn't be for long, she wound find a way to convince Hela. Many believed Hela to be Loki's daughter and the actual explanation was actually far more interesting to that. The blonde waited outside into the distance. The smells of brimstone filled her nostrils. She waited for it to happen on the other side of the door. Her frown grew even wider when she waited and watched.
"Well, we found Loki's lookout."

Amora turned around and saw a redhead. She wore a nice tight pair of black pants and a nice tight top. Her green eyes flared with mischief and power. Her red hair draped over one side of her face.

She thought that she was able to leave some men breathless because of her powers. This woman could leave many more men and many more women extremely breathless. The redhead made her way towards her and smiled. There were pheromones that shot through the air.

Amora closed her eyes and shook her head.

"I hope you're not going anywhere," the redhead said. She spoke in a sultry tone. She would dominate the Enchantress if she would give the chance. "We'd love to talk to you. We'd really love to talk to you."

"I….I am just leaving," Amora commented. The woman was rarely out of her depth this much. She took a half of a step backwards away from her.

"There's no need to be afraid," a softer, more innocent voice whispered. Amora realized that she ran into an extremely feminine form. "We're not going to bite."

The sultry and seductive redhead smiled. She reached forward and lightly traced her finger over Amora's collarbone. "Unless you ask us really nicely."

Amora turned around and saw the woman behind her. She looked like the twin of the first woman. She was wearing white as opposed to black. Her hair hung loosely behind her. Her green eyes had innocence in it, at least so it seemed at first. The Enchantress knew all about deceptive interference.

"I'm Jean, and this is Maddie," Jean commented. The sultry redhead smiled when she started to stroke Amora's hair.

The Enchantress could feel her fingers and she closed her eyes.

"What do you want with me?" Amora asked. She could see the eyes of both of the redheads burn into her. She realized that she was trapped between them.

"Oh, she wants to know what we want with her?" Jean asked.

"That's a pretty loaded question," Maddie said. She grabbed her hands around Amora's. The Succubus caused her aura to spread over her.

Amora breathed heavily. She was pretty sure that she was succumbing underneath her power.

"But, our master wants a lot with you," Jean said.

Maddie ran her fingers down Amora's face. Her knees started to bent when she closed her eyes and sighed. "Our master wants everything with you. You and your companion, you've caused more than enough trouble, haven't you? You know what is happening, don't you?"

"We haven't caused the trouble, not this time," Amora whispered. She was down on her knees. She wanted to be behind Maddie's knees.

Jean bent down and made sure Amora focused. "Are you sure? You know, you can tell us if you know anything."

Amora felt a telekinetic charge stimulate some extremely sensitive areas. She couldn't believe that
she, the Enchantress, was being stimulated in such a way. Her heart raced intensely. She tried to avoid being overwhelmed by these attacks. She couldn't hold her head up.

"What do you know about Surtur?"

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To Be Continued On February 17th, 2015.
Amora wondered exactly what she was getting herself into. She had a redhead on either side of her. Her breath grew increasingly labored. They teased her body, but they didn't do anything to her. She was terrified in some ways. The blonde haired woman allowed herself to take in a breath and she allowed it out. Her breathing continued to escalate when both of them stood forward.

"Don't be afraid, if you play nicely, then you will get everything that you've ever wanted and more," Jean said. There was a softness to her voice, but there was some insanity.

Amora could feel her bindings tighten around her. She wondered if that increased her arousal. She was breathing in and out heavily. There were whispers between the two redheads about what they could do to her.

"Please, I'll give you anything," Amora begged. She could feel parts of her clothes slowing burning off. It was like a forced striptease.

"Oh, I'm sure that you'll give our master anything that he wants," Maddie commented. She looked over her shoulder. "And here he comes."

Amora were is the one position that no one wanted to be when an Incubus King approached her. She tried to close her legs. Her breathing increased when he approached her. She could see him approaching her. His handsome face, his burning green eyes, his amazing body, all of them was exposed to her. Amora couldn't believe this. She really wanted this, she wanted everything. Her breathing escalated when he approached her.

"You know more than you're letting on."

Amora couldn't deny that. It would be unwise to lie to an Incubus. Even Loki wouldn't be foolish enough to do something like that. He ran his hand over her face.

"You know much more than you're letting on," the Incubus commented. He ran his hand down to her collarbone.

His finger stopped when he almost reached her breast. He stopped. "Where is Loki?"

"She entered Hel to get an ally, in Hela," Amora whispered. She could feel Maddie and Jean get between her legs.

"That wasn't so hard to tell us?" Harry asked.

"That….fool….Surtur has been released from his cage, we're all doomed," she whispered. She was being tickled between her legs with their hot tongues. Her body responded to their actions.

"What does he have planned?" Harry asked. He bent down and groped her. He did so more firmly when she hesitated to answer.

Amora bit down on her lip hard and she looked into his eyes. She could feel some of his pheromones
hit her. She felt extremely light headed. "He plans to destroy everyone, and put Odin down in a sleep where he'd never recover."

"Hmm," Harry whispered. "But his.….arrival have must have done something. There were numerous changes. And Thor has vanished. And does Loki know where Thor has gone?"

Amora felt his hands tease her. She could hardly breath. Her mind was being sent to places that she hardly dreamed that they would.

"Enchantress, remember who your master is," Harry told her. Amora lifted her hips up. "Does Loki know where Thor has gone?"

"If she knows, she has not told me," Amora whispered. She allowed the Incubus to capture his lips onto hers. Her nether regions were being plered by Maddie and Jean from above her. She couldn't believe that this was happening. She succumbed to their power. "I feel that…"

Harry's tongue made its way down towards her breasts. He stopped and teased her. She moaned and Harry drew back. "What did you think?"

"I think that there are things that she's even keeping from me," Amora admitted. She hated the fact that he was using her like this. She hated the fact that he bent her to his will. The woman most certainly hated the fact that there was nothing that she could do to stop it.

And most importantly she hated the fact that she loved what he was doing. His hands dipped down closer.

"She will be exiting the gates sooner," Harry said. Jean and Maddie backed off to allow their master to do his work.

Amora's breathing escalated when he went down. "Yes."

"And then I will be able to have words with her, won't I?" Harry asked her.

"OOOH YES!" Amora yelled. She felt his hand stop against her. She was completely naked now and drenched in sweat. Her chest heaved up and down. Her nipples grew extremely hard.

Jean was over on one side of her and Maddie was over on the other side of her.

"So, I think that this one has earned a reward from our master, wouldn't you say?" Maddie asked. Her eyes flashed with mischief and malice. Jean was about ready to say something, but her mouth was occupied by one of Amora's pert nipples. "Don't talk with your mouth full, honey."

"She agrees that this one has finally earned her pleasure, and I would have to agree as well," Harry commented. He spread her legs.

Amora wondered if she could fit all of him inside her of in one fell swoop. Her thighs spread apart and she knew that she would have to adapt one way or another. He was inches away from entering her and most importantly taking her.

Another one that he could use to amp up his power levels for the battle at hand. All he had to do was take more women in here and he would be able to take control as it should be.

His hands rested on her thighs and he plunged himself all the way into her. Amora closed her eyes when he went deep into her.
Harry smiled when he buried himself deep inside of her. Her dripping wet pussy wrapped snugly around his manhood. Her tight muscle contractions threatened to pull her into him. Harry pulled himself up and felt her soft walls wrapped around him.

Amora thought that she died and went to a wonderful place. Jean's mouth wrapped around her nipple and Maddie's mouth wrapped around her other nipple. That duel assault was more than enough to caused her to have pleasure flow through her body.

It was more than enough if it wasn't for what Harry was doing. Harry caused wonderful things to happen to her body. He slowed down his thrusts and forced her to work him with her hips. Amora could feel his massive manhood go deep into her body. She was almost stuffed full of him.

"I think she wants more," Jean begged. Amora's whimpering increased. Her screams grow more ragged.

"She's close enough to wake the dead if we're not careful," Maddie said. Her pussy bared itself. "I think that we should do something about that."

Maddie draped her pussy over Amora's mouth. The woman inhaled the soft and delicious scent of the Succubus.

She licked out the mother while the son hammered into her from above. Harry's thick rod spread apart her walls.

Jean pouted. She felt left out. Maddie's able fingers reached over and played with her sensitive lips. Jean bit down on her lips and panted heavily.

That was only the appetizer for the main course. Harry appeared right behind Jean. He was ready. The Phoenix got excited as did Jean.

"Take her molten hot pussy in front of me, oh that would be so hot," Maddie whimpered. She watched Harry's cock greedily when it disappeared into Jean's body.

The redhead watched Harry's manhood slide into Jean's body. Jean closed her eyes and she felt him hammer hard into her from behind. Jean's slick walls caressed Harry's cock. The redhead bit down on her lip and let out a sultry moan. Harry kept working his way into her. His thrusts got more intense when Harry kept ramming into her from behind.

Jean closed her eyes and felt the rush. Harry's hands rested on her hips.

The pleasure Jean felt was nothing compared to the pleasure the Enchantress felt. Amora's mouth was kept extremely busy when she licked Maddie's tasty pussy.

"You're going to get your gift for being such an able helper," Harry groaned. He pushed himself into Amora's wet snatch. The woman caressed his cock when he entered her from above. He thrust down into her and stretched her out.

Amora felt the pleasure increase when he rolled his hands over her breasts. An explosion of magic energy flew through her breasts. That caused her hips to buck up.

"She hasn't had a real cock in her," Maddie said. She watched the duplicate of her son continue to fuck Jean. The woman's hips ground all the way up and down on his throbbing pole. She closed her eyes and rolled her hips back when she rode the woman's tongue.

Harry fixed that. He held onto her hips. It was now time for Amora's mind to really be blown.
Jean was pushed into the ground and she moaned intensely when her master played with her. He was such a great master, she couldn't even begin to describe how she felt. His hands explored every nice inch of her body.

Amora's orgasm was released. Her hips pushed up intensely and Harry speared his manhood deep into her hot and tight depths.

The Enchantress faded out with the pleasure. Harry kept pumping into her body. This was going to be it and he had her now right where he wanted her.

He decided to bind her to him as an Incubus did. He grunted when he plowed into her body. His balls tightened and he launched the cum into her body. Amora's pussy clenched around him.

"Such a good pet," Harry said. He smiled when he pulled out of them. "Mother, clean me up."

Maddie felt her pussy twitch as being addressed as such. The part of Lily Evans was turned on by her son ordering her around like this and the succubus part was really turned on by this incest connection. She crawled over towards Harry.

She popped his cock deep into her mouth with skill and precision. She slowly lapped his manhood up and he grunted when she worked him over. Harry closed his eyes and felt her continue to toy with him. She was really getting her money's worth of him when she kept playing with him.

She sucked him completely dry. Maddie's lips curled into a seductive grin. She situated herself where her beautiful face was parked between Amora's legs.

"It would be extremely bad form if I didn't return the favor," Maddie whispered. There was a heated statement to her words when she licked her lips. She set herself up and drove herself deep between Amora's hot thighs.

Harry took the invitation and sank himself into Maddie. Her soft walls caressed him when he entered her. Her virgin tight pussy stroked him.

"So beautiful," Harry whispered.

"Yes, she is," Jean agreed. The duplicate behind her entered her ass, which was slick with Jean's juices.

The Enchantress groaned in pleasure when Maddie's tongue put her through the paces. She was reminded anew just how skilled it was.

Jean thought that she was going to be pushed over the edge. There was a soft whisper that entered the back of her ear. No matter how much she felt, there was only one thing that controlled her. Jean eagerly accepted it. Her pussy tightened around his tool when it entered her body.

"Cum."

Jean came on command. She really came on command. Her slick walls caressed Harry when he pounded into her from behind. The redhead thought that she would lose it.

Everyone experienced a mutual orgasm because their minds were linked up. Wanda, Zatanna, and Karen felt it too. Diana and Sif might have been recovering from their last encounter with Harry, but they felt it as well.

Harry stroked his way into Maddie one more time. He decided to give her a reward for helping him
subvert his latest pet.

"Mother, I have a special reward just for you."

Maddie whimpered when her legs spread apart. Harry rested his hands on her tits and he pounded into her from behind.

He unleashed his cum into her. The heavy load from his balls was extremely potent. She felt her entire body to heat up.

Amora saturated her face in response. She never felt anything so amazing like this beautiful mouth on her.

The Incubus King got to his feet, all three of his subjects on the ground. They were drenched in sweat and fluids. He used his aura to energize them a bit more, so he could gain more power for his battle with Surtur.

Gwen Stacy really wanted to scream. She tried not to, but she really wanted to scream. The scream was on the tip of her tongue. She had been burning the midnight oils.

It was a wonder how a lot of the girls were holding it together. Kara in particular wasn't losing it as much as she thought that she might.

"Any luck?"

Faora turned up at Gwen's shoulder. The woman looked rather agitated for numerous reasons. Gwen could tell why she seemed so agitated. Faora came across to Gwen as a bit of a control freak. Therefore, she needed to be someone who would always have control. Anything less than the control that she had would be unacceptable.

"I wish that I could give you good news," Gwen replied.

Riley popped up next to her, followed by Susan Storm. She was trying to keep her inner fangirl in check about being excited. Sure she teamed up with the Fantastic Four on a couple of occasions, but this was different. This was not a super hero type thing, but rather a science type thing.

"We're going to find him and make whoever is doing this pay," Sue said.

There was enough malice to her voice that it made Riley shiver. She really didn't want to get on Sue's bad side and she was glad that she wasn't.

"Sue, I need you to sit down, and calm down," Gwen replied. Sue did that right now.

Valeria made her way inside as well. She was completely patched up and ready to go. She would have offered the lab in the basement of her castle as a way to locate Harry. The only problem with that was that the lab was completely trashed.

"Illyana is trying to locate Limbo again," Gwen said, without turning around. She didn't want to say anything, but one would think that Illyana would have had a backdoor into Limbo, given that she was the Queen of the place.

"She's trying to locate Limbo, but it's hard for her to do so," Valeria said. She frowned. "You would
think that Ananym would be able to locate that place. She only lived in it during her entire life."

"Hmm," Gwen muttered underneath her breath. She didn't say anything, but she was thinking many things.

There were a lot of paths for them to take. She used the power in the former OsCorp towers in an attempt to bring a location on Harry. If there was any disturbances, she would know right away.

"We were working on something that might help," Gwen commented. She didn't know if there was going to be any magic fix to put everything back to where it should be. "But…"

Gwen trailed off when she said that. She didn't want to go down this road unless there was absolutely no choice for her to do so.

Valeria grabbed Gwen around the shoulder. "If there's anything that we can do, we should take it."

"It's risky," Gwen said. She thought about all of the risks. Both the positives and the negatives of what she was doing. "But, it's also risky not to do anything."

It went without saying that they had nothing left to lose. Gwen slowly rose to her feet and walked swiftly towards the other room.

Kara popped up to her feet. "Is that what I think it is?"

"If you mean it's an inter-stellar portal device that Harry, Riley, Faora, Karen, and I have been working on, then yes it is," Gwen replied. Kara looked on.

"Nothing like that is even close to being invented," Sue commented. Her mouth hung open and she resembled someone who was catching flies.

"We are pretty close to having it ourselves, but it hasn't been tested," Gwen replied.

Valeria frowned. She was in two minds about this. The first mind was that they really had no options. The second mind was that if they screwed this up, reality would be screwed up something fierce. There were plusses and minuses with everything. She didn't know how much she had left to lose here.

"There's no time like the present for a field test," she said slowly. They could be sticking their hands into something dangerous.

They didn't need to do anything. Kara pointed forward numbly when the same blue light that engulfed them showed up in the lab.

Gwen, Faora, Kara, Valeria, Riley, and Sue all stood around each other. They wondered what was on the other side of the portal.

Emma and Selene showed up at the door.

"What's going on here?" Emma asked.

"Good question," Gwen said. "The chances are we could find out in a minute."

"This might be our way through," Kara suggested. Gwen slowly turned to Kara.

"Do you really think that it's a good idea to walk through a random portal that has opened in front of us?"
Kara was about ready to protest something. She never got the chance to. The portal widened and several demonic creatures jumped out of it. They landed onto the ground in front of all of the girls and they were ready for battle.

Faora knew that her powers were down. She had an alternative plan. One of the energy weapons they developed should be able to cut through them.

She fired a shot and it hit them.

"More are coming, we've got to shut it down!" Kara yelled.

"Yeah, lots of luck with that," Riley replied in agitation.

There was one man who sat within all of the chaos and the insanity. He plotted his next move. His face was submerged in the shadows. The rest of the domain was submerged in hellfire and brimstone. It was all except the one location where he leaned back into the shadows. Sinister intentions spread over his eyes and a wicked grin spread over his face.

"Time brings them closer together. And many have burned. But the greatest enemy will burn yet."

Surtur's demonic face burned and flickered after a few seconds. Anyone who dared look upon his face would fear what they saw beyond all belief. The insane individual waited for his next action. The rumbling beneath his feet echoed.

"Loki is a fool regardless of gender," Surtur whispered. His nails scrapped against the stone pavement.

He had been trapped in this domain for ten thousand years. He waited for the chains to break him free. There was not too many reasons for what he did, except for the fact that he wished to bring pure chaos to anyone who spited him.

There was another figure that stood in the shadows. It stood in the darkness and waited for some kind of moment. It's latest movement caused it to shift.

"Do not think that the battle is over, until the Incubus King has been destroyed," the figure in the shadows warned Surtur.

"Yes, I am not a fool," Surtur commented. The figure in the shadows caused him great unease as well and that might have been considered a miracle for anyone to make Surtur seem uneasy. The creature looked at him. "You will have your piece of him when it is over."

"Yes," the creature hissed. There was a demonic tone to its voice. It seemed excited by the carnage that would cause. "He thought that he had banished me when he took the rest of my children. I will have him."

Surtur planned for the two to destroy each other. His power slowly returned. His followers did not return yet. They were supposed to attack him, send a message to him. The fact that they were not present unsettled him.

Patience was a well-practiced ability. There were countless within this realm that did not practice it, at least until it was too late.
Surtur rose to his feet. He waited for one of them to get back.

The creature flew to the ground and landed at the feet of his throne. It was almost like this was planned on cue. Surtur's face contorted into an ugly grimace.

"See, this is what he brings you and your followers if you do not snuff him out," the other figure in the shadows warned Surtur. "Do you not see the destruction he has caused?"

"There is no need to repeat yourself, I've seen it," Surtur whispered.

Surtur clenched his fist tightly. He didn't bat an eyelash for his minions. They were tools that were disposable.

The fact he had such weak minions at his disposal reflected extremely badly on him. He could sense the Incubus King gained power at an accelerated rate. He could not afford to wait one second longer.

Surtur made his way to the side of the gate.

"Arch fiends of the darkness to me!" Surtur yelled.

He had caused many realms to burn. The attack on Asgard caused many to flee and many to perish. Odin's whereabouts were unaccounted for and that caused Surtur great unease.

"I know some of you fear the Incubus King," Surtur said. Distaste rolled off of his voice when he spoke. "There is one that you should fear above all else. Do not think that I will be kind to you if you fail now."

His voice rumbled and the creatures all bowed down before him. The figure in the shadows continued to watch.

"You are all going to seek out anyone who defies me," Surtur whispered. The crackle of burning embers could be heard. "And any that fail, you better hope that you perish in your attempts to do so. The alternative will not be too appeasing."

The robed figures kneeled down on the ground.

"I need all of you to perform a sacrifice that will be among the greatest thing that you have ever done,' Surtur continued. He was gaining momentum when he ranted. "It will all burn and power will be mine. You have been cast aside as used garbage and now you have a chance to do something. But I will not tolerate failure and I will not tolerate your fear."

The creatures all nodded and bowed before Surtur. They understood what side of the toast their bread was buttered.

The shadow creature stood and waited. He waited for the moment Surtur would slip up and he would have his head.

Surtur turned to his ally. Their alliance was a marriage of convenience. It was born out of a mutual hatred for the Incubus King. The Incubus King slaughtered his children and the Incubus King delayed one of Surtur's plans by several months.

Their combined forces would destroy him. There was no force on Earth that could stand up against them.
The fundamental flaw was that they weren't technically on Earth right now. They were elsewhere.

"Are you ready?" Surtur asked him.

The shadowed creature stepped out. He revealed a ragged robe with a blank face. Two bony hands rested from the robe.

"Yes," he whispered in a cold and rattling breath. He was the very first and all of his children were slaughtered by Har-Zod. He just barely got away.

Now, he was out for revenge.

"Productive trip all things considered," Maddie commented. Zatanna, Wanda, Karen, Diana, and Sif all joined them.

"You humbled her?" Sif asked.

"No more than I humbled you," Harry told her. He smiled and she looked into his green eyes. She pulled back not to distract herself too much.

"Your point is taken," Sif replied. She mostly muttered these words underneath her breath when she pulled away from him.

The gate finally cracked open. Zatanna and Wanda stood the most uneasily. Karen also looked a bit nervous and extremely tentative.

The gate opened and revealed Hela leading the way. Loki followed her. She took one look at the state of Amora and sided. Her next action was to turn to Harry and lock her eyes onto his. "Typical Incubus, there is no such thing is downtime for you."

"One would think that you were a bit resentful that you weren't here," Hela commented. Loki turned towards Hela and was about to angrily call her bluff. "It's good to see you again master, I just wish it were under some less dire circumstances."


"I do travel through a lot of dimensions, even though it doesn't seem like I'm gone," Harry told them. Hela nodded in response.

"Time and space is an extremely weird thing," Karen replied. "But, you know of the problem."

"It's Surtur, although he's working with someone," Loki responded. Hela's eyes flashed towards Loki. "Yes, I have been keeping information, but it wasn't until I clarified something. And now that you've been drawn here...I know it now for sure."

"Know what for sure?" Sif asked. Her trust for Loki was rather light to be honest. She made sure to keep her eyes locked on the trickster. "What have you been keeping from us?"

"The creatures….they suck out the hope and souls of anyone they happen to come across," Loki commented. The name was on the tip of her tongue.

"The Dementors?" Harry asked. Loki smiled and she nodded up and down in response. "You know,
when I went over towards that world and cleared everything out, those things were the first thing to go."

"So they should have been," Loki said. She gave a heaving sigh when she looked at him. "But, I ran into someone who wants revenge on you for slaughtering his children. Or maybe it was her children…"

"Can Dementors be female?" Zatanna wondered out of the blue. "Actually do Dementors even have a gender?"

"I can tell you one thing, I'm not peaking under one's cloak to find out," Wanda commented. Her eye twitched when she thought about that one.

"Not blaming you for that one," Loki said more seriously. "We're not technically in Asgard, per say right now. There's a lot of dimensional shifting and splitting as you might have seen."

"Yes, I've noticed," Harry replied. He was nearly close to spotting the thread that he needed to unravel this entire interdimensional mess. He didn't want to pull on it too hard though. "And Surtur and this….patriarch Dementor, are taking advantage of that."

They want revenge, they can come to him. Harry was ready to annihilate them.

"You seem unconcerned," Loki said.

"I lived in hell starting at the age of seven," Harry replied. He looked her straight in the eyes. "Before that, I lived with relatives that hated me in a cupboard underneath the stairs. And I've seen all kinds of madness since then. Do you honestly think that anything like that is going to shake me?"

Loki blinked. She shook her head and smiled. "Your point is well taken."

She wondered what was going to happen next. Sif leaned towards her. She hated to ask Loki for information, under any gender.

"What happened….."

"To the rest of your party," Loki answered. Sif's eyes flashed over hers and she nodded. "That's an interesting question and one that I haven't been able to figure out the answer for."

"I have an idea where they might be," Harry said. His instincts rose and he looked out. He wondered if he was right or if he was completely off the mark.

"Where?" Sif asked.

"There are survivors that are not far from here," Loki replied. The trickster looked to be qualifying that statement with an additional statement. "But, they're not too receptive to strangers."

"Well, we're going to have to join up with them," Karen said. Diana nodded feverishly by her side.

"Yes, we'd have a lot better chance of doing this together, then doing this separately," Diana answered. "The more of us who stand together, the better that this goes."

"If you must, but I did warn you," Loki said.

"One other question," Harry demanded. Loki looked up. "And I want an honest answer to this one."

Loki struggled with the term "honest answer". Harry's aura just barely overwhelmed her, but she
caved it. It was better to lose this one battle and save one's energy for a further battle later on.

"Yes, what is it?" Loki asked.

"What happened to Thor?" Harry asked her. Loki frowned when she set her jaw and shook her head.

"That's a question that I haven't been able to answer," Loki replied.

"Unless of course you turned Thor into a toad and forgot about it," Sif replied. Amora got up to her feet. She was rather ragged, but ready to join the rest of the group.

"I can assure you that even she finds that very trick to be an old one," Amora said.

"It only took you several dozen times to come to that conclusion?" Sif asked. Harry turned towards her and shook his head. Sif willingly fell into line. She didn't keep her eyes off of Loki.

"I guess I do have much to make up for before I'm allotted a thing such as trust," Loki admitted. "To answer your question, I have no idea where Thor is. And I don't think that Thor has been turned into a frog."

She smiled.

"The curse may have been reversed because of the shock. Without Thor's whereabouts accounted for, there isn't any way to figure out exactly how."

Loki stopped and pointed onwards.

"And I believe that is what we're looking for."

Gwen Stacy was pissed beyond all belief. Her beautiful office was completely and utterly reduced to ashes by these demons. There was only one demon that was allowed to destroy her office and that was Harry. And that was when he was having mad sex with her.

Riley looked on and she could feel something about to break. She held Kara and Valeria back.

"Trust me when I say this, you do not want to be anywhere near her when she goes off."

The two girls watched with widened eyes. The horror of what Gwen was about to do to those demons that trashed her office was obvious.

"Oh you want to play with fire?" Gwen asked. The ground heated up underneath them and she fired two molten hot fireballs at the demons.

They thought that they could handle the fire.

"That backed them off," Emma said. She allowed herself to catch her bearings. She herded all of them back towards one area in a telekinetic dome. It was giving her quite a headache to hold them into place. The White Queen was doing it somewhere. "But we've got to transport them off....."

Selene was about ready to say that she was working on it. She lost the chance to say anything when another vortex opened.

Kara groaned and that sentiment was shared by all of them. None of them could back off anything
else that came through even though they wanted to.

A blonde woman dropped down from the heavens. They all watched her move and slam her hammer into the energy creatures.

"Have at thee vile creatures!"

The person they dealt wielded a hammer like Thor, dressed in clothes similar as Thor, and also talked in a similar way. The fighting style wasn't really that far off either. There was only one difference and that was that she was an attractive, busty blonde.

The woman's eyes glowed when she continued to smack them down. The creatures howled when the power of Mjonir came down upon their heads with a loud and sickening crack.

"BOW BENEATH ME!" the woman yelled. She continued to smack them violently with the hammer.

The creatures made their way into the same portal that spawned them. Gwen looked at the woman, impressed. This woman drove off all of those creatures just like that.

"Who are you?" Faora asked. She stared down the woman, wondering what her game was.

They could always count on Faora to be blunt and straight to the point.

"Be at ease, I mean you no harm," she commented. The group stood around and nodded.

"Thank your for the help," Kara replied. "But, we're no closer to finding Har-Zod?"

"Surely, you don't speak of the Incubus King," the woman replied. It was obvious that there were rumors about him all throughout the land.

Faora thought that she might be getting somewhere. "Yes, that is who we speak of. But who do we speak to?"

"My name is Lady Thor, Goddess of Thunder," she replied.

That got a surprising reaction. Gwen looked around and raised her eyebrow. "There must be some kind of glitch in the Matrix."

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To Be Continued On February 20th, 2015.
Across the Realms Part Four

Chapter Forty-Six: Across the Realms Part Four.

Harry and his group had a lot of things to consider regarding what happened. The Incubus knew what Loki's came was or at least had a pretty general idea. One could hardly tell for sure what the Trickster had in store for them.

Sif's frown grew wider. There were a lot of tense elements here for obvious reasons. Sif didn't trust Amora and Loki. She trusted Loki less, because at least Amora was bound to Harry, and therefore she wouldn't be that much of a problem. That was the idea at least. Hela was also a wild card. And Hela didn't trust Loki and Amora.

'So, this is how it works,' Sif thought. She had to admit that it was difficult to grow used to the idea of having a voice inside her head.

'Yes, that's how it works,' Diana replied. She gave Sif a gentle nudge. 'You know, it might be extremely hard to get used to, but you will.'

'Yes, it's jarring for all of us,' Karen replied. She kept her eyes on Hela.

'I trust them to an extent, but not beyond reason,' Harry thought. He figured that it was best if he answered the question to all of them. 'I know what Hela is. She owes me a great debt and understands the power that I have. Amora....I took care of her.'

'And what of Loki?' Jean asked. There was a snort that came from Maddie. The redhead sounded extremely amused. Jean turned and looked towards her sister. 'What is it, what's so funny?'

'Loki seeks the power and she'll understand that there's no choice,' Maddie said.

Loki sensed that there was some conversation going on about her. She didn't wish to call them out on this.

"If you're done, we should move forward," Loki said. She turned to Sif. It almost seemed like Loki was taunting her. "You know, we can find your companions soon, couldn't we?"

Sif's mouth curled into a frown. She inclined her head downwards and nodded. Her gaze locked onto Loki. The look penetrated into her eyes when she stared the Trickster down.

"It's obvious that you've chosen not to trust me," Loki said. She smiled. "If I'm in your position, I could hardly blame you. Trust is not something that should be freely given. It is earned with time."

There was a qualifier all of them sensed when she spoke.

"This is an alliance of convenience," Loki continued. Harry placed up a hand. She grew silent even though it was against her better instincts.

Harry leaned on closer towards her. Loki wondered about this amazing power he seemed to hold over women. It felt really alarming to sense that he could bend a person to his will.

He was powerful and one could argue that he was extremely terrible. That was what he was. Strength spread through his gaze when he stared down Loki. Her eyes flashed when she looked into
his. She understood what kind of power he held over her.

"Surtur is after you as much as he is after me," Harry told her.

Zatanna and Wanda felt the power radiating off of him.

"No games," Harry warned her. Loki inclined her head. An impish grin spread over her face.

"Of course," Loki replied. Her grin grew wider. She stared Harry directly into his eye. "No games."

The two of them looked into each other's eyes.

"Do you want some kind of contract?" Loki asked.

"That won't be necessary," Harry told her.

It was two powerful forces that met head on with each other. Loki and Harry stared eye to eye with each other and neither of them backed down from where they were. It was this insane clash of the titans where no one was sure what would happen next.

"Well, that is settled," Maddie commented. She would be keeping her eyes on Loki.

"You said that you sensed them nearby," Sif answered. She turned her attention off of Loki and towards Harry.

"Yes, she might have been deceptive about a few things, but she was right about one thing," Harry told Sif. The Warrior rose her eyebrow. "She's correct that they're not too deceptive to company."

Sif inhaled the brimstone across from the field. She could tell that this was for good reason. The dark haired warrior's stomach turned into knots when she walked forward. It was hard to keep her head up and that was for good reason.

"Be steady," Harry warned her.

Sif didn't say anything. Her lips curled into a frustrated grimace.

"There they are," Amora commented. Harry motioned for Karen, Jean, and Diana to join him and Sif in approaching them. Harry prevented Amora, Loki, and Hela from walking with them.

"The three of you need to stay back," Harry said. He cut off the question with a swift response of his own. "They might not take too kindly to the likes of you if you come on in."

Loki's frown increased, but she said nothing. Perhaps it was that she didn't trust herself to keep quiet.

"Use any means necessary if they cause you any trouble," Harry said. Wanda and Zatanna looked completely stoic and they both nodded.

"Are you sure you don't need any help?" Wanda asked. Harry smiled and leaned forward to caress her cheek. "I mean, don't get me wrong, I know that you're capable, but…"

"I have this," Harry informed her. Zatanna nodded. Wanda followed her lead, even if her nod was with a bit more reluctance. "Just keep it together the best you can."

"Don't worry, I'll keep an eye on them," Maddie said. Harry smiled at her.

"Trust me, I'm counting on it."
The redhead leaned forward and kissed Harry. She made sure to send her pheromones out to ensnare anyone in the distance. That was a fact that wasn't lost on Karen. She leaned her head down and shook it.

'You honestly can't help yourself, can you?' Karen thought.

Maddie gave a mischievous look and leaned forward to give Karen a kiss goodbye. The redhead's powerful tongue overwhelmed that of the blonde's. She nearly dipped forward, her knees folding back when she breathed hard.

It was now time. Sif was ready to fight those that she once called ally. It was only if they attacked her first and she hoped that it didn't come to that.

"He knows what he's doing," Loki commented lightly. She frowned. "That's the scary part, he knows what he's doing."

Loki sat a bit away from the rest of the group. She saw Maddie approach her from the other side. The trickster slid over to one side to allow the woman some room to sit down on the bench.

"So, I'd imagine that you're staying true to your word and keeping a close eye on me," Loki commented. "Some of those myths are very true, and I take full responsibility for them. But I did not turn Thor into a frog more than at least a dozen times."

Maddie's eyes gazed over and stared at Loki.

"Two dozen times," Loki corrected with a sigh. "I do have you say that I'm sure you have an interesting story. You have his eyes, you know that."

"So many have said," Maddie agreed. Her mischievous look flickered over Loki's eyes. The two of them stared each other down. "I was Lily Evans-Potter, but my son brought me back and bound me to a succubus."

"Well, that's the kind of love for a mother that should be commended," Loki said. Maddie's eyes flashed towards Loki. Loki frowned in response. "You know, that didn't come out as I intended. It was far more sarcastic."

Loki folded her hands over her lap. Did she make some mistakes?

"I'm not a nice person, if nothing else, I've come to that conclusion," Loki said. Maddie nodded when she looked at her. "And I suddenly feel left out of all of this."

"You were born a woman, but you chose to spend most of your time as a man," Maddie answered. Loki nodded in response. "To the point where the myths pretty much said that you were a man."

"It was one of Odin's punishments," Loki said. She checked the state of her dark locks. "The man has no sense of humor whatsoever. He didn't take too kindly to one of my tricks. While I could turn into a female, the shifts took a lot less."

Loki trailed her finger around her dark locks once again. That was one of the more annoying habits she picked up as a female. She was way too obsessed with her hair. She wasn't going to lie, her hair was beautiful. There was such a thing as being too obsessed with it.

"So, how are you able to hold this form?"
"The curse broke somehow," Loki said. She thought that she saw someone coming. She was disappointed that no one arrive. "Who was it? I have my theories."

Maddie hid a smile in the shadows. Loki didn't notice it. She was too busy reflecting on her life. She saw Hela standing across from her.

"And I've made my share of mistakes," Loki said. Her eyes shifted towards Hela in a significant manner. The woman's eyes shifted over and she frowned. "Far too many mistakes as it turned out."

Loki hated to admit the mistakes she made. Thor made far more and Thor's ego, regardless of what gender she was, was stronger than anything else. The Trickster leaned back and allowed herself a second to sigh and shake her head. This wasn't really going her way as far as she was concerned.

"Do you have any idea where Odin is?" Maddie asked her.

Loki rolled her eyes. "No, not the slightest."

A moment of clarity took her over and her voice softened.

"Even his most loyal allies can tell you one thing, though," Loki continued. "Odin had this knack of making a lot of great enemies. Some of them might have decided that it was the right time for them to take revenge. But that is merely only a guess on my part and I don't have anything tangible to back that up."

Loki's voice trailed and she continued to remain deep in thought regarding these matters. She hummed underneath her breath when she thought about this. She could feel Maddie's eyes locked onto her. One could almost assume these eyes to be accusatory, but that was far from the truth. Inquisitive might have been a better description for them.

Amora meanwhile looked towards Loki. Zatanna caught her looking. Sif turned towards the dark haired magical user and smiled.

"You still don't trust her," Zatanna said. "Despite working with her for so long, you don't trust her, it's only a marriage of convenience."

"Does your master?" Amora asked. Zatanna raised her eyebrow.

"He's your master now as well," Zatanna told her.

"Yes, very well," Amora answered. That was one fact that slipped her mind in all of this madness. "He is my master and I know for a fact that he wouldn't trust any woman that wasn't bound to him completely and utterly."

"You know him that well, don't you?" Zatanna asked. Amusement very nearly rang from her voice.

"Well, not as well as you do," Amora admitted. The woman's eyes drifted onto Loki. "I would think that he would have been back by this point."

"He has his reasons for being gone as long as he was."

Amora was surprised, but maybe not, to hear Wanda. Wanda looked like she was still lost in space. Someone with that kind of power being out to lunch was not exactly what Amora considered an ideal situation.

"Are you quite alright?" Amora asked. Normally she wouldn't take interest in such a situation, but
this was alarming.

"I'd be better if people quit asking me that," Wanda said. Her voice was sharp and surly. Amora opened her mouth. "No, it's a normal reaction. There's no need for you to apologize to me."

Zatanna shrugged her shoulders and turned to Amora when Wanda was out of an earshot. "Sorry, I guess we caught her at a bad time of month."

Hela was off away from the rest of the group. She knew that her master had some grand plan that only made sense to him. The keeper of Hel sealed her realm behind her. It would do unwise for any of the people inside to break free.

The last time one did, it lead to the disaster that occurred now. She reminded herself of that point constantly.

'Can you all hear me?' Harry asked. His voice was actually more clear than it had been since they got transported all over creation.

'Clearly,' Maddie thought. She waited for the report of what he and the rest of his group saw, whether it good, bad, or indifferent.

'Surtur is near, and he's bringing an army,' Sif thought. She spoke in her voice with absolute hatred.

'Then we must meet him at the pass,' Loki commented.

Surtur stood in the background with his mysterious and shifty ally. He watched his enemies march upon some of the survivors of Asgard.

"Brave warriors, but ultimately foolish," Surtur said. His voice cackled. "It's only a shame that Thor and Loki have not fallen before my feet."

"You have no idea where Odin is, do you?" the robed figure whispered. His voice rattled when he spoke. "As long as Odin lives, you have trouble. Someone has to hold the Odin Force."

The robed figure intended to use the Odin Force to bring his children back from the beyond. They would feast on the world and destroy everyone who stood underneath their feet. The creature's mouth curled into a devious smile. He saw everything clearly now and he could scarcely wait for the inevitable destruction.

"Patience," Surtur commented. He was almost a mantra that he spoke. It allowed him to achieve the greatest victory.

The robed figure curled his fists. He had waited patiently for far too long. He saw the actions replayed. He escaped through one hell, only to lead to another hell.

The Asgardian warriors fought bravely, but they had already been battered by the earlier attacks. The fire would consume them. Surtur's lips curled into a devious smile. The creature sensed the fear in them all and he couldn't wait to feast upon them. They would be extremely delicious. The power which would be at hand would feel amazing.

He prepared to crush them, but suddenly, something distracted him. Surtur's eyes flickered over.

"They dare fight back," Surtur whispered. "So be it. They will be crushed and they will understand my power."
The robed figure tuned out what he was sure was an inspiring speech. He didn't care about Surtur burning the realms. He just hoped that he left enough alive so his children could feed off of the despair. The creature's eyes glowed when he sensed an extremely powerful enemy approaching.

"Incubus," he whispered. Hatred burned through his voice.

"If that is true, then we will arrange a suitable reception to greet him," Surtur commented. He wanted to have his full attention on the rest of Asgard burning.

The one problem was Odin and as long as he was out there, Surtur's victory wasn't one hundred percent assured.

X-X-X

The journey through the mists of Asgard was an extremely rough one. Harry lead the way and the group followed him down the pathway. Sif stood next to him. Karen, Jean, and Diana followed them closely behind.

Harry frowned when he heard the echoes of something in his head. He thought for the briefest moment that he could hear the voices of some of the girls on the other side. It was faint thought and inconsistent.

'So, are any of you hearing that, or is it just me?' Harry thought to them.

Jean frowned in response when her eyebrow went up in concentration. She shook her head swiftly. 'No, it isn't just you, I can hear it as well.'

'But I'm not sure if they can hear us,' Karen thought. She smiled though. That was confirmation that they needed that everyone on the other side was completely safe.

Harry wished that he was in more control. The Incubus King was an obvious control freak. He couldn't abide with anything being out of order and out of his hands.

Sif could sense that he was distracted by other matters. It was remarkable that he was this calm. She looked forward. The silence so far had been deafening.

She thought of one thing. Perhaps they had been wrong. Perhaps there was no one nearby. Perhaps it was just all one big front.

Harry gazed at her and he shook his head. "No, they're near, they're just on the move."

Sif could believe that. The woman's eyes looked forward and she looked around solemnly at the carnage before her. There was only one man that was responsible for all of this and that man was Surtur. She hoped to have no small part in his decimation. It would feel good to see him destroyed. It would feel even better to see him crushed and annihilated.

The brutality greeting her was such that it caused her stomach to turn.

"It's awful," Karen said. She hoped that her powers would be enough. The fact they weren't in an area where she was getting constantly solar radiation made her more than slightly uneasy.

"Be strong," Harry warned her.

"Yes, we're almost there," Diana said. They were getting closer, they could feel it.

The rumbling nearby indicated that there was a storm coming. At least a fool would assume that a
The storm was coming. Harry disagreed with that fact and knew that the storm was already here.

"What do you intend to do to Surtur when you get your hands on him?" Sif asked.

Diana looked fairly amused by this statement. She shook her head and stepped between both Sif and Harry. Her blue eyes turned to Sif in amusement. "Don't ask questions that you might not like the answer towards."

"What I'm going to do to Surtur is unspeakable," Harry whispered.

"He's been hiding so far, only sending minions," Karen said. She could hear a rumbling off from the distance. "And speaking of minions, here they come right now."

The three fire demons approached them. Harry raised his eyebrow and practically scoffed at them. He was not in the best mood when these creatures approached them.

There was a large burst of magic that shot through one of the demons before Harry could even lift his finger. He looked up and saw Loki standing right behind them. There was a mischievous grin etched on her face.

'Say what you want about Loki, but the girl likes her work,' Jean thought. 'We're close, aren't we? We are extremely close.'

'Yes, we are,' Harry agreed. He decided not to allow Loki to have all of the fun.

Loki smiled when she saw the Incubus tear into the more inferior demons. The purple magic energy ripped their bodies into bloodied shreds. He could have drawn out the fight for entertainment value and make things less anti-climatic.

'But who has the time for that?' Loki thought.

The fire demons dropped down to the ground. Hela showed up on the scene, followed by Maddie, Wanda, and Zatanna.

'We're drawing closer,' Jean answered. She rubbed the side of her temples.

Wanda nodded in a dazed manner. She could feel Harry walk behind her and place his hands on her face.

'I'm going to give you something else to focus on, so I can keep your head in the game,' Harry replied.

Wanda nodded and she leaned towards Harry. Her lips pressed against Harry's. Her soft lips pressed against his mouth. Her eager tongue pushed deep into Harry's mouth and Harry held her head into place.

'I'm all for fun and games, but is this really the time or the place?' Loki asked in amusement.

Harry turned towards Loki. She made a mock zipping motion with her lips.

'So, how satisfying will it be to get this one under your control?' Maddie thought. She acted as the devil on Harry's shoulder. It was interesting because he had no angel to speak of.

Karen thought that she might be pushing things answering for Harry. 'Very.'

Harry smiled and he sensed worked up women. They weren't worked up in a good way either. The
sounds of battle caught the Incubus's eagle ears as well.

"They're very near, right over that valley," Harry said. He lead the way, going right into battle.

"I do hope that you save some scraps for me," Sif answered. Sif followed him. Loki followed and the rest of the group.

'Is it just me, or are they going to take all of the good fights before we get there?' Karen thought. The blonde ran at half speed which was extremely fast. She could have flown, but that would take power reserves that she didn't really have.

'Likely because they will,' Diana commented. She sensed some disappointment regarding that point and smiled. 'Likely because they will.'

It was time for them to join in on the battle.

Gwen Stacy thought that this was a weird day for numerous reasons. The good news, if one could call it that, was that all of the creatures were banished to the other end. She thought that things were going rather well right now.

There was a dark lining to every cloud though. She didn't know if they would come back. And more importantly, the portal was still not working.

Gwen turned to the woman who had helped them. "Explain how you got here, please?"

"It's a grim tale," Lady Thor commented. She frowned deeply. "I had been in Asgard, and Odin prepared for the Odin Sleep…"

Gwen groaned suddenly. Thor looked at her strangely.

"Never mind," Gwen muttered. Every time Odin entered the Odin sleep, bad things happened and many of them regarded Loki. She was trying to keep an open mind. To try and to succeed were two entirely different things.

Lady Thor frowned suddenly. She wondered if she had offended this young lady. She must have to apologize if she did. Regardless of that fact, she pressed on with what she was saying.

"I had been cast out of Asgard," Thor continued. "And I feel that a dire fate has befallen Odin and the rest of Asgard, not to mention the rest of the realms."

"It stands to reason that there has been a dire fate," Selene commented.

Kara frowned. "So you have no recollection of suddenly turning into a woman?"

Kara's lack of tact kicked in at the worst possible times. This would be considered among those times.

"I beg your pardon," Lady Thor replied. She looked at Kara like she had grown two heads. "I have always been a woman. This sorcery must have addled your mind to think otherwise."

"We're all stressed out, for our master has been lost," Gwen said.

"You are under the favor of the Incubus King," Lady Thor said. Gwen nodded in response.

This conversation might have gone down an interesting direction. The group would never know. An
"By the Allfather's beard!" Lady Thor exclaimed. She rushed over towards the woman who laid face down onto the pavement. "Is that who I think it is?"

Gwen frowned and she leaned down. Valeria gave a surprised gasp and Selene did as well.

Morgan Le Fay laid out face down on the ground. She was immobile and she didn't budge an inch from where she was.

That caused a moment of terror to grip all of the girls.

"The dire wraith has broken free, he seeks to give rebirth to his children," the sorceress whispered. She gave a shuddered and collapsed to the ground. She gave one more dire statement before she faded. "Time and space is becoming more undone."

Gwen frowned and she saw a flicker of something before anyone had a chance to react to Morgan's plight. A battle and she saw it through Harry's eyes. It was very brief, and if she didn't have lightning fast reflexes, she might have missed it.

Kara let out a surprised gasp. "So, am I the only one who saw that?"

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To Be Continued On February 24th, 2015.
Chapter Forty-Seven: Across the Realms Part Five.

Morgan was gingerly helped away for medical attention. Illyana frowned. The fact that someone could do something like this to Morgan was alarming to be honest. Valeria and Ananym were also both disturbed. While Valeria had a turbulent relationship with Morgan, she could still be alarmed with what she was seeing.

"And this portal still won't work," Gwen said. She knew that if she could focus on what she saw, she might be able to find him.

"Gwen, you need to calm down," Riley replied. Gwen's gaze turned towards Riley. Her burning eyes locked onto Gwen's. A deep breath filled her body. Her chest rose and her chest fell. "I mean it, you really need to calm down, you're going to lose your mind."

"I just wish this stupid portal would work how it's supposed to," Gwen answered. Her knuckles cracked against each other. She shifted a crystal out of place.

There was nothing there. Gwen turned around and faced Kara. Kara frowned when she looked at it.

"The inter-dimensional pulse really fried these crystals," Kara told her. Gwen cast her an agitated glare. Kara slumped her hands next to her and sighed. "I know, I know, it's not good news, but…." "That would explain why it isn't working," Gwen said. She wanted to curse out the entire situation. Power crystals simply didn't grow on trees.

Kara looked at Gwen. She saw another flash of what happened. Lady Thor stood calmly in the background. The woman wouldn't remain silent for too long.

"What matter of sorcery is preventing us from crossing the barrier?" Lady Thor asked. The Goddess of Thunder frowned. She felt weaker than normal. It was very odd and unsettling.

"I wish that I knew," Valeria said. She was the latest to feel a flicker of Harry. '

'Harry are you there?'

'Well it was worth a try,' Claire thought. 'The connection keeps moving in and out. Emma, can you figure that out?'

'I'm trying,' Emma answered. She frowned when her arms folded underneath her chest. She was getting closer to locating something. 'Jean, Maddie, if any of you are within range, we could use your help. I think that if we link up mentally beyond barriers this.....'

The crystals started to hum suddenly. That broke Emma's concentration. Gwen turned to Kara, who looked at the crystals. She hadn't seen anyone as spooked as she did Kara.

"Are they supposed to…?" Gwen asked. She trailed off and Kara shook her head.

"The crystals can't handle this much chaotic energy," Kara said. She frowned when she glanced at them. "If they keep building up from this point, they're going to explode."

"And what are the consequences of this explosion?" Thor asked.
"I'm not sure, but even the most powerful of us will not survive," Kara said. She knew that it was even more risky to remove the crystals from the tray when they were hot. "I'll think of something."

"Judging by my calculations, you've got approximately sixty seconds," Claire said.

"Maybe less," Riley answered, letting out a long sigh. The crystals flickered underneath their gaze, going on and off at a rapid fire rate. She didn't really want to be the one that was downer. She just liked to consider the realistic possibilities.

"There's no time for any of us to leave," Valeria said. She tried to remain positive. There was a loud rumbling beneath her feet. It grew even more intense the longer she stood there. Her mind was distracted completely. "And I'm not sure if we could if there was any time."

There was a rumbling beneath their feet again. The crystals hissed loudly. Kara and Claire exchanged a nervous look with each other. The crystals rattled with increasing frequency.

They braced for impact.

The impact didn't come. Everything calm down. It was too calm. It was silent and none of them wanted to break that silence.

Gwen's eyes glanced nervously towards the crystals. Her stare became a big bolder when she realized that the crystals charged and the portal opened.

"How?" Ananym asked. She was completely baffled by this.

"I don't think that we should ask questions," Gwen commented. Her statement was increasingly paranoid like she expected things to turn around for the worst. The blonde took half of a nervous step towards the portal.

Her heart skipped a beat and she touched the other side of the portal. Nothing happened and she made her way through.

Riley, Kara, Claire, Illyana, Ananym, Thor, Selene, and Emma all followed her through the portal. All of them made their way to Asgard.

"Well, this is insane," Claire commented. Riley turned towards Claire and frowned. "Understatement much," she muttered underneath her breath. Claire's eyes grew as wide as saucers when she looked at the battle around her.

The insanity was about ready to begin. They saw a glimpse of Harry and the other girls. Claire, Kara, and Gwen exchanged smiles. The battle was about ready to continue. This was a feeling of rebirth.

"Well, let's not let them have all of the fun," Kara said. She felt a bit stronger. There was something about this place that charged her. It gave her grander strength and made her think that she could win.

"We don't have any powers," Claire reminded her. Kara turned around and gave her cousin a shifty little grin.

"Powerless, maybe," Kara added. She picked up a stone shield and a sword that had been dropped. "But we're not helpless."

"Aye, that is correct," Lady Thor smiled. She raised Mjonir and swung it around. One of the large
fire giants breathed at her. "Is not but a beast that is ugly and will be smacked down by the power of Thor!"

Wanda took a deep breath when Harry and Jean had to catch her when she collapsed. The dark haired magical user slowly shook her head to clear the cobwebs. Her breathing became a bit rough. "So, do you think that it worked?"

"Like a charm," Harry answered. He could see the reinforcements fall in. They came from both Earth and Limbo. The plan was coming together quite nicely.

There was only one person who could be allowed control here and that was the Incubus King. All he had to find was the biggest and baddest of them all. Surtur thought that he was the biggest and the most bad of them all. Exactly what was true and what was reality, that was two different things entirely.

Harry sensed what was happening around him. The chaotic situation around him increased. He could see a group of winged demons.

"You destroyed my brother, Incubus," one of them said in a wicked voice. "And now I'm going to crush you."

"If I had a dollar for every time someone told me that, I'd be a richer man," Harry said. The Incubus smiled when he looked at the winged creature. "I'm in a good mood, so you have one free shot. I would suggest that you make this shot count."

The winged demon rose up. Something flew through the air and sliced it's wings. Blood spurted from its joints when it came down onto the ground with a thud.

Valeria turned up right beside Harry. "That creature should have known that freedom comes at a price."

"Yes, they should have," Harry said. He was about ready to greet Valeria, but she turned around. A magical dagger nailed another creature in the face. "They think that Surtur could protect them."

"That's how we have to deal with?" Valeria asked. The daughter of Doom looked to be oddly rattled. Her heart raced completely. It was odd to see her this distracted. Her lips curled into a slight frown. "Surtur, the Surtur?"

"Yes, Valeria, the Surtur," Harry replied. He sensed the demon's power. "He's near. He continues to hide behind his minions."

"Wait a minute, you're fighting Surtur," Valeria said. She opened her mouth and closed it in shock. Ananym and Illyana took their places next to Valeria. Both girls snickered when they suspected that Valeria was at a loss for words.

"I think that I can speak for her," Ananym said. She lazily knocked one of the demons down. She was pretty sure that this was one of her father's former followers that escaped. If that wasn't a loose end to tie up, she didn't know what was. "She is surprised that you're not rattled by Surtur."

"Naturally, she shouldn't be, but she is," Illyana said. She hacked one of the bone demons to pieces. There was nothing but fragments when he landed onto the ground. She carried on half of a conversation when she continued to attack them.

"There's a lot of that going around," Loki said. Both of the girls looked at her with smiles on her
"Oh, and it is rude of me not to introduce myself…"

She turned around and took out one of her enemies with a swift attack. The enemy exploded into a shower of blood and guts when it hit the floor. Loki frowned and shook her head.

"And I assumed for some reason that this would end better than it did," Loki said. "My name is Loki, it's a pleasure to meet you."

"This makes more sense than you think," Valeria agreed.

Loki was going to ask that. She spotted Thor who decided to attack her enemies with all of the subtly of that hammer she wielded.

"Her curse did get reversed," Loki commented. Her face turned into a crisp smile. "Good for her."

Loki was more amused than anything. She made her way past Thor and joined into the battle.

"I should have guessed that you were in the middle of this," Thor replied. Loki raised her eyebrow in a surprised manner. "Your innocence is amusing, although none should be fooled by that."

"You wound me deep to the heart, sister," Loki said. "I can assure you that this was not of my doing. What would I have to gain by having Surtur here?"

Thor was alarmed by that particular name being declared. Thor lifted her hammer and brought it down on one of the fire giants.

The battle continued to race on. There was so much chaos. Sif looked around and could see the other warriors make their way up the field. She approached them. They backed off in a tentative manner.

"Is it coming, is the end here?" one of them whispered.

"Be strong," Sif told them. They all nodded. "If there is any strength left in your body, I need you to sum it up right now. I need your help right now. Do you think that you can do that for me?"

All of them agreed when they got to their feet. Time stood still.

'They are willing to fight, no matter what,' Sif thought. She smiled when she saw Diana take one of them down. 'There is an infinite number of demons, I don't know if.....'

Harry raised his arms up and he created a vortex. The screams of all of the demons echoed throughout the realm.

"It's time to bring you back to where you belong!" Harry yelled. All of the demons sucked through the vortex.

The demons screamed in agony. These screams were like music to Harry's ears. As much as he would like to take a breath, he knew that there was more work to do. The Incubus King rose over the ground. His green eyes looked into the mist.

"Surtur isn't here, he's left, the coward," Harry hissed. The anger could be felt by everyone in the bond.

'You know, have I ever mentioned that I'm glad he's on my side?' Riley asked. Her heart sped up the longer than she talked about that.

'You've done it countless times, but the point still stands,' Gwen replied. Riley's shoulders hung to her
'Just making it clear,' Riley answered.

Harry knew that Surtur fled. He smiled and chuckled darkly in amusement.

Loki couldn't believe that he was amused by that. She raised her eyebrow. Harry turned to address her and the rest of the group.

"Magic this powerful is bound to leave some kind of trail," Harry answered her. Lady Loki smiled and she could have done a dance.

She was going to keep her decency by not doing one. Harry led the charge. They knew that Surtur had more nasty surprises along the way. They were all equipped and ready for anything that would come on through.

'He's running scared,' Harry thought to him.

'As he should be,' Gwen added. She would not be anything, other than terrified if she knew that Harry was coming after her like this.

"This has not gone as it has planned," the shadow figure stated to Surtur. "Perhaps we should…"

Surtur's voice thundered. He would not be backed off by anyone. He would not be intimidated by anyone. Least of all, he would not be intimidated by an Incubus. He turned around, glared at the shadowed figure, with fire pouring through his nostrils. He snarled dangerously when he bared down on the shadowed creature.

The creature in the shadows knew that Surtur was losing himself in his obsession. The creature wished to stir up Surtur by implying that there was no way he could potentially win against Harry Potter. That's where the fun would really begin.

"You think that he is strong enough to defeat me," Surtur whispered. His nasty glaze fixed on the creature in the shadows.

This was the moment where the creature would decide to push Surtur into a battle where it would be nearly impossible for him to win. The creature knew every single tactic that he could use to stir him up.

"He has destroyed entire civilizations without the merest thought," the shadow creature commented. "Do you think that you won't be the latest victim to be crushed?"

"No," Surtur said. His intimidating gaze locked onto the shadow creature. "I will not be crushed by the likes of him. "Understand one thing. I WILL NOT BE DESTROYED! HE WILL NOT CRUSH ME!"

"Yes, you can say that all you wish, but it doesn't make it true."

The shadowed creature decided to back off.

"I thought you wished for revenge against him," Surtur said. The shadow creature didn't response. Surtur turned his back on the shadow creature. It almost seemed like he was disgusted. "But, since you are too weak to seek revenge, I will seek it."

Surtur sensed the Incubus approaching him. He was about ready to step into his domain. He saved
many of the warrior he sought to crush.

"He has interfered in my plans for the last time," Surtur rumbled. "And if you're not going to help me, then I can do it myself."

"Of course," the shadow creature whispered. His eyes shifted into nasty little slits. "If you insist you can, you should go for it."

The implication that he thought that this was Surtur's own funeral was extremely high. The creature turned around.

"And when I defeat him, I will destroy you."

The shadow creature let Surtur continue his rant. He had his own plans to occur now.

The games would begin now. All he had to do is wait and watch.

Hela decided that now was the perfect opportunity to get a bit closer to Harry now that some of the chaos died down. The woman's heart steadily beat when she approached Harry from behind. She placed her hand on his shoulder.

"This is a bit of a personal manner for you, isn't it?" Harry asked. He continued to trace the magic. Surtur did a perfect job of covering up his tracks. Your average magic user wouldn't have figured out how to trace him back.

The only problem was that they weren't dealing with your average magical user. They were dealing with Harry Potter. His green eyes traveled down the path. He cleared up all of the misdirection and turned back to face Hela.

"You can tell that it is, can't you?" Hela asked.

"Yes," Harry replied to her. "So what's the deal here?"

Hela gave a lengthy sigh at what Harry told her. "It's pretty simple in many ways. One of my prisoners broke out."

Harry wondered if this was a prisoner of any kind of significance. He judged what she said from her tone of voice and frowned. He leaned in towards her.

"So, is it someone that I should know?" Harry asked her.

Hela decided that the truth was for the best here. "It's the first one, the leader of the Dementors. I had him secured, but the interdimensional shift broke him free."

"Yes, I'm well aware of that," Harry said. "Someone so powerful should be destroyed."

The first time Harry fought this dangerous creature, he was only a fraction of how powerful he was right now. He could channel even more power than he did.

"And I'm sure that's what you intend to do," Hela answered. "But, he will be with Surtur. I don't understand why he would be with Surtur."

Harry figured out a potential theory.

"He intends to pit Surtur against me," Harry said. "Dementors are weak creatures when there is no
despair, no emotions to feed off of."

"Are you trying to say that you have no emotions?" Hela asked.

Harry shook his head at her. "I'm not trying to say that. The emotions of an Incubus are different. To a Dementor, they are a delicacy. They taste great, but they are poison. It's poison that destroys them. They can't help themselves."

'So what you're saying is that you got a bunch of Dementors high and caused them to overdose,' Gwen thought. She frowned and Riley laughed.

'You know, given the known power set of the Incubus, this makes perfect sense, doesn't it?' Riley asked.

Harry was amused by this interplay. He had an entire army with him now. The only thing to do now was put everything back to where it should be. That needed more power than he had now.

"The line runs cold at these stones," Harry said. Hela frowned and lightly placed her hand on the stone. She slowly ran her hand over the course mineral. "Do you feel that?"

"It feels cold," Hela said. She frowned when she continued to run her hand over it. "It should be warm."

"If the hand of Surtur is involved, yes it should," Harry agreed. His lips shifted into a slight smile. "You know, he's cleverer. He thinks he's more clever than he really is, but he is clever."

Harry's words disappeared into nothing.

'He's really clever, but he's not clever enough,' Sif answered.

Harry traced his finger among the invisible strand of magic. He kept following it until he reached his final destination. He stalled for a second. There were three different ways where it could go. Two of them were false ways and the third way lead to the final destination. All he could do was follow the magic and he would be there.

The path to the right was ruled out as a possible destination from the beginning. It was so obviously potent with magic that it couldn't be. If something magical had attention drawn to it, it was a trick.

The path to the center was extremely weak. It was a byproduct to the path on the right. Therefore, Harry managed to gain the medium path.

"Rise," Harry ordered.

His powers overwhelmed everything and a large vortex opened. He turned to the rest of the group. "Stay behind, I'll give you the signal."

There was no protest to this. All of them knew better than to protest Harry was the first one to enter the portal. Hela followed him closely behind.

The portal sealed behind them instantly. That left the group to be silent and calm.

"So, we just have to wait?" Kara asked.

Gwen snorted in response. "I don't think that we're going to have to wait. I mean, seriously, with all of the people here….we're just bound for something to happen."
"You can be a right little ray of sunshine sometimes, can't you?" Karen asked. Gwen smiled in response. "Must you be so pessimistic?"

"I consider it to be realistic myself," Gwen answered her. There was no argument made with that statement.

The girls waited and they watched. They were all confident in the success rate of their master. Many of them saw what he was capable of too many times.

Loki and Thor walked side by side with each other. The annoyance factor Loki felt raised the more Thor cast her some dirty little glances. Slowly, Loki turned around to face her. Her jaw set with a slight frown.

"If you're going to say something, than you should say it right now," Loki answered. Thor shook her head. "Communication helps me figure out what you want. I can't do anything, if you don't tell me."

Loki looked at her sister and waited for the explanation.

"Do you know what happened to Odin?" Thor asked.

"It was his doing that caused you to get cursed," Loki responded. Her lips curled into a wicked grin. "And he has put pressure on you. You don't remember any of it, either."

"This is the second time someone eluded to me being something different than what I have always been," Thor commented.

Loki could snicker in amusement, knowing full well that this woman could be cruising for one. If she pushed things so far, Thor would attack her.

"What is so funny?" Thor asked.

"Sorry, I hate to see the look on your face, it's just priceless," Loki replied. Her fingers brushed through her hair. The young blonde stared back at her. "But, to answer for your first question, I don't have the slightest clue what happened to Odin."

Loki gave a slight snort of amusement when she spoke. Thor looked at her.

"And you're going to accuse me, so let's get this over with," Loki replied.

"You might have thought that you've changed…"

"I never said that," Loki replied. She hated having words being put in her mouth. "But, I am willing to work together with people to achieve a common goal."

"The Incubus King, though," Thor replied. The goddess of thunder looked to be processing this information. Her arms folded underneath her ample chest. "I didn't think of you to be the one that would follow someone like that."

"It's far more complicated than you can understand," Loki said. She didn't want to overcomplicate Thor's mind with something more complex. The poor woman looked to be frustrated beyond all belief. She didn't want to complicate things any more.

"You are up to something," Thor replied.

Loki threw her hands into the air in the international sign of surrender. She could hardly believe this
kept being thrown up in her face. "You turn someone into a frog one time, and suddenly…"

"You know it was far more than one time, wench," Thor said. Her eyes glared at Loki.

Diana was about ready to turn around along with Sif. They figured that they should break this up before it got too out of hand or out of control.

A barrier rose up and smacked them in the face. The barrier sealed off Loki and Thor from the group.

"Be silent!" Loki yelled suddenly. The Trickster frowned. She sensed foreign magic appearing in the area. There was another twist that was coming, she just knew it. Thor opened her mouth, but Loki cut her off. "Thor, I am serious, be silent."

Several shadows rose up from the ground and surrounded them. Loki could feel a chill spread over her.

"Don't make any sudden movements, and don't let your emotions get the better of you," Loki warned.

"Who are you to…." Thor started. She stopped almost instantly when her jaw hung open. "What matter of abomination are these?"

"Shadow echoes of the lost Asgardians," Loki whispered. Her voice was in a hush when she stared out into the mist.

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To Be Continued On February 27th, 2015.
The term "jumping down a rabbit hole" had never been considered to be more appropriate than it was right now. Harry and Hela entered the portal and entered some kind of domain of shadows. It was eerie, at least it would be for some. For those two however, it was nothing compared to what they have done in the past.

Harry stood proudly. He knew something about the shadows, and that was that they always shifted when someone wasn't looking. The green eyes of this young man stared forward and he took in the brimstone.

Surtur and his companion could be hiding around any corner. That was something that Harry could be certain of. Exactly which corner could be hiding around? He was not one hundred percent certain of that. Harry edged forward. He took half of a step when he moved into the light. The young man lifted his hand and scanned the entrance of the cave.

It glowed across from him. Harry frowned. He had to be getting close. All it took was one more step before he entered the edge of the cave.

"Surtur is not here," Harry muttered. He didn't think that he was necessarily duped. However, he knew that Surtur was playing an extremely dangerous game of cat and mouse with him.

The young man broke open the rocks and revealed an entire room full of precious treasures that Surtur acquired. His lips curled into a slight grin when he swept on through the room. He looked over every single inch of that room. He sought out treasures beyond what the world could see.

"You couldn't resist shopping, could you?" Hela asked. This wasn't said in an accusatory manner, rather much amusement swam from her voice. She seemed intrigued that he was distracted by what was in the room.

"Always take advantage of the spoils of war," Harry said. He swept through Surtur's treasures. None of these belonged to him and that made Harry's interest grow even more than. "If he is going to leave these lying around with rather weak enchantments protecting them, he is only asking for them to be stolen."

"You can't argue with logic like that," Hela replied. She crossed her lips into an amused grin. Her eyes followed Harry's progress when he gathered everything up that he needed.

'Surtur's forces are dwindling,' Karen reported in. 'But we've run into a bit of a snag.'

'Define the term, snag,' Harry said. He didn't want to stop what he was doing, especially when he was so close to getting to Surtur and finishing him off for good.

Maddie interjected herself into the conversation. 'Well, Loki and Thor have been sealed off from the rest of us and we haven't been able to break the barrier. They are being attacked by the shadows of Asgard past.'

Harry lifted his fingers to the bridge of his nose and pinched them lightly. He sighed extremely
deeply when he learned this news.

'The good news is that they are holding their own,' Sif thought.

Harry was glad for small favors. He hoped that they could keep up holding their own. The last thing he wanted to do was to have to go in and bail them out, especially when he was so close to achieving his goal.

He sensed the impulse of power that rose from the end of the cave. A cold and rattling voice could be heard.

"You will fail, Incubus. You should not have returned to your old world and slaughtered my children."

"It isn't my fault that your so called children are too ignorant to ignore a direct order to leave me be," Harry replied. He was amused by the Dementor King.

"You have made a most powerful enemy on that day," The Dementor King hissed loudly.

Harry replied to him swiftly and smoothly. "So, I made a powerful enemy? Really? All I can see is you."

"You will pay for what you've done," the Dementor King said. His cold breath rattled into the cave.

"The worst thing you can do is breath at me," Harry said. His voice was complete dead pan and devoid of any emotion. "Surely if that is the best that you can do, then I don't have any concern with the likes of you."

"You have made many powerful enemies, and you will be crushed," the Dementor King commented.

The Incubus King rolled his eyes and happily collected his haul again. It was odd that Surtur never bothered to show up.

"You wraiths are all the same, cowards, you attack in the darkness and wither in the light," Harry said. "I can dominate both. And the moment you show your face, you will be crushed."

The cave lit up. Harry smiled and turned to Hela. "I think we found Surtur."

"At last, you have stepped into my trap. I figure that no Incubus could resist the allure of what I have to offer."

"Should have offered me women, that would have broken the ice," Harry answered. "And you didn't offer this, I took it. Nice improvising though."

Surtur rose up out of the darkness. Fire shot everywhere and Harry smiled.

"No minions, no proxies, at least someone has the ability to fight me head on," Harry said. "I'll make your death quick, because I have a universe to rewrite. And you're getting in my way."

Lady Thor swung Mjölnir and brought it down on the head of one of the shadow demons. The intense glare which burned through her eyes showed that she was ready for a fight.
"Fiends, back off!" Thor yelled. All of the shadows piled on her.

"Yes, Thor, I'm coming," Loki replied. She was almost bored by what she said. She could see Amora blasting through the barrier.

Amora would never get through in time. Only the Incubus King could break through this barrier. And Loki knew that he was preoccupied dealing with Surtur and the first.

Loki thought that she could hold her own. She was amused that Thor got knocked down. It was good for her, it built character.

The shadows backed off.

"What matter of darkness is this?" Thor asked.

"These are the fallen warriors of Asgard, animated, and twisted," Loki answered. She thought that she already explained this, but sometimes Thor could not read between the lines. "And they have been sent by Surtur to destroy us. Something that I believe that has already been established."

"Aye, it has," Thor agreed. She clutched her hands around the hammer and brought it down onto the ground.

The ground beneath them cracked, but it caused a backlash effect. Loki jumped into the air. Every single nerve ending she had felt like they had been set on fire. Her screams resounded loudly. She felt like something got burned into her flesh.

"Watch where you're going, Thor!" Loki howled. She thought that every single nerve ending on her body was on fire.

"My apologies," Thor muttered. She didn't seem like she was sorry. She returned to the attack. At least for the moment, but there was something that stalled her. The Goddess of Thunder stopped and her mouth hung open. "By, Odin's beard."

Loki's eyes shifted at the demonic creation. She never had the best relationship with the man herself, whether she was male or female. This particular abomination terrified her even more than anything else. Odin's demonic eye latched onto them.

"And, somehow Odin has gotten dragged into this," Loki muttered underneath her breath.

She could sense that Odin still slept, so this made little sense. Loki frowned when she scanned him. Two more of the creatures tried to attack her. She made them pay.

The barrier rippled. They nearly got it down, but it reinforced itself with an alarming amount of regularity.

"Thor, we have to destroy it," Loki replied.

Thor's eyebrows went up. "We cannot destroy the Allfather."

The trickster rolled her eyes. "First of all, you are too noble for your own good. Second of all, this twisted thing is not Odin. Odin is sealed away safely in the Odin sleep. And this thing is draining our powers and our life force."

Thor realized that she was growing weaker. All of the other shadows were ghosts. This was something else entirely. This was some kind of leech that drew power form both of the sisters. The
woman's jaw set in a surprised manner and she shook her head.

"I know you don't trust me," Loki said. She sighed and helped Thor up to her feet. "But now is the time to put your mistrust aside so we can beat this thing."

Thor looked at Loki. She nodded.

"Let's make this abomination pay for daring to wear the Allfather's face," Thor responded. She turned around and clasped the handle of the hammer in her hand. There was a loud crackle when her power went to life.

It was Thor and Loki standing together. Anyone who went up against them should have been extremely afraid for good reason.

"You should not defy me!" Odin howled.

"Yes, well, that statement is so old that it's pathetic," Loki commented. She used her magic to distract Odin.

Thor, well she allowed Thor to do what Thor did best. She used the Goddess of Thunder as a blunt force object.

Odin shadow screamed when Thor struck him in the back. There was a loud scream when she continued to hammer it.

"One more time!" Loki yelled. She conjured magical barbs into Odin's chest. "TOGETHER!"

"HAVE AT THEE!" Thor yelled.

Loki shook her head in bemusement. Thor, any form, could be such a drama queen. She did get results, so that was one thing that Loki couldn't fault her for. The hammer came down hard on their enemy.

Odin crumbled beneath them into an explosion of dark magic. Loki pulled Thor out of the way, so she did not get injected by it.

The magic, without a host to hold, faded, and the barrier dropped finally.

Loki fell to her knees and breathed heavily. That was the type of battle that was difficult for her. The dark haired trickster shook her head when she regained what passed for her bearings.

"I wouldn't exactly call that easy," Loki commented swiftly. She folded her arms underneath her chest and leaned back. Amora walked over to check on Loki. Loki turned towards her and cast a swift smile towards her. "You did your best to break down the walls. It was the thought that counted the most."

Amora smiled when she helped her up. "I would really celebrate, but I don't think that we're out of the woods yet."

The girls flinched. Opening up a portal was a cause for concern for the most obvious reasons. Their hearts fluttered when they looked up.

Wanda felt more clarity than ever before. Her head didn't feel like it was on fire like it did before and that was a good thing.

"Let's do this then," Wanda muttered, more to herself than anyone else. Loki caught these words and
The fiery giant known as Surtur approached Harry. Harry didn't back down from him. His lips curled into a smile when Surtur approached him.

"So, you are the enemy that I have to face?" Harry asked. He didn't look amused, he looked more bored than anything. "I would have expected you to be taller."

"You mock me now, but you will be crushed."

Harry allowed Surtur to get the first attack. A wave of fire took him out. Harry stood there and took it.

"That all?" Harry asked. He raised his hand up into the air and shot a bolt of magical energy towards Surtur.

A fire shield appeared in Surtur's hand. He blocked it. The magic ricocheted off of the shield. Harry cancelled it in mid air. This was going to be an intense battle. Harry chained together a series of attacks to keep Surtur off of his feet.

"Your defeat will not be unsatisfying," Surtur commented. He wondered where Hela disappeared to. It was only an idle thought. He had to keep focused on the Incubus King. He was an enemy that was never to be ignored. "But, you will fall like some of the great warriors of Asgard."

"Asgard has not fallen," Harry replied. He chained together another attack and tried to cool Surtur's fire. It worked rather well. "It will rise from the ashes, along with everything else. There will be a new master to this all, it's a shame that you won't be a part of that."

That last statement was given with a sarcastic tone. Harry wasn't too sad at all that Surtur wouldn't be part of this world.

The two of them fought each other with all of the ability of two well-practiced enemies. Surtur drew an immense amount of power and he tried to roll over Harry like he was nothing. Perhaps to Surtur, Harry was nothing. Harry didn't really know. He could find himself not really caring all that much at this point.

The rocks in the cave shifted and Harry saw the sword that was in Surtur's hand. Harry conjured one of his own.

He recognized the Twilight Sword. He respected its power. The Incubus respected its power so much that he planned to take the sword once Surtur's life was forfeit.

The two of them did battle with each other. The clang of metal on metal echoed when Surtur and Harry continued their battle with each other.

"A worthy opponent," Surtur whispered.

"Wish that I can say the same for you," Harry replied. "Why don't you drop the sword and you face me head on?"

"I prefer to have the advantage," Surtur growled. He thought that was long as he had the Twilight Sword at hand, there was no way that the Incubus King could defeat him.
"You think that you have an advantage," Harry commented. He clung the sword against Surtur's. Both of them pushed back and forth against each other. Neither of them could gain a foothold on the other.

Harry twisted his foot in the ground and slammed his white hot blade into the sword.

"Well, you won't give up the sword," Harry replied. He pushed Surtur back against the wall.

It was not so much of a fight, it was a battle of wills between two powerful and stubborn forces. This battle was one that Harry would win. His teeth gritted when he pushed himself into the battle. Surtur pushed back.

Back and forth the two of them went. Neither of them wished to back up when they continued their duel with each other.

Harry was knocked onto his back. Surtur even seemed surprised by this. He stopped to laugh. "This is the end."

Harry exploded and sent a shower of magically enhanced acid into Surtur's face, blinding him. The chemicals did much more than blind him.

"This entire fight has been one carefully planned ruse to get you into position for the kill."

Harry swiped his blade down and slammed it into the back of Surtur's neck. He responded with a blood curdling shriek to end all blood curdling shrieks.

He withdrew the blade from the creature. The creature landed onto the ground and crashed down hard. Blood continued to ooze out of the back of its neck when Harry pulled it out.

"And now I banish you," Harry said. He looked down at Surtur with thinly veiled contempt. "I want you out of my kingdom."

Surtur may have cursed revenge. Harry didn't even bother to listen to him. He transported the creature off to a place where it's followers would never be able to raise it from the ashes once again.

Harry casually picked up the Twilight Sword.

"My lord, I've located the First," Hela answered.

"Well this is proving to be a productive day," Harry said. He turned towards Hela and a smile crossed his lips. "Since you found him, it's only fair that you'll be the one to lead the way."

Hela knew that her master was riding on a great high. The Queen of Hel couldn't really fault him. Soon both of these dangerous enemies would be vanquished.

Jean was not known for great patience. Especially against people who attacked her friends and fellow bond mates. The fact that they were taking pot shots at her now made her extremely agitated. The redhead frowned when she could sense the shadows of arch fiends of the past, her past.

One of the resembled one of her former teammates of the X-Men, someone that Jean never wanted to look at again. The Head Dementor, the First, whatever you wanted to call him, thought it might be amusing to bring in these past evil threats.
'I would blast him hard just for that,' Emma encouraged her.

'And you're encouraging her, that's nice,' Maddie replied.

Emma shook her head. 'Don't you even pretend that you wouldn't encourage her, should our positions have been reversed.'

Maddie shook her head. That wasn't a fact that she was denying. Encouragement was something that brought people to their fullest potential.

Zatanna lifted her hand high in the air and muttered an incantation underneath her breath. The shadow creatures were trapped in some kind of bubble.

"Surtur has fallen," Loki said. That was a sudden and surprising declaration. Sure enough, at least half of the creatures disappeared. Those were obviously Surtur's input.

"The tides of the battle are turning," Diana said.

Kara was surprised at something else. She nearly did a dance in mid air. Her hands, which had been bandaged and bruised, were healing over quite nicely. Kara could feel her heart race when she had power before.

"Yes," Kara said in joy.

"And here I thought that you were getting the hang of fighting without your powers," Faora responded. Kara turned around and her hair swung into her face.

"I am," Kara said in a cheery voice. She tested her heat vision and it returned to great effect. The same thing was done with the super breath. She tested both sets of powers and was glad. "But you can't deny that it helps."

"I agree, this is going to move things forward a lot smoothly than it is now," Karen added. She clapped her hands and the creatures backed off.

"We got to fine the main focus and take it down," Wanda replied. All of the creatures they blasted were just draining their energy a little bit.

"I think he's over there," Valeria said. She pointed towards a large twisted representation of Harry. The shadow Incubus King laughed. His red eyes glowed and his fangs bared. "Foolish, foolish, little girl children. You can't attack your master underneath any form and…"

Illyana rushed forward, her sword glowing. The Queen of Limbo hotly hacked into the creature like a hot knife through butter.

"If you had bothered to think for more than two seconds, you'd realize that impersonating the master for any reason is hearsay!" Illyana shrieked.

Ananym, Valeria, and Kara were at the enemy, with Diana and Karen following them. All five of them rushed the shadowed, twisted form of the Incubus King.

It didn't stand a chance. The poorly planned attack went south immediately. The creature was hacked to pieces. Blue energy rose when all of the girls attacked it at once.

"It was arrogant to think that it could pass for our master," Valeria said. She looked down at the ashened remains of the creature.
The girls saw the others disappear. They could all breath easily, at least for now. They didn't know what other horrors would lie.

"So now what?" Gwen asked. She figured that none of them wanted to ask, so she would have to be the one to do so. She got several sets of irritated eyes directed at her. Gwen shook her head and sighed loudly. "I'm just asking a question."

"I know, I know," Kara said with a sigh. There was nothing that could damper her good mood. Her powers returned and all was quiet.

She wouldn't be foolhardy to say that everything was too quiet however. That was just going to bring all kinds of trouble down about her head.

"You think that you have won, Har-Zod. But you have lost. That world that you destroyed thought of you as a hero, but you are nothing but a monster and a destroyer."

"If they thought of me as a hero, then that is their foolish decision," Harry said. He walked into the fog bound cave. The Twilight Sword was in hand. "I crushed that world because I knew that as long as those people existed, there was always a chance they could try and force me back there. And the moment they discovered that I returned back there, they did that."

Harry blasted apart the rocks. Hela walked behind him. She was there for his backup in case things got a bit ugly.

She knew that her master could handle this battle well. Backup was really good in case everything went south.

"And their efforts were laughable at best, just pathetic if I'm being charitable," Harry commented. He went down a short trip down memory lane. "Their very best were gifted to my pets. They were good for training purposes I think. New Succubi need something to refine their techniques on after all."

Harry saw that the fog was as thick as peanut butter when he approached it. He nearly parted the mist when he went through.

"And now, you are the First, that spawned the rest of your diseased children," Harry said. His voice taunted the creature, trying to raise it. Would the creature rise to Harry's bait? He would find out in a matter of moments if that was the case. "I have to say, I'm really overwhelmed. I thought that I would be going up against a greater opponent than you."

Harry went into the thick of the fog. He realized that the First was weaker than ever. This fog was just a smoke screen to hide himself from Harry. He already had been defeated. The creature hoped that Harry and Surtur would destroy each other in their battle.

That hope fell completely flat in a matter of moments. Harry stepped further into the shadows and saw something in this Dementor's demented memories.

"And you used my form to attack my companions. That was what you sealed your grave."

Harry sent a blast of light through the fog. The horrified scream of the Dementor King escalated in power.

Hela was numb to the pain and suffering of many. With her responsibilities, she couldn't afford to be
sympathetic to anyone. That would be her downfall.

This attack caused her to be greatly unnerved. She could hear the pain of the creature.

"You can rot with the rest of your diseased children," Harry said. His voice grew deeper and more darker. It caused more chills than an army of Dementors would. "You thought that you would have one grand battle to the Climax. But you overextended yourself in your greed for souls, to repopulate your diseased children."

"You will pay."

"Not today," Harry said. The Dementor King faded into the abyss and it screamed. Harry overloaded it with so many toxic emotions that it couldn't sustain itself.

The First exploded into a burst of fog. The fog slowly faded as it did.

Harry turned around and looked towards Hela.

"I do apologize for allowing it out in the first place," Hela commented. Harry smiled when he gazed into her eyes. "Perhaps if it wasn't allowed out in the first place, then this would not have happened."

"Maybe," Harry agreed. "But you do acknowledge that you have a debt with me, once again."

"Yes, and you know that I don't like interest to pile up," Hela said. She felt his aura surround her. "Take me anyway that you wish."

"Don't worry," Harry told her. He leaned towards her and smiled. "I will."

Hela closed her eyes and felt his strong mouth overwhelm her. His tongue pushed down into her mouth. Her tongue tangled in his when he pushed it deep into her mouth. The front of her outfit was pulled open and her body was being exposed.

Harry smiled. She succumbed to his powers rather quickly. Harry's hands skimmed her body. He touched her from her shoulders to her breasts all the way between her legs. His finger pushed between her dripping pussy and he pushed into her.

Hela felt one finger inside her. She moaned heavily.

"Just wait, we've just started,"

Harry commented. His hand cupped her pussy when he rubbed it. He inserted another finger into her. A third finger entered her following that.

Hela's eyes glazed over. His able fingers worked into her. His fingers shoved into her dripping cunt.

"Yes, yes," Hela whimpered. Her breasts heaved. Harry licked them when he pumped into her. The Queen of Hel felt his fingers manipulate her pussy. He rubbed her nether lips and kept causing her pleasure to spike. It was increased with even more pleasure.

Harry lifted his fingers up and she captured them into her body. The woman's mouth latched around Harry's mouth and sucked her juices off of them.

"I made you cum," Harry said when he finished. "You're going to return the favor."

Hela made her way down to her knees. Her hand wrapped around his balls. She slowly dropped down to her knees. The dark hair framed her face. She got down before him and kneeled before Har-Zod. Hela's hot mouth tightened around him. She brought her mouth down onto his throbbing cock.
Harry's massive cock went into her mouth and nearly choked her.

Harry placed his hand around the back of her head. He slowly pumped himself into her mouth. Hela leaned backwards and slurped his cock.

The erotic sounds of her sucking him. Her licks continued to increases. Hela's fingers kept stroking him when she tried to coax all of the cum out of him. She was determined to get her master's seed into her.

Harry gave a gasp. "And you've improved, that's good. That shows that you've been loyal to your master. But now it's time for you….to get your reward."

Harry grunted these last few words. His eyes closed and he unleashed his cum into her mouth. He fired a huge load into her mouth. Hela leaned her head back and sucked him dry. Her tongue kept working over his cock when she brought her mouth up and down on him. She hummed, bobbing back and forth to work him to completion.

Harry pulled her up to her feet. He pushed her up against the wall. His hand rubbed his fingers against her nipples. That caused them to grow into hardened little nubs.

Hela gasped with Harry wrapping his mouth around her nipple. The woman's breathing escalated. He rubbed the head of his cock against her clit next. That caused her pleasure to heighten.

"You…in me, now," Hela begged.

Harry worked his fingers into her dripping snatch. He made her taste herself. Hela's eyes glazed over.

"If you want it, you've earned it," Harry said. He rubbed her clit again and that caused her to moan.

Hela spread her legs apart. Harry's massive manhood shifted her lips apart. She felt his manhood push into her hard from above her.

Her master's cock filled her anew. Her legs wrapped around his body. Hela's mind was getting close to being lost. Harry cupped her breasts and he pushed into her from above. He brought her down to the ground.

Hela's hands were wrapped around the back of her head. Harry pulled almost all the way out of her. Harry slammed into her body. Hela's tight vice squeezed him.

"Do you feel good?" Harry asked her. She pumped herself up. Her walls clenched him.

"Yes," she whimpered. She pumped her hips up. Harry squeezed her breasts. Hela closed her eyes when she worked her lips around him.

Harry groaned when her hot lips tightened around him. He pushed into her over and over again. Her hips cranked him and tried to coax every single drop of his cum out of him.

"Yes, that's good, yes, I need that," Hela begged him.

She could feel the orgasm rush through her body. Harry leaned in and squeezed her breasts. He leaned over and sucked her nipples.

Harry pulled completely out of her. He rolled Hela over and squeezed her ass. His manhood was about ready to penetrate her. He teased the hot ring of her ass.
"Do it, please," she begged him.

Harry grabbed her hips and felt them up. She pulled her ass apart. His manhood slowly pushed into her body. Hela screamed when Harry pushed into her snug rectum.

The woman's breath was let out and she bit down onto her lip. He took the debt that she rose out on her ass. Harry held onto her hips and rammed into her from behind. He pushed and her breasts squeezed.

"Do you want my cum?" Harry breathed. He teased her nipples and squeezed her from behind.

Hela's eyes closed when she felt his fingers stroke her. Her nipples grew even harder. Harry toyed with them and played with her. Her dripping cunt stroked him when he rammed into her from above. His dick slammed into her.

"Yes, oh yes, take me," Hela begged him. "Give me your cum, give it to me."

Harry slapped her ass. A loud crack came across her ass. He nearly pulled all the way out of her and he slammed into her tight ass. He cupped her breast hard.

His balls grew tighter and heavier. He pushed all the way into her. He bit down on the side of her neck. The Incubus King worked into her tight rectum.

He allowed his balls to release when he let her orgasm go. He placed his hands on either side of her ass and slowly pumped himself into her. He hammerd into her tight ass when he slammed into her over and over again from behind.

Hela closed her eyes and felt him flow into her tight ass. He pulled almost all the way out of her and allowed his dripping cum to fill her ass.

Harry allowed her to collapse and he rolled her over. "Don't worry, there's plenty more where that comes from."

Her pussy gushed and Harry entered her again. She arched her back when Harry entered her from above. Her dripping cunt tightened around him when she stroked him and slammed down into her. His hands placed on her hips and pounded into her.

She closed her eyes and started breathing. Harry pumped into her harder and harder, as their second round escalated. Hela's mind went wild as she was lost into the pleasure.

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To Be Continued On March 2nd, 2015.
Chapter Forty-Nine: Collecting the Pieces.

Hela slumped against the ground. The events of this encounter with the Incubus King would be something that she felt for an extremely long time. The woman pushed herself up to a standing position and she gave a slight breath. The deed was done and she was reminded once anew why her master was the King.

"Hela, rise."

Hela's knees nearly buckled out from underneath her. Her chest raised and it lowered. Harry allowed her a bit more strength. She was grateful. He waved his hand and she was dressed completely. Hela took a moment to shake off of the cobwebs.

"Both of them have been destroyed," Hela commented. She frowned when she closed her eyes. The barrier between life and death was precious seconds away from being destroyed. Had Har-Zod not acted quickly, they would have been doomed.

Hela felt absolutely grateful for what happened. Her spirits peaked a little bit when she looked up, inclining her head back for a second.

"We're better off, but not out of the woods yet."

Harry smiled when he lead her on. He saw the dimensional barriers. The cracks formed within them became slighter. Harry leaned forward and he used his fingers to trace the battered and broken lines within the barriers. He smiled when they healed over. The green eyed sorcerer took half of a step forward.

"So far, so good," Harry commented lightly.

He felt confident the dimensional barrier would be his. He walked through the cave. The fog disappeared and made things a bit easier for him to move. Hela followed at his heals. It was obvious to anyone that he checked the cave for anything tangible. Or any minions that might be hiding, who needed to suffer for treason.

"He was reunited with his children," Harry commented. His frown grew wider and he looked over things. "I have to say that I would be disappointed if I was him."

"How so?" Hela asked. She had an idea, but wanted clarification.

"They didn't last that long with me," Harry said. His newly acquired sword rested by his side. The Twilight Sword swung from one side to the other. He was about ready to go out and meet the girls. He smiled and could sense their eagerness. They waited for him, Harry wasn't going to leave them to it for that much longer.

Harry crossed the barrier. He approached Loki and Thor. Both of them looked curious regarding what happened. He approached them and shook his head.

"All of your questions will be answered in due time," Harry replied to them. Both of the women
stared at him, frowning deeply. They wondered what he had in mind. "Everything is coming back together. There are only a couple of mysteries. You said that you were the victim of a curse."

He directed this question at Loki. "Yes, I was a victim of a curse."

The woman seemed a bit annoyed that she was asked such an obvious question. She knew that Harry wouldn't put up with any talk back.

Harry got the information he needed and he turned to Thor. "And you said that you had no memories of being a male ever."

"Yes, that is correct," Thor said. The Goddess of Thunder wondered where he was going with this.

"Thor tends to be scatterbrained, so it's obvious that she might have forgotten," Loki said. Thor gave Loki a look that indicated that she should knock it off.

Harry cleared his throat. Both of the females looked at him. "I have an alternate idea based on what happened, if you wish to hear it."

"Of course, I'm curious," Loki said. This was one of the few times where Thor would agree with her sister.

"Yes, I would have to agree with what you have in mind," Thor commented. She did wonder about certain things.

"I believe that neither of you are of this realm," Harry commented. That caused Thor and Loki to both look at him like he had grown an extra head.

"Do you mind clarifying that statement?" Thor asked.

"I think that he means that we have swapped universes," Loki commented. She kept her eyes locked onto Harry's. "That is what you mean, isn't it?"

"Yes," Harry agreed with her. Loki tried not to look too smug about figuring that one out. It was hard though, as smugness visited even the best of us at the worst of times. "It seems as if there was a dimensional shift. You shifted places from the native versions. Whether they perished in the Crisis or got new life in their new universe, I can't say."

"Well, we are here," Loki commented. She did enjoy the curse explanation better, because it was simplistic to her. The alternate universe mumbo-jumbo just proved to give her a headache. A slight migraine grew in the back of her head when she sighed. "I guess that we're here and we're here to do what we can do now."

"I couldn't have said it better myself," Thor commented. She assumed that she was something else, but she supposed that it didn't matter. "But..."

"It's just one theory, there was multi universe swapping going on," Harry said. The two sisters nodded. "Everyone is not where they should be, just like everything is not where it should be."

'So, do you really think that they got switched with their male counterparts, the ones that we know?' Karen asked.

Harry smiled. 'I think that would be the most probable cause, wouldn't it?'

'So, when are you planning to switch out everyone else for their alternate dimension female
counterparts?' Gwen asked. She spoke in a slightly joking voice.

Harry gave her a wicked grin. Gwen couldn't help, but shudder. 'As soon as possible, as soon as possible.'

Gwen's mouth opened. She thought that she couldn't believe it.

'You really think that you shouldn't believe that one?' Riley asked. Gwen turned towards her friend, giving her a slight scowl. 'Because you really should believe that one. You walked right into that one, you know.'

Gwen placed her hands on the side of her head. She allowed herself to sigh at the thought of it.

"And I do have a good idea where Odin is now," Harry commented out of the blue. That was one statement that got both Thor and Loki's attention.

"Well, color me curious," Loki commented. She couldn't believe this, but she just had to smile.

"Yes, I'm curious as well," Thor said.

The group made their way towards a ghastly picture. Odin was sealed in a glass coffin. His chest lowered and rose with the most shallow breathing. He couldn't break his way out even if he wanted to, and it looked like that he didn't want to.

"There he is," Harry replied.

Thor felt a combination of anger and despair. Loki tried to wear a mask of grief, but she looked more bored than anything.

"He tried to save Asgard from Surtur," Harry told them. "Even though he was still weak from the sleep, he knew the risks. And he fought anyway."

"Then we must ensure that the Allfather's sacrifice did not end in vain," Sif added. She looked at him. It was hard to believe that his last sleep was the one that he didn't wake up from.

She gave a look towards Harry. It wasn't accusatory. It was far from that. She was just curious about something.

Loki was curious about something. "What of the Odin Force?"

"Yes, that is correct, someone has to hold it," Thor commented. She looked at the fallen form of her father. "Wouldn't things not descend into chaos if someone was not to hold it?"

It was implied that she thought that it would go to her. She assumed that, but you know what they said about assumptions.

"So, you know far more than you're letting on about this entire Odin Force thing, aren't you?" Kara asked. She looked at Harry.

"Kara, I'm sure that he'll tell us when he wants to,' Claire said.

Kara stuck her tongue out at her cousin. Claire shook her head in response at the maturity level of her cousin. She was almost amused by it. Or she would have been rather.

'Ladies, calm yourself,' Harry said. Claire and Kara looked at him and nodded. They slowly fell back
into line. 'And to answer Kara's question, I will explain to you later.'

'Which means you have.....' Gwen thought. She was cut off in the mental link.

'When the time is right,' Harry informed her.

Gwen nodded up and down. She tried not to speak out of turn. She was embarrassed that she nearly stepped on her master's toes and prevented him from revealing a surprise. Even though this might just be a surprise that anyone could figure out on their owns.

Loki frowned. She could almost sense that there was some kind of interplay going on. She couldn't put her finger on exactly what was happening though.

"We should celebrate, I think," Diana commented. The gaze of both of the sisters turned towards her. "I think that the Allfather wouldn't have wanted us to mourn his death, rather to celebrate his life."

"Yes," Harry agreed. Sif picked up what they were doing and decided to add her own two cents into the equation.

"And, we should celebrate the victory over the forces of darkness that nearly tore us apart," Sif replied.

"Yes, a party would raise the spirits among the tragedy," Thor agreed. She did think that they needed to loosen up. "And this was a team effort."

"I'm glad that you agree," Amora said. She was rather silent for a moment. Her mind was trying to process the fact that Thor was a woman after the universal swap. Then again, higher powers could be whatever they made themselves to be. So she wasn't going to be one who was going to judge. "So, I believe that it's all settled."

"Yes," Hela agreed. She actually calmed down enough. Now that spirits were not running free, she was in far better spirits than she was earlier.

'So, today was a productive day,' Valeria thought.

'That's for sure,' Ananym thought. She saw one of the things that Harry had on him. The witch was shocked to see that particular item on her master. Even though the woman shouldn't be shocked, there were things about her master that never ceased to amaze her. 'Is that what I think it is?'

'If you think that it's the Twilight Sword, then yes it is,' Harry replied to her.

'Impressive,' Ananym commented. She could see other party favors that were brought in. Today was a great day for all.'

Illyana corrected Ananym. 'It was a great day that's going to get even better later.'

The Asgardian warrior survivors joined the group for a bit of a celebration. The drinks were flowing. Tonight was the night that they celebrated the fact that they managed to survive this battle and celebrate the battle of their falling companions.

There was one man of the hour, but he kept himself mostly entombed in the shadows. Harry decided that he would bring himself into prominence when he was ready and not do it a second sooner. His green eyes shifted with mischief when he looked over the scene.
"Everything is slowly shifting back to normal," Illyana reported in to Harry. Harry turned towards her to get his full attention on her. "The good news is that we can find Limbo now."

"And no one is out who shouldn't be?" Harry asked.

Ananym popped up right next to Harry and smiled. "I think that most of them were too busy running from terrors that were far greater than them."

"That would put a damper on any plans to escape," Zatanna said.

Harry allowed the three girls to chat, four once Valeria joined. He walked over and he joined Wanda.

"Do you need any more intervention?" Harry asked her. Wanda smiled and shook her head.

"Now that things are back to normal, well with what passes as normal around here, I think that everything is good now," Wanda commented. She did walk towards Harry. A tune kicked up. "And…..I felt the universes splitting and then colliding with each other."

"It was just your typical crisis type event," Karen reminded her. She changed in an extremely tight white toga that showed off her curves.

"Do you speak from experience with this?" Emma asked.

"We've been through a lot, as you well know," Harry informed Emma. Emma frowned and she nodded in response. That made a lot of sense all things considered. The blonde folded her arms and took her drink. "Too strong for you."

"No, it just caught me off guard," Emma commented. She turned to see Thor and Loki. It was much to her surprise they were getting along. "They do remind me of Ananym and Illyana sometimes."

"Or you and Jean?" Selene asked. That caused Emma to raise an eyebrow at her.

"What about us two?" Jean asked. She popped in during the tail end of the conversation and was rather confused.

"Never mind that, Jean," Emma replied. She handed Jean a drink. "You need to try this."

Jean frowned. If she was honest, she was equal parts curious and extremely suspicious. She took the drink to her lips and allowed it to be downed in one gulp. She had to admit that it tasted good. It caused her to become more alert.

"It's made from only the best," Sif said. She made her way around the group. The woman turned towards Harry. "And you do appreciate the fact that I'm keeping Thor and Loki out of trouble."

"Sif, I appreciate it," Harry said. He offered his arm towards her. The warrior goddess took it and lead her across the downfall. "And you've done a good job about it tonight."

Sif wasn't going to smile, at least not more than a little bit. Her master heaping praise on her did get her excited. The couple danced, and Sif caught the envious looks.

"I'm sure that they'll get their turn eventually, won't they?" the warrior goddess asked. Harry smiled and dipped her down to the ground. He kissed her on the neck and left her breathless.

"Some of them need to learn to wait their turn," Harry remarked. Sif shook her head and sighed.
"That's the problem with many of us I think, we're impulsive," Sif agreed. She felt Harry's hand rest on her back.

"Impulse problems are far from only an Asgard thing," Harry said. He leaned towards her and whispered something in her ear. "Trust me on that one."

Sif closed her eyes and felt Harry's hands move between her legs. He teased her.

"And as for being Loki and Thor's designated babysitter, don't worry about that," Harry commented to her. Sif raised her eyebrow and he smiled. "I've got some plans for them later, trust me. And I want you to help me."

Sif and Harry submerged into a private mental conversation. It was between the two of them. No one could but into the conversation, not even any of the bond mates.

The warrior goddess nodded her head in surprise. The plan was oddly devious, but it would put the two of them in line. Loki would be the tricky one, given that she was stubborn no matter what form she took. Thor could be easily persuaded when given the right motivation.

Harry concluded the dance that he had with Sif. The moment the Incubus King completed the dance, he leaned forward and gave her the type of kiss that curled a woman's toes. She melted into his deep embrace.

He pulled away from her. The moment that he was there, Kara latched her arms around him. Claire looked at her.

"Kara, I hope you didn't just cut in front of your cousin," Harry told her. He grabbed her around her ample rear for emphasis.

Kara nearly jumped halfway up into the air in surprise. He pulled her against him. Her breasts pressed against the fabric.

"She can have her turn later," Kara commented. "You don't want to believe the day that all of us have been having."

"I've got a pretty good idea what kind of day that you've been having," Harry said. He sensed the flickers of it.

"Let's just say that it was one where my headache hasn't gone away," Emma thought. She yelped when Jean and Maddie double teamed her on the Astral plane. Her heart raced even faster.

"Ladies, behave," Harry thought. He did the same thing to them, that they did to Emma. Only he did it with more intensity and let them breathless.

"Well, I'm not sure if that would deter them," Claire said. She made her way into Harry's arms before Kara could get a chance to protest. "But the reaction on their face was more than enough to amuse me for weeks."

"Glad you liked it then," Harry told her. Claire smiled when she felt Harry spin her and nearly push her up against the wall.

The dark haired Kryptonian knew that Harry could do pretty much anything that he wanted to when he had her in that position. She instinctively spread her legs for him.

"Later, there's going to be an after party bash later," Harry whispered. "Spread the word, but don't let
Loki and Thor know about it yet."

Claire understood the meaning. It seemed like Amora might have been on this little scheme as well, as she was keeping Loki and Thor well away from Harry on the other end. There were other females that fluttered in as well.

"If I may, a few words for the departed," Loki commented.

There was a sudden pause. Everyone seemed suddenly fearful about what Loki was about ready to say. She may have had a couple of drinks. Not that it mattered, but a slightly intoxicated Loki never was good.

Thor backed away. She wasn't getting turned into a frog again.

"I don't know why everyone is so upset and worried about what I'm going to say," Loki said. She sounded entirely bemused. Realization dawned upon the woman's face. "Well there is that entire trickster thing that precedes my reputation, and destroys it. But I'm capable of speaking respectfully at a wake. Trust me."

'Is it just me, or is Loki telling us to trust her filling you with a sense of dread?' Riley asked. She shook her head and smiled. 'Maybe it's just me but.....'

'No, it's not just you, trust me,' Gwen replied. She couldn't help, but keep a nice and shifty little grin off of her face when she spoke.

Riley's whine was rather prominent when she spoke. 'Gwen!'

There was an unsettling silence when Loki walked up to the stage. "I never saw eye to eye with Odin. We've had our differences. I did respect that he had to make some rather tough decisions, and while I often disagreed with them, he felt that he made them for the good of Asgard. He did take me in, despite the fact that he could have just allowed me to wither and die in the wilderness."

"I agree, with Loki, my father has made some questionable decisions, but he has lead Asgard through some triumphant times," Thor answered. "He should be appreciated and commended for all that he has done."

Loud cheers resounded when people appreciated what Odin did. Some of them clashed with him.

Harry smiled when he heard the speech. Karen, Illyana, Faora, Ananym, Zatanna, and Wanda all approached him. They were the oldest members of the collective and Harry did value their input fairly highly.

'That was almost inspiring,' Zatanna commented.

'Yes, nearly,' Illyana commented. Her tone was bored and restless. Her frown deepened. 'So, what do you think happens next?'

'Great things, Illyana, great things,' Harry responded.

'And when our masters says great things are going to happen, then the very best are yet to come,' Ananym said.

Faora's lips curled into amusement. 'I have a feeling that a pair of sisters are about ready to kneel before him.'
The Incubus King approached Thor and Loki on the stage.

"Not the best speech, but I do have some respect for the man, even if I am annoyed by some of his decisions," Loki commented. Thor cast an icy gaze towards her sister. "Don't tell me that you haven't wanted to smash Odin with that hammer at least once."

"I would never.....maybe once," Thor admitted grudgingly. "I can't believe that he is gone and the Odin Force is at forfeit, I wonder what will happen to it."

"The one that is deemed the most worthy would acquire it," Loki said. She was beginning to put the pieces together. The Trickster slapped herself for not figuring it out. "The one that is the most worthy indeed."

"I wish to speak with both of you," Harry told them.

Thor was quick to jump on it. Loki rolled her eyes, but she followed as well. She did wonder what her master had in mind.

Loki stopped when those thoughts entered her mind. Her master? She wasn't submissive to anyone. Loki didn't bow before no man and most certainly she didn't kneel before any man.

Harry smiled when he looked at Sif as she stood in the shadows.

"So, when should I join you?" Sif asked.

"I'll let you know when that happens," Harry replied. He left her with a kiss. "They are coming soon."

'In more ways than one,' Gwen commented. She snickered and Kara shook her head. Riley was the one who jumped in to speak to her.

'You know, you could have been a bit more subtle with that one,' Riley replied. She figured that Gwen wouldn't be all that subtle at all.

Loki turned up in front of Harry. Her gazed locked onto his. Her lips curled when she approached him.

"So, we have a new ruler of Asgard who is rising," Loki commented. She reached her hand forward.

"Yes, well....it should be obvious that there is only one who is worthy to rule," Lady Thor commented. She approached Harry and very nearly closed the gaps. "And I'm sure the Odin Force will have chosen you correctly."

"But I assume that this isn't news to you," Loki said.

'It sounds like she's accusing you of treachery without coming out and saying that you committed treachery,' Wanda thought. She found herself amused.

"Well, there could only be one person that is worthy," Harry said. He looked towards them. "By stopping Surtur and the First, the two of you owe me a debt."

"Yes, we should have known that this was coming," Loki commented. Thor cast her sister one of those dirty gazes.

She turned towards Harry. The Incubus Aura slowly overwhelmed the goddess of thunder. Her
nipples poked out hard from the other side of her shirt. Her breath increased when she stared Harry down.

"If you wish for us to seal the debt, then we will do anything," Lady Thor commented. "And if you will claim us…"

"Yes, because you have been waiting to jump him all night," Lady Loki answered. She frowned and sighed. "I'm surprised that it has taken you this long to do so."

Lady Thor cast a gaze of agitation towards Lady Loki. The woman didn't even bother to correct that gaze. She smiled.

"Perhaps you should take Loki first, because it is obvious that she has been waiting for this much longer."

Loki was about ready to accuse Thor of something. She found her mouth and her body both unable to move. The pleasure coursed all over every last inch of her.

"Yes, I have a feeling that will work out as I planned," Harry said. "And I can smell that you both want it."

"Thor, you bitch," Loki groaned. She could feel his magic touch caress her body and he was about ready to go in for the kill.

"Thank you might be the word…..oh yes…..you're looking for.

Loki realized that her humiliation was at hand. She realized that she longed for what he was about to do to her.

Loki was forced down to her knees before Harry. The Trickster looked up at Harry and was surprised. She could feel her clothing slowly become shredded off. Her large overripe breasts were exposed towards Harry. He grabbed them and squeezed them.

"Use me as your slut," Loki begged him. The woman was down on her knees before Harry.

Thor was faced with a Harry duplicate. The large breasted blonde was down on her knees. She resembled Karen in some ways, but with longer hair. Her breasts were on par. Harry couldn't wait to play with them and he did.

Thor's hot lips wrapped around his cock and Harry grabbed her around the back of the head. The busty blonde went down onto his throbbing manhood.

There was a large slap as Harry's hand bounced off of Loki's ample tits. Lady Loki could feel his large cock slide between her breasts.

"Yes, fuck them, fuck my tits," Loki begged him. She couldn't believe that she allowed him to debase her like a common whore. The fact was that it turned her on so much caused her even more pleasure.

Harry used her breasts to work his cock up and down. His balls loaded up with his seed. He watched when Thor went down on him on the ground. The blonde's hot lips bounced around him.

"I think that I want a different hole," Harry whispered. He turned Thor around.

"Take any that you wish, my king," she begged him. The Goddess of Thunder kneeled on her hands
and knees. Her tight ass waved for Harry.

He took her anal cavity with his manhood. His hands rested on her rear end. Thor closed her eyes when he planted his thick manhood into her. His balls slapped against her.

"Such a whore," Loki taunted. Harry pounded her breasts and he squeezed them together.

"A mirror doesn't exist in your house, wench, oh deeper, more, master," Thor begged. Harry's hands worked over her body and squeezed her breasts.

Sif watched the lustful and sinful display. She added a few fingers into her cunt and diddled herself. This was so hot that she thought that she was going to come undone. Her moans increased when played with herself.

Harry painted Loki's face and breast with his cum. His thick and virile white fluids painted her face.

A powerful hand gripped Sif and some force pulled her in.

"Sif, clean that whore up," Harry whispered in her ear.

Sif felt a hard hand slap on her ass. She jumped up and she knew that a reward was coming her way if she did what was asked of her. The woman slowly sauntered over and got down on her knees on the other side of Loki.

Loki felt Sif's hot mouth work her breasts. She moaned when she held what was nearly her twin into her sweaty chest. Sif got up and licked her face off like a cat.

She was surprised when she felt she was bound down to the ground. Harry grabbed Sif and pushed her back. Thor's violent moans could be heard.

The prime version of Harry wasn't concerned of that. He spread Sif's hot legs. He teased her with the tip of his cock. The woman moaned. Fingernails sunk into the back of his neck when she felt that the pleasure was close to reaching her body.

Her loins dripped their creamy juices. Harry was closed to entering her. He spread her thighs and he entered her.

Sif felt pure heaven when he entered her. "Yes, inside me again, finally."

She kissed him hard. The lust the two of them felt was contagious with each other. Harry pounded her wet and wiling pussy. His massive manhood slid into her tight body.

Harry groaned when he worked over her body. It was nice and tight. A wet, juicy, tight pussy caressed him. Harry moved down towards her collarbone and slowly kissed it. He attacked her nipples and made her squeal.

"I believe that you have been...humbled," Thor breathed. She could feel her pussy being stimulated as well.

Loki closed her eyes. The last person who should talk about being humbled was the woman that was being fucked up the ass. She saw the duplicate's balls slap into Thor's ass hard. That busty bitch was being taken down.

Her arms were trapped and she couldn't rub one out to ease her frustration. No matter how much she tried to ease her arms over, she was trapped. The woman felt her chest rise and fall. A daze pretty
much showed what she felt.

Harry rammed his thick manhood into Sif. Her responsive walls squeezed him. His hands touched her ass in response.

Sif nearly lost her balance. Arms wrapped around Harry's neck when she pulled herself up. She was determined not to hang on.

"I have a feeling that we'll get….more guests soon," Sif begged him. His manhood spiked into her body. Her pussy clenched him extremely hard.

"The more, the merrier," Harry added to her. He nearly pulled all the way out of her. She nearly lost her mind.

Harry pushed himself into her tight body again. That caused her to squeal when she tightened around him. He nearly fucked her into a drooling stupor and Sif loved every single moment of it. She couldn't wait for his nice and hard fucking. Her nails dug into his shoulder when he continued to pump into her body. More pleasure met that she was going to lose it.

Thor collapsed in a pool of cum and drool. Harry pulled out of her and he released Loki's bindings.

"Clean me up," Harry ordered her.

Loki couldn't believe that she was forced to do such a debasing thing. Her body betrayed her when she walked on her knees towards Harry. The woman's hot mouth enveloped his throbbing manhood. He clutched his hands around her and fucked her face.

Her hot tongue swirled around him. She licked his throbbing manhood and tasted him. He tasted so good that Loki thought that she was going to lose her mind. His manhood pumped deep into her mouth.

He released a spurt of cum into her mouth. Loki knew that it would enslave her to his will. She didn't care. The taste was so good that it caused her hormones to grow wild.

The Incubus King took her down onto the ground. Her legs spread when he hovered over her. His manhood was precious inches away from penetrating her.

"Nice virgin opening here," Harry said. He rubbed his fingers against it. "I'm surprised."

"Never believe anything that Thor says," Loki whimpered. Her pussy was being hyper stimulated by Harry's hand.

"Of course, as a goddess, you can make yourself as you wish to be," Harry offered.

He could see the female flesh that was surrounding him. He needed the sexual energy that would be to create more duplicates.

"It's yours, take it," Loki begged. She never wanted anything more in her life than his cock inside her.

The Trickster's pussy nearly engulfed Harry with her heat. He pushed his massive manhood through her virginal opening. Loki whimpered when Harry entered her from above. His hands rested on her hips when he slammed into her.

Loki squeezed his prick. She felt more pleasure. His balls slapped against her when he rammed into
her. He reached around and groped her breasts.

The woman's walls slid up and down around him. She milked him. His thrusts got faster into her. The woman's only response to milk him harder.

"Ready to be made mine forever," Harry whispered.

Loki gave herself to his powers. "Yes, I want to be your slut, your whore, to be used in any way you want. Is that what you want to hear?"

The orgy was getting to be excessive. Girls pleasured each other and Succubi slaves entered the fray to add to the fun.

Loki's tight cunt squeezed Harry. The sexual magic filling the air caused her hips to thrash and never stop gushing.

His balls tightened and launched his load into her. Her body kept cumming harder, meeting his output of cum.

"Ladies, you know what to do."

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**To Be Concluded on March 5th, 2015.**
Chapter Fifty: Fruits of Labor.

The fruits of labor for Harry should have been obvious. Several wrecked women laid on the ground in various states of disarray. The orgy went on for days and maybe longer. The pure sexual lust built up caused the Incubus's power to be built up.

The emerald eyed demon turned around from the women that he wrecked for a short amount of time. He could see the sun and it was a dawn of something. It was a dawn of the new day, along with the power that he accumulated.

It had been an extremely long time coming for him to ascend to this position. Harry got used to this new power flowing through his body. His fingertips tingled when it rose into his power. The smile on his face grew wicked. He thought of all of the things that he could do with his newly founded power, and the sky was the limit, to put things bluntly.

He held his fingertips up and rubbed them together. Power continued to cackle when he held them up. The smile growing across his face showed that he was getting used to the power.

"So, the sky is the limit now, right?"

Harry turned around and saw Gwen walk over. She looked to be a bit dazed, but in a good mood. There was a glint in her eye that Harry appreciated.

"Someone of your level of intelligence should appreciate what I am able to do with these powers," Harry offered. Gwen walked towards him and threw her arms around him. She slid onto his lap, going face to face with him. Her breasts pressed against his chest. Harry cupped her face and smiled. "But, to answer the question, the sky is the limit."

Harry leaned towards her and gave her a nice kiss. Gwen slowly rubbed herself against Harry.

"You didn't have enough of me earlier, did you?" Harry asked. Gwen smiled when she leaned in towards Harry.

"I never have enough of you," Gwen remarked. He placed his hand on her rear. "You should know that better than anyone else."

"Reminded anew, but thanks," Harry said. He kissed the side of her neck. "The power is going to require me to have even more women to sustain it."

"Well, there should be no shortage of willing partners," Gwen whispered. He teased her, but he didn't seal the deal. That caused Gwen's eyes to widen. "Oh, please, Harry."

"In due time," Harry said. He slapped her on the rear and caused her to look up towards him. She wrapped her legs around him and pulled him in close. "But, yes, no shortage of willing partners. A smile causes most of them to lose their panties faster than a speeding bullet."

"Providing some of them are wearing panties in the first place," Gwen reminded them. She daringly impaled herself down on him.
"I hope that you're able to maintain an intelligent conversation in your position," Harry told her. Gwen arched herself back and bit down on her lip, nodding feverishly.

"Good at multitasking," she reminded him. "But, then again, that's something that the two of us have in common, isn't it?"

"Indeed," Harry replied. He ran his hands over Gwen's body. She squirmed on his lap and tried to ease more of him into her.

The nubile blonde shifted and squirmed on his lap. Harry's arms tightened around him when he pulled her in.

"So, now what, that you have this power?" Gwen asked. Her scientific curiosity was at a peak. Almost like she was right now.

Harry's strong hands molested her chest. That got her excited when she kept working his pole. The blonde's eyes glazed back when Harry continued to play with her.

"Anything that I want to," Harry whispered to her.

Gwen squirmed when she was on top of them. She realized that anything could mean a lot of things. She lusted for knowledge, about as much as she lusted for Harry. The blonde looked into his eyes. He was not completely inside her, which was a crime.

"So, you can hack into reality with your powers?" Gwen asked.

Harry turned towards her and gave her a smile. Gwen almost hit a gusher at the thought of what he could do.

"So, do I have you excited?" Harry asked her.

"Yes, you do," Gwen whispered. She was inches away from being inside of him. She couldn't believe how close she was. "Harry, please don't tease me."

"But that takes the fun out of it, if I don't tease you," Harry whispered. He nibbled on the side of her neck and got her excited.

Gwen could see some of the bodies begin to stir. She frowned and tightened her legs around him.

"Please, master, let me demonstrate my loyalty to you, I want to feel your new power," Gwen said. She ran her hands down his chest and rubbed herself against him, teasing him. "Please, I need you, I need all of you."

"As you wish," Harry commented. He clutched Gwen and slowly tried to lower her down towards him.

She closed her eyes and she felt herself filled up completely.

Harry stood back on Earth after he had set everything back to where it should be. The green eyed Incubus smiled when he looked around.

He sensed someone approaching him. "So, how are you feeling?"
Morgan approached him from behind. She frowned when he had caught her showing up. The trouble with the Incubus King is that no one could sneak up on him. The witch pondered the question.

"It's a loaded question, and yet one would think that it is an extremely simple one," Morgan offered. She took a ginger step. "You know that I don't injure easily. I'm not even sure what attacked me now, but I'm glad that I was able to teleport here. If I would have hit the wrong realm….well, I think we will both agree that neither of us will be having this conversation right now."

"Yes," Harry agreed with her. Morgan gave him a crisp smile when she looked on towards him.

"You live an interesting life," Morgan commented. It was more to herself than him. "And now you have power that few dream about, but none will be deluded enough to think that they will be able to hold."

"It's not about delusion," Harry replied. He held out his hand. It was a symbol about how he had the entire world in the palm of his hand.

Illyana and Ananym turned up. Valeria showed up next to him with a smile. Her smile slowly weakened when she saw Morgan. The two of them had issues, but they were able to maintain a cool existence around each other.

"So, I see that you're up and about," Valeria said to Morgan. "That's good to see."

Morgan turned to the daughter of Doom and smiled. "Well, you shouldn't feel too broken up about it, should you now?"

Harry cleared his throat and he leaned towards Illyana and Ananym. "The status report of Limbo, if you please?"

"It's back where it should be, nothing got in that shouldn't be, nothing got out that shouldn't be," Illyana replied.

"So, your control over Limbo is as it should be," Ananym commented. She reached over and placed a gentle hand on the side of Harry's arm.

"I'm very pleased with this," Harry commented. His eyes locked onto the redhead woman and she smiled.

"As, it should always be," Ananym answered. "But, there's something different with this realm as well."

"Changes are being made, as I speak," Harry commented. He leaned towards the winter and his smile deepened. The entire world was clasped in the palm of his hand. All he needed to do is hold it and mold it in every way that he needed to.

Morgan turned towards Valeria and smiled. Valeria nodded crisply. Both of them painfully coexisted for the sake of their master. Harry smiled.

"I'll leave you girls to it, then," Harry said. "Report to me if you notice anything that is off."

"Absolutely," Illyana said. She would be worried about Harry leaving those two alone with each other, but she knew that he had monitoring spells around them.

Harry walked halfway out of the room and he ran into Jean. She seemed to be distracted for some
reason. He reached forward and caught her.

"Some might argue that was done on purpose," Maddie offered. She joined them and Harry was trapped between two redheads.

Well, trapped might not be an accurate description. One might think that they had him trapped. It was actually the other way around, he trapped them. The Incubus God looked at them like a predator stalking out prey.

"Your expectations were high of me," Harry said to Maddie. She looked at him, wondering how this would go. "Do you think that I met them?"

Maddie smiled at him. The part of her that was Lily Evans was more than pleased. She reached forward and sensually stroked his cheek.

"Met them, exceeded them, absolutely shattered them," Maddie commented. She placed herself against Harry.

"You pleased her, but anyone who wouldn't be pleased with what you've done is finding fault," Jean said. She placed her hand on Harry's abdomen and slowly stroked him. Maddie copied her double's movements.

'You know, it's a wonder that you get anything done with all of those sex starved females that try and get a lock on you,' Emma thought.

'And you would obviously be counting yourself among those, wouldn't you?' Claire asked. She allowed herself a soft and labored sigh. 'But you know...I think that all of us are in that category.'

'She does speak the truth,' the Cuckoos chimed in unison. They hoped that Harry would swing on by when the dust settled. It had been an extremely long time since the girls got any, too long.

"Well, Emma has given us a great idea in a round about way," Maddie commented. She slowly played with the buttons of Harry's shirt. Jean did the same with the belt of his pants. "And what better place to do so in the middle of the hallway, where anyone can walk in on his."

Jean was now down on her knees and her fingers were in Harry's underpants, slowly pulling them off. The redhead looked over her shoulder towards Maddie and shook her head. "You kinky bitch."

"I get it from you, honey," Maddie replied. Jean cast one of those looks over her shoulder and gave a long sigh.

Harry was about ready to indulge himself in both of these fine women. A cell phone rang which caused him to stop.

"Just one second, occupy yourselves why you wait," Harry said. Maddie and Jean both agreed to do this, patiently waiting. As patiently as these two tempered redheads would do anyway. "Yes, Pepper, what is it?"

"Something interesting happened this morning, Harry," Pepper commented. "A young woman showed up at the office. She claimed to be Tori Stark."

"Hmmm," Harry murmured.

"And I could have sworn that there was a Tony Stark about a day ago, and now there isn't," Pepper said. "Was there some great crisis event or something?"
"Always, but it's far more complicated," Harry said. "It appears that only those who are bonded will remember the before."

"Yeah, the staff acted like nothing was wrong," Pepper conceded. She wondered what Harry had up his sleeve. "So, what did you do, exactly?"

"Let's have lunch, and I'll explain it to you then," Harry told her. "I've got some business to take care of before then."

Harry turned to Jean and Maddie. Both of them stripped their clothes off and prepared themselves for Harry. He wasn't going to neglect either of them for very long. He sauntered over them.

"Harry, it's time to play," Maddie whispered. She spread her legs and showed him the inviting treasures that laid between them. She gave a soft moan when he approached her.
"A vengeful enemy banished us all, you managed to get away," Hippolyta said. "We were trapped outside of the fabric of time, but we were brought back."

Harry smiled. Diana turned towards him and she realized something. Her mouth grew dry when she looked at them.

"I better take a picture of this," Claire answered. Karen looked at her with a slight grin forming over her face. "Diana is completely speechless and at a loss for words. That's really not something that happens every day."

Diana looked at her sister, and sighed. Selene decided to save Diana from speaking. "Queen Hippolyta, my name is Selene, I rescued your daughter once I found her."

"Selene, of Nova-Roma?" Hippolyta asked. She recognized the woman.

Harry could see another girl who looked like a teenage version of Diana peak out from the distance. He smiled at her, which caused her to grow red in embarrassment.

"Donna, don't be rude, come out and say hello to your sister and her companions," Hippolyta said to her youngest child.

Donna made her way out. "Diana, I thought you were gone forever."

She made her way over and hesitated for a second. Diana decided to grab her into a tight hug, pressing the side of Donna's face against her breasts.

"Diana!" Donna yelled in surprise.

"This is Harry, Claire, and Karen," Diana offered.

"Yes, I've met Harry, he was the one that set us all free," Hippolyta answered. She looked at the Incubus God with interest. "Themiscyria is forever in your debt, great one."

It was odd to see any Amazon bow before a man, but Harry had that kind of power over them.

"Harry," Diana said with a smile. Harry turned towards her and beckoned her for her to come closer. "Thank you."

Diana threw her arms around Harry's neck and kissed the hell out of him. It was for a brief second where the Amazon's power overwhelmed the Incubus God. The second passed and Harry showed her who was boss. It was a second more than anyone got and Diana was more than happy with that.

"So, now that we're all here, we should have a celebration," Hippolyta said. "To celebrate all of us coming together."

"Can't we just skip to the orgy?" Donna asked eagerly. Her mother's eyes cast on her warningly. "Because we all know that's going to happen."

"Donna Troy," Hippolyta said in a disapproving manner to her daughter. Donna smiled and she looked towards Harry.

"Well, I know what I'm having for dessert," Donna commented. Her lust was drunken in by the Incubus King.

'She'll fit in nicely, I think,' Emma commented.
Only because she shares your amazing level of tact,' Maddie replied.

Harry smiled. He was on an island of beautiful and powerful women, that were all his. If that didn't state his triumph, he could think of few other things that would.

The End.

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