A Curious Sight

by megamatt09

Summary

After Harry leaves the Dursleys in the aftermath of blowing up Marge, he stumbles on quite the peculiar little sight. Of course, Harry being Harry, he has to investigate.
Harry flew out of the Dursley Residence like a bat out of hell. Perhaps he should haven't lost his temper and blew up Marge like an ugly balloon, but then again, perhaps she shouldn't have been a bitch and pissed him off.

It was amazing what happened when adrenaline wore off. Harry was slumped over the wall of Number Four Privet Drive, breathing heavily. He was honestly surprised that the Ministry of Magic wizards weren't breathing down his neck and hauling him off to magical prison of some sort.

Harry took off his glasses and wiped the sweat from his brow. He placed them back on his head and he didn't know what to do know. He was out in the middle of the night, about two miles from where he was, with a trunk full of magical spell books and an owl cage balanced on him. He wondered how he got himself into these messes, but then again, he just did, because he was Harry Potter.

There was a sonic blast that echoed over the top of his head. There was a blur that flew about several hundred feet next to him and crashed into a nearby field.

Harry rushed over. It was instinct that brought him over to the field.

He stopped and gasped. He was a girl, maybe about a few years older than him, crashed face first into the field. She was wearing a blue half shirt that over covered half of her body and a tattered red cape was hanging from her neck. The red mini-skirt rode up and Harry saw a pair of lacy red panties covering her ass, that he couldn't quite look away from. Because it was quite the nice ass to behold and it was attached to a beautiful pair of shapely legs.

She rolled over and pulled herself to her hands and knees. Harry caught a glimpse of her ample chest, straining in a slight ripped shirt, but it was the symbol that was on the chest that caught Harry's interest. It was a yellow shield with a red "S" etched on her chest that caught Harry's eye. She slumped over and landed on the ground, groaning.

"So, like something you see there?"

Harry turned around and saw another girl that looked the same, although she was of a darker beauty. If the girl on the ground was the sweet fruit, she was the more forbidden fruit variety.

She wore a short black top that just barely stretched over her breasts, with a silver "S" shield etched on it. Her toned stomach didn't have an ounce of fat on it. The black skirt she wore barely qualified as a skirt, more like a belt. It showed off her juicy, well sculpted thighs and a pair of black lacy panties Harry couldn't keep his eyes off of. She wore fingerless black gloves on her hands and a black choker collar. Her high heel boots made her legs go on for miles and she turned around, just enough for Harry to notice that she was wearing a thong.

"What are you….?" Harry asked. He shook his head. He was rather distracted by this striking, dark beauty right before him. He started noticing the female form just recently and this was the pinnacle of it for sure.

There were no girls like this at Hogwarts, that was for sure.

"What am I doing?" she asked. She stepped towards him, crossing the distance between the two of them. She placed a hand on Harry's shoulder. "Well, I was killing my good counterpart, before someone tried to merge us back together. But you offer a more interesting alternative."
She smiled when she stepped back and shameless licked her lips. This didn't help Harry's situation.

The other girl struggled to her feet.

"I'll be with you in a minute, honey," the dark clad girl said.

There was a blur when the girl in blue got knocked down. She lifted up, and tried to roll her over.

"Leave civilians out of this, this is between me….and you," the girl breathed. She managed to shove her off.

The two girls hit the ground extremely hard. The dark girl got up to her feet.

Harry watched the battle. He thought that he should get involved, but he was momentarily distracted by the hair pulling, the clothes pulling, and the scratching, this fight had gotten into.

It clicked, when he realized what was going on.

Supergirl was fighting…..Supergirl? One of the Supergirl's was dressed like the one that he saw in the paper and the other one looked to be a darker mirror universe version of him or something.

"Excuse me!" Harry yelled.

Both of the girls stopped fighting suddenly, and they looked at him, pausing for a moment.

"Um, what happened?" Harry asked.

"I think you need to get out of here, because she's gone crazy," the lighter Supergirl said.

"I've gone crazy?" Dark Supergirl asked. "You were the one that hit me in the face with a jet!"

"Only because you threw a school bus at me!" Light Supergirl countered.

Harry had almost forgotten about his own plight. He was rather curious about this one. The lighter Supergirl got to her feet and stepped next to Harry.

"No fair, I saw him first!" Dark Supergirl shouted.

"I'm not going to let you hurt him ,you psychotic…..jerk!" Light Supergirl yelled.

"Oh, you showed me," Dark Supergirl said and she reached over, grabbing the Light Supergirl by the hair and hurling her.

Light Supergirl landed with a splash into a puddle of mud. She got to her feet, and her eyes were glowing with malice.

"You'll pay for that!" Light Supergirl yelled. She hovered over the air, dripping in mud. Her top was nearly torn off.

Both girls looked about ready to fry each other with heat vision.

"WHAT THE BLOODY HELL IS GOING ON HERE!" Harry shouted at the top of his lungs. That caused both of the girls to stop and stare at him.

"She split off from me," Light Supergirl said. "And then she started to cause havoc and I went after her to try and….put her back inside me."
"Oh, you're delusional, you split off from me, you're the goody two shoes part of me, the good girl scout that holds me back, from doing what I want," Dark Supergirl retorted.

"Wait, so someone split from someone?" Harry asked. He was curious.

"Um, yeah, she got split….well, fine, we got split," Light Supergirl said. "There was one of us, now there are two of us."

"Yes, I got a piece of black Kryptonite," Dark Supergirl answered. She placed her hands on her hips and dared her light counterpart. "And the next thing I knew, she was there, and she demanded to know what I was doing there."

"I think that you have that a bit backwards," Light Supergirl responded.

"Whatever," Dark Supergirl said. "As if some bright and perky princess who is into unicorns, rainbows, and rescuing kittens from trees is the real me."

"Well, some psychotic bitch who dresses like an utter slut isn't the real me!" Light Supergirl countered.

That caused Dark Supergirl to place her hands on her hips and stare at her.

"I'm not dressing like an utter slut, these are perfectly practical clothes, and it's far more than a lot of those heroines wear," Dark Supergirl said. "If you've seen them, they might as well wear nothing at all. Actually, I wouldn't complain about it."

Light Supergirl sighed; she was missing the rather obvious point. She wiped herself from mud.

"What are you doing out here this late at night anyway?" Light Supergirl asked him suddenly.

"Well, I ran away from my aunt and uncle," Harry commented. The lighter counterpart of the girl of steel looked at him with soft eyes. "I blew up my uncle's sister."

"Oh my!" Light Supergirl yelled, clapping her hands over her mouth.

"Oh, we've got a bad boy here!" Dark Supergirl said, crossing the path and snuggling herself up against Harry. He didn't do anything to correct her emotion. "I think I like you already…and given what you look like naked, I liked you even before that."

"You peaked with your X-Ray vision!" Light Supergirl gasped.

"Yeah, so," Dark Supergirl said. "He has nothing to be ashamed about. You know you want to look."

"That's…that's….." Light Supergirl said. She grew red in the cheeks and she noticed the bulge in Harry's pants. "Is that because of us?"

"You warmed him up with her little panty shots," Dark Supergirl informed her. She smiled when she stared at her lighter counterpart's panties when they rose up.

Light Supergirl could not stop looking at him and she tried to resist using her X-Ray vision.

"No, bad Kara, bad," she muttered to herself.

She gave into temptation for a moment, and there was a drop of drool that came down her chin.
"Your name is Kara?" Harry asked.

"Yeah, mine is, I guess hers is, technically," Dark Supergirl answered. "So you have our name, handsome, but we don't have yours. That doesn't seem fair, does it?"

"Harry, Harry Potter," Harry informed her.

"Oh, nice, pleased to meet you, Harry, and I'm sure that my lighter half is pleased to meet you anyway," Dark Supergirl answered.

"Listen, I've got to really get out of here," Harry said.

"Why?" Light Supergirl asked.

"Oh, you are such a blonde," Dark Supergirl responded. "It's that entire blowing up his uncle's sister, thing."

"Why would you do such a thing?" Light Supergirl asked him. She had forgotten about that heinous crime.

"Maybe because she spent the entire week calling my dead parents deadbeat drunks and drug addicts, and she called my mother a bitch," Harry said.

"Well that….that wasn't right, but still, you shouldn't…um blow her up because….well you shouldn't," Light Supergirl said. She was struggling to find the right reasoning. "That must have left a bloody mess."

Harry realized what she thought and did his best to correct it.

"I didn't blow her up, as in explode her, I blew her up, like you would blow up a balloon," Harry said.

That caused both Supergirls to blink in unison.

"Wait how did you do that?" Dark Supergirl asked.

"Well, I'm…a wizard and I used accidental magic," Harry said.

"Oooh, so you must be a really powerful sorcerer, judging by the size of your wand," Dark Supergirl said. She grinned when she looked him over, practically undressing him with her eyes.

"I can't believe that you said that!" Light Supergirl responded in surprise.

"Only because you were thinking it, you kinky bitch," Dark Supergirl said.

Harry cleared his throat. He didn't want these two to get into a fight that descended into hair pulling and clothes ripping.

Okay, maybe he did want that, in theory, but he didn't right now. Plus, he was sure that the property damage might end up attracting attention.

"My Ministry is going to be here any minute, I'm surprised that they haven't found me yet," Harry said. "I'm not allowed to perform magic outside of school."

"Well, that's no fun," Dark Supergirl commented. "And you're going to get punished because some bitch was a bitch."
She snapped her fingers and she grabbed Harry around the waist with one hand and then grabbed his trunk with one hand. She flew off in one direction.

"HEY GET BACK HERE!" Light Supergirl yelled when she flew off after them.

She really feared for Harry's well-being because of the mental stability of her attacker.

Light Supergirl found her way into a loft that was halfway across the world. She entered the loft and she could see Harry shaking his head.

"Next time, please warn me," Harry said.

"Sorry, if I hurt you," Dark Supergirl said. She wrapped her arms around Harry and leaned towards him.

Harry felt her really soft lips press against his own lips. She started to kiss him on the side of the face and backed him up against the bed. She kissed the side of his neck, playfully nibbling on his neck.

Her hands eagerly explored his body and she placed it underneath his shirt, feeling him up without any discrimination.

"Let's get this shirt off…..it's so baggy," Dark Supergirl said.

"It was my cousin's," Harry answered.

"What was he, the size of Moby Dick?" Dark Supergirl asked.

"Pretty much," Harry admitted.

She looked at his chest, that was adorned by a few scars. She could see a long scar going down his right arm. Dark Supergirl traced her finger down and made her way down his stomach.

She heard her lighter counterpart clearing her throat.

"I'm just checking to make sure that everything is in order," the darker girl said, shaking her head.

She reached down and cupped his crotch through his pants, squeezing it.

"Yes, everything is order, wouldn't you say?" she purred. She kneeled down before him, and kissed his stomach, when she fondled his package.

"Yes, it's…it feels…." Harry groaned.

"I can't believe what you're doing!" Light Supergirl yelled.

"You know, he's straining these baggy pants," Dark Supergirl said. She pointed at his bulge and her lighter counterpart was momentarily distracted.

She undid his belt and pulled it off of him.

Harry was clad in a pair of boxer shorts and his tent was obvious.

"How old are you, stud?" Dark Supergirl asked.

"Thirteen," Harry groaned, when she played with him.

"An early bloomer, I like it," Dark Supergirl said, but someone pulled her away from him.
"What do you think that you're doing?" Light Supergirl asked.

"What does it look like I'm doing, Kara?" she asked, shaking her head. "I'm going to suck his cock, and then I'm going to fuck him!"

"You can't be serious," Light Supergirl said.

"Look, if you want to do him, you're going to have to wait your turn like a good little girl," Dark Supergirl said. She patted the lighter Kara on the top of her head.

Light Supergirl swatted Dark Supergirl's hand away from her.

"I'm not going to let you hurt anyone," Light Supergirl said.

"Don't be jealous," Dark Supergirl answered. "I'm not going to hurt him….well maybe a little, but he's going to hurt me just as much with that monster."

"You're being....." Light Supergirl said and suddenly, Dark Supergirl shoved her back against the wall.

"I'm being what?" Dark Supergirl asked.

"Unfair, you're being unfair, I'm the real Supergirl, you're just some side effect of the black Kryptonite, and I want him worse than you do!" she yelled and she blasted Dark Supergirl with super breath, causing her to land on the ground.

"Learn to share!" Dark Supergirl yelled back at her good, although not too good, counterpart.

She blasted heat vision and it caused the rest of lighter Kara's skirt to burn into ashes, exposing her red panties, which were slightly wet from her arousal.

Lighter Kara returned fire, ripping her darker counterpart's top off, not that there wasn't that much to rip off. Dark Supergirl's perfectly formed and absurdly perky globes bounced off into the darkness.

The two girls flew into each other and hit the ground, rolling around, and tugging on each other's hair.

Harry watched as two different versions of Supergirl fought over who was going to get to fuck him first. He thought that he should really get involved, although he couldn't really bring himself to tear his eyes away from the spectacle at hand.

Finally, a hand pulled Dark Supergirl off of Light Supergirl and threw her out of an opened window, into parts unknown.

Harry saw the person responsible and that didn't really improve his space limitations any. She had short blonde hair that framed her angelic face. Her blue eyes burned with passion. A white one piece suit fit against her impeccably curvy frame, with a hole cut out for her cleavage and her large breasts about to spill out. Her ass and her legs were a sight to behold as well.

"Kara, are you okay?" she murmured.

She bent over to check on Kara, which gave Harry a full view of her ass.

"Yeah, I'm fine, although she's going to be pissed when she comes back from wherever," Light Supergirl said, shaking her head. "I don't know what happened, I came across the Black Kryptonite.....and then there were two of me and bad me tried to kill me-me."
Power Girl turned around and saw that they weren't alone. She opened her mouth to say something, but she was distracted momentarily by the size of the tent.

She now knew how people got spellbound when they ran into her breasts, because she was spellbound because of this.

"You're Power Girl," Harry commented in a nonchalant voice.

He now knew how people felt when they met him in the Wizarding World. He was looking at her cleavage like most people looked at his scar. He was certain that he it had some kind of magnetic pull.

"Yes, pleased to meet you, I need to prick….pick you up and get out of here!" she informed him. She tried to tear his eyes away from his bulge.

It wouldn't hurt to sneak one little peak with her X-Ray vision. Just to see if the bulge was real, just out of scientific curiosity.

"YOU BITCH!"

That was enough to bring her out of her trance.

Dark Supergirl hovered in the window, her breasts bouncing shamelessly, her hair flipping wildly, and her eyes glowing red. She looked both horny and murderous at the same time.

"Well, fuck me," Power Girl muttered. She had made a really screwed up situation really FUBAR.

To Be Continued.

Yes, I know, another story. Although this is more of the mini-series variety.
The Darker Version of Supergirl was pissed off and she didn't care who knew it either. Her eyes flared with rage and flickered with the purest of fury. She stared down at Power Girl, who stepped in front of her lighter counterpart and Harry.

"Look, Kara, you're not well," she commented.

That was the worst thing that she could have said.

"I would have been fine if you didn't stick your nose in where it didn't belong," The Dark Supergirl said. She fired a blast of heat vision at her counterpart.

Harry got to his feet, and he better do the best that he could to appease this situation. He thought about any spells that he could use to cool her nerves, but would that even work against someone of her power set?

Second year magic, especially at Hogwarts, might not work. Harry tried to figure out what he needed to do and he decided to do the only thing that he could think of.

He grabbed Dark Supergirl by the hair and turned her around. She turned around, her eyes flaring, but she stopped when she saw that she was face to face with Harry.

Face to face and mouth to mouth. Harry's lips pressed against Kara's and his tongue shoved deep into her mouth. The good version of Supergirl and the more mature version of Supergirl looked at her.

Dark Supergirl wrapped her arms around his head and felt her rage disappear. She could feel his lips on hers. She wondered when the hell he learned to kiss like that.

"There's no way that you're thirteen, there's no way," Dark Supergirl said. She pulled away from him. "I'm ready to go right now….if you catch my drift."

"Wait, he's thirteen?" Power Girl asked.

"Yeah, he is, and you've been a very naughty girl, thinking of robbing the cradle," Dark Supergirl responded. "But, then again, you're not the only secretly naughty girl here, are you?"

She looked at the Lighter Supergirl who folded her arms and stuck out her lip, frowning.

"So, I'm surprise that the League didn't send a bigger team to smack me down?" Dark Supergirl asked her. "Or did you do it because this was personal?"

"League is busy, spread thin over the last couple of weeks, but you should know that," Power Girl said.

"Sorry, fall asleep half of the time during the team briefings," Dark Supergirl and Light Supergirl said. They stared at each other. "My cousin tends to do that to us."

"We've got a serious problem though, with the two of you being….well split like that," Power Girl said.

"You're not putting us back together, there's no way I'm getting stuck with her," Dark Supergirl said.

"Oh, like you're a real prize, with how you've been acting," Light Supergirl said.
Harry cleared his throat and the two of them looked at him.

"You know….I'm pretty sure that the Ministry is still after me….um wherever we are," Harry said.

"We're in New York," Dark Supergirl informed him. "The city that never sleeps, and I think you'll find out that neither do I."

She looked at him with a smile and a little wink.

"You are a tart," Light Supergirl said.

"Take's one to know one," Dark Supergirl fired back, giving her counterpart a little tongue sticking out.

"Really, are you two going to start in?" Harry asked, shaking his head. "Is she always this much of a handful?"

"I swear I wasn't like this when I was that young," Power Girl said. She got up and Harry walked around to look outside of the window.

"Well, I don't know…how old are you?" Harry asked.

"Twenty-One," she responded to him. "Kara is sixteen and, I'm guessing that the other Kara is sixteen as well. So, you're thirteen?"

"Well, technically," Harry said. "There is some kind of magical years versus real years thing, that I kind of didn't understand."

Karen knew that different races aged differently, or matured differently. Granted, that could be more of a physical maturation, than an emotional or mental one, but still.

"Those are some nasty looking scars," Power Girl said. She couldn't help, but notice that. Granted, she wasn't the type to be superficial, but still, it was weird that someone that young had that many scars.

Unless, you were Cassandra Cain, and there were rather dark circumstances that said how you got that many scars at such a young age.

"Yeah, where did you get that one," Light Supergirl said, pointing at the scar on Harry's arm. "Um, sorry, I didn't mean to be rude, I just wanted to…."

"A snake attacked me, a fifty foot long snake," Harry informed her. Light Supegrirl shivered. He placed his hand on hers. "Don't worry, it's dead."

"Wow," Dark Supergirl said. "And what happened to the snake?"

"I stabbed it through the roof of the mouth with a sword," Harry commented.

"No, way!" Dark Supergirl yelled. Harry smiled at her. "Okay, fine…that was….and it didn't poison you or anything?"

"Yeah, but I got the antidote quickly," Harry said.

"Yes, that only accounts to one of the scar….but those other scars…what are they from?" Karen asked calmly.
"Well, I got them….from my cousin and his gang….." Harry said. He paused. "It's really nothing….and they stopped after I went to school…private school…magic private school. Except for the one my forehead, I got it from the terrorist that killed my parents."

Power Girl had a few more questions, but it turned out that Dark Supergirl was not too happy to hear this latest bit of information.

"Is the bastard dead?" Dark Supergirl asked.

"My cousin or the terrorist that killed my parents?" Harry asked.

"Either," Dark Supergirl said.

"My cousin is still alive," Harry said.

"We'll see," Dark Supergirl muttered.

"You're not killing anyone," Power Girl told her sternly. Not that she blamed her. Those kind of scars were on par with a super hero who fought psychopaths for a living.

The fact some boy, who she was assuming was around Harry's age, had a group of thugs that helped him beat up his own cousin, was rather unsettling.

"It wasn't that bad, they were like that to everyone in school that they didn't like," Harry said.

"Yeah, well an equally opportunity sociopath is still a sociopath," Dark Supergirl said. "And…I guess that you live with your aunt and uncle. And I suppose they had no idea that this was going on."

Harry didn't say anything.

"As for the terrorist that killed my parents, he's kind of dead," Harry said, changing the subject.

"What do you mean kind of?" Light Supergirl piped up.

"He's a spirit that can inhabit the bodies of other people," Harry said.

"You mean like a Phantom Zone phantom?" Power Girl asked.

"Yes, I guess," Harry said. "He possessed one of my teachers, during my first year to steal the Philosopher's Stone."

"Oh, shit, not another one of those," Dark Supergirl grumbled.

"They said that Flamel made the only one of those," Harry informed her, raising his eyebrow. Dark Supergirl shook her head.

"Trust me, the League have encountered at least three of them," Power Girl said.

"Well, it was destroyed," Harry commented.

"Thank Rao for that," Light Supergirl piped up. "And hey, if he's a Phantom Zone Phantom, all we need to do is zap him with one of the crystals, and we don't have to deal with him again."

"Yeah, he can room with Zod," Dark Supergirl said dryly. She turned towards Power Girl, who had a scanner in her hand. "Seriously….you're going to try and put us back together after all of that?"
"I couldn't if I wanted to," Power Girl said.

"Why not?" Light Supergirl asked.

"Yeah, that's a real shame," Dark Supergirl said. She sounded a bit sarcastic when she spoke. "Might I ask why?"

"Because there's a part of you missing," Power Girl said. She paused and she looked over her shoulder. Her super hearing picked up a very soft pop. "And someone just teleported outside of this tower."

"No one could have tracked us here," Dark Supergirl said.

"Maybe they're after me," Harry said.

"Well, they're going to have to deal with me first," Dark Supergirl said. She paused. "And what do you mean a part of us is missing?"

"Yeah…I thought we were the only two of us that were….well split off from us," Light Supergirl said. "You know one side is good, one side is….evil."

"Hey, I'm not evil," Dark Supergirl said. She got her share of looks.

"We can deal with this later," Harry said. He groaned when he saw who was creeping around in the shadows. "Oh, of all of the people, why did it have to be him?"

The dust cleared with a tall blonde girl coughing in the shadows. She closed her eyes and frowned when she looked around.

The dust finally faded away and revealed that this tall girl had her hair tied back in a ponytail and she wore a pair of elegant glasses on her head. She wore a button up white blouse and a pair of tight blue jeans that fit around her amazing and supple body.

"Where is it?" she asked in an elegant and posh accent. "It's got to be around here somewhere….I can't believe I touched it."

Kara Kent shook her head and cleared her head. The girl was as attractive as both of her counterparts, and she was the smartest one of the three. Of course, she didn't have any powers, but that never really stopped Batman, so why should that stop her?

She wondered what the hell happened. She was knocked to the ground, completely out of it, when her two other counterparts went at it like a couple of hellcats.

The best she could figure was that she got split into three. Her darker, more feral, side was split from her, along with her more heroine side. And this was the side of her that was her intelligence, which was beyond all human measure.

She tapped her foot on the ground. Kara struggled to pull the table out of the way. The lack of super strength was rather annoying.

The black Kryptonite had to be sent to her by someone, created by someone, the question was who sent this to her.
Kara brought a chair over towards her and she sat down. She placed her hand on her chin and started to think.

"Okay, if the other versions of myself are out there, they should have some kind of link," Kara said.

She tried to piece together what happened. She was exposed to the black Kryptonite when she moved in to stop a disaster. Then the next thing she knew, she felt dizzy, sick, and then she split in half, with the good version of Supergirl and the evil version of Supergirl fighting each other.

Then it was a blank, maybe because she got knocked out. She hadn't been this powerless since before she arrived on Earth. Maybe it would wear off in a little bit and she would get her powers back.

'Never mind,' she thought to herself. She thought that she saw it in the corner in the debris.

Kara lifted up the piece of Black Kryptonite in her hand. It seemed like it was harmless. She moved it across the lab.

"What did they do, leave this in the oven to cook too long?" she asked. She frowned and she shook her head.

She needed a lab of some sort. She just hoped that half of the city wasn't trashed.

Kara made her way down the hallway. She peered around the corner and frowned deeply. There was something going on close by, she could sense it, she could feel it. Exactly what it was though, she didn't know.

She caught someone rushing down the hallway out of the corner of her eye. Kara leaned back and could see her.

Was it one of her sisters or someone else? Kara would have to discreetly follow. It was all about stealth, something that she neglected when she had her powers, because she could get in their fast enough and lay the smack down on anyone who tried any shit with her.

That wasn't an issue to her to be honest right now. Kara swept down the hallway and she saw a figure rushing down the hallway. She followed close behind her.

Suddenly, Kara was pushed down onto the ground and she had her arm pinned behind her back.

"Hello, Kara, long time, no see," a very familiar voice said in her ear.

"Great, it's you...." Kara grumbled. She was pulled up to her feet and she came face to face with her more mature twin, the one and only Galatea.

Galatea was created as a clone as part of a plan to take down the Justice League. Kara assumed that she had perished.

"I'm sure that you're wondering how I survived," Galatea said.

"Yeah, that thought did cross my mind," Kara said. She felt her hands wrap tighter around heir neck and she breathed heavily. "Could you ease up on the choking....it's not that comfortable without powers."

"You're powerless?" Galatea asked.

She released her hands from around her sister's neck and Kara was grabbed.
"Yeah, kind of," Kara agreed. "It's a long story, but I'm sure that you can figure that out. I mean, you're the one who knows what happened better than anyone."

"Does this have anything to do with the splitting headache I got about six hours ago?" Galatea asked. "The one that woke me up….and allowed me to break out of my prison."

"Wait a minute, so you didn't send me the Black Kryptonite?" Kara asked.

"No," Galatea said. "So, did you get split in half? One powerless side and one super powered evil side."

"Not exactly," Kara admitted. She walked down the hallway and it was a good sign that Galatea was attacking her. Hopefully that could continue.

"Exactly what happened then?" Galatea asked.

"Just one second, I'll show you," Kara said. She made her way to the vault and opened it up.

Suddenly, Galatea felt weak and her counterpart was holding a piece of green Kryptonite. She dropped down to one knee.

"You know more about what you're telling me, don't you?" Kara asked her.

"I told you, I didn't send you the black Kryptonite," Galatea said.

"But, you know who did, don't you?" Kara asked. "You weren't dead, you had been captured by someone, weren't you?"

"Well….the League did leave me for dead….without my powers, but I got them back," Galatea said. Kara leaned towards her and pressed the green Kryptonite across her cheek. "The Black Kryptonite was an accident…it wasn't suppose to be created….Cadmus messed up big time."

"Cadmus was shut down," Kara said.

"There are people that want them to be brought back up, but I didn't want to be a part of them anymore," Galatea said. "I didn't really have any choice, or they didn't give me one."

"Why was the Black Kryptonite a mistake?" Kara asked. "What were they trying to do?"

Galatea didn't really know, but she could guess.

"They were trying to recreate Gold Kryptonite," Galatea informed her. Kara retracted the Green Kryptonite for her face. "I'm not sure if it's a means to depower you and your cousin, or as a threat to get me in line. Regardless…it was meant to be Gold Kryptonite, but the chemical mixture turned it black. And I guess that we know what black Kryptonite is….wow, there's three of you….at least, isn't there?"

"Pretty much, and I can't find my other two counterparts," Kara said.

"What are you going to do, put them back together?" Galatea asked.

"I don't know," Kara said. "But, I need to make sure they don't cause havoc on everything."

"So, you're the ego, darker you is the id, and lighter you is the super-ego, and they're all split into separate bodies," Galatea said. Kara looked at her.
"If you must insist that," Kara said.

"Cadmus must have had a reason with giving you the Black Kryptonite, or the people that are backing them rather," Galatea said. "I think that we should find our sisters and figure out what to do next."

"And I'm supposed to trust you?" Kara asked.

"Please don't turn into the Kryptonian version of Batman, Kara," Galatea said. "I was brainwashed and crazy by Cadmus, but….when they exposed you to the Black Kryptonite, it was like something snapped inside me."

"Well, if you betray me…"

"I'm sure that you'll find some way to make me feel pain," Galatea said. "You have the Green Kryptonite, I think that the ball is in your court."

Dark Supergirl did not like her territory being trampled on. She was going to reluctantly acknowledge her sisters and she supposed that she could share.

However, this greasy bastard, he could go fuck himself for interrupting her fun and games. It wasn't like anyone who would fuck him anyway, so he might as well fuck himself.

He made his way up the stairs, and Dark Supergirl was really pissed now. She flung the door open and nailed him.

There was a loud crack that knocked the creepy greasy bastard and sent him flying down the stairs.

"What did you do?" Power Girl asked.

Power Girl could see the steps where the mystery man got knocked down the steps. They were stained by an insane amount of grease and what looked like blood dripping off of the steps.

Power Girl, Dark Supergirl, and Light Supergirl floated down. Harry carefully joined them down the steps.

"Who is this?" Power Girl asked him.

"It's my Potions Professor, and I think that you killed him," Harry said.

Dark Supergirl looked down at him, "No, I think that he's still breathing."

Perhaps it was Karen's imagination, but she could see Harry's eyes cloud over in disappointment, before he became calm and stoic.

"What is he doing here?" Dark Supergirl asked. "Why would a school teacher be interested in where you were?"

"I don't know…my Headmaster has a couple of government positions, and I guess he must have heard of my disappearance, and he should be showing up soon, I guess," Harry said.

"Why would a Headmaster be working with the government?" Light Supergirl asked.
"I have to agree with her, that does seem like a bit of a conflict of interest, doesn't it?" Power Girl asked.

Harry frowned and considered it for a moment.

"You know, there's a lot about how that world is structured that doesn't make a lot of sense, come to think of it," Harry said. He had tried to educate himself the best about that culture, but he had been left confused.

"They think that world is a separate world, but it still exists on Earth?" Dark Supergirl asked. Harry nodded in response. "Wow, cult, much?"

"I'm pretty sure it's not a cult," Light Supergirl said. Dark Supergirl stared at her lighter counterpart.

There was a knock on the door that brought them out of their thoughts. The door opened and slammed Snape in the face when he was slumped against the wall.

The girls turned around and saw Galatea.

"Don't shoot, I come bringing cookies," Galatea said.

"Seriously?" Dark Supergirl asked.

"Fine, I don't have cookies," she admitted. "But, I'm not going to attack you….I doubt that the city would survive a fight between the two of us."

"Actually, that's a wise one, and I agree," Dark Supergirl agreed.

Galatea turned and she noticed the young emerald eyed young man standing there. She looked him over with a smile.

"Well, you do have excellent taste, but I guess we have the same taste," Galatea said.

"Harry's….helping us deal with our little problem," Dark Supergirl said.

"What are you doing here, Tea?" Power Girl asked her out of the blue. "The League thought that….."

"I was imprisoned….well I was, I got out, ran into my old handlers, and got put into another prison," Galatea said. "And I'm kind of on the run when I escaped when they zapped Kara with the black Kryptonite."

"You kept that quiet!" another voice yelled.

"About time you got here," Galatea said. She turned around and saw the fifth girl, the fifth version of Kara, show up.

"Just how many versions of you are there?" Harry asked.

"You're complaining?" Galatea asked.

"I'm not complaining, I'm just asking a question," Harry said.

Kara Kent decided that she should explain this.

"Well, I was here first, but Karen, or Power Girl is from an alternate Earth that's the same, but it's
different, "Kara explained. "Galatea was cloned from me, in a plot to create weapons to take down the Justice League….and she went insane for a while, but now she's….better….I think."

"Yeah, I don't want to kill you for existing," Galatea said. "Progress."

"And then, the Black Kryptonite caused me to split apart, into three versions," Kara said. "I'm the human, more intelligent version…"

"Modest, isn't she?" Dark Supergirl asked.

"And she's the more feral, more Kryptonian version," Kara said, pointing towards the Dark Supergirl. "And she's the heroic version who is brave and often flies in without thinking about things."

Light Supergirl was about to protest, but she couldn't refute that.

"And there's also Divine," Galatea said.

"Right, her," Power Girl grumbled.

"Hey, she got brainwashed and crazy like me, I wouldn't hold it against her," Galatea said. "If it's because of your office getting damaged…."

"Okay, let's not worry about that right now," Kara said. She stepped back and looked back at the figure that was on the ground, slumped against the wall. "What the hell is that?"


"It's Snape, the Potions Professor at my school," Harry informed her.

"And a potential pedophile stalker," Dark Supergirl said.

"You can't prove that," Power Girl said, even though she was struggling to argue with her darker, younger counterpart.

"Well, what other reason would he come halfway across the world to try and abduct Harry," Dark Supergirl said.

"I always did wonder about Snape," Harry said. "He spends most of his time in a dungeon, making potions."

"Is that what they're calling it now?" Galatea asked.

Light Supergirl and Kara looked at each other. They weren't touching this to be honest.

Snape grumbled and he felt a spilling headache come on. He tried to pull himself to his feet.

"Potter….you'll be in detention….every….weekend," Snape grumbled. He shook his head.
"Potter….always thinks that…"

Dark Supergirl knocked him out one more time.

"I think that was overkill, he wasn't moving," Power Girl responded.

"Harry, there you are."
Harry turned around and saw Albus Dumbledore standing there.

"Might I ask what happened to Professor Snape?" Dumbledore asked with a twinkle in his eye.

"He fell down the steps Professor, there must have been something slippery on them," Harry said. "You need to tell him to watch where he's going, sir."

Dark Supergirl covered her mouth, and it was for the first time that Dumbledore noticed the other females there.

"Oh, dear, you've been kidnapped, haven't you?" Dumbledore asked.

"No, I went willingly," Harry said.

"You shouldn't have left your aunt and uncle, Harry," Dumbledore said. "You should stay there, where it's perfectly safe."

Harry wondered if there was something a bit special in Dumbledore's lemon drops. He looked a bit loopy.

"It's a dangerous world Harry, why this morning, I stubbed my toe," Dumbledore said. "And, look what happened to Professor Snape. He should have known not to leave the castle, without me holding his hand."

Again, Harry wondered what in the hell was in Dumbledore's lemon drops.

"Are you sure that you're feeling okay, Headmaster?" Harry asked him.

"I feel wonderful, my dear boy," Dumbledore said.

"What's with these people?" Galatea muttered.

"I wonder myself," Power Girl murmured.

"Well, I think these young ladies are going to need to forget they run into you, and you should be back with your aunt and uncle, like this entire ordeal has been a bad dream and....." Two holes burned into the side of Dumbledore's forehead. The old headmaster fell back against the wall and Harry turned around, to see Galatea standing there, rage in her eyes, when she looked down at Dumbledore.

Dumbledore was slumped against the wall, drool coming from his mouth.

"What did you do?" Kara asked her.

"I lobotomized the bastard," Galatea said. She calmed down, but she was still fuming. "He was going to wipe my memory, and all of our memories.....I've had enough of that shit with those Cadmus bastards."

"But can magic heal a lobotomy?" Kara asked. She looked at Harry.

"Do I look like a healer?" Harry asked. He turned to Galatea, and added, "And you just killed the most powerful wizard in the world."

"I didn't kill him, I fried his brain, there's a difference," Galatea said. "And if he was so powerful, he should have stopped me."
"Seems a bit senile," Kara murmured. "Well, we better find a way out of there, because there's going to be more of these…people coming here….and we can figure out what to do now."

"I think that I have somewhere that we can go, where Harry won't be found," Kara said.

Snape and Dumbledore were down on the ground. Dumbledore was humming the Hogwarts song underneath his breath, but he didn't appear to be with it any other way.

"Such a beautiful world, wouldn't you agree, Severus?" Dumbledore asked in a childlike voice.

"You know, with the lobotomy, I can't really tell the difference," Dark Supergirl said. She smiled when she grabbed Harry with one hand and her normal third by the other hand. "So, where are we going?"

Kara smiled, and they all got where they were going.

"It only is the safest place on Earth," Kara commented. She saw Harry cringe. "What's wrong?"

"Yeah, that's not a glowing recommendation, given I went to a school that was supposed to be the safest place on Earth," Harry said.

"That's where the snake attacked you?" Power Girl asked.

"Among other things," Harry said. He sighed. "I'll tell you on the way."

Kara thought that the Fortress would have the equipment that they need to check them all out.

She spotted something dark lurking on the other side of that scar on Harry's forehead. It turned out that she did have a couple of her powers still, X-Ray vision and her stamina. Perhaps that could bode nicely for the rest of her powers returning.

They would have to see how exactly the Black Kryptonite effected Kara and split her.

_____________________________

To Be Continued.
Harry dressed and was ready to head off. Kara, Kara, Kara, Galatea, and Karen escorted him to the Fortress. The Arctic atmosphere really didn't bother Harry, despite not having the best clothes for the encounter.

"Sorry about this," Karen informed him. "I know the Arctic isn't the most comfortable place in the world."

"I'm okay" Harry said.

"Are you sure that you're okay?" Karen asked.

"Well, if he needs body heat, I'll be sure to give it to him," Dark Supergirl said. "Don't worry, I'll share all of my body heat with Harry."

Galatea turned towards Dark Supergirl and frowned. The two girls exchanged an intense stare with each other.

"Not if I get there first," Galatea informed Dark Supergirl.

"But, just hold on, and we'll be there in a little bit," Karen said.

Harry's head brushed back against her breasts and that caused Karen's nipples to harden. It had to be the Arctic air, wasn't it?

The sorcerer in training shook off the concerns. The subzero temperatures did not really bother Harry. The young man did wonder if he had some kind of immunity towards the cold. There was a lot about what a magical person could tolerate that Harry quite frankly did not know.

And to be honest, Harry's circumstances were special. It would be unwise to judge anyone else and apply those same standards to him.

"Okay, get ready, we're going to go through," Karen said.

The young sorcerer well appreciated the warning. Karen, who held him, dunked Harry into the wall. Light Supergirl led Kara into the water and Galatea and Dark Supergirl brought up the rear.

Harry was going to enter the fabled Fortress of Solitude. It was a place on Earth that was about as famous as Harry was. He dare said that it was a place on Earth that might have been more famous than him.

Kara noticed Harry look around in awe. Before Kara had a chance to say anything, Dark Supergirl jumped in front of the line.

"If you'd like to, I'd give you the grand tour,' Dark Supergirl said.

Kara cleared her throat.

"What?" Dark Supergirl asked.

"Don't forget, we need to figure out what we can do about the Black Kryptonite situation," Kara said.
"I'm not going back there," Dark Supergirl said.

"You're me, and she's me," Kara informed her. "And you split from me, so I think that I'll have the final vote in this."

"Well, I don't even know if we can go back," Dark Supergirl argued.

"Yeah, I'm not sure if I want to be trapped in there with her," Light Supergirl said.

Kara sighed. It didn't really matter what they wanted. She was the prime copy of Kara Zor-El. She was Supergirl-Prime.

"We'll figure this out, and then we can argue about this," Kara said.

Karen shook her head and grew serious. The girls need not forget the real reason why they were at the Fortress.

"And to do that, we need to scan you to see if there's any residual radiation in your body," Karen said.

"So, into the chamber, please," Kara commented.

Dark Supergirl and Light Supergirl stared each other down. Kara turned and looked towards both of them and cleared her throat. Both super powered girls looked towards the non-powered third of them.

"Is it just me, or is she a bit bossy?" Light Supergirl asked.

"No, I think she's just frustrated with the fact that we aren't following what she says," Dark Supergirl replied.

"Yes, I am, we need to figure this out," Kara said. The blonde snapped her fingers and pointed a finger towards the chamber.

Galatea looked grim suddenly. The girl might lack powers. The fact Kara lacked abilities, active ones at least, did not make her any more dangerous.

Kara led her two sisters over towards a chamber. A set of multi-colored lights clicked on and the light illuminated over the two of them.

"So, ready when you are," Karen responded.

The Kryptonian's fingers typed and a flashing emitted. Data popped up to describe what was being scanned.

Karen joined Kara in an attempt to figure out what was going on.

"So, I don't, do you?" Kara asked.

Karen shrugged. It was very likely that they would get their answers when there was a full scan.

Harry sat down and Galatea sat next to him. Turning towards the busty blonde, Harry couldn't help, but ask a question.

"So, can I ask you something?" Harry asked.
"Yes, they're real," Galatea said. "Would you like to see them?"

The hormonal young male in Harry was jumping to say yes, but slowly, Harry managed to hold himself back.

"Um, later," Harry said.

"So, what did you really want to ask me?" Galatea asked.

"So, you're a clone of Supergirl?" Harry asked.

"That's how I started," Galatea said.

Galatea found it hard to fault Harry for being curious. Hell in the position that they were in, she would be curious as well.

"What's that like?"

Galatea looked at Harry with an eyebrow risen in response. Harry wondered if he said something too personal.

"Sorry if I…"

"No, it's just no one really asked me about that before," Galatea responded.

The gorgeous super-powered woman thought that was a good question to be honest. Galatea cupped a hand underneath her chin and frowned extremely deep.

"Being created to be a clone was really not for good reasons," Galatea said. "There are people that were very concerned about super powered alien heroes flying around. Therefore, I was created as a clone, using Kara's DNA. I was conditioned by a shady government organization called Cadmus, and I was brainwashed and crazy. Finally, I snapped out of it."

Galatea breathed in and breathed out. It did feel liberating to talk about this all things considered.

Harry thought about that for a few seconds. Galatea really was created as a weapon to be used for a purpose and the purpose was rather sinister.

"Do you mind me for asking you something else?" Harry asked.

"No," Galatea said. "I don't mind."

"It must feel awful to be turned into a weapon like that," Harry said. "How does someone do that? Why does someone do that?"

Galatea tried to figure out how to best describe those feelings. Harry reached towards her and placed his hand on the young woman's bare thigh. The woman shuddered for a second.

Electricity cours ed through her body. It was hard to believe that Harry was thirteen. In fact, Galatea didn't believe it; he had to be much older. Or he had be through some really serious shit.

Some really serious shit that really described how Galatea's conditioning at Cadmus. There were a few people who seemed to treat her well. Appearances could be extremely deceiving though.

Galatea's bright blue eyes met Harry's green eyes. Those eyes caused the woman's chest to raise and lower.
"They tortured me, with Kryptonite, showing me images of the people that they wanted me to hate," Galatea said. The girl's breath heightened when she remembered that. "In fact, the scientists that were part of that conditioning process, at least the ones I were allowed to see, were the first targets. I killed them. And Cadmus gave me a home and there were people that treated me well. But, I latched onto them and realized that I was a tool, I was a resource, and once I was done, they tried to dispose of me. It was a real eye-opener how much they messed my mind up."

Harry didn't know what to say about that. Actually, there was something that Harry wondered about.

There was a lot of what Galatea was going through that reflected on his life. Ten years at the Dursleys reflected back in Harry's mind. Harry was desperate for friends and latched onto someone who showed him the least bit of decency.

Perhaps, Harry had been thinking too much. His head felt like it buzzed in response.

"That's really….that's something," Harry said.

It gave Harry a lot to think about. The cruelty people were capable of really was unsettling to him.

Galatea really didn't mean to bring Harry down. Sure, he did ask. Galatea really didn't want to bring anything down.

A ding echoed and the two versions of Supergirl, stepped forward. Kara frowned, looking over the data.

"This is….well I don't know," Kara muttered.

Blessed with a supreme amount of intelligence Kara had, she was completely baffled beyond all belief.

Karen could see Kara going over every bit of data. Kara stepped forward and made her way towards the main Fortress computer.

An image of a woman with golden blonde hair and blue eyes popped up. This woman looked like a combination of Karen and Kara. She had Karen's figure and longer hair like Kara did.

Harry got a closer look towards her.

Kara decided that if there was one person who could tell her what was going on, she was right behind it. That component was found in Kara's ship and after painstaking work, the AI copy of her mother in the Fortress.

"Alura, I need to speak with you," Kara said.

"What is it, my daughter?" Alura asked. She blinked. Catching sight of three other versions of her daughter really caught the woman off guard. "Did you get cloned again?"

"Not exactly," Kara said. "Black Kryptonite split me into three parts. I want to see if it's plausible whether or not we can get put back together."

Alura considered the question. Without the data, forming any kind of conclusion would be difficult. Kara held the crystal containing the data off of the scans of both of her sides. A light flashed and scanned it.

"I'll have your answer within the next three hours," Alura said.
Dark Supergirl and Light Supergirl looked at each other. They really wished they could figure out why Kara looked so grim.

Kara walked right past them and towards Harry. The brainy blonde peered down at Harry, studying the scar on his forehead.

Harry was used to people looking at his scar.

"What can you tell me about this scar?" Kara asked.

Kara's question caught Harry off guard. Harry took a few seconds to reboot his brain. Frowning, he answered her in the best way he could.

"I got the score when a dark wizard known as Voldemort failed to kill me," Harry said.

"Was it some failed ritual or something?" Kara asked.

"I don't know, but Dumbledore said that he…" Harry said.

Harry trailed off when he realized that he said way too much.

"What did he say?" Kara asked. "I can help you, if you tell me…everything."

"Dumbledore told me that Voldemort left a piece of himself in me," Harry said.

"That senile nutjob told you that, and you didn't question it," Galatea said. The stacked clone stared down the shade in him. Seeing where it was caused Galatea to blanch."It latched onto his brain partially. It's like a tumor, or something."

Kara frowned. The best thing to do was perform a scan on Harry. There was something extremely unsettling about that scar. Especially when that Dumbledore so casually said that Voldemort left a piece of himself in him.

It was really casual, so casual that anyone with half of a brain cell would have concern.

Galatea could tell what her younger sister was thinking and turned towards Harry.

"I think the sooner we scan you, the sooner we figure out how to remove it," Galatea replied. "It could be killing you."

"Now, I'm not sure if it's that extreme, even if it's possible," Kara responded. "We're going to have to see though."

Harry thought for a moment, and nodded. Really, it was worth a shot.

"This isn't going to hurt, is it?" Harry asked.

"Far less than getting bitten by a fifty-foot snake or getting all of the bones in your arm removed and regrown," Kara said.

Harry didn't recall mentioning those stories from her. A part of him wondered if Kara read his mind when she scanned his scar.

"Say, cheese!" Dark Supergirl said cheekily.
A group of shady individuals moved around a table. The group were terrified that they lost a valuable asset. What would their employer say about this?

The door swung open and a figure stepped forward from the shadows. The man was extremely imposing and the type that they did not want to cross.

After Lex Luthor's unscheduled sabbatical, someone needed to pick up the pieces of what was Project Cadmus and this individual proved to do so. The men and women sitting around the table could not see under the man's hood.

Given the demeanor the man could give because of his body language, it was obviously these men and women did not want to.

"So, you allowed our asset to get away, and then you bungled the entire experiment with the Black Kryptonite."

The men and women shifted around the seats on the table. One could see them squirming. The man folded his arms.

"Please….she was….she overpowered us….and killed three of our guards, and escaped, we thought she had been subdued," the scientist stammered.

Excuses did not make this hooded man happy and it did not make the people he answered happy.

"Weakness will not be tolerated," the hooded man said. "You are already on the bubble. Cadmus would have fallen through if it wasn't for the intervention of myself and my benefactors."

"Of course, Mr. Desaad, you are generous….."

It was amazing how one of the reasons for Galatea to be created took control of Project Cadmus just like that. The Kryptonian being brainwashed and set upon Earth stirred up the people.

The rabble started to slowly trust the hero again. The real movers and shakers behind the scenes didn't trust the same hero. These people controlled what was going on behind the scenes. These were the type of people.

Desaad felt displeased. If it was up to him, these people would be executed for their insolence, but it was not up to him.

"Did you send the Black Kryptonite to Supergirl?" Desaad asked.

"We did, but something went wrong, she split in half, and began to fight herself," the scientist said. "She destroyed an entire city block."

The Black Kryptonite was intended to enslave Supergirl. They followed Desaad's directive to the letter, but something did go wrong.

The Black Kryptonite was a rarity and difficult to make. Even more so as the gold Kryptonite, which the scientists on Apokolips had failed constantly to make.

The displeasure of their dark lord, before he had lost most of his power, could be felt. Desaad and other Darkseid loyalists intended to move forward a plan.

A Kryptonian vessel would be the perfect vessel. The Black Kryptonite still was in play and once
Desaad figured out what went wrong, they were back in business.

"Please, don't tell….don't tell…..him!"

Desaad felt merciful for today. The man allowed them to sweat, so his mercy was in fact in limited portions.

"The great one has far better things to concern himself with than the sniveling of weak scientists," Desaad said. "Providing you have no further transgressions, there is no need to speak of this to him."

The scientists looked grateful. These poor creatures looked like individuals who had been sentenced to death row and received a reprieve.

Desaad stepped out. There was one final weapon that he could unleash.

"Has the weapon been retrieved?"

The scientist nodded fearfully. Cadmus had trouble controlling the monster once before and it had a single-minded, destructive objective.

Desaad could care less about the fear this scientist expressed. The concerns mattered extremely little to a New God.

The monster wipes out half of the humans? Good, the other half would be in shambles, and the plan would still go forward.

A pained groan came from the cage. Desaad picked up the device and reached into the cage, placing it upon the beast's head.

"You will obey my will, creature."

The creature struggled against its primal nature, but it kneeled. Desaad smiled. The conditioning could begin.

"It worked," Desaad said.

"Of course, dear Desaad, did you expect anything better? Dear Granny will make sure we get revenge on the person who caused great Darkseid's fall from grace. The horror these people will suffer will be sufficient to power the device which will recapture our master's essence."

This foul woman was good at what she did, even if she was horrific looking to the eyes.

Kara took a moment to look over Harry. Strictly speaking, what she planned to do was going to work.

Harry stood patiently still. The thought this scar and whatever was in it could be removed from him was something that excited him. The green-eyed youth didn't want to get any hopes up though.

Galatea was anxious enough for anyone. The fact Harry had something like this inside him really struck a cord with the woman. Ages would pass before Galatea forgot about the control chip Cadmus slipped inside her brain.

The young woman shuddered for a brief second, bringing herself out of a steady trance. Karen
decided to lean towards her.

"I'm sure Kara knows what she's doing," Karen said. "She does have a 12th level intellect."

"At least," Kara confirmed. "But, don't worry, it will be fine."

Fine, Galatea wished this could be fine. Those words rang hallow.

Kara knew that the other data would take a moment to get through. The moment of truth was at hand. Kara leaned towards Harry and placed her hand on his.

Harry wondered what she was going to do.

"So, how are we going do this?" Harry asked.

"Well, I'm going to bombard you with enough high level energy that it will cause the soul fragment to rip from your body," Kara said. "My theory is that your biology should help you survive the process and there will be a minimum of any side effects."

Harry considered that for a moment.

"It's your choice, you don't have to do this," Kara informed him gently.

Kara said he had a choice. Harry disagreed. There was something unsettling about not having his mind and body one hundred percent his that bothered Harry. Actually, it did more than bother Harry, it completely unsettled him.

"Yes, I do," Harry said. "Even if I die, living like this is no life at all. I'd rather be blown into pieces than live another moment with something in my head holding me back like that."

"You're not going to get blown into pieces," Galatea said. Her eyes shot directly into a staring contest with Supergirl Prime. "Please tell me that there's no chance that he's going to get blown into bits."

Kara frowned and led Harry into the chamber. Dark Supergirl and Light Supergirl both viewed Harry going into the chamber. Galatea bit fiercely down on her lip.

"You didn't answer my question, you know," Galatea said.

"He'll be fine," Karen answered. "Kara wouldn't do anything that risky, without there being a better chance to succeed than there is to fail."

"You better be right," Dark Supergirl responded.

The words of Karen hopefully pacified matters. Harry stepped inside the crystalized chamber. It allowed them to see on the inside and observe what was going down.

Harry looked like nothing bothered him. The minor risk this could go wrong, this didn't bother him. Kara sensed someone who had been through way too much in his short life. For a second, Kara's hand twitched.

If the other part of her theory was spot on, they would need Harry. If he was willing to help them, that is. And the best way to secure that help would be to remove a burden from him.

"You never did tell us how much of a chance this…wouldn't work like you planned," Galatea said. Her hands flew over towards her hips and the glare deepened.
The Supergirl clone took a few seconds to start breathing. The last thing she needed to do was decapitate someone with heat vision again.

Galatea's words sounded accusatory in some way, but in other ways, Kara understood. She couldn't alarm her sisters unless she was completely sure.

"Kara, do this, or don't," Harry said. "I can handle it. I survived a curse that no one was supposed to survive. I'm pretty sure this won't hurt me."

With a heavy heart and another momentary dose of hesitation, Kara reached for the switch. The switch pulled back with a click and activated. A bolt of energy manifested above Harry's head and bombarded down upon him.

The energy surrounded Harry and at least one of the girls screamed. Others barely held themselves back when Harry was in pain.

Galatea looked at the human version of Kara. The look turned into a glare when she realized what was happening.

"Shut it off, it's ripping him apart!" Galatea yelled.

Galatea had a flashback to being tortured and the look on Harry's face when he was being tortured caused her to want to punch someone. She wondered if the Fortress still had those robots that turned into Lex Luthor that were used to relieve stress.

Those would come in real handy right now.

Kara shook her head. She really wanted to do what Tea suggested. The only problem was that Harry was in too deep now to weasel out.

Harry felt a stabbing pain go through his body. The young man felt something else. Whatever was being done to him, it was working. It just needed a little more power.

"More power," Harry grunted.

"But....."

"MORE POWER!" Harry shouted. He was certain that this would work.

Kara hesitated and nodded. The dial was turned past the danger settings.

Karen wondered if this was a good idea. The lights in the Fortress started to flicker in and out. Karen was about ready to abort the project.

"Okay, that's it, I need to shut it off now, it's going to blow him up," Karen said. "Yes, I know the risks....."

"Kara, don't," Alura said. "It's working. If you pull him out now, the wrong piece will be ripped out of the prime body."

"You mean Harry will be ripped out and that Voldemort guy will have his body?" Light Supergirl asked.

"Yes," Alura agreed. "So, we got to see this through until the end."

Alura's words stopped Karen from doing it. Karen hung back with her sisters. All of them looked
annoyed to varying degrees.

Harry gave a scream and the girls all looked on in horror.

Harry Potter exploded into a burst of light and flames. The next thing they knew, the Fortress power had been knocked completely out after that.

The only light inside the Fortress came from inside the dimly lit chamber and a black glowing essence inside it.

Galatea lost her mind the second she found her voice.

"YOUR DUMB EXPERIMENT FUCKING KILLED HIM!" Galatea yelled.

She was about to punch Kara for this. Karen and Dark Supergirl held her back. Light Supergirl turned towards the non-powered Kryptonian.

"You knew this could happen, but you did it anyway," Light Supergirl said. "You murdered him."

"No, no, I didn't," Kara said.

"Sure as fuck looks like it to me," Dark Supergirl said.

"Wait a moment," Karen said.

"Oh, yeah, wait a minute, when she blew someone up that was counting on her to save him," Galatea said.

The curvy Kryptonian calmed down a little bit, but was still pissed. Blue eyes seared with rage.

Kara was about to defend herself because of this. The lights on the Fortress kicked back on. The backup power came on with a loud hum and a hiss.

Seconds later, the ashes where Harry once stood began to flutter to life. The trio of girls watched in awe and anticipation.

Harry Potter was reborn from the ashes. The girls shook their heads to clear them. A young man who looked about eighteen years of age appeared. Harry no longer needed glasses, or clothes of any type. It was momentarily distracting to see Harry exit the chamber in such a state.

The chamber clicked open and he staggered.

Galatea flew forward to catch him. She held Harry up and escorted him off to the side of the Fortress. A couch had been set up, and a roaring fire already had been put on. They would have to find Harry some clothes.

Well, they didn't have to, but they should find Harry some clothes.

Kara moved in to check Harry. So much could have gone wrong with this, but so much went right, very right. Kara leaned down and squeezed

"So, are you okay?" Kara asked.

Harry smiled and nodded. It took a few seconds before the magical abilities to repair his body. Clothes manifested around Harry's body, as if by magic.
"How did that happen?" Light Supergirl wondered.

"Magic," Harry chimed in.

"Oh, I really hate magic!" Galatea and Dark Supergirl chimed in unison.

Karen laughed at the reaction. Alura interrupted this moment of relief by chiming in.

"I have the results of the scans," Alura said.

Now it was the news they were all waiting for. Kara listened closely, hoping that her worst fears weren't true.

"There's no way to put the three of you back together."

The Light and Dark Supergirls were relieved in some way. Karen decided to rain on their parade a little bit by jumping on in.

"There's something else, isn't there?" Karen asked.

Alura decided to give the other part of the scan.

"Your bodies are made of highly unstable energy," Alura said. "So unstable that if we don't find a way to stabilize it, we're looking at an Earth shattering catastrophe."

Highly unstable, that didn't bode well for their future prospects. Kara looked at her sisters.

In a way, she was upset about pieces of herself dying, but in another way, she was upset about not being whole again. All three sides of her were needed for balance.

"Are you sure there is no way to put them back together?" Harry asked.

"Yeah, I mean, I'd prefer not to deal with her," Dark Supergirl said. She gave a look to both Supergirl Prime and Light Supergirl. "But, if it means blowing up, I think that I can stomach it."

"There's no way," Alura informed them all. "If we try, it's the same result….Earth shattering kaboom."

"But, what if they are tied together in some other way," Harry said. "What if their energy can be stabilized in that way?"

Alura thought about Harry's solution and smiled.

"That might just work," Alura said.

"A bonding ritual of some sort….tying them to a single person," Harry said.

"You would need someone powerful to pull that off," Kara said.

Harry felt his mind fill with knowledge from the crystals inside the chamber and knowledge from other sources that he didn't have before. It was hard to keep his head up straight to reconcile all of the knowledge.

"I think we better get ready," Dark Supergirl replied.

"All of you at once," Harry answered. "It would work best if there were six of you though."
"Why six?" Karen asked.

"Six plus me equals seven," Harry said. "It would create the most magical power and should stabilize you."

"Well, where are we going to find another one of us?" Light Supergirl asked.

"I know where."

Karen walked over to the portal. Divine had to be placed elsewhere for her own safety. Galatea proved though that the conditioning could be overcome, and they all needed to work together.

"Alura, prepare to extract my duplicate from the Phantom Zone."

"The energy necessary will be online within the next thirty minutes," Alura said. "It isn't needed to be done immediately, you still have several more days to find a way to get stabilized."

"Sooner, rather than later," Kara said. "So, what made you come up with this?"

"It's the anti-thesis of his Horcrux ritual," Harry said. "I'll explain later."

Kara pondered and nodded.

"You know, there's a ninety nine percent chance this could work," Kara said.

"Well, hopefully," Dark Supergirl said. The girl looked rather grim, before she continued, "Because, exploding and taking all of humanity with me is not something that I'm down with."

It would have to work. The alternative for the girls would not be pretty.

To Be Continued.

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So for the record, the part where Harry exploded, I considered leaving the chapter there. But, then I realized that was an unnecessarily cruel cliffhanger. And thinking of some of the really cruel cliffhangers I've done, that's saying something that I thought that was too far.
Karen awaited the energy in the Fortress to power up completely. A safe amount of energy allowed her to access the Phantom Zone carefully and only extract what needed to be extracted. If the Fortress shorted out, the wrong person could be brought out. The Phantom Zone contained criminals from the most twenty-eight galaxies.

"Ninety three percent functional," Alura announced. "Estimated time for Phantom Zone extraction, five minutes and nineteen seconds."

"Right, keep me posted."

Karen turned around with the rest of the girls. She hovered in the air, the arms folded underneath her breasts. Galatea and Dark Supergirl stared at her.

"The two of you better wait," Karen answered. "If I'm right….all six of us need to be present, otherwise the ritual won't work."

"Yes, at least, the ritual will not work as well," Harry confirmed for Karen. Karen's lips curled into a knowing smile and she reached towards him. "The six of you, plus me, will create the most potent magical property of seven."

"If we can't bind together, at least we can bind to the same man," Kara said. The girl's eyes shifted over Harry. The girl studied the young man. He looked a little cute before going through the chamber, but his looks increased.

"Guess I should have been more mature all this time," Harry said. He reached over and clasped Kara's hands. "Do you think you'll ever have your powers back?"

Kara shrugged for a moment and wrinkled her nose up in deep though.

"I think my powers are really slowly coming back," Kara admitted. "I can see things with X-Ray vision and I move a bit faster."

"I don't think that you could make a Kryptonian human, can you?" Galatea asked.

"Exposure to gold Kryptonite would do it," Kara admitted. "Black Kryptonite wasn't gold Kryptonite though….I'm really not sure what it is."

Kara really wished she hung onto the piece. She left it at STAR Labs. Maybe, Kara could run back and get it later.

"Are you sure that the Ministry won't come after you?" Light Supergirl asked.

"Well, I'm of age now, so I can perform magic as I wish," Harry said. Dark Supergirl's eyebrow raised and she leaned across, frowning at her future lover.

"Are you trying to apply logic to these people?" Dark Supergirl asked.

Harry paused and realized the folly of this action. The young man slumped down onto the icy couch in the Fortress. Galatea reached up and patted him on the back.
"Don't worry," Galatea informed Harry. "It happens to the best of us."

"I know," Harry agreed, shaking his head.

Harry thought about the Ministry and thought about it.

"I really hope they don't try and follow me into the Arctic," Harry replied.

"Don't worry, they can't get inside the Fortress," Karen informed him. Her arms lowered down and caused the added benefit of her breasts bouncing for him. "Trust me on that."

"I do trust you on that," Harry confirmed. "So, there's a security feature on the Fortress....."

"I activated the cloaking field around it, which works on the most minimal amount of power," Karen said. "You have to be Kryptonian to see it, which….we are pretty scarce."

Harry thought the Kryptonians left looked pretty good on the eyes. The emerald-eyed enchanter opened his mouth and stopped for a few seconds. Harry lifted a hand to the top of his head when a loud sound started to blare in the Fortress. Kara nearly jumped up for a moment.

"Please tell me that's not the sound that I think it is," Light Supergirl groaned, folding her arms together.

"Well, we could tell you that, but we would be wrong," Dark Supergirl said with a grimace.

Harry raised an eyebrow and wondered what the alarm meant. He realized something.

"I thought you said no one could find the Fortress," Harry said.

Harry shuddered. The young man felt something bad in the air around him. How bad? He hoped the girls fessed up with answers rather sooner rather than later.

"No one found the Fortress, don't worry," Karen said.

Karen's fingers flew on the console. Harry watched the blonde's efforts against the Fortress computer and she caused everything to click to life.

"That what's going on here?" Harry asked her.

Karen sighed for a moment. Kara joined right beside her and the two locked eyes with each other.

"We better tell him," Kara said.

Karen agreed. The gorgeous woman turned around and drew in breath.

"The Phantom Zone has some of the most dangerous prisoners the twenty eight known galaxies and many criminals in some unknown galaxies. Some of them come to Krypton, some came from other places."

"And one of them got out?" Harry asked.

"I'm not sure," Karen admitted. "There's been a breach in the Phantom Zone recently. Whoever did it, has the capabilities to bring a prisoner out."

Harry allowed Karen's news to sink in and he thought of it.
"How many people have the capabilities to access the Phantom Zone?" Harry asked.

"Well," Kara chimed in. "The list of people who are able to access the Phantom Zone is a very short list and the list of people who would release a prisoner from the Phantom Zone is even shorter."

Harry pondered and nodded.

"Apokolips," Galatea muttered suddenly.

"Darkseid, isn't he..."

"A god never truly dies," Karen said seriously. "They just wait to be reborn in a different form."

All of the girls situated their eyes on Harry. The looks surprised Harry at first, and then caused him to grow slightly uncomfortable.

"Okay, I'll be the one to ask it," Galatea said. "How the hell did you survive being blown to bits?"

Harry pondered the situation in his mind and had a theory because of it.

"The Phoenix tears and the Basilisk Venom," Harry said.

"When you fought that giant snake?" Light Supergirl asked.

She fought many dangerous things in her time. The problem happened to be Harry only trained for less than two years in his powers. Such a length of time failed to adequately prepare a person for what they fought against.

Kara, in all of her forms, spent a fairly long time learning her powers. Both the theory and the practical portion of them, and even longer when one accounted for time distortion and universal crisis. A crisis occurred every other year or so things seemed. The insanity proved to be extremely galling.

"Yes, that," Harry said. "The giant snake bit me with a lethal dose of venom. The phoenix cried and the tears have healing factors."

"But, something else happened with you, didn't it?" Light Supergirl asked.

"Something else always happens with me," Harry said. The enchanter shrugged and turned his undivided attention to Kara. "You run the tests, you tell me how well I'm doing."

"You're fine, you're better than fine," Kara said. "But, that's not the point, if Apokolips is involved, our little party is on delayed."

"Who would they remove from the Phantom Zone?" Light Supergirl asked.

The girls pondered about who the agents of Apokolips released. Darkseid's power broke and the last they knew, Apokolips fought in the midst of an extremely brutal civil war. Said civil war ripped apart the forces of Apokolips. The war showed to be a good thing for the heroes.

The worst outcome of the war resulted in the forces being brought together and become stronger than ever before. All of the girls shuddered at the thought of Apokolips returning stronger than ever.

"Alura, table the removal of Divine from the Phantom Zone," Karen said. "I need you to scan for the anomaly and see if you can discover who escaped the Phantom Zone."
Karen regretted answering the question. Being a senior Justice League member, knowing who escaped the Phantom Zone filed under information she needed to know. Karen bit on her lip.

"Hey, you can handle it," Harry said.

"I hope I can," Karen replied.

Harry held her hand firmly and a small burst of power spread through Karen's hands and caused her to shiver.

"I know you can," Harry said.

"Isn't it weird this happened when most of the League is MIA?" Kara asked.

"Yeah, I don't believe in coincidences," Karen said.

Harry agreed with her statement; the fact the Justice League occupied themselves with multiple crisis events around showed someone wanted to keep them distracted.

The knowledge coursing through Harry's mind both from the crystals and elsewhere overwhelmed him. The sorcerer attempted to reconcile every piece of information possible, before time grew short.

Amelia Bones swept into her office and dropped the Ministry of Magic Auror report down on her desk. An eight week training course for Aurors where they studied protocol and none of them properly learned to file a report. The woman scoffed extremely loudly and flipped through the report on her desk.

The entire Sirius Black escape from Azkaban caused the Ministry officials to scramble. A one and billion chance someone finds a way out of Azkaban and Sirius Black found the one flaw. A crack team of curse breakers failed to locate the flaw.

Amelia never drank and she needed a long drink. The Minister of Magic tried to act like he had everything in control. Every year, Amelia saw how the man wasn't exactly cut out for his job. The Director of the Department of Magical Law Enforcement would not wish the job on her worst enemy.

A knock on her door brought Amelia out of her thoughts. She took a second to calm down.

"Come in, Minister," Amelia said.

"Amelia, we've got a serious problem," Cornelius said.

"Yes, I realize that," Amelia said. "Sirius Black escaped from Azkaban and the Boy-Who-Lived fled from his aunt and uncle's house and is nowhere to be found."

"I don't understand, if he traveled by any magical means, he wouldn't have gotten that far," Fudge responded.

"And the Department of Meta-Human affairs came across Dumbledore halfway across the world, in a really bad state," Amelia said. "I have to go across the world to sort this out."

"Department of Meta-Human affairs?" Fudge asked. "What are they, and why would they come across Dumbledore?"

"They regulate the magical people in North America," Amelia said. "Read this report yourself,
Fudge took the report into his hand and a cup of tea into the other. The Minister read the report and nearly choked on his tea.

"The report says Dumbledore….well the report says Dumbledore has been sodomized," Fudge answered.

Amelia raised an eyebrow in response and shook her head.

"I believe that's a misprint," Amelia said. "They believe someone lobotomized Dumbledore."

"Oh?" Cornelius asked. "Is that worse?"

"Given someone cut into Dumbledore's head, maybe," Amelia said. "They won't give up Dumbledore without me meeting with them."

"Surely we can force them to give Dumbledore up to us," Fudge answered.

"Do you want to fight them?" Amelia asked. "They're on good terms with the Justice League now."

"What's a Justice League?" Fudge asked.

"Only the most famous heroes in the world," Amelia said.

"Why wasn't the Ministry informed of this?" Fudge asked.

Amelia sighed. She knew people briefed Fudge on this matter at least once. The various incidents the League involved themselves in caused the Ministry problems, rather indirectly. Many of the Ministry officials refused to understand anything which did not involve a wand and enchantment.

Those who looked beyond their magical community saw other dangers existed in the world.

"Maybe, I should go and meet them, to settle this entire matter," Fudge answered.

"No, Minister, that won't be necessary," Amelia answered quickly. "Dealing with the Department of Meta-Human affairs is a menial task and some of your talents would serve a lot better in dealing with the Sirius Black investigation."

"I would, wouldn't I?" Cornelius asked.

Cornelius stood up proudly. The only man to escape Azkaban awaited him. If Fudge put Black back behind bars or even ordered the Dementor's Kiss, the people had no choice but to acknowledge him as the greatest Minister of Magic in history.

Amelia picked up her traveling cloak and made her way to the fireplace. She couldn't leave quickly enough.

The Minister tried the hardest he could, bless his heart.

Karen stood behind the console and frowned.

"Okay, what do you have to tell me?" Karen asked.

"What kind of situation are we dealing with?" Harry asked at the same time.
"Doomsday," Alura answered grimly.

Dark Supergirl's eyes shifted and she clutched her fists together. Harry reached over and grabbed her shoulder. The girl relaxed for a moment.

"So, on a scale of one to completely fucked up, how is this?" Galatea asked.

"It's really bad, it's Doomsday," Galatea said.

One of the worst enemies against any Kryptonians escaped from the Phantom Zone. The creature returning to Earth proved to be a danger to anyone.

"Okay, we're going to have to find Doomsday, before he finds us," Kara said.

"Are you sure we want to find him?" Galatea asked. "I hate to say this, especially around so many heroes….and anti-heroes, but you'd think we should stay here."

"Last time, the League helped deal with Doomsday," Karen said. "Very few League members are here."

"Which was planned," Kara grumbled.

"But, why would this Darkseid break Doomsday out of the Phantom Zone?" Harry asked.

"Doomsday is a dangerous weapon for him to control," Kara answered. "He's not the most sustainable of weapons, but he can be utilized in a way where he could cause a distraction."

"So, he's a mindless force of nature," Harry said.

"I believe we're going to need all of the help we can get," Karen said.

Karen held herself back from releasing her clone from the Phantom Zone. She touched a hand to the console and paused.

"We're going to need her," Galatea said. She looked over her shoulder towards the Supergirl trio. "If we want to put these three back together, we're going to have to get her out of here soon or later."

"Right," Karen agreed.

Karen activated the Phantom Zone console. The portal locked onto Divine in the Phantom Zone. She touched a hand to the console and paused.

"We're going to need her," Galatea said. She looked over her shoulder towards the Supergirl trio. "If we want to put these three back together, we're going to have to get her out of here soon or later."

"Right," Karen agreed.

Karen activated the Phantom Zone console. The portal locked onto Divine in the Phantom Zone.

"Brace yourself," Karen replied.

The buxom alien pressed a few buttons. The Phantom Zone portal started to crackle to life and an energy vortex opened up. A silver vortex appeared around them.

"Lock on and transport," Karen answered.

A flash of light engulfed Karen's double inside the Phantom Zone. The girl dropped down onto the ground.

Harry caught a look at Divine. Karen's clone differed from the original copy in a few obvious ways. Her body proved to be the definition of feminine beauty in all ways. The woman's blonde hair looked a bit longer than Karen's and her hair shined in the light, a nice shade of black instead of white. Divine's breasts strained in a tight black sports bra and she wore an even tighter pair of black pants.
Karen waited for a moment. Divine's eyes flashed open and rage flickered through her eyes.

"YOU!" Divine yelled.

Divine charged forward, in an attempt to attack Karen in a feral fury. A force field activated around Divine and entangled her. The dark haired double dropped to her knees.

"Okay, you can calm down," Karen said.

"CALM DOWN!" Divine yelled. "You exiled me into the Phantom Zone."

"Yes, because you were going to degenerate into madness," Karen said. "And your physical state would dissolve as well… the cloning twisted your mind and your body…but I've found a way to stabilize you, if you trust me."

"Trust you?" Divine asked.

"I don't know what you went through," Harry said. "But whatever it is, we're here to help you."

Divine stopped and stared at the young man in front of her. The man certainly caught her fancy.

"Divine, I know what you're going through, I know what it's like to be a weapon," Galatea said. She reached towards the edge of the window. "And believe me, it's hard for me to get it together, especially the kind of people who victimized me. But, I found my purpose, and you can to."

"How?" Divine asked.

"We're going to perform a ritual, where the five of us will bind to Harry," Galatea explained. "It should reverse any problems or degeneration coming from you."

"Really?" Divine asked. "The woman sounded skeptical. Why would you….."

"It's a long story," Kara said. "It started with Black Kryptonite."

"I'd really like to hear this story, but could you please let me out of this force field?" Divine asked.

"Do you promise not to attack us?" Karen asked.

"Yeah, I'll try," Divine said. "Sometimes your face makes it pretty hard to ignore it."

"Two things," Karen said. "First of all, thank you for staring at my face, instead of other parts."

"You do have a lovely face," Harry said. Karen turned and smiled at him. "Beautiful, gorgeous, awe-inspiring, but other parts….."

"I know," Karen agreed.

Divine smiled at Karen and her eyes raked over Karen's body. Each body part allowed Divine to visually devour her. Harry proved correct; she did have a lovely face. The other parts overshadowed the woman's lovely face.

"And it's the same face!" Karen exclaimed.

Divine broke out into laughter. Galatea and Dark Supergirl all laughed.

"Yeah, point well taken," Divine cackled. "So, could you let me out? I promise not to bruise that
lovely face. I'm sure Harry might spank me."

"Tempting," Harry agreed.

Divine bent over in Harry's line of sight and showed off her ass wearing those tight leather pants. The young man smiled.

"Is it tempting?" Divine asked.

The force field let go and someone slapped Divine on her ass.

"Why yes, with that ass, very much so," Galatea said.

Divine smiled and turned to hear what she assumed might be a very interesting tail. She sat around in a circle and Kara started to explain the entire mess to them yet again.

Amelia walked inside an office building which resembled a mundane office building. The people behind this building developed the architecture differently than those who built the Ministry.

The Head of the Department of Magical Law Enforcement leaned over the desk.

"Excuse me, I'm Director Bones, I have an appointment with Director Waller," the woman commented.

"Yes, the crisis situation," the secretary said. She pushed a button underneath her desk.

Two rough looking guards entered the room and motioned for Amelia to follow them.

A large dark skinned woman peered up from behind a desk.

"Director Bones?" she asked. "I'm Amanda Waller, I thank you for coming here on such short notice and also thank you for convincing Cornelius Fudge not to come along."

Waller met Fudge once, which was about three times too many as far as the former Cadmus head, now the head of the Department of Meta-Human affairs stated. She peered in Amelia's eyes.

"I figured we could do without drama," Amelia answered.

"Yes," Waller agreed. "Do you know if Albus Dumbledore is well?"

"Well, he has many responsibilities, and that can't be healthy," Amelia answered in a discreet tone. "Your people told me someone lobotomized him."

"Yes, although apparently the damage mostly healed," Waller answered. "Other than Dumbledore thinking he is a humming bird, he is perfectly fine. I recommend we keep him for observation given he trespassed on American soil."

"Yes, the Ministry might have a problem with that," Amelia answered.

"With the entire Sirius Black case, I would think the Ministry had far better issues than to run out an eccentric old man, or Harry Potter," Waller commented.

Amelia raised an eyebrow.

"We have our own sources in the Department of Meta-Human Affairs," Waller amended. "Rest
assure, Harry Potter is fine, he's been picked up by one of the members of the Justice League and brought to one of the safest place on Earth. He might prove to be useful to solve a fiasco."

"You do realize the Ministry won't allow this to go unanswered," Amelia answered.

"Yes, I know," Waller answered in a crisp voice. "You come across as an intelligence person who would pick their own battles…Fudge on the other hand….."

"Not so much," Amelia said.

An owl appeared right in front of Amelia. The Director of the Minister of Magic took the letter and opened it up, frowning.

"Problem?" Waller asked.

"May I see, Dumbledore?" Amelia asked.

"Might as well," Waller replied. "Do you want to see his greasy companion?"

"Greasy companion?" Amelia asked.

A very bad feeling filled Amelia's being. Only one person filled the criteria of Dumbledore's greasy companion. This gentleman had been the subject of many complaints. Dumbledore brushed some of them underneath the rug.

"He was very belligerent and blamed Potter for this and claimed he would get Potter expelled," Waller answered. "My guards managed to subdue him. I'm certain his leg and his jaw will heal eventually."

Amelia knew precisely who Waller talked about.

"Hold him," Amelia said.

"I intend to," Waller said. "I have a few questions to ask him and Dumbledore, but you can talk to Dumbledore now, if you wish."

Amelia hoped to resolve this matter sooner rather than later, especially since the news Amelia got proved be grim.

The two women walked down the stairwell and Amelia leaned over.

"Albus," Amelia said.

"Hogwarts, Hoggy Warty Hogwarts, teach us something please," Dumbledore sang. "Whether we're old or young with scabby knees….

Amelia threw her head back. Dumbledore wasn't completely healed. She scanned his head and sure enough there were entry wounds in the side of his head.

A blaring signal pulled Amelia out of her examination on Dumbledore. She turned towards Waller, but Waller already scrambled up the steps.

'What the hell is going on?’ Amelia asked.

Amelia hoped to get some answers. The personnel on the base put everything on lockdown.
"Oh, what a wretched world?" Dumbledore moaned.

Amelia turned her attention away from Dumbledore and looked out the window. The view out of the window didn't tell her much of anything.

"So, that's what happened," Kara concluded.

Divine took all of that in. She looked towards Harry and to be honest, she felt ready to go right now. The sooner she stabilized, the lot easier the Kryptonian's life would in fact be.

"So, that's what happened?" Divine asked. "And they released Doomsday from the Phantom Zone, but why?"

Harry rose to his feet and stepped forward.

"We're going to have to put down this monster," Harry answered.

"You do realize he was able to hold his own with the entire Justice League, including it's biggest and strongest members, don't you?" Dark Supergirl asked.

"And that's why he should be taken down," Harry said. "I have the magical knowledge of the most dangerous wizard in the world in my mind. There's a few tricks up my sleeve now."

Karen hated to be the one break it to Harry.

"Most dangerous wizard in your corner in the world, maybe," Karen answered. "And those are skills you haven't figured out."

"I know," Harry said. "But, someone has to fight him."

"What if you die?" Kara asked.

"Well, we're screwed," Dark Supergirl added. If Harry died, no one had the capabilities to bind them to him and keep them together.

"I'm not going to die," Harry said.

"Well, it's not like he's doing this alone," Divine said.

All of the girls nodded in agreement. The radar picked up the creature making its way to the Arctic. Kara leaned in and viewed the news reports.

"I'm trying to call the Watchtower, but no one's picking up," Karen said. "I really think we're on our own."

"Not on our own, we're together," Kara said.

"But, you don't have any powers," Divine argued her.

"No, but I've accessed Batman's Doomsday Protocols, in case the creature got released from the Phantom Zone," Kara said smugly.

"Batman has….of course he does," Galatea groaned. The girl caught the real problem with the situation. "Wait a minute, you hacked Batman?"
"I'm the brains of the trio," Kara said.

Dark Supergirl and Light Supergirl stared each other down.

"Really, the pinnacle of modesty," Light Supergirl said dryly.

"Maybe, Harry should deflate her big head," Dark Supergirl answered.

Kara shook her head. The gorgeous Kryptonian female leaned back. Her powers weren't completely gone, but a good plan outstripped

"You know, that just might work," Harry said after Kara brought up the plan.

Kara smiled. It would have to work. Doomsday was on route to the Fortress. They might have a half of an hour before the six Kryptonians and one wizard prepared for battle.

To Be Continued.
Chapter 5

A hideous looking figure stepped forward. Spikes stuck through the skin of the grey skinned figure and it walked forward. The place where the creature declared his home had been taken away from him. Now the creature wished for revenge and wished to tear any people who got in his way.

The people the creature blamed the most for its imprisonment happened to be the Kryptonians. It remembered the Fortress nearby. The creature crossed over Canada and continued a trek in the direction of the Arctic.

"Halt, where you are!"

Doomsday ignored the words of these people. No one had the ability to stop him. The whirling of helicopters echoed above him and seconds later, the helicopter landed on the ground in front of the monster.

"You need to turn around and go back, we will open fire!"

The monster turned around. A sonic wave split the creature's head and made him turn around. The armored personnel approached him.

The creature picked up one of the tanks rolled up next to him. The force of destruction swung the tank and threw it high into the air. The tank collided into the helicopter above and exploded.

Doomsday growled loud and the beast clutched his hands onto the top of his head. The buzzing in his head forced the creature to adapt a more feral mood. The creature's head whipped back.

The armored men and women stepped in front of the creature. They all pointed weapons.

"Lethal force is authorized, give the beast everything you have!" the commander yelled.

Electrified metal balls shot from the cannon. The electrified balls snapped open and a burst of energy fired through them. Doomsday howled and the beast clapped his hands together.

The sonic pulse from the balls ricocheted back and shredded through the armor of the enemies. The monster rushed towards them and slammed his full weight into them.

The crunching of bones echoed and the monster moved forward. The creature allowed them a warning, ignoring the blasts impacted at his back. None of them hurt him.

Doomsday shook his head. The creature tried to smash his ear, to destroy the implant created in it. Any attempt to break the implant resulted in more pain.

"Must crush!" Doomsday screamed at the top of his lungs.

Doomsday collapsed onto the ground for a moment. An electrified net fired over the monster and ensnared him.

The commander looked over the creature, surprised it really worked.

"We got him, we really got him," the commander said. "Who really needs the Justice League?"

The monster ripped through the net like tissue paper. The commander backed up and aimed a weapon. A hand shot forward and wrapped around the head of the commander.
The man's head popped like a grape and Doomsday moved away from them. He jumped high on top of a mountain and kept ascending the mountain.

The creature descended and sensed it grew even closer. The flight or fight mentality deep within the body of the monster grew even larger.

Doomsday dropped down to the ground and removed a bone spike from his arm. The monster stabbed the spike into the side of his ear over and over again. The creature howled when he kept assaulting his own ear with the spike and continued to stab his way deep into the ear.

'Now, now, that won't do,' a taunting voice said. 'Stand up straight, I own you.'

Doomsday's spine snapped up straight. The creature's strings manipulated. A primal force of nature refused to be controlled, but somehow, the creature kept fighting it.

'Find them and retrieve them,' a voice answered. 'Kill everyone who is in your way.'

The creature thundered down the mountaintop with a loud scream of agony. Doomsday's eyes rolled into the back of his head. Realization swelled in the monster's body.

'Find them,' Desaad said. 'Find them, my puppet.'

A force of nature ambled closer. Another group of troops moved on in. This group more heavily armed themselves with a wider degree of weapons.

"AWAY!" Doomsday yelled. He ripped a large hunk of rock out of the ground.

The rock flew in the air and slammed down on top of the troops. The mountain squashed them completely flat.

Doomsday hoped no more obstacles would be in his way when he continued his trek onto the Arctic. He smelled them and sensed them. Soon, they would either assist him or the monster would crush the Kryptonians, all of them.

Cornelius Fudge sank down on his desk. The runner made his way back into the office.

"What do you mean Harry Potter vanished off the face of the Earth?" Fudge asked.

"I don't know, Minister," the runner said, only for about the third time this evening. The young man's throat became extremely dry and he attempted to swallow the lump, only nothing came down in his throat. "The trace vanished."

"The trace only is supposed to vanish if a wizard becomes of age or if they…..if they….." Fudge replied.

The Minister's voice trailed off. No need to finish the sentence. Surely after all of what happened, Harry Potter could not die? Black must have killed him. The end of Fudge's career would be at hand.

"Certainly there has to be another explanation," one of Fudge's aides said.

Fudge's gaze snapped to him. The normally bumbling Minister's face grew completely red.

"Certainly, if there is, I must hear it!" Fudge bellowed. He started to breath in and out heavily. "I
need to talk to Dumbledore, he'll know…"

"Minister, Dumbledore is currently in the custody of the Department of Meta-Human Affairs," the aide reminded him.

"Right, Amelia went to sort that out," Fudge answered. "I sent her a message to speed it up, because we have a problem. I don't know why she hasn't responded back to me."

"I'm sure that you'll think of something, Minister," one of the aides declared.

"You're doing a good job, it's just…." an aide added. The man's words trailed off.

"It's just…what?" Fudge asked. "What am I doing? Tell me, Franklin, what is it?"

"Well, Minister," Franklin said. "We've just run into a spot of bad luck. Everything bad happened at once, and now you're going to have to figure out something, but you will, Minister."

Fudge sank down behind his desk. He surrounded himself with the most blatant of blatant yes men. Nine times out of ten, having people pump up his ego did the Minister really good. This time though, it screwed him.

"What's the Ministry doing about this?" Fudge asked.

"We have Aurors out to search for Harry Potter right now, sir," Franklin said. "None of them have reported back."

"Dumbledore must have thought Potter entered the States for a reason," Fudge commented. "I mean, the man is capable of some strange thoughts, but aren't they spot on most of the time?"

Fudge rose to his feet and scrawled a second notice to Amelia. The Minister grew uncomfortable at being ignored. It deflated his self-esteem.

"Minister, someone is here to see you, he says he's from the Department of Meta-Human affairs!" another Minister Lackey er dedicated employee said.

Fudge wondered why any Department of Meta-Human affairs person showed up in the Ministry and without an appointment at that. The Minister stood up boldly, his usual pompous demeanor.

"Well, lead him in the office, don't stand there with your hand in your pocket!" Fudge barked.

Fudge started breathing heavily. The Minister knew why most former Ministers who survived this job, died within five or so years after leaving their office. The Minister knew why for sure.

An imposing looking black man with an eyepatch stared down Fudge.

"Don't I know you from somewhere?" Fudge asked.

The man didn't blink through his one eye and continued to lean closer towards Fudge.

"I don't think so," the man growled when he stared Fudge down. "I have to warn the Minister a Class 7 threat has escaped imprisonment."

"What's a Class 7 threat?" Fudge asked.

"You mean the World Security Council didn't brief you?" the man asked.
"Um, World Security Council?" Fudge asked.

The imposing individual wondered how Fudge dressed himself without assistance. The man leaned closer towards Fudge with a frown on his face.

"You don't know, you really don't know," the man said. "A Class Seven…"

"Oh right, seven is the most magical number," Fudge said in a proud voice.

"So, it is," the man said. He wondered about killing Fudge and making it look like an answer.

The problem the man saw he couldn't really kill this son of a bitch. No killing the bastard wasn't a problem, he couldn't figure out a way to dispose the body.

"So a Class Seven Threat would be an extremely powerful and extremely magical threat, wouldn't it?" Fudge asked.

"I'm not sure if it would be a magical threat," the imposing man replied. "But, I don't think your little sticks would work against it."

"Come on, magic is the most primal force in the world, of course it will work," Fudge said. "Magic can do anything?"

"Can it put sugar in my coffee?" the man asked.

"No, because that's one of those…five laws of elementary transfiguration…thingies," Fudge grumbled to himself.

"Then magic can't do anything," the man answered. In his eyes, the matter settled with that world. "The World Security Council is ordering the Ministry to initiate any lockdown protocols and do not engage the creature…"

Fudge stood up straight. The man felt like these….people slapped him around. The Ministry couldn't be slapped around by foreign people, could they?

"Or don't," the man added. "If you want to get crushed flat, I'll send flowers…oh, and Dumbledore and Snape will be kept under observation until the Council decides against it. Amelia Bones will returned if the Class Seven threat is resolved. Class Seven means Doomsday, for your information, and appropriate given what the creature is named."

Fudge's brain cells finally engaged and he spat out the next few words.

"What do you mean if?" Fudge asked.

The man disappeared and left Fudge to hang his head. When did he lose control of this entire mess? Fudge lost track and turned to his aides.

"The Ministry is going to find this creature, and bring him in," Fudge said. He stood up and his chest puffed out.

The papers raked Fudge over the coals for Black escaping Azkaban. As if Fudge personally guarded the prison, and could be blamed. The Minister took full credit for Azkaban's perfect record of keeping its prisoners three weeks before the breakout, but surely, he couldn't be blamed because Black escaped.

Fudge demanded satisfaction and when he roped this Doomsday creature thingy, Fudge would go
Harry waited outside of the Fortress. One might considered what he did to be utter insanity.

"For the record, I consider what you're doing to be utter insanity."

Galatea walked towards Harry for a moment.

"I know what type of monster Doomsday is," Galatea said. "He's a weapon….gone to its most logical extreme. Created from twisted DNA and he evolves each time. He's a wild force of nature….."

"We all thought he would be better off being sent to the Phantom Zone," Karen said.

Kara joined them, wearing a sleek black body suit. The skin tight suit molded to every single curve of Kara's body, a fact Harry noted appreciatively. Harry's eyes followed the gorgeous frame of the girl.

"The solar suit, it should absorb and convert solar radiation," Kara said. "If this can't re-jump my powers….I don't know what can."

"Don't you have only one percent of our powers?" Dark Supergirl asked.

"Only," Kara agreed. "But, I hope to amplify it. I just wish we had more time."

"Fun fact," Galatea said. She turned to her younger sister and the girl's expression softened ever so slightly. "Our time is running out."

Harry leaned off to the side. A glowing dagger flashed in his hand. Magical energy coursed from it and shot into the air when he tested its movements.

"So, do you know how to use that thing?" Galatea asked.

"I'm good enough to improvise," Harry informed her, as if that said pretty much everything.

"You're going against a Class Seven threat," Galatea said. "Someone who could destroy entire countries if someone pisses him off enough, and someone who took down the Justice League, some of the mightiest heroes on Earth….."

"There's more to this than meets the eye," Harry said.

"The Phantom Zone should have been the perfect arrangement for a creature like Doomsday," Karen agreed. "It's wild and he can thrive in there. And if he tears apart some of the worst prisoners…..well….."

"Only a handful would feel sorry, but most will turn a blind eye," Dark Supergirl said.

"He's really awful," Light Supergirl said.

"Only because it's in his nature," Divine said. "Sometimes, we can't be any more what we are."

"I used to believe that," Galatea answered. The girls turned towards her. "Cadmus made me a clone and I thought my purpose was to help take down the League and take down Supergirl, to prove I
was the more advanced model."

Galatea sighed for a moment. Harry reached towards her and grabbed her hand. "But, you became something more," Harry said.

"I have," Galatea agreed. "Haven't you?"

Harry agreed he wouldn't. The past should stay within the past and not linger in the future. And Harry hoped his future remained glorious.

"I have," Harry agreed. "The future is bright, but whatever happens, we're going to have to deal with Doomsday."

"Are we going to finish him off?" Light Supergirl asked.

"We'll cross that bridge when we come with it," Karen said.

Divine wondered if there were any other choices than taking Doomsday out. Sending him back to the Phantom Zone might work, but what if it didn't? The creature adapted even more with every defeat.

"Can we stop him?" Divine asked. "Can we even finish him off?"

The woman addressed the obvious Elephant in the room? None of them knew if any possibility if they could end Doomsday.

"Doomsday survived a lot," Kara said. "But, hopefully the protocol will be enough."

A blaring siren cut through the air and Kara stood up, eyes pointed forward. The creature moved forward.

"We'll know in about three minutes," Karen said. "Activating Protocol One."

The blast of red energy shot through the ground and formed a cage around the creature. The energy dome rose up and wrapped around Doomsday.

"Working so far," Harry muttered. His hand wrapped around the dagger.

A crackle announced Doomsday's arrival. Doomsday bolted through the energy portal like a bat out of hell and ran over the group with reckless abandon.

Doomsday slammed straight into Power Girl and knocked her into the ice and the snow. The wind knocked out of the woman and gave the size of her breasts, a lot of wind knocked out of her. Power Girl gasped when Doomsday wrapped his hands around her throat and squeezed as hard as he could manage.

"Get off of me," Power Girl whimpered.

Dark Supergirl and Light Supergirl burst up from the ground and slammed their full weight down on Doomsday.

"Okay, that's it!" Galatea yelled. "STAND BACK!"

Galatea bombarded Doomsday with a burst of heat vision. She tried to aim for the beast's heart to cut it out.
The creature blocked her heat vision and slammed his hand into her face. Galatea staggered back and she felt like two hot rods jammed into her eyeballs.

Harry already saw enough and he channeled all the energy he could muster through the magical dagger. The dagger slammed down onto the chest of the creature.

Doomsday looked up, eyes narrowed.

"The Reaper!" Doomsday growled.

Harry's suddenly enhanced hearing heard a clicking sound in Doomsday's mind.

"The Reaper?" Kara asked. "Is that....."

Harry grabbed Kara and pulled her out of the way. Doomsday saw Kryptonian and saw red. The creature smashed into the ice, cracking it.

The Supergirl twins took advantage of his position and brought the full force of their way down on the monster. Doomsday drove down through the ice.

"I think we got him," Light Supergirl said.

A rumbling echoed from beneath the ice. Doomsday started to crack up underneath the ice and rose up.

"REAPER!" Doomsday growled.

"Why is he calling you that?" Kara asked.

"I don't know," Harry said. "But, I think we hurt him!"

"REAPER!" Doomsday growled. "END!"

Harry's hands started to glow and he decided not to look a gift power up in the mouth. He channeled some kind of solar radiation through his hands. The radiation dropped Doomsday down.

"I'm not sure if that worked," Harry said. "But, then again, I'm really not sure how that was supposed to....AH-CHOO!"

Harry sneezed and lifted Doomsday off of the guard with a super powerful gust of wind and magic. The creature landed down onto the ground.

"Um, bless you," Kara said in an uncertain tone of voice.

"Okay, I've had some super sneezes before, but not like....that," Galatea said.

Galatea's eyes blackened and she looked like a rather attractive raccoon right now because of the black marks underneath her eyes from where Doomsday face palmed her.

"Well, I'd like to offer a theory, but he's....he's coming back," Kara said.

Doomsday rose to his ground. His skin looked blackened from what Harry did and a greenish blood dripped from his mouth.

"Oh, that's so disgusting," Light Supergirl said.
"I hate to agree with you!" Dark Supergirl yelled.

"REAPER!" Doomsday growled. "HOME!"

Divine made her way from behind Doomsday. She recognized the clicking in the base of Doomsday's brain.

"Control chip, someone is controlling him and riling him up!" Divine yelled.

She tried to utilize heat vision, but his skin grew resistant to heat.

"I've got this one!" Harry yelled.

'Stop him!' the voice in Doomsday's head yelled.

Doomsday grabbed Harry by the throat and choked him. The sorcerer gasped for air, but channeled his magic up Doomsday's arm.

'DROP HIM!' the voice yelled.

Much too late, the energy coursed up Doomsday's body and went deeper, hitting the control chip.

Doomsday dropped down to the ground and the chip flew out of his head. Karen caught the chip in her hand and sealed it into a glass case.

"Okay, we've got a big problem," Galatea said. "What do with him?"

"Send me back!" Doomsday growled. "Send me back home!"

"You actually want to go back to the Phantom Zone?" Divine asked.

"Yes," Doomsday growled. "Hurry, send me.....back!"

Doomsday saw Kryptonians everywhere and his inner nature was to kill them. The reaper stepped in front of him.

"We'll send you back, but who did this to you?" Harry asked.

"Desaad and Granny Goodness, they....monsters....bigger monster!" Doomsday growled. The experiments caused the intelligence of the creature to reverse any prior evolution it acquired. "You should send me back right now!"

Doomsday launched himself at Kara, his primal desire finally getting the better of him. The creature couldn't do anything, but kill what stood in front of him, especially if what stood in front of him came from Kryptonian origins.

Harry darted in front of Kara and blocked the progress of the monster. The young man subdued the monster with an energy field.

Karen returned already with the Phantom Zone projector. She settled on the coordinates and locked onto Doomsday.

"Okay, big guy, you want to be sent to the worst prison on Earth," Karen said. "Far be it for me to argue with her."

Harry released Doomsday from the field in time for Karen to send him back into the Phantom Zone.
The creature returned to the Phantom Zone.

"You know, we should have really asked him where Desaad and Granny are holed up," Galatea said.

Karen raised an eyebrow in response and leaned towards her younger self's clone.

"Give me some credit, Tea," Karen said. "The chip removed from Doomsday should give us a good idea."

"They're without Darkseid though," Light Supergirl said.

"Yes, but they've grown surprisingly ambitious on their own," Kara agreed. "The bonding is going to have to wait, again."

"I don't know how much longer I can wait," Dark Supergirl said.

"We still have a few days," Galatea reminded her sister. Dark Supergirl folded her arms together.

"Don't worry, we need to stop this," Harry said. He grabbed her hand. "You can hold it together for another few hours, can't you?"

"For you, I'll try," Dark Supergirl said. "So, back to the Fortress?"

"No, the Watchtower," Karen replied. "I have a really bad feeling about the League and where they went."

She wanted to see whether or not her feeling bore fruit.

"Being the mature one sucks sometimes," Karen murmured to Harry.

"Trust me, you're very mature," Harry said.

The group made plans to hopefully finish this mess before sunset tonight. They could end today with a bang, several in fact, if they played their cards right.

Fudge appeared in the middle of the Arctic with a pop and several Aurors followed him.

"Minister, are you sure this is a good idea?" one of them asked.

"Yes, I'm sure it's a good idea, the people are going to see how big of a hero I am," Fudge said. "Okay, let's find this monster. He shouldn't be that much harder to put down than a dragon. So, use stunning spells."

"Maybe we should use something stronger?" they asked.

"Do any of you know any spells stronger than a stunning spell?" Fudge asked. They all shook their heads. "What else are we going to do, turn a turtle into a tea pot, and throw it at him?"

Fudge's statement underlined the fact a fair bit of magic didn't have much application.

"Man, Transfiguration really is a useless subject," one of the Aurors grumbled.

Somewhere in Scotland, Minerva McGonagall wanted to kick someone's ass, although she didn't
know why.

To Be Continued.
"I swear if it's not one problem, it's another."

Galatea thought she spoke for all of them. The clone folded her arms and sighed in frustration. The only good element out of this entire situation pointed towards the fact Galatea had an opportunity to take her aggressions out on someone. Those aggressions taken out would not be done so in a good way.

Believe Galatea, if she wished to have the opportunity, she would take out her aggressions on Harry and do so in an extremely good way. Harry's arm wrapped around her shoulder only gave Galatea a moment to take a breath.

"If it's not one thing, it's another," Kara muttered. "That could be the story of our lives."

"Okay, I swear, if one more thing comes up to stop this bonding process from happening," Dark Supergirl said.

"We'll get to it, after this," Harry said. "If they're behind the Black Kryptonite, you think it might be a good idea to take them out first?"

"Harry's right," Karen said. The buxom heroine ignored the groaning from her sisters. "Darkseid is like the bad penny who keeps turning up no matter where we look, but….even if this is just his subordinates, we still got to take them out."

Karen looked onto the distance. Doomsday wrapped up proved to be a challenge, but one the seven of them worked together.

"This isn't going to be easy, is it?" Galatea asked. The eyes of everyone looked at her and the clone responded by throwing her hands into the air. "I know, stupid question is in fact stupid, isn't it?"

Galatea leaned back for a moment. She looked towards Kara.

"So, do you have a plan?" Galatea asked her.

"Why do I have to be the one to have a plan?" Kara asked.

"Because, you're the brains of the operation, obviously," Light Supergirl said.

Kara avoided the urge to slam her palm against her face. Granted, her sisters counted on her. The young woman walked over and decided to do the most obvious thing in the world.

"Check for residual traces of Boom Tubes being opened," Kara said.

Again, anyone with half of a brain cell decided taking this particular step would be a good idea. Kara waited for Alura to complete the scan of Earth. The blonde nibbled down on her lip.

"It's cute when you get nervous like that," Harry informed her.

"I'm not doing it for your benefit," Kara said. Harry raised an eyebrow and Kara became instantly apologetic. "Sorry, it's just that…."

Kara sighed. The burden of everything falling onto her to save the world started to get to her. When one added in the burden of having to save herself, Kara mentally wondered if she might lose it today.
"Don't worry," Harry said.

"Too late," Kara said. "It's just that….I feel that everyone is looking for me to have all of these great answers."

"You did help defeat Doomsday," Harry said.

The sorcerer took Kara's hands into his. The depowered Kryptonian found it extremely hard to concentrate when Harry’s green eyes met hers.

"You helped pull that out," Kara said. "Did you know you were capable of doing some of the things you were capable of doing?"

"I didn't know," Harry admitted. "But you never know what you're truly capable of until you set out and do it."

"Yes, while the two of you are having a moment, the scanners are done," Dark Supergirl said.

"Well, you're a murderer," Light Supergirl said. The girl's darker counterpart turned towards her. "Moment killer."

"You know, you're….you're a pest," Dark Supergirl finished lamely.

Divine hurled her hands into the air in frustration and glared directly at her sisters.

"Oh, will the two of you just get a room already and get on with it?" Divine asked her sisters. Both of them looked shocked.


The six Kryptonians and one similarly powered wizard, turned their attention to the results of the scanners and saw a load of holes flash in the interdimensional fabric.

"I'm going to hazard a guess," Galatea answered. The girl lifted her hand and brushed her short blonde hair from her face. "And I'm going to say they're trying to transport something to Earth."

"Always," Kara said. "Apokolips is in the middle of a war, and there must be something on Earth which could be useful in turning the tide towards Granny and her Furies."

Darkseid, Apokolips, all of this information might as well be foreign to Harry. The young man's head started to spin around.

"I know, it's a lot to take in," Galatea remarked. Mirth twinkled in the girl's eye as she looked towards her. "But, you're keeping up so far."

A feeling of relief spread through Harry's body.

"I'm glad I am," Harry answered. "But what's the really big dot in the center?"

Kara frowned, and suddenly, a feeling of despair fell to the pit of the girl's stomach. What were they really planning? Kara wanted to find out later.

"I think we can find them somewhere in the middle," Harry said.

"You think or you know?" Karen asked.
"You know, Harry's onto something, because I thought the same thing," Galatea said. "I can't explain it, but there's a sense something is there in the middle."

Kara trusted the gut of her alternate self. The group's time slowly ran out and they used the Fortress to track where they were.

Desaad slumped against the screen. The sadistic torturer planned for this little encounter to end up foolproof. Instead, the man ended up being proven a fool.

"And they have your little implant chip, which means they'll be here," a voice said in Desaad's head. "You could have planned this out a little bit better."

Desaad wished to do nothing more than to strangle the bitter old gargoyle when she stood. Granny's grin showed the woman to be extremely pleased with Desaad's failure. The torturer hitched in a breath.

"Yes, get your amusement out of it, Granny," Desaad said in his usual cold tone. "For soon, you won't be laughing anymore."

"And why will I not be laughing, dear Desaad?" Granny asked.

"You were the one who caused Supergirl to be beside herself," Desaad said. "This entire fiasco was your idea."

"I may have carried out the scheme, but Great Darkseid rolled the plan into motion before his exile," Granny said. "If the plan had been carried out to the letter, Darkseid would have had a perfect vessel to be reborn in."

"But it failed, because the Black Kryptonite split her into three instead of warping her," Desaad said. "And now this mysterious young man, where does he fit in?"

"Why don't you be a dear and find out?" Granny asked Desaad.

Desaad slammed his fist down upon the table. The table and all of the glasses upon the table rattled.

"Now, now, you must not have such a temper," Granny Goodness said. "It would be a shame if something rotten happened to you. Your health is really important."

Desaad gnashed his teeth. Granny slipped off to take care of something else. The hooded torturer turned his full attention to the replay of the battle with Doomsday before they lost their feed.

"Demented old hag or not, she does have a point," Desaad said. "There's something about you, hero, that's different. You're not part of the League's roster or their recruits. You have no registered heroics in any official government databases in the world."

Desaad's eyes fixated on the green eyes of the mysterious young stranger.

"Yes, I've seen you before," Desaad murmured. "Or rather, I've seen those eyes. They represent something."

Another boom tube opened. Desaad didn't even blink, the hooded menace stared completely forward.

"Curious and even more curious, to borrow a more Earthly phrase," Desaad said. "I need....."
Desaad stood straight up. The papers in his hand fluttered to the ground. The man's mind traveled down a certain path and he wondered...surely not?

"Pause and backtrack," Desaad said.

The images in front of him did as Desaad directed. The man raised a hand to his chin and leaned back in a quasi-thinker pose. The torturer blinked several times. The blinding aura filled Desaad's eyes.

Such an aura painted a vivid description of wonder. Desaad's breathing became more increased when he watched it.

"Do you need a moment, dear Desaad?" a voice asked. "Or can I come in?"

"Yes, come in you delightful woman!" Desaad explained, his voice reaching an entirely new pitch. "I can kiss you!"

Granny Goodness raised an eyebrow. She, technically a she anyway, looked at Desaad. The woman's fingers gripped together.

"I took you off guard, didn't I?" Desaad said. "Turns out the Black Kryptonite was not a failure.....in fact....it has proven to be a success."

Granny nearly dropped what she held. At the last possible second, the demented woman caught the device before it crashed straight to the concrete floor. Breaking the device would result in a setback.

"I'm afraid, I don't understand," Granny said. "We succeeded."

Desaad rose to his feet. A demented twinkle flashed through the eyes of the madman. The hips of the torture swayed.

"Do cease that movement," Granny said, words breaking off because of a slight shiver.

Desaad ceased and grinned.

"My apologies if I....freaked you out," Desaad said. "I found the Harbinger of the Anti-Life."

Granny cupped her hands over her mouth. The sound the woman made, Desaad struggled to describe of an adequate way to describe it. The woman staggered back.

The hooded torturer offered Granny a chair for the woman to sink down into. The demented mannish looking woman plopped herself into the chair.

"Water?" Desaad muttered.

Granny gulped and shook her hand. The tutor of the dangerous, and in some cases beautiful, Female Furies clasped her hands around the chair.

"Call me a liar," Desaad said. "But, before you say a word, I want you to take one clear look at the proof."

Desaad extended one finger towards the screen. Granny followed the actions of the hooded torturer and frowned.

"I assumed...." Granny said.
"You know the universal expression about assumptions, dear Granny" Desaad said.

Granny chuckled and patted Desaad on the head. Desaad recoiled at being the victim of this woman's touch.

"Yes, well, I thought the Anti-Life Harbinger was a myth," Granny said.

"The Anti-Life Harbinger, the Master of Death, it doesn't matter what you call him," Desaad said. "The stories are all the same. He's the chosen one."

"Chosen by Death?" Granny asked.

"Death in her many forms," Desaad agreed. "Some assume he needs keys, artifacts, but he doesn't need those elements to succeed. But we can use him."

"And we can use him to bring together the vessel for our great Darkseid and bring him back," Granny said. "Darling Desaad, you're a genius."

Desaad smiled and returned to survey the construction of the device. A sacrifice must be made to bring their leader back from the dead.

"The sacrifice is no longer needed with him in the picture," Granny said.

"I realize that, but we'll still kill them," Desaad said.

Desaad's hands clasped before the torturer let out a sadistic giggle. Granny spun around and stared him down. Desaad cleared his throat.

"They're coming soon, we best get ready," Desaad said.

Granny smiled, sooner or later, they would be here, and they would all be ready. The wicked grin of Granny Goodness turned crooked and positively demented.

Desaad turned away, and barely shivered. The thoughts of all of the people dying in the name of Darkseid consoled the hooded tormenter. The hooded man shifted his robes over towards the area of the crotch to hide the excitement caused by death and destruction.

X-X-X

All versions of Kara came to a consensus and they all hated Granny Goodness. The old bag made the girls suffer beyond all belief.

"So, we're here," Kara said.

"Just in time," Harry said.

"Yeah, look up in the sky," Galatea said.

"Why, is it a bird, or a plane?" Divine asked.

"No, Boom Tubes," Kara said. "Which means.....Parademons."

"Good, they're fried," Dark Supergirl said.

Kara loosened the leash on her dark side. If Kara concentrated hard enough, the girl had minimal control over her duplicates.
"Hey, no fair you getting all of the fun!" Galatea yelled.

Galatea and Dark Supergirl both flew over. The first battalion of Parademons met them.

Heat vision fired from Galatea's eyes. The buxom clone seared her eye beams through the skin of the dangerous enemies. The enemies toppled down onto the ground hard.

"Not bad, but mine's better," Dark Supergirl said.

A fist swung back and the girl punched through both creatures. The creatures landed on the ground with a sickening thud.

Divine drew in the breath from her large lung capacity. The girl's lips pursed and blew a high energy gust of wind towards the creatures.

"So, should we even....I don't know, jump in?" Light Supergirl asked.

Divine and Galatea brought hell down from the sky, ripping through the enemies. Blood splattered from the creatures striking the ground hard. Their bodies crunched.

"Hey, if you want to get in their way, knock yourself out," Harry informed her.

Light Supergirl's lips curled into a slight smirk.

"Good point," she agreed. "So, where is the big, bad Granny?"

"I'm surprised she hasn't showed her ugly, foul face," Karen said.

"Really, such rudeness. Maybe, I need to teach you some manners, pumpkin?"

Harry's gaze snapped towards a woman, at least Harry assumed his gaze turned towards a woman. Her grey hair and mannish features, along with thick frame made him wonder. The woman held a large rod in her hand.

'Nothing symbolic about that at all,' Harry said.

"You must be Granny Goodness," Harry said.

"Yes, you have done your homework," Granny said. "Very good, and I've done my homework as well. You're going to help bring Darkseid back to life."

Harry's throat rose and he snickered. The young man barely avoided breaking out into laughter. The look of disapproval on Granny's face at Harry not taking her seriously prompted Harry's laughter to increase, until the young man bust a gut.

"Really, no, seriously....oh boy, you really....oh boy," Harry said. "Should I....well....this is embarrassing, isn't it?"

Harry barely stopped chortling at Granny's words. Granny's expression became more disturbing and more dangerous.

"It's time for someone to teach you some manners, child," Granny growled. The woman's hackles raised and she growled like a practically ill-tempered bulldog.

"Oh, you're going to....I see," Harry replied.
"Harry, I wouldn't underestimate her," Karen warned Harry.

Granny rose the rod and jammed it into the ground. A course of high tech energy shot through the air and struck Harry.

"Who's laughing now?" Granny asked in a gruffer voice.

Harry’s magic kicked into place and the energy rebounded straight back into Granny. Granny howled with absolutely agony when Harry launched her into the air and down back onto the ground.

Galatea curb stomped Granny into the ground. The clone grabbed Granny by the back of the head and whipped her head first into the ground over and over again.

"And you fucking think you could hurt my sister, well you got another fucking thing coming!" Galatea yelled. "No one beats up Kara, but me, do you understand? And you'll never lay another rod on my man again!"

Harry stepped over and gripped Galatea around the waist. The sorcerer yanked the raging girl away from the demented gargoyle.

"Tea, I think you made your point," Harry said.

Galatea attacked Harry with a rough kiss. The girl practically shoved her tongue in Harry's mouth. The wizard returned the kiss and Harry pushed her against the wall for a moment.

"Was that really the time?" Kara asked.

"Are you jealous you didn't get your moment?" Galatea asked. "No need to be jealous of me though."

Kara's hands moved towards her hips. The girl grew slightly huffy as she stared down Galatea.

"Let me make one thing clear, I'm not jealous of you," Kara informed Galatea. The two girls stared each other down as if debating the manner.

"You know, we do have to get inside," Karen said.

Harry recovered a moment later and walked over. He heard a whirling inside. The wizard shifted back a plate in the wall.

"So, what's this machine for?" Harry asked.

Kara studied the machine. The girl's fingers clasped against the side of the wall. The de-powered Kryptonian turned to face Harry.

"It's to drill holes in the center of the Earth," Kara said. "Easy, but annoying to disable….I'm on it right now....."

Another boom tube fired off and Harry turned to face the Parademons who stormed forward.

"Keep them off my ass, until I can get in here," Kara said. "There's some kind of forcefield generator too….keeping whoever is inside the base, inside the base."

"We'll buy you all the time you need," Galatea said. "Trust me, sis."

Kara smiled, and got back to work. The sounds of battle faded off in the distance when Kara entered
her own little world.

Desaad watched the battle outside with his hands folded in his lap. The energy field nearly prepared itself.

"Just a little closer, and I'll have you," Desaad said. "I'm Darkseid's greatest..."

A jolt and a crash prompted Desaad to jump halfway off of the chair where he stood. The cup of coffee, one of the menace's guilty Earth pleasure, nearly flew from his hand.

"Of course," Desaad said. "Well, don't make a spectacle, come in."

The six Kryptonians entered the chamber, followed by the Harbinger of the Anti-Life. Desaad's beady little gaze.

"I've been expecting you," Desaad said. "And more of you than I thought...you were fortunate not to get swept up with the rest of the Justice League, Power Girl."

"Guess, I'm lucky," Power Girl said. She stared Desaad down. "What happened to the League?"

"Oh, they haven't been killed, if that's what you wonder," Desaad said. "I think breaking some of Earth's greatest heroes is...ARGH!"

Harry lifted up Desaad off of the ground and magically punted him against the wall. The New God slammed against the wall with a thunderous force.

All of the super powered girls started to blink. Karen's mouth opened in shock and she charged over to stand beside Harry. The girl checked Desaad and kicked him a couple more times for good measure.

"He's out...like that," Karen said.

"Well, it's not my fault he started rambling and left himself open for an attack," Harry responded. "Don't you heroes ever attack the villain when he's running his mouth?"

"Um, we don't, although we should," Kara said. She trailed off, struggling to find out a good reason why they wouldn't.

A device started to make a lot of weird noises beside Desaad. They took out the hooded torturer, but there might have been another problem.

"This idiot didn't properly calibrate this thing," Kara said. "It would wipe out entire cities if he did."

"Oh that's good if it doesn't wipe out entire cities, then?" Light Supergirl asked.

The pure personification of Supergirl squeaked when Kara's eyes bored into her.

"Well, if it doesn't wipe out entire countries, or maybe crack the entire world open," Kara said. "The bad news is, it will call Darkseid. The good news is, he won't have a place to stand on. The worst news is....."

"Kara, just figure out a way to stop it already," Galatea said.

Kara frowned at her double cutting her off. The girl made her way to the system in time to hear the machine really start to hum and make some really weird noises.
"Okay, let's see….I got this," Kara said.

She started to fiddle with the glowing red rods inside, but the rods burned her hands.

Kara winced and Harry placed his hands on her shoulders. A healing burst came through his hands.

The girl's eyes started to glow and Kara turned around. She fired a blast of heat vision and nearly hit an unconscious Desaad. The girl hovered in the air and flew around the room at the speed of light.

"You….you healed me?" Kara asked. "Completely, and restored my powers."

"Don't worry about how, just worry about fixing the machine," Harry answered.

Kara nodded and she went back to work. Her invulnerability returned completely and the brainy Kryptonian went to work. Her super powers increased her already ample intelligence by a factor of a hundred.

The Kryptonian heroine worked slowly, casually. All eyes focused upon the back of her head for her to do something. No pressure or anything, okay maybe a little bit of pressure. But, Kara stood up rather well underneath pressure. The girl didn't falter for a moment, she kept pressing on rather.

Everything stopped and Kara sighed.

"It's fixed," Kara said.

The world rumbled around them and a gateway busted open. A blinding light appeared and Harry backed off.

"So, that's where they went off to," Karen muttered.

The various members of the Justice League hovered in crystalized pods in some pocket dimension.

"They're being kept….I don't know why," Kara said. "But they're still alive."

"Good we found them," Karen said.

Kara nodded in agreement. The feelings of her powers returning slowly to her caused her to be pleased.

"So, is this permanent?" Kara asked Harry. "I mean, my powers being back, or is it….."

"We'll find out before too long, won't we?" Harry asked. He turned to Desaad's broken body.

Galatea returned, dragging Granny's broken body out. The clone crouched down over the top of the woman and checked for a pulse.

"Well, I don't think we're going to have to do anything about her anymore," Galatea said. "She shouldn't have tried to fuck with my Harry."

"Our Harry!" Dark Supergirl sniped.

"Whatever," Galatea said, rolling her eyes.

"What if your healing thing puts us back together when we bond?" Light Supergirl stated out of the blue.
Harry placed his hand on his chin and shook his head.
"I don't think it quite works that way," Harry said.
"But, you're really not sure what way it really works," Karen answered.

Harry nodded, conceding Karen had a point. The buxom woman stared towards the League members.

"We're going to have to find out a way to get them out of this predicament," Karen said. She turned to Kara. "So do you have any bright ideas?"

"Well, first we need to make sure Desaad didn't leave any nasty surprises behind," Kara said.

The robed figure since expired on the floor but his cruelty lived on. And Darkseid would have other minions for certain.

"Right, a scan of the entire League, that's going to take a long time," Kara said.

"Long enough for us to bond?" Divine asked.

"We'll set everything up," Harry confirmed.

"About fucking time," Light Supergirl grumbled. All of the girls looked towards the girl, shocked at the language she used. "What?"

"Nothing," Dark Supergirl said.

"I just need to make one final trip," Harry said. "And then, I'll join you."

"You better not get caught up in something," Galatea grumbled.

Harry smiled. He really never tried to get into trouble. Trouble found him though many times at an extremely alarming rate.

To Be Concluded in the Next Chapter.
Amelia Bones entered her office at the Ministry of Magic. The state of the emergency ceased and Amelia returned to the office with news, very little of the news she returned with considered good.

The International Confederation of Wizards involved themselves in the situation regarding Dumbledore and Snape. The Ministry and the International Confederation of Wizards butted heads on a regular basis. The ICW took advantage of this opportunity to kick the Ministry in the figurative testicles and work with the Department of Meta-Human affairs.

The British Ministry of Magic resulted in some great profits for the products of foreign countries and some resented Britain's role of the center of the magical world.

'Politics, isn't it grand?' Amelia thought.

Amelia sank down into her desk chair. Her personal assistant joined her with a stack of papers. A newspaper rested on the top of the file folder.

"What's this? "Amelia asked.

"Take a look, Madam Bones."

Amelia lifted the paper off of the stack of documents.

"The Chudley Canons snatch defeat from the jaws of victory, again? I'm afraid, I don't get how it's relevant for my job for the worst Quidditch team in the League finding a new way to find a new path to the bottom."

"Oh….sorry, must have flipped it upside down."

The assistant turned the paper over. Amelia's eyes narrowed at the sight of the real news she should know.

"I leave the country for a few days, and Cornelius runs around unchecked," Amelia said.

Amelia reviewed the paper for another moment. The description of how Fudge and his team became extracted from the Arctic with severe frost bite taunted her.

"Well, the Minister is going to be indisposed for a few weeks, as he recovers," Amelia said.

"Shall I double up the security?" the assistant asked.

"Yes," Amelia said.

The assistant nodded.

"I'll get on it right away," Amelia's assistant said.

The woman walked over and her hand placed on the door.

"Anything else, I need to know? How is the Ministry's investigation on Harry Potter going?"

The assistant directed her attention back to Amelia.
"Tell me, don't sugar coat it."

"Right," the assistant said. "Right, of course, I don't mean to….."

"Tell me," Amelia said.

"We don't know what happened to him," the assistant said. "He vanished off of the face of the Earth. The only two explanations are he became of age or he's dead."

"The Prophet doesn't even know Harry Potter is missing," Amelia said.

"No, Madam Bones," she said.

"We can't hide it forever, but investigation needs to be re-doubled so we can put the matter to rest," Amelia said. "If, Harry Potter remains out there, we have to know and we have know right away."

Amelia reached into her desk drawer and dropped a list in front of her assistant.

"A group of Aurors who I know I can trust to discreetly find out the facts of the investigation and not…..make the situation worse."

"The list is only half of a page," the assistant said.

"Standards fell in the Ministry, unfortunately," Amelia said. "Can you get it done?"

"I'll get it done," the assistant said.

"Excellent," Amelia said. She patted the assistant on the ear.

Amelia waited for her assistant to leave. The Department of Meta-Human Affairs refused to tell her much of anything regarding Harry Potter.

The Head of the Department of Magical Law Enforcement moved over to her door. She intended to call a meeting of all of the department heads. Fudge's sabbatical mandated the department heads to work closely together. Black's escape resulted in one of most chaotic situations the Ministry dealt with during her time.

The transcripts disappeared from Black's trial. Amelia suspected a rat of some sort. Transcripts seldom grew legs and walked off.

An owl fluttered into Amelia's office the moment she opened the door. Owls flew into the Ministry of Magic every day, but this owl caught Amelia's attention. A snowy owl landed on Amelia's desk and gave her a stern look.

Amelia recalled her niece mentioning Harry Potter owning a snowy owl. Surely….surely not?

The owl crooked her head towards Amelia.

"You want me to take a message, don't you?" Amelia asked.

The owl reached out her talon for Amelia to take the message off of her hand. Amelia removed the message tied to the owl's leg. The snowy owl took off seconds after Amelia took the message.

Amelia frowned and held a message in her hand. A message came from Harry Potter's owl. She refused to believe in coincidences.
The woman unfolded the message.

*Meet me in ten minutes, or you'll never know. Come alone. If I see anyone, I'll be gone and the Ministry will never find me.*

Amelia hastened to grab her traveling cloak. She vowed to give Potter the benefit of the doubt. Many questions flashed in Amelia's mind. The woman left her office for the meeting.

Harry waited in the shadows. The young man acquired quite the insurance policy in case trusting Amelia Bones turned out for a mistake. The new information Harry acquired showed the trustworthy nature of the woman.

The Ministry official walked into the shadows. She spotted a tall young man who stood out in the crowd. Amelia stepped back.

"You look like you've seen a ghost, Director Bones?"

"Ghosts are easily to swallow than this, Mr. Potter. You look like a young adult."

"Eighteen," Harry said.

"After your first maturation, you should only be considered to be fourteen magically," Amelia said.

"Test me, see if I'm really the age magically speaking," Harry said.

Amelia steadied her grip around the wand. The Director of Magical Law Enforcement steadied her grip around the wand. The woman performed the test.

A wisp of dust flashed above Harry's head. Amelia stepped away from Harry and steadied her hand.

"Eighteen?" Harry asked.

"Eighteen," Amelia said. The woman lowered her wand. "I don't know how."

"We may only begin to guess," Harry said. "I don't even know, but I know I've outgrown traditional education."

The memories of both Voldemort from the Horcrux and Lily from the blood protection filled in any gaps Harry's education lacked. The first two years of Hogwarts from Harry's perspective showcased the downfall of education even in the last twenty years, never mind the last fifty.

"If you want me to take my NEWTs, I will, but I doubt they'll be of much value to where I want to go," Harry said. "Legally speaking, I don't need those exams to be considered of age."

"No, you don't," Amelia said. "So, are you going to leave?"

"Why would I stay?" Harry asked. "Did your niece tell you anything about what happened at Hogwarts last year?"

"No, I can't say she did," Amelia said.

Harry filed Amelia's revelation in the interesting folder. Students not writing home to their parents or other relatives and even mentioning the dangerous events occurring at Hogwarts struck Harry as
peculiar.

"Here's some information you might find interesting," Harry said.

He slipped a prepared folder in Amelia's hand.

"Why do I have the feeling I'm going to have at least ten years knocked off my life by the time I'm finished reading this?"

"Well, you're going to have to see for yourself," Harry informed Amelia.

Amelia leaned against the wall. Harry stretched out his hand and a silver ball rested in the palm of Harry's hand.

"I have this prepared for them," Harry said. "Play it in about a week. Please don't play it any sooner or any later. I have a few things to say to them, and not everyone is going to like it."

"Why do I have a feeling some very important people may want your head?"

Harry chuckled. His chuckles faded away into full blown laughter. The sorcerer laughed for a couple of moments.

"I wouldn't do my job correctly, Director. Some important people hate me now, some unimportant people hate me now. Best to give them a reason to hate me other than the scar on my forehead."

Harry tapped his forehead.

"The folder explains everything more than I can. One day I might return and if I need to return, you know the magical people of Europe are really going to hell in a handbasket."

"One question, if I may?"

Harry frowned and motioned for Amelia to continue.

"What if I intended to bring you into the Ministry of Magic and didn't give you the benefit of the doubt?"

The last Potter raised his hand and pointed his fingers towards Amelia.

"Three reasons, Madam Bones. The first reason is, you're a flower within the weeds at the Ministry of Magic. I respect the work you've done. I'm sad your ceiling to do something in the world isn't higher. One day, you might think about moving onto something more worthwhile."

Amelia smiled for a second.

"Mr. Potter, believe me, I know," Amelia said.

Harry's hand ticked off a second finger.

"The second reason is….well, I better show, rather than tell."

The sorcerer pointed his hands to the stone statues. The goblins crafted the statues to stand up to magic.

A curse fired and destroyed the statues into dust. The statues reformed in an instant the second Harry destroyed them. The elegant statues remained solid down to the last perfect detail.
Amelia's eyes widened. Destroying crafted statues showcased an impressive amount of magic. Harry manifested true magic by restoring the destruction with a simple wave of his hand. The statues restored and moved from one side.

"And the third reason, you're talking to a magical duplicate who can be recalled at the first sign of danger."

Amelia blinked. Harry flashed out of the distance, never to return.

"Very clever, Mr. Potter," Amelia said. "Very, clever."

Amelia clutched the silver orb and temptation visited the Head of the Department of Magical Law Enforcement. Consequences existed if she opened the orb before Harry's directed time. He told Amelia a week, and she accepted the promise.

The Head of the Department of Magical Law Enforcements directed her attention to the file Harry shifted into her hand. The thickness of the file of two years worth of information set off a red flag in Amelia's head.

"Well, I better get into this," Amelia said.

Amelia made her way back to the lift and returned to her office. The information pertained to Harry Potter.

The moment the woman returned to the Ministry, she settled down for a long time of headaches.

'Mr. Potter, trouble always seems to follow you,' Amelia said.

Amelia opened up the folder. The woman lifted the information from the folder and frowned.

'Dumbledore, trouble follows you everywhere as well,' Amelia thought. 'Very illuminating.'

Amelia soaked in each piece of incriminating information. A long next couple of weeks, maybe months, greeted her.

Galatea paced back and forth in the Fortress. Kara and the other girls observed Galatea's movements.

Karen met Kara's eye and both girls looked away at each other. Both women sighed long and hard.

"Do you think you can stop this before you wear a hole into the ice?" Kara asked.

Galatea's head whipped around to glare at Kara. The two sisters exchanged a staredown with each other.

"I don't have to get in the middle of this, do I?" Karen asked.

"No, because getting in the middle of the two of them is my job."

The girls all turned and smiled. Harry rested against the wall.

"How long have you been here?" Kara asked.

"Long enough," Harry said.
Harry swept into the Fortress. He dropped a case onto the ice block.

"And what's inside the case?" Dark Supergirl asked.

The darker half of Supergirl peered towards the case. Her X-Ray vision ran into some lead lining in the case.

"My entire family fortune, converted," Harry said. "The base of my future plans for the world, but no need to talk about what is to come in the future."

"Yes, we should worry about right now," Galatea said.

Galatea rose up and bounced down. Harry viewed the progress of her bouncing breasts and rock-hard nipples. Harry situated his hands on Galatea's hips and made the girl turn to face him.

"You know, if you keep up what you're doing, you're going to go last?"

Galatea's lip stuck out in a pouting motion. Karen patted her sister on the head.

"You're really adorable when you're upset about something," Karen said.

"You're really funny when you're liking like a bitch about something," Galatea retorted.

"Ladies," Harry said.

"Remind me again, how are we doing this?" Kara asked.

Harry smiled and ran the girls through the entire bonding process one more time.

"The girl who is the oldest….."

"Being me," Karen said.

"Don't try and sound too upset about it," Galatea said.

"Well, you're the third oldest," Divine said. "So, you don't have to wait for too long."

"Less time you do," Galatea said.

Divine smiled. Harry corked his eyebrow.

"Continue before something comes up to screw us over again," Divine said.

Harry chuckled. The eyes of six powerful women rested on him with rapt attention. Six of the most powerful women on Earth prepared to be bonded to him. He grinned and continued.

"We start with the first oldest girl, until she finishes, and then I'll move onto each of you. Divine, Tea, Kara, Dark Kara, and Light Kara all in this order."

"Ah, it's not fair, I get to go last," Light Kara said.

She folded her arms and stuck out her lip. Harry reached towards her to squeeze her hand.

"All of the girls may observe, but only watch, during the ritual," Harry said. "After all of you finish, I return in reverse-order and finish all of you."

"Not, I'm doubting you," Dark Supergirl said.
"But, you are?" Galatea asked.

The two versions of Kara stared each other down and Dark Supergirl rebooted her mind.

"What makes you think you're going to be able to….reload your stock so fast?"

"Magic," Harry said.

"Enough said, really." Karen said. "Are you bitches done doubting our man? We are running down the clock, and I want a piece of him, now."

Karen hoisted Harry up to a standing embrace and pressed his body against her round breasts. The two kissed each other. Both parties dueled tongue to tongue.

The crystals heated up. The other five versions of Kara stepped back to await their turn for what they might get with Harry.

"Let the bonding ritual begin," Harry said.

"You're overdressed, I think," Karen said.

"And you are too," Harry said.

"Not for long," Karen said.

Karen reduced Harry's shirt to shreds and backed him off against the wall. The Kryptonian heroine jammed her tongue into Harry's mouth. Harry's mouth opened and accepted the gift and grabbed Karen's ass.

The busty beauty moaned deep into Harry's mouth and kept grinding up against him. Karen slid further down towards him.

"I believe this is for me."

Karen ripped Harry's pants off. His boxer shorts came next. Harry refused to be effected by the cold air.

"Very nice," Karen said.

Karen squeezed his balls. The beauty felt the thick volume of cum pulsing from Harry's balls.

"You too," Harry groaned.

Karen shifted gears from his cock. She stroked Harry's cock. The thick organ grew in her hand and she smiled.

"Must be ten….eleven….twelve inches," Karen said. "You're such a big boy! May I taste?"

"Help yourself," Harry said.

"Mmmm."

Karen's hot juicy lips wrapped Harry's cock. Harry gripped the back of her head and eased himself into her throat. The tip of his manhood struck the back of her throat.

"Such a good mouth," Harry said.
Harry's eyes faded shut. Fingers dug into Karen's scalp. Harry rocked his hips and brought his cock deep into her throat.

Karen's throat expanded. The hot wet throat allowed Harry's manhood to slip deep inside her. The beauty contracted her throat around him.

A wave of pleasure cascaded over Harry's body. The busty blonde blew Harry. His balls slapped against the women's chin.

Karen sucked Harry a few more times. She retracted from Harry and pulled herself up to a standing position.

"Don't blink."

Karen turned her way away from her. The girl's back faced Harry. The vixen pulled the white tank top she wore over the top of her head.

Harry dodged the top Karen tossed in his general direction. Karen gripped the edge of her pants and shimmied them down.

"I'm going to take you," Harry said.

Harry grabbed Karen's breasts and pinched them. She responded to his actions with a lustful moan. Harry rolled his hands all over the body of his soon to be lover.


"Such a tight bitch," Harry said.

"Why don't you do something about it?" Karen asked.

Harry slammed his cock into Karen. Karen moaned the instant Harry's throbbing cock filled her body.

The primal young man held onto Harry's hips and pumped his throbbing rod into the pussy of the woman before him.

"Do it, make her finish!"

"Slow and steady," Karen said.

The five other sexually frustrated girls waited for their turn. Karen pressed her hands against the wall. The oldest of the Kryptonians smiled at her other sisters and licked her lips.

Harry slapped her on the ass.

"You're not too old to be spanked, like your other sisters."

"Oh, you get off with spanking one, don't you?" Karen asked.

Harry answered by cracking his hand against her ample ass repeatedly. Karen's moans escalated with each smack.

"Time for you to cum like a good little girl," Harry said.
"Yes, I'm a very little girl."

Harry sped up his thrusts. He felt the first orgasm built up within him and block for future use. The cum stored in his balls.

Karen's tight walls caressed Harry's rock hard cock. The woman clenched him.

"GOD, HARRY!"

Harry pulled out and slammed into her. His rapid fire hands brushed against Karen's swinging breasts and rubbed them in circles.

"Go ahead, cum for me," Harry said.

Karen's body betrayed her. She never wanted Harry's throbbing cock to leave her center. The buxom alien's walls clutched.

Harry pulled from Karen with some effort. Her pussy juices saturated his throbbing hard cock. He turned towards Divine.

Divine wrapped her hand around Harry's tool and rubbed him. His cock throbbed in response. Divine licked her lips.

"Look at the mess my slut of a sister left on you."

Divine cleaned Karen's juices off of Harry's cock. Her dark hair flipped over her face and the vixen bathed Harry's cock with her tongue.

"Time for you to get fucked," Harry said.

Divine agreed and her black pants came off. Her pussy dripped for Harry. The buxom one rubbed her dripping lips.

Harry's rod stood up at attention. Divine worked her hips around him and brought herself down.

"Damn, you're tight," Harry said.

Divine wiggled her hips up and down Harry's rod. She bounced a little bit and her breasts danced in Harry's face.

"Tighter than Karen?" Divine asked.

Harry squeezed Divine's breasts in response. The young man mauled Divine's breasts.

"Oh, touch my breasts, baby, take them! I belong to….."

Harry's thrust spiked into the depths of Divine's body. Her walls tightened around him.

"You can't be done already, can you?" Harry asked.

Divine held back her orgasm. The woman stopped short of impaling herself down on Harry's tool. His cock stretched her walls apart and lengthened to go inside her body.

"Barely any of me in you," Harry said. "Take it all, if you can."

Divine rested a hand on Harry's shoulder.
"Karen took it all, you know."

Divine growled. The desire to beat her counterpart at anything fueled Divine. Divine thrust herself down onto him.

Harry's entire cock split the busty beauty in half. Divine clenched onto Harry's neck. So much cocked filled her.

"I'm going to give you more cock than you can handle, you know."

"No," Divine said. "I can handle it."

"Prove it," Harry said.

Divine regained her composure. The clone tightened her legs around Harry's body and drove herself down onto him. The woman's breasts danced before Harry and his face smashed between them.

"GOOD!" Divine yelled.

Harry worshipped Divine's breasts. He licked, kissed, and prodded the nipples. The man's mouth latched onto her and pulled away from the woman.

Divine's orgasm crawled to the edge. The woman struggled to stop the ending. The climax dragged her over the line.

"You cum when I want you to cum, and your time is now. Cum."

Harry squeezed her breasts and did Divine no favors. Her pussy clenched his rod and she released the second release of cum onto him.

Seconds after Divine pulled off, Galatea flew at Harry.

"Mine!" Galatea yelled.

Galatea tried to slam herself down onto Harry's tool. He stopped her from doing so.

"Harry!" Galatea yelled.

"I think we better clear up a few misconceptions about who is control about this entire situation," Harry said. He nudged Galatea back into the wall. "I'm in control, and you're going to obey everything I'm all about. Do I make myself clear, Tea?"

Galatea nodded. Harry stripped off her clothes and revealed her mature body. Harry's hands traced patterns over her.

Harry's tool inched towards her opening.

"Harry, I need you," Galatea said.

"Tell me, how much you need me?"

Harry grinded against Galatea and forced his cock against her opening. The young man rubbed against her slit, but Harry stopped short of penetration.

"Please, sir, I need you to take your big cock, and fuck my brains out! I need you to drill me against the wall in the Fortress, like the no good filthy whore I am! Take your cock and break me, make me
your super-powered slut!"

Harry's cock scrapped Galatea's open and teased the first few inches.

"Are you sorry about overstepping your bounds?"

"Yes, sir I'm very sorry, very sorry, very sorry, sir, fuck me, please, sir!"

Harry entered Galatea's pussy and her heat sucked him in.

"Bit eager."

Galatea wrapped her legs around Harry. Gentle, not forceful, and Harry pistoned into her.

"Treat me well, Tea, and I'll treat you really well!"

The busty clone hung onto Harry. She moved her hips back. Her greedy cunt demanded more of the cock.

"Please, I need all of it. Give me all of your cock, sir."

Harry conceded to Galatea and shoved all of his cock into her depths. The woman's head threw back into the wall.

"Oh, thank you, thank you, fuck me, fuck me, fuck me. FUCK ME HARD!"

Harry grinned and plowed into Galatea's sopping wet pussy. Her hips pumped closer towards his incoming tool.

"Do you want all of me?" Harry asked.

"YES!" Galatea yelled.

"All of my cock?" Harry asked.

Galatea's words faded away to a loud scream. Her hard nipples stuck out and begged for Harry to suck them. Did Harry have any right to deny her? Harry doubted very much. His lips wrapped around Galatea's nipples and suckled on her mounds.

Kara waited for her return. The feedback loop from Galatea stretched out the way. Kara's hands maneuvered to between her legs. The woman inched closer to the area between her thighs.

An invisible barrier blocked Kara and stopped her from playing with herself. Kara pouted. Her darker counterpart patted her on the head.

Galatea's back arched back. Her pussy accepted the cock of the dream lover above him. The orgasm slowly prickled in.

"Already?" Galatea asked.

"Already," Harry said.

Galatea succumbed to her fate. The climax struck her with the force of a train. Galatea's hips jerked up and down. The ritual prevented Harry from being milked. The buildup grew up until the moment of climax.
The clone fell to the ground, cross-eyed.

Harry turned around and Kara beckoned to him. The empowered girl tied her hair back in a ponytail and wore glasses. The top few buttons on her blouse allowed Harry a view of her cleavage and her skirt rode up. Kara's naughty secretary look hardened Harry's cock.

"I'd take care of this for you, sir?"

Harry agreed with Kara. Kara wrapped her hand against Harry's throbbing rod and rubbed him.

Kara's firm grip wrapped around the throbbing cock, and she wanted to experiment with him, given the time.

Her skirt lifted up. Harry grinned. Kara's dripping wet pussy flashed in front of him.

"Oh, I want you to fuck me," Kara said. "Take my pussy, big boy, you deserve it, hero!"

Harry slid his way into Kara's hot pussy. The blonde's pussy ensnared Harry. He entered her insides.

His eager hands ripped off her blouse. Kara's perky breasts bounced out and Harry squeezed them. Smaller than Divine, Galatea, and Karen, but Kara's breasts still proved to be a decent handful.

"Oh, yes, take my breasts!"

Harry followed Kara's advice. He lavished her sweaty chest. The beauty brought her pussy against him.

Harry's rod entered her tight center. Now, Kara's feedback loop ensnared Galatea, and also her two other sisters.

"Finish her, and get to me," Dark Supergirl said.

"Wait your turn." Kara said.

She punctuated this word with a thrust her hips. Harry's hard cock pushed into Kara's hot pussy. Kara tightened her grip around him.

"I bet you waited for this," Harry said. "Everything I did to Galatea, you felt all of what I did."

"Yes, I wanted your big cock inside my tight little pussy," Kara said. "Make me cum, make me cum on your twelve inch cock!"

Harry slammed himself into Kara.

"In due time."

Kara's legs gripped around Harry. He held the alien heroine's hands behind the back of her head. Kara lifted her hips up.

"Fuck me into the ground," Kara said.

Harry kissed her. Kara returned the kiss and shoved her tongue down Harry's throat. Harry won the battle and tongue fucked Kara's throat into submission.

Kara gasped and tried to fight Harry off. His tongue buried into her throat and his cock slammed into her dripping hot slit. Her pussy oozed juices out of her.
Harry pulled away from Kara and rocked himself back. Kara returned fire with strokes of her own.
"You're going to cum, and you can't stop it!"

"No, oh, Rao, yes!"

Kara's pussy betrayed her. A stream of juices squirted out and saturated Harry's cock. Harry plunged deep into Kara's depths with a few more hard thrusts.

"No matter what, you can't hold back, it's useless to try."

"Yes," Kara said.

Kara collapsed. Dark Supergirl stepped in.

"Age before beauty," Light Supergirl said.

Dark Supergirl ignored her sister's words. She bent over and showed Harry her tight pussy and ass.

"We never finished our fun earlier," Dark Supergirl said. "I think you know where your cock goes right now."

Harry grabbed two hands full of Dark Supergirl's hair and turned her around.

"Anywhere I want to put it," Harry said.

"Damn, straight," Dark Supergirl said.

Harry wanted to shove his cock inside her ass, but the ritual needed vaginal penetration to work. Her pussy beckoned Harry's hard tool.

"Put it anywhere!" Dark Supergirl yelled.

Harry tightened his grip around her hips. He moved up and slid his hands underneath his shirt.

"These belong to me as well."

Dark Supergirl gasped. Harry's hands squeezed her breasts, and fluids leaked from the dark vixen's pussy. Harry drilled her tight cunt.

"Yes, yours….all yours, I'm all yours!"

Harry caught the eye of Light Supergirl. The supposed innocent girl watched Harry with widened eyes.

"Fuck her hard."

Light Supergirl placed her hand over her mouth in a gasp to avoid those words from coming out. She saw her four wrecked sisters on the ground, and knew her date with Harry's cock approached.

Harry slapped Dark Supergirl on the ass.

"You like?"

"I love."

"Good, a bitch like you is built to fuck."
"A bitch like me is born to fuck, so drill me!"

Harry agreed to Dark Supergirl's terms. He struck her G-Spot with the full force of a plane. The girl's hips snapped and tightened around Harry's cock.

Dark Supergirl's walls relaxed and Harry forced his intruder into her body even deeper.

"Yes, you are, and you're also born to do one other thing."

Dark Supergirl's pussy burned with the desire. Her hips ached with need.

"Cum, for me, Kara, cum over my throbbing hard cock."

Harry released the reigns to her pleasure. The woman's hips crashed around him. Her tight vice walls milked his tool.

Dark Supergirl collapsed onto the ground.

Light Supergirl removed her hands from underneath her skirt. She looked like a cornered rabbit. Harry approached her with a grin on her face.

"Last, but not least."

The innocent girl spread her legs.

"Please, sir, be gentle."

"Since you've been a good girl."

Harry crashed his lips against hers. The lighter personification of Kara accepted his tongue into her mouth.

The girl's moans increased. Harry's hands massaged her body. Tingles appeared in her spine and her skirt rolled down.

"No, panties," Harry said.

"Don't like them," Light Supergirl said.

"Perhaps, you're a naughty girl after all," Harry said.

He tweaked Light Supergirl's clit. The heroine's chest rose and lowered.

"Please, I need you in me, I felt those three, now it's my turn."

"Is it your turn?"

"YES!"

Harry grabbed her hips and shoved his cock into the pure girl making her his woman. Light Supergirl rolled her head back and panted.

"Feels so….could you….more please?" Light Supergirl asked.

"Thought you wanted gentle," Harry said.

Light Supergirl lifted her hips.
"Mmm, hmm….hard….please!"

Harry plowed inside her. The girl squeaked in response. Her wet pussy gushed around him and Harry planted into her.

"Tighter than all of the rest."

"Well, I'm a good girl," Light Supergirl said.

"Are you going to show me how good of a girl you are?" Harry asked.

Light Supergirl's snug twat stretched underneath Harry's girth. She closed her eyes and moaned. The bright-eyed beauty rolled her hips up.

"YES!"

Harry stuck his cock into her depths. Being balls deep in such an innocent, only not really, girl, hardened Harry's cock even more.

Almost to painful levels based off of the amount of cum Harry stored due to the ritual. He drilled her over and over again.

Light Supergirl showed what a girl good she acted like. The pussy of the good girl milked Harry him harder.

The orgasm struck her in a wave. Light Supergirl fell numb from the power flowing through her body.

Harry removed his tool from her pussy. He surveyed the carnage.

Phase two of the orgy kicked up next. Harry's hand manifested with an orb of energy and he struck Light Supergirl with the orb.

Light Supergirl's eyes flashed open. Her libido kicked up to an insane level.

"Technically shouldn't be needed," Karen said.

"Unless magic drained us," Dark Supergirl said.

"The bonding process of the ritual is very draining to the female participants," Harry said.

"Need your cum!" Light Supergirl yelled.

She worked her pussy open. Her finger proved to be insufficient.

Harry kissed Light Supergirl and shoved his throbbing hard cock inside her tight pussy. She gasped and his tool buried into her depths.

"Yes, give me your cock!" Light Supergirl yelled.

The next step of the bonding recharged the girls after draining them. The threads intermingled with each other.

Light Supergirl clenched the back of Harry's neck. Her lover gave her all of the cock Kara ever dreamed about.
Dark Supergirl observed her younger self being drilled by Harry's monster of a cock.

"Come on, cum, come on cum, COME ON CUM!"

"No, don't, want to….want my dose!" Light Supergirl said.

Light Supergirl's pussy squeezed Harry. Her twat massaged Harry's hard rod.

Harry groaned. Her pussy's tightness enveloped him. The wet heat pumped around him. She crushed his cock with a super powered force.

"Yes!"

Harry spurted into Light Supergirl. The first load of stored cum released from his balls. Harry unleashed a flood of seed into Light Supergirl's body.

Light Supergirl's body thrashed. His cum entered her body and completed the journey to her fertile womb.

Harry pulled out, and turned to the next girl to complete the bonding process.

Dark Supergirl situated herself on her hands and knees, and waved her ass in Harry's face.

"Come and fuck the bitch!"

Harry swooped in and slid into Dark Supergirl. The woman clenched her nails into the Fortress floor. Harry's cock continued its journey into her womb.

Several days later, the ritual drew to a close. Harry rested in the middle of the Fortress, surrounded by his girls. The beauties rested all around him and rested him all in the center.

"You're….stable," Alura said.

"Excellent," Dark Supergirl said. Her fingers traced patterns around Harry's stomach.

"So, the bonding ritual also had a fertility component to it, right?" Karen asked.

"Yes," Kara said. "It was the only way to remain stable. You're not mad about it, are you?"

All of them shook their heads.

"No, we had a good idea with the amount of cum Harry stored….." Karen said. She stopped and gave a casual squeeze of his balls. "In him, we were only going to end this ritual one way."

"So, we're all bound together," Galatea concluded. "I hope it's a girl…..would be interesting and her father can give her some hands on instruction when she's old enough."

Harry corked his eyebrow.

"Don't act so surprised. As a more progressive and advanced beings, we're not shackled by the same genetic flaws as humans are."

"Well, interesting," Harry said.

"So, what do we do next?" Kara asked.

Galatea's gaze turned to the shrunken bottled city of Kandor. Many females lingered inside the bottle,
waiting to be rescued.

"You know, if someone rescued the female Kandorians, they would be grateful."

Galatea winked at Harry.

"Well, if we wanted to rebuild the Kryptonian race," Kara said.

"One step at a time," Harry said.

Galatea smiled and leaned to Harry.

"Also, there's an island full of warrior women who you might want to take a closer look at," Galatea said. "Who are begging to experience the pleasures of an Alpha for the first time."

"Are you trying to get every woman in our collective?" Divine asked.

"Maybe?" Galatea asked.

She pressed her hands together and widened her eyes.

"Got to think about the future," Harry said.

Galatea smiled. The group recovered from their bonding process.

"Hello, this is Harry Potter. I'd like to give everyone who listens to this message a heads up. For the past two years, I've experienced the wonders of the magical world. It's for some people, but it's not really for me. Where I came from, I thought it was. Where I'm going, a community rooted in a long ago time is not for me."

Many listened to Harry Potter's last message. The Prophet transcribed the last message of the Chosen One.

"Lord Voldemort's final defeat occurred. Don't worry, you missed nothing exciting. Once I removed his anchors, he ceased to be. My sole obligation is gone. I'm sure you want to keep me around to help save your dying world, perhaps in the name of restoring the Potter dynasty. I've taken steps to restore my dynasty."

The final words proved to be most chilling of all.

"If I ever step back into your world, know your end is near. Know, I only return because the problems of your world compromise my own. And know, if I have any further dealings with the magical community of Europe, it will be for earth shattering reasons. If you see Harry Potter ever again, you should be afraid. There's a good reason for it. You've chosen your path, I've chosen mine. Good luck in all of your future endeavors. And sorry, Madam Bones, you will have you work cut out for you, but I know you're up for it."

The End.

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