Emerald Flight Book One: Union

by megamatt09

Summary

Chapter 1

Chapter One: Kara

Harry Potter vowed to never drink again.

That vow was the first thought that passed through his head when he struggled to wake up. His head felt as if centaurs had stampeded on it. He mused that he took a few years off of his liver for one night of fun.

He blamed Sirius. This night of debauchery that Harry could not even remember was his godfather's idea.

The previous year, Sirius had been killed in the Department of Mysteries. Harry witnessed it with his own eyes. Sirius died, no questions about it. Or so it seemed. Sirius pulled the most masterful prank of all time.

He faked his own death.

Harry, along with everyone else, had to believe it was real. So Sirius did not enlighten anyone on the fact he was alive until his death was confirmed by the Ministry. At this moment, only Harry, Remus, and Tonks knew of the rumors of Sirius Black's death being greatly exaggerated.

Sirius was hexed for his little scheme at first, but everyone was relieved that the rumors of his death were greatly exaggerated.

Harry on the other hand was liberated from the Dursleys to celebrate his sixteenth birthday in style, in sin city, Las Vegas, Nevada.

It took some creativity to maneuver this little vacation.

Magic was capable of many things, so getting fake identification was no problem. Getting the Dursleys to agree to sign the emancipation papers was also not a problem. Tonks could be very persuasive and scary. Even the Dursleys were not stupid enough to disagree.

Plus, when she told them she was going to be their best friend forever and come over every day for a visit, that was the icing on the cake. With pink hair and her style of dress, Aunt Petunia nearly tripped over her own feet to find a pen.

Dumbledore and the Order of the Phoenix was the bigger problem. Yet, they were currently on the hunt for Harry elsewhere.

Misdirection was a wonderful thing.

Drinking tended to open the mind to some new ways of living life, and a fresh new perspective.

These thoughts went through his head as his eyes slowly opened. The lights inflamed his eyes and his head pounded with a throbbing headache.

If he had not been a wizard, he would likely be dead.

Then again, he could say that about many other instances in his life.

Perhaps he overindulged just a tiny bit, but he felt he deserved some slack. The entire fate of the
world rested on his shoulders after all.

Harry willed himself to look around the room. The walls were colored in red and gold, The carpet had been turned into a Technicolor mess, the windows broken, and there appeared to be a sizeable chunk of the ceiling was missing. Scorch marks by the look of things with the slight smell of burning.

What the hell happened last night?

For some reason, Elvis came to mind. That was all, and it did hurt to think in his present condition.

As some more of Harry's brain cells resurrected themselves from alcohol induced death, it began to register that there was someone else sharing his bed.

Harry happily verified that it was a girl next to him and a rather attractive one at that. She currently was asleep, snuggled against him. As far as Harry could see, she was naked.

This fact was something Harry approved of. His hormones still worked rather well, even if his brain was slow to react.

Still he was in a bed, with a girl, in a room that was not his. Not to mention the room appeared to be redecorated in the most insane and scatterbrained way possible.

Harry decided that it would be best to get some answers straight away, because nothing made sense.

"Hi," whispered Harry in the girl's ear as she stirred slightly. He was at a loss to what to say next. So he opted for the first thought that came to mind

"Um, listen, it might be a good idea for us to get up, because…well…"

"Comfortable," murmured the girl in her sleep induced state. "Don't wanna."

Her attitude indicated that she was around his age or just slightly older. At least that's what Harry guessed.

Harry remained silent as he pondered his predicament. "I need your help, I can't quite figure out what happened last night, and…I think you might know."

The girl yawned as she opened her eyes. Long blond hair flipped out of her face. She considered Harry, as she looked at him with blue eyes, and studied him intently. "I figured as much. I'm not much of a morning person, so give me a sec…"

Harry checked a clock off to the side of the bed. "It's afternoon."

"Well, not much of an afternoon person either, I guess" said the girl with a grin, as she looked at Harry and a mischievous grin appeared on her face. "Although, you could cut me some slack. You did put me through the paces last night."

The girl sighed, a smile on her face.

"They always said your first time would be magical, but, I never imagined. And the second time and the third time and the fourth and the fifth…and well so on."

Harry's eyes widened. "Did we…"
In spite herself, the girl giggled. She shifted slightly, so she could kiss him.

"Poor you, you don't remember it do you? That's okay, babe, we're going just going to have to do it again when you're of sound mind. Cool trick with the walls, by the way."

There was a moment of silence.

"So the walls, the windows, the floor, the ceiling; that was me when we were…"

The girl just eyed the ceiling, torn between amusement and embarrassment. She took a deep breath and spoke. "Um, yeah, that was me actually with the ceiling. You see, I normally have better control, but…well all that matters is it was the ceiling and not you, Harry."

She managed to shake the cobwebs from her head.

"I'll explain everything, I swear. I know about your powers Harry. You told me a lot. More than you meant to, I think."

She knew his name, and Harry was having trouble with his memory still. Sirius had warned him that girls seldom took kindly to calling them the wrong name.

The old Marauder seemed to be speaking from past experience.

"Right," managed Harry. "You're still going to have to help me, um Kara."

She smiled radiantly at Harry.

"If that was a guess, that was a pretty damn good one," said the girl, Kara, as she clutched Harry. Feeling her curvy body really was a feeling that Harry could get used to. "Yeah, my name's Kara, you remember a bit more than I thought you would, and I guess that's the most important thing."

She then appeared to weigh something in her mind and there was a small bit of worry that crossed on her cheerful and playful demeanor.

"Well one of the most important things anyway," said Kara, as she held out her hand and Harry spotted a curious addition on her finger.

"That's one of the Potter family rings," whispered Harry.

The Potter family rings were in his family as far back as anyone could remember. Sirius had found them and gave them to Harry. He had no idea what they did, if they did anything. All Sirius conveyed to him was that they were special and they were only to be used for that one special girl that he wanted to spend the rest of his life with.

His scatter brained recollection of Elvis made too much sense.

"Oh shit, we got married, didn't we?" asked Harry as he felt his headache return with full force. His stomach turned and he wondered how stupid could he be. Kara seemed like a nice girl, who did not deserve to be dragged in his utterly messed up and doomed life.

"We did," said Kara. "It does seem a bit random and sudden and…"

Kara suddenly trailed off.

"So, we're married," muttered Harry as he took a deep breath. "I need a minute, to deal with this."
Kara watched him leave. She spoke in a soft voice. "Take as long as you need.
"Where's my mirror…ah found it."

Harry turned and retreated straight into the bathroom.

Sirius rested on his bed, a bit disappointed. Remus and Harry had gone off to enjoy the bright and lively Las Vegas and had left him in the dreary rainy town of London. Remus said that Sirius could not come because he was technically dead.

Besides, it was punishment for his little near death faking stunt.

A voice jolted Sirius out of his hazy state "Padfoot, get your lazy arse out of bed immediately. I need to talk to you!"

Sirius perked up at his godson's voice and took the mirror off of the dresser.

"Hey, Harry, are you enjoying yourself for once or did Dumbledore and his bird watchers find you yet?"

"No, Vegas is great, but I ran into a little problem."

Sirius considered this statement. "Is this a little problem or a big little problem?"

"Sirius, last night, I had a few drinks, and I met this girl."

Sirius immediately gave his full attention to the situation. "Do tell, my young godson, do tell."

"Well I woke up in bed with this girl, the room looked like…well a mess, and we're married," said Harry without taking a breath.

"I knew Potters fell pretty hard, pretty fast, but that might be a new record," said Sirius as he gave his usual bark like laugh. "So is she hot?"

"Very but that's not the point, you flea bitten mongrel! This Vegas trip was your idea and now, I'm stuck with a lifelong commitment and with this entire Prophecy and Voldemort, and everything else, it's not time," said Harry as he began to think of the ramifications.

"Okay, Harry, deep breaths, breathe in and out," said Sirius. "And stop wallowing in your own angst for just one second and focus."

Harry frowned. "Focused, do you have an out?"

"I don't know; do you want one?" asked Sirius. "Putting the Voldemort factor aside, do you really want an out to this marriage? If you're married it could solve so many problems with the flock of blood thirsty witches that will be after your money when you become of age. And what is the new Mrs. Potter's name, by the way?"

"Her name's Kara, and well…I don't know, but I think so, but I can't be for sure," babbled Harry. "Damn it, I can't focus with this headache."

"Ah, how precious my godson has his first hangover."

"Will you be serious for just one minute?" asked Harry and Sirius opened his mouth. "Don't say it. "
Sirius put his hand on his chin, in thought. "An out, an out, well you see, that's a tricky one. You see magic tends to really make divorce a tricky proposition. Annulment is possible, I suppose, given that you weren't likely in sound mind given your hangover."

Harry felt a bit of relief. For a second he thought he had dragged another person into his life that did not deserve it.

Sirius continued. "Providing of course, you didn't use the Potter family rings."

Silence.

"You used the rings didn't you?"

Harry slowly nodded.

"Well, you're stuck now kid," said Sirius with a grin as he wiped away a tear. "They grow up so fast. Does the heart proud, really it does."

"You gave me those rings, it was almost like you knew something like this was going to happen," said Harry in an accusatory tone.

"I don't have the slightest clue what you're talking about," said Sirius as he looked rather innocent and nonchalant. "Plus, after last year, after your temper, after you spent most of the year in Capslock Rage mode…"

"Capslock Rage Mode?" asked Harry. He wondered who could have come up with such a stupid name.

"That's what Tonks called it," said Sirius with a shrug. "And hey, if you are married, that means you consummated the union later that night. So thank me later for getting you laid, which you desperately needed by the way."

Harry just remained silent, unable to form a response. At least a response he could make without using every one of the seven words.

Sirius grew suddenly serious.

"If your tongue was as loose as your mother's was when she was drunk, you likely spilled a lot of big things to Kara and she didn't run. That seems to me like there's some potential for something there. Marriage might be a bit much but…what's done is done."

Silence once again.

Sirius had something to add and looked somber. "And, Harry, as your godfather, I should tell you to focus on what you truly want and not what other people think you should do. This is your life after all."

"I'll give this a chance," said Harry, resigned. "Maybe we can make it work."

"That's the spirit," cheered Sirius. "I just wish I was there, but I'm sure Moony will be able to fill me in on the finer details later."

It struck Harry he had forgotten something. "Uh, Sirius, I don't know where Remus is. I lost track of him after last night."

"HOW COULD YOU LOSE MOONY?"
Harry winced. "Very easily but, we'll get this sorted out."

"Yes, let me know when you find him, please," said Sirius as he took a deep breath.

Kara admired the ring that Harry had given her when they were married. She did not know much about Earth jewelry, but it did look beautiful.

As she got dressed, the consequences of the previous night weighed on her. She was married, at the age of seventeen to Harry, who had just turned sixteen.

She would be in so much trouble once certain people found out.

Yet somehow, it was worth it.

Four months ago, something really bad happened. Her cousin, known to most as Superman, known to his friends and family as Clark Kent, born Kal-El, had been kidnapped on the orders of Darkseid, the feared ruler of the planet Apokolips, a slave like hell hole. Darkseid was worshipped as a god by his enslaved followers.

He was brainwashed by the minion of Darkseid, a demented, mannish, hag by the name of Granny Goodness. Darkseid used Clark as his pawn to destroy the Earth, so he could pick up the pieces and conquer it. While he was not in violation of the treaty between New Genesis and Apokolips, given that he would be acting in a matter of benevolence.

Under her moniker as Supergirl, Kara tried to stop him, but she was overwhelmed. Clark had many more years where he trained his powers under the yellow sun and thus was much stronger than she was.

Lois Lane showed up to snap Clark out of it. Seconds before the two super powered beings got zapped with a Kryptonite gun, fashioned by Lex Luthor and the fanatical alien hating General Hardcastle. They were kept under red sun radiation which zapped their powers.

Luthor planned to inject Kal-El with liquid Kryptonite to slowly kill him. Kara was strapped to a table and she awaited her fate.

She suffered a broken arm, along with other minor injuries. She had been an inch from death.

Lex Luthor ended up getting punched in the face by Superman before he could do the deed.

It was a shame his broken jaw healed.

Clark won the fight with Darkseid, but Darkseid had won much more. He still ruled his home planet Apokolips, worshipped as a god by the enslaved and impoverished masses.

The general population mistrusted Superman, despite the fact he was brain washed by Darkseid and Granny Goodness. While there were some minor signs of thawing, it would be a long time before everyone forgave and forgot.

Clark on the other hand, had strongly suggested that she stay out of trouble and at the farmhouse in Smallville with the Kents for her own safety. Kara fiercely protested, but Clark had been firm and would not wane. The Kents backed him up.

Supergirl was grounded for the infinite future, with no tights and no flights.

In a way, she kind of understood it was to keep her safe from people who would want to do her
harm after the brainwashing fiasco, but at the same time, she was a teenager. Understanding went so far.

She needed freedom and not to be able to be cooped up in a farm house in the middle of Kansas.

Kara loved the Kents, but it could get boring after a while being indoors. She needed to get out of there and do something daring.

Vegas appealed to her sense of teenage rebelliousness. Granted, there was a bit of problem getting through the doors due to her not being of the legal age to enter most of the establishments.

Of course, she had a guardian angel on her side, with emerald green eyes and messy black hair. He allowed her to circumvent that little flaw.

She had a few drinks, she was stressed from over boredom. She would not recommend it to anyone especially without her powers but still she got to know this guy and really became fascinated.

He told her some things about himself and what he had been forced to do. At first, she thought that he was telling some BS story, but over the night Harry convinced her of his sincerity. They had some fun, and got to be teenagers.

One thing led to another and eventually they were married. She was more sober than he was but they went through with it. She was Kara Potter.

Kara Potter, she liked it. It fit.

Her husband had been in the bathroom for ten minutes. She resisted the urge to use her super hearing to check up on him.

"Better go see what's taking him so long," she muttered but the door opened and Harry just walked out. He was already dressed. Kara surveyed him, a bit more nervous than she would normally show. "Yeah, I know, you must hate me."

"Kara, I don't hate you, trust me," said Harry as he grabbed his wife's hand and she hugged him. She took care not to exert too much strength, as not to break his ribs.

"But you might hate me, when I tell you this."

Kara led Harry over to the bed and they sat down.

"The marriage is pretty binding, as in unbreakable, as in there is no chance for divorce, annulment, or anything," explained Harry and she indicated that she understood. "I trapped you in something that there's no escape. Till death do us part is taken very literally in my world. You know about my world? You did say I told you something."

"Bits and pieces, some big ones," said Kara, as she nodded in confirmation. "Backwards as it is, to get married and then get to know more about each other, we should really share everything. I have my secrets, and...well there are some doozies, I'll tell you that. Over dinner later, maybe?"

She laughed as she looked over some items on the floor.

"Marriage certificate is over there, and the money you won last night, you were on a roll," said Kara, as she went through the bags on the floor and she closed her eyes, hazed recollection. "Even more impressive when you were winning on machines that were very rigged. You got the room comped because they didn't want you to bankrupt them."
"Nice," said Harry as he looked at the winnings. He was rather well off, not the richest wizard in the world by any means but he could live a comfortable lifestyle for decades off of his vault if he didn't make stupid purchases. "There's something you need to help me with."

"What?" asked Kara.

"Last night, I was out with, a friend of mine, named Remus. Middle aged fellow, grey hair, the only person who looks more angsty than I do," explained Harry.

"Oh, I remember him...well I don't know where he went, but he was at the wedding," muttered the girl as she was deep in thought. "He was there when we got to the chapel, but then...everything is a blur."

"Great, just wonderful," said Harry, but Kara gripped his hand tighter and kissed him in reassurance.

"Don't worry, we'll find him," said Kara with a warm smile. "Um, we might be able to find him quicker if we weren't on foot."

"What are you saying?" asked Harry and Kara approached the window, before she stepped onto the window sill and stepped off.

Harry's eyes widened and his heart went a mile a minute.

"KARA!"

"Is she mental?"

"What?" asked Kara as she peaked around the side of the window. A mischievous grin was once again was plastered onto her face.

The girl floated in mid-air.

"She can fly?"

Harry stood there, dumb struck.

"C'mon, Harry, take my hand," said Kara, as she reached out and Harry considered this. "Don't worry. I won't drop you."

"Are you sure?" asked Harry as he took a step forward.

"Trust me," said Kara as Harry grabbed her hand. "Hold on tight."

The two teenagers floated through the air. Kara kept Harry suspended in the air by her hand.

It was wonderful.

Harry was so overjoyed. In his enjoyment and glee, only one coherent thought was in his head.

"My wife is awesome."

X-X

A white skinned woman with blue hair dressed in black appeared directly outside of the city. Sparks shot through her finger.
"So this is this is sin city," muttered the woman as she looked up, with sparks flying from her hand. "The place that is perfect. Las Vegas will never forget tonight."

The woman, known as Livewire, stood and was ready to rock this town. No tight wearing boy scouts to wreck her fun tonight.
Chapter 02: Livewire

Chapter Two: Sparks

Harry felt a feeling of bliss, contentment and utter joy above the skies of Las Vegas beside his new wife. The couple soared through the air in the Vegas Skyline. There was no better feeling than flying without a broom.

Harry cherished this experience. He had new Patronus fuel.

Kara inclined her head towards her husband. "Enjoying yourself?"

"This is the best!"

Kara giggled. Harry said he had a love of flying and she figured he would enjoy this.

"Right, as fun as this is, we do have to focus," said Harry. "Remus, he has to be around here somewhere."

"Take the streets; I'll look in the buildings."

"Wait, you can look through walls?"

"X-Ray vision, it can be useful. But abused so easily, I'll tell you more later," replied Kara as she scanned. "Let's see, not in there, no he's not there, not that, wow, didn't know that position, we need to try that later Harry, not in there, not in there."

Harry looked but he saw Remus or no reasonable resemblance. Moony was all alone in the big city and who knew what trouble he could have gotten himself into between last night and this afternoon.

Up in the sky above Smallville in Kansas as morning became afternoon, a sonic boom echoed as a figure flew over the fields. A cape fluttered in the breeze as the blurred figure had taken in the smells of the fresh and untainted country air.

It was not a bird.

It was not a plane.

It was Superman.

The last few months had been taken one day at a time, one step at a time, in an attempt to rehabilitate the trust that Darkseid had destroyed. He scowled at the thought of that evil individual. If Kara had not stepped in; he would have likely did something that he regretted to Darkseid.

Superman dropped down to the air and in a blur, he changed into the guise of Clark Kent, Mild Mannered Reporter, Kansas Farmboy.

He walked on the ground towards the Kent Farmhouse.

There was no place like home.

With a small smile, Clark knocked on the door.
"Ma, I'm home," said Clark and Martha Kent opened the door.

"Clark, what a pleasant surprise!" exclaimed Martha as she invited her son in. "Come in and sit down, dear, I was just baking a pie."

Clark smiled. His mother always seemed to be baking a pie. It was not seem like home otherwise.

"Perry owed me some vacation time, I figured it be a good time to take some time off," said Clark. "Plus Lois can cover anything. I just hope she doesn't get herself into too much trouble."

'Yeah, that'd be the day.'

"How are you and Lois?" asked Martha. "You two getting along?"

Clark frowned "What are you trying to imply?"

"She did kiss you after that entire mess with Darkseid, and I thought…"

"It's complicated," said Clark, as he closed his eyes.

Martha did not pursue the topic any further. She did hope her son would come to his senses, but he had been rather stubborn at times.

Yet, she held out hope.

"Your father's out working and Kara's…she said she's not feeling well," said Martha. "The poor dear, she must have caught a bug. She's been in bed all day."

Clark frowned. Any human illness should have not really been that much of a problem with her.

"I'll go check on her, I'm surprised she's not going stir crazy," said Clark.

Perhaps he had become paranoid.

Okay, he was nearly not as bad as Bruce, who tagged all of his protégés with a tracking device.

A free spirited teenage girl like Kara would be bound to go nuts stuck inside during the summer. He still had to keep her here. If someone like Luthor or Darkseid or even Metallo or Parasite got ahold of her, he would never forgive herself.

Clark knocked on her bedroom door. "Kara? Ma, says you're sick. Is everything alright?"

No response. Clark scanned the inside of the room with his X-Ray vision. Something did rest underneath the sheets.

And that something was pillows, with a recording device that simulated the sound of breathing.

Kara had run away.

It took a moment before he realized what had happened.

Immediately Clark blasted down the stairs towards the kitchen at a frantic speed, and saw that his father, Jonathan Kent, had joined them. "Clark, how's it going son, what seems to be…"

"Kara, she's gone," said Clark, his breath heavy, as he looked around. Maybe she did not go far.

The Kents paled.
"Oh my God," managed Martha. "I thought she was just…she said…"

Jonathan took a deep breath. He was worried too but working themselves into a tizzy would do no one any good "Martha, calm down, she couldn't have gone far"

Clark closed his eyes and grabbed a stress ball that he had custom made. It resembled the face of the bothersome fifth dimensional imp known as Mister Mxyzptlk that had bedeviled him a time or two. He squeezed it to calm his nerves.

He then looked around on the clutter on the table.

Kara had gone off somewhere in a fit of rebellion. She had no regard of how her actions would affect those who loved her.

In other words, she acted like a teenager.

"Vegas," said Clark as he looked at the brochure that had been buried in the clutter in the table. "That's where she went."

"Clark, don't do something…just don't do something reckless," pleaded Martha.

Clark crumpled the brochure in his hand. "I'm going to go get my cousin and we're going to have a nice talk about what she did."

Clark moved toward the door.

"We should be back by dinner."

Clark opened the screen door and walked outside.

"Jonathan, do you think Kara's okay?" asked Martha as she saw Superman in the skies once again.

"Martha, don't worry, what's the worst that can happen?" asked Jonathan with a slight dry chuckle.

"I hate that question," muttered Martha Kent. "Nothing good comes out of it."

An imposing castle in Scotland had powerful magical energies swirl through the air. A dark figure walked forward, greasy black hair, black robes billowed, a perpetual scowl on his face, with a hooked nose. A mental cursing of the last name "Potter" filled his thoughts.

Severus Snape, Potions Master, Death Eater Spy, and feared Head of the Slytherin House of Hogwarts School of Witchcraft and Wizardry, hastened his movements through the hallowed halls of Hogwarts. He ascended the staircase and turned towards the Griffin that guarded Dumbledore's office.

"Licorice Wand," muttered Snape with disdain as the Griffin split open to reveal the entrance to the quarters.

Portraits of respected and wise witches or wizards covered an entire office wall. The office contained shelves of books, a large cabinet off to the side, and a perch, where a magnificent bird known as Fawkes, a phoenix, rested.

Yet, Snape turned towards the desk, cluttered but yet organized. He faced the wizened wizard before him. Long white hair, a beard, brightly colored robes, and blue eyes, behind glasses, the wizard had looked slowly up from an instrument on his desk.
There were many instruments and only the old wizard knew what their purpose was.

Albus Dumbledore was considered one of the most respected wizards of his age or any other. Yet, many felt his grip was slipping as old age had made a fool of him. The aged wizard had power still and at this moment, a very important piece to the game had gone missing. He had broken the silence. "Severus, what do you have to share with me?"

"Every lead, nothing, not even a hint," reported Snape. "That brat seems to have slipped right under our protections."

"Most curious," muttered Dumbledore as he studied the measuring instruments.

Snape felt the mental urge to slap the edge of his palm right into his own face. The old man and his inability to properly explain himself, it would be the death of him. "What, may I ask is curious?"

"The protections, that keep young Harry safe, are gone, without a trace," said Dumbledore. "It means one of four things."

"Which are?" prompted Snape.

"He's of age, married, dead, or I need to buy a new monitoring instrument," said Dumbledore, as he looked over it. "The Dursleys are being moved right now to a different location. I authorized Alastor to convince them in any way he saw fit."

The Potions Master sneered and then responded. "Potter's not dead. The Dark Lord would trumpet that fact through Diagon Alley."

'O of course, the Dark Lord would likely know where Potter is. That fool Fudge did babble his home address right to the Wizengamot at a very public trial.'

Dumbledore's eyes just twinkled. "Yes, rather. Considering my arithmetic has yet to fail me, Harry does have one year before he becomes of age. Marriage, I'd assume that would not have occurred. Harry seems to have little luck on the relationship front. So broken, but just to err on the side of caution, Petunia, Vernon, and young Dudley will have to be moved. Alastor will report to me when he is successful."

'And likely any causalities,' thought Snape.

"Potter's not there, but he has to be somewhere," said Snape.

Dumbledore just smiled. "Basic logic indicates yes. We're having search teams all over the United Kingdom. Nymphadora Tonks has graciously offered to assist with the effort. She was rather broken up that Harry has gone missing."

"Do you trust Nymphadora with such a responsibility without her tripping over her own shoe laces?" asked Snape.

Dumbledore did not respond. He was used to his colleague's rather pointed and acidic remarks directed towards anyone who had a pulse.

"Do keep an ear out, in case we're wrong and Lord Voldemort has managed to capture young Harry."

Snape looked like he swallowed something rancid. The summer was supposed to be his vacation from Potter. Now he spent every moment of his time in his search for Potter.
When Potter got back, he would be spending every weekend of the rest of his time at Hogwarts, in Detention, for he wasted Snape's valuable time.

"Harry, I've found him...this might be a tiny problem," said Kara. "You see, he's right over there."

Harry followed his wife's finger and saw that she had pointed right to the lock up. Whatever Moony had done, he landed him in jail. "Damn you Remus, you're supposed to be the level headed one! What did you do?"

"Let's go ask him," said Kara, as she dropped down and lead gracefully led Harry down to the ground. She did not let up. "Do you think we'll need bail? How much?"

"I'll get him out, the same way I apparently got you into the casino," said Harry. "If I can remember what charm I used. I hope I didn't use an Unforgiveable Curse when under the influence."

"No, you told me, a Confundus Charm, that's not one of these Unforgiveables is it?" asked Kara and Harry shook his head.

'Good, nothing that can get me landed into Azkaban. An Imperius Curse performed while under the influence could fry someone's brain cells permanently. At least that's what Moody, well fake Moody, said.'

A loud scream brought Harry right out of his thoughts. He saw sparks flying each and every way in the air.

'Yeah, I knew I couldn't take one vacation without someone causing some problem.'

Kara turned around to see the sense of the disturbance and she recognized the loud and obnoxious voice.

"Come on boys, the party's just getting started. We're just turning up the juice."

"Livewire," said Kara with disdain. She took a deep breath.

"You know this nutter?" asked Harry as he watched the crazed blue hair woman send people screaming. The woman blew up electrified signs, and caused general mayhem.

Kara floated up to get a better look. "Unfortunately."

Leslie Willis had been the top shock jock in Metropolis and had thrived on controversy. Her main target for some time was Superman. She was loud and obnoxious, but none too bright. She had the bright idea of holding a concert out in a thunderstorm.

Despite Superman's best efforts to stop her, she refused to listen. They were both struck by lightning. The combination of Superman's powers and the electricity had mutated Willis into the crazed villain known as Livewire.

Kara had the misfortune of dealing with her. Livewire was a bad enough headache, but when she teamed up with the Gotham City villainesses known as Harley Quinn and Poison Ivy, the trouble tripled. Thankfully, she had a friend, named Barbara Gordon, otherwise known as Batgirl, who helped her stop these three violent vixens.

Before she could take any action, Livewire turned around and spotted Harry and Kara. Her eyes fell on the girl. Even though Kara was not currently in uniform, Livewire recognized her with sadistic amusement. "Well if it isn't the boy scout's blond errand girl. What's the matter, is Big Blue too
busy trying to untie a knot to come out and play?"

"I didn't think they'd let you out for good behavior early, Livewire," said Kara.

"Nah, broke out, bored, figured I see the bright lights in Las Vegas," said Livewire as she turned to give Harry a good look over. "Who's your friend? He's kind of cute, but let's see how good he looks with a ten thousand volt charge."

Reflexes ingrained in him through years of Quidditch had given him a pretty good sense of when to duck.

Lightning was one of those times where it was a good idea to duck.

The lightning sizzled the ground. Harry glanced out of the corner of his eye, as Kara had lifted off, arms extended and was ready to attack. She drove Livewire right into the nearest wall with all of the force she could muster.

Livewire began to charge and send Kara down right to the ground. Harry rushed over to her and helped her up.

Just in time for Kara to push them both into the ground, so the lightning could sail over both of their heads and strike a billboard with a picture of a bald headed man on it.

Harry reached right into his sleeve to pull out his wand.

"Man we've just met, and you're already sporting wood," said Livewire as her high pitched voice got higher. "Here, sweetie, let me blow you a kiss."

Livewire blew several extremely powerful sparks right off her hand. The couple scattered.

Along with Harry's wand as it flew right out of his grasp.

"You really shouldn't have done that, you know," said Harry but Livewire laughed.

"Man, you don't get it, kid, I'm a bit out of depth class, I can command power," taunted Livewire as she sent a bolt right towards Kara who had just left the ground.

Harry eyes narrowed at the attack on Kara. Livewire continued her attack. A bright glow appeared right around his hand.

Livewire's laughter stopped, as she felt a new source of power in the air. A source of power clashed with her own.

Suddenly sparks began to fly out of her body. Livewire resembled a kitchen appliance that just got short circuited. She dropped to her knees and then promptly collapsed.

Kara made her way over. Burn marks appeared on her shirt and jeans, but she was more durable than her clothes.

"She's still alive, isn't she?" asked Kara and Harry shrugged. She went over and checked. "Okay, breathing, for what it's worth."

Kara floated right into Harry's arms, where he grabbed her around the waist and they exchanged a brief kiss before they surveyed the damage. The crowd moved over and studied them. Harry looked up and noticed the news crews which had documented the battle.
"Our little scuffle made the news," said Kara, as she placed her arm around her husband's waist.

Harry looked crestfallen. "Well that's all I need right about now."

"I know you hate your fame, you told me that too," said Kara as she placed her arm over his shoulders. "But it's not that bad, a little act of heroism here and there, lives saved, everyone goes home to their families, all that good stuff."

"No, not that, it's just the Statute of Secrecy, we're kind of forbidden to use our powers in the presence of...non magical people," said Harry. "The Ministry frowns on it, even if the situation is unavoidable."

Harry retrieved his wand.

"I got hauled into the Ministry last year for a trial, because I had to save my cousin, Dudley, from two Dementors," explained Harry and Kara frowned, that seemed kind of harsh.

"I'm not sure, but there are people who use magic around here, in public eye, often enough and people don't really get too bothered, it's just another super power," said Kara as Livewire was secured. The look on her face indicated the lights were on but no one was home.

Then again, that might have been an improvement for Livewire.

Kara added after a few seconds of thought. "Are you sure that law counts here?"

Harry considered something. He knew little to nothing about the American counterpart to the Ministry of Magic. America while a super power in the Muggle World, seemed rather unimportant in the Wizarding World.

That might have been a reason why Sirius suggested his little trip to occur in the States.

"I'm sure I'll find out before too long," said Harry, who half expected Aurors, if they existed in this country, to come down on him about now.

His little magic tricks in the casino were one thing. Outside, with sober witnesses, and in front of television cameras, that could cause a bit of a problem if the wrong person put two and two together.

They walked out of the view, into an alleyway, and away from prying ears and eyes, as they made their way around to the police station.

Kara broke the silence. "Did you ever do anything like that with your powers before?"

"No, well once," said Harry as he recalled. "My cousin's computer, I was not in the best of state of mind and my guardians...we tend to be somewhat at odds given my powers."

Harry stopped and Kara's lips turned into a slight frown, her blue eyes met Harry's green eyes.

"They don't exactly like you, do they?" asked Kara. Harry, even at his drunkest, seemed to avoid talking about his relatives like the plague.

"Not in the slightest," said Harry and Kara gave her spouse a comforting hug, and Harry pressed on. "So my uncle was ranting about dealing with freaks and then he said the wrong thing about my parents. Next thing I knew, Dudley's computer went kaput. Completely fried."

They turned and walked up the side steps.
"Magic and electricity don't tend to mix, you see," explained Harry. "Most of the time at least. There are people who try to take apart machines and put them back together, using magic."

Harry remembered the horror stories that Mr. Weasley had shared with him in the past about toasters, waffle irons, and microwaves, among other things. "It doesn't end well. Ever."

Kara understood. There was a reason why the mystic arts were forbidden on other planets. The technology was too high end and too expensive, to risk the damage done by magic.

Any study was strictly forbidden on Krypton and its colonies, due to the very nature of magic which clashed with highly advanced scientific nature and philosophies. It was regarded a chaotic and unpredictable universal anomaly that defied conventional science and thus was forbidden by the Krypton Science Council.

She kind of broke that rule a few times and managed to pilfer a forbidden book or two. It seemed so cool and mysterious. She didn't quite have the nerve to try anything she read about. Study without application was overlooked. Actual application of said powers meant a lifetime sentence in the Phantom Zone.

Thoughts of the past reminded her that she had a lot to tell Harry later. That would be a fun conversation. But that could wait.

They needed to get Remus out of trouble first.

Metropolis was one of the most prominent cities in the United States of America and was a city built mostly on the vision of one man.

Inside a large black tower with the word "LexCorp" written on the side of it, down many levels, a bald businessman dressed in an expensive black suit was busy at work. In one cylinder, experimental Nano technology rested and the other cylinder contained a glowing green rock known as Kryptonite.

He carefully measured the variables of the experiment. Should this experiment be a success, it would spell the end of a very bothersome issue for him. The man in question was one of the richest men in the world, the world's foremost scientific genius, and a man who was the greatest enemy to the Man of Steel.

Lex Luthor waited, as he looked over notices that indicated that stock had changed hands with his company. Luthor regarded stockholders as nothing more than a necessity. As long as they got their handsome dividend, they remained silent about every single corporate decision. Transactions had occurred in Vegas, apparently, as they had bet shares.

The same name popped up. A man named Harrison Radcliffe. Whoever this mystery man was, he held a good chunk of Lexcorp stocks in his hand. This Radcliffe was an unknown, but given Luthor's resources, he would find out. He was Lex Luthor. He could find out these things.

His intercom buzzed to life.

"What is it Mercy, I'm in the middle of an experiment," said Luthor in a dismissive voice.

"Lex, you need to see this," said Mercy Graves over the intercom. "On the television, right now."

Luthor turned, curiosity getting the better of the bald billionaire. With an immediate press of the button, he activated the large screen television in his lab. It showed footage of a woman he knew.
He kept tabs on all of the people that Superman had dealt with, in case he needed use of them in the future. So the bald businessman knew this woman was Livewire.

He had recognized the blonde brat immediately as well. His eyes narrowed, as he watched Supergirl struggle against the villainess.

Then he saw that Supergirl was not alone in her battle.

This new player, a teenager by the looks of things, had shown up. Luthor found himself amused as the alien and her companion were knocked around by Livewire.

The bald billionaire allowed himself a brief chuckle.

His amusement faded when the mystery hero had stepped up his attacks, and there was a brief hint of some kind of glow. The camera went all fuzzy, with only brief images and the scream of Livewire, as the sound of something being short circuited could be heard.

Luthor watched the news broadcast draw to a close, raised eyebrow. "Interesting."

Another alien? A meta-human? Or something else entirely?

Luthor would need to find that piece of information too.

The hangover had nearly left Remus Lupin. He sat against the walls of the cell he was in and tried his best to recover. He learned so much on this trip.

A few drinks seldom meant a few drinks and tequila and werewolves did not mix. And never fall asleep in Vegas in the middle of the road if you don't want your eyebrows shaved off. Along with a blood alcohol content that can legally kill you because this means an immediate trip to jail.

And protests that you're a werewolf and can handle more than the average person did not prove a case against disorderly conduct.

Remus Lupin learned this valuable lesson among many other things.

A cop who looked more shady then many of the criminals in the joint walked up. "Lupin, you're free to go."

The door opened. Remus looked up to see Harry and a girl, he vaguely remembered him chatting with at the bar last night. They seemed to be hitting it off great from what little he could remember.

"Oh hello Harry," said Remus in a low voice. "And…"

The girl supplied hopefully. "Kara. You must have been drunker than Harry, Mr. Lupin."

"Remus please, Mr. Lupin makes me feel so old," said Remus, and Harry just shot him an amused expression.

"You are old, though," said Harry, and Remus gave him an exasperated look, before he took deep breath and spoke.

"Don't you start, Sirius is bad enough, we don't need another one of him," said Remus. "So you managed to post bail?"

Harry shifted at Remus's glance "Not exactly."
Remus looked at Harry with a frown.

Then again, Lily did something equally morally dubious when all four Marauders got locked up because of Sirius and his crazy "pose as Stubby Boardman and the Hobgoblins" scheme the summer after their seventh year at Hogwarts.

"As long as you didn't do anything too illegal," said Remus in a resigned voice. "So anyway, let's get out of here. You and your girlfriend better help me get out of here, where's my wand?"

"Here, along with your wallet," said Harry, handing Remus the two items in question. "And Kara's not exactly my girlfriend."

Remus looked apologetic but Kara held back laughter. "Oh, well you two seemed to be getting along so great, I guess really good friends then."

"No, wife," said Harry, as now both teens were struggling not to be amused at the situation, that appeared to not register with Remus.

"Oh well that explains…." started Remus but he paused as enough of his brain cells registered that remark. "Did you say wife?"

"I said wife."

"Of course, you said wife," said Remus in a resigned voice as Kara and Harry had finally both broke out into hysterical laughter.

He knew Vegas was a bad idea. He suggested Disney World, but Sirius had put his foot down on that one. Padfoot stated that Disney was the evil empire and Mickey Mouse was secretly conspiring to take over the world. He had read so in the Quibbler so it must have been true, or so Sirius said.

It was hard to really argue with someone like that.

"You didn't get married last night too, did you Moony?" asked Harry.

"That's about the only thing that didn't happen to me, I'll tell you that," said Remus with hazed fragments of the debauchery in his mind's eye. "Yes, I remember it well…I'm not sure how much legally this will hold up, anyway. Well unless you used the rings."

There was a pause. Remus looked at them. "You used the rings, didn't you?"

"Yep," said Harry and Kara in unison.

"They used the rings, Molly's going to pitch a fit she had her heart set on…well I guess they're going to have to suffer," said Remus. If he had remembered what James told him correctly, the ring wouldn't just work with any random girl. They needed certain qualities.

Circumstances mattered little whether it was a formal wedding or some spur of the moment decision in Vegas.

Remus took a moment to collect himself. "Well congratulations you two, but this is…well congratulations."

"Thanks," said Kara and Harry nodded in agreement. "We should go, get something to eat, and then…we still have to talk."
All three parties came to an agreement and moved off.

Through the sky, Superman reached the destination of Las Vegas, Nevada.

His super hearing picked up something interesting on a news broadcast.

"The mysterious super powered duo had defeated the powered Metropolis villainess known as Livewire just earlier today, saving many civilians from certain death and destruction."

Superman floated in for a better look. He had a suspicion.

He hated when his suspicions were right.

'Kara.'

The Man of Steel watched, as his cousin and another teenager battled Livewire. The teenager's powers seemed to be almost magical in nature. Something Superman had a bit of an unfortunate experience with a few times in the past.

Magic affected him just the same as any human. Bullets, knives, cannons, laser weapons, all were not a problem, but magic, was a sure vulnerability in addition to Kryptonite and red solar radiation.

The feed went fuzzy, which meant something had to disrupt the cameras and cause instability.

"Our heroes saved the day. Eyewitnesses say that they appear to be rather close. They shared a passionate kiss in the aftermath of the battle."

Eyes narrowed, scowl on face, arms folded, overprotected instincts engaged.

This looked like a job for Superman.

'Seems like Kara's not the only one I'll need to talk to.'

First he had to find them.
Chapter Three: Origins

A scared man was ushered down a large cavernous hallway. The hallway was illuminated by a dozen candles, a dark and sterile, cold and unemotional presence could be felt by all.

The man looked forward. A stairway led up to a figure in black robes. A hood obscured his pale face. Only red eyes and pale hands were visible. He sat perched and looked down upon all who came before him.

The most feared Dark Lord in all of magical history turned to acknowledge the man. Lord Voldemort considered him and sensed the thoughts in his head. The silence had been broken by one statement. "I understand you have information for me."

Voldemort spoke in a soft voice. All had to listen carefully to him and what he said.

No one was fool enough to dare tell him to speak up.

The young man gulped and trembled. His heart beat sped up. He knew exactly who he was brought before and why his life might be measured in mere moments.

"Information that I can either rip from your underused mind or you can willingly give," added Voldemort. He paused for a brief second, to allow the man to mull it over. "The choice is in your hands."

"Sir, please, please, please, I was keeping an eye on Potter for Mr. Malfoy like he intended, and I lost him," stuttered the young wizard.

"You let him slip through the cracks," remarked Voldemort as he peered down at this useless waste of oxygen. "You foolishly allowed yourself to drop your guard. I'm most displeased."

Voldemort shifted through the fool's memories. This individual had decided to attend some Muggle entertainment and left his duties for half of a day. More than enough time for Potter and any help he might have had to escape. Voldemort remained silent before he spoke.

"I see. You've failed. I'd wish you the best in your future endeavors, but I'm afraid there are none."

A green light left the wand and seconds later, the man went stiff. He dropped to the ground, dead.

Voldemort shifted, and pondered the situation. He had to learn more.

"Nagini, dinner."

The snake slithered around its prey and proceeded to feast on the unremarkable young wizard.

Kara and Harry sat in a small café, away from the hustle and bustle of the insanity of Las Vegas. Remus was in a corner booth, out of the light.

The two had their coffee and soup, as Harry looked around, and pulled his wand out. He performed the necessary charms, before he spoke to Kara. "There, no one should disturb us. You said you needed to tell me something big."
Kara took a deep breath. The moment of truth arrived. She decided to spit it out before she lost her nerve. "You see Harry...I'm not from around here."

Harry gazed at his new wife. He appreciated her beauty. He had never seen anyone more perfect.

"You're from Kansas, I know you told me, you're Kara Kent, well were until we married, you live in a place called Smallville," said Harry as he reached forward and held her hand. He offered her a reassuring smile, and a nod. "I do remember that."

Kara just smiled at her husband. Then she took a deep breath and spoke to him. "Yeah, about that, that's not exactly the truth. My name is Kara Kent, my adopted name here on Earth. When I said I'm not from around here, I'm not from this world."

Harry looked at her. That did explain a lot. She was an alien.

The Dursleys would never approve, and neither would The Ministry.

The thought made Harry smile.

Who cared what those idiots thought?

She was still beautiful, and wonderful no matter where she came from.

She seemed to be waiting in anticipation for a reaction.

He maintained the grip on his hand and squeezed it to encourage her. "Kara, please finish your story."

She took a deep breath and spilled.

"My birth name is Kara Zor-El. I was born on a planet called Krypton, but I spent most of my life on an outpost, a colony called Argo, with my mother and father. My father was the official representative to Argo, his name was Zor-El. My mother named Alura, she was a botanist. Father was the brother of Jor-El, one of the most foremost scientists in all galaxies. So he had a lot to live up to."

Kara paused, and drew breath, before she continued.

"Jor-El was married to Lara. Aunt Lara was the only person who could pull Uncle Jor away from his laboratory."

She chuckled at the memories, what few she had.

"They just had a baby, Kal-El. Before it happened."

Harry listened with great attention but had one thought.

'Krypton, Krypton, rings a bell, where have I heard of that name before?'

Yet, for the moment Harry had a mental block. He could not make a connection.

"Before what happened?" prompted Harry and Kara explained it, as she lived it, two years ago by her perspective, decades ago in real time.

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Years and years ago, the country side of Argo had been ravaged. Mass destruction was obvious,
and casualties mounted by the hundreds of thousands. A large portion of the planet had been totaled. The natural beauty of the world had been completely annihilated.

All of this was because of one sadistic madman who had gone mad with power.

A tired man with light blond hair, with the subtle signs of grey surveyed the damage that had occurred. The red sun rose over the country side. He held in his hand, a purple crystal. His eyes never left the crystal. He was careful not to drop it.

"It's done," said Zor-El as he sighed at the damage. "For what it's worth."

"How many?" asked his wife, Alura, a woman with blonde hair and blue eyes.

"Too many," whispered Zor-El grimly. The couple spotted their teenage daughter, who gazed into the sky, a far off look in her bright blue eyes. The girl dressed in white and blue robes, with her hair tied back, she reflected about what happened.

Fifteen year old Kara Zor-El turned around and saw the aftermath of the carnage. She had seen it happen before her eyes. From her bedroom window she helplessly watched as Zod launched the weapon.

The Nova Javelin obliterated pretty much everything within its blast zone. Her father's shields protected them, but the decay in the air twisted her stomach.

The aftermath of the massacre somehow had been worse than the actual events.

The Javelin had been the topping of the savage actions over the past number of years. Entire libraries were scorched to the ground to prevent anyone from finding something to use against him, orphanages were blown sky high, and despicable poisonous fumes had been launched into some of the most populated cities.

The terror known as General Zod would kill all of his men if it got him a personal victory, to bring people to their knees.

After some of things she saw in these past couple of years, she should be broken. But she knew in her heart that tomorrow would come. Somehow there would be a fresh start.

She had hope.

"Father, is he really gone?" asked Kara.

"Trapped in the Phantom Zone, in a solitary cell, to live with his crimes for eternity," said Zor-El, as he held the crystal. "The Krypton Science Council was slow to act as always. Thankfully Jor smuggled this past Zod's security in time."

Zor-El placed the crystal down on his lab table. He was not his brother, as he was constantly reminded of, but he had his own intelligence.

"I think we need a vacation, to get away from this," suggested Alura.

"I think we're going to Krypton, I'm sure Kara would want to meet her new cousin," said Zor-El.

"Oh, that'd be so cool!" shouted Kara who's eyes danced with glee and she jumped up and down.

Zor-El frowned at her. "Kara Zor-El, you're a noble daughter of the House of El, please conduct yourself with decorum."
Kara remained still at her father's warning but she turned her eyes to slightly roll them. Her mother caught the gesture and turned to reprimand Kara.

She had been saved from a lecture when Zor-El's equipment came to life and a communication had arrived.

"What is it?"

"It's Jor-El, Krypton is about to blow up, those idiots won't listen to him at all, and...no...."  

"What's wrong?" asked Kara as her curiosity had been grabbed.

"Kara, go to your room, your mother and I need to talk," said Zor-El and Kara stood, with a questioning look. Zor-El added in a stern tone. "Now."

Kara did as she was told, well mostly anyway.

"What is it?" asked Alura.

"If Krypton blows up, Argo is doomed. The planet won't be able to sustain another hit after Zod's Nova Javelin," said Zor-El darkly. "The feedback will kill the survivors."

Zor-El punched up the simulation on his computer.

"It's worse than I thought," whispered Zor-El, taking a deep breath.

"Is there anything that can be done?" asked Alura.

Zor-El turned around. The first indication would be to go off to Krypton, retrieve Jor-El, Lara, and the baby, and get as far away from the blast zone as possible.

The one problem is Zod destroyed all transport off of the planet, and it would take months to fix. 

Months they did not have.

He read the last little bit of the message. Brainiac had told the Council that there was no danger. They believed him over Jor-El.

Somehow, Zor-El knew that nothing good would come trusting the running of the world to an AI.

Alura nudged her husband. "Zor?"

"No."

"I have an idea."

Kara stood in the doorway of the laboratory. Alura had a frown on her face. "Kara Zor-El, I thought your father told you to go to your room! This doesn't concern you."

"Mother, this is the end of the world, I think this might concern me," said Kara fiercely, not backing down. Her arms were folded, and feet were planted firmly on the ground. She took a moment to compose herself. "What about the shields, divert them, limit their scope, to keep us safe…and send a signal to someone, to save us. Beam a message off of a distant star or something and hope it reaches someone in time."

"It may work yet," said Zor-El after a moment of thought. "It might take a few years..."
"What about Jor-El and his family?" asked Alura.

Kara snorted in a very un-lady like manner. "Please, knowing Uncle Jor, I'm sure he's figuring something out right now."

Zor-El had to agree with his daughter's assessment of the situation.

He had to get the necessary ready and soon.

"Kara, your idea might work," said Zor-El as he grabbed his daughter's hand. "I need you to be brave, alright? You could be the only one left."

"You'll save us all," argued Kara in a firm voice.

"I hope you're correct, my daughter," said Zor-El. "But you're our most important treasure, our best hope for the future of the House of El, even if it's on another world."

Kara had a look of embarrassment on her face.

"Great Rao, no pressure or anything," muttered Kara as she watched her father prepare everything.

Mother and daughter were alone.

"Mother," started Kara but Alura put up a hand to stall her.

"Kara Zor-El, it seems like only yesterday when I held you in my arms," said Alura as she reached out to stroke her daughter's cheek. "Yet, I see you get closer and closer into growing into a beautiful young woman. If something dire should happen to Jor-El and Zor-El, you're the next in line as the Head of the House of El."

Kara had no idea what to say for a moment. She responded with a tone of confidence and optimism. "Mother, we're getting out of this, you know that, all of us. Then we'll find them. The House of El won't ever die."

"I sure hope you're correct," said Alura with a sad smile.

"It's ready," said Zor-El. "Kara, you go in first, and then Alura, and then I'll send the message."

Kara rushed over and hugged both of her parents. She held back the tears. She had to remain strong, and brave, in spite all of that happened.

"It will be okay," said Kara as she stepped inside with a smile. "We'll be safe tomorrow. Then we'll find Uncle Jor, Aunt Lara, and Baby Kal."

The field placed her in stasis as she mouthed the words. "Everything will be okay."

-X-

Finding two teenagers in the insanity that was Las Vegas was harder than Superman imagined.

He remembered two years ago, when he had found Kara. A distress signal from many light years away reached him at the Fortress of Solitude

-X-

Two years ago, the ship traveled through space. Superman noticed that the distress signal had led
him past Krypton. He saw a few shattered pieces of his home planet. His ship's shields managed to protect him from the harmful radiation, as he landed on a world covered in ice.

He followed the distress signal to its origin. It came from a laboratory. Snow and ice covered what once appeared to be a country side.

He stepped out. The powers had received under the yellow sun diminished, but he had enough super strength left to force open the frozen doors. With another step he walked his way inside the lab.

He walked over and saw three pods. One contained a man who had long since perished, the glass cracked, frozen. The next pod had contained a woman, also deceased but not to the same state.

The third pod, contained a teenage girl, but he read the vitals. She was still alive, if she barely clung onto life. She had the signs of a malnourished person and lapsed into some kind of coma and if not given medical attention soon, she would die.

Superman hastened his efforts, and discovered there were no other survivors. He removed several bits of debris from the lab, to clear his path. He managed to take the pod, careful not to damage it, and moved back to his ship.

If he could get the girl to the fortress in time, he might have a chance.

The winds blew, as the ship lifted off, as Superman activated the warp drive.

As it departed, a purple energy crystal was picked up by the ship, pulled through the warp with it.

The ship had taken a hit, damaged slightly from the speedy travel. That could wait, Superman had more important matters.

The crystal landed in the frozen ice and snow, submerged and unnoticed by the Last Son of Krypton.

Superman travelled to a handsome structure, deep beneath the Arctic Ocean. It preserved with fascinating wild life from other lost worlds and had technology hundreds, if not thousands of years beyond what humanity was capable of. Superman managed to fly the life pod directly to the Fortress of Solitude.

"Identify," ordered Superman. "And scan."

"This pod contains Kara Zor-El, daughter of Alura and Zor-El, the brother of Jor-El."

Superman stopped in his tracks. This was the absolute last thing he ever expected. He had a lump in his throat that he swallowed.

"My cousin…I can't believe this."

Physically and emotionally she had not aged a second since she had gone into the pod. Even if many years had passed. She was fifteen years old.

"She will perish if her nervous system is not charged soon. The recommended course of action is to bombard her with yellow solar radiation."

He scooped up the girl in her arms. Normally, he would feel a bit awkward about her lack of dress for many reasons, but anything along those lines could go out the window. She was about to die,
there was no time for modesty.

Superman secured her to a table. It was likely that she could have an extreme reaction when she was jolted awake. The girl could hurt herself before she assimilated her powers.

He pulled the switch and Kara was bombarded with the simulated yellow sun radiation.

-Kara continued her story back in the cafe. "So, Father, managed to get the stasis pods working. I was in there, I thought that I would wake up the next day, and we would all be safe."

A sigh escaped her lips and Harry's hand on hers gave her strength to continue. "It did not go as well as I had hoped."

Kara's eyes flickered open. The last thing she remembered, she was stepping into the pod as her father activated the shield around them. Then everything after that, well there was nothing after that.

"Good, you're awake."

Kara turned her head frantically. She just woke up in some strange place she did not recognize. She was naked, strapped to a table, and some weirdo in tights and a cape was standing over her.

Kara screamed and she began to curse out the strange man in Kryptonian. She was flustered, and red in the face.

"Kara, calm down…"

In a rage induced fit of strength, the girl snapped the metal straps. She did the only thing that made sense.

Kara slugged the tight wearing weirdo in the face and made a mad dash for the door.

Still weak, she collapsed. The cold made her shiver.

Kal-El turned around as he rubbed his head. Getting punched in the face by a teenage girl was a new experience for him. He moved forwards her and Kara got a good look at the symbol.

Not only had this guy strapped her to a table, but he wore the symbol of the House of El on his person.

This just served to piss the girl off even more.

"Just who are you…and why in the name of Rao are you wearing the crest of the House of El? Answer me or I swear I'll kick your butt into the Phantom Zone."

He stared at her, and the angry look in her eyes caused him to speak in a pacifying tone.

"Kara, I'm your cousin, Kal-El," stated the man.

"Kal?" asked Kara, before she gave a slight strained laugh. "Kal-El is a little three month old baby! You're just some caped weirdo with a disturbing obsession of strapping teenage girls to lab tables. And you wear your underwear on the outside of your clothes. Who does that anyway?"
She looked at him with a disgusted expression. Who was he trying to fool anyway?

"Kara, listen, a long time has passed," he said. "I had to strap you to the table, so you wouldn't hurt yourself after I woke you up."

Kara just sat on the ground, cross legged and arms folded. She looked up with a narrow and distrustful look in her eyes. Her lips curled into a frown.

The caped man sighed. This conversation was going to take a turn for the worst unless he explained quickly. "You were in a coma and really malnourished. I had to use the yellow solar radiation. It's been a long time. No time has passed for you but for the rest of the world, the universe, much time has passed."

She looked up at him, in disbelief but she had another question. "Where are my parents?"

"I'm sorry, they're dead," he said in a somber voice and Kara just looked at him and turned around. "I couldn't save them. They were long gone by the time I got there."

She said nothing.

"They must have used most of the power on your pod to give you a chance to live, Kara."

Tears were in her eyes. She was cold, naked, and wanted to go home. There was no home.

It was all gone.

The man in the cape gently managed to grab some spare clothes and handed them to her. They would have to do until he could get her a wardrobe that would fit in on Earth.

Kara put on the clothes, they were baggy especially on her stick like frame, but at least things were less awkward between the two.

She caught a glimpse of herself and wanted to cry. She looked like a small girl who had played dress up in her father's work clothes.

She remained focused and looked at the man "Prove to me you are who you say you are."

The caped man had steered her into the next room.

Kara turned her head to look into the next room. She saw the technology around the lab, and her eyes widened.

Only Jor-El's son could make something like this.

"I believe you," managed Kara, as she looked around, awed. "What is this place?"

"The Fortress of Solitude, it's in the Artic, created by technology leftover that my birth father sent over with me to Earth," explained Superman.

"Earth," said Kara in a low tone. The planet had been like Krypton was millennia ago; rough and rather crude in its technology, but her father believed that it had great potential.

"So, that's how I got here," concluded Kara. She paused, before she spoke again. "Harry?"
Harry just had a far off look in his eye. An entire planet destroyed in a flash, just like that. Two planets had been destroyed in fact. They were alive one day and then they were dead the next.

He kind of felt like a git as he wallowed in his own self-pity. Here was Kara, her planet and everything she knew destroyed. She seemed to live her life just fine. And he was being broody because he had a death sentence on his head because of a prophecy.

"So bloody selfish, Potter."

"Kara…I…really don't know what to say," managed Harry in a shaky voice. "That's…how do you deal with something like that?"

"The future is in front of us, Harry, every day," said Kara as she gently cupped his chin in her hand and kissed him. Harry seemed a bit reluctant to initiate any intimate activity when sober. Even if it was something as small as a kiss.

She resolved to work on that.

Kara continued. "Worrying, angsting about what happened before; it doesn't do you any good. It only hurts you and drags everyone down with you. The world can be a harsh place, but we can work to create our own happiness. And your future is yours to make. Not defined in any prophecy, even."

Harry knew that really did tell her everything now. He didn't share the prophecy with anyone else. Not with Sirius, not with Ron and Hermione, not with anyone else.

Only with his new wife, who he had shared everything with.

'Bloody alcohol.'

Harry had another thought.

'If that didn't scare her off, nothing will. You did go to Vegas and hit the jackpot, Potter, in more ways than one.'

"Kal-El took me to Jonathan and Martha Kent, they're really nice, they managed to help me adapt to life on my new home," explained Kara as she had a fond smile. "It took a long time for me to recover from my little stint in stasis."

She continued a more mischievous expression on her face as she shifted to give Harry a full look at the curves she finally had been developing over the past few months. "Although I've developed nicely and hey, I'm still a growing girl."

She paused to give a devious smile and stretched. Her shirt tightened a little bit and exposed more of her tanned and toned midsection. Harry could not tear his eyes awake from the exposed flesh at all.

"Just imagine what I'd look like in a few years."

Needless to say, the statement had the desire effect on Harry and Kara leaned in to give him another light kiss.

"As for Kal and I, well we're not really having the best relationship these days."

"Why?" asked Harry.
"There were things that happened, and Kal, Clark Kent to his friends by the way, he's just..." said Kara as she struggled to find the words to convey her thoughts properly. "He seems to think he's always the only one that knows best. He made me stay there, in the house, all summer, and forbade me against anything."

Her eyes narrowed in frustration. "He seems to think that I'm some child who he needs to throw in a playpen so I don't stick my finger in a light socket or something. He's the one who let his guard down and now, he's treating me..."

"Like he's the only one who knows what's best and you can't make your own decisions," said Harry darkly. And Kara's eyes widened and she nodded.

Harry felt a bit of irritation that was tied into his wife's frustration of how her cousin was treating her.

'Great, another one, as if the old man wasn't bad enough, I have to deal with this Kal-El bloke. And when he finds out, I bet he's going to pull an over-protective act.'

Harry's scowl darkened.

The temper threat level of Harry Potter raised from calm blue to a warning yellow.

'I'm not going to put up with that shit.'

"I don't mean to haul all of my problems onto you, but it's just driving me nuts that Clark would just keep me grounded like this," said Kara. "Literally and figuratively."

"No, problem, we're married, we kind of fell into this together," said Harry, but he turned and made a snap decision about what to do now. "So we better get back to this Smallville place, tell the Kents what we did, I guess. And I think Clark, Kal-El, whoever, and I might be having a friendly nice chat."

Kara frowned. Why did she have a feeling of sudden and potential doom?

He removed the silencing charms and Kara and Harry walked over to Remus.

"Moony, are you sober enough to Apparate?" asked Harry.

"Yeah, I think so," said Remus as he shook his head. "Most of it is gone."

"Good, Kara and I are going to meet her parents and her cousin," said Harry and Remus sensed a slight note of irritation in Harry's voice. "We'll fly, Kara can do that without a broom use a tracking spell to follow our path, and we'll meet. I have a feeling I'm going need your help to explain the rings and you're credible when you're sober."

Remus decided that he did not have it in him to question one word of that.

"Nice to know I have a mostly consistent track record, Harry,' said Remus. "I need to use the loo real quick, and we should go."

"Okay, we'll wait outside, take your time," muttered Harry as they exited the café and Kara gasped as she heard a familiar sonic boom in the air.

"Harry, there's Kal!"

Harry's back was turned as he heard someone land on the ground. "There you are, Kara. What were
you thinking running off like that? And as for you, I want to have a word with you about…"

'I'm really not putting up with that shit.'

"Oh you want to have a word with me well I want to have a word with you!" yelled Harry as he turned around and he took a step back. Not in fear, not in intimidation but merely in shock and surprise.

Harry lived in the magical bubble for most of the past five years. He barely had any idea what was happening in the Muggle World at any time since he had been at Hogwarts.

Yet, Harry knew who Superman was. Uncle Vernon had ranted about him a time or two. Vernon called him a flying freak with a cape, who bullied normal people with his powers. He mentioned someone named Luthor as a victim, but Harry had long since blocked his uncle out by this point.

"Kal, don't overreact," said Kara as made a dash to position herself between Harry and Kal. "This is Harry Potter, we met yesterday, and don't hurt him, he's my husband."

Out of all of the things that Superman expected to hear, that did not even rank in the top ten. Common sense left the building at this point regarding the Man of Steel.

Immediately, he grabbed Harry under one arm and Kara under the other arm, and jumped into the air to take flight.

They looked like two children who had been warned not to go into the neighbor's yard and been caught.

Harry Potter was normally a very forgiving person. He let a lot slide in his life.

Getting picked up by his wife's cousin and blasted off into the sky without his consent like he was some disobedient child at Mach Three was not one of those things that he took too kindly to.

If he had not been a wizard and had not the ability to survive things he should not, he would be in rather serious trouble.

Superman or not, Harry was not going to put up with that.

It took every bit of his extremely limited self-control not to hex him in that Big Red "S" of his.

Harry Potter temper threat level had jumped past orange, spiraled towards red, and was on the way to Caps Lock Rage territory.

-X-

Remus had walked out, just in time to see a flying man scoop up both Harry and Kara up off of the ground.

Immediately, he just managed to tag the fluttering cape with a tracking spell.

It was just as well. He did not relish having to explain this to Sirius.

-X-

Snape dropped a Muggle newspaper on the table, which showed a picture of Potter and some blond haired girl fighting a strange glowing woman. "Headmaster, I've found Potter. He's in Las Vegas, Nevada, in the United States."
"Harry doesn't seem the type," said Dumbledore in surprise but he read through the article. "Oh my, we might be a bit of a fix. Harry used his magic while in Vegas to fight this Livewire woman. That is strange name, if I do say so myself, but that's America for you."

Snape sneered. The United States of America was a nexus of insanity as far as he was concerned and a place where no sensible person would spend one second of their life in. They seemed prone to foolish and reckless acts of heroism. No sense for the subtle.

It was an entire nation of Gryffindors, Snape’s worst nightmare come to life.

They had no official magical government, rather a department stuck within the Muggle government, the Department of Meta-Human affairs or something like that.

Potter would fit in. Perhaps they should leave him to his own devices.

"I think it's a time to cut Harry's vacation short and return him home," said Dumbledore. "Come, we're going to fetch him and deliver him to the Burrow. Maybe we can catch a show while we're there."

Snape groaned. "You don't mean…"

"Vegas, Professor Snape, I'd always been curious what it was like and if half of the stories are true."

"Of course, Dumbledore, let me get my cloak," said Snape, in a resigned and disgusted voice.

'Potter must die.

The Man of Steel soared high over the fields of Kansas, straight to Smallville. The two teenagers were tucked underneath his arms.

Superman touched down and released Harry and Kara from his grip. Kara balled up her fist, she was about ready to give her cousin an earful and potentially a mouth full of her fist, but she had been beaten to the punch.

The next sentence could be heard all across Smallville.

"WHAT THE HELL IS YOUR BLOODY PROBLEM?"

Highest Harry Potter temper threat level achieved.
Chapter 4: Smallville

As he had been told by many people over the years, Harry James Potter had looked like his father, James, and had his mother Lily's eyes.

Harry also inherited his mother's temper. As a certain Kryptonian found out the hard way.

A loud bang echoed for some direction. A high powered banishing spell had caused Superman to crash onto the ground.

Magic perverted the laws of physics and made a fool of even Superman. He understood this better than anyone else with his current position.

The energies of magic had defied all logic. It had caused his powers to be stalled. A lesson he learned months and months ago, when an ageless and immortal terrorist named Ra's Al Ghul had used a mystic artifact to steal some of his abilities.

This was done all in the name to continue to cheat death.

And he had thought that getting judo tossed by a normal human and having a tiny piece of Kryptonite shoved under his nose in one fluid motion was bad for a first meeting. Even if said human had impressive intellect, mastery of most fighting styles, and was the World's Greatest Detective.

Superman turned around, to face this Harry and he saw absolute rage personified. He stood before him, dressed in ragged clothes. He had a stick in one hand, the ring on his hand, with a gem stone that tinted blue in the dusk over Smallville.

"DON'T PUT YOUR HANDS ON ME, AGAIN!" yelled Harry as he began to gain steam and was ready to blister into this pompous caped git.

"How dare he pick me up like that? How dare he drag me halfway to this place without any thought to the consequences? If I wasn't a wizard, I would have been torn in half, what was he thinking? Does he have any sense? That stupid tight wearing....after he's been treating her, he dares try and pull this, who does he think he's dealing with? I'm not one of his little super villains that he can bat around like a superball with his powers! I'm not taking this shit."

Superman turned on his heel, with a slight wince.

A loud screaming voice and super hearing at a close proximity did not mix well. "Wait a…"

Sparks fired out of the end of the piece of wood. A magical foci of some sort, a wand in laymen's terms, was pointed at him. Some kind of shield had impeded his forward movement, as he tried to push through it.

Kara's eyes widened, as she stood paralyzed for a moment. A look of abject horror crossed her face.

'Why is it that on Earth, there's some unwritten rule that every time two heroes meet they have to get into some kind of misunderstanding and fight? And why did it have to be these two? Kara think! Do something before they tear up half of Smallville.'
It was time for drastic action. Kara made her move.

"Harry," managed Kara, as she grabbed him and wrapped her arms around him in a hug. She held him, comforting him, looking at him with her eyes. She spoke to him in a soothing voice. "Please, calm, down, for me, please."

Harry felt his anger disappear from being in the arms of his wife. The shield had been relaxed, as Superman fell to the ground. His cape had been torn into tatters.

Green eyes continued to glare at the blue and red flying brick of no subtleness or sense but he was not about to hex him straight back to Vegas.

Well, he was not intending to do that for the moment.

The next sound was the door of the house opening and Martha Kent had stepped out to see what the disturbance was. "Oh Kara, thank Heavens you…"

Her words just failed her, as she saw Clark at the end of the path. She saw the state of her son. He was a bit perturbed, with a slightly ripped cape.

She saw Kara, who looked very annoyed with her cousin, but she held this boy in her arms. Said boy looked at Clark with an equal amount of annoyance.

Martha had noticed that Kara and this boy were wearing rings. They had blue gem stones, with some kind of weird writing carved around the bands.

They had returned from Las Vegas.

One and one equaled some very awkward explanations.

She stood there, arms folded, calm. One could get a sense that Martha did not need to raise her voice one bit to achieve the desired effect. "Would any of you please tell me what's going on and who this is?"

"Hello, Mrs. Kent, it's nice to meet you, Kara's told me so much about you and your husband, my name is Harry Potter," said Harry in the most polite tone that he could muster.

Clark groaned. This Harry was polite and respectful. Which meant he was going to look like he was in the wrong somehow. At this point, he felt a few doubts about what he did, but he shook his head to clear them.

"Kara and I met in Vegas; we had some fun and had a blast, but one thing lead to another and…" said Harry, as Martha had led them into the kitchen. Jonathan Kent was sitting at a table, with a completely baffled look on his face. He looked at the newest arrival, and Harry continued to speak. "Oh, you must be Mr. Kent."

"Yes, I am, and you are…" prompted Jonathan Kent, as he carefully looked over the young man.

"Well, you see, my name is Harry Potter, just flew in from Britain, in a matter of speaking, to head to Vegas for some fun, it's been a long year," explained Harry. "And Kara and I met. We hit it off rather well. We had some fun, perhaps a bit too much, but I think we'd both been having a bad year…"

Harry decided it would be best to drop that little bombshell at this moment.
"Kara and I got married."

There was silence.

The silence was quite awkward.

This awkward silence lasted much longer than it really did.

"Well damn," breathed Jonathan. He thought that it was bad when Clark was going through his phase where he brought back dangerous wild animals and hid them in his room. The types of animals who had a bad habit of tearing up the house.

Kara just one-upped him and brought home a husband.

"Oh, Kara, that was irresponsible," Martha sighed, after she found the words. Kara had a slight look of guilt, but she remained firm in her convictions.

"Yes, it was, Kara, not only do you get married to this young man, but you had us worried half to death and you lied to us about being ill," added Jonathan sternly.

"And I told you to stay indoors for your own protection, after what happened and you disobeyed my order," added Clark as his agitation with the situation reached a boiling point.

Kara looked at her cousin for a few seconds before her temper erupted.

"Yeah, maybe and I'm sorry for worrying you, but I'm not sorry for what I did, and I'm really not sorry for actually getting out and living my freaking life!" yelled Kara as she gave Clark a challenging stare.

Clark began to speak "Kara listen…"

"No, I'm done listening to you! After what you did, after that stupid, irresponsible, bullheaded, and utterly ignorant thing you did, you should be thankful that I'm even talking to you! You could have gotten Harry killed if he hadn't had powers! You've forfeited any right to tell me to do anything about anything, not that you have much of a right anyway!"

The Kents had found themselves thrown into a very awkward situation presently.

"What did Clark do?" asked Martha in a quiet voice.

Harry decided to give them the courtesy of happily filling them in.

"Well your son seemed so happy to meet me that he picked me up under one arm and Kara under the other arm, and blasted me straight here at Mach Three speed," explained Harry in a sarcastic tone. "Charming introduction; it really gave me a good first impression!"

There was a second of silence before everything clicked in Martha Kent's head.

"Clark Kent, what in the devil were you thinking?" demanded Martha.

Jonathan had banged his fist on the table. "Damn it Clark, I thought I'd raised you better than to do something like that. You could have left pieces of that boy all across the country."

There was a pause.

"How didn't you leave pieces of that boy all across the country?" asked Jonathan.
"Magic," said Clark as he winced. "It had to be, the moment we dropped down. He attacked me with some kind of spell or something."

"Attack, as if, I defended myself," said Harry with a snort. "Trust me, if I attacked you, you'd know it and feel it."

Everyone had no idea what to say, so Harry just rolled his eyes.

"Super hero indeed," muttered Harry. "Don't see anything heroic in someone who plucks teenagers off of the Vegas Streets based on stupid wild impulses and blasts them off without giving them much of a chance to explain what happened. Perhaps they revised the definition since last time I checked. It's been a while."

"All of you did make some huge mistakes, Kara, you shouldn't have done what you did, but Clark, you really shouldn't have done what you did," said Martha as she fully turned to address her son and added in a gentle voice. "People are afraid of you after what happened with Darkseid. You said you needed to work to rebuild their trust. This isn't helping at all."

"Ma, I didn't want...look for all I knew, this Harry, he could have been some criminal or something, trying to use Kara..."

"HOW DARE YOU, YOU...YOU...!"

Harry Potter was a good easy going person for the most part. He had three things that caused him to fly straight into Capslock Rage Mode without warning.

The first one was withholding information that he needed to know and treating him like some child who knows nothing.

Despite the fact he put out many fires caused by several adults who "knew better".

The second one was anything that reminded him of his life at the Dursleys. Harry resolved to do what he could to put his past behind him, but still it hurt. He was trapped in a place he hated, by someone who thought he had his best interests in mind, where he was constantly hated for things that he had no control of. Where he had been accused of being a criminal, a thug, a vagrant by preconceived notions based on how he was forced to dress.

The third one was hurting his friends and surrogate family. Sirius, Remus, Tonks, Hermione, hurt them and suffer on your on your head. His wife was now added into that group now, even if he had only known her for a little over a day.

Hit all three at once at your own peril.

A part of Harry regretted the fact he lost his temper, but he had to let it all out right now.

"YOU OF ALL PEOPLE HAVE NO RIGHT TO LECTURE ME! YOU ARE NOTHING, BUT A SELF-RIGHTEOUS, PRICK! I'M NOT JUST SOME CHEAP CROOK THAT YOU CAN PLUCK OFF THE CITY STREETS. FOR ALL OF YOUR GREAT POWERS YOU HAVE NO RIGHT TO JUDGE ME...ESPECIALLY YOU! ESPECIALLY WITH THE WAY YOU'VE BEEN ACTING!

"Now calm down I was just being hypothetical with a potential situation given what happened, You're overreacting...."

"I AM NOT OVERREACTING! IF YOU THINK SOMEONE'S OVERREACTING, WHY
DON'T YOU TAKE A GOOD LONG LOOK IN THE MIRROR, KAL-EL! TAKE A GOOD LOOK AT THE WAY YOU'VE BEEN ACTING! THE WAY YOU'VE BEEN TREATING YOUR COUSIN, MY WIFE! YOU REALLY NEED TO DESCEND FROM YOUR BLASTED GOLDEN PEDESTAL AND PLANT YOUR FEET FIRMLY ON THE GROUND, AND LEARN SOMETHING. YOU MIGHT HAVE GREAT POWER, BUT THERE ARE CONSEQUENCES OF MAKING DECISIONS FOR OTHER PEOPLE, WITHOUT THEIR CONSENT. ESPECIALLY, WHEN THOSE PEOPLE ARE CAPABLE OF MAKING THEM FOR THEMSELVES AND HANDLING THEMSELVES!"

Harry had just gotten started, at an intensity matched by only a few.

"I AM SICK AND TIRED OF PEOPLE SCREWING WITH MY LIFE, THINKING THAT THEY'RE DOING THINGS FOR MY OWN GOOD. I'M SICK AND TIRED OF BEING SHOVED IN A PRISON! I'M SICK AND TIRED OF BEING STRUNG ALONG, AND BEING FORCED TO CHASE SOME FALSE PROMISE. I'M SICK OF HAVING TO CLEAN UP EVERYONE'S MESS! AND SOME PEOPLE THINK THEY KNOW BETTER. GUESS WHAT? THESE ADULTS THAT SHOULD KNOW BETTER KEEP SCREWING EVERYTHING UP, GIVING ME NEW MESSES TO CLEAN UP EVERY SINGLE BLOODY YEAR! YET, THEY THINK THAT I CAN'T MAKE MY OWN DECISIONS!"

Everyone sat shock, unable to react, and likely a good chunk of their hearing taken off.

"I HAVE TO DEAL WITH IT, EVERY SINGLE YEAR, AT THAT PLACE. IF IT'S NOT ONE THING, IT'S ANOTHER. THAT OLD MAN AND HIS PET POTION'S PROFESSOR, ALONG WITH THE REST OF THE SYCOPHANTS IN THAT PLACE ARE BEGINNING TO GET ON MY NERVES. YET, I'M SUPPOSED TO SIT BACK LIKE A GOOD LITTLE BOY, AND NOT HAVE ANY AMBITIONS OF MY OWN. ESPECIALLY LAST YEAR, WHEN HE ALLOWED THAT FOUL WOMAN TO RUIN MY LIFE. YET, HE THINKS HE KNOWS BETTER THAN ME. I'VE FOUGHT TROLLS, GIANT SPIDERS, DRAGONS, CRAZED SPIRITS, SNAKES, HORRORS THAT SUCK OUT SOULS, EVERY SINGLE THING I'VE HAD TO DEAL WITH. THAT MONSTER WHO KILLED MY PARENTS, THEY STILL ALLOW HIM TO RUN FREE, AND NOW THANKS TO HIS PARANOIA, I'VE BEEN BRANDED WITH A COSMIC DEATH SENTENCE WHERE I HAVE TO KILL OR BE KILLED!"

Most of Harry's angst channeled from fifteen years of hardship had burned out, and extinguished. It really felt good to get a lot of his frustrations off of his chest. And who better of a target than Superman.

"I'm sick of everyone thinking they have any right to browbeat me back into line, sick of people telling me they have any right to tell me what I'm feeling, to judge me, and thinking that they have any right to tell me who I should be, and what I should do. And, if anyone's hurting Kara, it's you, pal!"

Harry took a deep breath.

"You're starting to believe your own hype and the expectations that people have of you, good one, Kal-El, really bloody brilliant of you", said Harry as anger tapered off. He transformed into a cold, stoic, and brooding teen, with more than a few issues and a slight sarcastic tongue.

Four sets of eyes had stared at Harry who mentally pulled in all of the frustration before he started blowing things up and tossing them around.

"I've had a really bad life, I'm trying to get out of it, I'm really sorry you two had to hear that, I'm really sorry for putting you through that, Kara, and as for you Kal-El…I'm really not that sorry,
because I hope you realize that it was something that you needed hear," said Harry in a calm and
docile tone of voice. His attention was focused on the entire group, "Nice meeting you, well two of
you at least, for now, and I'll take a walk and clear my head for a while."

Harry turned, the backdoor flying open without him meaning it and started to walk.

"That poor…" said Martha but words failed her. It was hard to take in everything.

"The boy has a set of lungs on him, a temper, and great power," said Jonathan. "You sure know
how to pick em, Kara."

"Yeah, I guess that's a gift, but Harry's really a great, fun, and wonderful person, with many talents,
when you get to know him," said Kara. "A few issues, but I think we'll work those out together,
before long."

"I guess really messed things up," said Clark.

"You think?" asked Kara, an expression of annoyance crossing her face. "While I appreciate your
concern, I don't appreciate what you've done. Technically, by the laws on Krypton and Argo, I'm a
legal adult, in all senses."

"Kara, we're not there, this is different, this is a different world now," said Clark. "You don't
understand that…"

She cut him off. He should really be thankful he was not bound by those laws. With the stunt he
pulled, she could have him booted from the House of El in disgrace. By their laws, she was the
next in line as her mother reminded her.

"Oh you really think I don't understand, there's much you don't understand, what I lived through!
Four years that monster tore through Argo burning everything that stood in his way before Jor-El
finally managed to get his butt into gear and save us, a bit too late, but that's not the point," said
Kara. "Look, you might be some descended child sent to protect the world in the name of Truth,
Justice, and the American Way from thugs, meta-humans, and giant robots. But there are some
things you'll never understand. I've seen war for my entire my life, and I'm not some fragile little
flower who needs to be protected!"

She was not done. For years she could not step outside, trapped in a prison. Young females were
captured for genetic experimentation at best or at worst, used as breeding stock. So she had been
trapped inside, unable to move, unable to be free, unable to have fun.

"I don't care if you're Superman, I don't care if you're my cousin, you're not my babysitter, you
can't tell me what to do, you're not my father, and the way you're carrying on, you're become just as
bad as Darkseid!"

That hurt. Really bad, Even for a Man of Steel.

"Kara, that was out of line," said Martha, but she feared that the girl had a bit of a point. Despite
her and Jonathan's grounding of certain noble ideals over the past twenty five years, they always
feared something bad would happen. A part of her feared that her son could be pulled down a road
to darkness and he could easily be a menace of darkness, as he could be a hero.

Those months where Darkseid and Granny Goodness had spent breaking down and reconditioning
his mind, to release him as part of their scheme took their toll. The mental torment they piled onto
him, to make him believe that he had been sent to that hellish nightmare world and found by those
two.
It had long lasting ramifications that could lead to darkness if he had let himself spiral into that direction.

"No, it's the truth," argued Kara. "Kal, listen, don't go there, you're noble, but your powers, Harry's got a point, if you don't...you'll just go to a bad place."

The girl gave a sigh.

"Just don't go there, it will lead to a really bad place, you don't want to be someone that the entire world fears," concluded Kara. "Don't make people like Luthor right. Don't make them think you've come here to enslave the world, like Darkseid."

"I'll never be anything like that," said Clark, but he had tormented thoughts of a world where he took one step too far to deal with all of the problems and had been driven to take hold of the entire world using his powers. The type of world where the only way where the only way he could solve the problems by taking control over them, like some kind of power mad overlord.

"You know what you're going to have to do now, Clark," said Martha quietly. "Make things right, like you always do, like we've raised you to."

A knock on the door had announced by a frantic arrival.

Jonathan Kent had reached the door and opened it to see a rather frantic, tired, and ragged man. "Well what can we do for you?"

"I'm Remus Lupin. I was traveling with Harry when he was in Vegas, as his Chaperone...you do know what happened," said Remus as he looked in, as if he had hoped that Harry would appear from around the corner.

"So, you were sent there as his Chaperone," said Clark. "Didn't seem to do a good job."

"You're the caped man who kidnapped Harry," said Remus quietly, as he had stared down the young man.

"I didn't kidnap him," said Clark.

"Really, because I was under the impression that was the word for when you had ripped someone off of the ground against their will and took them away to some place," snapped Remus. The stress of the war, the stress of being terrified that someone had kidnapped Harry, and the fact that it was getting close to "that time of the month" had not put Remus in a good frame of mind.

"Look, I'm Kara's cousin, I had found out that they got married and..." said Clark.

"So, you decided to go for the overly played overprotective act, did we?" snarled Remus. "That doesn't make things much better and where is Harry. If you did anything to him, you're going to have three other very angry people flying straight over here and they don't care who you are... whoever you are."

"Harry's...he went for a walk," said Martha. "Clark kind of..."

"Did something stupid to piss him off?" offered Kara, who still felt annoyance towards her cousin, as she helped Ma Kent set the table for dinner.

Super speed had made these things much faster, although the first time she tried, she overestimated herself and only managed to shatter everything into dust.
That was a very valuable lesson about not overcompensating with her powers. It was a process, but she tended to be a little creative with them at times.

"I'd give Harry a few moments to cool down," said Remus, who had been relieved, because given the temper that Harry inherited, he could blow things up and summon chaotic bursts of magic energy. Lily was the same way, although her magic was a slight bit dialed down. "Perhaps longer."

"Perhaps you would like to explain about the rings, Remus, so you can explain how they work," prompted Kara.

"Well, they've been in the Potter family for a long time, and well, they're kind of overprotective of those of the Potter Line, making sure they choose the best possible match for the Potter that uses them," explained Remus, who had accepted a plate. After all it had been a long day, he had a lot to drink, had a hellish hangover, and a lot of stress.

So needless to say, Remus Lupin was hungry, hungry like the wolf, so to speak.

"What exactly do you mean overprotective?" asked Martha.

"Well the rings have, kind of hurt women who weren't worthy; they need to have certain qualities, beauty, brains, a strong spirit built to last, things like that," said Remus. "Or so, James was telling me, I can never tell when he was really pulling my leg or being serious. He always seemed to be a bit unclear."

Remus ate for a bit before he continued his explanation.

"I think some woman tried to seduce a Potter for their money, and selfish greed, the ring proceeded to burn off her hand and fry her brain," said Remus as the Kents gasped. "They had to cut a bunch of deals with the Ministry to keep it under wraps."

"You mean they're using something like that for a wedding ring," said Clark.

"Potters have had some rather eccentric and creative ideas throughout time, which has caused a few issues," Remus said with a shrug.

Kara added. "And hey, it's not like it was a big deal, the ring choose me. It didn't burn my hands, or cook my brains. So I'm good, see everything's fine."

"Well except for the fact that you're married," said Clark. "And obviously you can't..."

"I can handle this, I'm a big girl, I can deal with the consequences of my actions!" snapped Kara and she looked at her cousin, daring him to contradict her. "I don't need you to swoop in to save the day, besides if the rings didn't do it, the vows did. I knew you'd do something stupid, your powers inflame your brain, misguide your heart, and send your abilities flying out of control!"

"You used the..." started Clark eyes widened

"Yeah, I did, because I knew, alright, I figured it out, it was a choice I wanted to make with my life, so you can get over yourself and stop bossing me around!" said Kara, but she took a deep breath to calm himself. "You might think that actions have consequences, but you know what, inaction and stupid delusions of grandeur that cause you try to play the hero kind of do too!"

Clark just sighed. He was confused, he needed answers. He knew where to get them.

"Where are you going Clark?"
"For a flight, a very long one," said Clark and Kara realized.

"Oh great, he's going to compare notes with...him. Although if I know that overly paranoid, over analytical nut, he already knows more then we want to. Blasted Bat."

"So, Kara," prompted Martha. "You..."

"I know, I'm sorry but not sorry, I need to go attend to someone rather important," said Kara.

The Kents and Remus looked at each other.

"Um, yeah you might want to do something about calming your husband down," said Jonathan.

'I've got to stop Harry from turning into either of them. He can have his brain inflamed with powers and throw his head headlong into situations without thinking. Or he can be brooding in his whole angst, based on some tragic past or something. That won't happen. I need to find the way to...coax him into becoming something that I need has far better potential. But I think I can do that.'

Severus Snape took a step far away from Dumbledore. There was a prominent scowl on his face.

He looked like a small child who put as much distance from a parental figure that was so eccentric that he embarrassed him.

Snape vowed to strangle Potter for this.

"Now, if you were a troubled child in Vegas, where would you be?" questioned Dumbledore.

"Headmaster, this is a stupid folly. I say we allow Potter, to wallow in his own angst ridden self-pity," said Snape but he looked around all of the same. Potter seemed to not be present at the moment.

"Now, it is important for us to return with Harry, obviously we know it's his destiny to return to the Wizarding World," said Dumbledore. "He needs to defeat Lord Voldemort."

"Unfortunately," muttered Snape.

'If only Potter, Dumbledore, and the Dark Lord all wiped each other, so many problems would be solved. My life would be easier at any rate'

"This way," said Dumbledore, as he walked into the land of adventure and wonder, that was Las Vegas to see what he could find out. His first stop was a casino. That seemed to as good of a start as any.

"So, Potter was most certainly here?" asked Snape to the owner.

"Yeah, he was, he decided to nearly clean me out, by finding a way to take all of my money, I don't know how he did it, I had my machines fixed perfectly."

"Well there's no such thing as not double checking enough," said Dumbledore as he looked around. "Harry seems to have been indulging his inner James Potter."

"Oh that's something really wonderful for the boy to channel," said Snape as he had a nightmare vision of a chaotic drunk version of James Potter with Lily's temper. He shuddered at the vision
that popped into his mind's eye.

Dumbledore chuckled on the outside, but was gravely worried. "Alright, let us move on further and see if the steps of young Mr. Potter's Vegas Adventure can be retraced. And undo any consequences and trouble of that has arised."

-X-

Harry Potter sat at the end of the meadow and stared into the night.

The last year had been a bad one. He remembered dark visions of mysterious halls, his torturous training with Snape, and that woman forcing him to carve open each and every night.

Then there was that prophecy. It seemed to mark him with a stench of death. Harry resigned himself to a quest where he might be destined to fail or just settle for whatever he can have after it was over.

If Harry had survived to the end, as he wondered if he had a chance until rather recently.

Harry found that he would have been so broken that he would either be destined for a very bad end or, a life where he just settled for out of gratitude for surviving.

Yet, there was light at the end of the tunnel.

A new hope, a new union, and Harry Potter felt that some cosmic force smacking some sense into him had given him a new lease on life.

Realizations had dawned in Harry's head.

Right as a girl flew in from behind him, and wrapped her arms around him into a comforting hug.

"You feeling better now that you got that out of your system?" asked Kara gently.

"Yeah, it helps," said Harry as he relaxed in her arms. Being hugged by Kara was nice. She did not nearly break his ribs or make him feel like he about was ready to suffocate when she hugged him.

She made him feel loved and wanted.

He realized several things that his best friend/older sister figure that had to gently yank him out of trouble had been trying to tell him. Hermione tried to tell him many things, but he had been too stubborn to figure them out or listen to anything until right now.

Both magic and over reliance in knowledge tended to leave many brains that are inflamed by delusions, if they let such things get away with them.

Sometimes deductive reasoning and a reliance on the environment around you led to greater triumphs.

Sometimes you needed to master your fears to win.

There was great triumph in fighting against expectations even if it means great sacrifice.

Sometimes dark forces corrupted childhood joy, but friendship, family, and team work together, even if there were rules that needed to be bent.

And sadly, many things tended to be grim. And heroes might have to do things that might make
them look like the villain if necessary. But careful choices had to be made.

"You have a lot of issues, anger and angst, but a true heart," said Kara, as she snuggled in closer to Harry. She held him tightly in her arms, reassuring him without words. "But we need to work on some things. I think we both do, we have big issues."

"Yeah," said Harry, as Kara continued to hug him. He was truly calmed down, and at peace.

"But, we both know, well I know more than you, but hey, we know what we signed up for here," added Kara, as she played with his hair. "My powers, they can do great things, but they can go out of control, if I'm not careful. I can do good things for people but they can kind of go wrong."

"Yeah, powers can do that," agreed Harry, as he relaxed in her arms. "I was so messed up."

"I was too," admitted Kara. "But I think we can help each other. The world can be a scary place, but it can be an adventure if you let it be."

"Yeah," said Harry.

"Harry, your life is yours to live however you want to live it, don't be defined by some stupid prophecy," said Kara. "You see, holding in all that anger, it's not that healthy. You did the best thing for you. You might have scared some people, but it's better off for your health in the long term if you don't hold it in."

"Thanks," said Harry, graciously.

"Plus it's not like Kal can't take it, so he's the perfect outlet," said Kara before she nuzzled the back of Harry's neck with her face. She paused after a moment. "He flew off to visit um his...friend, I guess for lack of the better term."

"Who is that?" asked Harry.

"Oh just some over-analytical nutcase who spends way much time on his computer and lives in a cave, taking young people in said cave for training," replied Kara before she realized what she said. "Wow that kind of sounded a bit..."

"Creepy," shuddered Harry.

"He does have some redeeming qualities I guess," said Kara. "Oh he stalks the night dressed like a giant bat, fighting a bunch of costumed crazy people with a severe mass of issues."

"Oh him," said Harry, who knew exactly who Kara was talking about. He had heard a few stories, Hermione told him a few stories about him, what she knew, but obviously it did not come up as that much.

Kara looked frustrated. "I kind of hope he reigns himself in, otherwise the holidays might be a bit awkward."

"No kidding," said Harry darkly, with Kara spinning Harry around at this point.

"Ma and Pa, well I think they're coping with, but obviously it's a shock," said Kara as she looked at Harry and pulled him closer, so she could look in his eyes. Both of her hands clasped his. "Harry, we really can make this work, if we work together. Then again, that's what a marriage kind of is. Working together. There's something inside you that's awesome."
Kara slid closer and slipped her shoes off. She threw herself over Harry's lap into his arms. She might have been taller than he was, but she managed to curl herself up nicely against him. The feeling of a beautiful girl in his arms was something that Harry never thought he could experience.

"Here, Harry, put your hand right there, yeah, like that," said Kara, as she placed Harry's hand under her right breast. "And your other hand right down there underneath my ass, yeah, squeeze, see how nice that feels."

Harry did so slowly and got the encouragement he needed to be a bit more daring.

"Kiss me," whispered Kara. Harry leaned in and kissed his wife, as he felt his mind be opened. "That wasn't so hard was it? Time to move on Harry. You don't want to sit in a corner all alone, brooding, playing with your wand all of the time."

Kara grabbed Harry's wand out of his hand, and waved it around. She examined it with a mischievous expression on her face.

"That's interesting really, who could know that a simple feather could be the focal point?" mused Kara as she started to run her finger down Harry's wand. This action caused Harry's mind to go to places that nearly had been squashed out.

Uncle Vernon had claimed that no one would have him because he was a freak and Mrs. Weasley seemed rather uptight about having fun for someone who had seven children.

Those doubts faded as Harry moved on, as she dragged her finger slowly up and down the strip of wood.

"Of course, it's really no fun to just sit in the corner on your own. Marriage is all about experimentation, exploration, and well an adventure. And unlike some people, my powers haven't inflamed my brain and I have a very, very, open mind. I just needed to find the right person, and I know you won't break easy Harry."

Kara winked, as the girl continued to tease Harry.

"All kinds of new places to stick your wand, all kinds of new adventure, and wonder, and positions," added Kara as she held Harry's wand and pointed it. "Plus the vows that bound us together for all of eternity. We can live together for a very long time."

"Kara, you're..." said Harry but he was unable to convey what he was saying.

"See, you were capable of many great things, someone locked up your mind," said Kara. "I'm setting you free."

'Yeah I guess Uncle Jor's theory about how the Kryptonian mating process could be super accelerated by a yellow sun was true, providing you find the one. Of course, a bit of alcohol kind of helps too and a spirit of rebelliousness.'

"So why don't we take a shower?" asked Kara. "I mean, it's been a long day. We can have some nice clean fun and go exploring. Help each other reach those hard to reach places and not so hard to reach places after all."

"Yeah, that would be, great," said Harry.

"And then I can show you around your bedroom, where we can experiment with some real magic," said Kara. "Although we do need to be careful, because I doubt Ma and Pa would enjoy us
Harry laughed. She was such an easy-going, and fun loving girl that it was hard not to smile.

"Yeah, let's go," said Harry, as he held his wife's hand and she lifted them off of the ground, as they glided towards the house.

Snape followed Dumbledore down the streets of Vegas with a scowl on his face, as he stood in the shadows.

The two ran into a very interesting man. He wore a purple suit, a trenchcoat, and a hat, with pale white skin and green hair. His mouth was fixed into a permanent grin, and he surveyed the two men with sadistic glee.

"Well, you two boys are a long away from the Lord of the Rings Convention, aren't we?" asked the pale man with a laugh.

Dumbledore smiled. That was a cheerful and trustworthy looking fellow. "Well we're looking for a boy."

"A boy? And people thought I had issues."

The pale man had laughed at this statement. Snape scowled, before he spoke.

"Listen, we're looking for this brat and we're going to drag him back to a castle and when I get my hands on him and locking him in a dungeon and putting him in detention," said Snape, without taking a breath.

"Detention? Is that what they're calling it now?"

"Look have you seen him, green eyes, black hair, lightning bolt scar on his head," said Dumbledore and the pale man put his hand on his face, in thought.

"Can't say I have, but I'm not that kind of clown, the bat on the other hand, that might be more up his ally," said the jester as he looked at both men, his grin wider. "Come on boys, no need to leave sour. Shake my hand!"

Snape reached forward, out of an impulse and grabbed the jester's hand.

He was zapped by a charge, as the man laughed in a hyperactive fit of insanity and turned around, walking off.

"Nice friendly fellow, but he could use a bit more sun," said Dumbledore calmly. He was blissfully ignorant about the stares he was getting. Snape massaged his hand. "Let's continue our journey."

Hermione Granger wanted to snap and strangle someone. If this person had ginger hair, that was so much the better. This entire family and the way they were acting were driving her mad.

At first, she freaked out when Harry was sent off to Vegas. Then again, she realized that Harry could use a vacation. And fun. So she approved and actually suggested it to Tonks that it might be a place for Harry to learn to not take himself so seriously.

Then again, she didn't have room to talk.
Of course, she began to get unnerved more and more about a lot of things that she noticed. The best intentions could be warped in a lot of ways. Everyone seemed to feel justifications in their actions after all, no matter how twisted they were.

A letter appeared in her hand. She snatched it and opened it, before she proceeded to read it.

_Hermione,_

_Don't let Molly see this, but Harry's married. Make sure you get me a picture of the look on her face when she finds out. All of their faces. It'd be amusing._

_Here's a clipping of Harry and his new wife. She seems to be able to attract about as much as trouble as he does and has a saving people thing of her own, but thankfully a bit more sense._

_Make sure to burn this letter immediately._

_Tonks._

Hermione looked eyes widened. She recognized this girl.

She approved. It was kind of logical based on what she knew.

She was so happy for her best friend.

She burned the letter and snickered.

She looked around the room that she unfortunately had to share with Ginny, and looked around, to see a shrine of various pictures of Harry, with dolls and action figures, and story books. She shuddered.

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_Smut/Lemon Starts._

The bathroom door swung open. Kara led Harry through the doorway by the hand. The last couple of days had been rather long and, but at last they finally had time to shower.

"Let's make sure we close the bathroom door," whispered Kara, her hot breath hitting his ear "Lock it too, and could you put some silencing spells or something around it, just so we don't wake anyone up?"

Harry agreed to this as Kara flicked on the lights, so she could see what she was doing. She stood before him. The blonde girl was dressed in a blue skirt and a red blouse which was a bit too small for her. The buttons were loosened at the top to show her magnificent cleavage, and it also exposed her midriff area. It had been something that she wore before she developed. She had matured greatly since then. She was rather malnourished being in stasis and nearly had died. Her body gained definition just in time. Kara glanced at herself in the mirror, taking a good look at herself, and she knew Harry would appreciate what was underneath, especially more so given he was sober.

She watched as his wife bend over nice and slow to put the towels down. Her skirt rode up her legs a couple of inches. If he had taken a closer look, he might have seen what she was wearing underneath.

Kara turned around slightly and gave Harry a nice view of her cleavage. Harry felt his baggy pants
become a little less baggy and a little blood rush from his head as his erection bulged against his pants.

His Kryptonian wife stood before him, and slowly unbuttoned the rest of her blouse. Kara slid it down her shoulders and Harry stepped forward to get a better look at her. Her breasts were encased in a lacy red bra. With another movement, Kara slid her skirt off of her legs. She stood in a lacy pair of red knickers.

"Harry, love, could you help me?" asked Kara as she turned around, having her back towards him. "I sometimes have trouble figuring these things out...we didn't really wear them, this is more of an Earth thing you see."

"Yes," whispered Harry, as he placed his hands on her back.

"Unclasp it, yeah," encouraged Kara as Harry removed her bra. The blonde girl's breasts bounced free from her confines.

Kara had slipped off her knickers off. She came close to tearing them out of impatience, but managed to hold herself back.

Harry's eyes drank in the vision of beauty that was his life. His mind unclouded for the first time as he saw the woman he would spend the rest of his life with in all of her glory.

Her face was beautiful, and her lips were full. Her blond hair extended down past her shoulders. She had a nice curved tanned body with firm, decent sized breasts that made his mouth water. Her abdomen area was toned, but not to the point of being overly muscular. Her legs were long and shapely, extended down to her feet with her cute little toes and wonderful, perfect arches. Harry's eyes shifted to between her legs and saw a small strip of blond pubic hair covering her pussy. Her lips were pink, and inviting.

She turned around slightly and the back end was just good. She had a cute little rear.

Yet, with all of those attributes and the fact she was rather physically attractive, she oozed confidence.

'So fucking sexy,' thought Harry in a haze.

"Time for me to do you," said Kara with a devious smile, as Harry was pulled forward. Kara had managed to disrobe him from all of his clothes. "Okay, shower."

"Yeah shower," said Harry, as he followed Kara into the shower. He watched as her posterior had swayed from side to side, when she walked. He could not take his eyes off of that wonderful shape.

The married couple found their way into the shower and Kara turned on the water. The water splashed both of them as he shot out of the shower head. Harry drooled as his wife stood before him. Drops of water rolled down her breasts, and body.

"Okay, you wash me first and then I'll get you," said Kara to encourage him, as Harry had moved over and started to soap up his wife's back.

Harry lathered her back, rubbing all of the suds into her back. Kara pushed back and grinded on his erection with her posterior, as a soft moan had escaped from her mouth. He gained more confidence by each passing second, as he continued to wash her back and then reached around towards her front. Harry's hands worked over her breasts, as he felt her nipples harden right in his hands.
"Yes, that's it," whispered Kara as she breathed in and out as his hands worked over her breasts. He rubbed the soap onto them, feeling her erect nipples. He rolled his thumbs over the top of them. "See how fun this is? This is...this is the best, keep doing it."

Harry washed her breasts and moved down. His hands slowly lathered the rest of her body. Her stomach, her hips, her arse all of it felt rather good under his hands. He felt her legs, soft to the touch and she moaned as he ran his hands to wash up and down her legs.

"Touch me all in the right places, great merciful Rao," breathed Kara, feeling Harry's fingers rub against her pussy lips.

Harry concluded, but Kara had leaned over and gave him a deep kiss.

She broke it and looked over him, her full lips together as she smacked them together and looked at Harry. She gazed at his erection, and a smile appeared on her lips, as she hungrily drank in Harry's form with her eyes. Then she almost sang the next words. "My turn."

"Yeah, your turn," whispered Harry as he felt her hands move all over his body as she washed him. Her hands teased every bit of his skin, and massaged his muscles. He felt the blood rushing to his groin with each movement.

Harry felt himself become desperate for some kind of release, as Kara worked on his legs. Her head brushed up against his erection once or twice. The friction caused him to swell even more. His hand instinctively moved towards his penis. Before he could do anything, she reached forward and blocked his hand.

"No, Harry, I'll take care of it, that's my duty," said Kara, and Harry peered down into her eyes "You never had a girl do this for you, have you?"

Harry shook his head and looked at her.

"Well I've never done it, but I have a general idea," said Kara, taking a long look at lovely cock presented before her.

Kara steadied herself on her knees, and she leaned forward. Her tongue licked the head and Harry felt a sensation of pleasure.

Her blue eyes locked onto his green eyes, establishing eye contact. Her tongue flicked right over the head three more times. Her tongue felt warm, wet, and his penis hardened even more.

Her soft hand grasped right around his member. Kara did not break eye contact, not even once. She stroked him up and down, feeling every inch of his cock twitch in her hand. Harry thought he was going to lose it.

"Oh, Kara...oh don't stop," said Harry as he wondered how he could live without something like this. Her right hand pumped his penis and her left hand massaged his testicles.

"You like that, babe?" whispered Kara, as she continued to pump him as she felt pre-cum drip on her fingers. She squeezed tightly, and continued to jerk her husband off, slowly, but surely. "My hand, it feels so much nicer, doesn't it? Much nicer than sitting in some dark corner playing with yourself, isn't it?"

"Yes," breathed the Boy-Who-Lived, as her hand gave slow, tender strokes. He felt like he was in heaven. She squeezed him and licked him. She jerked him off some more. "I feel like I'm about to..."
"Explode," whispered Kara as she sped up her progress. She pumped Harry's cock really hard, and really fast. She looked up into Harry's eyes, to say the next words. "That's it, cum for me. I want to taste it. Just shoot it in my face. That'd feel so nice, right in my fucking face!"

The last line had pushed him over the top, and Harry lost it. Kara moved over as her husband's cum had splattered directly onto her face. Kara continued to tug on Harry's cock, making sure she got every drop of seed he had in him. She saw his orgasm through to the very end.

Harry looked down. Kara licked her lips and then held her fingers out one by one. She placed them in her mouth and inserted them one at a time. She slowly sucked them and swirled her tongue around them to get the excess off. Harry watched her, slowly sucking cum, his cum, off of her fingers like it was the most delicious treat on Earth.

"Mmm, mmm, mmmm," moaned Kara. "So good, it tastes so good."

She did not want to waste one drop.

She gave a breath and shook her head, to snap herself out of the feeling of ecstasy "Let's clean you off. Then back to my room, for some more. That was just a taster."

Kara cleaned Harry off and he began to stir again.

"Just a few more minutes, then we'll do that honeymoon replay I promised you," she said as she leaned back against the wall. Her arms were behind her head, breasts presented forward, legs spread and a sexy smile appeared on her lips.

Harry may have set a new land speed record to get out of the bathroom. He mentally vowed to learn how to Apparate as soon as he could, no matter the illegality of the issue.

In her bedroom, Harry performed the necessary spells. Kara waited, and tapped her foot. Her bedroom might not have been the most romantic place in the world, but it would have to do for now.

Besides, it was not the location that mattered, but the person that it was done with.

Kara gently dropped onto the bed and looked up to face Harry.

"Give me a kiss," whispered Kara but she stopped Harry. She spread her legs for him. "No the other set of lips. Get me all nice and wet."

Harry lowered his head and he felt his face warm at the intoxicating smell. He had been lured and he gave her a tentative taste, licking her.

The moans Kara encouraged him to continue. Harry licked her folds, and stuck his tongue deep inside her. The dark haired wizard licked around her, savoring her taste. He continued to stick his tongue deeper into her. Her taste was nothing like he had ever experienced before, but he could not get enough of it.

"Tongue, tongue, keep using it, keep licking it," breathed Kara as she pushed her hips up into Harry's mouth, to allow him better access. She very nearly kneed him right in the head.

She bit her mouth to stifle a scream. Yet the little miniature sounds coming right out of her mouth inspired Harry to continue his efforts. He continued to lick her.
Harry's tongue moved around, as he defaulted to Parseltongue by accident. It had been a complete fluke and yet his wife let one small scream escape from her lips. This scream cracked one of the walls slightly. His eyes briefly looked up, as Kara played with her breasts, her hips pushed back, and eyes had been rolled out in the back of the head.

"Coming so soon, lick all of the juices," she moaned, reaching her climax, and Harry felt his face get soaked. The smell caused him to go light headed, but he slurped everything his wife had to offer down.

It was delicious.

Kara pulled herself up and grabbed Harry, before she yanked him onto the bed. She fed off of her own juices on his face. She grabbed him and whispered into his ear.

"Fuck me now," whispered Kara as she gazed at him with the perfect mixture of love and primal lust. The expression caused Harry to get even harder than ever before. "I need your cock inside me so bad…"

Harry obliged his wife at that moment, even if he only had a slight idea. Kara was more than happy to help him. She reached forward and guided him.

He slowly slid into her and felt her center squeeze around his erected penis. Harry nearly lost his mind as he entered her. She was powerful, but so was he.

'God damn it, she's so tight and warm and wet.'

"Fuck Kara, you're so tight," breathed Harry as he thrust into her tight cunt. Her muscles squeezed him and it had only been by self-control he did not lose it straight away.

Kara breathed as her hips rose up and down off of the bed, to match Harry's strokes into her.

"Your cock, feels so good inside my pussy," she moaned as their hips continued to meet, clashing together. "Ride me, lover, ride me!"

Harry slid in and out of her as she met his strokes. He felt her walls hug against him.

She hit her orgasm once again and about a minute later, Harry could not hold back any longer.

"About to cum," whispered Harry.

"Inside, inside me, I don't care, damn the consequences," whispered Kara, as she wondered with one hazed part of her mind if children were even possible between the two of them.

That particular minefield would be a bridge to cross in the very distant future.

"Cum for me, babe, shoot your damn cum deep into my tight Kryptonian cunt, I need it now!" screamed Kara and her dirty talk gave Harry the one final nudge he needed to lose it.

Harry exploded and Kara shuddered, as she felt him unload and then deflate. It had been about three or four spurts.

Harry dropped forward, his limp penis still in her vagina. He slid out, carefully.

Kara lifted herself up to a sitting position. Slowly her hand trailed down her sweat streaked face, past her breasts, as she inserted her fingers into herself and pulled them out. Then she tasted the combination of both Harry and herself on her fingers.
"So good, both of us combined," whispered Kara, as she licked her hand and her fingers. She sucked on them and watched, as once again Harry hardened at her actions. "Now, my turn, I want to ride you."

Harry nodded, as he laid back and Kara reached down, before she stroked him a bit more. Her tongue swirled around him as she lifted herself up.

Slowly, she lowered down herself down onto his erect member. Harry's eyes glazed over as he felt more and more of him stiff member pushed inside her tight pussy. It slid in with ease.

Kara began to bounce up and down, riding Harry. The bed creaked slightly as she tilted her head back and moaned.

Her breasts swayed, her hardened nipples glistened with sweat. Harry lifted his arms up off of the bed, to meet her luscious tits.

His palms rubbed around her breasts, playing with them. He squeezed them and Kara cried out in ecstasy as he continued his efforts. It felt so good to have her breasts cupped within his hands. They felt perfect as he squeezed and molded them. Her moans got a bit more with each gesture. He found his confidence grow, the more he experienced with his wife.

Once, Harry reached her nipples, she really lost it. She moaned at the top of her lungs, and continued to bounce up and down on his cock.

"Cumming, again," breathed Harry.

"Fucking cum then!" she screamed as she had just finished for about the second or third time.

Harry exploded as the Kryptonian milked each and every last drop out of him with her muscles. He spatred his load inside her until completion.

Kara collapsed as she looked at Harry, but Harry looked at her.

"Kara, I'm sorry, I don't think I can go any more tonight," whispered Harry.

Kara looked at him with a fond smile and a look of reassurance. "Don't worry about it."

She pulled Harry into a hug.

"I can wait, I know what you can do," whispered Kara as she kissed his forehead. "We're just going to have to work you up. The alcohol might have super charged your abilities but I know you have it in you."

Kara held him as he had fallen asleep.

"I love you Harry," whispered Kara even though he was out for the count. She lightly kissed him on the forehead. "Sweet dreams, my emerald eyed hero."

'Kara, be patient, you made a lot more headway tonight. Those people, I swear, they have no idea what someone like him needs. A better diet, some exercise, some training, and more practice, just imagine the potential. He has all of the heart too and you know he captured yours."

A smile appeared on her face.

'Yeah issues, he has them, a lot of people do. Not that you have room to talk. With both of our powers, all of the things we can do together'
She drifted off to sleep.

Both husband and wife experienced the first completely untroubled night of sleep in as long as they could remember.

**Smut/Lemon Ends**

Clark made his way into a dark cave, and allowed himself a look around.

The cave contained a large giant trophy room. Various trophies over the years had been stored in this place. There was more inside than one person could take in.

A large giant penny was off to the side. Directly next to it was a giant dinosaur and a jack in the box. Several shelves contained items such as freeze guns, umbrellas, and a busted up puppet dressed up like a gangster. There was a can on the shelf labeled "Shark Repellant."

There was a room of suits. A blue and gray suit with a yellow shining bat target on it, a sign of a more innocent time was the first suit. A dark black suit from rather early days also was positioned in one of the cases. Various other damaged suits as well. A red and green suit with boots, a purple suit, and a black suit with a red cape and a red X on the mask.

"We need to talk," said Clark as he turned towards a giant computer with various monitors. The figure in the chair had giant ears obscured and black gloves could be seen.

"Does this have anything to do about the rumors that you flew off to Vegas in broad day light, with no subtlety, and plucked two teenagers out of the street, in front of witnesses?"
Chapter 5

Chapter 5: Found

The man behind the computer slowly turned around.

By day he wore the mask as Bruce Wayne, the rich billionaire playboy of Wayne Enterprises. By the night, he stalked Gotham City. He prowled the streets for criminals. They were a superstitious and cowardly lot. Yet, it was a never ending mission.

The real Bruce Wayne had long since been buried beneath the deception of two different worlds. Yet he would continue to fight for the mission that he had promised himself he would a long time ago.

He was vengeance.

He was the night.

He was Batman.

The Dark Knight turned to face The Man of Steel.

"I should have known you would find out about this," said Superman with a sigh.

"Good, that means you're learning," replied Batman "In some areas at least."

Superman stepped over. "So..."

"Let's just sit down and look at you went wrong with this," interjected the detective as he put a hand up and Superman did as he was told. "For one thing, while I do agree that this incident should cause you concern, you went about it wrong. You flew off without any possible plan of action. You didn't stop and think."

The cowled crime fighter was not done yet. "Second, I warned you something like this would happen if you let your paranoid delusions get to you. You made this mess, Kent, and you bungled the entire situation even by what you did."

"Kara..." managed Superman, but Batman cut him off.

"You could allow me to finish," replied Batman in a calm yet commanding voice. "You decided to put your cousin back on the farm. And you made her stay indoors. Stupidest thing you could have done. You might have not realized this..."

The Dark Knight paused for dramatic effect.

"Teenagers tend to do the opposite of what they are told. And if you force the issue, they'll do something even worse just out of spite. It's lucky that she didn't run off anywhere too dangerous."

Superman looked as if he disagreed about the dangerousness of Vegas. However, Batman was not finished.

"And then, you flew off to Vegas, in broad day light, in front of witnesses. You allowed people to see you. You took two teenagers off the street and flew away."
He allowed that particular little tidbit to register in the mind of Superman.

"Do you realize how certain people might interpret that? Given how much your reputation has been damaged by Darkseid, do you think that helps?"

"It doesn't," gasped Superman, mortified. "What have I done?"

"It's not what you have done that you should worry about," remarked Batman. "Rather, what you intend to do now? And how you intend to fix your own mistakes."

The Man of Steel closed his eyes. Everything struck him hard at once. "I messed things up. I guess I really blundered this one."

"Kent, you're young, you'll get better, hopefully," said the detective in a low voice. "The fact that your cousin just randomly found some strange powered individual in Vegas is intriguing, and then...she married him, didn't he?"

"Yes," replied Superman a bit of a pained scowl on his face.

"Wonderful, family turmoil, this makes it so much better," said Batman in a dry voice. "Let's focus at the matter at hand. Some super powered individual doesn't randomly show up in Vegas, not without a reason, not without a motive. Even if it's based on someone else's motive involving him."

Batman paused, before he continued. "Do tell me the details on the newest family member."

"Kara's...husband's name is Harry Potter. He seems to...have had a lot of issues to deal with or so he said. Technically, so he screamed at me. He was not too happy about being picked up and the fact I suggested that he might be a criminal, kind of made him upset. Green eyes, black hair, um there's a lightning bolt on his head...does that help?"

"It's a start," summarized Batman. His burning gaze focused on Superman. "You on the other hand, really need to reign what happened. Months ago, you were captured and tortured by Darkseid. Your mind was broken down and restructured. He set you loose on Earth. And that left you with an entire mess of issues that you seem to be reluctant to deal with."

"Speaking from experience, Bruce?" remarked Superman.

"If that helps you understand, then yes. I hope you understand that more problems are solved by engaging your wits than by flying headlong into situations. Especially since you made the situation worse with your inability to see past your own nose. I know you're capable of some thought, Kent, but you know what, you use your powers as a crutch too often. Don't turn into the type of monster's you're fighting against."

Superman spoke up once again. "You know I'm still not happy that..."

The Dark Knight responded with a growl. "Deal with it. I'll find out what I can about this Harry Potter. But remember, it was your inability to understand that your actions have consequences that caused this union in the first place. Do not go down that road. I've seen people go mad with power more times..."

There was a pause

"And if you had done something stupid and ripped that kid to shreds with your powers, I would have been annoyed if I had to fly down to Kansas and break up some super powered fight. If that kid didn't have powers, you'd be in an even worse fix than you are now. And I would bring the
Kryptonite.

Superman and Batman stared down each other.

"I would advise starting the healing by apologizing to them. Swallow your pride, but wait until you mean it. If I had to hazard a guess, the kid knocked you for a loop."

"In a sense," said Superman.

"Good, someone had to. And now, take a breath and focus. If I find anything substantial, I'll be in touch."

"Um right," said Superman. "I've got some explaining to do."

"And remember, teenagers might be immature, but they react better when you treat them as equals," stated Batman. "And not like children who need to be shielded. I've learned that lesson the hard way."

Superman turned, to leave Batman alone.

"His good heart will be overwhelmed by his lack of sense."

Just as Batman sat down, he saw his butler, Alfred Pennyworth, stand by the side of the cave. Alfred stood at the edge before he spoke. "Should I suspect that you will be working all night again and put dinner away again, sir?"

"Yes, Alfred, I've been presented by quite the intriguing case," said Batman. "Who in the world is this Harry Potter? I have found several things before Superman arrived."

Batman turned to explain the findings that he found to his trusty butler.

"A week ago, a mysterious woman named Dora Black was sighted, and she acquired papers along with information. Obvious alias, to create identification for Harrison Radcliffe, another alias for a different individual. Three days ago, Radcliffe arrived in Vegas."

Alfred regarded Batman "So an international man of mystery type, Master Bruce?"

"In a sense. He made a killing at the casinos. Given half of those machines were rigged, we can guess he has some kind of ability."

Batman allowed his deductions to sink in before he continued. "Then two days ago, the security camera footage shows a girl arriving. She was wearing glasses but obviously, Supergirl. Her demeanor matches, even if she was hiding it behind some clumsy farm girl disguise. Tripping over and falling over things when she could, as misdirection."

"Well misdirection can work out well," summarized Alfred.

"Exactly. Kara Kent was denied entry to the casino, but Harrison Radcliffe showed up and they changed their mind."

"Some kind of demonic possession? Or hypnotism, much like used by the Mad Hatter's technology?"

"Perhaps, at first I suspected something like this. But now, I'm not as certain."

The detective continued with his conclusions after a moment's pause.
"Then the two teenagers had a few drinks. Then they went on a super powered joyride throughout the casino. They hit the slots, the tables, and then engaged in a bout of karaoke," explained Batman. "Yet, Radcliffe's demeanor indicates that his life might not have been the best."

A moment to allow breath and more of the deductions to sink in, before Batman proceeded. "He burned through some frustrations. He's hiding, but alcohol tends to bring out the person within. He has a bit of a temper. Then they got married, at a little wedding chapel. They were rather, eager, to explore the benefits of their new relationship."

"Well, I guess that's best left up to the imagination, sir," stated Alfred.

Batman remained stoic. "Indeed. Although the super powered light show that went out all over the Vegas that night indicate that the night was quite…eventful."

"I think we can only guess," said Alfred. "But what..."

"Obviously, Harrison Radcliffe is Harry Potter," concluded Batman.

"Well you truly are the World's Greatest Detective," retorted Alfred dryly.

Batman turned. He had the name and basic identification features of the subject in question. All he needed to do was slap the pieces of the puzzle together.

-X-

Kara shook herself awake. Her arms wrapped around Harry. She watched as Harry's eyes flickered awake.

"Morning, love," yawned Kara as she looked at him with a smile. "You know how I said that our first time and every other time had been magical on that night?"

"Well, you're right," commented Harry as he had a cheerful expression on his face.

Best night sleep he had in years. Not even a flicker of the troubled visions appeared in his dreams. Kara looked at him. "No, I was wrong."

Harry opened his mouth, but Kara laughed in amusement at Harry's expression and kissed him before he could say a word. The kiss lasted a bit of time, and both explored their spouse's mouth immediately. She broke the kiss, so she could speak. "Much better sober, not that it wasn't fun the first time. Still it is great. You worked all of the areas of my body."

"I'd never thought I'd enjoy..." started Harry but the Kryptonian once again cut him off and gave him a nice kiss right on his lips. Her moist lips on his made Harry tingle all over. Harry could feel her tongue in as she coaxed it into his mouth. The wizard returned the favor and their tongues played with each other, dancing with furious passion.

Smut/Lemons Begins

Her body pressed directly onto his, the feeling of her skin was better than anything Harry had experienced. She had a certain feeling of love and warmth in her blue eyes, and her demeanor showed the passion she had. The two continued to kiss, with Kara grinding her pussy up and down him.

Harry's erection hardened. The expression in her eyes shifted to pure need, as her fingers traced
around his body as the kiss continued.

For one fretful moment before Vegas, Harry thought all was lost.

He had never been so happy to be wrong.

Kara pulled away from the kiss, as she sat on Harry's hips. He stared at the girl transfixed as she traced her fingers around her hardened nipples. Little circles had been made as she continued to gaze down at him.

"So hot," whispered Harry, as he looked at her, as she continued to play with her nipples and her breasts. Then she leaned down and peppered his face, neck, chest, and arms with little kisses.

Harry sat up with a burst of inspiration and he reached for her breasts. His hands traced around them, massaging and squeezing them. He explored the wonders of his wife's breasts. Harry was not the best estimator of bust size, but as he explored, he figured she had to be a rather decent C cup. They made his mouth water as he held them in his hand never the less.

He did remember Kara tell him she was still growing and still developing. His hands squeezed and the Kryptonian Girl ground her arse on his crotch, brushed up against his erection.

Kara arched her back and gave a sensual moan. Harry leaned forward and licked her nipples.

"Damn it, Harry, you're going to make me set my room on fire," moaned Kara as her eyes glowed red. She managed to reign in her powers, but just barely.

Harry buried himself in his wife's chest. His mouth and tongue worked over her. He sucked, and licked her delicious tits. His tongue nestled within her cleavage. The wizard sucked and licked on his wife's chest. His tongue moved with little hisses and little jolts of magic caused her moans to intensify.

Kara enjoyed what he was doing. Out of the corner of his eye, mouth still latched onto the side of her right breast; he spotted her fingers travel down to her pussy lips.

With a wide mouth looked she inserted them in and played with herself. Kara pumped her fingers in and out of her, the motions intensified the more Harry sucked on her breasts.

"Sexy," commented Harry after he had managed to pry himself away from her breasts.

"You're pretty amazing too yourself," moaned Kara as she pulled her fingers out and gave them a lick, before she inserted them into Harry's mouth and allowed him to suck off her own juices.

Harry managed to not miss a single drop, sucking and licking on his wife's fingers. He savored the taste.

"Remember, Harry, don't be afraid of exploration," she said with a smile, as she hovered above him. "Every single fantasy, every area of exploration, I'm open minded. Don't be afraid about what people tell you is wrong."

She traveled down Harry's body with eyes, and gazed directly his throbbing penis. The fact the girl's eyes stared at him in such a manner made Harry grow even more.

"Someone's excited!" sang Kara as her eyes danced with mischief. She gently pushed Harry back onto the bed. Kara lowered herself onto the end of the bed, teasing him a little bit. She slowly crawled towards him, swaying her hips all of the way.
Harry wished he could be two places at once so he could see her from the back and the front.

The sexy blonde kissed his pelvic area. Her kisses slowly traveled down each and every inch. She gave slow licks all around him, her tongue inching closer and closer to his throbbing member.

Then Kara kissed every single inch of his hardened penis. She reached his balls and her mouth remained on them. Her lips remained on him for a moment as she applied a little suction.

Harry's eyes glazed over in pure pleasure as she teased him. The Kryptonian alternated between strokes and licks, before she grabbed Harry's penis in her hand and her mouth traveled closer.

Her breath hit the tip of it at that instant.

"Fuck, Kara," he managed, feeling her hot breath on his cock, and her talented tongue teasing him, briefly.

"In a little bit," she teased. "Just to let you know, with my powers, I can go very deep and hold my breath for a very long time."

Her mouth enveloped his stiff member. Her lips around him nearly made Harry forget how to breathe but he managed it. Kara's warm hot mouth around his penis caused his mind to wild with pleasure. She sucked on it, taking him deeper and deeper down her throat.

Harry's green eyes widened as his heart sped up. He was beyond coherent thought at this point. He put his hands on her hair and stroked it, and encouraged her to go deeper.

Her throat muscles squeezed his penis. Harry's eyes glazed over to the side. His release drew nearer, but Harry never wanted this pleasure to end.

Kara snaked her hand around his balls and stroked them, before she gave them a squeeze. That action combined with the work her throat muscles did on his penis and the expression in her blue eyes brought the Boy-Who-Lived to a memorable climax.

Cum fired down her throat. She continued to suck on him as he fired down her throat. Harry felt his breath hitch as she squeezed and milked him for every last drop he had until she drained his balls.

Kara pulled off and rested her head on Harry's lap. She gave Harry only a minute to regain his bearings.

Her hand once again groped his balls, and cock. Kara licked and stroked Harry until he had reached full mast once again.

Harry found himself pushed back on the bed. He had only a second to marvel about how well his charm work held, before Kara pushed herself down onto his erection.

Once again, Harry felt himself engulfed in her hot, wet, and tight center.

"Oh, Harry," moaned Kara as Harry reached around and traced circles around her sweaty back.

She lowered herself up and down on his cock, her breasts bounced. It took some doing for her not to take off and hit the ceiling with Harry still inside her.

Harry cupped his hands underneath his wife's arse and began to play with it. That little effort got Kara going even more, as she squeezed him and she felt every single inch of him twitch in her. Her pussy muscles contracted, and rubbed his cock in the most pleasurable way.
"Fuck me, Harry, keep pumping your hard cock in my pussy," she squealed as their hips met with each other. Her nipples hard, her body covered with sweat. Her lips curled into an "O" shape, as she titled her head back. Moans escaped through her throat, and she rode Harry.

Harry, through the sheer force of will held back, as he felt his lover orgasm. Kara bent down and kissed him.

She muffled her own super powered moans into his mouth as she pushed Harry's penis in and out. He pumped inside her. His cock twitched as he could feel her super powerful pussy squeeze him.

Kara's moans got even more sensual as she felt Harry do things to her that she never thought were possible.

"Shoot it into me Harry," she breathed in and out, with Harry thrusting deep into her further and further. "Cum for me, babe, shoot all of your hot and sticky cum into my tight wet pussy. Want it so bad."

His release edged rather nearer as Kara gripped his head, before she whispered in his ear. "Give me all of your seed, it would make me so happy!"

With those words, Harry climaxed and spurted inside of her. She rode him to the very end with fierce determination.

Kara waited for Harry to finish shooting his load into her, and then she pulled herself off, her pussy sopping wet.

**Smut/Lemon Ends.**

She looked at the clock and regained her bearings.

"Damn, it's later than I thought, we better take a quick shower, and get down to breakfast," whispered Kara, as she scooped up Harry in her arms along with their clothes.

'Ma, said no flying in the house, but what Ma doesn't see, won't hurt,' thought Kara as she inhaled their combined scent and felt more pleasure.

With an act of every single god that ever existed ever, Kara managed to traffic them both to the bathroom.

She mused that likely if Harry was a normal human, he would have likely been broken.

"Then again, the same goes both ways," thought Kara. "If I was a normal human or witch or anything else for that matter, I couldn't satisfy him or give him the love he needs."

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Martha Kent sighed. It had been a long last several months. Every mother's worse fear came true for her with the Darkseid incident. She did not know the full details, but she knew enough to be terrified about it. Kara had been hurt and Clark nearly slaughtered Darkseid to gain revenge.

Then there was the marriage. Their promise to Clark to keep Kara on the farm made enough sense at the time. In hindsight, she was not surprised Kara rebelled.

"I feel like I'm a bad mother," said Martha after a long moment of silence.

"What?" asked Jonathan as he jolted with a start "Is this about..."
"No, it's just, everything that I didn't want Clark to be might be happening, he's angrier I guess" said Martha. "I wanted to hopefully have his feet firmly on the ground and be more on even keel with everyone else."

"Clark's...he's going through some rather tough times," replied Jonathan, as he flipped through the newspaper. "But what he did in Vegas..."

Martha Kent's eyes narrowed at the paper.

"What Clark did made the news, didn't it?" asked Martha.

"Yep, people are making a fuss out of it, but thankfully it happened so quick no one seems sure," said Jonathan but he sighed. "Can't blame ourselves. Some really bad things happened to Clark and I just hope he straightens up."

"So, about Kara," said Martha in a casual tone.

Jonathan took a drink of coffee. "Well, she's had fifteen years before she came here, so she was bound to be a bit wilder than Clark ever was. But I think life on the farm has done her some good. Just enough where she's a bit more mature."

The man paused and offered a bit of a chuckle. "Perhaps a bit too mature for her own good. And that Harry, given what he's been bottling inside, well you saw what happened."

"I really wish this entire mess didn't happen," sighed Martha. "Clark's good heart sometimes trips him up and makes him not think when he should. But, what he did was irresponsible. I just am glad I heard the noise when I did or it might have gotten..."

She did not need to elaborate.

"I wonder when he'll be back," managed Martha with a sigh. "If he'll ever come back."

"He'll be back, once he's got a chance to calm down," said Jonathan before he decided to address the particular elephant in the room. "So, about this marriage thing?"

Martha put down her cup of coffee "Well, I can't pretend I'm too thrilled. But young people make mistakes. Kara's willing to deal with the consequences of her actions, and understands what she's gotten herself into. Harry seems equally willing. And now it's just something that we're all going to have to cope with. It seemed like a good idea to make her stay indoors."

"Well, we made plenty of mistakes, just learn from them," said Jonathan, as he heard noise coming from upstairs. "Looks like the newlyweds are coming down."

"Well they were bound to eventually," said Martha as she set out plates. "It's getting late.

"It might not be best to think about what they might have been doing," said Jonathan. "Just deal with this, one day at a time. Just like Clark and his powers, that was an adventure. Just like the farm, weather's going to be bad, we just got to adapt and take things through one step at a time."

At this point, Harry and Kara entered the kitchen. Their footsteps stalled and things got a bit awkward when they spotted the Kents at the kitchen table.

"Morning, Kara, Harry," said Martha in a polite tone, as she saw the uncomfortable look on Harry's face.
"Mrs. Kent, we kind of got off to a bit of a bad start last night..." started Harry, who half dreaded this meeting now that he had a chance to think.

"Harry, the situation would stress anyone out, and please call me Martha," said Martha kindly. "You're family, even if the situation is...well unconventional."

"I understand, really I do," said Harry in a relieved voice. "I'veh had a lot of time to think about things. And they just got bottled up and I exploded. Your son just pushed all of my buttons at the worst possible time."

"That's really not your fault, Harry," added Jonathan. "Clark's..."

"Being overly paranoid?" interjected Kara. It was obvious by her tone she was not too fond of her cousin right now. "Pa, Ma, none of this is your fault. It runs in the family. The actual blood family, not that you guys aren't family. We tend to get a bit hot headed and let our emotions run away with us."

"Still can't help blaming myself for all of this," said Martha.

Family fights were the worst after all.

"So, breakfast, I think, I set you a plate, Harry."

"Um, thanks, you didn't..." started Harry but grasped his hand firmly to get his attention.

"She did it because she wanted to," whispered Kara. "Don't think you're alone."

Harry sat down and ate.

"Thanks, Martha, this is really good," said Harry in a somber tone of voice. "And I'm really sorry about what happened, you didn't need to hear all of the things I've been feeling."


"Yeah, I almost did," said Harry, as his eyes flickered to his hand, with words, "I must not tell lies." carved into it. He had covered it up most of the time, no one needed to see that.

"So, how have you been doing in school?" asked Jonathan but he stopped when he saw the look on Harry's face. Kara grasped his hand to comfort him.

"Well it's been a long year, Harry had a teacher in one of his subject that did not do a good job," explained Kara. "Harry had to tutor a bunch of students in her subject."

"She wasn't happy when she found out," added Harry.

"Because you were a better teacher than she ever was," she added.

"She's gone now, hopefully we'll never have the school ruined by her again," said Harry. "I'm really not sure about going back..."

"Now, I'm sure that you'd want to continue your education," said Jonathan but then he realized the reason by Harry's reluctance to going back to school. "So, what you said last night, they all happened at that school."

Harry came to the conclusion that it was best to be honest. The web of lies had enabled Voldemort...
after all. "Sadly, yes, they did, all of them, it's a boarding school. Where we learn magic well really a whole lot of mind numbing theory, really. We do get do spells but they are by the book."

"So no creativity," sighed Kara.

Harry nodded, and continued to speak. "Well the best teacher I ever had, was Remus...where is Remus anyway?"

"Oh, sorry, Harry," said Martha in an apologetic voice. "He left, because he needed to prepare for his monthly problem, or that's what he said."

"Oh right, the furry little problem," said Harry, with a nod. He had forgotten it was that close.

"Someone named Tonks is supposed to come for you in three days, if you want to go back," added Martha. "But Remus told me to remind you it's your choice. You're an adult now."

Harry just nodded. Sirius had said the same thing and he took it to heart even more.

"So, what are you going to do next?" asked Martha.

"Well, in a bit, we're going to go outside, it's a nice day," said Kara.

"Yeah, then I think we got a few things to figure out, until we move forward," said Harry. "I have a good idea and Kara does too I think."

"Yeah, I do," said Kara with a smile. "So, about ready to go outside? It's a beautiful day and it'd be a shame to be cooped up indoors."

Harry and Kara cleared their plates, washed them, and put them away in seconds. The two held hands and walked into the great outdoors for a day together.

"You know, despite the start, they do seem to want to make it work," said Martha as she watched the couple leave.

A dark haired woman arrived in Las Vegas. Much like many other people out there, she heard the Superman rumors. Curiosity got the better of her. As a reporter, she instinctively found herself on the first plane to Las Vegas.

Lois Lane was a woman who only looked for trouble if she smelled some kind of story. Of course, that did not mean that plenty of trouble did seem to find her.

She looked around, trying to get a feel of the atmosphere. That was important for getting a story. Las Vegas proved to be quite the colorful city, but these new arrivals took the cake. One white haired man with a long beard dressed in the most absurd robes appeared in her eyesight. He was followed by an oily looking hunched over man.

"Next time Dumbledore, if you want the boy to stay put, strap him to a table."

Lois surveyed them and frowned.

'Ah, that doesn't sound too good at all but let's not jump to conclusions, Lane.'

The old man and his greasy companion moved over towards Lois. She faced them with no fear in her eyes.

"Excuse me, m'am," said the old man. "I'm looking for a young man, he seemed to have run off to
"Vegas and we've lost track of him."

"Oh, you have," said Lois as she looked at this duo, as she tried to figure them out. "Did you give him a reason to leave?"

"I can't see why I would do such a thing. We only arranged for the boy would be indoors and cut off all communication to the outside world. It was for his protection."

The reporter looked at the duo, and shook her head. "Yeah, I've heard that one before, more times than I can remember."

"Look, if you've seen him, you need to tell us right now," said the greasy man. "You don't know what will happen if someone finds the boy before we do."

"Well there's a lot of things you don't seem to know," said Lois as she looked over this greasy man. "Like what shampoo is for one thing it seems. Then again, if I ever run low on oil for my car, I'll be sure to look you up."

The greasy man sneered at her and his fingers twitched.

"Do you have any idea, we need to find him?" asked the old man.

"Do, I look like I go on wild hunts for missing children?" said Lois. "I'm here about a story about Superman."

The old man looked puzzled. "Excuse me, but what's a Superman?"

Lois wanted to smack her face with her own palm.

'What's a Superman? What planet did these guys blow in from? Or an Insane Asylum, it has to be that. I wonder if Arkham is missing a couple. Seems to be their type.'

"Superman, you know, faster than a...look never mind, you two are wasting my time. I've got work to do. Go bother some Elvis Impersonator or something and if you start following me, I swear, I'll call the police on you."

Lois turned and walked off, mind once again on the Superman situation.

"What a rude woman," grumbled Snape, as he watched her leave. "Why is everyone in this entire country so obnoxious?"

"Severus, don't you think you're overreacting?" inquired Dumbledore

"No," said Snape in a short tone. He put the matter from his mind, and returned to the situation at hand. "But, Potter, we have to locate him. Come to think of it, the Elvis Impersonator crack that woman made, it inspired a potential lead."

Snape's look grew dark. "If that brat did what I think he did, he's going to be scrubbing cauldrons with his tongue every weekend for the next two years."

"Don't you think that's a bit harsh?" asked Dumbledore.

The Potions Master only had one response. "No."

Dumbledore looked around but was transfixed by all of the signs.
"Headmaster, focus, we have to find Potter," said Snape.

"Of course, of course, this truly is a place of magic."

Snape held back a comment. Given the insanity this place held, perhaps he should just leave Dumbledore here. The old man would fit in rather well.

He wondered how many days it would take for Dumbledore to notice he had been left here.

The fresh country air and the smells made Harry smile. This really gave him peace, and tranquility. Something he desperately needed after the year he had at Hogwarts. He sat dressed in his best cast offs.

He looked at his wife and saw her saunter towards him.

It was hard to believe that almost a week ago, Harry intended to fold and give into life.

The change happened with Vegas. While Sirius's survival made him happy, it remained a mystery.

Harry gazed at his wife. To him, she was the vision of everything he ever wanted in a partner. Even if the desire had been subconscious, he knew now what he wanted.

She wore a tight white tank top stretched across her torso to display her toned stomach and curves. Short jean shorts showcased her long, shapely legs. Kara's blond hair was tied back. Harry saw a confident expression on her face. He hazarded a guess her face looked like an angel, but then realized that might be a step down. She was far more beautiful Her moist lips, blue eyes, and high cheekbones accentuated her features.

Not a dab of make-up, not a sniff of perfume was present, but Harry summarized that was for those who needed the extra help to stand out. Help Kara did not need. She stood around a hundred and seventy centimeters or about five foot eight inches in the American measurement system. Harry had trouble guessing. All he knew she stood over him in height; he came up to chest level when they both stood up straight.

He had more of her to explore. Again, Harry marveled at her supreme confidence. She was not overbearing by any means, but she just had an infectious attitude.

"Wow, you look hot," managed Harry as Kara set down a basket right in front of them. The blonde beauty bent over. She took her time to give Harry an eyeful, before she spun back around. "All of you."

"Well, I thought you'd like," replied Kara as she placed her arm around Harry, as they sat down on a blanket placed upon the grass. "You're slowly breaking out of your shell Harry, but I saw the real you. I knew you would."

'Ah, alcohol, the great equalizer,' muttered Kara as she thought. 'What was it Pa said? It brings out your true personality.'

Kara pulled Harry in closer to her. The couple sat back and watched the nature around him.

"So, you didn't tell me about school, I mean other the all of the parts of you getting killed," said Kara. "Well at least when you're a bit more coherent and not drunk. So what did you do fun for there?"
"Well, most of it was school work, they let us visit the village a few times a year, but that was as far as we could go," explained Harry. "Oh and there's Quidditch. It's a sport, played on broomsticks, it can get rather nasty."

Kara rubbed on his back, and her hands traveled lower down "Well most sports can and that's just with the fan base."

Harry laughed. Some of the Football fans could be a rowdy lot from what he heard.

"Oh and we played chess too, when we had time," added the wizard as an afterthought.

"That's a good game, really help builds your mind, how did you do?" asked Kara, as she heard birds chirp above her.

"Well, it's kind of hard to concentrate when the pieces are all shouting at you," said Harry. He remembered how he had not done that well. "Giving strategy all of the time, and it just confused me."

"So the pieces tell you what to do, that takes the fun out of it," said Kara with a frown but she just shook her head. "Tradition, wasn't it? I'm going to have to teach you the proper way to play it. But never mind that, what subjects did you take?"

Harry explained all of the subjects at Hogwarts. Kara listened with a mixture of captivated interest, but she also seemed a bit put off by some of the more gruesome details.

"And then there's Potions. I was looking forward to that class before I started Hogwarts," said Harry with a sigh. "Then Snape started in on me,"

Harry proceeded to give a pretty accurate mockery of Snape, even if he made it slightly whiny. "Oh, the Famous Harry Potter, I better bombard him with questions that are not taught until much later to show my superiority to an eleven year old child. I can't get over how much his father and his friends used to pick on me. I'm so brilliant, and you're all a bunch of dunderheads."

"This Snape sounds like a real jerk," said Kara as she frowned and shook her head.

Harry explained more about his classes as he came to the realization how rather limited many of them were. The subject of the various Defence Against the Dark Arts teachers came in, but Harry stalled when he came to Umbridge.

"So, fifth year, and the teacher," said Harry.

Kara sensed very bad memories coming on for her husband. She wrapped her arms around him, giving the comfort she had a feeling he had been lacking. "Take your time, honey. Take a deep breath, focus, and then just let it out."

"I think in some ways Umbridge might be even worse than Voldemort. At least Voldemort is honest, well mostly. Umbridge on the other hand, hid her little crimes under a mask of sugary sweetness. I thought I was going to contract some kind of illness just by being in her room all year. And she treated us like five year olds. You know how much I hate being treated like a child."

"I know," affirmed Kara as she held him, and he wrapped her arms around her as well. "Please continue."

"She sent Dementors after me. I don't know if she was hoping that I'd got kissed or just get brought in for that farce of a trial."
The Last Daughter of Krypton frowned as she looked at Harry.

"Kissed? Um, please explain that one?"

Harry once again defaulted to the brutally honest explanation. His work last year gave him more of an experience to explain things. "Dementors are pretty much the manifestation of every bad memory anyone and everyone could have. They are the guardians of the Wizarding Prison Azkaban, but they'll go over to Voldemort at a moment. My godfather spent twelve years of his life, in a high security cell surrounded by them. He just barely managed to keep his mind."

Harry shuddered. It was a miracle Sirius kept his sanity intact. Even if it was obvious that he would be messed up because of Azkaban.

"The Dementor's Kiss is the one weapon that has been rarely used. Those horrors take their hoods down. They have no face, just a black hole. A black hole where nothing warm or cheerful can ever pass, ever. Your body sizes up, your temperature drops to chilling levels, and it's like drowning in frozen water."

Kara had no response and Harry continued to press on. "The harder you fight, the harder they push you down. Then it puts its mouth directly onto yours and begins to slowly suck your soul out. By the time it gets close enough, most would be too paralyzed to fight. Their mind still knows what happened but..."

Kara bit her lip back. She held back the blood curdling scream that she wanted to do, but shivered. Given her ordeal when she had been rescued from Argo, intense cold was something that terrified her to an extent. Talk of these Dementors amplified her phobias by one hundred and ten percent.

Harry sensed her fear and pulled into a reassuring hug and then gave her a kiss, as he stroked her hair and neck. Kara sighed into his mouth.

The two relaxed, and held each other.

"You came so close to being kissed by these things," breathed the girl.

"Too close, I saved myself," said Harry, but he saw the flustered look on his wife's face. "Time travel, um, it's hard to explain. One of the rules of magic is you should really never mess with time, ever."

He tried to wrap his head around explaining one of the hardest things to explain. "And if you do, do not be seen. If you're seen, things might happen. People have killed their past selves or their past selves have killed them and it's...confusing."

"Yeah, I feel a bit of a headache myself," managed Kara. "How many of those Dementor things are there?"

"Too many," said Harry darkly. "You see, while some of them are still at the Ministry, others have left and joined Voldemort. And...according to the papers, they're breeding."

Kara was visited by some rather bad mental images that made her shudder.

"Great Rao," breathed the girl.

"Yeah, it's really bad," agreed Harry as they held each other tight. "It's a lot to take in and deal with. Even two of them are trouble. I managed to chase off a hundred of them in my third year. With the Patronus Charm, it's powered by happy memories. Takes a lot of concentration, very few
adult wizards can do it in the presence of a Dementor."

The two held into each other tight.

"I hope I never meet those things," said Kara as she looked wide eyed at the thought. "I don't scare easily but...that's just..."

"Most grown witches and wizards are scared of them," whispered Harry as he massaged her neck and kissed the side of it. He pulled away, before whispering in her ear. "And I swear, you'll never have to meet any of them. I'll fight them all if it means...protecting you. I'd die for you."

Kara pulled away and looked Harry in his eye. A frown appeared on her face and she grabbed Harry by his shoulders.

"I don't want you to die, Harry, I want you to live," said Kara in a firm voice as she looked him straight in the eyes. "We're going to be together for a long time."

Harry nodded. "It's just...everyone expects a lot out of me, and it's getting to me. I've put my life on the line for everyone so many times, I thought that..."

Harry paused.

"Never mind," said Harry as he looked at her. "I...I really didn't have a reason to live. Now, I do."

Kara's face brightened at this. "You...Harry you've given me about as much hope. Earth is nothing like Krypton or Argo and...well until now I missed that and would give anything to go back."

The blonde haired Kryptonian continued to talk in a soft voice as she showed a tiny bit of vulnerability. Harry held her closely to give her strength. "I didn't really tell anyone this, I love the Kents, but they're...it just feels like I'm family over for an extended visit. And Kal...."

She took a few seconds to find the words without making it sound like she was being too overly harsh. Her opinionated nature got the best of her.

"He got the peaceful upbringing, untroubled, unburdened. I spent four years wondering if a better tomorrow would come. Then for a moment, I thought I would see Krypton again. Then...well you know what happened."

Harry gave her a reassuring smile. "Yeah I do. I sometimes wonder about my parents and what it would be like if they lived. But...it's in the past."

His hands cupped underneath her face and he gazed in her eyes once again. "I see the present and the future."

Kara's mouth contorted into a little smile. "We did save each other, didn't we?"

She added as her head rested on Harry's chest. "Pretty good for a couple of drunken super powered hormone addled teens who wound up in Vegas and got married."

They laughed at this and relaxed a bit.

"Chocolate helps a bunch with them," added Harry suddenly. "You know, Dementors."

"Well, they say chocolate can release endorphins into the mind to stimulate happiness," said Kara. "So kind of makes sense doesn't it?"
Kara turned her attention to the basket. "We should have a snack and something to drink to clear our heads."

"I'd like that," replied Harry, as his wife had taken out two sandwiches and two glasses of apple juice. "Thanks."

They enjoyed their snack underneath the tree in the shade. A gentle breeze blew through their hair.

"So let's talk about this Quidditch, that seems to be a mostly happy thing for you," said Kara. "So, how was it?"

"Well it wasn't so much the game, I just like the freedom of flying," explained Harry. "Just something about the outdoors and flying above the ground really makes me happy, you know."

"Yep," said Kara in between bites. "It's just the most wonderful feeling in the world, up in the air, no burdens, not a care in the world."

Harry nodded. "I found a woman who loves flying as much as I do. But you don't need a broom."

"Don't you have some kind of spell or something for flight?" asked Kara.

"It's very powerful magic," explained Harry. "Self-sustained levitation can drain a wizard rather quickly. There are other ways I'm sure, but I don't really know of any. It's not like they teach them. It'd be nice to be able to fly without a broom."

Harry paused, before a slight grin appeared on his face. "Then again, you can fly, and you're far more fun to ride than any broom.

Kara looked pleased, as Harry grabbed her and began to kiss her, which she returned.

Their activity was interrupted by a pop and a small little man with dressed in purple and a green bow tie, and purple hat appeared next to them.

"Well, well, well, the famous Harry Potter, look you what you just stumbled into!" cackled the little floating man. He had one of the most shrill and obnoxious voices that Harry ever heard in his entire life.

"What the bloody hell are you?" asked Harry and Kara just paled.

"You're that little troll from the fifth dimension that pestered Kal," said Kara as she glared at him.

"Ah, Supergirl, pleased to make your acquaintance," said the imp with a bow before he shrugged and blew her a raspberry. "But that's not why I'm here. I'm here to visit your new hubby right here."

Harry pulled out his wand and sent a hex, but the little abomination dodged it.

"Nah, nah, temper, temper, wouldn't want to fly on ye old capslock mode plane again!"

He laughed in an obnoxious manner before he continued. "For those who are not in the know, the name's Mxyztplk, Mister Mxyztplk. I'm from the fifth dimension, a place of highly developed beings far beyond your comprehension. And when I heard about the nuptials, I just flew all the way over here, to see if you, old Boy-Who-Lived-To-Be-Hyphenated was up to stuff."

Mxy laughed his shrill laugh.
"I've heard a great deal about you, Harry Potter," continued Mxy. "You see, I've been in contact with another friend of mine, that poltergeist that hangs around at the old Hoggy Warty Hogwarts."

"Of course you'd know Peeves," sighed Harry.

"You see, your poltergeist pal actually is a manifestation of a thousand years worth of magical children on a super-powered sugar high!" cackled Mxy. "He's a spirit from the fifth dimension channeled to that place. They couldn't get rid of them, even if they wanted to. We get together every couple of centuries, share a few drinks, shoot the shit, and cause some real havoc all throughout many worlds!"

Mxy cackled before he continued.

"I just remember this one time, oh this is a good one. We warped an alternate world and created a horror known as Ebony. Or was it Enoby? We transcribed it for scientific purposes. Then we posted the entire effort on the Interwebz and broke a bunch of people's minds."

Mxy just smirked and shrugged. "Ah, we were bored, what can I say?"

The imp cackled with sadistic glee.

"And you, Harry Potter, and I are going to play a little game," said Mxy and Kara made a dash to get the little horror while he ranted. Mxy snapped his fingers and Kara felt ropes and a gag wrapped around her. "Now there's a little trick that will spice up the old bedroom, Scar Boy!"

"You little..." shouted Harry, but his spell was blocked.

He managed to free Kara from her confines.

"Now, if you children can behave, let me explain," lectured the imp. "If you, that being you, Harry Potter, can get me to reveal my name backwards in any way you can think of, I go back home, well for a while anyway."

Harry knew what he had to do.

"Um, yeah, I've never been good at remembering things," replied Harry. "Could you say what I need to do?"

"Listen, Potter, are you dense? You need to get me to spell or say my name backwards!"

"Maybe if I had a visual aid," said Harry. "I don't even know what your name looks like."

"You don't need to know what it is, you little emo brat!" yelled Mxy. "You need to get me to say it."

"I bet you can't even spell it backwards either," replied Harry.

"Of course, I can!" howled Mxy.

"Why don't you do it then?" challenged Harry. "Or you can't do it, can you?"

"You're trying to trick me and it won't work!" howled Mxy.

"Boy, you're smart, you know that," said Harry. "Too bad you're still not smart enough to spell your own name backwards. Kind of pathetic."
Mxy lost it and a chalk board manifested in mid-air. "Fine, fine, you little scarheaded brat, see."

The word Kltpzym appeared as Mxy spelled it.

"There, see, I spelled it, you happy!

"You sure did," said Harry with a smile and Mxy realized.

"Oh, you little sh..."

With that, the cosmic terror disappeared and Kara and Harry stared at each other before they shook their heads.

"So, where were we?" asked Kara.

Harry grabbed her close and began to resume their activities.

**Lemon/Smut Begins**

Harry captured her lovely lips into a tender kiss. Kara returned the favor, as she wrapped her arms around Harry and pushed back onto the blanket. She sucked on his lips. Harry felt her tongue swirl around on the inside of his mouth and cheek. He met her tongue with equal passion.

The kiss parted, as Harry reached over and pushed her down right onto her back. Harry gave her a long and deep kiss. His mouth found her neck as he sucked on it.

Kara moaned, and Harry tugged at her hair. Magic caused marks to be left on Kara's neck.

Harry felt her nipples harden against his chest, and just twisted his hand underneath her shirt to feel what she was wearing underneath.

Or rather what she wasn't wearing. His hands pushed underneath her shirt, massaging her bare breasts.

"Minx," whispered Harry in her ear, as he continued to rub on her breasts. This activity caused her sensual moans to reach his ears.

"Only for you," moaned Kara as her breath touched Harry's ear.

The wizard continued his work on her breasts for a brief instant. His eyes drifted to her exposed midsection. Harry leaned down and Kara closed her eyes, as Harry kissed her belly button. Then he placed his tongue in and licked it.

Kara held her breath as she felt the vibrations of Harry's tongue ripple down upon her. He continued to lick and kiss her belly button. It gave her an unimaginable amount of pleasure. The pleasure heightened as his fingers worked down her shorts.

Harry stroked her thighs. He could feel subtle muscles on them, not too thick, but enough where it indicated she was a healthy young woman. His hands cupped her wet pussy as he stimulated her. Then his fingers inserted one at a time into her and pumped them in and out.

Harry gave Kara the same expression he learned from her, and it had a similar effect of bringing her to the edge.

Kara's eyes glazed over as she felt her shorts soak with the touches that Harry gave her. Scouring charm dried them. With a slow movement, she sat up, smile on her face at the pleasure her husband
gave her.

Harry grabbed Kara's hand and placed it onto his lap. She was turned on by how daring he was becoming.

Kara pushed her hand right into his pants and clasped her fist around his penis. The baggy pants gave her plenty of room to work him over. She felt pre-cum leaking out of his cock, and smeared it over his cock to give her the proper lubrication.

Harry groaned as her hand stroked him. The fact she did this while she floated about eight inches off the ground in flight and craned her neck up to stare into his eyes added to the pleasure.

This confirmed his theory that a female hand was much better than his own. Especially one so soft, yet strong as the one that belonged to beautiful blonde Kryptonian who had been given him a pleasurable hand job.

He could not hold back much longer and she pumped him even harder. His cock twitched and ejaculated in her hand. Kara looked in his eyes as she waited until completion. His pants had been stained as Kara slowly pulled away, hands covered in his fluids.

With a grin, Kara pulled Harry so they could face each other. Then she raised her hand and held her finger up. She wiggled it at Harry before she placed it right in her mouth. Her tongue swirled around the inside of her mouth.

She inserted every single finger into her mouth on both hands at once.

The look on her face really amplified the white hot sexiness that naturally radiated from her.

A small echo wondered when someone was going to try and ruin this, but other forces beat said echo into submission.

**Lemons/Smut Ends.**

Back in Vegas, Snape and Dumbledore continued to their investigation. Two wizards stood in front of a white chapel.

"Why would we need to go there, Severus?" asked Dumbledore with a puzzled expression on his face.

Snape scowled. "Because, that brat likely got hopped up on booze and met some random girl. Then got her drunk and they got married in this place."

Dumbledore just shrugged. "Better than any other idea we've had."

Snape turned to see a man dressed up as Elvis but Dumbledore looked excited. "Mr. Elvis, sir, I must say it's a pleasure to meet you."

"Dumbledore, that's an impersonator, the real Elvis Presley has been dead for years," said Snape with a sneer.

Dumbledore gave his colleague a sad look "Nonsense, everyone knows that Elvis was actually a wizard who faked his own death to take a break from the spotlight. Then he made even more money by impersonating himself. I told you, music is a magic more powerful than anything."

"You've been reading the Quibbler again, haven't you Headmaster?" asked Snape.
"Yes, what's your point?" replied Dumbledore.

"Never mind," said Snape as he turned to the Elvis impersonator. "Listen, we're here to inquire about a wedding."

"Well, the King's rather happy that more and more people are getting in touch with themselves, it fills him with such joy," said the impersonator in a rather convincing impression. "Don't let society tell you anything, just follow what your heart, come out of the closet. Oh, Mama, that's quite the feeling."

"No, it's about someone else that got married, some boy, scrawny, black hair, green eyes, lighting bolt scar on his head?" asked Snape, who channeled what little of his patience lingered within him. The impersonator understood. "Oh, young Mr. Radcliffe, he was here with some girl, to get married. Harrison Radcliffe was the boy's name, the girl, Kara Kent, I believe."

"Radcliffe, Lily's mother's maiden name," whispered Snape in Dumbledore's ear and Dumbledore straightened up. A bit of dread filled him.

"You could show us the marriage certificate," said Dumbledore, wand in his hand and the eyes of the Elvis Impersonator glazed over. The man handed it to them.

Dumbledore took the certification and he allowed Snape to read it.

_Kara Kent and Harrison Radcliffe_

_(7/19/83) (7/31/84)_

_Married on August 2nd 2000._

"We have to look up these Kents and exercise some damage control," said Dumbledore. "The marriage should be easily annulled."

"Nothing's easy with Potter," said Snape darkly. "Let's just find the brat. Then I'll deal with him in my way."

Dumbledore put down the marriage certificate.

After he turned away, the names Kara Zor-El and Harry Potter appeared on the marriage certificate.

Ginny Weasley entered her room with a smile on her face as she looked at her tribute to the Boy-Who-Lived.

Being the youngest child and only daughter in a family meant that the girl would be treated like a baby no matter what. Her mother had made sure that she remained indoors at all times when she was young. The only girl close to her age was Luna and Molly seemed to think Luna was kind of weird. Not to mention a bad influence on her.

She had heard stories about Harry Potter her entire life. She was read them every night and she knew that he was the one for her. Of course, when she met the real life wizard, she was excited and made a bit of a fool out of herself.

She had written in the diary to Tom for a year. Harry had saved her from the Chamber of Secrets. Harry really was the hero from her story books, and Ginny knew she wanted a fairy tale ending for
her life. It would be a wonderland so to speak.

The summer after her first year, she was kept even closer by her mother and grounded to her room as punishment for the diary incident until they left for Egypt. She only had her stories about Harry and her dreams.

Granted, Harry was kind of independent, too independent for a proper husband. Ginny looked at her parents, that was the proper family dynamic. The witch ran the house and the wizard catered to her.

The girl had plenty of practice. She hexed her brothers all of the time. It was good training. She would condition Harry and tame him.

Ginny would marry Harry. The hero would get his princess. After all he had saved her from a giant monster and an evil wizard. Symbolism really ran rampant.

"Ginny, dear, dinner!" shouted Mrs. Weasley.

Ginny smiled, as she took her journal, with the detailed wedding plans. There would be no need for Harry to have any input. It was not like he knew anything about girls or romance after all. The disaster relationship he had with Cho Chang proved that much.

Dreams of a perfect ideal world, with three children danced in Ginny's head as she made her way down the stairs.

Two teenagers curled against each other, and enjoyed the country breeze. Harry's bag was placed beside them.

"We'll have to continue this later," said Kara as she sighed against Harry. Her head rested on his chest, and Harry had an arm around her waist. "If we do much more, it might turn into awkward territory if someone sees us."

"No kidding...hey, I have an Invisibility Cloak," said Harry and Kara looked, eyes widened.

"Oh, do you think..." said Kara, as she took a deep breath, excited. "There's so many possibilities, with that, so naughty of you to bring that up."

"I think you're starting corrupt me," replied Harry with a grin.

"I should hope so," said Kara as she pulled herself up and Harry joined her, standing up.

"I was looking through my bag," remarked Harry. "It appears that I've won stocks, something called Lexcorp."

Kara looked through the stocks.

"Seem to own majority shares of his company," said Kara as she looked rather excited. "So next time Luthor tries anything, if you want to, you can knock him back into line."
"Perhaps," said Harry as he would have to consider the possibilities.

"Harry, this is a personal question, I know, but how rich are you anyway?" asked Kara. "Sorry for asking if you're uncomfortable…"

"No, you deserve to know," answered Harry as he clasped her hand. "Funny story here. You see a lot of people seem to think I'm some kind of heir to every single important witch and wizard that ever lived. But, I'm the heir to the House of Potter. The last one, the Head by default but I have all of the gold. Granted, it's a fair bit of gold, not enough to rule the world."

Harry looked at her. "Besides, if I had that kind of money, I would have hired someone to take care of Voldemort a long time ago or at least bribe him, here's my latest bank statement."

Kara looked at the statement and it seemed to be a decent amount.

"A lot of people don't think I have money, because I wear my cousin's old clothes and he's the size of...well a small whale," answered Harry. "I think it's about time for me to get some new clothes, not that I'd stick around for long, can't stand shopping."

"With your Vegas Winnings, you're in a pretty good spot too," summarized Kara. "So, what about Hogwarts? What really, what do you want to do?"

Harry looked forward for a moment before he turned back towards his wife. "I'm not going back."

"That's your choice, you know," replied Kara. "But if it's just because of me..."

"It's not, Kara, it's just..." managed Harry. "Regardless of the prophecy, Voldemort's a problem I'm going to have to deal with sooner or later. Mostly because I know none of those idiots at the Ministry will ever do anything. But five years of Hogwarts and not one thing that I can think of to help me beat him."

Harry looked reluctant.

"I'm going to have to kill him," whispered Harry.

He saw his wife look at him, thoughtful. "You do, I know, and sometimes that has to be done."

"I'm just glad this happened," summarized Harry. "Another choice fell into my lap. And you kind of did, remember."

Kara grinned as she recalled. "Yeah, I did, face first directly onto your lap. I kind of pretend to trip and fall when I'm Kara Kent, to throw people off but that time, you flustered me. Not a bad landing."

"So did you take a peek, with your X-Ray vision?" teased Harry.

"So tempted, but...no," replied Kara. "Besides, it was worth the wait."

At that minute, Harry looked up just in time to see Clark approach them.

"Wonderful, this should be awkward," thought Harry.

The Man of Steel looked at Harry and he looked back.

"Yes," prompted Harry as Kara looked up too, as they waited.
"I just wanted to say, that I might have overreacted just a bit and was wrong," sighed the man and Harry and Kara both nodded. "Sorry."

"You made a mistake but you're learning from it," said Harry, deciding that it would be best to let bygones be bygones. "If Superman can admit that he's wrong, maybe there's some hope for other people."

Clark just looked at him. "You've had a bad life, haven't you?"

"Yes, but that's not something you should worry about," said Harry with a look that indicated that he was not ready to completely trust his wife's cousin. He was relieved that he manned up and admitted he was wrong. "It might be a long time before I forget, but I think that we'll work through this in time."

"Same here, you don't know how much you hurt me by what you did," said Kara in a firm voice. "I thought I was finally free and now...it got taken away from me. By my own cousin. That hurt a lot."

Kara paused.

"Of course, family wouldn't be family if we didn't get on each other's nerves. Not that it didn't make what happened any less stupid."

"Well, hopefully we can all move beyond this," said Clark. "So...I guess I'll be seeing you around."

"Yeah, I suspect so," said Harry as Clark turned to walk towards the farm house for another awkward conversation, with his parents.

-X-

"Smallville, that's where they are," said Snape as he scanned the phone book. "Kansas, one of those places where everyone knows everyone else, it seems."

"Thank you, Severus," said Dumbledore, but his mind drifted to what happened a long time ago when a child had disobeyed orders to not go outside.

In his mind, there was a young girl, seven years old, who wandered outside and did magic.

He imagined the three boys who attacked her when she could not explain what she did. They nearly killed her but were stopped.

Her mind was broken forever, she withdrew inside herself.

Then Dumbledore's gravest mistake with someone he thought to be a friend, the girl was dead.

The reason why he worked so hard to keep Harry sheltered, because he could not let it happen again. One of the reasons at least, as Dumbledore resumed a mask of cheerfulness.

"Severus, we're off to Kansas now."

Snape nodded.

"I just hope that old man doesn't get us blown to Oz."
Chapter 6: Busted.

The two teenagers had just gone inside for lunch and returned outside for a while, as they sat down back down to enjoy each other's company some more.

"So, how was your childhood?" asked Harry and Kara perked up. "What did you do, on Argo, I think it was?"

Kara smiled, in fond memories as she pushed back to the bitter sweet ones. "Well, I moved there with my parents, when I was only three years old. Father seemed to want to get off of Krypton rather quickly. Then again, the Krypton Science Council would drive anyone mad. They were all about their close minded ideals and once they got that computer running, they followed the lead."

"What computer?" asked Harry, curious.

The blonde girl paused, before she started to explain. "It was supposed to be the ultimate computer, an artificial intelligence that would run everything. The computer was officially named the Brain Interactive Construct, but everyone called it Brainiac. It just runs off the tongue much easier."

"Yeah, I can see why that would be a mouthful," laughed Harry.

"For a while, it worked," continued Kara. "Of course, an advanced AI like that, it's bound to screw up. One little flaw in the programming, and everything is baked baked. And Brainiac had a big flaw. He took his objective to do what's best for Krypton too far."

Harry held her hand and encouraged her to continue. His actions gave Kara the strength to do so.

"He decided that he would rather let Krypton blow up and kill all of the people, to save himself," said Kara as she inclined her head and Harry comforted her. "He seemed to do the same thing with other planets, get the information and decide to destroy them."

She drew breath and continued. "He fought Kal three times before on Earth. The stupid council didn't listen to Jor-El, and Brainiac would rather save the knowledge of the planet, then save the people."

Both held each other.

"But I think I had some fun times, even if the end was not good," said Kara. "I had lots of fun on Argo. It was a beautiful place. Well most of it anyway. I enjoyed puzzles, and reading. Liked to be outdoors a lot, it was fun. But I was always looking for new ways to experiment with things. You know that."

Harry just smiled.

"Of course, I got in so much trouble when I blew up half of our house when I experimented with the wrong things. We all make mistakes; we've just got to learn what went wrong. However, Mother was not pleased."

They both laughed at this, as they laid back and watched the sky.

"It was fun, until he took over," whispered Kara as she shuddered and appreciated the person
beside him. "Krypton unloaded a lot of their criminals there, the one's that weren't sent to the
Phantom Zone."

Harry looked at Kara in confusion so she explained. "It's kind of a place where it's everywhere and
also nowhere. A world between worlds, I guess you could call it that. It's kind of confusing."

"What type of people were sent there?" wondered Harry.

"War criminals mostly," said Kara. "Of course, those who assaulted children and their spouses
might have gotten sent there if things got extreme. Despite all of the problems on Krypton,
mariage was rather sacred. Not perfect, nothing is but not done lightly. That was part of the vows
we took Harry, I know you don't remember this but I do."

"Why don't you remind me?" encouraged Harry.

Kara did. "Nothing too drastic. We vowed to protect each other, to cherish each other, to treat each
other like equals, to help each other, and to tie the best elements of both of our lives together. The
vows are unbreakable. Anyone who tries might be in for a huge surprise."

Harry smirked at this.

"Nothing deadly, but I didn't agree to marry you until I was sure, well mostly sure," said Kara.
"Sometimes you got to trust your instincts and... when I kissed you for the first time, I had a
feeling...and you sure proved it to be right since."

Harry knew where she was coming from. He had the same feeling. It was like nothing he had ever
felt before. It was wonderful. Kara truly was the most beautiful girl he ever met, both on the inside
and the outside.

"So what was your family background like?" asked Harry.

"We were well off," explained Kara. "Not filthy rich mind you, but enough where we could get by
rather well. I had a few friends..."

Kara closed her eyes and Harry pulled her close.

"It's okay, take your time," whispered Harry.

"They were all murdered by him, Zod, one by one, ," shuddered Kara, as she felt Harry rub her
neck. "He was Uncle Jor's old friend from his school days. He was the Commissioner of
Technological Acceptance for the Krypton Science Council for years. He approved all new
technologies for Krypton or censured them. Yet he wanted more."

She rested and remembered the details. "Zod tried to overthrow the Science Council and I think
Jor-El managed to get him sent to the badlands of Argo, instead of the Phantom Zone. He regretted
it, but still..."

"He's a bad subject, if you don't want to talk about it," said Harry but his wife pushed on.

"No, I have to talk about it," managed Kara as she shook her head. "He really damaged everything.
You know we were about the one one's left. After it all, he got sent to the Phantom Zone by my
father, too little and too late."

Kara closed her eyes. "He used girls, young girls, to experiment on them, or to use them to breed
soldiers for his army."
Revulsion hit Harry at the picture his wife was painting for him.

"Zod was sent to the Phantom Zone, but most of the damage was done," said Kara.

"It's over, isn't it?" asked Harry.

"Yeah," she concluded with a smile. "Life goes on despite it all. I came out okay."

"Kara, I can't believe how hopeful you are after what happened," said Harry.

The girl gave a weak smile and proceeded to explain why she had smiled. "I was named after the Goddess of Hope and Courage of Krypton. Kal was named after the pillar of Truth and Justice. The House of El had the highest expectations. Explains a lot about how messed up we are. Who could live up to that anyway?"

"You can," said Harry and Kara looked pleased, as they talked and watched the clouds.

A young twenty three year old woman took a step forward, breath hitched as she smelled the air. Blood, decay, and some traces of dark match filled her nostrils.

Tonks held her wand carefully. Just as Moody taught her, she would not put her back to any doors and windows.

It would help if she had an eye in the back of her head like Moody.

Presently, she was on a case which was very personal. It involved her aunt, Bellatrix Lestrange, who seemed to be rather busy since the battle at the Department of Mysteries.

"No," gasped Tonks, as she moved rushed into the house.

She walked into the house where her parents had lived. Her hand shook, as she saw the Dark Mark suspended above the roof.

She muttered frantically under he breath. "They got out, they got out, please tell me they got out."

Tonks screamed and shook, as she saw her mother laid on the floor. The grisly sight of her mutilated remains terrified her. Her heart rate sped up.

"Oh, my God, Mum, I'm so sorry, so sorry, no," gasped Tonks, before she pulled herself together and looked around and saw her father in an equally bad state.

Ted Tonks had been pinned to the wall with needles, his blood splattered and his face bruised.

"Dad," whispered Tonks, as she saw the hole in his chest. "This is all my...I shouldn't have..."

Tonks just sunk down on a chair, she needed to take a breath and report what she found.

Her eyes turned, as she shook and she saw writing, in blood on the wall.

Dear Nymphadora,

Just stopped by to trim a few branches of my family tree. Dear Andy put on a good fight, but in the end, I gutted the blood traitor. Your Mudblood Daddy also thought he'd fight me. He regretted it.

No one makes a fool out of me. You want to play the hero in the Department of Mysteries. Oh you
silly little Hufflepuff. I know everyone who was there. I'm coming after them all. Enjoy your last breath, sweetheart, before too long Auntie Bella will put you down for good.

Just like a mongrel dog. Like Sirius.

Send Potter my regards. The Dark Lord will see him soon.

Pleasant Dreams,

Auntie Bella.

"That bitch!" yelled Tonks as she propelled a chair against a wall. She collapsed down, drained, and feeling a great amount of grief.

From what she heard, Bellatrix was absolutely around the bend before Azkaban but after she had hit a new level.

Tonks thought of poor Neville Longbottom. The boy was still alive, but severely burned and in St. Mungos. He had taken down two other Death Eaters, but Bellatrix was at an entirely different level than most her kind.

Bellatrix had said that a son should not be separated from his parents. No one would know if Neville would ever be the same again.

Then there was Luna Lovegood, who had also mysteriously disappeared. Tonks was quite frankly baffled. There was blood at the scene of the crime, but no sign of Luna or her father.

One of Moody's rules of being an Auror was unless you find a body or at least a large enough chunk of one, no one is dead.

Even if one does find a big enough chunk of body, still be suspicious.

Tonks could confirm Neville was injured, her parents were dead, and Luna seemed to have just vanished. There was an ongoing investigation but no one could concern themselves much with the oddball daughter of the equally oddball man behind the Quibbler.

All she could do was hope that the protections around the Burrow held. Hermione was in there after all, and everyone else, even they did not deserve what Bellatrix did to them. Harry was safe and married, even if she blamed herself for not misdirecting Snape and Dumbledore a bit better.

Sirius and Remus were safe. Tonks sighed, it appeared that her and Remus would not work out.

Too much baggage with the both of them, but life went on.

Batman looked at the screen of his computer, which he had been in front of for several hours. He moved back all of Bruce Wayne's appointments for the day back. This investigation demanded his full attention.

"You know, Master Bruce, too much time in front of the computer can cause you delirium," said Alfred as he showed back up. "Still at that Potter case."

Batman paused for a moment. As an avid reader of Sherlock Holmes as a child, he always had a fondness for deductive reasoning. The groundwork built for the current Bat and nearly at thirty nine years of age, he continued to go strong on his lifelong obsession.
Yet, it all started that one night, in Crime Alley. All the man wanted was the pearls, two parents shot, and the beginning of Bruce Wayne's death of innocence. Where he turned into the protector of Gotham City, a city that was infested with crime and even the police with a few exceptions were as dirty as the criminals.

"After painstaking research and digging deep, I've found information that only raises more questions" summarized Batman. "I found Harry Potter; he was the son of James Potter and Lily Evans."

The Dark Knight paused as he documented more of his findings. "The strange part is that many records for Lily Evans don't simply exist past the age of eleven, past her marriage, her son's birth, and death. No records of James Potter exist period, except for those references."

"My word, death?" asked Alfred.

"They were killed when Harry was one year old," explained Batman as he shifted through the information around. "By a terrorist, named Tom Marvolo Riddle, or so the report says."

"Such a strange name," said Alfred.

Batman turned. "It gets stranger, Alfred. The Riddles were an upper class family in Little Hangleton, but were all dead by the middle part of the 1940s. Years earlier, a young man named Tom Riddle, was believed to be swindled by a woman named Merope Gaunt. This Tom Marvolo Riddle may have been their son."

Alfred nodded. "So a deadbeat father or perhaps something else?"

"Something strange," grunted the Dark Knight. "After further digging I found a series of closed room murders that were unsolved throughout the United Kingdom. No signs of forceable entry could be gained. No glass busted and no wood cracked."

Batman continued after a few seconds. "The latest was just two weeks ago when a woman named Amelia Bones was murdered in London. There were a few signs of a fight, but no forceable entry. The murders occurred for eleven years until fifteen years ago and then stopped. That was until a few months ago."

"While this Riddle fellow seems shifty, perhaps you should get back to the matter at hand," prompted Alfred.

"Riddle has everything to do with the matter at hand, as he was believed to be killed when he murdered the Potters," said Batman, eyes closed for a second before he focused. "He may have been merely resting."

'It might not be a mugger in an alley with a gun, but there's always someone out there who tears families apart.'

"Then Potter was sent to Vernon and Petunia Dursley," continued Batman. "Petunia was his mother's sister, and Vernon is a high ranking executive of one of the top drill companies in the United Kingdom. They were rich in rather high end neighborhood, and could afford the best in life."

The Dark Knight presented a picture and Alfred looked at it. "Everything seems perfectly orderly and every house looks the same. Almost eerily such, sir."

"Precisely. The boy was found on the steps fifteen years ago and was taken in by the Dursleys. 
And then we get into some potentially disturbing territory."

Batman looked over at Alfred, who encouraged him to continue.

"Potter achieved admirable grades in school at times. Yet, they seem woefully inconsistent, as if he held his potential back or only applied himself in certain instances. At the age of eleven, Potter left, much like his mother did and records ceased. Not that there were many, one visit to the optometrist at the age of five, but no further doctor's records of any type. Potter was written down to attend St. Brutus's Center for Incurably Criminal Children."

The Detective paused to let that tidbit sink in. "An institution which closed down just two years ago and never had any record of anyone named Harry Potter attending."

Alfred nodded and he gave the indication for Batman to continue. "Then I really got suspicious. I found more children missing at eleven, more holes in the records. There's no common motive. "

More notes were brought up. The crime fighter continued.

"There were some police reports, based on Dursley's son and his activities. Drug dealing, petty vandalism, and assault, nothing too violent, not yet, and Vernon Dursley tried to blame them on his nephew. Bribes may have changed hands. Dursley could afford them, even if he could not be bothered to care for his nephew."

Those facts were allowed to sink in.

"What are you getting at, Master Bruce?" asked Alfred.

"Child abuse, Alfred," concluded Batman and the butler gasped, as he leaned onto the cave wall and bats fluttered above him.

"My word, they struck him," said Alfred.

"Not necessarily," replied Batman. "Most monsters can do horrific damage to a child without laying a solitary finger on them. Their son on the other hand, might have had certain behaviors conditioned into him that manifested in bullying tendencies."

The Dark Knight scowled. In his mind, those who used and abused children were the absolutely most disgusting of all criminals.

His number one rule was to never kill a criminal. A rule he found harder and harder to keep every year, with Arkham Asylum's Revolving Door Policy.

Yet, the closest he ever came was due to a criminal named the Sewer King years ago. He tortured runaway children into being his slaves, used sense deprivation techniques to condition them, a bell to silence them, and crocodiles to threaten them.

Batman freed the children and nearly broke his number one rule and beat the monster to death. The Sewer King got the message and was now in Arkham, scared and terrified of bats. He was barely able to move.

Sadly, many of the children could not adjust, even though a few managed to piece their lives back together and return home.

Only time will tell the long term ramifications.
"Children disappearing, inconsistent records, so I went digging further," explained the Dark Knight. "There's an anomaly in Scotland where planes are unable to pass over. Every single plane which gets close to it, they have to turn around for repairs. Several reports over several years, it is almost as if there are forces beyond what we can see."

The man turned.

"It's almost as if there's some hidden world, beyond what we could see," concluded Batman. "They are covering up everything, and only someone who had an idea what to look for, could find what they needed to. And Harry Potter is in the thick of something important regarding this curiosity. It may have to do with some form of mystical forces."

"So now what, sir?" asked Alfred.

"I need to make a call," said Batman, as he prepared for the next stage of his investigation.

Harry was very amused at the moment at what the beautiful blonde in his arms told him. "So you mean to tell me this woman, who your cousin saves on a constant basis and is a co-worker he sees every day, can't tell that he's Superman? And all he uses for a disguise is a pair of glasses?"

"You'd be surprised how much a pair of glasses can blind people," said Kara with a shrug. "Plus, I think she's in denial, somewhat, you can't really tell."

The couple looked at the sky, and Harry saw that it was beginning to darken. "It's getting late. Time goes by so fast. I can't believe I lost track of the entire day."

"C'mon, Ma's likely about got dinner on by now," said Kara, as she and Harry packed up what they had. With her powers and his magic, it only took a matter of moments. The two walked side by side inside, as Clark walked out the door.

"Oh, Ma sent me to get you," said Clark, as there was still a bit of tension in the air. "She says dinner will be ready in about twenty minutes. I'm going to help Pa finish out in the barn, so we should be back in a little bit."

"Thanks," said Harry.

"Yeah, thank you," added Kara.

Still some tension from the awkward first meeting, but everyone seemed to be slowly working beyond it.

Given that their clothes were a bit sweaty from their day of fun, they changed.

"Maybe, we'll test out your cloak tomorrow," whispered Kara and Harry could not think of a better suggestion. He had to settle himself down when he thought about the naughty possibilities.

As they got dressed, a thump echoed from downstairs and loud voices could be heard. The two teenagers rushed down the stairs, to see the door open and Jonathan was in the middle of ranting.

"I don't care who you are, what you're doing is called trespassing around these parts and I should call the law on you!"

Harry stopped at the stairs and Kara stepped back.

Jonathan and Martha were both not happy and Severus Snape had currently been held underneath
Clark's arm, as he struggled, his wand out in the grass behind him.

"Snape," said Harry, voice dripping with hate.

"What's he doing here?" asked Kara but she tied her hair back and put on a pair of glasses. Never could hurt to be disguised when unexpected company dropped by.

"Nothing good," said Harry before he added. "Be careful, Snape's not alone."

Kara and Harry entered the living room area.

"Harry, do you know this man?" asked Martha.

"Unfortunately," said Harry, before he turned to Snape. "Hello, Professor, how's your summer been? Mine's been fun, how about you?"

Snape struggled and scowled. "Potter, tell this oaf to let go of me immediately, or I swear..."

Harry just folded his arms. "So where's the Headmaster? I know he's lurking around here somewhere."

The Potions Master looked rather composed and Kara looked out the window, as she scanned with her X-Ray vision. "He's hiding by the corn right back there, Clark, go get him. We'll keep an eye on greasy here."

"Be careful not to put him down on the carpet, dear, grease stains are murder to get out," added Martha as Snape was put down and Harry immediately put his wand at Snape's head.

"One wrong move, Snape, I've got five years of reasons," said Harry, as Kara held Snape's wand and twirled it, merely bored, before she tossed it over to the side of the room.

"Yeah, I've heard a lot about you from my husband," said Kara, eyes narrowed.

Heat vision tempted her so very much, but she had to worry about grease fires.

Dumbledore walked inside, with a nudge from Clark.

"Harry," said Dumbledore in a disappointed tone of voice.

"Professor Dumbledore," replied Harry, eyes narrowed. "Pleased to see that you remembered my name. Proves your mind isn't completely gone."

Dumbledore looked at Harry. "I don't think you fully comprehend what you've done."

"I got married, sir," said Harry. "I think I realize all of the responsibilities and the benefits too."

Dumbledore gave him the sad and disappointed old man look. Harry found himself indifferent. "I'm disappointed in you Harry, running off like that. And now you're married. It will take some work but I think that we can turn things back to the way it should be. Just have some memories modified, the marriage is annulled, and I'll take you to the Burrow. Molly will be able to keep closer watch on you."

Kara and Harry just exchanged diabolical grins and laughed at Dumbledore.

"Nice plan, Headmaster," said Harry, sarcasm dripped from his tone. "Just one little problem, we might have used these."
The couple showed Dumbledore the rings.

"No," gasped Dumbledore as he felt a pain in his heart. "You use the rings...but I thought...never mind. Those rings are very dangerous Harry, I tried to destroy them, couldn't, so I kept them locked up in my office for a good reason and you now have them. How did you get them? Stealing is very wrong."

Kara immediately snatched Dumbledore by his robes, which caught the old man off guard. Her eyes were narrowed slightly. "Listen, you old prick. It's not stealing, those were Harry's rings! They were in his family for years! I don't know how he got them, but you have some nerve trying to guilt trip my husband!"

Harry grabbed his wife's hand and Kara slowly released Dumbledore, who looked caught off guard.

"You know what's really wrong," continued Kara. "The fact that you took it upon yourself to come over here and do some hocus pocus act on us. Try to wipe our minds and all that stupid crap. I think you thought that we were ignorant...what's the word Harry?"

"Muggles," clarified Harry.

"Yeah, that!" yelled Kara as she did not back down from Dumbledore. "You and your little greasy pet here have a lot of nerve trying to do that. And for what, because of little glass orb, from some glorified fortune teller?"

"You told her about the prophecy, Harry?" said Dumbledore in shock and awe. "You can't do that, for all you know she could be some kind of dark creature, working for Lord Voldemort..."

Dumbledore found himself pushed backwards and this time Harry very nearly came close to breaking his nose. "You have a lot of nerve, Dumbledore. Listen here, sir, I don't need to remind you what I've been through for fifteen years. If I do, then you might need to step down and retire. I wonder if they have some kind of home for old and addled wizards, because you'd fit into it, sir. It might be for your own good; after all, you seem fond of using that one."

"I'm in perfectly sound mind, Harry," said Dumbledore, but he realized he had dropped his wand and it rolled underneath the chair.

"I'd hate to see what you're definition of crazy is, sir," said Harry as Harry and Kara both glared at Dumbledore, with the Kents in the background. They watched the scene like a car crash. It was horrific, but at the same time no one could turn away.

Harry took a deep breath and continued. "You do have a few decent thinks. You likely know more than any other wizard that lived. You keep Voldemort someone what line. But, you made a mistake that many have before. People have deferred to you for some long, that your mind's cracked. You believe what people think you are. Basically, what Snape thinks I am, you pretty much reek of it!"

"Professor Snape, Harry," corrected Dumbledore.

"Oh, I'm sorry, I wouldn't want to offend the murderous Death Eater on the floor!" snapped Harry, as Dumbledore looked rather taken aback. "Here's a fun fact. Potions might have been my favorite subject, if it wasn't for this greasy pile of bat droppings on the floor. But never mind that."

Harry took a deep breath. "My wife might not be perfect, I'm not perfect, but you sure as hell are not perfect. We both want to make this marriage work. It didn't start in the most traditional way but you know what, sometimes it's where we go in the future that's important!"
"She could be evil Harry, I must insist..." said Dumbledore but Harry lost it.

"DAMN IT DUMBLEDORE, ARE YOU DEAF OR JUST STUPID?" yelled Harry but he took a deep breath, as Kara half held him, half glared at Dumbledore. Another deep breath was taken, before Harry continued. "I've met someone that I can actually relate to and I'm...happy. For some people it might seem soon but..."

Harry paused and just decided to say it. Three simple words he never thought he could say. Yet, they rolled off his tongue before he could really think about it. "I love her."

Kara's eyes widened and she smiled. "I love you too, Harry."

Snape looked about ready to gag on the floor and made an attempt to crawl for his wand. Clark stepped in front of him, blocking him.

"You know, I've made my share of mistakes," said Clark. "And I might have judged Harry badly at first, but I can see now that he's...well something that I can approve of. And I can also see, how you two might have caused him to develop the issues he has.

"I did everything for Harry's own good," said Dumbledore.

"Really?" asked Clark, not backing down.

Jonathan decided to speak up. "Perhaps it's just the way I was brought up, but trespassing on private property and trying to erase people's memories was never for anyone's own good. People around these parts could get shot at for something like that."

"And it's rude to drop by unannounced like that," added Martha, as she held a frying pan in her hand. "I don't know who taught you two manners, but you must have fallen asleep in class."

"I don't need to be lectured about etiquette by a couple of American Muggles," growled Snape and Harry once again pointed his wand at Snape's head. He was half tempted to hex him, but held himself back.

"I've heard quite enough out of you, for five years," said Harry as his eyes narrowed and a spark burned the back of Snape's head. "You know your Potions. You obviously own a dictionary given some of the insults you hand out. But you are still a monster that should not be allowed near children, Death Eater."

"Professor Snape has been..." said Dumbledore but Kara just put her free hand on Dumbledore's mouth.

"I'm going to let your mouth go in ten seconds," said Kara as she held her hand on Dumbledore's mouth. "Engage your brain and think about what you say. I hear it offends people less."

Kara did so and Dumbledore was silent.

"I come into your class five years ago and you already have judged me," said Harry as he glared at Snape. "So for the record, I do apologize what my father did to you all of those years ago and Sirius as well. I should have obviously had the foresight to put a stop to it before I was born. Really irresponsible of me."

Harry took a breath, as everyone had their eyes on Dumbledore and Snape and made sure they did not reach for their wands.
"You know who else judged me for who my parents were," said Harry. "You remind me of Aunt Petunia, Professor!"

Snape's eyes widened and was outraged. "You little miscreant, how dare you compare me to vile, woman!"

"Oh miscreant, nice word," said Kara with a snicker. "You're right Harry, he does own a dictionary."

"Perhaps he should invest in a good bottle of conditioner," said Harry but he blinked and something Snape said. "You've met Petunia, and so you know my mother and so..."

Dumbledore decided to speak out. "Harry, we must not jump to conclusions."

"You knew my mother, that's the real reason why you hate me, Professor," said Harry. "Were you friends? Perhaps you wanted something more but obviously Mum saw you for the murderous coward you were and the company you kept. She did stick up for you but you called her a Mudblood. So..."

Harry stopped and realized.

'That son of a bitch!' thought Harry.

"You were the Death Eater that leaked part of the prophecy to Voldemort," said Harry slowly, and both Dumbledore and Snape winced.

James Potter and Lily Evans were two of the smartest students during their time at Hogwarts and it seemed Harry was not following in their footsteps. Yet, he still had his parents buried down in his genetics and inherited their brains.

"It was an error," said Snape with a voice that held no remorse. "I told the Dark Lord to spare Lily."

"Oh, really, Snape, really?" asked Harry as he took a deep breath to prevent a relapse of screaming and yelling from the previous night.

"You're disgusting," added Kara as she held back her growing temptation to use Snape's head for targeting practice. "You wanted to let a small child die just so you could swoop in on the rebound."

"My Father, I can almost understand," said Harry with a sigh. "He was a jerk to you and obviously you weren't going to sympathize with him. Fine, I don't like it, but I get that."

Snape seemed to know it was now time to shut up.

"Regardless, I did nothing to you," said Harry his eyes narrowed towards Snape. "You decided to bully me, merely for the fact that I existed. Sound familiar to you, Snape?"

Snape resembled one of his cauldrons at this moment.

"You arrogant brat, you have no idea what you're talking about," growled Snape.

"Well that's what happens when you keep things from people, when you think you know better," said Harry and everyone nodded in agreement.

Dumbledore seemed to work how he could best exercise damage control. "Harry, you know the prophecy, you need to return to Hogwarts, it's your des..."
"Shut up!" snapped Kara who rose up to her full height. "You know, maybe you're the one who should be locked up for your own good. And you could stop interrupting people too."

"Trust me as someone who knows, you're being unreasonable," added Clark as he folded his arms but kept his eyes on the two men on the floor, as Snape made another reach for his wand.

"I don't know who you think you are," said Martha who walked over to Dumbledore, her frying pan still in hand. "But I'm not scared of you. I'm a mother. I've survived potty training and puberty from a stubborn young man. Do you think I'm scared of you?"

"Where did you go wrong Harry?" asked Dumbledore, ignoring everything else around him.

"Hey, don't deflect blame from yourself," said Jonathan as he looked at Dumbledore. "You made this mess. And you have no idea how you can clean it up, do you?"

"I have a few things to get in order," said Harry. "I'll say one thing. As obsessed as Voldemort is with the prophecy, you're not much better. You've sat on your thumbs this entire time, why I don't know. Perhaps you should spend your time finding him and throw Voldemort into a room. Beat his brains out with something. I don't care if it's magic or beater bats or...just do it."

"The prophecy says..." started Dumbledore but Harry finally lost it and put a silencing charm and a body-bind both on Dumbledore and Snape.

"You were warned," snarled Harry, as both he and Kara held each other back. "Voldemort's paranoid and blinded by the prophecy. So are you. If you actually want to help, good, I'll consider what you have to say, if you actually want to give me concrete information. Otherwise, my wife and I have our own ideas. And as for me coming back to Hogwarts, well, it's not looking promising."

Snape seemed a bit too excited about that particular prospect.

"I'll deal with Voldemort when I'm ready to deal with him," said Harry. "Your inaction might have doomed many people to death but that blood is on your hands. And that spell should wear off in an hour. It'll give you plenty of time to think."

"Clark, be a dear and take out the trash," said Martha and Clark nodded as he picked up Dumbledore and Snape by the scruffs of their neck. Harry picked up their wands and followed him, with Kara bringing up the rear.

"Where are we going?" asked Harry, who was pleased to see Snape and Dumbledore hauled around in such a manner.

"Ma, did say to take out the trash," said Clark as he walked over across the round, past a sign that said "DUMP".

Snape and Dumbledore realized what had happened and were tossed on a pile of waste. The two wizards landed with a splash as muck flew everywhere.

"You might want to take a shower when you return to Hogwarts," added Harry as his nose scrunched up. "Oh and have fun finding these."

Harry threw the wands into a large pile of various broken objects.

"And if you come back, trust me, this will seem like a pleasant trip," added Kara as she turned to follow them both but she added. "The morgue might be your next stop."
Harry looked at her but nodded.

"You weren't going to kill them right," muttered Clark as he looked at his cousin, a bit scared.

"Oh, Kal, you're such a boy scout," said Kara as she rolled her eyes but she had a slight smile. "It's better off if you don't know."

"Kara..." started Clark eyes widened and lecture on tongue.

"Don't start," said Kara before she changed the subject. "Time to eat, those idiots made dinner really late."

In the cave, the Dark Knight double checked the file he created on the mysterious new young man. He already collected a great deal of information, but he had a feeling that he barely scratched the surface.

As he reached for the phone and dialed, he got the man he wanted.

"Hello?" inquired a voice.

"Jason, it's me," grunted Batman.

The voice of Jason Blood grew suddenly serious. "Ah, Batman, I doubt this is much of a social call. You don't call without a good reason.

"Then let's cut to the chase," prompted Batman. "Does the name Harry Potter hold any significance?"

Blood was silent. "Significance, I would say so. He's descended rather lengthy blood line of magic users. The last member of the ancient and noble house of Potter, most had been wiped out previously. He also was reported to defeat the Dark Lord when he was one year of age."

Batman remained silent before he spoke. "He defeated this dark lord when he was one?"

"I only know what I've read, I tend to not to venture into that community if I can avoid it," replied Blood. "And not a dark lord, the Dark Lord, his name was Lord Voldemort, and he killed countless. He's murdered more people, magical and normals than anyone I have heard of from that world. Whether it be by his hand or through his followers, his Death Eaters as they are called. And Potter has escaped him countless times if the rumors are true."

'Tom Marvolo Riddle, can be rearranged to I am Lord Voldemort," thought Batman. "Cute."

"A hidden community of magical users, directly underneath the noses of everyone in the UK?" prompted Batman.

Blood paused, before answering. "They are a very private people and keep hiding themselves from the world. Each year, it gets more difficult and more of their old bloodlines have died out. Many are obsessed with keeping non-magical blood out of their lines. To the point where most of them are related in some way and in many cases, mentally unstable."

"I see."

Silence as Batman added to the notes that he had made on this new world. Yet, he had even more questions.
"I'd advise not telling anyone what I've told you," added Blood. "They tend indulge in memory
modification rather often, even for petty things."

Batman remained stoic but prepared. "I'll remember."

"I wish I could tell you more, but I have other concerns and that world has many problems," said
Blood.

"Your demonic side?" prompted Batman.

"Yes, that witch and her brat are on the move again, and the demon is hungry for revenge,"
concluded Blood. "Perhaps this time, she'll get hers."

"Well thank you, Jason, you've helped out, but I have more work to do," concluded Batman.

"Of course, do call again if you require anything."

The Dark Knight turned. The more answers he had, the more questions.

His attention briefly turned to the situation with Superman. Naturally, Batman had known that the
Man of Steel had disappeared immediately and was not fooled by Supergirl's attempt to fool the
world into thinking both Clark Kent and Superman were still around with robots.

As he continued to work, his mind thought back to the night where Superman returned from being
brainwashed by Darkseid and Granny Goodness. His mind went back to that night.

Late at night months ago, Batman finally pieced together the frequency to hack into the computers
at the Fortress of Solitude. The fact it took him so long really spoke well for how advanced the
technology was.

"I'm sorry, it won't happen again, I fell asleep, and Luthor hijacked the robot! I'm trying, Ma and
Pa, I swear!"

"Supergirl, calm down, it's me," said Batman and there was a long pause.

"Oh, you," said Kara in a deflated voice. "Should have figured out you would find out what
happened sooner or later."

"I've known for months that your cousin was kidnapped, by whom I can't figure out, but I'm
working on it," stated Batman as he continued to search.

"Do you have satellites that spy on everyone or something?" asked Kara, but there was no response
to that particular line of inquiry.

The Detective typed away. He paused. "Nothing, whoever took Superman is far away. And you
can't keep this up forever. Let me take over for a while. I can lock into the robot frequency and
control them from here."

"What...who...how...oh wait, you," stammered the girl. "Sorry, I've been having about fourteen
cups of coffee a day and with my powers...well things really went south for me."

"And no sleep," said Batman. "Your powers might allow you to store energy but you'll do your
cousin no good if you end up breaking down."

"Thanks, Mother," said Kara in a sarcastic voice, a gesture that was ignored.
"Barbara's away but she sends her regards," added Batman. "And would tell you to get some sleep. I'll let you know if I find out anything."

"Does anything ever rattle you?" asked Kara.

"Plenty," said Batman in his normal stoic manner but his scanner picked up energy and he gasped.

"What?" asked Kara.

"A hole has been ripped through time space," said Batman. "Over Metropolis, stay put and I'll..."

Immediately, Batman knew there was no response because the girl was gone.

"I've disabled the systems where I can, Lois," muttered Batman some time later on that night. "You should be able to get in."

"Hey, with my Dad's old army credentials, it should be a snap," said Lois over the communication link.

"Supergirl's trapped by Luthor, strapped to a table under red solar lamps, but she's being left alone for now. Superman's the concern," continued the Detective. "Luthor and Hardcastle will kill him and then Luthor will likely use his remains to clone himself weapons."

"I get the message," said Lois. "Lois Lane saving Superman, who could have imagined that would happen?"

"Well, sometimes the unexpected is the best approach," said Batman. "You think can be discrete?"

"I kept your secret didn't I when I could have blabbed it to the entire world, Bruce," muttered Lois. "So yeah, I can handle it."

Batman shook his head and prepared to move forth in his investigation.

"The Joker has been sighted in Las Vegas, Master Bruce" said Alfred as he stepped in.

"What now?" growled Batman.

"Well he seems to have walked through town and merely left, sir," said Alfred. "What purpose could that serve?"

"You never know with the Joker," said Batman as he resumed his work. "There are days where he just does things to mess with people and make them thing they have greater meaning."

"Like one of those Internet trolls, sir."

"If you insist, Alfred."

Molly Weasley moved around her house at a frantic rate. Any day now, Harry would be here and she could make sure he experienced a proper home environment.

She ran the house her way. The witch ran the house and the wizard brought home the money. Arthur had gently suggested that she could get a job but Molly shut that one down early in the marriage.
After all, the way she was raised, it was improper for a woman to work.

Last year, Harry seemed to be going through a disrespectful stage, encouraged by Sirius Black. The silly boy seemed to want to know more than he needed to know. Molly felt children should be shielded from the horrors of the outside world. Plus Black was not a good role model, he had gotten himself landed in Azkaban after all and Molly only believed his innocence, because Dumbledore said so.

In a small way, it was much more convenient that he was gone. He was quite a negative influence on Harry.

For some reason, her oldest children moved out of the country and away from her, only returning a handful of times a year. Percy was the one that she was the most proud of at least at first, because he was the least rebellious and followed rules. Of course, even Molly would admit he went one step too far with his loyalty to the Ministry, when he stopped listening to Dumbledore.

Dumbledore was the greatest wizard of all time and did no wrong. If a person did not get why the old wizard was great, then Molly would be happy to educate them.

The twins were at that little joke shop. Molly hoped that phase would burn out, even if they were making money. Still nothing could last forever and they would have to work at the Ministry or return home. Fred and George seemed to fight her order the most and rebelled.

Molly learned from her mistakes. She tripled her efforts with her two youngest. Ron was kind of an accident; she was trying for a girl after all. Ron had to do better to live up to his brothers, but he seemed unable to apply himself.

Ginny was her perfect little princess and she helped her keep the three youngest boys in line. Molly made sure her daughter behaved and she knew one day she would be perfect to marry Harry. The boy did need a stable home life and a woman to mold him.

Hermione seemed to have some independent ideas that were not proper but Molly tried to coax them out of her. She would be able to make sure Ron did not embarrass herself.

"Don't worry Ginny, I'm sure Harry will notice you this year, after all, you've been in love with him for your entire life," said Molly with a sweet smile.

"Our wedding is going to be magical," said Ginny in an excited voice. "I've got it all planned out. We got to deal with You-Know-Who, but Harry can do that. We're going to have three children. I think we'll name one of them after Dumbledore, maybe the middle one. Harry will have to agree, I mean, he worships Dumbledore."

Hermione walked into the room. She hid a knowing smirk from all before she resumed a mask of indifference.

"Hermione, sit down next to Ron," said Molly as she continued to cook with her wand.

Molly Weasley dreamed of more children who she could guide in her perfect vision of a family.

Lex Luthor pondered his predicament as he sat in his office.

Luthor unloaded a great deal of stock recently. His attempts to protect the world from Superman and later Supergirl required sufficient funding. Of course, he had unloaded the stock on mere puppets. Luthor gave them their dividends and their perks, but he still very much was in control.
The perks included the trip to Vegas, which in hindsight might have been an error.

"The fools got drunk, lost all their money, and gambled their stocks," muttered Luthor to himself in disgust. "No matter, I must find out more about this Radcliffe and more importantly this new hero who was with the Kryptonian tart."

The billionaire zeroed in on a wooden stick in the hand of the mysterious hero.

"Technology must be alien," said Luthor to himself as he looked at the stick. "Some kind of microscopic circuitry that simulates energy attacks. Advanced beyond anything we have ever seen. Just what is this green eyed hero?"

Luthor was visited by an absurd thought but he shook his head.

There was no reason why that was the case.

The matter of Radcliffe would wait for another date. He had a new hobby in addition to the two Kryptonians.

Who would soon be extinct.

"I did nearly get everyone killed in the Department of Mysteries," said Harry as he sat with his wife outside the next day. "It's a good thing the Death Eaters were so arrogant and out of Azkaban most of them. And fixated on the Prophecy."

Kara gave him a sympathetic look. "Well, I screwed up pretty bad too. First time I was Supergirl. Darkseid built a machine that sent a comet down to Earth to damage it, so he could swoop in and be a savior. Technically he didn't lift a finger, he sent his flunkies here to do the damage. He had his flunkies kidnap Kal, but I saved him the first time. Second time, well we all know what happened. This time, Darkseid was smart enough to kidnap him away from Earth and not leave a void open, so someone could follow him."

She composed herself briefly, because she continued. "So, I thought, I'd bust the machine. And that was stupid because it sent the comet down quicker. So I nearly killed myself in my attempt to save the entire world. My cousin saved me and gave me an earful after what happened when I recovered. I learned a lot."

Harry pulled her into a hug. "Well you're learning, I'm learning. We'll figure more things out together."

The boy paused before he had something. "You keep bringing up this Darkseid person. I really don't know who he is."

"Oh boy, how much time do we have?" asked Kara as she looked around and braced herself. "So to give the short version, Darkseid is the ultimate evil, the god of evil. He rules a planet called Apokolips. The citizens are slaves that worship him."

"Take your time," said Harry and Kara nodded him.

"There was a war with another planet, New Genesis," said Kara. "They have a strained relationship. There was something about them switching children as an attempt to maintain the peace. Oh, and Darkseid's really not supposed to interfere with Earth, we're under the protection of New Genesis, but he finds ways around it. He killed a man named Dan Turpin just because he could and likely to him, he was just another insect."
She took a deep breath. "I never met Turpin, but Kal said he was a good man and a brave one. He stood up to Darkseid, even if he was a normal guy. And paid for it big time."

Harry held her as she looked into the distance.

'Well, Riddle couldn't be the only monster out there. Not that he's anything to underestimate. He's insane and a genius, bad combination.'

"I'm an idiot," said Harry.

"Why?" asked Kara, confused.

Harry just looked at her. "I was trying to break off this marriage at first, because I didn't want to drag you into my life."

"Harry, it's okay, you couldn't have known," said Kara as she kissed him and rubbed her fingers through his hair before she stopped. "I might have tried to do the same thing in some way, too."

"And I just realized that I have a bunch of stock to a business and have no idea whatsoever how to run one," said Harry with a chuckle. "That's not a class offered at Hogwarts."

"Figure it out later," said Kara. "Both of us will."

"I've got the Cloak," said Harry in an abrupt manner.

Kara bounced up and down in excitement. "Well don't tease me, let's get started."

"But isn't that part of the fun?" teased Harry and Kara looked like she did not want to wait much longer.

**Smut/Lemons Start**

The Invisibility Cloak was removed from Harry's bag. Kara looked at it with a smile as Harry slipped it over the top of them.

Harry marveled that if fit over the top of them as they stood on the grass. The cloak expanded, almost as if it wanted to suit its master's desires.

Speaking of expansion, Kara turned around on her hands and knees. Her shapely backside wiggled in front of Harry's face.

The wizard grinned, as he inhaled every little bit of her. He grabbed her shorts with a tug and yanked them down.

Her arse had been inches away from him. The girl turned to face him. She gazed at Harry and wiggled her tongue. Said tongue trailed over her fingers, before she slid her hand down her front side.

Three fingers touched her pussy and her tantalizing arse wiggled in his face.

"You're a really naughty girl, you know that, Kara," whispered Harry as he felt himself grow harder as she swayed her sexy rear at him, and continued to play with herself.

"What are you going to do about it?" asked Kara as her eyelashes fluttered at him and continued to pleasure her own core, as she stared Harry down. She spoke, and gave him a seductive smirk and wink. "Spank me?"
Harry looked at her with a grin. He raised a hand, and playfully swatted her arse with a spank.

"Ooh," she shuddered as she pumped her fingers into her even more. "So wet, so dirty, have I been a bad girl?"

Harry proceeded to slap his hand against her backside three more times. "Yes, my love, you've been a bad girl. And you know what happens to bad girls?"

His breath touched her earlobe and Kara felt herself get more pleasure by the fact that the shoe was on the other foot.

"Why don't you tell me?" gasped the blonde Kryptonian as she rode out her own climax on her fingers. She withdrew her fingers which dripped. She held her hand out for Harry to taste and she pulled it back at the last second, with a giggle.

"How about I show you?" responded Harry, as he gripped his hands on either side of her bum.

"Show, I like that," she replied with a grin as she grinded her arse against Harry's palms.

Harry's penis throbbed for some release, as he grabbed Kara's waist and steadied himself. He then entered her pussy from behind.

"Fuck," moaned Kara as she pushed back.

"Yes, fuck," concluded Harry as he thrust in and out of her. He went slow at first, but he sped up his movements. He felt her pussy squeeze his penis. Her wet, and hot walls rubbed against him. "Oh, Kara, baby, you can't imagine how tight you really are."

"Putting…me…to the test," breathed Kara as Harry continued to thrust into and brought her to a rather powerful orgasm. The pleasure she felt from Harry caused her see fireworks in her eyes. "But...I'll be this tight, because my powers...forever."

Harry found himself spurred by that bit of information as he thrust into her. His balls smacked against her thighs, and he continued to fuck his beautiful wife from behind.

"Pull my hair," begged Kara and Harry did so, which allowed him to maintain his balance. Kara moaned in excitement as Harry yanked at her hair. The thrusts got deeper. Harry found himself glad for the person who invented silencing charms.

He felt his wife be brought to completion three more times by the time he was ready to finish.

"Give me all of your love Harry, all of that warm cum, I need it all!" screamed Kara as she sucked on her own fingers to get her juices off of them.

Harry's muscles stiffened and he blew his entire load into her. Her tight pussy milked him to the very end.

The two collapsed, with Harry's member still rested inside of her tight core. Kara slid out and took a deep breath.

She threw herself at Harry. The two lovers exchanged a passionate kiss. Kara still had some of her own cum on her tongue. The girl stuck it down Harry's throat, as she grinded her pussy up and down onto Harry's cock.

Their tongues danced in the ultimate passion before the kiss had been broken. Kara's blouse
strained against her bust. She spread her legs and stared Harry, as she unbuttoned it.

Slowly, more skin appeared. Kara slid the blouse down her shoulders.

"You really like my tits, don't you?" breathed Kara as he stared at them.

"Not like, love them," he responded breathlessly.

She floated off the ground. "Would you like that throbbing penis between my super tits?"

Harry nodded as Kara looked at him with a lustful grin.

"Lie down," she said and she watched his penis stand at attention before her. Kara gripped it in her hand and she held it.

She stroked him and squeezed him. As she dropped to her knees, she licked his throbbing penis until it was coated with salvia. Her lips touched the tip several times before she placed Harry's member into her tremendous cleavage.

"Fuck, feels so good," Kara whispered, her hot breath blew over Harry's penis. Her hand squeezed his testicles as she lifted a few inches off of the ground.

Harry felt his eyes glaze back. Kara hovered six inches off of the ground. Then she slowly lowered right down. She repeated the process, right as Harry's penis had been squeezed by her firm breasts.

"You like that, honey?" asked Kara as she saw Harry's balls twitch.

"Fucking hell, I love you," moaned Harry. Her breasts slid up and down his penis as she gained flight.

Kara looked down at Harry and placed her mouth on the tip. A slow suck was given, as Harry thrust his hips upwards, fucking her tits. She alternated between a flight enhanced tit fuck and slow sucks.

"Shoot your spunk all over my super powered tits!" cried Kara as her eyes glowed with a white hot passion as she sped up the process. She gave more sucks and went just a tiny bit higher. The Kryptonian woman stimulated Harry's ball sac with her hands. "Shoot your hot cum over my tits, cover them completely!"

The orgasm approached and Harry's penis spurted a healthy jet of cum. Kara rocked back and moaned. The result caused her to climax.

Harry slid back as his penis deflated once again. Only for a few seconds as his erection resurrected itself, to see his wife on the ground.

Kara's hair had been thrown into complete disarray. Her naked body covered in a layer of sweat. Her pussy was wet and her nipples stood erect, with her breasts completely covered in her lover's semen.

The blonde haired heroine wiped off her cum covered breasts and scooped the fluid into her hands. She drank it. The sounds she made were delectable.

Harry slide over and stared her down.

He reached over and grabbed her hair. Her mouth widened in surprise as Harry pushed her back.
"Oh, Harry," she breathed, as she tingled in excitement.

"You've made me hard again," said Harry with a smirk.

"What are you going to do about it?" asked Kara before she wiggled her tongue at him.

Harry looked at her with a calculating expression, as his hands ran down her body. Kara shook underneath his touch. His fingers traced around her body.

His hands found her breasts. His mouth found them as well, as Harry sucked on her nipples. She nearly kicked off the Invisibility Cloak as her legs moved.

"Am I going to have to duct tape your feet together?" asked Harry.

Kara looked at him with blazing passion in her eyes. She felt herself become wetter at the very thought of this.

Harry inserted his fingers inside her tight core and began to slowly pump them inside her.

"Harry!" whined Kara as she felt her near orgasm be pulled from her grasp.

The wizard bent down and kissed her from top to bottom again. The passion racked every single inch of her body.

So much so, that Kara began to float off of the ground. Harry grabbed her by the shoulders and pushed her onto her back.

She gave him a grin and a wink, but then she breathed. Harry found her pussy again and his tongue flicked inside it.

Kara began to talk dirty about four different languages. The words "fuck" and "shit" could be heard by Harry. This spurred him to pleasure her wondrous center even more.

Then he began to recite the alphabet backwards directly into her pussy in Parseltongue.

Kara's moans became even more labored. The silencing charms, the Muggle repelling charms, and the Invisibility Cloak had been put to the test.

She screamed at a high intensity as he brought her to orgasm.

Harry gazed at her. Being invisible did not stop the yellow sun rays from reviving her and giving her more strength.

The green eyed young man decided to skip the formalities. He spread her lips wide and aimed his penis, before he slid inside her pussy.

Beneath him, Kara arched her back. Her shapely legs wrapped around him. Harry reached around her and cupped her arse, before he gave it a tight squeeze.

She squeezed him and lifted her hips up and down. Harry bent his head down to allow himself access to her breasts and buried his face between them. He sucked right on them as Kara continued to pump him and squeeze him.

The blonde beneath him seemed beyond words. She only uttered syllables right in Harry's ear and
her breath inflamed him. He managed to hold back as he brought Kara to several pleasurable orgasms.

Harry gazed up, his chin rested on her chest as he looked at his partner.

"Oh, test me Harry, test to see how well I can heal," she breathed as her hands reached around to grab Harry's hair.

Kryptonian cunt muscles rubbed against Harry's throbbing penis as his balls tightened.

"Here it comes," groaned Harry and Kara squeezed him as tightly as she could allow.

Harry ejaculated inside her womb as she milked him dry. Kara made sure he was completely done before they collapsed, in the afterglow.

They both collapsed onto the ground. Harry rested his head on his wife's chest.

"Better catch our breath, regroup," she managed.

The two rested for some time before they regained the will to put their clothes back on.

Smuts/Lemons End

"So, let me get this straight, Dumbledore?" asked Minerva McGonagall as she stood and stared down Dumbledore and Snape who dripped with muck and grim. Her arms were folded and eyes narrowed. "You and Professor Snape decided to stumble your way through Las Vegas to look for Mr. Potter and made complete numbskulls out of yourself in the process."

Both wizards opened their mouths as muck dripped on the floor, but McGonagall was far from finished.

"Then you found out he was married. So you decided to go over to Kansas. You tried to modify memories, and kidnap Potter. Who I remind you is now an adult, for his legal guardians you put him with signed the papers to emancipate him. But in your arrogance, you bit off more than you can chew. Now you're dripping in muck and waste all over Hogwarts. You'll give Filch a stroke when he sees what you've done."

Dumbledore did not blink. "It does sound rather bad when you put it like that, but it's all about the context Minerva."

McGonagall's nostrils flared. The stern woman did not back down. "I don't have the time or the patience to even begin to tell you where you went wrong. I'm sure if you actually engaged your brain, you might figure out what happened. Then again you're stubborn. And you have no one else, but yourself to blame for this. I did warn you about the Dursleys. I was wrong for not putting up more of a fight, but I trusted you had a plan. My trust was misplaced."

"The Dursleys did not touch Harry, I would have known," said Dumbledore.

McGonagall sighed. "Your narrow minded version of abuse never ceases to amaze me. As for you, Severus, I would have thought you would have understood more. Perhaps you are very much like your father."

Snape scowled and clenched his fists.
"You're lucky all that happened is you got dumped in a Muggle landfill," said McGonagall as she sternly glared at both Snape and Dumbledore. "I will take your wands have them cleaned. Then, you will be scrubbed, the Muggle way. A scouring charm will not decontaminate you properly. Then once you're cleaned, you will report to the hospital wing, for a physical and potentially mental evaluation. I'll decide what to do after that's finished and not one word."

Dumbledore said nothing.

"And if Potter doesn't decide to return to Hogwarts, the fallout from that will be on your head," said McGonagall as she did not blink. "I'll send Molly a letter, and tell her reign her temper in, because I know what will happen when she finds out when Potter is married. Then I'll send my apologies and congratulations to Mr. Potter on his nuptials."

"Harry has to return for his..." started Dumbledore but a stern glare shut him down.

"Chamber to the side, I'll send someone to scrub you," snapped McGonagall, wand out and Dumbledore and Snape obeyed. "Dobby!"

The house elf appeared with a pop. "Yes, Professor Minnie?"

"Professor Dumbledore has been very naughty and so has Professor Snape; they've made Mr. Potter very unhappy with what they did," said McGonagall and Dobby's eyes widened. "They bit off a little more than they can chew, and they ended up a bit dirty. I would like you to scour them, the Muggle way. And remember, they tried to interfere in something very important, with Harry Potter. I'll throw in three pairs of socks if you do a good job in cleaning up their act."

Dobby nodded. "No need for the socks, Professor Minnie, Dobby will do it for free. Dobby knows exactly what to do to dirty wizards. He had to wash young master Malfoy's mouth out when he had been using the seven naughty words that his Mummy didn't want him to. Hopefully they understand what the price is for trying to ruin the happiness of the great and powerful Harry Potter and Dobby will have to congratulate him about finding someone to share his life with later."

The house elf disappeared.

Moments later, horrified screams echoed from two men.

"Dirty wizards must stay still or Dobby will tie them down, sirs!"

McGonagall hid a smile and walked off.

-X-

The dark room surrounded by candles was the place where Lord Voldemort found himself. An American Muggle Newspaper was held in his hand.

Normally, the Dark Lord would not bother himself with such foolish filth. The picture on the paper depicted a young couple. The boy, Lord Voldemort knew all too well.

"Potter," hissed Voldemort as he looked over the photo and saw the girl. "And some girl, and rings, Potter seemed to go over to Las Vegas, indulged himself in alcoholic beverages, and here are the consequences. Marriage, and then potential happiness for Potter. It comes time to remind Potter not to forget I exist."

The door opened and a masked woman with dark hair walked into the room. She got on her knees before Voldemort, who looked down on her.
"As natural as that position may be for you, Bella, to your feet," said Voldemort in a soft tone. "Potter has been married, a whirlwind romance in Vegas."

"Filthy half blood, no concept for the subtle nature of court ship," said Bellatrix. "Then again, all half-bloods are the unions of beastiality, am I correct, my Lord?"

Voldemort remained cold. "If you say so, Bella."

The paper was held out.

"See this girl," said Voldemort and the woman nodded. "I want her dead and you will do it. Or you will be punished. And it will be punishment that not even you will like."

"Of course, I live to service your every need, my Lord," cooed Bellatrix. "I'll bring you Potter."

"Just make sure to leave him mostly intact," said Voldemort, as he stared beneath his hood with narrowed red eyes. "You're dismissed."

Bellatrix departed without another word.

"We've made a decision about what we're going to do," said Harry as Kara nodded. Clark, Jonathan, and Martha sat around the table.

"And we hope to teach people a lesson about being more grateful, but I doubt that it will stick," added Kara.

Jonathan looked rather uncomfortable. "Why do I get the feeling this Dumbledore guy's not going to like whatever you're doing?"

"I think the feeling's mutual," said Harry as everyone nodded in agreement. "So we're going to get some things in order and then I'll deal with the Lord Voldemort issue on my own terms. But I sure won't complain if anyone wants to just off him."

Martha busied herself with the plates. "If only it were that simple."

"If I've made a few people understand, then I feel like I've done something," added Harry and everyone once again nodded in agreement.

"People can be a bit stubborn," muttered Clark. "As I know"

He paused and remembered "I've got to leave; someone has information that will hopefully help me understand what's going on. But he's baffled. There might be someone who might want to talk to you later Harry and just a warning, he can be very through. Just a warning."

"Oh, yeah," said Harry. "Does he know what I did to you when we met?"

"Yes," said Clark, who wondered what a battle of wills between those two would be like. He almost wanted to be there for the spectacle. "Just...nice to meet you, even if we didn't get off of the right foot, and hopefully things will be better."

"You're on the right track," said Kara and they all nodded in agreement and Clark walked out.

"Still not comfortable with that nut in Gotham," muttered Martha under her breath. "But if Clark trusts him, I guess I can cope."
"He doesn't give off a friendly vibe," said Kara, but a loud crash outside echoed to bring their attention outside.

"Tonks," said Harry with a smile, knowing all too well the source of the noise.

"Maybe I should have remembered to put the tractor away last night."

A polite knock on the door announced and Martha, who was closest, reached the door.

"You must be Tonks," said Martha. "Come in, make yourself at home."

"Thanks," said Tonks as she looked around, with a sigh but her expression brightened slightly.

"Wotcher, Harry."

"Hi, Tonks," said Harry as he looked at at the Auror who actually managed to maintain a mostly respectable appearance. "You look like you've had some long nights."

"Yeah, some bad things have happened, but none of it is your fault Harry," said Tonks with a sigh as she held herself together. "After all, you can't be everywhere at once, just remember that."

Harry wondered what happened since he had been gone.

"But, you deserve some fun and it seems like you've found someone," said Tonks as she looked at Kara.

"This is Kara, and well to make a long story short, we're married," said Harry as Kara nodded with a smile.

"Well I have seen your little adventure in the paper, with that Livewire person and I'm happy Harry found someone like you," said Tonks as she shook Kara's hand with a smile. "But I'm sure we don't need to bring that up again. Of course the Ministry hasn't found out anything about it, yet. I just hope the mass hysteria when this gets out won't be too bad."

"What?"

"Harry's pretty popular, well his fame is, not him as a person," said Tonks as she looked around. "If Harry wanted to be happy, it did seem that he would have to venture outside of our world to find it. We're very traditional and isolated. And people are going mad to keep it that way."

It was clear what Tonks was saying.

"So did you decide what you wanted to do?" asked Tonks.

"We have," said Harry and they told Tonks what they had in mind.

"Oh, Dumbledore's not going to be happy, but he's not the only one. But it's your choice."

The moment of truth neared.
"That's a lot to take in," said Harry in a lowered voice, as the three arrived outside of the Burrow. They left the Kents, who said they were always welcomed. Even if the couple were looking for their own living arrangements, the sentiment was nice.

"Well to be fair, Luna is a big question mark and Neville can still recover, if he gets the proper care," said Tonks, but she had a far off look in her eyes and shook her head. "Bellatrix always been bent, but she seems to be beyond all remorse. Mum didn't go down without a fight. I'll find that woman, for what she did."

Harry nodded. There was a somber tone to everything that has been going on. Voldemort's evil ran rather deep, not that the people who followed him were innocent.

"Not the best news to return to," said Kara in a serious tone. "I can honestly see why you want to do what you're going to do."

Harry turned. At one point, he would look forward to this trip, but now there was uncertainty of how everything would pan out. He was apprehensive to say the very least.

He had to be sure. He would offer them one more chance, just to see how they would react. It would be their only chance.

Dumbledore preached about forgiveness which was well and good for some people.

Yet, if Harry continued to follow that extreme, he might as well replace his scar with the word "Welcome".

"I've got to get back to the investigation, let you know if anything comes up but it might be a while," said Tonks as the three exchanged good byes.

"Thanks," said Harry.

"Yeah, thanks," added Kara as the super powered couple locked hands. They were in this together. She turned her attention to the house.

'Okey, Kara, don't jump to conclusions. Let these people prove themselves. Harry hinted at some things, but he did admit he could be wrong.'

Harry inclined his head towards her, and offered an encouraging smile towards his wife. "Let's do this."

He took a deep breath, and knocked on the door.

"Come in Harry, dear, the door's open," said Mrs. Weasley's bright and cheerful tone of voice.

The door clicked open and two entered the Burrow. Harry spotted Ron at the table. The youngest Weasley brother just nodded, as he stared at his plate. Ginny sat in the corner and looked to be engrossed in a book. Hermione noticed them first and smiled, before she sprung to her feet faster than Harry could have thought.
"Harry!" yelled Hermione as she rushed over to greet her friend. She was a little less enthusiastic and more respectful for Harry's boundaries then she would have been a year ago. "Good to see you and...you too as well..."

"Kara, I'm Harry's..." started Kara, but Hermione cut her off with a shake of her head.

"I know at first I was upset at what happened but now it worked out it doesn't seem too bad," said Hermione as she looked at the blonde girl. "Nice to meet you Kara, I don't know how others will react."

"Knowing you, you have an idea," said Harry and Hermione responded with a shrug.

"Well yes, but I'm trying to keep an open mind," said Hermione. "Even if certain people make it quite difficult to."

"Hi Harry!" said Ginny in an excited voice as she moved forward give her future husband a hug, but Harry just stuck out his hand for her to shake. She stopped and winced at this gesture. "Oh, well, hi..."

Ginny just stopped and looked at Kara. Her mind worked into over drive.

'Much older girl, with my future husband. She looks mature, I don't have that, where did she meet Harry? Now Ginny, you're not going to let your prize get away without a fight. You worked your entire life for this moment.'

Ginny looked at her and stated in a short tone. "Who are you?"

The girl responded in a polite manner. "I'm Kara..."

"Harry, who is this girl?" asked Mrs. Weasley, as she walked over and surveyed the situation. "She's much too old for you dear."

"She's only a year older than me," corrected Harry in a polite tone as he did not back down and was not intimidated. "Why don't we sit down and I'll tell you everything."

"Fine," said Mrs. Weasley, as she took a breath. The letter Professor McGonagall sent her made so much sense about now but she tossed it as an afterthought.

"Hey, Harry..." started Ron but he was momentarily distracted by the girl. "Who is..."

"All will be explained," said Hermione as she waved off Ron.

'Honestly, Ron does have has good points, really, but using his brain is not one of them. Or chewing his food properly. Or etiquette. Or...well he can play chess.'

Mr. Weasley showed up at this point. "Oh Harry, nice to see you again, and you are..."

"We're going to explain in a minute," said Kara as she sat down to the left of Harry.

"I really think I should sit next to Harry," said Ginny but Hermione already was on the seat on the other to the right of Harry. The red haired girl moved to the only seat, next to her brother.

"Explain, what you have been up to?" asked Mrs. Weasley as her arms folded and eyes on Har.

Harry just smiled. This should be fun.
"Honey, want to explain?" asked Harry and Kara smiled and certain Weasleys scowled.

"My name was Kara Kent, I live in a place called Smallville, in Kansas, that's in America," explained Kara. "I moved there where I was fifteen, after a very long trip. I live with my cousin and his parents. And I went off to Las Vegas where I met Harry..."

"YOU WERE IN VEGAS!" shouted Mrs. Weasley which caused most to cringe, but Harry sat at the table, nonchalant and tranquil.

"Why, yes, yes I was," said Harry in a dead pan voice. Mr. Weasley looked at Harry, curious about Muggles as always.

"I've heard of that place, those slot machines, I don't quite understand..."

"Arthur," hissed Molly and her husband fell back into line. "Harry, that's a dangerous place, all kinds of disgusting people there, I can't even say what's there, but I've heard things...honestly, who thought this was a good idea? To send you all alone in Vegas."

"Remus was there," offered Harry with a shrug and a smirk.

"I'll be having a talk with him, he means well, but I wonder if he's condition is affecting his judgment..."

"Pardon me," said Hermione, before she held her breath and let it out.

"Yeah, don't blame this on Lupin," added Ron. "He's not that bad, Harry just doesn't have much..."

"Ronald, be quiet," said Mrs. Weasley in a stern voice and Ron fell silent.

"Why don't we let this girl tell us more?" prompted Ginny as she held her wand to exert her dominance.

"Well, we had some fun and shared a lot," said Kara and Mrs. Weasley looked to be holding back some rant. "So...to make a long story short..."

The couple turned, and felt some Deja-Vu coming on. So they spoke in unison.

"We're married."

The awkward silence returned but only for a second.

"YOU WERE WHAT?"

Ginny looked around, shocked but then she began to laugh in a hysterical manner. "Good one, guys, nice prank. Really had me going for a while. Fred and George were in on it, weren't that? Tonks you really are getting better at your powers. As if Harry can be married to anyone."

'Emotionally stunted, I kind feel sorry for him, really. Oh well, I'm going to be able to train him," thought Ginny.

"Ginny, you might want to check their fingers," said Hermione as she pushed a camera out of her bag and prepared to take the greatest photo of all time.

Ginny's eyes widened. She seemed beyond words and she felt her entire world get smashed.

"Harry, you need to get this marriage annulled, you're much too young," said Mrs. Weasley as if
the argument was solved immediately.

"Not much younger than we were, Molly," muttered Mr. Weasley.

"Arthur, that was different."

"We couldn't if we wanted to and we don't want to," said Harry with a smile. "We used the rings and yes, we used those rings."

"Those are dark magic, Dumbledore said he had them locked up," ranted Mrs. Weasley, and Hermione began to snicker under her breath. "And what's so funny, young lady?"

Hermione just shook her head. "The look on your face, maybe..."

"You're being disrespectful, Hermione, but I suppose your parents did the best they could," said Mrs. Weasley. "Not many good parents out there anymore, which is why I have to work so hard..."

Hermione ignored the slight.

"So, Harry got married to..." said Ron but he trailed off, at a loss for words.

"Harry, I don't know what's gotten into you," said Ginny as she found her voice. "I fought beside you in the Department of Mysteries and this is how you thank me! You ungrateful little..."

The Boy-Who-Lived looked at the girl and put his hand up. "Ginny, I didn't make you come. You didn't really do a good job to begin with. I'm kind of disappointed in your performance as your teacher, really. It was sloppy. You busted your ankle. You were knocked out. I could have handled everything..."

"Oh, you're really being ungrateful, and that's why you got Sirius killed!" shouted Ginny and Hermione reached for her wand, but resisted the temptation, reigning herself in at the last moment. "Someone needs to knock some sense into you!"

Her hand swung to slap Harry. Kara caught it with lightning quick reflexes.

"Let me go," said Ginny as she tried to pull herself free.

"Don't touch my daughter!" yelled Mrs. Weasley but she was ignored.

"You better simmer down, kid," said Kara in a patient tone as she let go of Ginny's hand. "I guess you still got some time to learn, but you're acting like a little brat. I mean you're about eleven or twelve or something?"

"I'm fifteen years old," snarled Ginny with a scowl.

"Okay, no need to get snippy," said Kara as she took a deep breath. "Take a deep breath and just calm down and you're not going to win any friends by smacking people around."

"You obviously don't know a witch has to put her wizard in line sometimes," said Ginny. "You stole Harry away from me, you..."

"Harry isn't a toy you can claim," said Kara as she resisted the urge to fry the little psycho. "My husband is a person, and you obviously thought you could control his life.

"Mum always told me that I would marry Harry, we would live happily ever after," said Ginny, as she held her wand in a threatening manner. "He saved me from the Basilisk, he pulled the sword
out of the hat, he defeated Riddle. I was his princess. It's supposed to end that way. I nearly died because of Harry..."

"Ginny, enough, you're embarrassing yourself," said Mr. Weasley in a stern voice, but Ginny ignored her father.

Instead, she went to slap Kara in the face, but this time Harry caught her hand.

The red haired girl's eyes bugged out and she shook. This was the last thing she expected to happen.

"Let go of me, you're hurting me," said Ginny, as she was scared as Harry looked her down. After a moment, he slowly released her hand. "Harry, you need someone who understands you...and she doesn't! She tricked you, took advantage of you, she was the one that got you drunk, and took advantage of you..."

Kara lost it, grabbed Ginny by her robes to get her attention and stared at her, before her grip relaxed. "Listen, Ginny. I feel kind of bad for you. You have some issues and need help. But if you continue to be this stupid, I'm not going to hold back. Harry and I are married. Move on, life's not a fairy tale, and you can't always get your way."

Ginny saw the girl's eyes glow for a brief second. "You're evil, that's the only reason that you got Harry, what kind of dark creature are you..."

"GINNY!" yelled Mr. Weasley and his daughter was taken aback at being reprimanded. "To your room now, you're grounded for the rest of the summer."

"Dad, you can't do that," said Ginny as she turned to her mother. "Mum, you can't let him do it..."

"Arthur, you can't ground our daughter..." said Mrs. Weasley but Mr. Weasley shook his head.

"I feel like this is my fault, hopefully Ginny will come to her senses," said Mr. Weasley as he waved his daughter off. "Room, now!"

"Fine!" yelled Ginny, as she stamped her feet and kicked the wall all the way up the stairs.

Harry shuddered at the Deja-Vu feeling he was getting.

"I'm going to have a word with Dumbledore, surely he can think of something," said Mrs. Weasley. "We need to get this marriage annulled..."

"Well, thank you Mrs Weasley," said Harry and she looked pleased. "You just confirmed my fears. I was willing to give you a chance. If you really thought of me as a son, you would have been happy. A bit disappointed with how it happened maybe, but I guess I see things clearly now. But I don't think we'll be seeing each other for too much longer."

"Harry, Dumbledore said you have to stay here, this girl on the other hand...will have to go," said Mrs. Weasley.

"Well, I'm not going to argue with you, but we're leaving," said Harry as if this was the most natural thing in the world. "We have a few things to take care of, but I have things I need to do and Hogwarts is not in those plans."

"Harry, you can't drop out of Hogwarts, I forbid it," said Mrs. Weasley. "Hogwarts is the safest place for you..."
Hermione, Harry, and even Ron broke out into laughter at that one. Ron once again stopped under the glare of his mother.

"And I'm going to give your husband money, to pay him back for all of the food I ate over the years," said Harry.

"Harry, you can't really be leaving Hogwarts!" yelled Ron. "How are we going to beat Slytherin in Quidditch?"

"Ron, I appreciate being your friend for five years," said Harry with a sigh. "But, even the best of friends grow apart and...well some people just grow up and others merely get older. Maybe some day you'll understand, but I would advise being your own person. Here's your chance, I won't be there. You'll be the oldest Weasley there, and you won't be in anyone's shadow."

"Well, I guess you do have to do what you feel like you need to do," said Ron as he processed this information.

'Well, Harry made his own choice. Poor bloke, married at sixteen. Guess he does have a point; I can be my own person now. Prove Mum wrong and everyone else. I'll show them all.'

"Well, Mr. Weasley take care of yourself, good luck Ron," said Harry, as he held his wife's hand and they turned away, but Mrs. Weasley was not done.

"HARRY JAMES POTTER, DON'T YOU..."

Immediately, Mrs. Weasley was silenced and unable to move. Hermione slid her wand away.

"Well thank you, but we're done," said Harry. "I'm taking my life into my own hands, and I'll come back when I feel ready. If this is about me being too young, talk to Voldemort. Tell him to stop killing me. Doubt he'll listen. I'll come back for your funeral if you try. We're heading off. Australia might seem a good place or maybe France."

"Yeah those sound lovely," said Kara as they exchanged a passionate kiss in front of the petrified Mrs. Weasley. This was something she did not approve of.

Mrs. Weasley turned a violent shade of red.

"Ready to go?" asked Kara and Harry agreed.

"Harry," said Mr. Weasley. "Congratulations…but you know..."

"Mr. Weasley, deal with your family," said Harry, and Arthur nodded.

Harry and Kara exited and Hermione followed them out of the door. She had no intention of staying.

Mrs. Weasley sweated and would have sworn had she not been silenced.

'Cradle robbing, homewrecker, she stole Harry away from my daughter. Just wait, I'll be speaking to Dumbledore about this. He'll fix it all.'

"So now we're up to date," said Batman after the two had compared notes on the last couple of days.

"Well, you're always complete," said the Man of Steel. "But how did you find all of it out?"
The Dark Knight turned to face Superman in the Batcave. "The hardest part was finding the police report for the murder of the Potters. The digging I had to do, to find that little bit of information took some time. Each report listed killer unknown and missed the witnesses. With the exception of the very first one filed, on November 1st, the day after the murders. Some man named Dumbledore filed the report, the same Dumbledore you met I would assume."

Superman was stoic and he responded. "Yeah, we met him alright."

"It was filed and changed a day later," said Batman. "Obviously someone must have acquired it before it was thrown out and it ended up in a computer database, long forgotten. Given the equipment here, hacking into that computer was no problem. If my hunch is correct, Dumbledore had the child out of the house and to those Dursleys, and then realized he told too much to the authorities."

Superman turned to them. "Abuse, I can't believe anyone would do something like that..."

"Kent, you were really fortunate," said Batman. "Your ship could have easily just been found by criminals or the government or any number of sadistic people. Then who knows what the world would have been like."

'Who knows what the world would be like if many things didn't happen,' thought Batman.

"Once I talked to Blood, it was an easy enough connection to make between Riddle and Voldemort," said Batman. "Anagrams are second nature. My experience in dealing Nygma gave me plenty of grounding."

Superman was brought out of the conversation as his hearing picked up something. "I've got to go Bruce."

The detective nodded and Superman moved off and Alfred returned.

"Should I assume you're going to be down here for another day?" asked Alfred as he showed up to clean the cave.

"Nearly finished, just drawing a few more conclusions," said Batman. Alfred looked. "Your entire file of rogues opened, what did you find out about this boy?"

"Well, he does appear to have some anger issues, which he kept in for a long time," summarized Batman. "We all know what happened to Harvey when he kept his anger bottled up for too long."

He trailed off. Harvey Dent was a rather sore subject. His oldest friend and one of his most bitter enemies as the mob boss Two Face, obsessed with chance and the number two. There was one failed attempt to cure him. The real Harvey Dent was buried further, with Big Bad Harv taking the reigns.

Yet, Dent's psychosis spiraled out of control when his personality fractured a third time into the murderous vigilante known as the Judge. This happened just recently. The Judge went after several of Gotham's criminals, and one of them who he tried to kill was Two Face. Presently, Harvey was in Arkham as he played out a trial that involved his two fractured personalities.

"We both know all too well," said Alfred in a gentle tone.

Batman was quiet. He continued to shift through the files of many of his top foes.
Edward Nygma was abused as a child by his father for telling lies. He had developed an obsessive compulsion to tell the truth albeit in the form of Riddles. He got back on track with his Riddle of the Minotaur Game. Until he was swindled by his corrupt boss Daniel Mockridge and became the Riddler, for revenge. One attempt to reform was derailed by his obsession. He wished to defeat Batman, he was the only one worthy of the game.

Jonathan Crane was also abused as a child, but had obsessed over the nature of fear. Crane was fired from Gotham University. His experiments grew more grotesque as did his form. The Scarecrow went from a Psychology Professor to the darkest manifestation of everyone's nightmares. His fear gas evolved to a new level. Crane poisoned Batman at one point and the hallucinations were so great, he ended up in Arkham. Then, he nearly killed Barbara as he exposed her to a nightmarish world some time ago.

Jervis Tetch was meek and domineered by his boss. He fell for his secretary but she did not like him as much more of a friend. He used mind control chips to make her a puppet, a doll to cater to his every whim. It was a warped and demented reflection of love. As the Mad Hatter, he would make Gotham City into his own personal wonderland. Batman foiled his plan. Then Hatter trapped Batman in a virtual reality machine. A perfect world where his parents were alive and he was engaged to Selina Kyle, where Bruce Wayne did not have the burden of being Batman. A perfect lie, as it turned out. Batman busted out and was not pleased.

Mary Louise Dahl was a popular child star. Yet, a rare disease would not allow her to physically age past childhood. It warped her. As Baby-Doll, she wanted to live her childhood like it was in her own hit television series. She tried to get her life back together. She was reminded of her tortured past and went on a crime spree with Killer Croc. She nearly blew up Gotham City in her rage when she had been double crossed.

Killer Croc had a rare skin condition that mutated him into a beast. He was a former circus performer and side show attraction in an underground wrestling circuit. His mind continued to degrade over the years. He had flashes of intelligence but was a mindless brute. Croc also once threw a rock at Batman.

It was a really big rock.

Pamela Isley had the best intentions, but her experiments warped her into the sadistic menace known as Poison Ivy. She tried to reform a couple of times, but she failed. Her sadism and hatred for humanity and her obsession for plants were great. She tried to reform but failed. Only one human she remotely tolerated was Harley Quinn.

Harleen Quinzel was a doctor at Arkham Asylum. She became interested in their most high profile patient, the Joker, who spun her a false tale of woe and abuse. Her mad love caused her to warp into Harley Quinn, and she was nearly as dangerous as the man who made her that way.

There were others, too many to consider. All tragic stories and a part of him held out hope that they could reform.

"And you know what the scariest part is Alfred," muttered Batman.

"He does have echoes to a certain other young man," said Alfred.

"Exactly," answered Batman but he said not one other word.

"So, you're really leaving?" asked Hermione as the three sat outside of the Burrow. The birds
chirped and privacy spells were cast them to prevent any unintentional or intentional
eavesdropping.

"It's the best choice for us to make," said Kara. "Somehow I don't think they'll let me in the school,
made to Harry or not."

"Maybe, Hogwarts will be a lot safer now that people are not trying to kill me," added Harry but he
was uncertain this would be the case. He had to worry about his own safety for once in his life.
"But Dumbledore needs to learn that while he might be a powerful wizard, but he can be wrong. I
might be wrong too, but there has to be another option other than me stumbling around blindly. I've
got to do what's best for me."

Everyone was quiet. Hermione just sighed. "Harry, your choices should be made based on what's
best for you. I think we learned a really valuable lesson with Umbridge. Just because someone's an
authority figure, doesn't make them correct, they are twisted. And I do need to lighten up."

"I've been telling you that for five years," said Harry. "What changed?"

"Well, Dolohov's spell, he nearly burned my internal organs out," said Hermione as they looked
horrified. "Madam Pompfrey grew everything back in time. If he could speak it...well we wouldn't
be talking, would we? There will be certain side effects I'm sure.

She closed her eyes, but sighed. "I've had my nose buried in books for so long that maybe I forgot
that sometimes you got to improvise. Just like you said."

Harry looked at his friend. "Hermione, you did say that during our first year."

"Well, sometimes the hardest advice to follow is our own," said Hermione with a thoughtful
expression. "Harry, honest question, do you think we have a chance against Voldemort?"

"I don't know and that's what scares me," said Harry in a completely honest and grim tone. "I've
learned some things, mostly through the D.A. and preparing for the Tournament, but...Riddle has
decades on me. And I don't have decades to catch up."

Kara added. "And our powers, strong as they might be, have consequences. We could solve one
problem with them, but cause a bunch of others. We could have taken care of Dumbledore and
Snape right there...I have a feeling you know who I really am, don't you?"

"Yes, but I won't tell a soul," said Hermione and Kara looked grateful. "Snape or Dumbledore, they
might find a few surprises if they try to read my mind. Oh and you're welcome about the rings by
the way."

It took a bit to register that little information drop.

"I beg your pardon?" asked Harry and Hermione laughed at the look on both of their faces.

"Sirius asked me to sneak into Dumbledore's office last year, I got the rings, I also copied some
memories Dumbledore had in the same cabinet," said Hermione as she recalled her little bit of
looting and plundering. Then again, given her birthday, it was only appropriate that she engaged in
some theft. "It wasn't easy. I gave them to Sirius, I might have broken a few rules to do so but I
can't say how many. And besides, if anyone finds out, if you don't know and can't testify in court."

"What are these memories?" asked Harry. "Have you seen them?"

"Yeah, I did," added Hermione. "The memories, I know what's in them, all of them. I'll find out
what I need to know and take care of them."

"What?" wondered Kara.

"Kara, don't worry, you either Harry, I'll deal with those wretched things," said Hermione. "If you see Voldemort's snake, do kill her."

"Okay, I guess," said Harry slowly.

"Lots to do ourselves anyway," said Kara. She and Harry both realized that there was a lot to do before they even thought about the Voldemort situation, and there were other threats as well.

"Worry about getting your new lives together," said Hermione. "And I'm so happy for you both."

"Thanks."

"I'll be at Hogwarts and if I see anything, I'll keep you updated," said Hermione.

"You don't have to be there, you know," said Harry. "You can..."

"No, someone's got to keep an eye on certain people. And coordinate some kind of defense. Besides, you need eyes and ears."

"Well, your choice," said Harry.

"If you're sure," agreed Kara, but they both wondered about Hermione's sanity.

"I'm going to leave to go to get some things done, and I'll see you two around, maybe for Christmas or something," said Hermione. "Hedwig should be finding you before too long before you leave. She's out hunting now."

In the shadows, Bellatrix Lestrange stalked her prey. Silent and wand held out at the ready, she prepared to pounce. Her wand was held out at the ready.

Her hunch proved to be spot on. She saw Potter's wife and the Granger Mudblood at the same spot. The two youngest Weasleys were inside as well, and so were their blood traitor parents.

She tingled with excitement. There would be so many targets that she could take out. She would cement herself as the Dark Lord's most valued follower.

The protections were a bit difficult to navigate. Being a prodigal witch, Bellatrix had no problem finding a way around them.

She watched, as the laughter of the teenagers filled the air.

"Pretty girl, too bad I'm going to have to mangle her face," muttered Bellatrix but above the dark witch. She heard a swoosh behind her.

Suddenly, she found herself lifted off of the ground.

Bellatrix was caught off guard. The witch pivoted to face her adversary.

This man was large. He had a red and blue uniform, a cape, and flew.

"You know, creeping around here might give you the impression you're up to something," said the
flying man, as Bellatrix found herself plucked off of the ground and hurled a good distance. "Just what were you up to?"

She clenched her wand in her hand, but the man had blown the Death Eater off of her feet. The witch landed with a crash on the grass.

It was time for some manipulation.

"I'm sorry, I'm really sorry," sobbed Bellatrix, as she hid her face. "I've been a bad girl, you see, I'm being made to kill someone, by this evil Dark Lord. I'm not really a bad person; he's just threatening to kill my entire family. My poor sister and my nephew, please, help me."

The flying man turned around and looked rather conflicted, as Bellatrix hid her sadistic grin. She cried some more.

'Fool.'

"There, don't worry, we'll..."

In a flash, Bellatrix slashed her wand towards her enemy. The flying man staggered. Blood dripped from his face and the witch moved in for more punishment.

Kara's head snapped around at the noise.

"Great Rao, Harry look!" managed Kara as her heart sped up.

"Superman and..." said Harry, his eyes narrowed when he saw the woman's face. His voice turned cold. "Her."

Kara and Harry scrambled as fast as they could, as he heard Bellatrix whisper "Crucio". Superman screamed in the distance. Hermione followed.

Bellatrix dodged a curse and turned away from her enemy. Three angry teenagers faced her.

"Three against one, Lestrange," said Hermione as her wand was pointed at Bellatrix. "How do you like it when the shoe's on the other foot?"

Bellatrix sent a black jet of light at them. A shield spell deflected the deadly curse.

"Next time, Potter," whispered Bellatrix.

Before she could properly dissaparate, she was partially caught by two blasts.

Bellatrix Lestrange felt a beam of heat and a red light connect with her wand arm.

She was gone as her screams lingered in the ears.

"Are you okay?" asked Hermione to Superman.

"Kal, speak to us please," said Kara as her face looked frantic and was shaking. Harry grabbed her to offer the girl some comfort.

"That wasn't pleasant, I almost miss Kryptonite," managed Superman, as the blood dripped down his face. The wound was on the mend, as the sunlight hit him. "Mind telling me who that woman was?"
"She's Bellatrix Lestrange, Voldemort's Number One Death Eater," explained Harry as he managed to get his voice steady. "She's sadistic, and has been on a rampage all summer. She killed her own sister, along with her sister's husband. She maimed one of my friends and might have been responsible for something bad happening to another"

"What was that spell?" asked Kara.

"One of the three worst spells ever, the Unforgiveables," said Harry. "You get a one way trip to Azkaban if you're convicted of using one."

"The Imperius Curse controls people and the Killing Curse, well it kills people," said Hermione, who wished that particular explanation would have sounded better. "You got hit with the Cruciatus Curse. It's the greatest pain ever and most people go mad within moments. When their minds break from their nervous system being over stimulated."

"I've been under it," shuddered Harry as he recalled the night after the third task. "It takes a certain pleasure in causing pain. Bellatrix has got it down to an art form."

Harry turned. He had made an error in using that curse, but his emotions did get the better of him.

"I thought she was being blackmailed or something so I let up," said Superman as he took a deep breath.

Kara sighed and the girl shook her head. "Hermione, you want to take this one."

"Next time you see Lestrange and she looks at you so much cross-eyed, just rip her in half," said Hermione. She had little pity for these monsters after the Department of Mysteries.

Superman's eyes widened and he began to form a protest.

"Kal, this is a war," said Kara fiercely. "I've seen what happens and I know it's going to get worse. With some monsters, you just can't play nice and throw them in a cardboard prison."

Superman just looked at them; it just flew in the face of how he was raised. "If we become like them, we'll be just as bad of them, if we kill people, we'll create new problems..."

"I'm not saying kill every petty thug or everyone who annoys you," said Kara in a gentle voice. "But we're dealing with some dangerous people out there. Some of them...well they aren't ever going to be rehabilitated."

"I...I guess you're right, in a way but it just feels so wrong," admitted Superman.

"You think I'm just jumping for joy for the fact I have to kill people," sighed Harry as he turned to face the Man of Steel. "I don't want to be Voldemort but I'm not going to be be like Dumbledore either. Giving people out second chances and causing people to suffer because I let some murderer go free."

Pause and Harry continued, looking thoughtful and rather conflicted.

Difficult choices needed to be made.

"You do have a point in a way, we could become like them. It's not going to be easy, and it would be so easy to kill a bunch of people. It's a damned if you do, damned if you don't thing. There's no solution that's without its problems. But some people are more dangerous alive. Others might still be saved. I don't know...case by case thing...I might not be the person to choose. But I kind of had
the choice forced on me."

Superman looked away. He always knew how fortunate he was with his upbringing, but he had no idea until now.

Others were not that lucky. Yet some were doing okay regardless.

"Well, I'll see if any more of those...Death Eaters isn't it?" asked Superman and he got a nod of confirmation. "I'll see if any of them are around."

"Thanks, we'll be sure to keep an eye out here," said Hermione. "Constant vigilance, keep on your guard."

"Be careful," warned Kara.

"I will," said Superman as he turned around. The cut still stung on his face.

Shrieks echoed throughout the chambers of the Dark Lord. Voldemort peered down at Bellatrix on the floor. The witch was in unbearable agony.

"Potter's wife did this to you?" asked Voldemort, unsympathetic and cold as he stared down one of his followers.

"That girl, she's no mere Muggle!" wailed Bellatrix, as she cradled her shell of an arm. "My arm, she burned it with her eyes and Potter removed...all of them...my bones...I'll strangle that brat!"

"Compose yourself, Bella," said Voldemort in his soft tone. "I will fetch for Snape to patch you up. Then you will explain how you have failed."

Snape appeared a moment later, just as Voldemort promised.

"Bella was careless, see what you can do," said Voldemort briskly. "Potter and his new wife managed to attack her. Potter removed her bones and the girl burned Bella's arm."

The Potions Master scowled. "Of course, my Lord."

Snape walked over and Bellatrix screamed. "Lie still, I shall fix your arm, or most of it. Burned flesh and all of your bones have been removed. Well, that's interesting."

Sadistic glee as Bellatrix cried. Snape repaired her arm. Most of the flesh would have scar tissue, with whatever that girl did. There were other scars, tokens of recent battle, and a chunk of her ear had been sliced.

"Skel-Gro, that won't be pleasant, but I believe the Dark Lord will require his report first, if I am not mistaken," said Snape as he gripped Bella by her rubbery arm and turned her to face Lord Voldemort.

Voldemort turned his full attention to Bellatrix. "Correct. Details, Bella, and quickly."

"I was going to kill the girl as you requested, my Lord" managed Bellatrix as her master stared her down. "But a flying man caught me off guard."

"A flying man?" inquired Snape, eyebrow raised.

"Continue," said Voldemort. He was silent from this point forward.
"I managed to hurt him and was about to break his mind with the curse," said the woman, as sweat poured down her face. "Then, Potter, the Mudblood, and that girl turned up. I engaged them, but I prepared to retreat due to losing my advantage. Potter and his wife attacked me and did this!"

Voldemort remained silent for a moment before he spoke. "Severus, proceed."

Snape did so as the Dark Lord pondered this latest bit of information.

Immorality gave plenty of time for meticulous study. Voldemort was prepared for anything. His Parseltongue abilities allowed him to develop a sixth sense of sorts which had enhanced his ability to detect lies from most and his talents at Legilimency helped this along.

Deep down Voldemort knew he was far from perfect, but he had to strive for perfection. He rarely ventured from his fortress, as he sent his servants to do more menial labor. He would have the Ministry and Hogwarts first, before he expanded his empire into Europe and then the world. Those who opposed him down would be dust.

This flying man piqued his interest. He sensed a few images from Bellatrix's mind and he was intrigued. He must find out more.

"A lot more than we thought we needed to get, but it needed to be done," sighed Harry, as Kara just gave him a sympathetic look, as they looked at their new purchases.

"Hey, it needed to be done," said Kara, as she helped Harry carry everything. "Got all of your gold out of your vault. Those goblins, I don't know what their problem was."

"They act like that to everyone," said Harry knowingly, as they balanced everything. It was a beautiful day. "Books, clothes, going to have to get some regular clothes too, that's not going to be fun."

"It'd be a lot better to have clothes you're not drowning in," encouraged the girl beside him.

Harry smiled. "You should have seen how they looked before I tried to fix them. That's actually an improvement. Magic fixes a lot. However, miracle work it isn't."

At that moment, the two were met with a rather unwelcome sight.

"Of course, I couldn't leave without seeing him one more time," muttered Harry, as he saw Draco Malfoy and his mother walk into the scene.

Kara looked at the boy and shook her head, as Draco seemed to spot the couple. As did Narcissa, who looked at them in a strange manner, as if she was trying to figure out the situation. He moved over to give his usual. "Well, Potter, fancy meeting you here and without the weasels or..."

"Draco, be silent," said Narcissa as she looked at her son. She spotted the rings on the finger of Potter and his companion. His demeanor was different than when she had seen him at the Quidditch Cup two years previous. He seemed somewhat the same, but there were also many changes to him.

"Mother..."

"No, Draco," said Narcissa as she studied the new influence in Potter's life. She felt the need to approach this matter gracefully. "Mr. Potter, we've never formally met, my name is Narcissa Malfoy. As you know, I'm Draco's mother."
Harry was taken momentarily off guard but he decided to react politely.

"Well, it's an honor meeting you," said Harry, uncertain of how to react and Kara seemed to sense her husband's uncertainty.

Narcissa studied the couple. Potter was nothing like she had heard, but she supposed people did change.

As for the girl, she was an intriguing paradox.

'Who is this female with Potter? She's not a witch, but she doesn't seem like most Muggles. She carries herself with confidence and poise, but she's not stifled and stiff. This is not anything I'm used to.'

"Well, you are nothing like I've heard, Mr. Potter," said Narcissa as she remained silent for a moment. "And I would like to offer congratulations about your nuptials, I'm afraid I haven't the pleasure..."

The girl paused. "Kara...Kara Kent, well now Kara Potter. We had a whirlwind romance, and then had a quick wedding in Las Vegas."

"Muggle, just like someone like Potter to just randomly jump into marriage with the first girl that would have him," muttered Draco but Narcissa gave him a warning look. Even Draco knew it was time to shut up.

Narcissa paused and nodded. "Well, we have much to do, as you appear to as well. So good day to both of you."

The two teenagers nodded as Draco and Narcissa walked off. Draco had a look of confusion on his face.

"Mother, what were you playing at?" asked Draco.

"Respect is something you should learn, Draco," said Narcissa and then she added. "I'm trying to keep you alive."

"Potter, wouldn't do anything," drawled Draco. Potter was Dumbledore's little golden boy, so he would not dare harm anyone.

Narcissa paused and looked at her son. "Do not be certain of what Potter will do. Your schoolyard antics may have been endearing when you were eleven but you're sixteen. One day, you will be the head of the Malfoy House, should you survive."

Draco just turned away and shook his head. Of course he would survive.

Narcissa brushed her hair out of her face. She really did love her family despite their many faults.

She was a pureblood and she had little do with most Muggles, even if she did indulge her curiosity with certain facets of Muggle culture. Not that she was alone. Many Purebloods did badmouth Muggles in public, but a few experimented with the other side. It was a curiosity and a temptation. They just did it behind closed doors.

Otherwise, the Dark Lord had the proper idea, but she felt he lost sight of his original goals.

As a proper Slytherin, she knew when it was time to take a step back and reassess the situation.
She was curious about Potter like the rest of her social circle. The information she got put him in a rather unfortunate and simplistic light. Snape had some rather cutting statements about the boy, but she only took those in stride. The rivalry between James Potter and Severus Snape had been one of legend.

Dumbledore was a fool although Narcissa did respected his accomplishments. He facilitated the decay of the world as much as the more fanatical purebloods.

Lucius might have talked a good game, but it was a matter of gold and power. He was no fan of Muggles, but to kill them all would mean losing out on a good chunk of his yearly profit.

Yet, they all became chess pieces between the Dark Lord and Dumbledore, and all suffered, purebloods just as much so.

"Draco, stick with me," said Narcissa as her son protested, but she would hear nothing of it.

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Tonks knew she should wait for back up, but she might not get another chance. Through the shadows, she hid and wand was in her hand.

"Hex first and ask questions later," thought Tonks as she followed around the corner, as she heard a creak and a noise echoed on the other side of the door.

The entire Bellatrix thing had demanded a great deal of her time. The Ministry wanted her captured, and Tonks had been put on the case.

It was part experience building, and part of some sadistic loyalty test. Her heritage gave her problems when she left Hogwarts. Two infamous relatives in Azkaban and a family tree of notorious mental cases had made getting into the Auror department difficult.

In a way, she proved herself, as she moved around the corner and more steps as she followed the figure into a building.

'Not Bellatrix,' thought Tonks as she was struck with a sudden thought. "Someone's here. Got to be careful. Constant Vigilance and all that. Hope I don't go and drown in my paranoia."

Tonks was caught off guard, as a mysterious figure dressed in orange and purple appeared from a side mirror and ran down the hallway.

If she had not seen it with her two eyes, she wouldn't have bought it.

"Hold it, stop, whoever, you are!" shouted Tonks, but the figure darted down the hallway.

The persistent Auror followed, but yet the man had vanished. She held her wand and turned around. A door was slightly ajar.

She pushed the door open. Tonks frowned and saw nothing inside the bathroom.

Then again, what seemed like nothing could be something. A few dusty foot prints were uncovered with a further look. The sink shifted to the side by natural means.

She jumped in the air, but relaxed.

"Merely your reflection. Don't panic. Stay alert."

Said reflection shifted and reached through the mirror. She was grabbed by the throat by her own
mirror reflection. Paralyzed on the spot, she began to struggle.

Auror training did not prepare her for this. Her reflection pulled Tonks through the mirror and onto the other side.

"Where am I?" asked Tonks, as she still had her wand and her bag. Said bag contained food she had packed.

She had a look around and eyes widened.

Tonks was in some kind of void and surrounded by nothing but mirrors, as far as the eye could see.

The Auror sank down and wondered what she would have to do to get out of this strange place.

"So what am I supposed to be looking at again?"

Harry could have mentally slapped the back of his own head. He had nearly forgotten about the Fidelius Charm on Number Twelve Grimmauld Place.

"Sorry, honey, you see there's a charm where Dumbledore used to hide this place from prying eyes," said Harry as Kara grabbed his hand. "Uh, see those houses over there and there."

She nodded.

"Well there should be another house about there," explained Harry. Kara turned her attention to where Harry pointed.

"I barely see something, not sure what it is," said Kara, as she used her X-Ray vision to scan the space Harry looked around. "It's like a pocket space, folded within itself. It's very fine. I wouldn't have seen it if you didn't point it out."

Harry understood at least enough. "So it couldn't completely hide the house with charm, it had to be somewhere, so they moved it into this other dimension or something..."

The Boy-Who-Lived sighed as he confused himself.

"Let's just say it's some form of magical space," concluded Harry.

"I can buy that," said Kara, but she focused on the matter at hand. "So what do we do now?"

Harry was struck by a stupid impulse. "You trust me, don't you?"

"Yes, of course I do," said Kara, and Harry grabbed her hand tightly.

"Because, I had an idea, and it's absolutely bonkers," said Harry. "I think that we can bust through the charm through that little void and into the house. Like the Platform I told you about, for the school train. Or it could...well break every bone in our bodies."

"Let's go for it," said Kara, as she held on.

"You sure?"

"Positive," said Kara, clutching him tighter.

"On three," said Harry, as he opened the door.
One, Two, Three, and the super powered couple threw all caution to the wind.

With a crash, they ended up in the house. Their combined strength just sucked them through the void. The backlash caused them to stagger. Then the two crashed onto the floor.

Harry was down on the floor. Kara fell on top of him.

"Good, I was right," said Harry, as his wife pulled herself up.

"Yeah, and not a bad landing either," breathed Kara, as she slid herself off of Harry, and helped him up. "Are you okay?"

Harry tested out his arms. "A few scrapes and bumps, but other than that, not too bad. Nothing broken. You?"

Kara took a good look at herself. "I'm actually good, my hair's a bit messed up, but that can be fixed."

"Well your hair looks fine no matter how it looks," said Harry, as he ran his hand through Kara's hair. "I like how you're growing it out, by the way."

"Thanks but everything seems fine, we'll give ourselves a more detailed physical later," said Kara as she licked her lips in anticipation and Harry looked equally eager. They noticed a new arrival.

"Look, a dog."

Harry smiled as his wife reached to pet it. "Careful, Kara, I don't think he's had his shots."

He turned his attention to the dog. "Hello Padfoot, figured you'd be lazing around the house like the dog you are."

Sirius stood before them. "Was wondering when you two would pop up."

"This is my godfather, Sirius Black," explained Harry. "The only man to escape from Azkaban Prison and he also cheated certain death through means he still hasn't properly explained. The one set up the little Vegas trip."

"I have you to thank then," said Kara with a smile.

"Sirius, this is Kara," said Harry, as an afterthought.

"Pleased to meet you, Kara," said Sirius as he shook hands with his godson's wife. "Strong grip too."

Kara looked apologetic. "Sorry, don't know my own strength sometimes."

"Nah, after twelve years in that awful place, it's all good," said Sirius as he turned around to face them. "As Harry's godfather, I must say he really has good taste. Granted, there are a few decent looking choices over here, but...well we are not without our issues."

"What do you mean?" asked Kara.

Sirius looked over and sighed. "As I told Harry, most of the old families are interrelated. It actually run deeper than that. Fresh blood is getting harder to come by. It gets worse every generation."

Sirius paused as both had their full and undivided attention. "Voldemort didn't help. He's killed many purebloods, even if those in his inner circle pass it off as being misfits and blood traitors. 
Over the past thirty years, there have been more squibs than any other time."

"Non magical person born to a magical family," explained Harry and Kara motioned for Sirius to continued.

"Filch and Arabella Figg are a few of the luckier ones, they got if you call it that," added Sirius but he looked more grim than ever. "Others...well when they show no signs of magic, accidents might happen, and purebloods can be rather harsh."

They nodded and were revolted at the implications of what Sirius described.

"Tradition is followed," continued Sirius. "All of the purebloods don't support Voldemort, but enough of them agree with a few of his aims to not to do anything. Others just want the power for themselves. Umbridge is a perfect example of this type. She would follow Voldemort if he gave her an offer that suited her, but if he ever showed weakness, she'd undercut him. She threw Fudge under the Knight Bus to save her own skin."

"Maybe it's a good thing Harry and I are leaving," said Kara.

"Leaving?" asked Sirius. "Not that I'm arguing and in fact, I think I suggested it but..."

"Sirius, I can't stay and do what I need to do," said Harry and Sirius nodded. "I'm sick and tired of being called some savior one week and some evil dark wizard in training the next."

The point was agreed with.

"It won't be easy," cautioned Sirius. "Dumbledore...well I'm sure you've come to the same conclusions about Dumbledore that I have."

"Yes," said Harry. "But it's what we have to do."

"We both realized that when we talked about it," said Kara, as they walked into the next room. Kara sat down next to Harry and Sirius sat opposite of them.

Harry added. "We need to teach them a lesson about not taking what they have for granted. Maybe someone will take a shot at Voldemort and save me grief..."

"But, we're going to prepare regardless," concluded Kara.

"What makes you think Voldemort won't go after you?" asked Sirius.

The Boy-Who-Lived looked at Sirius and shared some of his conclusions. "Honestly, I thought about this for a long time. Voldemort wants the Ministry first. And Hogwarts. I've learned a few things about him over the years, even if they didn't make sense at first. I suspect that will take him a few years to get Britain in order. The prophecy was the big sticking point. You know of it?"

"I have a pretty good idea, I don't think Lily and James knew of its contents," said Sirius. "Dumbledore told them they were in danger. Lily and James had to be talked into believing Dumbledore, both of them argued with him about believing it but they conceded."

"Dumbledore was there when the charm was performed," said Harry as he remembered. "Wouldn't he..."

Sirius waved him down. "As much as I hate to defend Dumbledore, he just performed the groundwork. Lily performed the actual binding of the secret to Wormtail. Granted, she should have
thrown in some loyalty charms, but we couldn't have known. We outsmarted ourselves with that one and I'm sorry about that."

He sighed, as he remembered the good seven years that he had with three good friends and before he turned traitor, Wormtail was one of them for a long time. "Peter was a good person a long time ago, it's a shame what he turned into. But many people were good a long time ago that are Death Eaters or really just misguided."

He remained thoughtful but the door opened and Remus entered and smiled.

"Hi Harry, Kara, Sirius," said Remus but he paused when he realized what was wrong. "Um, Harry, with the charm, mind explaining..."

Kara decided to cut in. "Well, Harry pointed it out, I saw what he pointed at, and he lead me through."

"You were lucky you weren't torn to shreds," said Remus as he sighed but as a scholar he looked rather intrigued about a law of magic being so shamelessly broken. "Did you tell Sirius about..."

"Kara, do I have your permission to share your background?" asked Harry.

"Harry, I don't really mind, I think Sirius can keep a secret," said Kara as she looked.

One overly long explanation later, Sirius looked rather intrigued. "Well Harry, I also hoped you would find a girl who was out of this world, but..."

He paused.

"I didn't really mean that literally," said Sirius but he just smiled. "Well, no real chance of you being related at all."

They both grinned but Harry turned his attention to an uncomfortable topic.

"And the Weasleys, my hunch about them was spot on, well with two of them, Ron's kind of a question mark but I just..." began Harry. "Friend for five years or not, if I give him one secret and he gets in one of his fits of jealousy, he could blow everything out in the open. And I'm not sure if I can stand to be near him much longer. I really think I'll do something drastic to correct his behavior. He's not evil, just grossly immature and...I don't relate with him anymore. Plus he's still domineered by Mrs. Weasley."

"Sometimes, friends do grow apart," added Remus as he thought of two others at Hogwarts who seemed to be the best of friends for years but it ended rather poorly one day.

"We're going to be out of here by August Thirty First," continued Kara. "We're looking into a place to live, somewhere nice. Not too much, but just a nice comfortable place for us."

Harry had something to add. "And I've got to learn about business."

"Why?" asked Sirius.

Both of them looked rather amused, and Harry decided to proceed. "Well, that's another fascinating story."

Later that night, Kara led Harry to the kitchen when they passed a green curtain.
"We got to be quiet, we don't want to wake her up," muttered Harry.

The Kryptonian girl stiffened as she had tripped the curtain to reveal the portrait of Mrs. Black.

"YOU, WHAT ARE YOU DOING IN MY HOUSE, FILTH! FILthy Muggles AND BLOOD TRAITORS HOW DARE YOU..."

Those words were as far as Mrs. Black got before suddenly she was frozen in her tracks. Mist rose from Kara's lips as she took a step back, kind of shocked and surprised.

"You froze her?" asked Harry.

"Sorry, I panicked, I told you I'm still learning my powers," said Kara, but Harry just grabbed his wife around the waist and kissed her. She responded with equal passion.

After a moment, they broke it up.

"Kara, you're brilliant, we've been trying to find a way to shut that shrieking banshee up for a year, not even Dumbledore could get her down," said Harry, as he looked in her eyes with glee. "So, ice breath's another one of your powers?"

She just looked at the portrait, amused. "Guess it is one, I'm sure Kal can do it, but I never tried. Kind of a minty after taste really."

"Really?" asked Harry and he grabbed her, to kiss her again to test that theory. Harry took ample time to taste test his wife's lips. "Yeah, you're right, but I had to make sure."

"Are you really sure?" asked Kara, as she leaned forward and once again, their lips met and tongues tangled with each other.

At this point Sirius walked out and shook his head at the couple's antics.

"Seven bedrooms in this house and you have to do that in front of..." started Sirius but he stopped and was stared before he cackled like a crazy person. He caught his breath. "Hi mother, frozen solid's a good look for you."

"She started in on me, and I kind of used one of my powers," said Kara but Sirius broke out into laughter.

"Brilliant," said Sirius. "See, if I had any doubts about this marriage and I had none, all are gone right now, you've shut my mother up."

"Glad, I meet your approval," said Kara as her eyes looked to the painting and laughed at the frozen expression on Mrs. Black's face, as Sirius and Harry joined in.

"How long will it last?" asked Sirius and Kara just gave a shrug. "Oh well, I'll cherish this moment now."

He turned around, his eyes completely locked on his frozen mother. It was the most tolerable she had ever been.

Sirius Black just reached Nirvana.

"Sirius will be in his happy place for a while," said Harry as both husband and wife laughed. "Time to eat. Hopefully there's something edible around here."
"You do look cute with your glasses..." started Kara suddenly as she looked at Harry. "But..."

Harry knew where this was going and had thought about it before.

"Yeah, I know, if they get knocked off, in a fight I'm going to be screwed," said Harry. "My eyes rejected contacts. Hermione got me to try them one time."

She shook her head. "No, there's something called laser eye surgery, it's a very fine process. I read about it, it's supposed to fix the nerves in your eyes, so you can see better."

"Well, I'm sure we could look into something like that..." stated Harry but Kara shook her head.

"I think I can fix your eyes, if I'm careful," said Kara but she hesitated. "Or I could...burn them out..."

Harry reached and clasped both of her hands. "Just take your time, my love. If there's a chance, you can do it. I'll be still, I promise."

She shifted and studied Harry's eyes.

"Okay, Kara, you're doing something really risky, don't botch it or anything. His eyes are really bad. I wonder when he had those glasses changed last. He does have gorgeous eyes and everything else... focus Kara, don't get distracted. Channel the beam lightly through his glasses, make an incision, yeah, I can do this, then remove glasses, lightly cool with your breath, apply gentle pressure, that should do it. Or it'll pop his eyeballs out."

She held her breath and did the process as it was pieced together in her mind.

Seconds passed as Kara held her breath before she spoke.

"You're blind, aren't you?" asked Kara as she inclined her head slightly, as Harry stared forward and he slipped his glasses off. He tossed them to the side.

"I see a gorgeous young woman in front of me," said Harry as green eyes met blue, without any barriers. His arms wrapped around her neck and he gave her a passionate kiss. Kara floated a few inches off of the bed in response.

After a moment, Harry broke the kiss. "Brilliant...my magic kind of helped a little bit, I don't know if you should do that as a career."

As she nodded in agreement, she also sighed in relief. "I was kind of a bundle of nerves when I did that, but I think it should help you."

They shared another kiss, as they stroked each other's hair.

'I love you, so very much,' thought Kara as she closed her eyes and leaned further into the kiss.

The kiss broke, as they turned to each other. Harry spoke. "I love you."

The girl's eyes widened and she screamed. She sprung up and nearly hit the ceiling.

"What's wrong?" asked Harry, afraid he did something wrong.

"You just spoke..." breathed Kara, as she took a deep breath. "When you said I love you, you said it in Kryptonian."
"You know there's something about me speaking different languages and not even knowing it," said Harry as he recalled the snake in his second year and smiled.

"Say something else," encouraged Kara. "In Kryptonian, I mean."

"Alright," said Harry as he cleared his throat. "My name is Harry Potter."

Kara shook her head. "English. Say those words again, the ones you did before."

"I love you," said Harry with confidence. He never said those words before in his life until he got married, but they seemed so natural saying them to her.

The girl racked her brain. "So, I kissed you and thought that, when..."

Sudden inspiration struck the alien girl faster than a speeding bullet.

"I've got this crazy theory, that I want your opinion on Harry," said Kara and Harry was all ears. "Well, when we kissed, I thought of my love to you. I tend to think in my native language. So, if my hunch is correct, and I think there's a good chance..."

She put a hand to her chin, as she thought carefully "I can pass knowledge to you when I kiss you, through saliva in my mouth."

She paused deep in thought at the possibilities of her discovery.

"And I could I guess remove things from your mind as well, if I wanted to. But that would be a dangerous breach of ethics and trust."

Harry nodded but he was visited with thought he was ashamed of. "I need more powers..."

"No, it's not really how many powers, it's how to use them that matters," said Kara with a grin. "And you know how to use them, in many ways. Your fingers, your tongue, your mouth, your ...well you get the picture."

She coughed and became serious.

"No, really Harry, I'm still learning my powers," explained Kara. "You're learning too and you've done great things so far. And there will be more great things to come, from both of us."

She looked at him. "I can teach you out to speak Kryptonian. It would be something special between us. And the tutoring would fun."

Harry considered what he was told. "It would be useful for us to speak in code, wouldn't it? Does your cousin know..."

"Bits and pieces I think, but he didn't speak it for fifteen years like I did," said Kara. "Thankfully, English is such a common universal language, Father taught me that one, and a few others...we're getting off track."

The two shifted around as the boy laughed. "We do tend to do that."

"It's going to be a very slow process, though," added Kara. "Uploading everything into your mind at once would overwhelm it and turn you into a vegetable. Maybe a little bit every few minutes. It'd be a lot of tutoring."

"And that's a bad thing?" asked Harry. She laughed and pulled Harry into her arms.
She grabbed his hand.

"So, do you want me to take care of this too?" asked Kara as she scanned his hand and Harry shifted. "I must not tell lies... who did this?"

"Remember the woman I told you about, Umbridge," said Harry and she nodded her head. "She did this...to shut me up, the Ministry didn't want anyone to know Voldemort came back. Many nights, for a year, in my own blood..."

Harry winced at those nights. It was hard to remember.

Kara took a deep breath and began mentally counting to thirty. Then she let it out.

"Just let me try to fix this Harry, but if I ever see that woman..." said Kara as she let implied threats hang. Her eyes shifted, as she looked at the hand.

First Harry's hand felt cool, then it felt warm, and then cool again. The skin healed over and the words were gone.

"You magic could have repaired it eventually," added Kara. "It just needed the right jump start."

To give his thanks, he shifted and pushed her down on the pillows, their fun continued for several minutes.

"Getting better at holding your breath," breathed Kara. "Good, but..."

Harry looked at his wife. "Hate to use your powers again...but...do you think you can..."

Kara stopped Harry and put her hand directly on his lighting bolt scar. "This right?"

There was a nod and X-Ray vision once again scanned, but she slid back, eyes widened.

"What's wrong?" asked Harry who wondered what could have spooked his wife like that.

The Kryptonian girl composed herself for a moment. "I could...fix it...but you'd die or be brain damaged."

Kara grabbed Harry and pulled him tight. Harry was unnerved. "I'm...do you know what..."

"Well, an idea, it looks like some kind of magical tumor," said Kara as she sighed. "Left over from when Voldemort...someone's been forcing it open a lot, made it worse."

Harry turned away, but he was steered back to face his wife. "Harry, does it have any side effects or anything..."

"I used to be able to pick up on visions from Voldemort and it hurt all of the time," admitted Harry.

Kara picked up the past tense of that. "Used to?"

"Well it hasn't been so bad this summer," said Harry with a shrug. "It's almost like..."

The two realized the potential answer. Or at least the one that made the most sense.

The heroine leaned forward and whispered in her lover's ear.

Smut/Lemons Begins.
"I'm going to keep fucking you over and over and over, until that thing decides to take a hint and get out of your forehead," said Kara fiercely before she pounced Harry. She kissed him over and over again, her arms wrapped around him. She grounded her clothed center up and down his crotch. Her nipples poked through the shirt she was wearing. She continued to grind her clothed center on Harry's growing erection.

‘If that dark butt muncher thinks he can use my partner's head as some kind of gateway, that bastard's in for a surprise,’ thought Kara.

Harry reached his hands underneath his wife's shirt to find her breasts. He was pleased she had gone braless. With a smile, he continued to fondle her supple mounds. Kara squealed into his mouth, as his shirt crumpled into her hands. The kiss broke so she pulled the shirt over his head and made his already messy hair completely messier.

Just the way she liked it.

Harry pulled his lover's shirt over her head. Her breasts were displayed on all of their glory. They were round, firm, and high, and her nipples were completely hard.

Their hands explored each other, as she floated up just enough to allow Harry more access to her breasts. Harry worshipped his lover's breasts with incredible zeal. His hands squeezed the soft but firm flesh. He molded it in his hands, and he felt his erection growing.

Kara lowered herself, before she gripped Harry's pants and tugged them off of him. The pants ripped slightly in her zeal. She then made quick work of Harry's boxer shorts.

"Sorry," said Kara as they tore off in her hands but she did not sound too sorry. Her tongue circled around Harry's penis to give it the proper lubrication. She licked it up, and down several times. Then she grasped her hand and slowly began to pump it up and down. She floated above the bed and stared Harry in the eye, her lips curled into a sexy smirk.

Harry groaned. He mused if he was a normal Muggle human, Kara's hand would have torn him completely off by now. Yet the firm grip caused him more pleasure as she really worked him. The Kryptonian Girl stroked him, alternated between three slow strokes and then a faster tug for a short time.

His stamina had been increased, caused him to go the distance, as Kara worked him over with her right hand. Her left hand gripped around his ball sac. She gave every inch of Harry the proper attention, but then stopped.

Harry looked at her. "Oh Jesus, Kara, don't stop, not now."

Kara turned her head slightly, before she flew backwards. Her skirt slipped off and the red lacy knickers she wore followed. She swayed her arse directly in front of Harry's face as he remained on the bed.

"Time to feed you, my love," said Kara, her head turned, as she placed her wet pussy a few inches above Harry's mouth. Her incredible thighs closed in on the top of his head.

Harry licked around and tasted the inside of her pussy. The scent on his nose had caused his penis to twitch. The green eyed wizard took his frustration for his lack of completion as he licked and nibbled at Kara. He worked over both her pussy and her clit. She loved it.

"Do the tongue thing, please," whispered Kara but Harry just continued to tease her with licks. He dragged his tongue over her folds and walls.
He felt her blow her breath on his penis and he felt a touch of ice breath. He stuck his tongue up the Kryptonian girl's cunt. The blonde rode his tongue, as he vibrated it into her hole. Her breathing grew rapid, as he continued to work her over.

"Oh, oooh, oooh," managed Kara as she sent out a burst of heat vision to set the curtains on fire in the bedroom. She moistened Harry's face with her juices and slid off his face.

With a flick, Harry managed to put out the fire she caused. "Kara, control, please learn it."

"Learn anti-heat vision spells," countered Kara in a breathy voice but she resumed her work on Harry, as she gave him a few more strokes, before she spread Harry's legs. She paused and looked at Harry, his handsome face splattered with her juices. "You going to finish that, babe?"

Before Harry could answer, Kara stole a kiss and stuck her tongue into Harry's mouth. She licked her cum right off the inside of his lips.

She reached down and grabbed his crotch in her hand, rubbing him furiously.

"Going to let me finish, this time?" asked Harry.

"Maybe," Kara replied in a mysterious voice as she stroked Harry some more before she floated above him.

The blonde girl floated up to the ceiling for a moment, as her legs spread to reveal her swollen lips above him. With grace, she lowered herself onto Harry. Her hand gripped his throbbing penis and she slipped his throbbing penis inside her.

Harry pushed up into her, with deep breaths, as he inhaled more of her. She bounced up and down on his cock. Her moans gained steam, as Harry reached up. He found her breasts and played with them.

The girl's bouncing increased with intensity as he continued to fondle her breasts.

"Grope my tits, my green eyed hero," moaned Kara. "Yeah, squeeze them, ooh twist my nipples, you know I love that. Magic, oh fuck, the little jolts you're sending down me!"

Her muscles contracted on his penis. The warmth and wetness slid rubbed his cock. Harry trusted upwards into her. He wanted to come to a release, but not yet.

Harry switched his hand around and fondled her rear with his left hand. He alternated between her right and left breast with his right hand. This spurned Kara to keep bouncing up and down.

"Oh, Harry, make me cum, shove your dick deeper into my cunny, make it all wet for you, make me leak all of the bed!" she screamed as the windows cracked just a little bit. She reached a rather memorable climax.

She kept up the tempo and never ceased. She played with whatever breast Harry was not paying attention to at the moment, as they switched. She continued to squeeze him and his cock twitched inside her.

"Kara, oh my God, cumming, cumming for you, oh my, Jesus Christ," managed Harry before he ejaculated. His sperm splattered up, flooding her with thick ropes of cum.

Kara slid her lover's penis out of her before she slid right over. She grabbed Harry's head and pushed it right between her breasts. Harry's face smashed between her breasts.
She wrapped her arms around his head to hug him in close, as he continued to suck on the lovely flesh. The licks, the sucks, became more prominent.

Kara released Harry, as he flew back on the bed, eyes glazed over. She reached over and put her mouth right on his penis, only at half-mast.

Harry found himself grow harder in her mouth, as she continued to suck him off, a primal look in her eyes. Kara's talented mouth blew him and she worked her tongue underneath his penis while it was in her mouth.

Super breath continued to make for an awesome blowjob. Her tongue slid on the underside of his penis with her throat muscles contracting around his cock and her fingers stroking him. She also floated off of the bed.

This action allowed Harry access to every inch of her body his hands could reach. He played with her breasts and squeezed them. She sped up her actions and her eyes had pure want.

Harry thrust into her mouth and once again, he came.

She pulled out and swallowed what was in her mouth. Then she cleaned what remained from Harry. She showed her tongue to Harry with the drops of sperm.

"A bit of a break," said Kara, as she wrapped her arms around him and hugged him. "I want to do some that teaching first right now and I think it will get you stimulated even more."

She kissed him as she thought several interesting phrases. She whispered the phrases in Harry's ear. His growing erection indicated that he understood.

"Teach you the more mundane stuff later," said Kara. "So, are you game for another round?"

Harry responded and grabbed her by the shoulders. Kara smiled as she allowed Harry to push her back onto the bed.

"My turn to tease you," said Harry. "I'm going to tie you to the bed until you beg me to fuck you senseless."

"Please, Harry," begged Kara as she shuddered as she found herself grow wetter at the thought. Then, her arms and legs were bound magically.

Harry straddled the top of her. He leaned down and began to kiss her forehead. His kisses continued and he began to suck on her earlobe. Kara went absolutely wild from that and the ropes nearly snapped when she took flight. Harry kissed her cheeks and the side of her neck.

Kara moaned right into his ear as Harry applied suction on her neck. He reached his hand around and began to play with her round breasts. He then continued his kisses down her shoulder blades and around to her breasts.

Harry stopped and grabbed her breasts, before he latched a mouth on her right nipple. Kara drew her breath as she felt Harry's tongue hiss on it. Then he switched and did the left slide. Then he kissed her cleavage.

More moans escaped from her mouth as Harry's kisses continued. Kara felt herself brought near to the brink but she needed an extra push. Harry reached her belly button and kissed it. Her toned midsection got his full attention.
Her moans spurned on and she chanted Harry's name. Harry found himself spurred to continue as he worked down to her pelvic area but he hovered his tongue above her opening.

With a smirk he stopped.

"Oh, Harry, great Rao!" breathed Kara as Harry brushed his head purposely against her moist vagina several times. He kissed the inside of her thighs. They had a wonderful taste from her previous climaxes. He made his way down the sides of her legs as he alternated on every side.

Harry stroked her legs and massaged them, as he reached all the way down, to her ankles and then her feet.

"Damn it Harry, stick your cock in me before I go nuts!" yelled Kara in Kryptonian.

"You didn't teach me that one," said Harry with a smirk as he continued to move upwards. He reached forward and her pussy cupped in his hands.

Kara snapped the bindings and grabbed Harry. She flew him over to the other side of the room and shoved him against the wall.

Harry just smirked, but he grabbed Kara and backed her up, before he turned the tables. He pinned her against the wall. His erection brushed against her.

"Like this then?" asked Harry.

"Yes, please, fuck me against the wall," breathed Kara.

"As you wish," said Harry as he slid into her with ease. He felt her tightness for the first time standing up. Kara pushed forward as he pushed deeper into her. His strokes were slow, but the horny super powered blonde would have none of that.

Her legs wrapped around him, as Harry pushed her against the wall. Her legs squeezed around his waist as her tight center did the same trick to his cock. Her walls rubbed him and he felt his release coming soon, even if he kept it for as long as he could manage.

"Cum for me, that's it Harry," whispered Kara and she stimulated him once more with her hand.

Harry held off just long enough for her to climax and then he followed as he shot several thick ropes of cum inside her.

Both slid down right as Harry pulled out. They curled up in each other's arms.

The air reeked heavily of sex, but both had been spent. They pushed each other to their current limits.

Limits they seemed to be breaking each time they engaged in their bedroom activities.

**Smut/Lemons End.**

The two lovers sat on the floor panting, completely naked.

"Kara is it gone?" asked Harry in a tentative voice.

She checked and shook her head.

"Still there, but it's not as opened up any more," whispered Kara. "You'll be okay."
Harry just nodded. He hoped so.

His wife's confidence gave him inspiration.

"Love you, Kara."

"Love you too, Harry."

With those last words, they drifted off to sleep, on the floor in their bedroom. Their dreams were pleasant and untroubled.

Albus Dumbledore sat in his office. He was most certainly the most distressed he had ever been in a long time, as he pondered the latest problem.

The fifteen letters Molly Weasley sent him about doing something about this marriage rather did annoy him. While Dumbledore agreed Harry was being led astray, there were times where even Dumbledore was rather irritated by Molly Weasley's pushiness.

The rings were on and the marriage was unbreakable. Dumbledore felt a weird feeling that plagued him, like he did something wrong with Harry, but he shook it off.

"Have you given up on your foolish attempt to try and exert your force onto Harry Potter's life?" asked McGonagall as she sat down in the office.

The Headmaster just sat and his eyes twinkled. "I think that when Harry returns to Hogwarts on September First, we will have a nice chat about the situation. Given the new Mrs. Potter will not be permitted within the castle walls, I feel that Harry will be more receptive one on one."

"You still realize there's a chance Potter may not come back," said McGonagall in an even voice.

"There's a chance none of us may come back when we leave a place," continued Dumbledore in a cryptic manner as he looked around his office. "Decisions must be made, that might not seem all that fair. Yet, it will come down to Harry and Voldemort. I'm the only one who can tell him what he needs to know to prepare. In the end, Harry will understand and forgive me."

"Well, good luck with that, Albus" said McGonagall as she excused herself.

Dumbledore turned towards Fawkes. "Fawkes, people will understand that I'm only trying to protect them."

The phoenix just turned away from Dumbledore but the Headmaster seemed rather numb to the gesture.

Dumbledore prepared an argument for Harry as he returned on September 1st. He would evenly spread out the information over a year. Technically it would only take two hours to convey, but this direction would be better.

"I have a message for you, sir" said Alfred as he walked up to the Dark Knight in the cave. "Most curiously, as it arrived at Wayne Manor and it is addressed to Batman. And it was delivered by an owl."

Batman just took the envelope without another word and opened it. A piece of paper flew out and burst into flames, as a message wrote on the air in blue fire.
Batman,

Sorry for the Theatrics. This is the only way I can make sure you get this message.

You're on the case of Harry Potter, given his recent marriage and I'd imagine you have found out some details already. Yet, there is much you don't know.

Meet me at King's Cross Station in London on August 31st, at eight in the morning, my time. It will be worth your time.

I know you won't disappoint me. I'll be the dark haired girl, dressed in black.

With that the fire vanished.

"Well, that will be a trick that will go over well at parties," said Alfred. "So..."

"August 31st is in a week," summarized Batman. He had to prepare.

On the date, a dark figure moved around the King's Cross Station, but he stopped when he saw a girl. Sixteen years old, maybe seventeen or eighteen by the looks of her, as she stood, dressed in black. Her hair was straightened, but the detective guessed that was not natural. She wore sunglasses and bracelets on her wrists.

Batman stepped forward. "I understand you have information."

"I might," said the girl with a shrug and she beckoned to follow him.

The Dark Knight remained alert. While the girl appeared to be trustworthy, he learned not to trust initial appearances completely.

"How did you find me?" asked Batman.

"Owls are good trackers," responded the girl. "I have no idea who you really are even if I could make a good guess if I could be bothered."

"An interesting trick with the fire."

The girl just held a cup of coffee and sipped it. "Well, it's been my thing since I was a little girl. That quirk used to give my mother all kinds of fits a long time ago."

"So, you're..." said Batman, but the girl waved him off.

"My name isn't important," she said, as she held out a bag in front of her. "I've been following you for years; I had a bit of an interest for heroes. A bit too much, as it turned out. I made an idiot out of myself when I first met Harry. I tend to ramble when I get excited, you see."

Batman remained indifferent.

"So you and Potter..." started Batman.

"Purely platonic, of course, everyone always assumed otherwise," snorted the girl. "He's my younger brother, in all but blood. A boy and girl can be friends, contrary to what many might think."

"Not arguing your point," said Batman as he did not back down.
The girl in black continued to speak "His marriage brought me joy, given who he might have ended up with, of course, the self-proclaimed princess was one of the lesser evils. Not that she was good. Bunch of greedy witches out there, and most of them would have his money and his dignity. Use him as a prize. It's all about money and power. And also hiding from the world. We can't use our powers over here even to help...I assume it's different in other places."

"Magic is just another super power in the States," said the Dark Knight. "There are more users over here I take it."

"Five percent of the country or something along those lines," said the girl but she shrugged and took a swig from a cup of coffee. "Then again, the numbers are always spun and up for debate. No one truly knows how many of us are truly here around here. The Ministry muddles with facts, depending on what their agenda is this week."

Another few seconds of silence, as the two parties stared each other down.

"America has little magical background. Salem Institute for Witches, the only school I could find. Headquarters for the Department of Meta-Human affairs is located in Nevada, around Groom Lake. You've heard of the infamous lost colony of Roanoke?"

"Yes," confirmed Batman.

"Not merely lost, most were witches and wizards and memories were modified," explained the girl. "At least that's how the story goes."

There was a moment of silence.

"Caped Crusader, you do tend to know more than you really should. I'm not one to complain. I do as well. And if my guess is right, you can't get much deeper on your own. Tell me what you know."

Batman related some of the information and the girl dressed in black nodded as she sipped on the coffee.

"Good, a bit more than I might have thought, especially with the Riddle thing, but that was a mess to begin with. But...I have more information that should fill in the holes a little bit more. Obviously, I can't tell you anything, but I can give you a general enough idea. To know what you're up against."

A gloved hand reached out but she held back the information.

"But, I do something for you, and you have to do a favor for me," said the girl before she took another drink of coffee. "A couple of them actually, but I can assure you, it's nothing too dangerous. Well, nothing that the great Batman can't handle."

"I'm listening," said Batman, as he awaited what she said to him.

"First, I need this locket, and this man may have stole it. And secondly..."

Batman could hear the request and nodded.

"Only if he agrees and I'm sure she'll want in on it too," she cautioned.

"I'll find the locket," said Batman. "But how will you know..."
"I'll know," the girl interrupted before she took another drink and slid the package. "Here's more information."

"Very well Miss..." prompted the Dark Knight but the girl laughed.

"Sorry, no dice there, nice try though," said the girl. "I'm just an insufferable know it all with too much time on her hands. And a couple of near death experiences under my belt. More near than I think anyone knows.

She inclined her head, which gave Batman the chance to make his usual exit.

Hermione waited until Batman was gone and just smirked.

Five years ago when she found Harry, she knew he had potential. She tried to protect him when she could as he grew into his potential but forces fought her efforts every step of the way.

The sad thing was Dumbledore was not doing it out of malice. He really thought he knew what was best. Yet, he lost the plot along the way.

She made too many mistakes in her attempt to protect her surrogate brother.

The dice was in motion.

The Ministry of Magic was a perfectly normal and orderly place that had everything under control.

Several workers hustled around. Memos flew in the air, as they were busy at work.

"Everyone look busy, it's her," hissed a worker.

Footsteps echoed, as everyone hurried back to their work.

Two words filled the air. "Hem, Hem!"

The woman resembled a toad with pink robes. On her robes was pinned a white and pink kitten pendant with wide eyes. "Good morning everyone."

"Good morning, Madam Umbridge!" chanted the assembled workers.

"Remember, a productive work environment is a happy one," sang Dolores Umbridge with a sweet smile on her face as she moved through the hallways. "May your blood be pure and your loyalty be unwavering and always with the Ministry."

"Yes, Madam Umbridge!" chanted the workers in unison.

Umbridge continued to walk through as she made her way up a set of stairs and quickly entered her office area. Her office was decorated with a mixture of pinks and whites, with lace and adorned with kittens. An orderly shelf with official Ministry pamphlets and neatly folded copies of various magical periodicals was in a neat corner in the back. A locked cabinet with classified documents set in the other corner.

She neatly pushed her chair back and sat down. A cup of tea already awaited her as she drank in, pinky finger stuck out.

"Enter," said Dolores in a sweet voice and man named Yaxley walked in. This wizard was a grey
haired man, who wore black robes with three silver buttons in an upside down triangle pattern and white cuffs. "How's the Minister settling in, Yaxley?"

"Rufus has been kept busy," said Yaxley as he pulled out a chair and sat down across from Umbridge. "His inability to meet with Potter has caused him agitation."

"The boy does do that," agreed Umbridge. "What of our subject down in the Department of Mysteries?"

"Still uncooperative," said Yaxley. "He is unwilling to share his secrets with us."

Dolores Umbridge just smiled. "He will obey just like anyone else."

Umbridge listened to Yaxley update her on various events but her mind was on Potter. The boy was a nuisance and a danger to the orderly world she wanted to have. She was shaken up for many months but no filthy centaurs would keep her down for long.

Her vengeance was strong and Potter and anyone else with him would be punished.

"More tea, Madam Umbridge," said Yaxley in monotone.

"Thank you, Yaxley," agreed Umbridge as she accepted the tea without hesitation.

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The dark and grimy streets of Gotham City, a tall figure walked forward. His face looked sunken like a Skelton. A trenchcoat covered his body with a grey shirt and dark pants underneath. A black hat sat atop his head and a hangman's noose tied dangled loosely around his neck. A wooden staff gripped tightly in his hand as he was on the move.

Crisp and slow footsteps signaled his arrival, as a young guard looked up. His hand opened and a yellow gas sprayed into the face of the guard.

Shrieks echoed as the man began to cover his face and scratched at it.

"The birds, get them off of me!" shrieked the guard. "Help me, they're pecking me...not my eyes!"

He threw himself on the ground and his body gave a spasm. His skin bled as he ripped at it and his eyes.

The guard gagged and choked, as fluid poured from his mouth.

"Desired effect achieved," noted the man unsympathetic as he saw his victim stiff on the ground. "Stronger test subject required for more study. Hypothesis is that strain is stronger than others and will cause victim a horrific end."

Jonathan Crane better known as the sadistic Scarecrow took notes as he walked forward.

"Professor Crane, pleased to meet your acquaintance," said a regal voice from the shadows. A golden robe was visible and the woman's face wore a mask. Beside her was a young boy who stood in the shadows.

The Master of Fear considered the woman. "You told me you had something that would allow me to conduct my experiments on a much grander stage."

"This artifact will allow you to hold the entire city in your midst."
Scarecrow took the photo. It depicted a statuette of a cloaked skeletal creature.

"Such creatures are feared and this statuette will allow you to channel their power," explained the woman. "We must move, I will be in contact. The statue is on display at the Gotham City Natural History Museum."

The Scarecrow plotted his next move. Soon all would succumb to the fear.

On a bed laid a basket with a multitude of colored socks. Said socks inspired much amusement and mirth from the young couple.

"From that house elf you set free?" asked Kara as she looked at the nod.

The boy would have been mortified at such a thing a month ago. However, he appreciated the gesture. "Yeah, from Dobby, he can be a bit of an excitable fellow. When I first met him, he tried to save my life and almost killed me."

"Cute," said Kara with a genuine smile as the girl peered over some of the more colorful selections. "The socks, not the almost killing you part."

"I knew what you meant," said Harry, as they looked at the clothes.

Harry read the note and Dobby said that he was busy at Hogwarts but if Harry needed anything, to just call him.

"About ready to clear out of here, look at some of those places that we found," said Harry. "Sent my note to McGonagall, burned all of my school books and old clothes."

"I'm ready, let's just make sure we got..." started Kara but she looked up and saw a dark figure in the corner. She could have slapped herself "I thought we forgot a window."

The tension in the air cut be cut with a knife as they both turned to face the man who stepped forward. Harry held his wand firmly. They both stood and everyone stared.

"It is polite to call before you come for a visit," said Harry as he held his wand. "Didn't Superman tell you what happened to him when he tried something with me?"

"He did," confirmed Batman as he did not back down as the wand aimed at him. "That's why I'm taking a more subtle approach. We need to talk."

Harry and Kara looked at each other but turned and had their full attention on what he had to say.
Chapter Eight: Gotham Part One.

"Your exploits have garnered a great deal of attention, Mr. Potter," said Batman as he stared down the sixteen year old wizard who returned the favor.

Harry stood and held his wand. His eyes did not leave Batman and he responded in a cool tone. "That happens a lot."

"I'm sure," agreed Batman as he matched Harry's tone.

He looked at his wife and saw she was frowning at Batman. So he watched Batman with eyes narrowed. "You know as friendly as this chat is, we're on a deadline."

"I'll be brief," said the Dark Knight as he had his eyes set firmly on the couple. "Your powers may be great in potential, but they're not going to solve everything. I will offer you some more general grounding about how to defend yourselves in case you find yourselves up against someone more powerful than you. Or even without your powers."

"So, let me get this straight," summarized Kara. "You're going to take my husband into your cold dark cave and train him and expect me not to do anything."

"Kara it's..." started Harry.

"I was offering the training to both of you," said Batman shortly, and Kara looked stunned.

Neither spoke for a minute but Batman waited.

"Kara, do you want to do this?" asked Harry. "You know, it could help the both of us but it's up to you."

"Up to me, what do you want?" argued the girl.

The Detective just cleared his throat. "You did say you were on a deadline."

"Sure, fine, just tell us where and when and we'll be wherever," said Kara and Harry agreed with the sentiment.

"I'll be in touch within the week," said Batman as he took a step back.

They looked up and Batman was gone just as quickly as he arrived. Both exchanged a look of confusion.

"What did I just agree to?" asked Kara as she was baffled.

Harry just wrapped his arm around her. "I think we both agreed to it. You didn't..."

"Yes I did," argued Kara as she stood with a set look on her face. "You have a good point. I don't want to be trapped somewhere without my powers, and not being able to defend myself. Raving lunatic in a cowl or not, he does know how to fight. He could stand to work on his people skills, and learn to be a bit less creepy."

"Ah, is Supergirl afraid of the big bad bat?" teased Harry with a smile and the blonde girl sighed.
"No, just merely unnerved by the fact he seems to know more than he should," said Kara but she was amused. "You know, you're going to have get a code name one of these days. And a costume wouldn't hurt either."

Harry had no idea how to react to this.

"But no capes," said Kara with one hundred percent seriousness.

"Why?" asked Harry, confused at this.

"They'd block my view," said Kara as she nudged her husband, before they gathered up both of their purchases, along with the few belongings Harry had kept. "Let's make sure we have everything."

"Right," said Harry as the couple continued to pack. They had real estate to look into and many other things to do.

Batman assumed the guise of famous billionaire playboy Bruce Wayne and made his way to his private jet. The two teenagers did not back down from him at all. They showed enough respect to listen but did not fear him.

An admirable quality if he did say so himself.

Events clicked in Batman's head. Over twenty years as a crime fighter, he had traveled the world to meet many interesting people.

He recalled something that he had almost filed away, an early memory but one that gained somewhat of a significance given the recent meeting he had.

Nineteen years ago in Cairo, Batman ran into some trouble with a group of masked men who appeared to have super natural powers. He was rather green back then. Even when he traveled the world and trained, there was still a difference between training and doing. He did not even have his utility belt back in those days.

So he got himself in a sticky situation but what happened next was worst. The Cowled Crimefighter was saved by a seventeen year old girl.

Now when he met Harry, he understood who he was saved by. The girl managed to take out three of the hoodlums before Batman pulled out his first smoke pellet. Said girl was on a vacation, with four of her friends, four boys. Said boys had assisted her against the hoodlums when they had arrived a moment later.

One of the boys also turned his cowl a shocking pink and found said incident rather amusing.

The connection was obvious and Batman would not be here today that was for that girl's intervention against those terrorists.

Given that Harry Potter had both her eyes along with her sharp tongue to an extent, the connection seemed clear. She never told Batman her name, but he now knew.

Dumbledore peered at the many young and hopeful faces at Hogwarts, but one face seemed to be missing. Worry appeared at his fact but he resolved not to jump to conclusions.
"Mr. Potter may have missed the train," said Dumbledore in a disappointed voice and Snape's expression brightened.

A few teachers backed away at the horror of Severus Snape smiling.

"Mr. Potter will not be attending Hogwarts this year, Albus," said McGonagall in a quiet voice and Dumbledore grew rigid with fear. "I did mean to tell you earlier, but in the chaos of the new school year and the upgraded protections, it may have slipped my mind."

Everyone at the staff table listened in interest, as McGonagall prepared to tell them the information she had for them. "Harry sent me a note and said that he had other opportunities in the world. Hogwarts was no longer best served for his interest. Given he is an adult and he took his Ordinary Wizarding Level exams, there's no legal recourse to keep him here."

Dumbledore breathed in and out. He had plans this year and not much time left to exercise them. As he peered at his hand, he got a clearer idea of the damage done to it. His heart rate also seemed to be irregular.

The stress of so many positions and his age may have finally caught up to him.

"Also, Harry and his wife left the country yesterday," added McGonagall as she looked at the Headmaster. "They're long gone to...well they didn't exactly leave a forwarding address."

The Headmaster sighed. Perhaps he had made a few minor errors.

The usual feast occurred and the students filed out. Dumbledore looked at the one girl who likely might have known where Harry gone. He quickened his steps and turned to face her.

Hermione started to lead the first year students up to Gryffindor Tower.

"Hello, Professor," said Hermione in a polite tone and a bright smile, her hair it all of its bushy glory.

"Miss Granger, I wish to speak to you about a serious matter," said Dumbledore. "Harry has run away from our world."

Hermione decided to verify this fact in the loudest voice she could manage. "Oh, you mean that Harry decided to leave Hogwarts because he nearly got killed loads of time over his first five years!"

That little statement sent the Hogwarts Gossip Chain moving and Dumbledore looked rather mortified. No amount of damage control would be able to fix this. He spotted half of the students as they tripped over themselves to send owls to their parents.

"I believe Harry has..." started Dumbledore, but Hermione side stepped him.

Hermione turned around. "Actually managed to wise up and grow a spine. Yes, I think that happened. Harry was so cute and innocent before. He's still Harry, just...different don't worry. He's not going dark. He's just gotten a bit smarter."

"Could you tell me anything at all?" asked Dumbledore.

Hermione just hummed for a moment. "Well, I could tell you. It's the matter of not wanting to really."
"Miss Granger, if you do not cooperate, I might have you strip you of your prefect privileges," said Dumbledore and without missing a beat, Hermione removed her badge, before she placed it in Dumbledore's hand.

The bookworm laughed. "Bit of a useless position anyway. And to think, I wanted that for about five years. Then again, the real leaders lead without a glorified piece of tin or too many titles or middle names. Wouldn't you agree, Headmaster?"

Dumbledore ignored the implied jab.

"I'm sorry you seem to be going down an unfortunate path, Miss Granger," said Dumbledore. "But war does change the best of us."

Dumbledore could not resist the temptation and took one gentle peak into Hermione's mind.

All he could see within her mind was a library with the windows boarded up. There was a sign on the door.

"Sorry We're Closed."

"Well it has done wonders for your personality," retorted Hermione as she turned around to face her cohort who looked confused. "Well, Ron, looks like you're responsible for all of these first years. Who look like a rather rowdy bunch, if I may say so myself. Be sure to thank the Headmaster for that one."

The girl walked off and hummed.

"Thanks a lot Professor Dumbledore," muttered Ron as he turned to the little monsters in horror.

Dumbledore wondered where things had gone completely wrong. Sirius died, he told Harry the prophecy, and Harry appeared resigned to accept his fate. It did pain him, but the prophecy dictated what would happen.

The marriage dragged Harry down an unfortunate path. Yet, eventually Harry would hear of the deaths and would come back out of guilt.

Dumbledore took a deep breath, and felt he had a headache coming on.

Hermione returned to her bed and used a few charms to ensure she would not be disturbed. She had letters to write.

Voldemort may have been powerful but he was careless. He had to use objects of great value for his little anchors to life.

Arrogance was the doom of many people. Great or otherwise and there were few more arrogant than Tom Marvolo Riddle.

"Let's see, got to find a way to get these," muttered Hermione to herself. "Dumbledore would sooner have us stumble around blindly on some wild goose chase based off of half-baked information. I'm not going to do anything, Harry isn't either."

Hermione had to write a couple of letters and do a bit of searching.

"You are doing what?" demanded Clark over the phone as he walked from his car.
Bruce paused for he continued. "Perhaps I should talk slower. I offered your cousin and her new husband a bit of training. They seemed rather reluctant at first, but agreed when they considered the benefits."

"Not sure I think this is a good idea," said Clark.

There was a pause. "Well, they made their choice. The door is always open for you to join. You may not be completely hopeless without powers but still, there is a lot to be done to help you be better.

"I'm fine," said Clark who had an idea what Bruce's idea of training was and cringed. He coped fine all things considered. He made a few mistakes but those were his to deal with. "You're not going to..."

"Calm down, I'm not going to take liberties with them, although this type of training is very harsh and grueling," said Bruce. "They're going to know enough where they can defend themselves. Their powers may speed along the process somewhat, but that would be a cheat."

The Billionaire paused on the other end of the phone. "Then again, I could teach them every fighting style in the world and their powers could be at maximum, but it would be useless without the proper mindset. What I intend to teach them is mastery of their surroundings. The Importance of exploiting their opponent's weaknesses and turn their own strengths against them. Powers or not it's very useful tactics to learn."

As he stood outside the Daily Planet, Clark still had reservations. "Kara..."

"You know as well as I do your cousin can handle herself and Potter seems to be tougher than he looks as well," said Bruce. "Once again, if you wish to join, you know where to find me. I've got business meetings all day and you're going to be late for the Planet in two minutes."

"How did you..." wondered Clark but he stopped and realized who he was talking to, "Oh right."

Clark put his phone away, and made his way into the Daily Planet offices. He was not even inside for two seconds, when Lois nearly ran him over as she rushed through the office.

"Back from vacation, Lois?" asked Clark with an amused look.

"Yeah, that's what it technically was," said Lois in a hasty tone of voice. "And I leave for three weeks and there's this new criminal on the loose. Not only here in Metropolis, but also over in Europe. And no one's gotten close to capturing him."

Clark looked interested. "What...I didn't hear about this."

"Have you been living under a rock, Smallville?" asked Lois in a hushed voice. "This new guy, he's been sighted in a bunch of places. He's popped in through the mirror and he popped back out. The strange thing is he seems to be in more than one place at the same time."

"Could be a wizard or something?" asked Clark offhandedly and Lois gave him a weird look as she considered the possibility.

"Wizard, yeah, maybe," said Lois with a dismissive shrug. "If he was a wizard, wouldn't he just hop on his broomstick or something?"

"Well he could, but he could pop in from the fireplace," said Clark who remembered something he overheard Harry mention off hand.
"We're talking about wizards, Clark, not Santa Claus," argued Lois as she rolled her eyes. "Wizard, magic mirror man, some kind of mirror master or something maybe, he's been swiping technology all over the place. And he might be working for Intergang."

"I did hear another version formed," said Clark, as he kept his ear out for any information. Given Intergang's past ties to Darkseid, he kept an ear out for any maneuverings involving him.

"Well, everyone's heard that rumor," said Lois as she shrugged. "Superman should be able to handle it…well if he's ever around anymore."

Clark looked at her. "Superman is always around…"

"Yeah, well…I'm going to vent about him for a minute," said Lois as she took a deep breath. "Ever since the thing with Darkseid, he's been cold. I tried to tell him that he had to take it slowly. One person at a time, but he seemed to go to the shadows. Then there's this latest rumor that's been flying around. Did you hear what he did? He flew all the way to Vegas and plucked two teenagers off of the street."

"I've heard of it," said Clark as he hid a slight wince. "But maybe everyone's over playing what happened…"

The dark haired reporter shook her head. "I head over there, nosed around, about a month ago. Ran into a couple of weirdoes who were looking for some boy, but…they've got issues. To think I share the same species as people like that…well you get the drift."

"I can imagine," said Clark.

"I looked at some of those pictures that came out after the fact where two teenagers fought Livewire," continued Lois who had gained full steam. "Obviously mystery girl was Supergirl. So, Superman got his red underpants in a snag, because his cousin may have gotten around the bases before he did."

"What?" asked Clark as he was taken aback.

"Or, he was going to give some kind of high and mighty speech," continued Lois. "Of course, it seems like Superman was just being a d…"

"Lois!" said Clark in a reproachful voice.

"Right, I forgot, they don't use words like that in corn town," said Lois as she took a deep breath and took a drink of coffee. "Anyway, I hope mysterious green eyed hero boy didn't take that lying down. Superman or not, that was uncalled for. Of course Superman is the type not to call…never pegged him for that. But maybe I'm being too hard on the guy."

Clark just smiled. He had a lot of mistakes to amend for.

"Sorry about all that, Smallville," said Lois. "Still, you would think that Superman, in overprotective mode or not, would not do anything that made him look like a creepy child snatcher. I guess I would think wrong."

"Well, I'm sure Superman regrets what he did," said Clark.

"Well it could have been a stupid impulse," said Lois. "But what's the story with the green eyed hero boy? He seemed to be awfully cozy with Supergirl. Almost like…nah that's even a bit too much."
Clark just smirked. It did feel nice to know something that Lois did not. Although knowing her level of nosiness, she would try and find out before too long.

"And a lot happened in Vegas around that time, some Looney Toon named Radcliffe somehow got his hands on Lexcorp stock," said Lois, as she pulled out a picture and snickered. "Get a look at this guy, and what he's wearing."

Clark looked at the grainy security photo and his eyes widened.

"Well that's an interesting combination," thought Clark as he looked at the jacket and the boots in particular.

"Yeah, amusing isn't it?" asked Lois. "Anyway, I've got a lot of work to go to, I'm sure you do too, so I'll get out of your hair."

"Right, see you later, Lois," said Clark as he walked off before he spotted Jimmy Olsen who waved him over. "Hey, Jimmy, what do you got there?"

A dark tunnel deep underneath Gotham City as two figures walked. One figure held an illuminated wand and lead them the pathway directly down the tunnel. Both were attired in workout pants and jackets, one wearing red and blue and the other gold and red.

"Well we should be almost there," muttered Kara. "Unless we took a wrong turn. He had to give us the most complex directions in the world."

Harry inclined his head. "I think we're on the right track. Obviously, I don't think he wants us to know who he really is."

"He does realize I can peer under his little mask and figure out who he is, doesn't he?" asked Kara, as she ducked to avoid smacking her head on the ceiling.

"Why didn't you?" asked Harry as he watched Kara take the lead. The pants did suit his wife well as he took a minute to enjoy the view.

"It wouldn't be any fun," replied the girl, as she waited until her husband joined her. "Okay, it should be through here somewhere, ah I see it now. See the giant dinosaur, well you can't technically but you can in a sec."

The two pushed the door opened and walked into the cave. Harry looked around; impressed and even Kara was a bit awestruck. The cave had artifacts and they couple stood, in the red light that illuminated the cave.

The Kryptonian Girl had a look around. "Well at least he has some cool stuff in here. We're a bit early I think, he's not even anywhere around."

Both walked around and browsed, like they were in a museum.

"He has a giant penny," muttered Harry who had recognized the American currency, when his Uncle had acquired some after a business trip. "Why…"

"Part time detective, full time hoarder I guess," said Kara as she grinned and turned towards Harry. "You know, we do have some time and this big space. And we might be sore after this, so how about we…"
"You just couldn't wait, could you?" asked Harry but he was intrigued at the possibilities. "In the Batcave...really?"

"Hey, it looks clean," said Kara with a shrug. "It'd be exciting."

Harry agreed with her assessment.

"Well we got about fifteen minutes before he's supposed to show up," said Harry, as he grabbed her waist and watched her eyes move towards the penny. "Against the giant penny?"

"Yes, against the giant penny, it's the perfect base, now hurry up, before I shove you there first," said the girl. He was not about to complain. Harry grabbed her and gently backed her against the gigantic piece of currency. Harry pressed his lips on hers, as she moaned into his mouth.

Hands roamed around each other and slipped underneath their clothes, but before the fun could get too far, a door by the side of the cave had clicked open. Kara's hand was halfway down Harry's pants before they had to break it up.

Alfred paused before he looked at the couple. He cleared his throat. The super powered couple turned around who turned around and stared down the butler. "Well it may have been quite fortunate that I came down here now and instead of five minutes later. I seemed to have avoided a potentially scarring situation. Although it would not be the first time that I walked in on such an act…but I digress."

"Just who are you?" asked Harry and Kara looked at him with narrowed eyes.

"Well, I guess the secret is out, I am Batman," said the butler. "And now since you know, you cannot be allowed to leave here with your memories, I'm afraid."

Both had blinked and there was silence. Both super powered teens had laughed.

"You didn't buy that, did you?" asked Alfred.

"Not for one second," said Harry as he sighed, but they heard footsteps and arrival moments later.

"I figured you might be early," said Batman as he walked into the cave as Alfred did his dusting duties in the background. "Good, that means we can start early. Are there any questions?"

"Yeah I got one," said Kara. "Why would you have a can of shark repellant in your little clubhouse?"

"Past experiences," said Batman without a pause or hesitation. "Are there any other questions?"

"Nah, I'm good for now," said Kara as she looked at Harry. "What about you?"

"Fine for now," said Harry. "So..."

"Then there should be no reason to delay," said Batman as he set out all of the equipment he needed. "I should warn you this training will not be easy. Nor will it solve all of your problems. The real training comes from practical experience. It would take decades for many tutors to teach you have to deal with any situation. We don't have that kind of time. I just will teach you enough and your ability to adapt from past mistakes will be the real grounding. The real world is the best training ground. Many times there are no magical shortcuts."

The Detective allowed that lecture to sink in as he set out more equipment and then continued.
"You have powers. They will serve you well, but that's only provided that you have the ability to keep them."

His attention shifted to the green eyed youth before him. "I am correct in saying that you have been taught that wand of yours is a necessity for all magic."

"That's what they've drilled into our heads the past five years," confirmed Harry.

"Well, begin to undrill it if you can, because if life and death hinged on one small and easily breakable piece of wood, then the world may be doomed," said Batman in a harsh tone as he looked with both eyes completely on Harry. "I know little about magic, there are others who are well versed in the subject in its many forms, but that's not our concern here."

Kara and Harry remained rigid and continued to listen. The speech from the World's Greatest Detective was far from over.

"I won't be your friend here and there will be days where you will curse the very day I was born. And perhaps the very day you were born as well," continued Batman before he paused. "But when you're up against a foe more powerful than you are or if you lose your powers, what is taught in this cave may be the difference between life and death."

"Right," said Harry as he felt every word sink in.

"Gotcha," agreed Kara as her arms were folded and she looked ready for anything.

'Man he needs to get that stick surgically removed,' she thought. 'Harry has issues, but he's improving and willing to work some things out. I don't have much room to talk either really.'

"So, when do we begin?" asked Harry.

Batman just looked ready. "No time like the present."

Kara and Harry both braced themselves but were ready.

How bad could it be?

"Oh and no powers, as this is a purely physical exercise," added Batman.

They still were ready

Fifteen grueling minutes later, one teen was down on the floor and completely winded and drenched in sweat. The other teen was a bit ragged but mostly fine all things considered.

"Kara, are you alright?" asked Harry as he bent his head down and looked at Kara who managed to take a deep breath but her face looked red and flushed.

"I don't understand, I've never felt this tired," cried the girl as she took a deep breath but it kind of hurt to breath. "My mouth is dry, I can barely think, barely move and…"

"An adequate warm up, we'll resume in five minutes," said Batman as he walked off to monitor the patrol that he had sent Robin, Nightwing, and Batgirl on while he was busy with the training.

"Warm up," gasped Kara in abject disgust but she turned to Harry. "How in the name of everything aren't you the least bit winded?"
Harry thought for a moment. "Well, I'm used to training like this. Especially on little sleep. Only most of the time, I'm on a broomstick when I did it. The Quidditch Captain I had for my first three years...well he could be a bit of a fanatic."

He would have to send Wood a fruit basket for all of his efforts.

"What happened?" managed Kara and Harry kneeled before her side as she fought to get to her feet, but it was difficult for her to move. "My skin feels so...and I can...ooh I don't feel so good."

"Dehydrated, just hang on a second," said Harry as his eyes narrowed at the direction of Batman as he grabbed a glass and got his wife a glass of water. "You'd want to drink that slowly and breathe in between every drink. Also move your body around just a little bit, here let me help you."

Gently, Harry slid off her jacket and Kara drank the water. She breathed, as Harry rubbed her back and her shoulders.

"Thanks,' managed Kara as she gave her head a shake.

"Don't mention it," said Harry as he continued to rub her down.

"Feels so good," said Kara, but she leaned back against Harry so he could work his magic. "I don't understand why that happened...really...and I feel so weak..."

"Kara," muttered Harry as he pointed up at red lamps and her eyes widened in realization.

"I'm so stupid," said Kara as she leaned back and Harry helped her to her feet. "Red sun lamps, he would have some."

"We should have guessed," said Harry in agreement.

She took a deep breath and thought about her mistakes. "Well, maybe I've been using my powers as a bit of a crutch and my body's kind of..."

"Easily fatigued without the yellow sun," said Harry. "Better you know now then later."

Harry leaned over and gave her a hugged her, before he gently kissed her.

"Little more water," whispered Kara, as Harry helped her drink it. "I don't want that to happen again, I've got to...got to be careful. I burned through a lot of my powers trying to keep up with him."

"That was your first lesson, an enemy will not point out any leverage he or she has over you," interjected Batman with a stern voice but two green eyes snapped up towards him.

Harry's eyes turned around and Batman met the only glare that might be more dangerous than his own. To his credit, he did not back down.

"That little stunt could have got her killed," said Harry through gritted teeth.

"It wouldn't have," said Batman. "She would have been fatigued enough to learn the consequences of her mistakes but not so much so where it would have any lasting damage."

"He's got a point in a way," said Kara as she felt stronger but still a bit sore. "I still want to do this..."

"Your cousin tended to use his powers as a crutch too often and it got him captured," continued
Batman without any preamble and this caught her ire for many reasons.

"I'm not just Superman's cousin, I'm my own person!" said Kara with a bit of sharpness in her voice and Harry held her tight which kept her mostly calm.

"Yes, I do realize that," replied Batman. "The shadow of a relative can be a rather difficult one to navigate out of. Patience and you will find your own way."

After all, even Bruce Wayne had to live up to the reputation of his late father who was well respected in many ways.

He spoke after a moment of reflection. "Let's resume training."

After an hour of intense training and a light meal and water, Harry and Kara were currently on slumped against padded mats on one of the cave walls, asleep. Their arms were wrapped each other as they cuddled against each other, untroubled and peaceful. A blanket was draped over their legs.

Batman sat on his chair in front of the bat computer. He would allow them to sleep it off for a couple of hours before he woke them up.

The door clicked up and a young dressed in black and blue, with a black mask entered from above. He had long black hair. "Streets seemed quiet, just a few muggers, nothing that we couldn't handle."

Nightwing paused and looked at the sleeping couple in the corner and frowned. "You took in more strays, didn't you?"

"Not exactly," said Batman. "And it's good to see you too."

Nightwing did not respond. He was more used to Batman and his attitude than most. After his parents were killed by a man named Tony Zucco, Bruce had taken Richard Grayson, or Dick, as he was better known in,. It took some time to capture the killer but six years ago, he finally caught up to Zucco. He was currently in Blackgate Prison where he would be for a very long time.

As the first Robin he had been the Dynamic Duo with Batman for years and years. He had gone out west for a time to hone his skills during his teenage years but he returned and rejoined Batman. For a while things were good but the relationship showed signs of strain over the years.

Currently they were cordial with each other. Yet, the glory days of the Dynamic Duo were long gone and Grayson was now Nightwing. Now twenty four years old, he was not the ten year old who watched his parents fall before his eyes.

"Is that…" started Nightwing as he looked at the girl.

"Yes, but I'm not having this conversation more than once," said Batman as he scanned the city. "Batgirl and Robin on their way soon, I assume."

"Yes, they made one last sweep and they should be arriving shortly," said Nightwing and sure enough the door opened, and the two named individuals entered the cave.

"All clear," stated Batgirl, but her eyes widened as she looked at the sleeping couple. "Bruce, is that…Kara?"

"Yes," said Batman in a completely dead pan tone as he looked at the screen and Batgirl just
frowned. Barbara Gordon had started as Batgirl in an attempt to clear her father's name when had been framed for bribery. It was an impulsive act of a young girl but she had grown into her role.

Granted, there were times where she paid for her impulsive nature. As she took the chair and spun it around so she could be face to face with Batman.

"What did you do?" asked Batgirl as she looked at Batman. "You didn't draft her into your little mission…please tell me…"

"Calm yourself down or you'll wake them," said Batman as he flinched slightly. "I gave them the choice…"

"Boy, we know how that one goes," muttered Nightwing but he had slightly backed off at the famous Batman glare of death.

Robin spoke up for the first time. "Okay, would anyone explain to me what's going on?"

"Oh it's really simple I think, Tim," said Batgirl as she looked at Batman. "Bruce here decided that we three might not be enough, so he drafted my friend and…whoever this other boy is, into his little mission of justice."

Tim Drake, the second Robin, like all of the others, had a reason. His father had been murdered by Two Face and dumped in the Metropolis River. He had managed to prove his worth.

"I thought my last performance review was a little cold," said Robin with a chuckle as he tried to lighten the mood. "So…is that boy my replacement?"

"No one's being replaced and no one's being forced into anything," said Batman in a low but forceful voice. "Now, you three, I know you're capable of listening so do so now."

The three backed off at one of Batman's glares of doom.

"I took these two in for some training, but it was not of necessity," said Batman. "I've discovered some hidden evils in the world."

Batman proceeded to explain much of what he found out and all three listened, even if they seemed rather skeptical.

"I'll present more what I've gathered later," concluded Batman after his lecture.

"I still don't get what Kara has to do with this," said Batgirl as she stood, as her arms folded. "And red solar lamps, really?"

"They were merely a precaution although they served as a useful training aid," continued Batman. "After the incident with Superman…I know you have a good idea."

Batgirl cut him off immediately. "Yeah, Kara was rather upset about that when I talked to her after he vanished. And then she ranted for almost three hours on the phone when her cousin decided to make her stay indoors at the farm. If I wasn't overseas I would have…but I'm guessing that situation changed."

"In a fashion," said Batman but he offered no more information than this.

"The boy she's with…" said Batgirl as she looked at them and tried to puzzle that together but her mind ran away with theories and ideas.
"His name is Harry Potter and his story will be his to tell, as is his relationship with Supergirl," summarized the detective and Batgirl looked rather intrigued. It took all of her self-control not to shake Kara awake straight away and get some answers.

Robin looked at his mentor. "So by relationship…."

"Well it looks like Kara and I have some catching up to do when she wakes up," said Batgirl as she watched them sleep for a moment.

She smiled. They looked rather content together and kind of cute.

"A word to the wise, do not talk down to Potter because of his age or assume you know anything about him unless he tells you," added Batman.

"Why?" asked Nightwing who had forgotten his irritation for the moment.

"He knocked Superman backwards without breaking a sweat," said Batman and all three exchanged looks and their curiosity had been piqued.

On the floor of the Gotham City Natural History Museum lay several guards. They were stiff as a board with horrified looks upon their faces. A couple screams echoed in the distance but the Scarecrow walked slowly into the museum, as his men followed.

"Keep an eye out for Batman or any of his partners," ordered Scarecrow as he turned and made his way towards the glass case that contained the statue. "If you see any capes, kill them, and leave only enough for the police to identify their remains."

The Scarecrow was poised as his eyes darted towards his prize. "An artifact used as a mere museum trinket, no one would understand the true value of such art. With such powers of fear at my disposal, I fail to see anyone of the capabilities to stop me."

The Master of Fear just nodded and lifted the latch of the case. His men surrounded the case and held their weapons.

He peered at the statue. The cloaked figure called out to him nearly, like a kindred spirit. It was some creature which had the same desire to cause mass terror.

Without any hesitation, Scarecrow held it in his hand and walked off. He would wait for further instruction on how to activate the power from the sorceress and then Gotham City would bow before him.
Harry and Kara turned to each other in a wide opened field. No one else was around for miles and miles Harry was dressed in a red and yellow shirt with black pants. Kara wore a red shirt that ended just a few inches below her breasts and a blue mini skirt that showed off her long beautiful legs. She had no shoes on as she stood in the field.

The two moved towards each other and embraced each other. Their lips met each other in a fiery passion. Hands roamed against each other as their tongues wrestled each other. Both started to float several inches off of the ground. Kara let go in surprise as Harry floated in the air with her.

Her mouth opened and she looked rather excited, as Harry elevated in the air. She soared into his arms and proceeded to capture his mouth with a kiss. Harry returned the favor, as he reached down her shirt. Kara kissed him harder; her breasts pressed against his chest and hardened nipples poked against him.

“Come and get me Harry!” called Kara after she broke off from the kiss. She flew backwards and then higher. Harry could see her nipples poking out and her skirt flapped in the breeze to give him a glimpse of her pussy.

“Oh, I’ll get you alright,” said Harry with a smirk, as Kara turned around and brushed against his erection with her breasts as she flew higher yet.

From his vantage point, Harry could see up her skirt but he wanted his view rather unblocked. So with a flick, he performed a vanishing spell on her skirt.

Kara paused in the air feeling the breeze against her cunt, but she grinned, as she did the splits in mid-air. She spun in air to allow Harry to see all of her and played with herself for a moment.

The blonde haired Kryptonian brought her fingers right up to her lips and touched them. Harry flew to meet her and grabbed her hips, before he buried his face into her pussy.

“So wet,” said Harry.

“Make me wetter,” whispered Kara as she bent down to whisper in his ear. Her legs locked around Harry’s head to keep him in place.

Harry proceeded to eat his wife out. The wind blowing through his hair from such a height stimulated him. Plus the fact Kara was closer to the sun had made the power much more intoxicating. He licked, and nibbled at her, savoring the all too wonderful taste of her.

She soaked his face with her orgasm. Harry licked her absolutely clean.

Harry moved and Kara slipped his pants off at super speed. She allowed them to drop to the ground. Before Harry could properly register what happened, she gripped Harry’s penis firmly with her soft hand.

With a 180 spin, Kara’s legs wrapped around Harry’s head. She was upside down right in the air as she placed her mouth right over Harry’s twitching cock. She closed her lips around it,
enveloping him in her tight, wet mouth

Harry groaned at the suction she had applied. He grabbed her arse and squeezed it. The flesh in his hands molded into it and Kara continued the oral stimulation. Harry once again went straight for her moist core. First with his fingers and then with his tongue, he stimulated her. Kara sped up her bobbing; the wind blew through her hair.

The scent of his wife’s juices caused Harry to lose his load down her throat. His hips thrust forward as once again the horny blonde milked every single drop.

“Fuck Kara, amazing,” whispered Harry, as she flipped around. Another vanishing charm caused her shirt to disappear.

With her breasts so close, Harry dove at them. He landed face first into them. Kara arched her head back as she grabbed Harry’s neck. He proceeded to kiss, lick, and suck at her breasts, worshipping them with passion.

“Suck them, they’re all for you, ooh, you know how to turn me on,” moaned Kara as she stroked his hair to encourage him. Harry continued and reached around, to cup her arse one more time.

Harry pulled away from her tits, and then pushed her back slightly. Her lips were spread as he teased her before he aimed and slammed his cock into her. Her eyes bulged out, as her mouth curled up into an “o” shape, a small scream escaping from her lips. The sexy expression prompted Harry to continue with his efforts.

Harry pumped in and out of her pussy, as the breeze blew in the air. Kara wrapped her legs around Harry and pushed her hips up. Her head was thrown back as she moaned.

Harry slowly trusted before he sped up, as her slick and warm center caused him pleasure. She moaned into his ear.

“Harry, you’re making me…oooh Harry!”

She reached a powerful climax, as she screamed at the top of her lungs. Harry pumped inside of her some more. She tightened and clutched him, in an attempt to bring him to his own release.

With a simple movement, they ended upside down in high above. Harry’s eyes glazed over, as he continued to thrust into her. The tightness messaged his cock which throbbed to desire inside her powerful cunt. The power she radiated as the yellow sunlight stimulated her was second to none.

“Fuck me, fuck me, keep fucking me upside down,” breathed Kara. “In the air, fuck me, until you paint the inside of me with your magical sperm! Make me see stars, make me see them all, ooh Harry!”

“Kara, I’m about ready,” whispered Harry. “Oooh, I love it when you squeeze me like that; super powered Kryptonian pussy is the best.”

Harry felt her continue to contract her muscles as she worked him. Her moans became needier as he became closer.

“I need your cum, it completes me, fire your seed into my pussy,” panted Kara as she sucked on his ear.

Harry’s penis ejaculated his load into her. As he completed, they lost their bearings and descended to the ground.
Both landed on the grass, spent from the activities.

With that, Harry felt a tug which returned him to the real world.

**SMUT/LEMONS/DREAM ENDS**

Harry stirred slightly, as his head was in a daze, but he shook it off. With a smile, he looked at Kara, beautiful and peaceful. He was fully aware where her hand had ventured during their sleep as well.

“Kara, my love, I think we better wake up,” whispered Harry and Kara made an undistinguishable sound, as she shifted. “Rise and shine, we’re on the floor of the cave. We must have conked out.”

“So, my pillow’s comfy,” said Kara, as her eyes fluttered open as Harry leaned over and gave her a light kiss on the side of her neck, which caused her to shiver.

“I’ll keep doing that until you get up,” whispered Harry, but Kara just gave a slight smirk.

“Not making me want to move much with that threat.”

“Fine, if you don’t get up, I won’t serve you breakfast again,” said Harry and Kara’s eyes snapped open.

She looked at Harry in abject horror. “That was mean, I like your waffles…how did you learn to cook so well?”

“My relatives,” muttered Harry but the mention was more casual than it might have been.

“Can’t say I approve of the reasoning, but at least one good thing came out of that mess,” said Kara, as she shifted and yawned. “Still sore, and ol’ pointy ears still has the lamps on.”

She remained immobile for a few seconds longer and added. “I had the most beautiful dream in the world.”

“Really, did it involve flying?” asked Harry before he added with a smirk. “And us making love with each other in mid air?”

Kara paused, taken aback but responded with an ear to ear grin. “Yeah, it did. Once I figure out the logistics of that, we’re so doing that for real.”

“Yeah, get on that,” encouraged Harry. “I think we might need a scouring charm, the both of us but we’ll take a nice long shower later.”

“Not as good as the real thing, but it made my nap rather eventful,” said the girl as Harry did his magic. “So do you have any idea why we had the same exact dream?”

“Don’t know, don’t care, any dream without Voldemort is a happy one,” said Harry before the wizard added in a whisper. “And one with my gorgeous wife is even better. And what we did is the best of them all.”

The Kryptonian girl felt like she could float on air. And she would have, had it not been for those blasted red lamps.

‘It sure beat nightmares about Darkseid or what Luthor might have done to me if he did kill Kal or…everyone around me burning because of that monster,’ thought Kara but her eyes closed. ‘That’s my past; Harry’s my present, my future. We’re going to build a better life together. One
“Step at a time but we’ll win.’

“The rings, maybe,” suggested Kara after a thought.

“You know, it might be,” agreed Harry after a moment of thought. “And I think there are other people with us now, over there.”

“I could get lost in my own little world, with the both of us,” said Kara, but she shook her head, as she spotted three figures in the distance in conversation and unaware.

The three parties on the other end of the cave were unaware of anything that had been said by the super powered couple.

“Didn’t Batman say wake them up in about an hour?” asked Robin. “It’s been about an hour, so let’s wake them up?”

“Yeah, Barbara, go wake them up,” added Nightwing.

“Me, I shouldn’t have to,” said Batgirl. “You go wake them up, Dick.”

“Me, you know her and…” started Nightwing but he paused at the glare Batgirl was giving him. “Tim, maybe you should wake them up.”

“We’re already awake,” said Kara and Batgirl stood rigid, before she rushed over to hug her friend.

“Kara, it’s so great to see you again, it’s been a long time,” said Batgirl as she looked at them with a smile.

“Nice to see you too, Barbara,” said Kara as she winced at the contact. “But my ribs are still kind of sore and with the lamps. I don’t really have any powers.”

Batgirl backed off, sheepish. “Yeah, sorry about that, but the last time I talked to you….”

“A lot’s happened since then,” said Kara, as Harry walked over. “This is Harry Potter.”

“Pleased to meet you, I know who you are, Robin, Nightwing, and Batgirl,” said Harry as he shook hands.

“Nice to meet you Harry,” said Batgirl as she looked at him as she tried to puzzle something out but she would confirm. “Kara and I have some catching up to do so…”

“No problem,” said Harry with a smile, before he and Kara shared a rather passionate goodbye.

“Girl talk, that might take a while,” muttered Nightwing as he looked at Harry. “Robin, go over there for a minute, I need to talk with Harry in private.”

“Right, sure,” said Robin as he walked off.

Nightwing turned to Harry and spoke. “So you’re the latest one to get sucked into this entire mess. Never fails, it always seems so rosy, but everything just turns out like you’re nothing but an extension to him and his obsession. And he always finds a good reason to make sure you keep coming back and one that you might agree with.”

“So, you and Batman haven’t had the best of relationships lately, I take it,” summarized Harry.
Nightwing paused. “I’m grateful that he took me in when he did, I had nowhere else to go. But the fact is…he can be a bit of a control freak and he’s getting much worse as he gets older. Secrets are to be kept, unless he’s the one who decided to give them out.”

The crime fighter paused and remembered the falling out he had with his mentor. How Bruce had brought Barbara in, and told her their secret identities without consulting him. That little incident was the straw that broke the camel’s back and things were never quite the same with many people after that day.

“So what’s your story, or about as much as you feel comfortable with telling,” said Nightwing.

Harry told a pretty much abridged version of his life up until that very moment.

“Perhaps there may be hope for you, given that you’re married to Kara,” said Nightwing after he let that all set in. “Of course, she’s getting dragged into this just as much as you are. Barbara wasn’t happy and I’m surprised Superman didn’t try and fight this one tooth and nail.”

“Well, Superman’s backing off for many reasons,” said Harry.

“So the rumor about the two teenagers he snatched off the Vegas Street, that was you and her?” asked Nightwing and Harry confirmed this with a nod. “And you left…well that’s your business after all. This Lord Voldemort guy seems like someone who should have been nipped in the bud a long time ago, but they just let him go. And if their last hope is some sixteen year old wizard who is barely trained…”

Nightwing let his words hang.

“We are on the same wavelength, but one day, I have to go back,” said Harry. “I’m just going to make them think I’m not, so they might actually do something about Voldemort.”


“There’s this Prophecy about the two of us, I’m the only one that can kill him,” said Harry.

“Are you sure or is that just merely an interpretation?” asked Nightwing.

“It’s how Voldemort interpreted it and others, so that did put me in a corner,” said Harry without any emotion in. He was not bothered by that much anymore.

'Of course, who’s to say it was that dark lord, which seventh month, and if it even referred to a wizard anyway,’ mused Harry. 'Of course, Voldemort made it self-fulfilling.’

There was a moment of silence.

“Prophecy really doesn’t mean what you or anyone else thinks it does half of the time,” said Nightwing. “I had a friend who had a prophecy where her purpose was to bring her demonic father to Earth. That was what she was born for, or so it said. She was to perish but she proved it wrong.”

Nightwing had a far off look in his eyes. In many ways, his time with the Titans was a simpler and cheery time. Of course, all good things had to come to an end and the extended team broke apart and went their separate ways.

Nightwing knew Wally West was operating solo as the Flash. Also, he kept mostly in touch with Raven, even if their communications were rather sparse.
As for the others, well those days were over.

“Just don’t let Batman get you down,” said Nightwing. “A part of him does mean well, but he can get obsessed with his little pursuit, his little mission.”

Harry just frowned. “Yeah, he gives off that vibe. Kara and I both know what we signed up for. We’ll both be fine, really.”

“Hope so,” said Nightwing. “You seem like you got a good head on your shoulders and a number of issues that could throw it out of whack. Then again, so has everyone else who came through this cave.”

“Well given the guy who brought you in, who would have guessed it,” muttered Harry and Nightwing just gave a ghost of a smile.

Kara and Barbara sat across each other in a room adjacent to the bat cave.

“So, last time I talked to you, you were freaking out because you got thrown into a corner, because your cousin decided to pull some overprotective act,” said Barbara. “And that was about five weeks ago, six weeks ago?”

“Something like that,” said Kara with a shrug. “A lot happened since.”

The red haired girl looked serious. “I’m sure, you got a boyfriend and all now…”

“Harry’s not my boyfriend,” said Kara, who bit back amusement. She could not help herself.

“Really, is this some weird friends with benefits sort of thing?” asked Barbara with a frown as she took a drink.

“No, we’re married,” said Kara as she pointed to her ring and Barbara immediately spat out the water, as her eyes went wide.

“What do you mean, you’re married?” gasped Barbara as she choked.

“You know, married, tied together in the art of matrimony to spend the rest of our lives together, as husband and wife,” said the girl.

“I know what the word means,” said Barbara as she shook her head. “Was I gone longer than I thought I was? Because I could have sworn I was only gone for about seven months. “

She pinched the bridge of her nose. “How could this happened to the girl that was almost afraid to kiss any boy? You know, because she thought she’d burn his face off with heat vision if she got too excited, got herself married?”

“Well I’m not a little girl anymore,” said Kara as she winced at the memory. “Looked like a twig when I first got here, but I had been in stasis for so long, it had side effects, bad ones. “

The seventeen year old just shook her head before she composed herself. “But hey, I managed to grow past that, took me long enough, and just in time too. I’m seventeen and no we’re not having the age debate thing again.”

“Wasn’t going to,” said Barbara as she waved off very thought.

“Good, because I don’t count the time I was in that pod, because I didn’t live it,” said Kara as she
took a deep breath. “That’s beside the point, it all started when I ran off to Vegas. I wanted to clear my head, have some fun.”

“Already, I can see this is going to be a fun story,” muttered Barbara.

Kara just smiled. “Alright, here’s the story…”

The story was told and Barbara sat there and just nodded through it as she listened.

“Give me a second to just let that set all in,” said Barbara as she looked over. “So, how’s it been so far?”

Kara just looked off. “Harry’s wonderful, I never thought I could find someone like him ever and his powers, there just so…words don’t really do them justice. He was a bit tentative at first, but now, it’s like he’s born to do this. Like the thing with his tongue, one of his powers…”

“I was asking how you were coping with marriage, not to mentally scar me,” said Barbara as she put a hand to her forehead as the girl opposite her snickered. “I’m glad you seem to be amused by this. But seriously…”

“Well, I think I’m coping rather well,” said the Kryptonian Girl with a bright smile. “I knew this could work out, if I was patient. When Harry asked, he was kind of tipsy, but really cute. It just all happened so fast, we got married, and then…”

“Yeah, I get the picture,” said Barbara as she looked at Kara. “You knew before he put that ring on your finger, didn’t you?”

Kara smiled, as she remembered. She would always remember her first kiss. “It sounds like something out of one of those cheesy romance novels…but it’s fitting. When our lips touched, I felt my mind get overwhelmed and I connected with Harry. We had something. I know corny, but it just seemed perfect.”

“No, you’re just in love,” said Barbara with a grin. “You just fast tracked it to marriage.”

“Well, to be fair, I didn’t know if I would see Harry again, so I kind of jumped on it when he asked,” said Kara as she recalled the night or most of it. “I made a friend, got a boyfriend, and got married in about eight hours. It just worked out that way. And I’m happy that it did.”

Barbara had a mixture of amusement and exasperation on her face, but Kara was not finished. “I found the one; I never was going to get that lucky again. Why wait around? Carpe Diem and all that. I didn’t know if I would get another chance.”

She just sighed, as she was lost in her own world. She adjusted decent enough on Earth but never truly felt like she completely belonged.

All of those thoughts faded away the moment she met Harry.

Things changed, as she smiled.

“Kara?” prompted Barbara as she snapped her fingers. “KARA!”

“Sorry, just thinking,” said Kara but she changed the subject. “Never mind me…how have you been holding up?”

Barbara remained stoic for a moment. “The nightmares are…well they’re not happening too much
She shuddered. “I still see flashes of it in my sleep. When Crane knocked me off of the roof in front of Dad. I saw my own death before my own eyes. Dad went on a manhunt for Bruce…and he made a deal with Bane of all people. Then Bane tried to kill them both. Crane’s fear gas, it really did a number on my mind.”

“It never happened,” said Kara in a gentle voice. “It was a bad dream.”

“Tell my mind that,” whispered Barbara as she shook her head. “I don’t know…Bruce said my heart almost stopped. I was lucky. Too close, I came to dying with the last images of that in my mind. Batgirl’s supposed to strong and I turn my guard for one second, and…”

“It happens to the best of us,” said Kara, in a sympathetic voice. “You can work through it, I know you can.”

Barbara nodded. “Yeah, I know, but Kara…did your cousin…”

“Have any nightmares after Darkseid and Granny Goodness?” asked Kara and Barbara nodded. “I don’t know…it’s not like he’s going to tell me…but really I’m not his minder.”

The girl paused and looked at her friend.

‘Harry had them, worse than anyone, but I can’t tell Barbara that,’ thought Kara. ‘Maybe Harry will…maybe if I can get her to talk to Harry…but I got to do this carefully.’

"It’s tough being in his shadow, isn’t it?” asked Barbara.

“You have no…well I think you have some idea,” said Kara with a frown.

'Some days, I regret choosing that name. People see me as Superman’s baby cousin and not my own person. Then again, Harry will always be the Boy-Who-Lived to those people…both of us…wow…’

‘On both sides of the cowl,’ said Barbara with a light smile. 'Both Dad and Bruce, they have big shoes to fill.'

“Yeah,” said Kara before she paused. “So, Batman’s Bruce Wayne, as in the really rich guy who donates to a lot of charities?”

Barbara froze and could have smacked herself.

“Um, I said too much, didn’t I?” asked Barbara and her friend nodded.

Kara laughed “Pretty much, yeah.”

'Well that explains how he could afford all of his gadgets,’ thought Kara.

“So what do you think of Harry?” asked Kara.

“He seems nice and he’s done you a lot of good,” said Barbara. “He seems like the hero type, determined and messed up past.”

“Oh, he’s more than that,” muttered Kara. “So, what are some good places around the city?”

“You mean besides the, ‘you’re now leaving Gotham City’, sign,” said Barbara and Kara just
frowned.

“I was being serious,” said Kara.

“So was I,” answered Barbara. “But I think I know where you’re heading…”

“You stuck your wand up a troll’s nose?” asked Robin as he laughed when Harry concluded the story.

“I was eleven,” said Harry, but he laughed all of the same.

“Well if it worked,” said Nightwing with a shrug.

While Barbara and Kara were talking, Harry passed the time by telling tales from his time at Hogwarts.

“Your life is like something out of a fantasy novel,” said Robin.

Harry just shook his head and responded in a dry voice. “Don’t I know it.”

At that moment, Kara returned and Barbara was re-masked as Batgirl. “Having fun?”

“Well just telling stories about the school days, really it’s a conversation piece,” said Harry. “The Basilisk, the troll, the three headed dog, the time my socks came to life and tried to kill me, you know all of the essentials.”

“So ready to go?” asked Kara, as she grabbed Harry’s hand. “Get out of this deep and dark cave; actually get back into the sunlight and fresh air.”

“Sure, I’ll see you guys around,” said Harry.

“Bye, Barbara, I’ll see you later,” said Kara.

“Bye, Kara, it was nice meeting you Harry,” said Barbara.

“Same here,” said Harry as green eyes met blue. “So, my love…”

“Dinner, I’m starving and maybe some dessert,” said Kara licking her lips in significance as the couple departed from the side entrance.

A police car parked in front of the Gotham City History Museum. A large dark haired man walked out. He wore a coat and a hat. A toothpick was placed in his mouth as he looked from side to side.

“Alright, everyone spread out!” barked the dark haired man as he looked around. “Crane’s been here, Commish, but we’re a little too late.”

“I figured as much,” said a white haired man, dressed in brown. James Gordon had nearly four decades of distinguished service on the Gotham City Police Department, now the Police Commissioner. While many of his colleagues over the years were not that distinguished, he did the best to clean things up. He had his brushes with death, but there was one person who was a great help. “See if you can find anything Bullock.”
Detective Harvey Bullock was a good cop, even if he could be mistaken for a dirty one. He had his own vices, as he threw a toothpick down and began to chew another one. Yet, he was determined and capable as anyone would be.

“Whatever Crane stole, it’s really dangerous,” said a voice from the shadows and Batman popped up almost out of nowhere.

“You heard, the Scarecrow’s back in town,” said Gordon in a somber and serious tone.

“Yes,” said Batman, as he turned his head.

All of the Scarecrow’s schemes escalated in terror over the years. It had started simple, as he once used a strain of his fear gas as a way to win wagers in sports to draw funding. It was a more mild strain of fear toxin compared to what he used before.

Crane’s most recent scheme had nearly killed Barbara in a prison of her own worst nightmare.

Over the years, Crane had gotten more dangerous.

The detective moved in, as bodies were took out.

“A little statue,” said Batman in a low tone of voice, as he pulled on an image on his computer. A cloaked figure and rather skeletal, he had never seen anything like that before.

“Come on, what could the Scarecrow do with one measly little statue?” demanded Bullock. “That thing’s six inches tall.”

Batman did not respond.

“Something horrific,” suggested Gordon grimly. He looked up and Batman had disappeared just as fast as he appeared.

“Okay, so dinner wasn’t really the best, but it was fine,” said Kara as she stretched out her legs. “Booth’s a bit cramped, but hey, the ice cream’s good.”

Harry nodded, as his wife slowly licked the cone. She trailed her tongue over it, slowly, almost seductively.

“What?” asked Kara in an innocent voice but her eyes danced with mischief. “Finish your ice cream, the sooner we get out of here, the sooner we can…”

The door opened and a group of four masked hoodlums entered.

“Barbara did warn me there was a good chance of being mugged,” thought Kara.

It all happened so fast.

“We got to do something,” said Harry.

“In a minute, we don’t want to hurt people,” whispered Kara, as she scanned them for concealed weapons as they cleared out the cash register.

The thugs made a hasty exit and knocked the rest of Kara’s ice cream out of her hand as they knocked against the table.
“Okay, let’s get them,” said Kara through gritted teeth, as she saw her ice cream on the floor, completely wasted.

Both super powered teenagers scrambled after them out of the door and faced the thugs.

“Stay back, I’ve got a gun!” yelled one of the thugs as he stood and threatened Harry.

Harry just smirked as he held his wand. “Do you now?”

The thug now had a crude bouquet of flowers in his hand. His eyes widened, as they all had their attention turned on Harry.

This distraction allowed the girl to fly into the air.

Kara flew around them really fast three times and created a miniature whirlwind, which knocked them off guard. Harry used trip jinxes on all of them and bound them in ropes.

“Hey, you can’t do this, we have rights,” whined one of the thugs.

“Fine, right to remain silent,” muttered Harry, as he used a silencing charm on him. “That should wear off in about ten minutes.”

Kara took the money and proceeded to return it. She returned Harry a moment later.

"Can you conjure some nice little bows or something?" asked Kara and Harry did the best he could. “Good enough.”

She put bows on the heads of all of the thugs, who looked humiliated.

“Man, I miss Batman, at least he just beat us up and got it over with,” muttered the thug as the police pulled up. “This is cruel and inhumane torture.”

Harry and Kara had already left, as the assembled crowd moved over and both were hunched over, and laughed at the situation.

“That…was fun,” said Kara as she caught her breath. “I almost felt sorry for them…”

“You did?” asked Harry.

“I said almost,” said Kara as she turned around. “Yeah, we better get to somewhere nicer.”

Harry had to agree.

“My powers are coming back, enough for a flight,” said Kara, and they held hands. “Ooh still sore from what happened…”

“So that means…” said Harry as his face fell and Kara’s expression was amused. She gave him a kiss to reassure him and messed up his hair even more.

“I said sore, not dead, babe,” confirmed Kara as she pulled Harry in tight. “Maybe a nice warm bath and then we can have some fun.”

Harry smiled. A real actual smile and not one that masked the pressures of the world was on his face.

‘Fun…who knew I just had to get married to find out what it was. I always had to be who they
expected me to be. But I don’t have to pretend, not anymore. I wondered what would have…no, Potter, it’s now that matters.’

The feeling of flight, his wife flew like a gentle breeze. Life was good.

“Life will be bad for many in a matter of moments,” whispered the Scarecrow in an excited voice, as he awaited the arrival of the sorceress.

“Do you have the statue?” asked the woman.

“Yes, I do,” said Scarecrow. “What…”

“You will be the Master of Fear, just as I promised,” said the sorceress, as she turned and muttered in a language the Scarecrow did not understand. “Within twenty four hours, it will be activated. Already the changes have begun.”

“I can feel it, a kindred spirit,” said Scarecrow.

He would show those in Gotham City fear on an unprecedented level.

As Scarecrow waited, the sorceress stood before him, calculating thoughts in her mind. She was called Morgaine le Fay. There were many imposters over the centuries, but she was the one true article. She stood and walked over to a homeless man, before she held out her hand.

The life force drained out of him and sustained her youth. The man she used was nothing but a decayed husk.

“Sufficient,” said le Fay as she watched as her son walked out, an eight year old boy named Mordred. Of course he was in reality much older.

Her enchantment had frozen him at that age, so he could still be young when he had received his kingdom as she had promised.

“So?” asked Mordred as he looked at his mother with a cool expression.

“Crane has the statue and I’ve activated it,” said La Fay. “Once he engulfs this city in his little fear plague, the sacrifice will allow your kingdom to be built over it.”

Mordred just nodded but a scowl appeared on his face. He heard that one for centuries.

Since the time of King Arthur and then there was a time where those four meddlesome fools kept him from his birthright.

“Blood draws closer,” whispered le Fay. “And his demonic half. Let’s move. We don’t want a confrontation, not yet.”

Morded did as he was told and followed his mother.

SMUT/LEMONS BEGIN.

In the hotel room, the super powered couple recovered from their little training session in the Batcave. Both had been put through the test. After a nice shower, they returned and Kara sat sprawled out on the bed, completely nude. An equally nude Harry followed her and sat down on the bed.
“Harry, my back is still a little tender,” said Kara as she held out a bottle. “And my legs are a bit dry from the dehydration, so do you think you can use that lotion on them for me?”

“Sure,” said Harry with a smile as he squeezed the lotion out of the bottle on Kara’s legs. He worked the lotion right into her lovely flesh, rubbing every bit of them with his hands. Her flesh was lovely, and he massaged it.

The scent stimulated Harry as he continued to work into her legs. Kara appreciated his efforts as her skin had been brought back to its full softness.

“Rub it into me, really work it in,” breathed Kara as Harry did so and spend up his efforts, as she looked like she enjoyed it. “Don’t forget my feet.”

Harry grabbed her feet and rubbed the lotion onto her perfect feet. He did a bit of a message, as Kara felt a tingle as pleasure sent up her feet, to her legs.

The wizard felt light headed as he felt his erection grow as he rubbed his wife’s feet. Her cute little toes wiggled he paid attention to every inch. He worked over her arches, ankles, toes, and heels, as he found himself inflamed by desire.

“Harry,” said Kara with pure look of naughtiness in her eyes at the idea she got. “Do you like my feet, too?”

Harry stopped for a minute, as Kara blew her hair so it draped over her face. She leaned back, as her toes wiggled teasingly.

“Yes,” said Harry with his throat dry and Kara just smiled.

“Oh, you’re so naughty Harry,” she teased before she sang. “Someone’s got a foot fetish!”

“I didn’t…” started Harry, but Kara lifted her feet and placed them directly on Harry’s lap. “Some people would find that a little weird.”

“Remember, I told you I’d be open to anything,” said Kara as she lifted her right foot and it brushed against Harry’s member. “I meant that. Any fantasy you have, don’t be afraid to ask.”

Kara blew him a kiss as she began to stroke Harry with her toes. She decided to pump her fingers into her vagina as Harry’s eyes glazed back. She stroked Harry with one foot and then the other.

She lifted her legs slightly, to put her feet together against his penis. They enclosed around him. The blonde began to rub right up and down Harry’s shaft, as she stroked him with her elegant arches. Harry marveled at the thrill of his very first foot job as his sexy wife pleasured him.

“Jesus, Kara, that feels so fucking great,” groaned Harry.

"Do you like your penis between my nice soft feet?” asked Kara as she rubbed him up and down, his penis between her feet. “Do you want me to keep stroking you with my arches?”

“Yes,” groaned Harry as he felt the pure pleasure of her feet rubbing him up and down. She continued to pump him with her soles. Her hips rose up the bed as she thrust fingers deep into her pussy.

Harry found himself brought to the brink. His eyes rolled right to the back of his head as his cock throbbed, and his balls tightened. A few more strokes with her feet caused him to completely lose it. He splattered her feet with a thick jet of semen.
He slumped down for a moment, in time to see Kara bend her leg after she rode her climax out. Her foot remained closer to her face at that moment.

She managed to be flexible enough to reach her feet and she slowly licked his cum off of her feet. Harry found himself absolutely entranced by this, as she sucked it off her toes on her right foot. Then she switched to her left foot. Slowly and seductively, she sucked all of the cum off all of the toes on her left foot.

Harry grabbed her and pushed her back.

“Harry,” managed Kara but Harry placed his fingers in her mouth.

“I hope you’re feeling better,” whispered Harry and Kara nodded. “Good, because it’s time for me to pin you down to the bed my super powered vixen.”

Kara looked excited, as the dominance Harry exerted really caused her to tingle all inside.

Harry found her vagina and his re-hardened penis was placed slipped inside her. He pushed inside her.

“Ride me!” cheered Kara as her hips rose up and down, as Harry continued his thrusts and also bent down to feast upon her chest. He sucked, licked, and stroked it, which caused the blonde to thrash and continue to push her hips upwards.

Harry felt pleased that he could bring her to such a state of orgasm. The girl underneath moaned again and again.

He wondered how long he could hold off. His stamina increased with each time and his skill at pleasing his wife did as well. His cock felt at ease and welcome in her warmth as they cemented passion and love with each other.

“I can feel you, cum, cum for me now!” yelled Kara.

“Ladies first,” managed Harry as he slowed his thrusts, but she had none of that. She continued to use every trick in the book to bring him to completion.

Kara reached her end and then Harry did. His penis fired right inside her. Kara felt absolutely faint.

Harry pulled out, but Kara just pulled him right onto her.

“Amazing,” whispered Kara. “You’re amazing.”

“I had a good teacher,” said Harry with a smirk.

“Well, I had just as much experience before you,” said Kara. “Then again, I managed to borrow a few of my mother’s more interesting books on Argo. And then I discovered the Internet here on Earth…”

“Say no more,” said Harry with a grin, as he buried his face into her hair. He murmured. “Good night, my love.”

“Pleasant dreams, my love.”

SMUT/LEMONS END.
Outside of a bus stop in Gotham City, a black haired man appeared in the shadows dressed in robes but he had a hat, sunglasses, and large fake nose on him.

Sirius Black had never been one for sense or reason. He was officially dead after all and if he was discovered not dead, there would be many problems with that revelation.

Yet, he could not help himself. He had been arrested for thirteen years, so he figured he would illegally sneak into the United States.

His mother had begun to thaw out a little bit, although when Sirius threatened to have his godson’s wife pay her another visit, she seemed rather quiet.

Remus had been trying to earn what he could and Tonks was still on a mission, although Sirius had begun to worry with her gone for even longer than usual.

Of course, the Ministry did not report her as missing.

“Harry mentioned he was saying here,” said Sirius as he looked at a series of wanted posters. “Why I don’t have a clue.”

The man studied the posters. “There’s some ugly criminals in this city.”

Sirius looked serious.

“Then again, I did take the best photo for my wanted poster,” said Sirius. “Maybe Harry or Kara had an idea of where Tonks might have disappeared to. They were the last two she talked to. Andromeda would come back from the dead just to kill me if anything happened to her daughter.”

“Lots of fog today, it’s really weird,” summarized Robin.

“Yes, but I’m looking for something, even in these databases I can’t find anything,” said Batman. “We know it’s a statue and one that came to Gotham City. It was forged a long time ago.”

“It looks brand new, through,” said Batgirl.

The side entrance of the cave opened and Harry and Kara walked in.

“He must be busy, no red sun lamps this time,” said Kara in surprise, but Harry kept alert from other surprises.

“So what’s up?” asked Harry.

“Our training may be delayed today, a situation has come up,” said Batman as he looked at the computer.

“Who stole this thing anyway?” asked Batgirl and there was a pause.

“The Scarecrow,” said Batman and Batgirl took a deep breath. “Yes, we’ve all had to deal with him. I was committed to Arkham years back after all because of one of his schemes. Nightwing’s checking out something but…”

Harry interrupted him. “That’s a Dementor.”

“A what?” asked Batgirl in confusion.
“You...you’re sure?” asked Kara.

“A little statue of one,” said Harry as he looked at it through narrowed eyes.

“The Scarecrow stole it from the Gotham City History Museum,” explained Batman.

Harry was taken aback. He blinked several times as he stared at the screen. “What in the bloody hell is something like that doing in a museum?”

“We’d all like to know that, I think,” muttered the Dark Knight who gathered much from Harry’s reaction. “I take it may have mystical properties.”

“Well if it does, then that just made everything much worse,” said the wizard as he remembered his encounters with those horrors.

Even when he learned how to defend against them with the Patronus Charm, they still were no picnic.

“Perhaps you better start with explaining what precisely a Dementor is,” prompted Batman.

Harry felt a tiny bit of pride that he knew something the World’s Greatest Detective did not.

Then he proceeded to explain all he knew to Batman.
Chapter Ten: Fear Part One

"I see," summarized Batman as everyone gathered around after Harry completed his explanation. "And chocolate is the only thing that helps against them."

"Well, there's the Patronus Charm, but you have to be a wizard to do that, and have really happy memories to power them," said Harry, as his arm was around Kara's waist and he inclined her head at her. "It's fortunate I got an entire new store of them when I did."

"Glad to help," said Kara with a smile. "You said we couldn't see them…"

"That's not going to help us much then," said Nightwing as he looked up.

The young wizard coughed. "You might not be able to see them, but you're going to know that they're there."

"Crane's the real threat that we have to focus on at the moment," said Batman.

"Actually, the Scarecrow appears to be merely a pawn in this scheme."

A red haired man with a white bolt of lightning through his hair had arrived, dressed in a suit.

"I've met some of you, but my name is Jason Blood, former knight of Camelot, Occultist, and well my other half, you may get to know him before too long," said the man as he turned to Harry and Kara. "And you must be Harry and Kara Potter."

"We are," agreed Harry.

"Needless to say, I've heard more of a few rumors of what has happened, but we don't need to rehash that again," said Blood in a swift tone. "Time is of the essence. I come to you with a warning. The witch known as Morgaine le Faye has presented herself. I have tracked her to Gotham City and discovered the theft of the Phobos Totem."

"The Phobos Totem?" asked Harry in a confused voice.

"I trust that little bit was kept out of your History of Magic class?" prompted Blood.

"No, all we learned about was Goblin Rebellions," said Harry.

The occultist sighed. "Very well, I believe a quick history lesson is in order."

Blood cleared his throat before he continued. "The Phobos Totem was created by a dark wizard many centuries back, even before your current Ministry. It was dark magic at its lowest definition. It drew off of the greatest subconscious fears of the individuals."

The former knight allowed his story to sink in.

"Phobos, as dubbed himself, converted his own followers into these creatures to punish all who opposed him. This statue was the crux of his powers. The creatures, Dementors as they were later called, were sealed away in Antarctica where they could perish. Yet, the Ministry of Magic dug them up and saw it fit to put them in charge of a prison where they could feed."
"Then they joined Riddle," muttered Harry. "Figures the Ministry would bugger everyone."

"Not the most elegant way of putting it, but the assessment is well appreciated," said Blood. "That witch plans to put her brat on the throne, and she's going to bury Gotham City in a plague of fear. She knows Crane is fanatical enough to destroy this entire city, all for a mere experiment."

"So the totem…summons these Dementors?" asked Batgirl in a hushed voice.

"No, far worse," answered Blood. "The Phobos Totem has the capability of turning humans into Dementors."

The man allowed that bit to sink in before he summarized. "Everyone, man, women, and child will be consumed by their worst phobias."

Everyone remained silent. All looked horrified. Batman turned his head for a second before he turned back and retained his stony expression.

"Merlin's beard," gasped Harry, as Kara grabbed onto Harry and out of the corner of his eye, he saw Batgirl nearly break down. She took a breath to compose herself.

Blood just looked at him with a faint smile. "Merlin would find great amusement of the usage of his beard as a euphemism in lieu of a swear, but…beside the point presently. The statue just was activated. The fog this city has undergone is merely the first sign."

"We shouldn't wait around for the next sign," said Batman as he pieced together a battle plan. "Nightwing and Robin, you're with me, we're going to meet with Gordon and fill him in on the situation. Batgirl, Supergirl, and Potter, figure out a way to locate Crane. I'll see if I can get any specifications to you when I can. Blood find le Faye."

"It won't be easy," said Blood. "She has an amulet that warns her if I am close."

"Don't get close yet, just find her," said Batman, as he got to his feet. "Let's go, we have no time to waste."

Gordon looked up into the sky, surrounded by fog as he looked up. "All of this fog, what could it mean?"

"Nothing good," muttered Bullock as he looked up but he saw a shadowed figure. "Figured you'd be in the middle of this freak show."

"What's the story now?" asked Gordon.

The Detective paused for a mere second. "Crane has stolen a mystic totem. He is channeling the power of one of the darkest creatures known to man. These Dementors cannot be seen by mundane eyes. They feed on the deepest darkest fears of all humans. Until these humans are reduced to a worthless husk. Only wizards and witches can see them."

"So get some wizard on the line then and have him track down these things," said Bullock.

"I'm already on it," said Batman without missing a beat. "The problem is finding Crane. The fog is merely the beginning of a bigger plague. The city will be engulfed."

Batman watched Nightwing and Robin, as they moved around. Several cars skidded a stop already. His two protégés checked for civilians.
"It's begun," muttered Batman.

"Is there anything that we can do to stop these creatures?" asked Gordon.

"No," said Batman. "Nothing you can do, but I'm working on something that might be able to stall them for a short time."

Gordon was not surprised about this.

"So if your wizard fails, we're all screwed then," said Bullock as he flicked away another toothpick. "This old man better have some good shazam tricks up his sleeve, because this fog's just getting worse."

"Not an old man," Batman told Bullock. "Much younger, but he's fought these things many times before."

Bullock and Gordon both seemed skeptical at this.

"Alright, I'm going to trust your judgment, if your young wizard has fought these Dementors before," said Gordon. "But is there any way to reverse the effects of these things?"

"Chocolate. Get lots of chocolate. All of the chocolate you can find in Gotham."

Batman used this as an opportunity to excuse himself.

"Chocolate?" asked Bullock. "Commish, I think the Bat's off his nut, what good is chocolate going to do against monsters?"

"Do you want to argue with him?" asked Gordon as he turned to Bullock with a set look. "Now get all of the squads on deck and find all of the chocolate you can and I guess feed it to people who look like they have been affected by these things."

Three young people were in a practical looking room. There was a shelf of books and a teddy bear perched on the top of the shelf off to the side, a bed horizontal to it.

Barbara was at her computer and typed away on a keyboard. Kara and Harry rested on their fronts next to each other on the bed behind her. Heads were up and their legs both were elevated, crossed at the knees. A bag had sat to the other side of them.

"So what exactly are you doing?" asked Harry

"Depends, how much do you know about computers?" asked Barbara.

Harry looked off in the distance and thought. "Well my powers can make them blow up if I get too upset. And I know that little CD Rom thing isn't a drink cup holder."

Kara bit back a snicker at that last one.

"You mean, they didn't teach you how to use them at your school?" questioned Barbara in surprise.

"No, technology doesn't work that well with magic," explained Harry. "Something about the magic in the air causes everything to short circuit or something."

Barbara just shook her head. She knew she should not judge but at the same time she could not resist. "How...how do they expect you to function in the real world? Computers are everywhere, and...they're going to be even more so in a few years the way things are going. You can't just
"You'd be surprised what they can avoid if they put their minds to it," said Harry.

"Yeah, to them, their little community is the only world," added Kara, with a sad shake of her head.

"Do you even know how to type?" asked Barbara.

"Yeah, I can do it, one finger," admitted Harry.

"Ah, the old hunt and peck method," muttered Barbara as she looked at Harry with pity.

"Yeah, and Harry's relatives wouldn't spring for a computer class," added Kara, as her arms were folded as she bit back any number of comments she had. She decided to get back on track. "But we're getting off the subject, what are we doing?"

"Well, I'm trying to see if any satellites picked up any weird spikes of energy," said Barbara. "I mean, magic is energy, kind of...isn't it Harry?"

"Well yes, if you want to put it like that, it's a lot of energy," said Harry who was at a loss to complain a diverse and complex thing such as magic.

"Kind of like a non-lethal form of radiation," suggested Kara.

Harry looked at her. "Well kind of but not really. Magic is energy. It's hard to really measure."

"Well whatever it is, I'm getting a reading," said Barbara, as she sat straight up and Harry and Kara scrambled to a sitting position "Let's see...if I can get in..."

Kara looked impatient. She stood and leaned over. "I know what to do here, you're going too slow."

"I'm typing at a hundred words a minute, just be patient," said Barbara.

"That's all?" asked Kara. "Here let me take a crack at it."

Against her better judgment, Barbara got up and looked at Harry. Kara put herself in front of the keyboard and began to type away as she looked at the screen. Her hands were a blur.

"Something's wrong with your keyboard," muttered Kara but she realized, she had nothing but a pile of dust. "Um, whoops."

Barbara just sighed and patted her friend on the back. "And this is why I always have a spare keyboard. After the coffee maker incident, I knew that sometimes you tended to get a little excited."

"Barbara!" whined Kara as she watched Barbara plug in her new keyboard. "Why did you have to bring that up? That was over a year ago."

"Coffee maker incident?" asked Harry with amusement.

"Funny story, I might have to share it later," muttered Barbara and the mortified look on Kara's face was priceless.

"It doesn't matter to me," said Harry as he pulled back her hair and looked in her eyes. "Kara, you learned your lesson didn't you?"
"Yeah", said the girl with a fond smile. "It's just…"

"It was embarrassing, I know," said Harry. "But you're really doing well now; you just make a mistake or two every now and then. All of the mistakes I've made…they can fill books."

"I found it, I think I know where Crane is," said Barbara but she took a deep breath and focused. "Yeah, he's holed up at the old Gotham City Fairgrounds. It has to be the place. The energy readings are off the charts…"

Barbara paused and fresh data arrived.

"Batman sent me a reading," added Barbara. "These numbers…they look like binary, but that can't be right. They'd all be ones and zeros. Plus all of the weird symbols."

"Arithmancy," said Harry and then he cringed.

"Not your best subject?" asked Barbara.

"No, I never took it," said Harry. "I know bits and pieces, my friend gave me a book and insisted I study on it and Ancient Runes in my free time, but…"

"Do you have any idea?" asked Kara.

Harry studied the numbers but nothing made sense.

"We're just going to have to do the best we can," said Harry. "Maybe if we stop the spell…but that would mean getting our hands on the statue."

"And that's with Crane," said Barbara as she took a deep breath. "I…"

"He did something to you, didn't he?" asked Harry.

The twenty two year old girl looked frozen. "How did you…"

"I have a good eye," said Harry. "Just take your time."

"Barbara, Harry won't think any less of you, just tell him," encouraged Kara with a smile.

It was not easy, but Barbara just told Harry everything that happened with the last Scarecrow incident. Harry remained attentive.

"That's a lot, but you're still here," said Harry. "I've…had nightmares too like that. A friend of mine was killed in front of me. I still remember when my parents die."

"You were one when that happened though," gasped Barbara.

"My memory is good," said Harry. "We're all afraid of something, Barbara. Crane is making my greatest fear come to life."

"Oh my God," whispered Barbara when it clicked. "And you're…you're going to fight them."

"No I'm not going to fight them," said Harry. "I'm going to beat them."

A quick kiss and hug was given by his wife before she broke apart. "I know you will."

"You are really something aren't you?" asked Barbara. "Kara couldn't have chosen better."
Harry paused for a moment and he opened his bag. "Chocolate, it will help loads. You'll need your strength when you get out there."

It was a good thing he stocked up on chocolate before he left. Remus had told him that he might encounter Dementors so it was best to be prepared.

He handed the chocolate out to both girls.

"Chocolate Frogs?" asked Barbara as she eyed it apprehensive. "They're…not really frogs are they?"

Harry laughed at this statement.

"No of course not," said Harry as he watched his wife unwrap hers. "It's just an enchantment."

"Good, oh this is good," said Kara in between bites of the frog. "Say what you want about the politicians and the attitudes of some of the people in the magical world…but chocolate is one of their strong points."

She looked at Barbara and encouraged her. "Oh come on, try it, it won't hurt you."

Barbara unwrapped the chocolate frog and nibbled on it. "This really is the best. My fingers feel warm and everything…thanks Harry."

"Yeah thanks Harry," added Kara, before she licked the chocolate off of her fingers.

"No problem," said Harry. "We better get going...hang on Kara, you have some chocolate on your lips."

Kara leaned forward and pressed her lips against his mouth.

"Now who has the chocolate on his lips?" teased Kara but Harry just smiled and licked his lips, as he shouldered his bag.

"After you, my love," said Harry, as he opened the door and Kara walked out. He followed and Barbara left last, after she logged off her computer and locked the door behind her.

"You sure this plan of yours will work, sir?" asked Alfred as he leaned over Batman's shoulder.

"Not exactly, but this may be able to keep them at bay for a few moments," said Batman.

"There are things that not even the great Batman can invent his way out of," said Alfred, but at that moment, there was a loud thud. "My word…"

At that moment, the World's Greatest Detective went rigid. He knew there was a guest in the Bat Cave and said guest was not one that was welcomed.

"Show yourself," ordered Batman and a middle aged man with black hair dressed in robes and the most absurd looking fake nose turned around. "Who are you?"

The man now casually sat on the floor of the Batcave and ate nachos. "Oh, I've been called many things over the years. I followed you into the cave…"

"Wait, I know who you are," said Batman before he removed the nose and prepared for a fight.

"Sirius Black, the notorious convinced mass murderer over in Great Britain."
"Wait, wait," said Sirius in an offended voice. "I was never convicted and I never murdered anyone—although I could be pretty notorious with the ladies."

Batman did not respond and he just stared Sirius down. Sirius held out his food. "Nachos?"

"I don't eat nachos," said Batman in a stoic voice but he paused as he heard the communication piece in his ear crackle to life. "Yes, Robin."

"The situation's getting a bit bad, more people are passing out, we're getting the chocolate, but I don't know how we can get it to everyone," said Robin. "Nightwing's meeting with Bullock and Gordon...where's Harry in all of this?"

"Just one second," said Batman. "Yes...Batgirl."

"We know where Crane is, the Gotham City Fair," she said over the communication link.

"The situation the city's getting worse, we'll deal with Crane," said Batman.

"So, what's up?" asked Sirius.

"Do you know anything about Dementors?" asked Batman.

The dark haired man responded. "Should bloody well hope so. I only roomed with them for about twelve years. I was only the Prisoner of Azkaban."

The Marauder stalled as he went down a really bad trip on memory lane. "Azkaban, a horrible place to live, worse place to visit, and the food sucked. Everyone went mad. I almost did...but I had help."

"I see," said Batman as he looked over Sirius one more time. "You?"

"Who me?" asked Sirius.

"Years again in Cairo," said Batman.

Sirius was confused but then remembered. "Oh yeah, the pink cowl thing, so that was you."

He laughed at the memories. "Ah, you were so young back then, look what you turned into now."

"Funny," said Batman in a voice devoid of humor. "Get in the car, don't touch anything."

"Me?" asked Sirius. "What do you want..."

Batman cut him off. "You are a wizard, you have a wand. We need all hands on deck."

"You just don't want to leave me alone in your cave," prompted Sirius.

"Yes," said Batman without a moment's pause, as he watched Sirius get in. "Seatbelt, because I don't want to pry you off my windshield."

Sirius gave a salute, but he was met by the Batman glare of death. The shift of the Batmobile was pulled and the car drove back into Gotham City.

"We do need better locks," summarized Alfred in a nonchalant voice as he turned to resume his duties.
Scarecrow gazed upon the statue in his hand. A sadistic expression was etched underneath his face. The Master of Fear could fear the terror but he must have more.

"Boss, what is that thing?" asked one of his henchmen.

"Yeah, starting to creep me out," said another henchmen.

"As it should," said the criminal. "This is pure fear personified. Even the most hardened of men will be terrified at the memories inspired."

Scarecrow paused as he looked at the statue in his hand.

"In fact, the witch said if I direct the statue's power at a source, I should be able to create creatures faster," muttered Scarecrow. "All I need is some...test subjects."

The henchmen looked at each other rather fearfully. The Scarecrow turned the statue to the side. Mist flew from the statue and engulfed his own men.

They shrieked in absolute terror, as all of their worst moments were replayed in their heads.

The group of eight hardened criminals twitched and dropped onto their knees. The skin turned rather clammy and black cloaks grew over them.

"Excellent," whispered the villain as he studied his little fear demons. "Eight dime store thugs turned into agents of absolute and utter fear. There will be more. Bring me more test subjects, the strongest you can find."

The newly converted Dementors gave ghostly nods. The horrors glided into Gotham City to prey on all of the horrific memories within.

Scarecrow sat down upon a chair and cradled the statue lovingly in his hands.

"Intoxicating," breathed the Scarecrow as the statue glowed and gave an eerie hum.

Batgirl swung over at the scene and Kara was in the air. Harry clutched onto his wife's neck, on her back, as she dropped down. Harry slid down onto his feet. Robin and Nightwing both joined them and shivered.

"Cold, it's getting hard to..." said Robin, but Harry reached into his bag.

"Take this," said Harry as he handed out the chocolate to the two heroes. "If actual Dementors start getting bred, we're going to need to remain focused."

"Are there..." started Nightwing.

"Just a lot of fog," agreed Harry, as he stepped into the streets of Gotham. "For now, so keep on your toes."

Several civilians shivered on the streets, as the Gotham City Police Force moved around.

"What's happening?" moaned one of the civilians.

Another one breathed. "I can...barely move."

Harry moved over to meet Commissioner Gordon.
"Do you have the chocolate?" called Harry.

"Working on it right now," said Gordon before he looked at Harry over the top of his glasses and studied the young wizard. "You're the expert he talked about, I take it."

There was a second of silence. "Well, not the word I would use…but I know about them."

"Better than we got," said Gordon in a gruff voice as he watched a large truck pull up.

Harvey Bullock arrived, squeezed behind the wheel of the truck.

"That better be enough chocolate," said Bullock as he stepped out of the truck, a box of donuts in hand and a toothpick in his mouth. He turned and looked at Harry. "Scram kid, this is police work."

Harry's eyes just narrowed, as he fingered his wand.

"That's our expert..." said Gordon as he prompted Harry for an introduction.

"Harry Potter," introduced Harry with a smirk.

"You've got be kidding me," said Bullock as he shook his head as he took in Harry's rather unthreatening form. "What's he going to do?"

"Well I'm kind of the one who has the best chance of saving you," said Harry in a cool voice. "You look like the type that wouldn't last five seconds against a real Dementor."

Bullock stammered. "Hey...you'd be surprised what I've seen. Twenty years on this beat, and I've seen things that will make you wet your pants."

"I've seen things in the girl's bathroom at my old school that would make you wet yours," countered Harry without missing a beat as he saw the two girls show up.

"Detective Bullock, look for people out there, who are the weakest and have your men get them the chocolate," ordered the Commissioner and Bullock prepared to do as he was told.

Batgirl walked up next to Harry and spoke to him in an undertone. "Made friends with Harvey Bullock, Harry?"

"Yeah, bit rude isn't he?" muttered Harry.

"Ah, don't sweat it," said Batgirl as she waved her hand. "Bullock's like that with everyone, that's just who he is."

"Yeah, he's nothing but a bunch of hot air," added Kara as they moved in. "Just...he gave both of us a really hard time when we first met, but he did kind of compliment us in the end."

"What?" asked Gordon as he clung onto the side of the squad car and listened in to the communication. "A group of people dropped down in the middle of the street, just like that...near frostbite conditions and possible hypothermia."

Harry rushed over to get a better listen.

"Dementors, it has to be, he's made some," whispered Harry. "Yes, it has to be, I can feel them."

"So what do we do, Mr. Wizard?" asked Bullock as he had continued to give the rest orders.
"Get people as far away from the next block as you can," said Harry as he held out his bag and handed it to Kara, but he kept a few pieces with himself. "I'm going to go deal with the Dementors."

"Get them, Harry," said Kara, before she embraced and kissed her husband good bye. She did not want to let go but she had to.

Harry moved off, as everyone found themselves hunched over, the intense cold getting to them. She reached into the bag. "Here's chocolate, take more, we're going to all need some. Those things are getting closer."

Bullock placed his box of donuts down on the hood of a car and turned to the rest of the officers. "No one go anywhere near my donuts or you'll be busted down to paperwork."

Down the next block, Harry surveyed the situation.

He let the breath out, and ate a bit of chocolate, as he saw downed figures in the street. His steps quickened, eyes darted from side to side as he spotted the Dementors. One of them had a young girl in its grasp as the hood lowered.

Harry screwed up his eyes and recalled his first time with the love of his life. Well the one he could remember.

"EXPECTO PATRONUM!" cried Harry, and the Patronus erupted right from his wand. The Dementors dropped their intended victim instantly.

The cloaks ripped away from the Dementors and their skin gained color. A group of eight men dropped to the ground and shivered, barely able to move.

Harry walked over to the little girl who shivered and looked terrified.

"Who are you?" whispered the girl.

"A friend, don't be scared," said Harry in a gentle voice with a smile, as he held out chocolate. "You'll feel better when you eat this, honest."

The child took the chocolate and ate it, before she nodded.

"T-thank you, mister," said the girl. "I feel better…I lost my Mommy…she fell down over there."

Harry's heart skipped a beat, as he looked at the woman who was hunched over. The Boy-Who-Lived looked at her.

"Speak to me if you're alive in there," he encouraged.

"Alive…awful…felt like…" stammered the woman. Harry breathed a sigh of relief, as he handed his last bit of chocolate to her. "I…"

Harry just inclined his head with a nod. The woman took the chocolate and the warmth returned to her, to give her a nod to get up.

"Go, get as far away from here as you can," said Harry, as he looked down and saw several bodies on the ground, as he nearly staggered.

Kara was behind Harry to catch him. She gave Harry a warm smile as he turned to look in her face, legs buckled slightly.
"I saw that," said Kara as she held him up, with the bag placed over her shoulder. "Here, you need some chocolate now…"

"I had some," muttered Harry.

"You need more, you fought those things up close," said the blonde girl, as she held out the chocolate and handed it to her husband. He took it with a nod and ate it. "Here you go, feel better?"

"Yes," said Harry, savoring the taste of the chocolate. "You?"

"Always with you," replied the girl, as Harry was able to stand on his own accord.

Robin, Batgirl, Nightwing, and Commissioner Gordon appeared on the scene.

"Did things get much warmer around here?" asked Nightwing.

"Yeah, I feel it too, it's almost like…" said Robin before he turned to Harry. "Did you do something?"

Harry explained himself. "The Patronus Charm, it's a spell that chased Dementors off and fueled with your happiest memories."

"So what did you use?" asked Kara, and Harry turned to whisper in her ear.

"Our first time," whispered Harry in her ear. "You said it was magic."

The blonde Kryptonian grinned from ear to ear as she got the message.

She shook her head, when she saw the seriousness of the situation.

"We're too late for some of these people," muttered Nightwing as he kneeled down. "No pulse."

"They've been kissed," explained Harry. "The Dementors suck out your soul."

Harry gave the same explanation he gave Kara a while back about the Dementors.

Gordon's professional demeanor faltered. "Dare I ask how you know so much?"

"Experience, they nearly did it to me when I was thirteen," said Harry as his stoic resolve nearly slipped. "Never mind my near death experience, these were the Dementors…well they weren't complete Dementors."

"Not complete," whispered Batgirl. "Those things…"

"I recognize three of these faces from Blackgate," said Gordon as he looked down at the unconscious criminals. "They're still breathing, for what it's worth. I'll get them to the hospital, clear the path, so you can stop Crane."

The group nodded. Kara turned to the rest of the Bat Family.

"So where's your leader in all of this?" asked Kara.

"He must have gotten sidetracked," suggested Robin. "He had to return to the Cave for something."

"We're going to have to go without him, he's going to have to catch up," said Harry before he turned to Batgirl before his voice dropped to a whisper. "And to answer your question, Barbara,
they weren't full Dementors because they were still partially human."

A breath was taken as he continued with his conclusion. "If they had been completely transformed, they would have lost their humanity. Soulless monsters."

They were all silent, as they made their way closer to the Gotham City Fair Ground. The fog had begun to thicken once again.

"Only eight of them," thought Harry. "If Crane makes more….focus on stopping him Potter. Don't worry about what ifs."

The Scarecrow stood on his feet and watched the progress of his little soldiers of fear. Many weak fools dropped, succumbed to their own fears. It was like their very souls were ripped from their bodies.

Yet, there was a new hero on the scene, one that Scarecrow had never seen before. He had watched the battle.

Eight of his fear demons were reverted back with two words and some kind of energy attack from the stick in the hero's hand.

"What matter of child is this?" demanded Scarecrow as he held his statue. "He shows no fear up close. He should be paralyzed in absolute terror. And I see fear in his eyes, but…he fights it with a foolhardy determination."

The criminal clutched the statue once again. The boy whoever he was had a strong mind. He had to fear something, all people did.

It would be just a matter of the stimulation. Everyone had phobias rooted deep within themselves.

Jonathan Crane enjoyed a challenge. He held the statue.

"One round lost, but the next round is mine," said Scarecrow as held the statue. "Yes, more power, and combined with my fear toxin, now true horror will be unleashed. Gotham City will know its master."

The sadistic intentions of the Scarecrow were evident. The power of the statue enhanced by his own fear toxin would allow him to project his will.

The plan was escalated.
Chapter 11: Fear Part Two.

Fog rolled all over Gotham City. Even the inmates of Arkham Asylum felt the power of the fear that gripped the city.

In his cell, the Joker hummed. He had been out for a while, but he decided to return for lack of any inspiration for his muse. The Clown Prince of Crime broke out easily enough, so he broke back in rather easily as well.

Plus, there was free room and board and the food at Arkham was just to die for.

“Ooh boy, there’s something in the air tonight,” mused the Joker as he rocked back and forth, and gave a slight chuckle.

“Keep it down Clown,” growled a voice.

“You remain in contempt Mr. Dent,” said another voice from inside the cell.

“Harv, lighten up with the multiple personality act already,” said Joker as he looked at the wall.

“Man, everyone’s a broody little pot of angst tonight. Do I need to put a smile on everyone’s face?”

“Mistah J, I don’t feel so well,” said a voice from the cell across the way.

“Harley, pipe down, I can’t hear myself think,” muttered Joker but he gave a sadistic laugh as Harley Quinn screamed in horror. “Oh that’s much better.”

“Curious and curioser, what could be causing this?” asked a voice. “Through the looking glass…”

“Just jump down a rabbit hole and die, Tetch,” said another voice.

There were more screams.

“Seriously, what’s causing this?” asked the Joker as he inclined his head past the glass door. “Even Zsasz is wetting his pants down the hall.”

Sure enough Victor Zsasz, a hardened serial killer who carved a tally of all of his victims into his own body shivered in his cell. The sadistic man rested in a catatonic state and muttered to himself.

The Joker pounded on the cell. “Anyone home? Don’t make you gas you! Does anyone have any answers to what’s going on?”

“What is something we must all face, yet something we cannot see?” questioned a voice.

“Not now, Nygma,” grumbled the clown.

“The answer is fear,” said the Riddler but he too succumbed to the terror.

“Many everyone is really weak minded these days,” said the Joker before he turned to the security guards who lay on the floor. “Good thing I’m already well past the point of no return.”

At that point, the Joker grew frigid. In his mind, he saw something.
It was his own face, before he took the dip into the chemical bath that turned him into the clown he was today.

The Joker was horrified at himself, completely and utterly sane. He screamed in horror as he was taunted by the images.

“We’re almost there, try and hold it together,” said Harry, but at that moment, Batman swooped down next to them.

“Speak,” said Batman without another word.

“Crane made eight Dementors, but I defeated the first wave…” started Harry but he sighed. “Not without causalities…”

“How many died?” asked Batman.

“They were still breathing,” confirmed Batgirl as she shuddered. “But, the lights were on and no one was home.”

Harry explained the Dementor’s Kiss to Batman, who turned for a moment to hide the emotion before he straightened up.

“I…it’s getting bad, my powers are only at about half,” said Kara as she dropped on her feet. “And I’m barely doing anything.”

The Kryptonian shuddered. She saw echoes of bad things in her head as well.

“The Dementors cause everything to grow cold and dark,” muttered Harry as he blocked out the memories of Voldemort killing his parents. They were merely stronger as they got closer “Cold and dark means no sunlight. You can’t even see it. The fog’s too thick, it must be blocking the sun.”

Harry grabbed her hand and cast another Patronus charm, which warmed up the path.

“This is only temporary,” said Harry.

“Once we stop Crane, will everything go back to normal?” asked Nightwing.

“It should, but you’ve got to stop Crane soon,” said Blood as he appeared to join them. “The witch and her brat are cloaked.”

“If we stop her little plan, we might draw her out,” said Batman.

“We are in like minds,” said Blood. “Let’s just hope that Crane has not made any more of those monsters.”

Harry felt a biting chill and he looked up. “Get ready for about twenty of them about now…no thirty.”

The chilling wind kicked up throughout Gotham City. Harry took a breath, and tried to block the horrible memories out.

“EXPECTO PATRONUM!” shouted Harry and the Patronus Charm managed to press them back.

Batman concentrated and tried to locate the source of the trauma. His memories had assaulted him.
Eight years old, he saw a man walk down the alley towards his parents, a gun out.

Batman slapped himself out of his state, before he fired the weapon towards where he had thought the Dementors might be.

Nightwing was hunched over as he took a deep breath. He had relieved the night his parents were killed by Zucco. Yet the torment was not done. The affects had overwhelmed him and in the shadows, he spotted a very familiar figure.

“Ah, Robin, or is it Nightwing now?” echoed a sadistic and cold voice in his head. “You seem to be having a bad day.”

Nightwing tried to shake himself out of the hallucination. The sadistic manipulator known as Slade stared him down and laughed in his head.

“No, you’re not real,” muttered Nightwing.

“Yes, we might have been down this road once before,” commented Slade in his calm tone. “But you have more guilt to carry. Where are your friends, you know the Titans?”

There was a pause.

“Oh that’s right, you failed as leader and few of them will speak to you again, well among those who are able to still speak,” continued the criminal his tone never changed. “That’s why you had to grovel back to Batman to be his errand boy, my old apprentice.”

Nightwing struggled as an enemy he had hoped was a distant memory taunted him.

Batgirl remained to the side just as well. The images of her own death continued to flash in the back of her head. The nightmare was replayed as the Scarecrow’s sadistic laughter echoed.

Robin relieved horrific images when his father had been killed by Two Face. Then images of a friend he made, named Annie who was an extension of Clayface that had grown sentience. He watched as the girl was drawn back into Clayface, an act of cruel and sadistic murder.

“Harry, again, please,” managed Kara, as she shook her head. “Guys…fight it, none of this is real.”

“She’s right, Crane’s used his fear gas combined with the statue’s powers,” managed Batman, as his strong will power just barely managed to push back the affects.

‘Even I can’t keep up the struggle for that long.’

“EXPECTO PATRONUM!” shouted Harry again as his stag barreled down the street. “This wave’s much stronger than the last one, they’re reverting back more slowly.”

“We may need some help,” muttered Blood as he watched the Dementors. “Gone, gone the form of man.”

There was a second pause. “Arise the demon, ETRIGAN!”

Jason Blood vanished as the Demon known as Etrigan had appeared. Dressed in red with yellow skin, Etrigan turned.

“Back off,” growled Etrigan before he breathed fire at the Dementors which caused them to back off. “Now, Potter.”
“EXPECTO PATRONUM!” shouted Harry. The group of Dementors had been chased down the street, as the area warmed around them.

Harry watched as Kara nearly slump and fall over.

“Kara, honey, here, have this,” said Harry as he handed her chocolate.

“Thanks,” muttered Kara as she took a deep breath as she shook her head. “I’m really not much use. I mean, magic does a number on us to begin with but these things, just awful and my memories… I’m remembering everything that happened, the bad stuff.”

“It’s okay,” whispered Harry as everyone else got some more chocolate. “Just try and hold it together. I passed out the first time. You’re doing well. Even the strongest of us, they do a number.”

Harry did not have the heart to tell Kara that those were not proper Dementors yet.

Etrigan on the other hand appeared to have no such tact.

“You better pull yourself together, Kryptonian,” growled Etrigan. “Those Dementors, they weren’t fully formed. What are you going to do when you encounter the real things?”

“Yeah, nice sympathy from you, demon,” said Batgirl in a short voice but this was ignored by the creature.

“I don’t know why you thought it was a good idea to bring her along, Potter,” said Etrigan. “Those foul horrors affect her badly. In fact, most of this group will be dead weight before too long except for myself, you, and maybe Batman.”

“Hey, we’re doing well, none of us have blacked out,” argued Robin.

Etrigan snarled at them. “You’re doing well because Potter’s charm has been able to shield you. He managed to shove chocolate down your throats as well every five minutes. Even that won’t be able to help you for too long. It’s getting stronger.”

“Yeah well you really need to work on your people skills,” said Nightwing.

“I’m not a babysitter,” countered the demon. “And Potter’s catering to his wife’s every whim, and she’s useless when her powers are gone.”

Kara’s eyes snapped up with a faint glow in them and Harry turned towards the demon.

“ENOUGH!” shouted Harry. “Focus on the real threat, the Dementors. You know those soul sucking horrors that are going to drain this city dry if we don’t stop The Scarecrow and le Faye, let’s not forget them.”

He turned to the Dark Knight “We’re almost to the Gotham City Fairgrounds, aren’t we?”

“Yes,” confirmed Batman.

“Do you need chocolate?” asked Harry.

“I’m fine,” said Batman.

“Here take it,” said Harry as he held out the chocolate.
“I said I’m fine,” argued Batman in a stoic tone.

“You need it,” argued Harry in a firm voice.

“I am fine,” countered Batman and at this moment, a look of annoyance crossed Harry’s face.

Batgirl looked at Harry and then to Batman. She had a serious look on her face. “You better take that chocolate before he pries open your mouth and forces it down your throat. “

At her mentor’s stubborn look, she added. “And I’d help him do it.”

Without another argument, Batman took the chocolate and ate it.

It did make him feel a bit more clear headed, not that he’d admit that.

Harry moved over and looked at Kara.

“Kara,” whispered Harry in Kryptonian to his wife.

Kara looked at him as she responded in the same language. “Yes.”

“You know what we have to do,” said Harry.

“I know,” replied Kara. “And I know you wouldn’t do it without a good reason.”

‘Yeah, this isn’t going to get us many friends,’ thought Kara.

“Stay strong, we’re almost there,” whispered Harry. “Keep up, we got to end this.”

“What are you talking about?” asked Batgirl but she had a strange hunch that she was not going to get a straight answer.

“Worry about Crane,” said Kara.

Batgirl just turned as she fought through the haze.

‘All of those people, they’re just empty,’ thought Batgirl. ‘I can’t... Crane’s a monster. And those two know it, and...’

Her thoughts faded.

“We need back up, if there’s any back up left,” breathed Commissioner Gordon as he slumped against the squad car, his eyes glazed open. “This is how I’m going to die, I can’t even see what’s killing me. “

The Commissioner paused as he took a ragged breath. “What I wouldn’t give for a nice bullet to the head.”

He could almost feel several cold hands coming down at him but a large white shape shot out of nowhere, before made him drop down.

“Alright there?” asked a voice as Gordon cleared his head and he saw a black haired man look at him. “A friend of yours said you might need a hand or wand so he sent me along.”

“Yeah, I’ll be fine, if nearly four decades on the police force didn’t kill me already,” said Gordon as he pulled himself to his feet. “Do I know you?”
“Name’s Sirius Black, International Magic Man of Mystery, my card,” said Sirius before he reached into his robe. “Oh well, I seemed to have left them in my other robe.”

“Well at least we have someone else who can help deal with these things,” said Gordon as he took a bite of chocolate. “James Gordon, Commissioner of the Gotham City Police Department. My doctor’s going to love me after this mission.”

“I’d imagine,” said Sirius as he shuffled from foot to foot and the haze left Gordon, as he studied Black intensely.

“You’re not the same Sirius Black that was convicted for mass murderer years ago over in the United Kingdom, are you?” asked Gordon in a collected voice. “Because you resemble him.”

Sirius responded. “No, I’m his twin. We were named the same you see. Our mother had issues. Sirius was the bad twin, I was the good twin.”

Gordon looked dubious, but decided that now was not the time to argue.

“Well whatever your story is, your help couldn’t come at a better time,” muttered Gordon. “You wouldn’t know someone named Potter, would you?”

“Oh Harry Potter, he’s my godson, but that’s beside the point,” said Sirius as he felt the chill return. “Not nearly as bad as Azkaban, but…we got to keep moving. Where’s Harry?”

Gordon filled in Sirius on the story. Sirius reached over and picked up a box of donuts left on the car, before he began to eat them.

“Mmm, fascinating,” managed Sirius in between bites of the donuts. “Yeah, let’s see what we can do. Dementors are a nasty business, although these don’t seem to be as bad, yet.”

The more James Gordon knew, the less he liked. He almost felt safe and secure in the insanity that was Gotham City compared to where these people came from.

The bodies were on the streets were disturbing, several paramedics moved around but many looked like they were in need of some medical attention.

“Don’t be alarmed!” shouted Sirius as he sent his Patronus into the street once again. “So where did you say this Scarecrow was…”

“Gotham City Fair Grounds, it’s three blocks from here,” said Gordon.

“I’ll send another one down the street, before I leave, I’m going to see if my godson needs any help,” said Sirius.

“Yes,” said Gordon in agreement.

“This place reeks of dark energy,” growled Etrigan. “Your hunch was sound, Crane has the totem here. Now let’s rip it from his foul hands.”

“Keep it together,” muttered Batman. “We’re almost there…”

Harry stepped forward into the mist. He felt the chill of the Dementors. Kara walked next to him, arm draped over his back and shivered as he helped her move.

“Everyone alright,” said Harry.
“They’re not alright,” said Etrigan. “You better end this soon or this entire city will be buried. More people will be turned in those foul things.”

“Just give me a minute to open the door,” said Batman.

Harry stepped around him and held out his wand, before the door clicked open. “Trust me, we don’t have a minute.”

“I know you’re here,” whispered a sadistic voice. “Poor deluded children, thinking you could stop me.”

“Crane, Morgaine le Faye is using you as a puppet!” yelled Batman.

It was so silent. “She’s the one who is my puppet, Batman. I knew of her intentions, but her power will be mine and I will engulf the entire world. All will experience horrors on a grand scale.”

“He’s mixing the fear toxin with the Phobos Totem,” muttered Batgirl as she felt flushed. “I…”

Batgirl staggered against the wall, along with Robin and Nightwing.

“I have an antidote for Crane’s latest strain…” started Batman.

‘Not sure how much good it will do us,’ thought Batman. ‘This is what I feared. One day, one of these people would go too far.’

“Forget them, just bust down the doors,” said the demon as he held a hand up and knocked the doors down with fury.

Everyone stopped and looked at site above them. The Scarecrow floated in the air above them. A black cloak was wrapped around his form and mist swirled around him. He had grown three times his normal size and the totem cradled in his hands.

Scarecrow said not one word, but he waved his hand, as the air was devoid of any sound whatsoever.

Everyone remained cold and rigid, as Batgirl, Robin, and Nightwing collapsed to the ground. With all her determination, Kara managed to fight it but she was overwhelmed by the influx of horrible memories, as sweat poured down her face.

Harry saw several Dementors glide right toward him, directed by the Scarecrow.

“EXPECTO PATRONUM!” shouted Harry but his hand was numb and he could barely hold his wand. “EXPECTO PATRONUM…”

Etrigan growled and fought the Dementors. The creatures had swarmed him, but were thrown right off, as the Patronus spell ran them off.

Scarecrow rose in the air. He could feel the fear. He could taste their worst memories and the power was amplified.

A Batarang spiraled at Scarecrow, but the explosion barely caused the Master of Fear to flinch, as Batman crawled towards him.

“Your toys might have worked on me previously,” rattled the Scarecrow, his cold breath in Batman’s face. “This statue has evolved me to an entirely new level. I’m no longer a master of
fear, but a God of Fear.”

With one last ditch effort, Batman threw himself but he collapsed before he reached Crane.

“Potter, hold it together, we’re the only two left!” growled Etrigan as he punched out several Dementors.

Harry stood there, transfixed, as he imagined a world where the Dementors had overrun it. Every last man, woman, and child lost their souls to these monsters. His best was not enough and all he knew was lost.

He gave his head a shake.

‘Not real,’ thought Harry. ‘Face them Harry, you’ve beat them before.’

Harry forced himself to move forward and face the Scarecrow.

“Child, your fears do amuse me,” laughed Scarecrow. “And soon they will become all too real. And…”

Harry blocked out his next words.

With every single happy memory he could muster, thrown together at once, Harry raised his wand.

“EXPECTO PATRONUM!”

Scarecrow stopped and was overwhelmed, weakened.

Everyone around began to feel the warmth and the created creatures disappeared.

Kara stirred herself awake and basked in the light. It was no yellow sun but it pulled her out of her hazed and weakened state. The warmth she felt had brought her around.

The others started to stir around her.

Yet, Scarecrow still had the Phobos Totem in his hands and held it close, as he backed up the stairs.

“Mine, the power is mine,” ranted Professor Jonathan Crane.

Harry cleared several steps at once in an attempt to get to Crane. He saw his wife watch him out of the corner of his eye, mouth a gap for reasons he had no clear idea as to why.

The Scarecrow laughed. Just before a blast of orange light struck the statue that was held in the Scarecrow’s hand.

A loud crack echoed and the Phobos Totem broke.

Then Scarecrow’s mind broke as all of the horrors he caused reflected back into his own mind. Crane staggered, as his heart stopped and he fell down with a huge thud.

Batman pulled himself up and he locked eyes with Harry. Harry pulled himself down.

“I don’t hear a heartbeat,” said Kara as she held out her ear to use her super hearing to listen for a heartbeat. “He’s dead, Harry saved us.”
Batman confirmed this. Then he pulled away looked off into the shadows, an unreadable expression on his face.

“Yes, I saved us,” added Harry.

“You…killed him,” said Batman in a low voice.

Harry just remained immobile. His voice was matter of fact, even if he regretted the necessity of what he had to do “I had to.”

‘Crane brought this upon himself,’ thought Harry.

Harry felt drained but then again, he performed one of the most powerful bits of magic. At least he remained on his feet.

“Crane did this to himself,” said Batgirl as she looked Batman directly in the eye.

“How many?” asked Kara as she looked at Batman, her arms folded. “How many did you let die tonight, because you couldn’t pull the trigger on him yourself?”

She grabbed Harry’s hand but was far from finished. “And you’re going to demonize my husband because he took a step that you were too much of a coward to take. Harry didn’t do this out of some heartless gesture. He did it to save everyone.”

Batman ignored her.

“Potter took the only proper step,” added Etrigan. “The kindest thing for Crane as well, because that kind of dark magic taints all but the most noble of souls.”

There was still no response for Batman.

Nightwing stepped over Crane's body and walked over to Batman.

“Bruce, it’s…I know what you think,” said Nightwing in a low voice. “Harry had no choice.”

“There’s always a choice,” responded Batman in a rough voice.

Nightwing sighed. “You know, it’s not the fact that he broke the rule that’s bugging you. It’s the fact he was completely justified in doing so.”

“Tell Gordon that Crane died of a heart attack,” said Batman after a moment’s pause.

“Well, it’s not exactly a lie,” said Robin as he moved over, as chocolate was passed around. Batman turned and remained in the shadows. He made a vow to bring people to justice, not be an executioner.

Every single year it got much harder. Yet, he had to prove to the world that his way worked.

The question he asked himself many times so far.

Did he do it because he felt like there was a chance for them to get better? Or did he do so because he thought that he would become as bad as the people who he brought in?

Harry and Kara walked over, as she felt the warm yellow sunlight return to her.
“The witch knows what happened,” growled Etrigan. “She came out of hiding, be on your guard. She’s not going to let this one go down easily.”

Inside the Gotham City Clocktower, Mordred looked out into the city from his position and turned to his mother, an expression of agitation appearing on his face. “Another failed plan, Mother?”

“Hardly,” muttered the sorceress as she looked out into Gotham City. “I had suspected that there is a chance that the statue would overwhelm Crane before he could complete our mission.”

The young prince turned and scowled. Once again he had been denied his kingdom.

“All is not lost, Mordred,” said le Faye as she held her hands. “Once I activated the statue, I took a fraction of its power. The power will be sufficient to finish Crane’s work….”

The woman paused as her amulet gave her a warning.

“The demon, he draws near,” muttered le Faye as she watched. “I must move quickly.”

Le Faye set up the enchantment, but Mordred spotted something in the air.

The young would be ruler looked, eyes narrowed. There were two figures.

One was a dark haired teenager with green eyes dressed in a combination of black, gold, and red, with a shirt and pants. He spotted a wand on the person.

The other was flying girl with long blond hair and blue eyes. She wore a red shirt that exposed her midriff area and a blue jacket, along with workout pants the mixture of the two colors. She carried the boy in the air.

“So, this is who is sent to stop my kingdom?” asked Mordred. “Some foolish wand user and a flying girl?”

Morgaine held her hand out as the wall burst opened, as Etrigan, Kara, and Harry arrived to met them.

“I’ll get the witch, you handle her brat,” growled Etrigan, as he moved to engage Morgaine.

The sorceress opened her hand and several shadow creatures materialized.

“These things cannot stop me forever,” growled the demon as he fought them.

“Merely a diversion,” she retorted.

Kara and Harry turned to face Mordred.

Mordred looked them over with disdain. “You two are out of your league. What do you think you can do to me?”

Harry was instantly reminded of a younger and somehow more pompous version of Draco Malfoy.

He had no idea such a thing was possible.

“We’re going to put your smug little butt right in a corner where it belongs,” retorted Kara as she stared down the little brat with determination.
“You’d do well to show your future king some respect, peasants,” replied Mordred as the couple moved in but the child had a few tricks up his sleeve.

A blast of magical energy knocked both Harry and Kara off balance and nearly out of the open window.

“Okay, let’s try that one again,” said Harry trying for an attack, but he had to dodge, as Mordred now had a large sword and he swung it at them.

“You should have stayed down when you had the chance!” taunted Mordred as he moved to attack both of them with the sword. “You will all bow down before your new King….”

“Oh, I’ll crown you alright, your majesty,” hissed Kara, as her eyes glowed and a heat blast nailed the sword.

The hopeful king screamed like a little girl out in absolute pain and dropped the super-heated metal.

“You can’t do this to…” started Mordred but he was interrupted when Kara flicked him into the wall with one finger as Harry used a trip jinx on him.

The combination attack had taken Mordred out.

“She’s starting the spell all over again,” whispered Harry as he looked down at Mordred who was dazed. “We’ve got to stop her.”

“Can you?” asked Kara.

“No,” replied Harry as he still felt drained from fighting the Scarecrow. He inclined his head to the downed Mordred. “There’s another way.”

Morgaine le Faye watched as her spell nearly concluded. “So once again, you have been humiliated and now you will be my son’s first royal execution.”

“I wouldn’t be so sure, witch,” growled Etrigan as he fought off the shadow creatures.

“Yes, because I’m still here,” said a voice and Morgaine turned around.

“The famous Harry Potter, if I’m not mistaken,” said the sorceress in a dry and indifferent voice.

“Yes, you have heard of me” replied Harry as he held his wand, ready to defend himself. “So, Morgaine le Faye, funnily enough you don’t look anything like your Chocolate Frog Card.”

“That was one of my many imposters throughout the years,” said le Faye but she remained cool. “So you think you can stop me when that fool of a demon could not. You cannot hope to match my power.”

“Oh, we agree on that,” replied Harry. “You’re going to stop that spell you know.”

Morgaine looked at Harry. “And what makes you certain I’ll just cave into your demands?”

The Boy-Who-Lived just smirked and pointed skywards.

“No,” gasped Morgaine. “Mordred!”

Kara was several hundred feet up in the air and she had Mordred suspended by his cape.
“Put my son down immediately,” demanded Morgaine.

“That would be a nasty fall,” remarked Harry and Morgaine held her hand up. “You know as well as I do if you blast my wife, then your son goes down with her.”

There was a moment of silence.

“You could finish the spell to create a kingdom but it won’t have a ruler in it.”

The sorceress looked at the young wizard with disdain. “You won’t kill him, you’re bluffing.”

Harry just smiled and whispered. “Okay, Kara.”

His wife’s super hearing picked up that one and she let Mordred’s slip slightly out of her grasp.

“Wait!” yelled Morgaine as she looked up as Mordred dangled precariously over the streets of Gotham City. “Bring him down safely and I’ll reverse the spell. I’ll stop it completely.”

“Stop the spell right now, and you get your son back,” replied Harry. “I give you my word you get him back if you give me yours you’re stopping the spell.”

She looked at Harry and looked at her son. “I’m stopping the spell now.”

“You’re really stopping the spell?” prompted Harry with a look at her.

“Yes,” answered le Faye.

Harry looked at her. “Do you swear on your son’s life?”

“Yes,” said Morgaine le Faye through her gritted teeth as she held her hand up. “I’ve done so and it can never be started up again, now tell your mate to release my son.”

“Told you she’d go for it,” muttered Harry as he looked up and Kara flew down, Mordred held underneath her. The child looked rather sick.

“Take him,” said Kara as she dropped Mordred down and he landed in a puddle of mud.

Morgaine tended to her son who was filthy with a bloodied nose, as the Demon had fought her shadow creatures.

She sent a bolt of light at the super powered couple, but a shield blocked most of it.

“Okay, that was a cheap shot!” yelled Kara as she flew towards them.

The exit portal had caused Morgaine and Mordred to disappear.

“Missed her again,” said Etrigan. “But she’s telling the truth, she stopped the spell.”

“So, the Dementors are gone for good?” asked Harry.

Etrigan responded with a sadistic round of laughter.

“You could only be so fortunate,” replied the demon. “The ones that have been created are still out there doing the bidding of that cheater of fate Voldemort. Yet, no more can be created. And now I take my leave.”

Jason Blood reappeared where the demon had once stood.
“There you are Harry!” yelled Sirius as he popped up.

“Oh, hi, Sirius, fancy meeting you here,” said Harry with a smile towards his godfather.

“Hi Sirius,” said Kara with a smile.

“Hi Kara,” said Sirius as he took a look around. “Busy night?”

“You have no idea,” replied Harry.

“Well, I seemed to have missed the party, there was a lot of trouble on the streets,” replied Sirius. “So…tell me what happened?”

“He can fill you in later,” said Blood as he peered off into the distance. “Right now, I believe Batman wants to have a word with the two of you.”

“While I thought the situation could have gone better, le Faye and Mordred are both gone and Crane…well we all know what happened,” summarized Batman, as the assembled group stood in the Batcave.

“I know you’re not happy about this,” said Harry. “But I did what I had to do.”

“Only you know if you can handle making such a decision,” replied the Dark Knight. “You did save lives, but many others were lost tonight because of the Scarecrow.”

“We won’t have to deal with Crane anymore,” said Batgirl who was not about to shed any tears over the man’s death.

Blood spoke up. “I found myself most impressed about the way that you handled le Faye. I had feared that you would go in for a fair fight and she would outmatch you. Yet, you both came up with a plan that forced her hand.”

“Thanks,” replied Harry.

“There may be things that I can teach you yet, Harry,” said Blood. “I may be in touch before too long. But I must see if I can track down le Faye.”

Blood exited from the Batcave.

“You two can leave, we will resume your training on Saturday,” said Batman as he turned to the computer.

The couple left and Sirius followed them down the side tunnel.

“So, Harry, you had no choice but to kill him, then,” said Sirius.

“Yes, Sirius,” replied Harry.

“Crane caused my friend nightmares for months and months,” said Kara. “He’s done other things and…you know, I wonder how many people will sleep easy even if he’s gone.”

“I know, my parents would be disappointed in me, but I’m not them Sirius,” said Harry.

“Harry, your parents…well there were times where they had to take a life,” said Sirius.
He had inclined his head up to listen at that one.

“Lily and James, they had to take out more than a few Death Eaters and if they were pushed, they could get lethal,” continued Sirius. “The one time, Lily saw Death Eaters assaulting a young girl, maybe eight or nine…they didn’t live long enough to regret it. And James would have done something if Lily didn’t get there first.”

“I’d imagine Dumbledore was real thrilled when he found out,” mused Harry.

“Well he did give them the, these people deserve redemption lecture,” said Sirius.

“How did they take that one?” asked Kara.

“Where do you think Harry gets his anger from?” asked Sirius.

“I’m past that, Sirius,” replied Harry.

“Yeah, Harry….we’ve worked through a lot of those issues,” said Kara.

“And as your godfather, I approve,” said Sirius. “I’d tell you not to do anything I wouldn’t do…”

“Awfully short list isn’t it?” asked Harry and Sirius laughed.

“And, you’re adults, so you can do anything you want,” said Sirius. “But never mind that, I really wanted to ask you about something…Tonks has been missing since she dropped you guys off.”

Harry and Kara both stopped at that.

“Do you have any idea where she might have gone?” asked Sirius.

“Maybe, Bellatrix got to her,” muttered Harry in a worried tone.

“No, Bella would make it a public spectacle if she killed Tonks,” said Sirius as he shuddered. “It’s just…there are other people out there…if Andromeda hadn’t been blasted off the family tree, I would know for sure.”

“Can’t you just make a new one or something?” asked Kara.

“Not that simple I’m afraid, it takes months,” replied Sirius. “I was hoping you had some kind of idea.”

“No, but we’ll figure out something,” said Harry as he wondered where Tonks could have gone. Then again, she was an Auror, so she might be on an extended case.

He hoped.

Sirius took out the box of donuts and finished them.

“Are those…” started Harry but Kara just looked at Sirius and the donuts, and began to laugh.

“So, long night, Bullock,” muttered Gordon.

“Yeah, but all of the men on this squad pulled through,” said Bullock as he paced back down the street. “Crane dropped dead of a heart attack, they said.”

“Fear induced,” agreed Gordon in a somber tone. “All of those people…they’re still alive but…”
“Hey, we managed to save a lot of them, Commish,” replied the detective as he turned around to the car where he set his box of donuts.

Yet there were no donuts on the car.

“Alright, who’s the wise guy who did this?” demanded Bullock in outrage.

The Joker was back to his normal insane self and sat in Arkham Asylum, as he looked out where the guards had returned. The news of their fellow inmate’s untimely death had reached them all.

Arkham’s number one guest felt he should say something.

“Everyone a moment of silence, for the demise of the Scarecrow,” said the Joker as he held up a hand but then shook his head before he spoke again. “Actually I never liked the guy, so that’s long enough. Let the bastard rot.”

He paused, before he spoke once more. “I call dibs on his stuff.”

The sadistic villain’s laughter can be heard all throughout Arkham Asylum.

Batman sat at his computer, as he went over the footage he had recorded of the day’s battle. Most of it was difficult to piece together. Even his top of the line equipment had faltered slightly in such magic.

“So, are you quite done in there, Master Bruce?” asked Alfred. “The same clip from an hour ago.”

“Potter killed Crane,” said the Detective as he watched the clip and slowed it down. “He said there was no other way.”

Alfred remained in the background. “Was there another way?”

There was a long pause and one reluctant answer given.

“No.”

Batman studied the clip one final time. Everything he could have thought of, it would have only stalled the inevitable.

He regretted the necessity that a sixteen year old had to make such a decision. If Harry had not been there and had not been able to make that action, Batman would not have lived to analyze what had occurred.

‘Both of them, they are willing to kill if it means saving others. This could really prove to be a headache. Yet, both show regret at the necessity but no sympathy given the party. Could they go down the slippery slope that many have fallen down? Not right now. I will have to monitor them carefully and take steps in the event everything goes wrong.’

He decided not to tell Superman about this. It would only complicate matters.

“I believe dinner would be in order, Alfred,” said Batman as he stood up from the chair, as thoughts of what occurred visited him.

A hotel room in one of the better parts of Gotham had Harry sat on the couch in the room, as he
rested from the battle. He was mostly better but it had been a long day. Sirius continued to poke around to see if he could find anything about Tonks.

The bathroom door opened and Kara exited from the room, wrapped in nothing, but a towel. The towel was tied at the top of her breasts and reached down to an inch or two below her hips. She turned to the mirror and swayed her hips as she looked at her long hair.

“Yeah, I like it better long,” said Kara with a smile.

“It suits you well,” said Harry. “And the towel does too.”

She glided towards Harry, and their lips met in a kiss. After a long time, they parted. “Well I didn’t want to wait too long.”

She shifted and sat on Harry’s lap, with a comb in her hand, as she tried to get the tangles out of her hair.

“Thanks for charming this not to break,” said Kara.

“Anything for you, my love,” said Harry with a smile, as she twisted on his lap and the towel seemed to be dangerously close to losing to the forces of gravity.

“Good thing my hair’s long, it’s a pain to cut,” continued Kara. “Rather scientific process and I don’t really like having to break mirrors when I botch it. Although I’m rather confused about that entire seven years bad luck thing, you know when you break a mirror.”

“Did you really break many mirrors?” asked Harry.

She shrugged. “I just think it’s silly, besides I’m with you, so it’s all good.”

Harry wrapped his arms around her, as she leaned back.

“Not too bad of a place, once you worked your magic,” said Kara.

“I tried the best I could,” said Harry.

“Well you did better than most would,” she responded. “Good my hair’s fixed, in time for us to mess it up again….if you’re up to it.”

“Did you have to ask?” asked Harry.

Kara gazed fondly into his eyes and then they traveled a bit lower to see what had been pitched. “I’d figured you’d be stimulated. Let’s make some new happy memories.”

**Smut/Lemon Begins.**

Kara slipped her hand down Harry’s pants as her towel dropped to the ground. Her hand worked down into his pants and started to play with his balls. She fondled them as Harry reached around and massaged the top of her breasts. This spurred Kara to reach up as she stroked him some more.

She pulled his pants and boxers off quickly. His penis sprang out to almost smack her in the face. Her tongue licked it like a lollipop and then placed her mouth around his cock.

Harry leaned back and grabbed her head, to push her down, to stroke her hair. Kara bobbed down on his length she took him deep into her throat.
“Kara,” hissed Harry in Parseltongue, feeling her throat muscles massage his throbbing cock.

Kara locked onto his eyes with a lustful look as her throat worked over him. Her eyes locked onto his added to the fun. Both hands from the blonde were placed on his balls. They groped and fondled them. She continued to suck him as she maintained eye contact. Harry played with her breasts and this caused her to speed up.

Her legs dangled into the air and her lips wrapped around his shaft. She continued to stimulate Harry. This lasted for several minutes, as she sucked, her head bobbing up and down with his penis deep in the blonde girl’s throat.

“Going to blow my load,” whispered Harry.

Kara used her throat control to continue to squeeze Harry and this caused the wizard to lose it. His organ shuddered inside her throat cavity and sent spurt after spurt of semen down her throat.

She swallowed it and looked up, allowing some to dribble out of her mouth. She then licked her lips clean and pulled herself up.

“Ready to taste my pussy again Harry?” teased Kara as she floated in the air, legs and elbows bent. Harry responded by placing his fingers in and he began to lick her swollen lips. “Yeah, that’s the stuff.”

Harry built it up as his licks got a bit faster. Then he slowed down. He reached around and cupped her breasts while she was in midair.

His licks sped up as he ate her out. Her breath became more labored as she rested her ankles atop his shoulders. His tongue swirled around on the inside of her; as he savored every little bit of her and the scent of her caused him to be inspired.

Harry vibrated his tongue into her moist center at a quicker speed.

“Rao almighty, keep doing that!” shouted Kara as Harry speed up and she soaked him completely. She nearly lost her ability to fly because of that, but Harry managed to catch her.

Harry proceeded to kiss her legs, as he cradled Kara in his arms. He grew a few inches since the marriage and the blonde fit in his arms. She was still taller not that Harry minded.

Just more skin to stroke and kiss as he peppered her with kisses all the way down her and pushed his tongue right into her belly button. Kara rocked back and forth, as she breathed heavily.

“Harry, fuck me, I need you inside me,” whispered Kara, as Harry lowered her to the ground.

“Good thing that I need to be inside of you,” said Harry, as he felt himself throb with desire. Kara laid on the ground, her legs in the air, spread. Harry remained on the couch and pushed right down into her

“Oooh, my man knows how to please me,” breathed Kara as Harry proceeded to increase his tempo slightly. She squeezed him as he thrust into her. His balls filled up but he continued to work her over.

“Well, my woman does know just as well,” said Harry, as Kara worked him over. His penis twitched in the inside of her walls. Harry reached down on the outside of her vagina and slowly rubbed her. His fingers became damp from the moisture. Then he brought the juices up and inserted them into his own mouth.
“Harry, I fucking you feeding off me like that!” cried Kara as she felt herself tighten around him. Harry did so again as he savored them as the affect was mutual.

“Your tight Kryptonian Pussy around me feels so great,” whispered Harry as she continued to clench him, as she rose up and down, as he trusted deep as he could allow. “Dream me was right, super powered Kryptonian pussy is the best.”

“Isn’t it the only one you had?” panted Kara as she clenched as tight as she could allow. Her heat vision flared up but she just let it go this time, given this time Harry prepared the room with some anti-flame charms. The heat blast harmlessly hit the wall.

“The only type that could ever please me,” whispered Harry as he managed to drive her to the breaking point once again. “See the monster you created, my love.”

Her heat vision hit the ceiling as he continued to pump his cock deep into her.

“Yes, I love it, fuck me harder, I want to see if you can hurt me with that thing,” whispered Kara. “All of that power, that Patronus, that made me so fucking horny.”

Harry brought her to the brink and she shuddered with the super powered orgasm.

“About ready for me?” asked Harry as he slowed down a little bit.

“Shoot your cum into my wet Kryptonian pussy!” screamed Kara as she clenched and Harry sped up, before rubbed himself right to completion.

Harry felt the sweet pleasure of ejaculating right inside her.

After Harry removed himself, he slid straight down to the floor, his face laid on her chest.

Kara reached around, as Harry’s chin rested on her cleavage. With a smirk, she pushed his head down right onto her chest. She turned Harry over onto his back on the floor.

She backed off on her hands and knees. Hair draped over her forehead, Kara crawled right towards Harry. The wizard lay back as she crawled towards him. Her tongue stuck out and she touched him.

Her tongue stuck out and touched his penis a few more times. Harry felt himself twitch back to life.

Kara sat herself atop Harry's pelvis and leaned down. She latched her lips onto his, as she grinded her wet pussy right onto his penis.

He swelled right up to his full size, as Kara pushed herself right up. She hovered over Harry.

“Hungry?” asked Kara, as she scooped some of her juices out of her moist center.

Harry took the treat and Kara fed him her own cum. Her pussy lips scraped against the tip of his penis in midair.

Then at the next moment, she held his cock and spread her legs, before she pushed down onto him. Her pussy enveloped around his cock, creating an absolutely heavenly feeling for Harry.

Harry found himself and he trusted his hips up, as Kara rode him and chanted his name. Her breasts bounced with her increased tempo. Harry reached for her tits and grabbed them.

“Touch them, squeeze them, my breasts belong to you, my emerald eyed angel!” squealed Kara as Harry kept up his efforts. “Worship my super tits!”
Harry continued to fondle them. He was gaining more confidence and gained understanding of the best areas to touch, to send the right signals to Kara’s pleasure centers. The girl’s moans and squeals, as she bounced, and her pussy tightening around his penis indicated he hit the notes.

“Cumming, oh my, sweet love of, just cumming,” babbled Kara as her Patronus fueled high from earlier was being burned off.

Her juices soaked him as Harry continued to trust up.

“Keep fueling my Patronus,” encouraged Harry.

Kara once again tightened around Harry and Harry gave several trusts. She grabbed his balls and fondled them.

He could not give a warning this time, as he exploded. Kara found herself pleased with the surprise as he ejaculated heavily.

"His magic must be amplifying his sperm count," thought Kara in a haze.

Kara pulled herself off of Harry as he breathed.

“Got a couple more rounds in you?” asked Kara with a grin, as her lips glistened in their combined juices and eyes widened.

“Yeah,” said Harry.

“Tits or feet?” asked Kara.

Harry gave it a moment of thought. “Tits tonight.”

Kara just smirked. She floated in mid-air before turned upside down. She reached down and grabbed Harry’s penis and gave it some strokes. She smiled as it hardened once again.

Harry saw as Kara looked down right at him, upside down in mid-air. She grabbed his penis and placed it firmly between her wondrous cleavage.

Kara elevated herself up slightly. Then she elevated herself down slightly. His penis nestled firmly between her breasts, as she squeezed them together. His penis slid in and out of her cleavage. She gave it little licks as it reappeared.

“Tit fuck me, baby,” whispered Harry as he felt his penis being worked over by her lovely mounds. “Oh, bloody hell, super tits, the best, they just feel so good on my cock.”

Kara felt some amount of devious satisfaction that she wrecked her husband for any other non Kryptonian women. She felt even more satisfaction as his penis was buried in her breasts.

“Ooh, I like this, your cock, anywhere on my body, it doesn’t matter,” she breathed as she felt him twitch. She chanted like a sex crazed cheerleader. “Cum, cum, cum!”

She continued to squeeze him.

“Right over my tits, shoot your spunk all over me, I want them covered in a coat of your seed!” encouraged Kara.

“Cumming!” yelled Harry, as he shot upwards into her cleavage. The cum continued to spurt into her cleavage. Kara held her hands so it did not drop onto the floor, before she flipped herself in
mid-air and let it splatter onto her stomach.

She scrapped the seed and stuck it in her mouth. Harry rolled over and watched her feed her face.

“Might stick to just this diet,” breathed Kara, as she rocked back and forth, her pussy glistening and presented towards him. “One more round.”

“One more round,” agreed Harry, as he looked at her. Their eyes locked in their passion.

Kara scooped Harry up in her arms and flew him into the next room where a bed awaited. She blew the covers off of the bed and placed Harry down. She sat down right each other.

They both looked at each other and both jumped each other to see who would be on top. Harry managed to retrieve his wand with a calculating grin.

“Hey, tickling charm, that’s no fair!” laughed Kara, as she had been rendered helpless.

“All’s fair in love and war, Kara,” said Harry as he looked at her and sat on her midsection, his growing erection poking against her belly button. He hovered his hands over her breasts. Then he added with a calculating grin. “Would you rather me use the Patronus?”

“I don’t want to fly your butt to the hospital for dehydration and a broken pelvis!” cackled Kara tears rolling down her cheeks in laughter, as Harry rubbed her breasts and performed the counter spell, just as he stuck his tongue into her once again.

The vibrations in her core once again caused Kara to be helpless and at the mercy of the Parseltongue abilities of Harry Potter.

Harry felt pleasure in the fact that he reduced the powerful blonde heroine to a babbling incoherent. She reached her climax and Harry sucked all of her delicious fluids down. Kara continued to babble.

“Use words, Kara, I can’t understand b…m…f…h…ta…fa,” remarked Harry with a grin. “No matter how sexy they sound out of your pretty mouth.”

“FUCK ME NOW!” yelled Kara.

“That I understood,” muttered Harry, as he spread her lips and he aimed his penis. As simply as taking a breath, Harry slid right into her with ease.

Once again, Harry found himself right inside her. His hands pressed right onto her breasts as he continued to work her over.

Kara pushed herself right up and felt him continue to pump right into her.

“One,” said Harry, as he felt her loose it once again. Her walls became slicker, as he continued to pump right into her delicious cunt. She clenched and squeezed him with her powerful pussy muscles.

He brought her to another orgasm. “Two.”

Kara panted as Harry leaned forward and flicked his tongue on her nipples. Sweat covered her body and rolled down her, as her moans intensified.

“Three,” said Harry as he felt her soaked.
“Fuck, cum, Harry, please,” whispered Kara.

‘Great, Rao, we’re up to Honeymoon night levels,’ thought Kara as she felt Harry pound her with determination ‘You did it Kara.’

“Four,” managed Harry, as he staved off his release despite the fact she tried to rub him into submission with her tightness. “Kara, how many times on our honeymoon?”

"S-six,” stammered Kara as she panted. “But I need it now, I can’t…ooh, that feels so good.

Kara started to float right off of the bed, but Harry held his hands to prevent her from taking flight. She hovered, as the wizard continued to hit every inch of her.

“Five, I believe,” said Harry as he felt her orgasm once more.

Kara was both excited and determined to win this little game. Her breasts heaved and swayed, as Harry captured them in his mouth.

“You want to cum, you know you want to,” breathed Kara as her body felt absolutely in a state of bliss. She reached up and stroked Harry’s back. Harry just responded as he continued to slowly thrust into her.

Kara realized she was making it snow as her ice breath flew out of her mouth.

“Number six,” managed Harry, as Kara really seemed determine to beat him.

“Tied, but not beaten, now cum,” whispered Kara, as she squeezed her legs. She rubbed her muscles against his penis and felt it touch every bit inside her. “You know you want to cum right in me. My tight Kryptonian pussy, inside, blow it into me! Shoot your load into my powerful cunt! Harry, baby, fuck me, come for me, cum inside me!”

Harry felt his balls tighten and Kara’s felt herself nearly brought to the point once again.

They both climaxed simultaneously. Both collapsed from the exertion. Harry's balls drained completely into her and Kara laid back.

“Seven,” murmured Harry.

“No, I beat you,” said Kara. “I so made you shoot your load before I hit seven.”

“Too close to call,” he muttered. “Going to have to try again.”

Kara’s mouth went into an ear to ear grin. She decided not to let Harry know that they jumped straight into sex without that much foreplay in Vegas.

**SMUT/LEMON ENDS.**

The Last Daughter of the House of El of Krypton and the Last Son of the House of Potter of Earth embraced each other, as they held their arms around each other. Secure in the love they held for each other and the feeling of belonging them found mutually in their union. They drifted off to sleep.
Muggle repelling barriers had been placed in a nice park in the city of Metropolis. Two teenagers sat on the grass against a tree.

“I’ve been studying your powers,” said Harry.

“Yeah,” prompted Kara, as she rested her head against his right shoulder.

“And, I’ve got some theories on how they work and how they could work better,” said Harry. “You’re actually on a pretty good track with them. You’re using them creatively as opposed to a blunt force.”

“I figured that out rather quick,” summarized Kara. “I mean, I’m all for punching someone in the face as much as the next person. But what if you go against someone who has a face that even someone like me can’t punch?”

“We’re on the same track them,” said Harry in a thoughtful manner. “Magic is the same way. You could try and stun someone or disarm them off the bat. Or go straight for the throat with the most dangerous curse you could think of.”

Harry let that sink in before he continued. “But what if you have five enemies or six or more? And all of them are more powerful than you and are able to block you?”

The girl nodded in understanding.

“Obviously, not the same exact thing, but it’s the same thing in some other ways,” said Harry. “Magic is all about intent and focus. Your abilities are based off of intent and focus. The yellow sunlight gives you your powers…it hasn’t really be proven what gives mine.”

“Do you have an idea?” asked Kara in a curious voice.
“Merely theories, no more foolish than the last,” said Harry. “Magic is just what it is. It exists, some can use it. Others can’t use it. Any kind of science really does die in the face of the insanity that is magic.”

“Yeah that makes sense,” said Kara. “I could get hit in the stomach with an entire round of bullets and barely flinch. One tickling charm and I’m helpless as we well know.”

Harry smiled, and wrapped his arms around her.

“Back to your powers, I’ve been seeing something with them, you tend to burn through a great deal of energy for very little,” said Harry. “I have the same problem with performing certain spells. It’s about trying to work up to a certain point. If you can do the same thing in half of the energy then do it.”

Kara nodded. “But I don’t feel weak…well most of the time…”

“You could feel stronger,” said Harry as he helped her up, before he waved his wand and three targets appeared. Then he put a shield around the area, so innocent bystanders wouldn’t get hit. “Right, you could take all of those out one by one rather easily, couldn’t you?”

“Piece of cake,” said Kara as her arms folded and turned her head to look at Harry. “I thought you were going to give me a real challenge.”

“Patience, my love, you’re going to like this,” said Harry. “I want you to take them all out at once and do it with the fraction of the power that you would one.”

Kara studied them intently. She tried to do the math in her head and took a deep breath.

A beam of heat vision shot out, and ricocheted off of one target, but the second target had barely got hit.

Frustration mounted from the last daughter of the House of El as she looked at her lack of progress.
“What did I do wrong?” asked Kara.

“You were on the right track,” said Harry as he adopted D.A. instructor mode. “You need to turn your head slightly to the right. You need to put your right foot before your left foot. And you need to intend to hit the targets. Don’t just do, but intend.”

The second time the girl followed Harry’s advice to the letter and succeeded. Her face broke out in a grin.

“I knew you could do it,” said Harry with a proud smile.

Kara nearly tackled Harry to the ground and kissed him in her excitement.

This went on for several minutes.

“That was awesome and I barely felt a tingle of energy,” breathed the girl happily after she broke the kiss. “When Kal tried to teach me, I think he….”

“Your cousin is a bit different from you of how his powers work,” said Harry. “There’s a science and a skill to them and creativity, but he’s more built for strength and size. You’re built for skill and stamina.”

“Just like someone else I know,” muttered the girl with a fond expression as they rolled over before they got into a sitting position.

The two enjoyed a quiet lunch in each other’s company. They had lessons with Batman and Blood had been meeting with Harry every now and again when he could.

Those lessons were rather slow going but Blood had told Harry not to be discouraged if he had not been able to grasp anything taught to him straight away. Magical education had changed. In the days of Camelot, there were no formal schools. It was not until Hogwarts where that started up and even then, the education was far different in the days of the Founders.

Harry felt that for the most part, he had gotten nonverbal spell casting down pat. Granted, there
were still charms he struggled with. It somewhat helped that the process was not overcomplicated and he could do things his way, as opposed to what was done at Hogwarts.

It did work well for most people he supposed but he always played by a different set of rules.

Lois looked at the notes she had taken, with a frown. The mysterious Harrison Radcliffe had remained such.

Then again, it was not as if Lex Luthor had given out much information as of late.

“Still on that one, Lois?” asked Clark as he popped up.

“Yes, I’m still on it,” said Lois with a fierce determination. When the reporter set her mind on something, she did have a single minded fixation to say the very least. “It’s really a problem, to find someone who technically doesn’t really exist?”

“Well he had to exist, I mean, he got his hands on the Lexcorp stock.”

“Well he does exist, it’s just this name didn’t exist until that three day period in Vegas,” said Lois. “It’s not like Luthor is going to admit that he’s worried about something. He’s been rather quiet as of late.”

Clark looked at her. “So you think he’s up to something?”

“Gee, Smallville, I don’t know, it’s Lex Luthor,” said the reporter in a sarcastic voice. “He’s always got his hands on something and he’s got some plan. And something tells me it’s not to steal forty cakes.”

“That would be terrible,” responded Clark.
“He’s not been in public lately, his little humiliation with Superman and Supergirl stung,” muttered Lois. “His…personal assistant…has been covering all of the press conferences. “

Lois used the finger quotes for two of those words.

“Obsessed as usual,” muttered Lois as she looked at what little information she uncovered without even blinking.

“Aren’t the best of us?” asked Clark with a smile.

“Yeah, well I’ve got more on the green eyed hero boy, from Vegas, the one that Superman snatched off of the street,” said Lois. “He’s been in Gotham City.”

She let this morsel of information sink in. “Why I don’t know. There were a lot of strange things there was of late. People dropped dead in the street and some of them are in comas. My source was less than forthcoming about the details.”

Clark just nodded.

“Something tells me that he might have stopped whatever happened,” summarized Lois. “What’s his story anyway?”

“I don’t…I really can’t help you Lois,” said Clark.

“Are you sure you aren’t holding out Clark?” asked Lois as she got to her feet to face her colleague. “It’s almost like you know something about green eyed hero boy.”

“Fine, you got me,” said Clark. “He’s a wizard from a magical boarding school in Scotland who has to save the world from an evil dark wizard.”

Lois just remained silent for a moment before she responded.
“Ask a stupid question,” muttered Lois as she looked over everything. “So you got anything going on lately or something? You seem preoccupied.”

“Well, my cousin’s going to stop by for a visit and…her friend,” said Clark after a pause.

Something told him that telling Lois that his seventeen year old cousin was now married was going to lead to a lot of questions that he would not feel comfortable with asking.

“Do you mean friend…friend or friend…as in something more than a friend?” questioned Lois, her curiosity mildly piqued.

Clark remained silent for a moment. “The latter.”

“Oh boy, well good luck with that one,” said Lois. “Please tell me you didn’t do anything stupid and give any threatening speeches involving shovels.”

“No,” said Clark in a calm voice.

“Oh that’s good, glad someone around here has sense,” said Lois and then she added, more to herself than Clark. “I really hope this story pays off rather soon. I hate going around in circles.”

The wind blew to scatter leaves in the streets of Metropolis as the couple walked down the street.

“Nice place,” muttered Harry as he had a look around.

“Too big and loud for me,” said Kara as she shook her head.

“Well to visit, maybe not necessarily live,” amended Harry, as he looked around. “Rather busy
Kara nodded, but her super hearing had heard someone drilling into a side of the building.

“Harry, I hear something,” whispered Kara, as she grabbed his hand and Harry followed.

She peered through the building through her X-Ray vision.

“Lead,” she muttered with a scowl but Harry had held his wand.

“Hang on, let’s see if I can transfigure it into something that’s not lead,” said Harry as he concentrated. “Easy does it…try now.”

The girl did as she saw several figures dressed in black garb with helmets as they entered the building.

“Intergang,” whispered Kara.

“What’s an Intergang?” asked Harry.

“Nothing good. “

She paused.

“Let’s break it up.”

They moved in dressed in street clothes.

Kara busted the locked door open and Harry followed her.
One of the members of Intergang turned around but a flick of Harry’s wand caused his arms and legs to snap together. Half of the gang members had been taken out by their combined forces before the other half had any idea what happened.

Right at that moment, the gang members began to fire their weapons. Large blasts of lasers had shot through the air at them. Kara pivoted and dove towards her attackers.

She blew on their weapons and caused the guns to freeze. They threw them down. Harry tripped them up as many of them scrambled out. A blasting hex nailed one of the thugs as he tried to charge Harry.

“Back up, we need back up, it’s the Kryptonian and some other kid,” whispered one of the Intergang members into a communicator.

Harry and Kara followed the few that escaped out but several people screamed.

A giant robot walked into the city and blasted a red laser at them. Several more laser blasts had caused them to take a step back. Both of them scattered from the impact.

They peeked out from the side of a car as they studied the robot.

“I’ll hit it low, you hit it high,” whispered Harry.

“Gotcha,” agreed Kara but loud sonic boom echoed over the city.

Superman had arrived immediately on the scene and moved to engage the robot in battle. The laser blast caught Superman in the chest but he pushed himself into battle. With several huge and dramatic punches, the Man of Steel knocked the robot right back away from civilians.

The robot staggered, before the Man of Steel had ripped open the robot, to pull out a pilot and then tossed his unconscious form out.

Kara turned and saw two men on the ledge right about her cousin. She immediately blasted off into the air and knocked them both off of their perches, before Harry slowed their descent to the ground.
There was a loud cheer from the crowd around them, as Superman was mobbed by fans and the members of the press.

Harry and Kara stood awkwardly to the side, as afterthoughts.

“People please, just doing my job,” said Superman as he waved off the press as he walked over to Harry and Kara. “Are you two alright?”

“Fine, Kal, I’m just fine,” said Kara as she turned her back slightly on him with a frown.

“What’s wrong?” asked Superman.

“Oh, nothing’s wrong, everything’s just fine,” said Kara. “Harry and I had that thing exactly where we wanted it…”

“I was just trying to help,” said Superman. “Besides, everyone was saved.”

“Yeah, they were,” said Kara who tried to maintain some degree of calmness. She was glad to see her cousin after all and no one seemed to be hurt.

She calmed herself down.

“Hey look, it’s Superman and his sidekick, Supergirl!” called someone.

Kara Potter was calm until she heard the “s-word”. Her fists clenched around a piece of debris in her hand. It crumbled to dust.

“What about the other one, Superman must have had more help. Wow, another sidekick.”

Kara wanted to crawl in a hole and die and Harry looked like he wanted to join her.
“Sidekick,” mouthed Harry, as he clenched his fists, hand on his wand, before he mentally counted to thirty.

“Don’t worry, I’ll straighten this out,” said Superman as he took a deep breath. “Guys, you don’t understand, they took care of the situation on their own, without me. I just gave them help…”

Yet people were unwilling to listen properly to that and started to yell their thanks to Superman and his sidekicks.

“Thanks a lot, Kal,” muttered Kara in a sarcastic voice.

“This isn’t my fault,” said Superman. “You…you were the one who was gung ho about being Supergirl and everything.”

Kara turned to him. “Yeah, when I was fifteen, I liked it. I’m not fifteen any more, I’m not some kid. I’m a grown woman. I’m my own person…and I don’t want to be known as just Superman’s cousin or his sidekick!”

“That’s not…” said Superman but Kara turned around and flew up and away, to get away from her cousin.

“You really have no idea what it’s like to live in someone else’s shadow, do you?” asked Harry.

Superman remained silent.

“You’ve made mistakes, yeah,” said Harry. “Figures Superman would make some super mistakes.”

“I’m really surprised that you didn’t hex me,” muttered Superman.

“Tempting,” said Harry before he added in a whisper that only Superman could hear. “I’ve made my feelings perfectly clear about hurting Kara.”
“Yes, you have,” agreed Superman but Harry turned away from him.

“We could have handled that but thanks still,” muttered Harry but he saw a woman out of the corner of his eye. “May I help you?”

“Lois Lane, Daily Planet,” said Lois as she looked at him. “You’re him aren’t you?”

“I’m who?” asked Harry.

“The green eyed hero, the same one that popped up in Las Vegas and Gotham City,” said Lois.

“Yes,” said Harry in a curt voice.

“So what’s your story?” asked Lois without preamble

Harry just looked at her before he responded. “Long.”

Lois frowned. He was playing the one word answer game.

Harry added after a few seconds. “I have to go, there was a misunderstanding, and I have to go comfort my wife.”

Lois Lane was rendered speechless at that last word.

“Green eyed boy…Supergirl…Vegas…of course…no wonder he acted that way.”

Suddenly, more things were clear but it raised many more questions.

The hero was gone and Lois turned, face to face with Superman for the first time in months.
A few seconds seemed like much longer.

“Distress call, I’ve got to go,” muttered Superman as he flew off, saved by whoever had committed the crime.

Lois remained in the middle of the street as everyone moved back to their lives.

She had no idea why people thought she was so intimidating.

“Kara,” whispered Harry, as he walked up to her as she sat at the edge of a roof.

“How did you find me?” asked Kara, as she felt her anger fading at Harry wrapping his arms around her and he gave her a kiss on the forehead. “Actually, how did you get up here?”

“I took the stairs,” said Harry and she turned, mouth a gap.

“Ten floors up?” asked Kara.

“I’d climb a mountain,” said Harry, as he held her for another minute before he sat next to her. “Are you doing alright?”

“Harry, I…I’m really upset now, about what he did,” she said. “I know he means well swooping in to save the day, really, but sometimes he treats me like a baby. I thought we were over this.”

Harry rubbed her shoulders and her neck. She relaxed as he worked his magic.

“Those people what they said, they didn’t help you, did they?” asked Harry.
“No, I thought it would be cool to be just like him,” said Kara but she shook it off. “But enough about that, we stopped them, we really knocked around Intergang.”

“Yeah, we make a great team,” said Harry with a smile. “So, let’s do something fun. Maybe we can go to the cinema or something.”

“Oh, the movie theater, yeah, that’d be fun,” said Kara. “In disguises though.”

“Great minds think alike,” said Harry who had no desire to be badgered today. “Should we take the fun way?”

Kara got up to her feet and embraced him. They kissed high above Metropolis. The kiss lasted a long time, as the wind blew through their hair.

They parted after a long time.

“So, are you ready?” asked Kara.

“Up, up, and away,” said Harry with a cheeky grin, as he was scooped up in his wife’s arms as she flew him safely down the streets below.

On the Autumn Equinox, Albus Dumbledore remained in his office where he had been for the past three weeks. He had ignored all correspondence both letters and howlers alike.

A few students had been pulled from Hogwarts already. Dumbledore reflected upon the events of the summer and what to do next. He come to the sad conclusion that a second attempt to bring Harry back by force would end in disaster. Harry would have to come back on his own and he would eventually.
“Enter,” said Dumbledore as he looked up and the door opened. He was greeted by a rather shell shocked Severus Snape. “Professor Snape what…”

“Two of my Slytherins, Headmaster,” whispered Snape in his most dangerous voice. “Two of them have been attacked.”

The Headmaster went rigid but put on a mask of calmness. “Are you certain it is not some sort of prank that gone awry…”

“If it’s a prank, then it should be one that no one finds funny,” replied the Potions Master as he turned to face Dumbledore. “Even the Weasley twins, even Potter and his gang of dunderheads would not have gone this far.”

Dumbledore looked at his desk and remained calm. “Who was attacked Severus?”

“Parkinson and Crabbe,” said Snape. “They’ll live, for what it’s worth. The scars won’t ever heal.”

“Crabbe but not Goyle?” asked Dumbledore.

“Well it’s not like they’re attached at the hip, Dumbledore,” responded Snape without humor. “But don’t try and get side tracked on the situation. I want every single Gryffindor interrogated, even if I have to brew up the Veritaserum and dump it down their throats.”

“What makes you think it is a Gryffindor, Severus?” questioned Dumbledore. “It could be some inner house conflict, a pureblood rivalry…”

Snape just looked at the Headmaster. His Slytherins would not be that careless but he declined to comment. He watched as Dumbledore looked his entire age and then some more.

McGonagall showed up at that moment to the Headmaster's office. “Headmaster, there’s been an attack right in the fourth year girls dormitories in Gryffindor.”

“Another one,” whispered Dumbledore, his voice faint. He ignored the flushed feeling he was feeling. “Give me all of the details, Minerva.”
McGonagall paused as she composed herself. “Romilda Vane, she was found in her bed, barely breathing. There were no signs of the entrance to the dormitory being forced open. She might be brain dead.”

“Who would know the difference,” muttered Snape but McGonagall shot him a stern look. “Well, two of my Slytherins were attacked and one of your Gryffindors. We may have a potential serial killer on the loose.”

He let those words sink in as McGonagall grew pale and even Dumbledore was more serious. “Perhaps another illegal Animagus. We know how that’s a particularly problematic flaw with the Hogwarts protections, given Black and Pettigrew. I wonder what Gryffindor could pull it off.”

“What makes you think that this isn’t a Slytherin?” asked McGonagall. “Or a Hufflepuff or a Ravenclaw?”

Another thought had visited her. “Or even some Death Eater using Polyjuice potion again to hide in plain site?”

She gave Dumbledore a look at those words but he took it in stride.

“Do you have any idea, Dumbledore?” asked McGonagall. “A real idea if you would please.”

Dumbledore looked off into the distance, but the twinkle had been extinguished from his eye.

“This even baffles me,” said Dumbledore after a moment. “Innocent until proven guilty.”

“You do realize that you actually have to take this seriously, Dumbledore,” said Snape as he looked Dumbledore in the eye. “Harry Potter isn’t here to stick his nose where it doesn’t belong. Any blood will be on your hands.”

Snape felt repulsed at the fact that he somewhat agreed with Potter.
Dumbledore just remained thoughtful. Sometimes when fate shut a door, another window was opened.

Likely, news of the attacks would reach young Harry. Then he would have to come back and deal with the attacker.

For once, Albus Dumbledore had none of the answers and it put him in a very uncomfortable position.

There would be no need for the Ministry of Magic to find out. They were preoccupied with keeping a lid on the entire Wizarding World to begin with.

Hermione Granger sat cross legged on her bed as she engrossed herself in a book. A tale about how the Hogwarts founders had once fought a caveman who had claimed immorality due to a magical meteor. She wondered about the validity of it.

She heard about the attacks. Even with Harry gone, mystery seemed to occur in the halls of Hogwarts. Hermione wondered but it was not her place to pry anymore. In the back of her mind, she suspected this was a plan on Dumbledore’s part to lure Harry back into Hogwarts.

She looked up felt a faint wave of magic.

“So, it’s you again, isn’t it?” asked Hermione. “If I didn’t know any better, I would have thought I was going mad the way you keep popping up out of the blue.”

The voice of a girl, stoic and calm responded. “You know I’m all too real. You wouldn’t be breathing if I was some figment of your imagination.”
“So I know you’re not one for small talk,” muttered the bookworm. “Why are you here?”

“I’ll cut to the chase. My magic can only cloak us for a certain amount of time. And the walls have ears.”

“Knowing this place, I wouldn’t be surprised if that was literal,” muttered Hermione.

“Did you find the Diadem?”

“Yes, and I have it shielded in a trunk just like you said,” replied Hermione. “Riddle thought he could hide it in the Room of Requirement. And I’m working on the others.”

“Good, don’t feel tempted to have those things on your person. You saw what the diary did to her. It’s highly unstable magic. Most people who make those things end up getting sucked into their own objects because they botch the spell. The fact Riddle succeeded as many times as he did is troubling.”

Hermione nodded.

“I’ve come to a number of conclusions about your friend’s abilities. It really was the best thing to get him out of Hogwarts. And I do question your sanity staying here as well. You do remember I told you’re sitting on something that is sentient.”

“The subject might have come up, yes,” said Hermione. “But I have my purpose…and how are Kara and Harry?”

“They’re doing well right now. I’ve only peeked in on them once or twice, but they really do share something special.”

Hermione relaxed. “So…how did Sirius survive the veil? I know you know.”

“I know, but it’s not my place to say. And if he had really fallen through it, it would have been a fate worse than death.”
“You seem to know a lot…”

“I don’t know enough. And Hermione, Harry’s coming to terms with who he really is and who he can be, so is Kara. I’ve been down that road. But what about you?”

“What about me?” countered Hermione.

“We both know the answer to that.”

“My name is Hermione Granger, I’m a sixth year student at Hogwarts School of Witchcraft and Wizardry, and I’d give my life it meant protecting the one’s I care about,” said Hermione with conviction. “That’s all that matters.”

“If you insist…I’ll be in touch.”

Hermione was left alone at those words and everything returned to normal.

In a darkened room, Voldemort sat. Off to his side, Wormtail was on his hands and knees. For his own entertainment, the Dark Lord had insisted that Wormtail scrub the floors the Muggle way.

He could do it mere seconds, but he loved to see both people and animals suffer.

Voldemort continued to gather information about the flying man who had attacked Bellatrix.
Potter had departed from the country, but he had the confidence that the boy would return and come to him. The Dark Lord was in no hurry, he had plenty of time.

It amused him that his latest obsession started in an attempt to send Potter a further message. Snape had sent him a newspaper clipping and the ball rolled from there. Bellatrix’s arm was still damaged, but that was her own fault. She would have to learn to torture with her other hand.

“Enter,” said Voldemort and Yaxley had entered. He had walked slow and with a purpose. “Yaxley, I trust you bring me news from the Ministry.”

Yaxley responded in his usual cold and efficient monotone. “Yes, my Lord. The Ministry of Magic has passed an order for stricter control of dark creatures such as werewolves. The Auror department is being downsized after the first of the year for budget reasons. The Minister attempted to block that order, but he was overridden. And the Ministry is all is in a panic because Harry Potter left the country.”

“They would be ripe for the taking,” muttered Voldemort. “But not yet, one misstep could set me back years. I must focus on the flying man who caused Bellatrix some issues.”

“My Lord, do you truly believe a man could fly?” asked Yaxley.

“With my prodigal talents, I could obtain flight velocity and have,” said Voldemort. “Whoever this man is, he remains a potential issue. If I could control such a powerful being, then it would give me added protection.”

“Of course, my Lord,” said Yaxley.

“If you do not have any further news, then I thank you Yaxley, but I have much to do,” said the dark wizard in his soft voice.

He was left alone.

Tom Marvolo Riddle traveled the world and spent years learning every form of magic he could located before he fully became Lord Voldemort. His true strengths laid in his ability to be prepared for anything.
He was without peer but when there was an individual that he could not understand, the game changed. Harry Potter was one and this flying man was another wild card.

Yet, he would adapt and he will win.

In the Department of Mysteries, Dolores Umbridge had made her way down the hallowed hallways.

“Clinton,” muttered Umbridge with a nod, as she passed a young Unspeakable who had exited from the Hall of Time.

Umbridge walked through several rooms. She walked past a cage that contained two white lab rats. One had a particular large head and the other looked particularly dim witted. The Senior Undersecretary turned the corner, as she passed a head submerged in a block of ice.

Behind a thick door, Umbridge stood. Several trusted Aurors remained with her, ready to attack at any sign of trouble.

“Has the prisoner said a word?” asked Umbridge in her sickly sweet tone.

“He remains quiet as always.”

Umbridge stepped over and peered inside. “Give him time and he’ll break. He’s no different than from any other half breed. His race’s secrets will be the property of the Ministry of Magic soon enough.”
She turned from the prisoner and walked off. Soon she would have what she wanted.

After they had returned from the movies and lunch, the two super powered teens hung out at Clark’s apartment.

“So, a place that’s not too small, but not too big?” asked Harry.

“Yeah, I mean, we need our space, but some large house just seems like it’s cold and sterile,” said Kara, as they flipped through several descriptions of houses that were available.

“You got a great point,” said Harry. “A medium sized one, not really towards a major population area.”

“We’re on the same track with that one,” agreed Kara as she looked at. “Something by the beach would be nice, wouldn’t you think?”

Harry mused about that one for a minute. “Yeah, that would be nice. Plenty of room out there to have fun and fly, it would be perfect.”

The door clicked up and Clark had returned.

“Oh, hi guys, um…” said Clark as the events of the day was fresh in his mind. “What are you doing?”

“Looking for a place to stay,” muttered Kara as she remained rather cool towards her cousin.

“Yeah, we’re burning through the Vegas winnings rather quickly on all of these motel rooms and half of them I need to fix up,” said Harry.
“There are plenty of nice places here in Metropolis you know,” added Clark.

Kara turned to him. “Yeah, there are, but here’s the thing. I don’t really want to be in this city every day. And you know why.”

“Kara, about today, I was only trying to…” started Clark.

“Kal, I know, believe me, and I appreciate it, but we had the matter under control,” said Kara. “I just got a bit upset that they were calling me your sidekick.”

“I never said that through,” argued Clark, as Harry became very interested at the house listings.

“I know you didn’t, but…it just drives me nuts alright,” said Kara.

“Well family wouldn’t be family if they didn’t drive you nuts every once and while,” replied Clark with a smile but Kara just sighed.

“Maybe,” muttered Kara as she looked at everything.

“So busy day today?” asked Harry trying to steer the conversation into happier waters.

“Yes, three distress calls at the same time,” said Clark. “And Intergang slipped away, even if you helped bring some of them in. One guy cracked his skull.”

“Well, that’s what he got for jumping in the way of a blasting curse,” said Harry as he looked at Clark before he added. “Oh, and your reporter friend, she better keep her nose out of my business.”

“Lois?” asked Clark as he leaned against the sofa and Harry confirmed. “Oh, because you…yeah she’s now determined to figure out what your story is.”

Harry just remained silent.
“She’s really not that bad, and if you’d just give her an interview, Lois would likely leave you alone,” said Clark. “The harder you hide, the more she digs.”

“Well she’s going to have to find a pretty big shovel,” replied Harry.

“Sounds to me like you’ve had some bad experience with the press,” said Clark as he surveyed Harry.

“Well, to put it simply, yes,” said Harry. “And…I let the marriage thing slip.”

Kara looked at him for a second but shrugged her shoulders.

“Well it was bound to come out eventually,” she said in a resigned voice but she added with a bit more humor. “At least she hasn’t figured out to see past a pair of glasses, otherwise some people would have to come up with a new disguise.”

Clark just smiled. “Well it’s a bit more than a pair of glasses. The attitude is the thing.”

‘And it’s a good thing I didn’t mention the marriage,’ thought Clark. ‘Lois would have put two and two together and then I’d really be in for it.’

“So, Kara, how about this place?” asked Harry, as she scooted over to look at what had been found.

She looked at the place and her face lit up in a smile. “It’s beautiful and near a beach, not too far away from either Metropolis or Gotham City either. Not too big, not too small, just perfect.”

Clark peeked over their shoulder. “Well, you do realize that you’d be neighbors to royalty more or less.”

The two looked confused.

“Well, you see Atlantis is off the coast. And the king…well he doesn’t take too kindly to people
“...who use the ocean as a waste dump.”

Clark looked at them. “But I’m sure, as long as you don’t dump anything in the water, he’ll leave you in peace.”

“Wait, Atlantis is real?” questioned Harry.

“Very much so,” said Clark with a chuckle.

“Harry, it’s perfect and not a bad price, and look at it, it looks like a palace, but it’s not too pretentious,” said Kara as she looked at the picture. “So can we…”

“Anything for you, my prodigal princess from the stars,” said Harry with a grin.

Any other person and Kara would have rolled her eyes, but coming from Harry it sounded rather sweet.

“So you like it?” asked Kara.

“Perfect,” replied Harry, as he looked at her. “We’re going to finish up the business with Luthor and then…we’ll see what we can do about getting that.”

Clark felt obligated to warn Harry about Luthor. “You do know that Luthor’s likely already figuring out how to best deal with you.”

“Yeah, but here’s the thing, he doesn’t know me,” said Harry. “He just is chasing some ghost about now, a false identity.”

Kara added. “We both think he’s up to something, but we don’t know what.”

“Well that’s not exactly a news flash,” said Clark. “As long as you know what we’re doing…”
“I have a decent idea,” said Harry.

“We both did our homework, we didn’t tear over here the first minute for a good reason,” added Kara with a confident expression on her face.

“We’re going to give him enough rope to hang himself,” concluded Harry as they had matching diabolical grins on their face.

Clark almost felt sorry for Lex Luthor.

Kara flipped through Harry’s things and paused at something. She blinked and gave him a nudge “Honey, I really want to show you this…this is really…just wow.”

“Yeah, the Quibbler, the last one published before…it happened,” whispered Harry and Clark looked at them.

They explained about Luna and what little he knew. It was one of the many reasons why Harry was not too fond of the Wizarding World these days. Luna did not deserve anything bad that happened to her. She had her own oddness but that just made her…well Luna.

The fact that the Ministry of Magic seemed unwilling to investigate on the off chance that she was alive, made Harry a bit agitated. She had fought bravely in the Department of Mysteries and really worked hard in the D.A.

“It’s really sad what happened to her, she seems like such a unique person,” said Kara. “But…that’s not what I’m talking about.”

She gave a moment and pointed at the page of the Quibbler. “This is what I’m talking about.”

“The Crumple-Horned Snorkack?” asked Harry as he looked at it.

“Yes, that,” said Kara in a bit of an excited, bit of a remorseful voice. “This Crumple-Horned Snorkack thing…the picture, it existed. It was native to Krypton.”
She took in a deep breath. “I had one as a pet when I was a little girl. It wasn’t called that, but I had one.”

Kara closed her eyes for an instant. “It died with everything else.”

Harry placed his arm around her shoulders, as she reflected.

“So many good people died but so many wonderful species of animals as well, on both Krypton and Argo,” said Clark in a somber voice.

“It just…” managed Kara. “It just brought back all kinds of memories…of what we lost.”

Harry grabbed her tightly. He knew exactly what she was talking about. Harry sometimes wondered how life would have been different if his parents had lived.

“It’s tough,” said Harry as he held her close. “Loss always is. But we gained something special despite it all. And we honor the people we lost by living on and making the most out of life.”

“Of course, and we will,” replied Kara. “All we lost…it’s gone and we can’t change the past. We just got to make the best of the present and…the future. Appreciate everything that we have in the here and now.”

She also added in a guilty voice. “And I really am sorry about snapping at you Kal. You were just trying to help.”

“Kara, you weren’t completely wrong, I just see you as my younger cousin and it’s just…it’s going to take some adjusting,” said Clark. “So I’m going to warm up a TV dinner do you…”

“No, thanks but Kara and I are going out, we’ve got things to do, but thanks for letting us stick around here,” said Harry as he looked at Kara who helped him pick up. “We’ll get out of your hair, I’m sure we’re going to run into you before too long.”
Clark watched them leave.

It struck him how close he came to losing the only blood family he had left because of his actions.

At dusk in Metropolis, a red blur whizzed through the streets at super speed. Papers flew in every direction from the gust of wind he generated.

The man stopped. Dressed in red, with a yellow emblem on his chest, he was the fastest man alive. Underneath the mask, he was Wally West, a graduate student who was about to become a forensic scientist.

He was better known as the Flash, the beloved hero of Central City.

He had been brought here because of the recent mirror based thefts in Metropolis and he had a hunch of the person behind it.

“What the…” managed the Flash but at that moment, he looked at the nearest mirror. There was someone trapped right inside it alright.

The Scarlet Speedster turned around as the image of a mysterious pink haired woman drew closer and by some force, she had busted right through the mirror. The woman tripped over her feet as she had arrived.

With a loud crash, she flew into him and caused him to lose his balance. Both crash landed right on the streets of Metropolis.
Nymphadora Tonks shook her head three times. The past several weeks she ran from mirror to mirror in some weirdo dimension. It was all in her attempts to find a way out. All she found herself doing was going around in circles. Her food supply had nearly run down. Frustration had mounted.

The fact she tripped and fell through the right exit mirror back into the real world had been a one in a million fluke.

"Well at least I’m out,” muttered Tonks as she shook off the cobwebs but she studied the mysterious man who she had collided with.

“Well, that’s new. I mean a woman flying out of a mirror. Not that I’m complaining.”

Tonks gave the man in red a tentative look. He extended a hand. She accepted his help.

“Okay, there?” asked the man with a grin. “I would hate to see anything happen to a face like that.”

“Fine,” said Tonks. “Sorry, I tend to trip over my own feet a lot. It’s a common hazard of my powers. They cause my equilibrium to get all screwy.”

“Are you sure it wasn’t because you caught sight of yours truly?” asked the man with a grin and Tonks gave him a bit of a glare. “Oh, dangerous woman look, normally it takes much longer than that.”

“Just who are you?” asked Tonks and the man looked scandalized.

“Come on, you can’t be serious,” he said. Tonks remained calm and stoic. “Oh, you look very serious. I see the serious look on your face. Well, I’m the Scarlet Speedster, the beloved hero of Central City, the Flash.”

Flash zoomed up and down the street. Tonks offered him a look of pure bemusement. She had no idea what to make of this man.

“So, do you have a name, beautiful?” asked Flash.

“Tonks,” said the woman and Flash stopped and stared.

“What sort of name is Tonks?” asked the Flash.

She countered. “What sort of name is the Flash?”

“Come on, it’s a legacy,” said the Flash. “I run at super speed, what else would I call myself?”

“Annoying blabbermouth blur,” muttered Tonks and Flash looked put out. She softened slightly at the look on his face. “Look, I’m sorry, trapped in a mirror for three weeks is making my temper a bit short.”

Flash indicated for her to proceed.

“I was following a criminal and got trapped in something else,” said Tonks before she launched
into the story of how she got into the mirror.

Flash nodded until she had completed her story.

“Well, it seems like you’re running into the same guy I’ve been chasing,” said the Flash. “The guy’s name is the Mirror Master. He’s one of my rogues from Central City. Last I heard he’s a bit strapped for cash, so he must have took on this job. For something called Intergang.”

Tonks looked at him. She had no idea what he was talking about.

“He can do a lot of tricks with mirrors and calls himself Mirror Master,” muttered Tonks. “Makes sense, I suppose.”

“Yeah, that’s the gimmick,” replied Flash. “I’m looking up someone who might be able to help, Superman, if something big is going on in Metropolis. He’d have an idea.”

Tonks gave a smirk. Superman was a name she knew naturally. She knew all too well about him.

The Scarlet Speedster then added as an afterthought. “Of course, he’s not exactly the most approachable fellow these days.”

Tonks turned and looked out into the distance.

“Well, I for one can’t wait for you to look up Superman,” said Tonks as she adopted a businesslike mode as only a Ministry of Magic Auror could. “I’ll track down this Mirror Master.”

“He trapped you in a mirror once,” said Flash. “He’s dangerous…and…”

“I appreciate your concern,” replied Tonks in a dry voice. “But I’ve dealt with far worse.”

“Yes…but…look…” started Flash. “He could remember who you are, the pink hair sort of stands out.”

“I’ll adapt,” said Tonks, as she shifted her features slightly. Her face shifted and her hair changed jet black. She turned and shuddered.

‘Too much like her,’ thought Tonks as she changed her hair brown. ‘Ah, much better.’

“You can change your appearance,” said Flash and Tonks nodded. “Cool.”

“Yes, very much so,” said Tonks in a dead pan voice.

“How?” asked Flash.

She paused and then answered him. “Magic.”

“So seriously, how do you do it?” asked Flash.

“Look, I have a criminal to catch, if you want to help, try and keep up,” said Tonks.

Flash remained speechless but she was already at the end of the road. Almost like she had vanished and reappeared in thin air.

He zoomed off to follow this mysterious and strange woman.

Night had fallen right on Metropolis. Kara and Harry sat perched atop a sign. They watched the
“Perfect night,” said Harry as he broke the silence.

“Yes,” said Kara, as she stroked Harry’s hair with her right hand. Her left arm was wrapped around his waist. She trailed kisses down the side of his neck and sucked on it. “Plenty of room up here, you know.”

“Someone could look up,” said Harry. He said this as only an observation and not a real complaint.

“Well that would teach them to look at billboards,” replied Kara with a shrug as she turned and straddled Harry.

“True,” said Harry, as his hands traveled underneath her shirt and her back arched back. Harry marveled how flexible she was.

Kara moaned and then she grinded up and down. She felt Harry’s hands work their wonderful magic.

The girl slid her body down his slowly. Clothes were their only barrier.

**LEMON/SMUT BEGINS**

Kara flew back into the night skies. The gentle breeze flowed and caused her hair to sway side to side. She gripped Harry’s pants. With precision she unbuckled them.

Harry hardened. The fact anyone could look up and see what they were doing excited him beyond all measure. Her talented hands slipped right into his pants and pulled his penis out of his boxer shorts.

Kara hovered and her tongue poked out. She touched the head with her wet tongue. She continued to do that, as Harry grabbed the back of her head, as he leaned back on the sign. The top she wore allowed Harry to see down it from his vantage point.

She continued to lick him, before her hand grabbed around his length. Kara was suspended by one hand in mid-air from Harry’s penis. She swung from side to side. Her hand stroked him.

“Kara,” breathed Harry as she pumped him with her lithe hand. “Fuck baby, that feels so good.”

“I know it does, to feel your cock in my hand,” she continued with a grin, as she continued to stroke him and massaged his balls.

Harry groaned as he throbbed with need as she ceased her activities.

Kara placed her right hand on one side of Harry. Her left hand placed on the other side. Her mouth lowered onto his penis, as Harry leaned back, to grab onto the side of the sign. She proceeded to suck him deeper into her throat. As she sucked, her eyes traveled up to meet Harry’s.

“Suck my cock, your super moist lips on it, down your throat,” breathed Harry as Kara pushed right down onto him. The fact she did this in mid-air right above the streets of a highly populated city made the scenario all that more arousing.

Kara contracted her throat around him.

“Going to explode,” moaned Harry but Kara added a movement with her tongue to the fun. Her
face pressed onto his pelvis.

Kara Potter claimed her treat. Harry ejaculated right down her throat. He nearly slid down the sign. She held him steady as she drained his balls.

She pulled up, Harry still dribbled onto her lips. With a seductive look, her tongue trailed across them as she licked them clean. The taste of Harry’s cum in her stomach caused her to orgasm and she wanted more, she needed more.

**LEMON/SMUT ENDS**

“Ready for the next round,” she whispered but a loud crash from below had interrupted her plans.

Harry and Kara exchanged equally frustrated looks. There was a sigh, as they adjusted their clothes. Harry performed a scouring charm on both of them.

Kara wrapped her arms around Harry and they made it to the ground in a matter of seconds. In the shadows, they moved closer to the source of the disturbance.

Kara grabbed Harry by the sleeve and pointed through the open window at the very familiar group. Her eyes narrowed and she gritted her teeth.

‘*Fucking Intergang,*’ thought Kara to herself.

In a blur, Kara destroyed the door as she flew into it. Harry followed her through the busted open door.

Two Intergang thugs crashed onto the floor from the impact. Another one dressed in armor found his protection completely destroyed. The girl ripped his suit open and then hurled him into the wall with fury. She heard more than a few bones crack as he connected.

The other thugs tried to move in but she blew ice on the floor. Slick floor caused them to slip and slide. Kara knocked them out one by one.

Harry watched from the doorway for a brief second. There were ten men already knocked out, no make that eleven before he could catch his breath and join his wife in battle.

With a flick of his wand, two more punks found their weapons levitated out of their hands and they smashed down to the ground. Harry really did not have much work to do.

A man in large battle armor exited right out of the bank vault but heat blasts shot nto the suit. Said suit overheated as the man gave a pained scream. The man escaped and tried to bolt.

Cords wrapped around him and he fell onto his face. His face connected right to the ground with a solid thud.

“Kara,” muttered Harry.

“I think they’re still breathing,” she replied as she checked them before she amended. “Well most of them anyway, but serves them right.”

Her arms folded together. Harry looked at her, with a smile.

‘*She’s so hot when she’s mad,*’ thought Harry to himself.

Kara grew rigid as more noise reached her ears.
“Someone’s in the vault,” she whispered to Harry.

Harry nodded as they slipped into the vaults.

A man dressed in purple and orange helped two more Intergang thugs push a large piece of equipment.

“Yes, the money will be wired into your account as promised,” stated one of the thugs but a fist slammed into his jaw. He slumped to the ground and looked cross eyed. His blurred vision barely registered the frustrated and angry blonde woman beside him.

“Yeah, well you’re going to need your jaw wired shut,” said Kara. Harry took out the other goon in a split second.

A slow and sarcastic clapping had brought their attention over.

“Bravo, you’ve taken out low rent thugs,” said the man as he held up a silver crystal device in his hand.

“Well get in line, because you’re next,” said Harry but before he could even draw his wand, the villain twisted the device.

Two versions of the man appeared, then four, then eight, then sixteen, then thirty two, as he kept dividing.

“Easier said than done!” echoed the infinite version of the criminal.

“Good, more targets,” said Kara fiercely as she focused with intent and eyes glowed.

Heat vision focused through one of the mirror images and ricocheted off them all. In seconds, they smashed into dust.

Harry looked at her with an approving nod. “Nice.”

Kara opened her mouth but shut it, as the man had waved at them from inside of a mirror set up on the wall of the vault with the equipment. He got smaller as he backed away and then disappeared.

“We’ve got some work to do, I think,” said Harry.

The couple set off on their impromptu investigation. The fact they ran into this Intergang twice in one day could not be a coincidence.

Mirror Master stood in a dark warehouse. “So we got most of the equipment, but there was a snag.”

A figure cloaked in purple gazed at the Mirror Master for a few seconds. “What sort of snag? Superman?”

“No, not Superman,” admitted the Mirror Master. “I swiped the security film from the building; it should let you know what your men had to deal with.”

Both watched the tape for a time and the figure slowed down the tape. The other members of Intergang crowded around.
“Supergirl,” he whispered after a moment.

“Supergirl?” asked Mirror Master.

“Superman’s snotty little tag along,” confirmed the figure as he studied the footage and added in a tone that dripped with pure sleaze. “Only she’s not so little anymore it seems. The second time today we’ve run into her and that other child.”

Mirror Master nodded. “Who is the other one?”

“I have no clue,” whispered the cloaked figure as he surveyed the Mirror Master. “We need to deal with them both or he will not be pleased.”

“No way, that girl, she’s crazy!” yelled one of the members of Intergang. “I’d rather tangle with Superman.”

“I’d rather take my chances with the chair,” muttered another thug.

“This matter is not up for debate,” said the cloaked figure. “We need one final component before it’s completed. You know what to do. Slaughter them both and anyone else who gets in your way.”

Silence occurred.

“Is that understood?”

The members of Intergang nodded fearfully.

Tonks held her wand at an angle and walked into the scene.

“Someone ripped the door off of the hinges,” stated Flash, but he paused as he heard a sound. “Someone got left behind.”

A man cowered beneath a large pile of rubble and he shook madly. The Auror levitated a large piece of rubble off of the man.

“Please, you’ve got to save me, those two, they’re… they beat up everyone,” stammered the thug. “She came in here and beat up most of the gang. He was with her and he took the rest of them out. I just barely managed to escape. Take me to jail, I’m begging you.”

“Not until you answer my questions,”

“Hey, I know my rights,” said the thug a bit braver than he seemed. “I don’t answer nothing not without an attorney.”

“So you will answer them, then,” said Flash. “Ah double negatives, gets them every time.”

The thug remained tight lipped but he grew rigid.

“No, hide me please, hide me!” yelled the thug. “Send me back to Gotham, make me Superman’s punching bag. Just don’t let her see me!”

“Tonks?” asked Harry in a surprised voice as he touched down with Kara. “Thank Merlin you’re fine, Sirius was freaking out that you had not shown up….”

“Oh, hey, Harry, long time, no see. Fill you in later, we’ve got a problem,” said Tonks as the Flash
looked at Harry. “Oh this is Harry Potter, my cousin’s godson and this is his wife…”

“Yeah, I know, boy that explains a few things that I’ve heard about old big blue,” said Flash as he took a deep breath and tried to wrap his brain around the situation. “Tell me did he…”

“Oh for the love of Rao, we’re not going to have this conversation again!” said Kara hotly before she turned around and grabbed the thug by his shirt. “I thought we missed one.”

“No, please, please, I’ll give you anything, I’ve got cash, people like cash, right?”

Kara tightened her grip on his shirt.

“Word of advice,” said Harry in a casual voice to the thug. “You better tell us everything you know.”

“Right, yeah, yeah, sure, sure,” stammered the thug. “Well Intergang, we’re working on some big problem, some device, I don’t know what it is. We’ve been stealing tech from all over the city for months and we had to get a few pieces from the UK. Our guy, he’s the Mirror Master and he’s working for some creep. This guy gives me the shivers.”

Kara relaxed her grip but Tonks had taken over. “Do you know anything else?”

“Well, there are only a couple more pieces, I think they need some kind of power cells, they’re transporting something big through that thing,” said the man as he shook. “Now…I don’t know what it is, they don’t tell me anything.”

Tonks dropped him to the ground. Like a rat, the thug tried to scramble but the Flash had zipped out in front of him.

“Yeah, we’re going to really let you get away that easy,” said Flash. “And while gift wrapping you for Supes as a punching bag is a fun idea, I think I’ll just drop you off at the nearest police station.”

In a blink of an eye, the man was there and then the man was not. Flash returned as they stood together.

“Just a harmless goon,” said Harry as they all nodded. “Just another face in the crowd, but this Mirror Master guy and the guy he’s working for…that’s what we should worry about.”

Flash turned to him. “So…”

“You two know something, we know something, compare notes, then we’ll figure out our next move,” said Harry without taking a breath.

The four had filled each other in on what had happened, from the moment where Tonks had vanished to the mirror until the present moment.

The red and blue figure could be seen above the skies of Metropolis. Superman soured through the skies before he stopped at the sound of a horrified scream. The screams quickened in intensity as he continued to move forward.

His hearing picked up it up and he flew into the bank to investigate the disturbance.

His eyes narrowed at a group of thugs. A woman shrieked, as one of the thugs pressed a gun to the back of her head.
“Superman!” yelled the thugs.

Bullets fired at Superman but the Man of Steel took a breath. A medium sized gust of wind toppled the thugs. They fell in a heap on the floor.

“Fetch, hero!” taunted the thug, as the woman had been tossed inside of the bank vault.

Superman flew into the open vault and prepared to scoop up the woman, but she had disappeared.

“Hologram,” muttered Superman.

“Good, you have brains in that head of yours,” echoed a voice as the bank vault door slammed shut and several red lamps clicked on at maximum intensity inside the vault. “Greetings Superman, we have not met. You may call me the Mirror Master.”

“Trapping me in a vault wasn’t the best plan you know,” said Superman. He turned to break out.

With a swift punch, Superman tried to slam down the vault door but he barely made any headway.

“Those doors are reinforced, not even Superman can break them down without a few swings at full strength,” taunted the Mirror Master. “Those red solar lamps should deplete your powers quite nicely. I popped into Lexcorp to borrow them from your good pal, Luthor. He seemed preoccupied.”

The Mirror Master watched in amusement.

“Couldn’t get any Kryptonite unfortunately, I was on a bit of a tight deadline,” added the Mirror Master.

The Man of Steel turned his head and spotted a miniature mirror planted on the wall.

“The trap was set, the trap was sprung, and even Superman is no match for me,” continued the mirror themed rogue. “Even Superman needs to breathe, but just to make certain; this gas vapor should speed up the process.”

Superman scanned the vents. A vapor escaped them and it burned through the oxygen in the air at a rapid rate.

“I’m sure security will have a nice surprise in the morning,” said Mirror Master as Superman continued to try and hammer his way through the vault door. “Well, it’s a pity you won’t be alive to see what comes next. I’m going to deliver Metropolis to my benefactor to do with as he pleases.”

Mirror Master vanished from the mirror as Superman held his breath. His strength depleted and the lack of oxygen had added to the problems.

The dire situation plagued the hero. He looked around the vault for anything he could use to bust out before it was too late.

“So, you think they’ll strike here,” said Harry.

“Oh, they’ll strike here alright,” said Flash. “This is the only place in town where they haven’t hit. It’s just common sense.”
“I busted all of the mirrors,” announced Tonks as she exited the facility and Flash looked at her like she was completely bonkers.

“Remove them, not bust them,” said Flash. “Are you trying to give yourself infinite years of bad luck?”

Tonks just had a slight smirk. “Well, if I had to say how many mirrors I busted in the mirror dimension and how many I busted due to unrelated accidents...well just do the math.”

“Someone’s coming,” whispered Kara, as she heard footsteps.

“Just some delivery guy,” said Flash. “Someone ordered pizza, it’s getting late. People are hungry. Man I could go for a good pizza about now.”

“Focus,” said Tonks as she rolled her eyes, but had a bit of a smile on her face that she hid. “How could you think about food when we’re supposed to be investigating a crime?”

“You were trapped in mirror land with nothing but bread crumbs,” said Flash.

“Yeah, thanks for the reminder,” said the Auror, as she peered out but Kara leaned in for a closer look.

“Not a pizza,” she whispered. “Mirror.”

Harry wrapped his arms around her neck and she flew him towards the entrance doors.

“Watch your head,” warned Kara as she busted through the doors and entered.

Flash followed them and actually beat them by a second. He could not help himself.

“Ha, faster than Supergirl,” said Flash as Kara landed on her feet and Harry dropped onto his feet, before he shook his head at the Flash’s antics. Then he turned to address the Scarlet Speedster.

“Yes, very good, now get the mirror before someone pops through it,” he said. The mirror vibrated.

Intergang exited the mirror packed with even more fire power.

“Ahh, you two again, but this time, we’re ready for you,” said the Intergang leader, as he tossed a spiral object. It had emitted a loud sonic blast.

All three heroes had been staggered, but Harry lifted his wand and silenced the device.

“Keep them busy.”

Kara pulled herself to her feet and flew, before she knocked one of the Intergang members back. Flash zoomed around and disarmed several enemies at super speed. He paused, and dusted off his hands in a nonchalant manner.

Harry dodged the attack with lightning fast reflexes. Tonks joined them and she caused two members of Intergang to take each other out.

“Just how many of these guys are there?” asked Tonks, as she kept her back against the wall and shot every hex she could remember at them.

The battle continued until all of the members of Intergang been toppled.
“Their friends went down the hall,” said Flash as he looked at them. 

“I’ll get them,” said Kara as she gained flight velocity. “Alright, you cheap crooks are…”

A yellow blast of light fired through the air. She dodged and it blew a hole through the wall. The girl flew around and knocked the Intergang members off, but she went face to face with the Mirror Master.

“So, Supergirl,” said Mirror Master as he held a gun and began to fire mirrors at a rapid rate. The glass shattered as the Kryptonian girl ducked and dodged. “Girl, you can’t keep up this game forever. “

“No, just like enough to delay you,” said Kara, a confident smirk on her face.

A blast knocked the gun out of the Mirror Master’s hand. Harry arrived, followed by the Flash and Tonks.

“Ah, Flash, I wondered when you would blunder into town,” said Mirror Master, as he stared down his enemy. “So you thought you could stop me?”

“How did you escape from prison?” demanded Flash. “I made sure you were locked in a room with no mirrors.”

“Oh a little hole in the wall,” said Mirror Master with a shrug. The Scarlet Speedster zoomed towards him but the villain had shattered into several fragments.

Kara scanned the room with her X-Ray vision.

“We’re in an entire mirror room,” she summarized with a sigh.

“So, we deal with an illusion, while the bad guy gets what he wants in the other room,” said Flash before he zoomed out and then returned after his search. “Yeah, they trashed the place, whatever they were looking for.”

“So they got all of the pieces for the device,” summarized Tonks. “Now what?”

“We find whoever’s behind this,” said Harry. “Figure out what they’re doing.”

Flash looked puzzled as he tried to put all of the pieces together. “Yeah, but I don’t get this. His technology was never this good. Sure it gave me fits, but he’s gotten upgrades. He’s had access to the mirror dimension sure, but this is beyond even his level of crimes.”

The realization smacked Kara faster than a speeding bullet. She wondered how she could have not figured it out sooner.

“Kara, my love, what’s wrong?” asked Harry at the petrified look on her face.

“He’s behind this,” whispered Kara. “It makes sense, the pieces all fit.”

Harry had no need to ask any further questions.

The seriousness of the situation amplified a hundred fold.
“Everything should be ready in about two hours,” said Mirror Master. “But there are more heroes then just those two brats. My old enemy the Flash has stuck his nose in and some other woman.”

Mirror Master chuckled.

“I got Superman out of the way,” said Mirror Master. “Puts me one up on your boss, doesn’t it?”

The robed figure remained silent before he responded. “Do not assume that Superman is dead until there is a corpse at your feet.”

“Yeah, well that’s for the bank security to find in the morning,” said Mirror Master. “So, my work’s done.”

“Not quite,” muttered the cloaked figure but he waved him off. “I need to make an important call to inform certain parties.”

The cloaked figure watched Mirror Master depart. Then he turned around. “We may have a bit of a snag in our plans.”

“Yes, what sort of snag?” asked a woman with a mannish voice.

“Supergirl, she’s taken out most of Intergang, her and some other super powered do gooder,” said the cloaked figure.

“Meddlesome child, she should learn to keep out of our business,” snarled the woman in an angry voice before she responded, more calm. “What of Superman?”

“Superman may be a mere memory,” said the figure. “You’d do well in telling our master of the role I played.”

“Yes, well, I’ll believe it when our man of steel is a man of worms,” said the woman fiercely. “You would not have called me unless you had failed.”

“Failure is not a word you should throw around, harpy!” countered the man. “If you had done the job properly, our master would not have spent months recovering from what the Kryptonian did to him.”

The cloaked man sighed. “I ask one favor of you, I require some additional backup. In one day, the forces I have put together have been depleted.”

“So you’ve failed once again Desaad,” whispered the voice. “Do not worry, sweetums, as usual, dear Granny will have to make it all better.”

Chapter End Notes:
Chapter 14: Mirror Part Two.

Desaad twiddled his fingers and gazed at the wall. Any moment, he would have his support.

A vortex in the wall busted open and wind swirled around, as three women walked right out of a vortex, a Boom Tube. They entered to face the robed figure.

“So, you’re what that harpy sent me?” asked Desaad. “I was expecting an army, not three little girls who got humiliated a few times before.”

“Hey, who you calling little, you robed little snake?” growled the largest woman, named Stompa. Dressed in red and yellow, she took a step towards Desaad and cracked her knuckles.

“Yeah, we should cut his tongue out for that one,” cackled a green haired woman with claws dressed in a skimpy black outfit. Her name was Mad Harriet.

“Not now, Granny sent us here for a reason,” said a dark haired woman dressed in black with white bandages wrapped around her face. Her name was Lashina, the field leader of the Female Furies, Granny Goodness’s personal army. “So spill, worm!”

Desaad looked at them with disdain and spoke. “It’s better if I show rather then tell.”

He flicked up the same security footage that Mirror Master had showed them. The Furies watched eyes narrowed.

“Ah, Supergirl,” muttered Lashina as her eyes narrowed with venom. “All grown up.”

“Yeah, but who’s the other one?” asked Stompa.

“Let’s ask him when I rip his handsome little face off,” said Harriet as she gave a sadistic little giggle.

“No, if he has any power, then Granny might be interesting in picking his mind,” mused Lashina as the other two nodded.

Desaad just folded his hands, a smirk on his face, as he turned to the three Furies.

“I need you to distract them and deal with them, ladies,” said Desaad.

'A term I use quite loosely,’ he thought to himself.

All of them nodded, as Desaad detailed his plan.

“Should be fun,” said Stompa.

“Not as fun as the other blonde we nabbed for Granny,” said Harriet as she showed all of her teeth with a sadistic grin.

“Little dotty witch put up a bit more of a fight than we thought she would,” concluded Lashina.

“Don’t know why Granny wanted her, but we should not question her or Great Darkseid.”

The Furies excused themselves, as Desaad went to search to see if he could scrap up a few more
Intergang members that had not been captured or killed. They may have proved to be rather useful.

“So if you were a large destructive device in the city, where would you hide?” asked Flash.

“Perhaps the least obvious place in the city,” said Tonks. “Don’t people normally hide things in an abandoned warehouse?”

“Yeah, but there are so many abandoned warehouses in this city, that it isn’t even funny,” said Kara as she frowned and added. “Besides, don’t you think it would be that obvious?”

“Sometimes the obvious becomes less obvious when it is too obvious,” countered Tonks.

“Moody has corrupted you,” remarked Harry in a casual voice.

“Tell me about it,” said the Auror as she looked from side to side. “But we’re wasting time.”

“They’re cloaking it, likely behind lead,” suggested Kara. “Harry can transfigure it, but Luthor lined half of the buildings in this city with lead.”

“Is he afraid of Superman finding his secret stash or something?” asked the Flash trying to lighten the mood but he got three dangerous looks. “Man, and I thought that guy in Gotham City was creepy.”

Kara put a hand up and listened.

“Yeah, I got it. I’m one of the only few left, I’m not dressed in the get up, I’m not stupid.”

She pointed with a smile. Flash, Tonks, Harry, and Kara swooped in and surrounded the man in question.

“So, nice night,” said the man as he tried to maintain the picture of calmness. Yet his voice had shook.

“Yeah, nice night,” continued Tonks in a conversational tone.

“Nice night for a walk,” added Flash.

“Nice night to get some fresh air,” continued Harry.

“Nice night to build a really huge and dangerous device,” said Kara, as she reached forward and grabbed him. “Loose lips sink ships, you know. They sink them when you’re dealing with someone who could hear you.”

The man slipped and made a run for it, but Flash darted in front of him.

He turned and Tonks had a wand in his face. He turned the other way and Harry had a wand in his face. The man turned a fourth time and Kara floated off of the ground.

“Ah crap,” muttered the man.

“Yes, crap,” concluded Flash.

“Forget it, I’m not telling you anything,” said the man in a shaky tone. “You can break every bone
in my body. You can send me to prison, but I’m not saying anything. My life is worth too much for that.”

Kara reached and yanked the criminal’s jacket off.

“Nice jacket,” remarked Kara in a conversational tone. “Cost you a bit of money, did it?”

She looked over it.

“Would be a shame if something happened to it?” she continued. “Spontaneous combustion could be a bad thing. My eyes tend to get excited when I see such a nice jacket.”

Kara’s eyes lit up and the man trembled.

“No, that’s…that’s a family heirloom, you can’t do that, you’re supposed to be one of the good guys,” said the man. “Please…”

“Well you better start spilling fast, pal,” said Flash. “You see, I might be a nice guy, but these three are a different story.”

“Plus we can do magic,” added Harry as an afterthought. “And magic users, we can read minds. Every single thought, every last intimate thought you have ever had, every single taboo thought in your mind that is considered immoral and borderline illegal.”

“Plus we can wipe minds and you wouldn’t remember a damn thing,” said Tonks.

The man screamed in horror. “Alright…Alright…you win; I’ll talk, please don’t burn my jacket or read my mind or erase my memory. I’m begging you, please.

“Since you said please,” said Tonks as she looked at him with calm indifference.

“Alright, there’s some device, it’s going to transport something big…”

“We know that, now where is it?” asked Harry as sparks flew from his wand.

“Yeah, it’s in that museum, the one that is going to be a tribute to Superman, downtown in Metropolis, they’re building it in the basement.”

The four exchanged looks at that bit of information.

“Of course, it would be more of a post humorous tribute really,” added the thug.

“What?” asked Kara as her eyes flared up once again. She snatched the thug by the shirt and held him up. Harry put a hand on her shoulder, warningly.

“Oh, Superman, well he’s about ready to die, he might already be dead,” said the thug with a slight chuckle but his humor faded. “Trapped in the bank vault, doesn’t have much time.”

“Which bank?” snarled Kara as she tightened her grip.

“Second Metropolis Branch, the one that the president got busted for embezzlement,” stammered the thug. “Down the street, to your right, you can’t miss it.”

The thug had been tossed down onto the pavement where he landed face first with a crack. Harry bound his hands and feet, as Flash zipped him off to the nearest police station.
Without another word, they scrambled off before it was too late.

Superman looked at the cleaning chemicals in his hands, as his vision became rather blurred. He tried to recall everything he learned about Earth chemicals.

'The right chemicals combined with the gas...should create an acid to eat through the bank vault door,' thought Superman as he held his breath and struggled to find the inner strength to accomplish his goal.

He pulled open the top and splashed the cleaning fluid onto the vault door.

In a few seconds, smoke appeared, as the bank vault door had been eaten through by the chemical mixture. With a final stagger, Superman staggered and fell down face first on the floor of the bank vault.

The two front doors burst open as Kara flew into the bank vault and dropped onto her knees. The Kryptonian looked down at her cousin and concern filled her blue eyes as she looked at him.

"Kal, Kal, are you okay?" asked Kara as she nudged him and grew rapidly frantic. "Please speak to me!"

"Kara," grunted Superman as he pulled himself up and cleared his head. "I'm fine, really, I'm fine."

Kara relaxed as Flash, Tonks, and Harry arrived. Then when it was certain that her cousin was okay, she let him have it.

"Kal-El, I swear to Rao, you must be the biggest, most irresponsible idiot in the entire universe who can’t even check to see if he’s blundering directly into a trap! I sometimes wonder if Jor-El adopted you!"

Superman opened his mouth but Kara hugged her cousin.

"Scare me like that again, and I swear, I’ll…tell Ma and Pa," she managed as she pulled off and took a deep breath. She turned and wrapped her arms around Harry, who comforted her.

"Alright there," muttered Harry as he looked at Superman who nodded.

"I’ll survive," said Superman.

"You better, I wouldn’t know what to wear to your funeral," said Harry with a half smile and half annoyed expression. "Take it from someone who knows, blundering head long into situations rarely ends well."

"Mirror Master did a number on you," said Flash as he sped Superman out and the others followed.

"We found out what Mirror Master and Intergang are up to," added Harry as he looked at Superman.

"Well tell me then," said Superman as he enjoyed the untainted oxygen that filled his lungs.

"Darkseid," said Kara, deciding it was best to just spit it out.
Silence as Superman mentally counted to ten to calm himself.

“Darkseid’s supposed to stay away from Earth,” said Superman as his fists balled up into anger and he shook.

“We know that,” said Kara. “You know how he’s found of finding every loophole in the entire book to keep from breaking the treaty with New Genesis.”

“What’s he up to?” asked Superman.

“Oh, he’s just having his flunkies build a giant machine of destruction that’s supposed to transport something big,” said Flash. “Sounds like an end of the world type thing.”

Superman took another breath and his eyes widened. “I have an idea and if my hunch is correct…Metropolis might not live to see another sunrise.”

“Meaning?” asked Tonks.

“It’s about to become a suburb of Apokolips,” said Superman in a completely serious tone.

Flash looked at him and stammered. “But, that’s…all of the people who will get killed because of something like that. And…ripping a city out of the ground and transporting it elsewhere. That will do some crazy things to the gravity on Earth, won’t it?”

“Yeah, it will,” added Kara as her hands trembled slightly. “Thousands will die, not that Darkseid is bothered by something like that.”

“Where are they hiding it anyway?” asked Superman.

“At the Superman Museum, in the basement,” answered Kara.

“That figures,” said Superman in a grim tone.

“I’m really not sure half of what you’re saying, I know,” said Tonks. “So do you mind filling me in just a bit?”

“Explain on the way,” said Harry as he was halfway out the door and everyone followed him but at that moment, the Mirror Master appeared to block their path.

“Again, with you?” asked Flash. “Look, your little mirror tricks worked once before. Fool me once, shame on you, fool me twice, shame on me…”

“I wonder how much of a fool you would be after the millionth time, Speedster,” taunted Mirror Master, as he flicked the crystal in his hand and countless mirror duplicates appeared on the streets of Metropolis. Those who were on the streets screamed.

Kara and Harry exchanged a look.

“Deal with the duplicates!” yelled Harry, as Kara scooped him up out of reach. “We’ll see what we can do about stopping that machine!”

“Sure, leave us the fun job,” said Tonks in an exasperated tone of voice as she held her wand and pointed began to fire every hex she could. The mirror duplicates seemed infinite.

“Only at a quarter strength,” said Superman as his knees wobbled.
“Well got to make it count then,” said Flash before a scarlet blur sped through and smashed into each and every duplicate he could reach.

Inside the half-finished Superman museum, the super powered couple arrived on their mission. Harry blasted the doors open as they began their search.

Kara looked to the side and grew rigid at the sight of Kryptonite in a glass case. She breathed in relief.

‘Just a prop,’ thought Kara.

“Basement should be around here somewhere,” muttered Harry.

“Yeah somewhere, this place is huge through,” said Kara she looked at a display that depicted Superman flying through rings and shook her head.

‘I can’t believe they released a video game with Kal in it,’ thought Kara. ‘And I really can’t believe how bad it was. So many freaking glitches and half the game was flying through those rings. Never could finish the stupid thing. Of course, I smashed the controller out of frustration.’

They passed into the next room and saw a display of some of Superman’s greatest enemies. Harry walked passed a sculpture of a pale skinned man with wild black hair and a beard dressed in leather on a motorcycle.

“Ah, there it is, the basement,” said Kara but she heard footsteps and giggles near her.

“So, you’re looking for the basement? Well we’d be happy to bring you down by the express elevator!”

Kara and Harry turned around to face the Female Furies.

“Long time no see, Supergirl,” said Lashina before she turned her attention to Harry and looked him over. “And you brought a little friend to play.”

“Going down,” grunted Stompa as she stomped her foot which caused the ground to crack. Harry tried to make a run for it.

The floor cracked beneath them. Kara swooped down and caught Harry before he hit bottom.

“So, more problems?” asked Harry in between choking on the dust.

“Yeah,” said Kara as she looked up and watched the Female Furies looking at them.

Stompa, Harriet, and Lashina dropped down to the ground and circled them. Harry and Kara stood back to back as the three women circled them like demented vultures.

“So what are we dealing with?” asked Harry.

“Oh just a trio of really powerful and really psychotic bitches,” said Kara as she felt her temper rise some more.

“That all?” asked Harry, but then, the Furies had moved in for the kill.

Harry began to fire spells directly at them. One had struck Stompa who shrugged it off.
“Tickled,” grunted the large woman before she stomped down on the ground.

The ground shook underneath them and Harry found himself knocked back. Kara turned, but Lashina held her electrified whip and slashed it towards the blonde haired Kryptonian girl.

She winced as the whip had shredded part of her jacket. Kara moved in but Lashina dodged the attack and continued to violently thrash her.

Harry tried to push his way towards his wife, but he got smashed into the wall.

“Pretty green eyes,” commented Harriet as she gazed at him and laughed. “Might have to carve them out, they’d look good in a jar on my bedroom dresser.”

Harry dodged the crazed Fury’s attacks and managed to repel her slightly and dodged a kick from Stompa aimed at his ribs.

Kara caught the whip, as her jacket and parts of her shirt and pants had been shredded. A bloody scratch was on her face, as she pulled Lashina with all of her strength. The Female Fury flipped right onto her back.

“Hang on, Harry, I’m coming!” she cried, but Stompa caught her in mid air.

“Want to dance, girlie?” grunted Stompa, but Kara reached in and dug her fingernails straight into the eyes of Stompa.

The large woman staggered and Kara impacted several punches into the rib cage aira, but one had been grabbed.

Stompa twisted Kara into a massive full nelson type hold. Kara winced as she felt her neck muscles being constrained but her struggles prevented the fingers from getting fully locked together. She swung her legs and ran up the wall. The blonde haired heroine kicked off and flipped onto her feet.

The momentum sent Stompa crashing down to the ground. With fierce determination, Kara blasted right into her and smashed both fists right into the large frame of her enemy.

The battle between Harry and Harriet continued. The crazed woman dove right at Harry but the wizard dodged it.

“Can’t keep this up forever,” muttered Harriet. “One of these days, I’ll hit you.”

Harry rolled out and flicked his wand.

“Your little baby magic tricks don’t work on us,” taunted the crazed woman.

“I know,” said Harry as he waved at her, before several pillars collapsed. Pipes and boxes had been sent down onto the top of the head of Harriet. She had been put down but was not out.

Kara staggered a bit but remained on her feet. Her jacket had been shredded off, her pants now were a really short skirt, and her shirt had been held together much less material than before. Her face, arms, and legs had several scratches on them.

“Got to get to the device,” said Harry, but out of the corner of his eye, he saw Lashina get up to her feet.

Harry found himself knocked to the side. The whip slashed against him and tore his shirt completely off.
“So, how’s Kal?” asked Lashina in a casual tone as she turned to Kara. “He must miss me on those cold nights, I found him to be very physical. We all got to enjoy his many talents you see…”

The Fury had been cut off with Kara’s fist impacting her mouth. The punch loosened several teeth and bloodied Lashina’s mouth. Blood was on her knuckles. Kara grabbed her by the hair and flung her with immense strength.

The other two Furies pulled themselves to their feet, as Stompa moved over and punctured Harry right in the ribs with a huge kick. He winced from the impact and his wand slid out of reach.

“Man, this one can’t take a hit,” she commented as she ripped a large heavy piece of metal right out of the ground. “Catch, you little blonde bimbo!”

Stompa hurled the metal and Kara staggered, but another stomp and pieces of debris were pulled down. Harry had been slumped down on the ground.

“Come on, leave the other one, let’s bring this one back to Granny Goodness,” said Lashina as Harriet and Stompa pulled the battered form of Harry Potter and dragged his limp form back. She held a black box in her hand and pressed a button to generate the Boom Tube.

“Yeah let’s go, great Darkseid will be pleased, he’s going to get a new toy and Metropolis for breakfast,” said Harriet before she paused. “I wonder if it’d go good with toast.”

Lashina sighed.

Kara tried to struggle out of the debris. Her breath grew frantic; her heart thumped against her chest, as she struggled to push it off of her but her efforts could not be quick enough.

’No, this can’t be happening, this is some bad dream,’ she thought as her breath became more ragged. ’No, this isn’t a dream, this is a nightmare!’

The Furies were seconds away from departing but Harry’s eyes snapped open and with lightning fast reflexes he pulled himself free from their grasp. He yanked the box right out of Lashina’s hands and proceeded to start mashing buttons.

“Stop, mashing buttons, you emerald eyed idiot!” yelled Lashina as she backed off uncertain at what might happened.

“Bon voyage,” said Harry as he found his wand and jabbed it towards the ground. While the magic had no direct effect on them, the miniature vibrations knocked them off balance and right into the vortex.

’Got to thank Blood for that one,’ thought Harry.

The Furies screamed as they tumbled right through the hole. The box slipped through Harry’s hand from the gravity pull right into the darkness. Then the vortex sealed shut.

Kara busted free finally and staggered from the battle, hunched over as Harry supported her.

Her outfit had been shredded but as she held herself against Harry. Kara caught her breath.

“Just give me a minute to pull myself together,” she managed.

“Sadly, my love, that’s about one more minute that we don’t have,” said Harry, as he looked over and blasted open the next door to find himself inside a large laboratory.
The robed figure known as Desaad stood before him. He appeared unsurprised and casual, as if someone had arrived to deliver him mail.

“You defeated those little trollops of Granny’s I see,” said Desaad. “It matters little; they served their purpose, a nice distraction.”

Harry and Kara stood and moved towards Desaad but he remained calm and collected.

“Please, you could thrash me utterly, but I’d survive,” said Desaad. “Countless people in this city wouldn’t be so lucky.”

Desaad held a boom tube generator in his hand. “Oh and in my haste, it seems I forgot to implement a countdown or a self-destruct feature. My apologies, but I must be going.”

Desaad disappeared into a vortex, as they caught sight of the machine.

Nearly on instinct, Kara smashed the thing to pieces but restrained herself.

‘Remember the comet, it being brought down onto the city, and you nearly dying,’ she thought.

So she turned and tried a different approach, as she tried to hack into the systems to shut it down.

“Could go off at any minute,” said Harry.

Kara took a deep breath as she tried every single trick she knew, learned on both Krypton and Earth. “Yeah, yeah, I know, but damn it, this system really has me locked right out. I can’t figure out the controls.”

Energy filled the air as Harry tried to look at it but he was way out of his league.

Frantic, Kara tried to pull open the side of the computer panels.

“Can’t transport anything without power?” asked Kara but she paused. “I can’t touch these things directly, Harry, levitate them out.”

Harry did as he was asked as the power cells were levitated out. Magic cracked the machine slightly.

“Um, we better go,” said Kara as she looked at swirling vortex nervously.

“This soon?” asked Harry.

“Well it’s still open,” said Kara as she scooped up Harry and leaped into the air. “But it’s going to suck the entire museum right into Apokolips.”

Without another word, they managed to escape and not a second too soon.

They tumbled right to the ground. Kara landed right on her back and Harry directly landed face first onto her chest.

“Well, at least the landing was nice,” said Harry and in spite the situation, she smiled.

“Let’s go see how the others are holding up,” said Kara and with great reluctance, Harry pulled himself right back up to his feet.

The couple made haste to join Tonks, Flash, and Superman.
Superman blasted through mirror duplicates one at a time, as Flash busted them. Tonks flicked her wand and eight of them vibrated at once. They shattered into glass.

Kara and Harry rejoined the battle at that moment.

“So where were we?” asked Harry.

“Trying to find the real one,” said Flash as he ducked and three of them punched each other to bits.

“He’s in the van, over by that mailbox,” said Kara after a moment as her eyes were squinted and Flash weaved right through the duplicates.

Seconds later, the Mirror Master had been pulled from the van and his arms and legs twitched.

“You might think you got me, but I’ll have the last laugh…” he started but Harry summoned both his mirror guy and his crystal duplicator off of him. Two concentrated blasts of heat vision destroyed them both.

“Yeah, we laugh last a lot,” said Tonks as she turned to bind him but she tripped in her haste.

“Nice one, Nymphadora,” muttered Harry as she glared at him for using the forbidden name.

“Wait, your name is Nymphadora?” asked Flash in confusion. “I thought it was Tonks.”

Tonks just gritted her teeth at Harry using the “N-word” and sighed, as Mirror Master tried to make a hasty getaway. Yet, he ran right into Superman who hurled him back. Ropes wrapped around the Mirror Master and Flash grabbed him before he ran him right away.

Harry frowned. He had been half tempted to do something more drastic but Flash had been too quick.

Then again, he was the fastest man alive.

Flash returned to face them all. “Safe and sound, right in prison, where he belongs and this time, I made sure there were no mirrors or holes in the wall.”

“Hopefully he stays there this time,” said Harry in a cool voice.

“Yeah, I hope so too, maybe one day he can actually make something of himself,” said Flash. “He was a brilliant scientist, until he went around the bend.”

Superman pulled himself right to his feet. “So, what about the device?”

“Taken care of, we’ll send you the play by play later,” said Kara as she let out a breath. “It was too close. The museum got sent right into Apoklips.”

“Well the tax payers might not be too happy with that one,” said Superman.

“Hey, museum is one thing, but at least no one got killed,” said Flash. “I call that a good day.”

“I call it a lucky one,” muttered Harry.

“Are you always such a pessimist?” asked Flash.

“Depends, are you always this much of an immature child?” countered Harry.
Flash stuck out his tongue which caused Harry to roll his eyes. “So…um Nymphadora, are you alright?”

“Fine,” said Tonks with a wince. “I’ll be fine, once I’ve gotten something to eat.”

Flash zoomed out and returned moments later.

“Chinese good I hope?” asked Flash.


Tonks paused in between bites. “And oh call me Nymphadora one more time…and well just know that I’ve been taught how to hide a body.”

Flash looked at her. He had no idea whether or not she was serious or not. He felt a bit of fear at the look on her face.

“Gotcha,” said Flash as Kara and Harry snickered behind their hands at the look on his face, Superman also looked amuse, but Tonks let out a huge round of laughter.

“The look on your face, absolutely priceless,” said Tonks in amusement. “Merlin for the fastest man alive, you can be pretty slow.”

Harry eyes darted between the two of them curiously. Kara did the same thing as they exchanged a mutual nod.

Kara whispered something in Harry’s ear. Harry nodded.

“So Flash,” said Harry as he looked at him and waved him over.

“What?” asked Flash.

“Well, I’m not the one you’re going to have to deal with,” said Harry.

The Scarlet Speedster looked confused. “What are you talking about?”

“Oh, you’ll understand, soon enough, once your brain catches up with the rest of you,” said Harry. “Anyway, her cousin on the other hand, he’s the one you’re going to have to deal with.”

“Wait who’s her cousin?” said Flash.

“Sirius Black,” said Harry as Kara was in hysterics off to the side.

“Sirius Black?” asked Flash before it clicked with him where he heard the name.

Kara laughed and even Superman chuckled.

“Have fun,” said Harry in a nonchalant voice before he went to rejoin Kara as Flash looked off into the distance.

“Right, I got to return to Central City,” said the Flash talking nearly as fast as he ran. “Stay in touch.”

Flash zoomed off.

"I might,” muttered Tonks as she watched him disappear and the Potters were both in full blown
laughter that would put the Joker to shame. “What is so funny?”

Tonks got no answers from them, as they tried to stop their laughing. Harry only did when his rib injuries flared up. Kara joined him.

“What did you two do?” asked Tonks as she tried to intimidate them but that was a failure.

Everyone went their separate ways. Tonks had to return to the Ministry, Superman had an early day as Clark Kent at the Planet, and Harry and Kara had important business to attend to.

Three women were on their knees, right before a grey haired woman with a sadistic and mannish looking face. They trembled as the woman held up a golden rod that sparked red energy. The smell of brimstone filled the air.

“So, you can’t do one simple job, for your dear Granny. You disappoint me, my sweet little poppets. After all dear Granny has done for you. After she has taken you in and taught you everything you know. Given you purpose in this harsh world, given you great power, and great influence. You can’t even bother to take care of two miserable super powered brats.”

Granny Goodness held the rod as she added in a more sadistic tone, “Spare the rod and spoil the child.”

The three Female Furies whimpered in absolute terror and then screamed in agony. “Yes, beg for it to stop, plead, tell your dear Granny how much you messed up.”

They had their apologies but Granny zapped them right with her rod. Harriet, Lashina, and Stompa all fell to the ground, unconscious.

“It is lucky I don’t cut you into meat and feed you to the hounds,” she growled and added in a syrpy tone of voice. “But I’ll forgive you, eventually.”

Granny turned and pushed open two golden doors. Her eyes darted up to face the figure right above high above several stone steps.

“Great Darkseid, Desaad has failed,” reported Granny. “It’s…best if you can see for yourself.”

The events had been replayed of the battle. The ruler of Apokolips watched and his eyes focused on the new player, studying him like a curiosity. Granny waited for him to say anything.

No response came from Darkseid.

“What does it mean?” she prompted.

She looked up at Darkseid who considered her but once again said nothing.

Granny Goodness took this as her cue to depart. She walked in a brisk pace. It was time for her daily chat with the newest guest of her little humble home. Only one person escaped this place previously and it had been a sheer miracle. Not to mention the little brat cost Granny her best Fury.

Granny walked through a dark and dismal prison and turned, before she approached a glass door and faced it. “Good day, child.”

“Oh, hello,” replied a dreamy voice from the other end.
“You’re not being cooperative,” said Granny.

There was a pause and the prisoner responded. “Yes, perhaps but the food at this place lacks sufficient nutritional value.”

“You know things that you shouldn’t, little girl,” snarled Granny. “So did your dear Daddy. Namely, what of the three keys?”

“All great truths can be hidden in a children’s book,” mused the prisoner.

Granny clutched her rod and counted under her breath. “How does he know these things? No one on your little mudball should even have a clue about that particular thing or many other things in that filthy little magazine. Tell me the truth.”

“Daddy loved to travel,” she replied in an even voice.

“Child, your mind will break eventually,” said Granny.

“Oh, breaking my mind won’t get you any closer to the truth,” she replied. “It will just tug it out of reach.”

“Perhaps I should just exterminate you right now,” snarled the New God.

Perhaps you should,” agreed the girl. “You won’t know any more. And besides, I’m perfectly content if I die a few seconds from now. There will be others waiting for me on the other side.”

She gave a pause. “On the other hand, you can live for a million years and still be miserable for a million years. It’s sad, really.”

Granny Goodness took a deep breath and looked at her.

“Besides, I might not be around here for long,” she said. “They’ll find a way here.”

“Who are they?” demanded Granny.

“They are they,” responded the girl, as her tone remained the same. “It might be days, weeks, months, or years, but I have faith. And if that faith is wrong, then it what it is.”

“I’m so sick and tired of your goofy little word games, you little blonde haired bint!” snarled Granny as her eyes flared up but she calmed herself and continued in her sweet tone. “One more question, dumpling, do you know who this is?”

The image of the green eyed hero had appeared.

“A boy,” responded the girl in a dreamy voice.

“I’ll be back tomorrow,” said Granny Goodness as she turned and walked off.

“Okay, good night then,” said the girl in a casual voice.

In her cell, Luna Lovegood relaxed and hummed the Hogwarts school song under her breath. The fact she seemed to be the sanest person here bothered her just a tiny bit but she took it in stride.

She smiled as she thought of the dream that she had right before she was taken on extended vacation to this dismal place. It depicted a green eyed boy who had been trapped and had resigned himself to his fate. Then he had been saved by a flying girl from the stars. Yet, the boy had saved
Luna mused that there were always many choices, many paths, and many decisions. The future had rarely been written in stone. Prophecies and dreams may have held hints of what might be to come, but there were no certainties.

The girl sat with her legs crossed and remained tranquil. She had faith but understood she was merely a speck of dirt on a tapestry of something far greater. What she had no idea.

“Ribs should be fine in a while,” said Kara as she looked at Harry, who was now shirtless with his ribs taped up.

“Just a few scratches yourself,” said Harry as he checked over her. Her outfit had been damaged in the battle.

“Yeah they’ll be gone right before you know it,” said Kara. “And the only marks that will be anywhere will be put there by you.”

**SMUT/LEMON BEGINS**

Harry grinned as he wrapped his arms around her. Slowly he kissed her. He trailed his kisses down her face, neck, arms, waist, belly button, and down her legs. He gave her the attention and worship he felt she deserved. She gave little moans as his lips touched every part of her body.

Her eyes traveled down Harry’s body, as her hands moved and pulled down his pants.

“Got to make sure, everything is in working order,” she breathed, as her hands ran down his side and legs, as she teased him. Her hand reached around and stroked his penis. She dragged her tongue down it and licked it. His cock swelled inside her mouth with desire, but she pulled away

Kara grinned, as she looked at him and wrapped a hand around his balls, to squeeze them.”Well I know one thing that is, just in time.”

The blonde Kryptonian grabbed her tattered top and stripped it from her. Harry smirked as her red and blue bra barely contained her round breasts. He felt himself grow, as Kara tugged off her shorts.

Harry’s eyes widened as her sexy bottom had a skimpy thong on it. She turned around, thin strips of blue fabric barely covered her. Her pubic hair poked out and he could see her lips.

Kara did make a lot of purchases when they were over in London. Kara turned on her knees on the bed, as she stuck her thong covered arse directly in front of Harry’s face.

“Come on babe,” whispered Kara and Harry grabbed onto her, before he pulled her thong down. Harry bent down and stuck his tongue inside her. The aroma she gave off prompted him to start licking her. The desire he felt off of her inflamed his own passions. “Oh, lick that pussy, lick every little bit out.”

Harry increased his efforts. Kara pushed herself onto his tongue and trusted back.

She moaned as Harry vibrated his tongue in her again. That trick never failed to get her motor running, as she grabbed the bed sheets, before she ripped off her bra in the heat of passion and started to play with her breasts.
“Ah, oooh, yeah, fuck yeah, Harry!” yelled Kara as his tongue slid side to side inside her core.

She shuddered as the orgasm racked her entire body. Harry licked her completely out but allowed some of her juices to dribble onto his fingers.

Harry grabbed her around the waist and without preamble slid inside her. Kara gasped at the unexpected but quite welcome intrusion. Harry slid into her and pumped into her, as his balls slapped her lovely arse. Kara grinded him and clenched as he fucked her from behind.

Harry reached over and placed his fingers into her mouth. Kara sucked her own pussy juices off of his fingers. Even when they were clean, she continued to suck on his fingers. She floated a bit off the bed, to allow Harry access to her breasts.

Harry took full advantage of this. He alternated between her right breast and her left breast. He loved the feeling of her powerful tits on his hand.

“Ooh, your tits feel so fucking great, do you like that?” asked Harry as he continued to pump his penis in and out of her. “Do you like me fucking you from behind when I play with your super tits?”

“Yes, Harry, yes,” gasped Kara as she tightened and felt her climax near. “Fuck me, fuck me, fuck me, fuck my pussy, oh that’s the stuff, your cock inside me!”

Harry obliged her as he sped up. He continued to squeeze her. His hands squeezed her breasts tight, as his cock slammed into her tight hole. Kara continued to enjoy the work he was doing to her, as her eyes glazed over.

Kara found herself brought to orgasm again and again.

“Going to lose it, Kara,” whispered Harry.

“Lose it in me!” she yelled, as she tried to get him to explode. “Blow your load, cum in my tight wet Kryptonian pussy!”

“As you wish,” grunted Harry, as he gave a few final trusts before he spurted inside her. Kara screamed in unbridled passion, as she floated up into the air with Harry still wrapped around her.

She realized was in flight, with Harry still buried in her. She looked at him with a look of mischief, before she lowered back down and Harry slid himself out of her.

He landed on the bed and Kara wanted him inside her straight away. She bent down and licked the spunk that dripped from her flight off of the bed. On her tongue, she looked at Harry and he grabbed her.

Both rolled off of the bed and landed with a crash on the floor in their crazed passion.

Kara opened her mouth to ask if Harry was okay, but she found Harry’s mouth rather occupied as he proceeded to eat her pussy once again.

Harry fed himself off of her and felt himself rather lost in her. Kara breathed in and out, as continued to devour the juices from her sweet center.

Harry felt himself grow hard and Kara trapped him with her legs. She looked up and grinned at him.
“You know you want it,” said Kara as she pointed at her inviting opening.

Kara arched her back, as Harry pushed his cock inside her. Her moans encouraged him to speed up his thrusts. Harry tugged on her hair and this got her trusting her hips more and more. Her pussy clenched around him.

“Need this,” she breathed as Harry just smirked as his hands wrapped around her breasts. He fondled her as they continued to fuck on the motel room floor. “Cum, I need it inside me.”

“Not yet,” whispered Harry as he sucked on her ear. Kara whined beneath him as she felt herself soaked completely. “Naughty girl, do I have to give you another spanking?”

“No your cock will do just fine,” she moaned with a passion as she started to tear up the carpet. “Great Rao, another one, and…”

Once again she came as Harry felt himself being squeezed harder.

“I love to make you wait, Kara,” whispered Harry as he slowed himself down. “Do you want my cum?”

“Yes, I want your cum, all of it inside me, it feels so good,” she replied as Harry reached around and continued to stroke her tits. Harry felt her hardened nipples and the flesh in the palm of his hand. He could not get enough of them.

Three squeezes and one trust, Harry alternated. Kara closed her legs around his ribs. He continued this game, as he felt himself reach the point of climax.

Three shuddering orgasms from Kara and her sensual moans caused Harry to be unable to hold back a second longer.

“Finally!” screamed Kara in bliss as she felt him come. “Ejaculate your seed into me Harry, my love, my hero, my savior, my husband!”

“Anything for you, my Kryptonian goddess,” said Harry as he spurted in her core.

Kara fell back as she was in a daze and Harry pulled her up, in an embrace.

“Done already?” asked Harry as he looked into her eyes.

“Hardly,” she whispered, as she pushed him down onto the tops of her breasts. “Suck on my nipples, ooh, your tongue, it feels so good.”

Harry grabbed her arse and backed her up against the wall. As she was preoccupied with him sucking on her breasts, he slipped fingers inside her. Kara’s eyes widened and Harry went straight for the kill, his tongue down into her core once again.

Her moans intensified, as she inadvertently ripped the curtains down. Harry licked her out and Kara’s eyes became glazed over. She bit on her lip and legs wrapped around Harry’s head.

Perfect balance had been maintained as Harry licked around her. Kara shoved herself towards him to force his tongue deep as it could be allowed. Harry smelled her lovely natural scent, the aroma filled him and caused his mind to run wild. He continued to worship her pussy as she tugged on his hair.

She messed up his hair, as Harry worked over her pussy. He started muttering Parseltongue in her
opening. It was utter nonsense and it soon reduced her into babbling utter nonsense. She moaned as Harry brought her to an orgasm again and again.

Finally Kara broke and Harry slid off. She pushed Harry onto his back and grabbed him.

“Inside me, need you, now!” she yelled as she slipped her cunt down onto his throbbing penis. Harry slid into her and she rode him with absolute carnal need. Her arms flayed and busted the bedside dresser and part of the wall.

She bent down and Harry caught her right breast in his mouth. She moaned and tugged on her hair, as Harry’s ministrations inflamed her. She clenched and climaxed once again, as she tugged on her hair.

“Ride me, that’s it, ride my penis until you wear me out!” yelled Harry.

“Oh, I’m going to wear you out alright!” screamed Kara as she continued to bounce up and down. Harry felt his penis massaged by her well lubricated walls. He continued to suck on her sweaty tits, as he savored the taste.

Harry moaned into chest and Kara lost it once again. The carpet beneath them would need a good cleaning in the morning.

Kara spoke in several different languages at once. Her mind felt overwhelmed.

Harry had no idea half of what she said, but out of her mouth, anything sounded rather hot.

Kara sped up her bouncing. The super powered light show started up, as she squeezed him. She reached her hand to play with his balls.

“Cum,” breathed Kara.

“About there, just give me a push,” gasped Harry and Kara continued her bouncing on him.

“Fuck, fuck, fuck, fuck me!” yelled Kara as she shuddered with a fantastic orgasm. “That’s it Harry, cum for me, cum for your wife. Shoot me with so much of your hot sticky cum that it leaks out of me. I’m a dirty Kryptonian girl, I need all! Fucking cum inside my pussy!

Harry lost it and cum spurted out of his throbbing cock like a hose. Kara continued to squeeze and milk him dry, before she collapsed breasts first on his face.

SMUT/LEMONS END.

Kara slid herself off and rolled, before she collapsed on the floor of the motel room, damaged in the aftermath of their escapades.

They both panted as they regained their bearings.

They looked around to see the damage they done.

They sat on the soaked floor, before they helped each other back to the bed and collapsed right on it, in the afterglow.

“Must have been a couple of hours,” whispered Harry, as they held each other.
“Yeah,” breathed Kara as she stroked his hair, arms wrapped around him. “Wish I could go one more time, but I’m just…spent.”

“Yeah, me too,” said Harry with a smile. “Good night, my super goddess.”

“Night, my emerald eyed angel, pleasant dreams,” said Kara as she gave him one last kiss. “I love you, Harry.”

“I love you too, Kara.”

They drifted off into sleep in each other’s arms.

Lex Luthor sat in his office at Lexcorp as he deleted and erased a message about one of the weapons that was being developed. His photographic memory had committed the details to mind. The manipulation of such DNA had proved to be problematic in the past, so extra steps were being taken to ensure its completion. The weapon would prove to be a useful fail safe but naturally it still had barely left the initial stages.

He looked around at the final specifications of one of his nearly completed pet projects. For months, Luthor had locked himself in his office, surrounded by every bit of Kryptonite he could get his hands on and advanced Nano Technology. In addition to the huge chunk of Kryptonite he carried around with him always. He carried it everywhere with him, even into the shower.

The stuff was only dangerous to those two aliens after all, so Luthor felt at ease.

He mused about his plans and his life. His father, Lionel, had started out as an accountant but had managed to build Luthorcorp from the ground up. Lionel Luthor seemed rather tight lipped about where he came from and refused to tell his son anything about any extended family. Also failed to give him much encouragement at all or anything in the way of kind words, but that was the past.

At the age of eighteen, Lex took over Luthorcorp in a hostile takeover. He took everything including his father’s life with a well-placed bullet.

With his dying breath, Lionel told Lex how proud he was of him and how he loved him. Lex found himself unmoved by this declaration, as he changed the name of the company to Lexcorp. Over the past fifteen years, the world had forgotten about Lionel Luthor. He rebuilt Metropolis using his resources and was the most important individual in the city.

That was until he showed up. The beloved Superman who people still seemed intent to justify despite his collaboration with Darkseid and near destruction of Metropolis. The fact Superman’s cousin showed up spelled trouble as well. The little girl assaulted him several months back.

Luthor regretted that he did not have a chance to teach her a lesson. With the assistance of General Hardcastle, Lex Luthor had managed to capture the two Kryptonians, to save humanity from their dangerous influence. He would be declared the man who saved humanity from the alien menace.

One little snag presented itself. That nosy bitch Lois Lane had stuck her nose where it did not belong and helped Superman and Supergirl both escape him. Luthor managed to deflect most of the blame onto Hardcastle in a calculated move and the General had been disgraced.

Then there was the third party, this emerald eyed hero who Luthor found himself intrigued by. The latest reports on the news had detailed more of his and Supergirl’s little adventures together against
Intergang.

He had found amusement in the fact that disgusting museum had been a casualty.

Luthor ignored a pain in his chest.

'Likely indigestion,' he thought. 'I’m going to have to hire better cooking staff.'

A buzz on his intercom had brought his focus right back.

“Lex, there’s an important message for you,” said Mercy. “A Mr. Radcliffe has sent word that he wishes to meet with you.”

Needless to say, this little bit of news got Lex Luthor’s attention.

“When does Mr. Radcliffe want a meeting?” asked Luthor.

“On Friday, at nine o clock in the morning,” said Mercy.

Luthor paused. He had planned to launch the device on that day to rid himself of those two super powered nuisances. Yet, it would be better to appease Radcliffe and win him over.

“Clear my schedule;” concluded Lex Luthor.
Chapter 15: Luthor Part One.

It was a beautiful autumn day in Metropolis. Friday approached and everyone looked forward to the end of the work week.

In a hotel room sat Kara Potter, legs crossed as she tapped her foot in tune with the music on the radio. She wore a black short sleeved jacket, a blue buttoned up blouse, and a skirt that stopped a few inches above her knees. Stockings covered her long legs and she wore high heel shoes. Her long blonde hair was tied back in a ponytail. To complete the look, she wore a pair of glasses.

“Are you ready, Harry?” called Kara as she bit on her lip.

“Yes, nearly,” said Harry from the other room.

“And here I thought it was the woman who was supposed to take forever,” muttered Kara as she awaited her husband.

“I heard that!” called Harry.

A moment later, Harry exited from the Bathroom. Kara just looked at him and shook her head, in amusement.

Harry Potter wore purple sunglasses upon his face. He had on a white fringed jacket, with a tie-dye shirt, and black pants. He wore a pair of furry boots.

The outfit Kara did not mind so much.

“You straightened your hair,” said Kara in a horrified tone of voice.

“Well that’s the disguise,” said Harry as he looked in the mirror. His messy hair had been rendered perfectly straight.

Kara looked at him. She thought anyone who would want Harry to straighten his hair must be pure evil and should be condemned to the Phantom Zone.

“So, just curious,” said Kara as she looked at Harry. “Who picked out the disguise?”

“Tonks,” said Harry as he looked in the mirror and snickered at the sight of himself. “It really does look absurd when I’m sober.”

“No, the outfit’s fine, you look cute in it,” she commented before she added. “Granted, it’d look better on the floor later, but…”

She looked at him, as she had to slap her hand away. “Your hair is straight.”

Kara pulled herself up and Harry sat down next to her.

“So, Lexcorp,” said Kara. “Ready to go.”

“Well we couldn’t keep putting it off,” said Harry. “I dug up enough on what Luthor’s been up to worry me.”
“Well it does help to have access to someone who can dig up anything,” said Kara as she reached over to the fruit bowl.

“What I can’t find on the public records makes me worried,” said Harry in a thoughtful voice. “But that’s what we’re finding out. Now, I’m Harrison Radcliffe and you’re…”

“His personal assistant Linda Lee,” said Kara as she started to peel a banana. “Got the story, know the plan.”

Kara peeled the banana and began to slowly eat it right in front of Harry. Harry watched her, as she licked the underside the banana. She then put it in her mouth. A small bite swirled around her cheek, as she threw her head back and made a tantalizing little moan.

“So good,” said Kara as she teased Harry with the banana as Harry watched her.

“You do realize we have to keep our minds on business today, don’t you?” asked Harry before he added. “Unfortunately.”

“Yeah, unfortunately,” said Kara. “We’ll save it for our meeting afterwards. For the wrap up…”

“Don’t you mean unwrapping,” replied Harry as he grabbed her hands and looked over her, mouth watered at the sight before him. He spoke after a matter of moments. “You look hot in that outfit… then again you look hot in any outfit.”

Kara continued to eat her banana before she smiled. “Well, my love, we have so many possibilities to explore. I did a lot of clothes shopping in London. Got some things that certain family members might have a stroke if they saw me in them. And I know they’ll drive you wild.”

‘Yeah like the secretary outfit and the school girl outfit and the cheerleader outfit and the nurse outfit, not to mention all that lingerie I bought,’ thought Kara as she tingled in anticipation. ‘Plus, I’m a married woman, time to throw out all of the little girl underwear.’

The grin on Kara’s face made Harry almost tempted to learn to read minds.

Then again, it would kind of spoil the fun.

They enjoyed a nice breakfast and prepared to head out to Lexcorp for their meeting with the infamous Lex Luthor.

Lois Lane sat behind her desk. She did not blink. She only remembered to breathe because she recalled it was essential for her continued existence.

‘Who in the hell are you?’ she thought as she looked at the green eyed hero that first popped up in Vegas. ‘Another alien, meta-human, some government experiment, you’ve got to be one of the above.”

Lois pondered but she had no time as her phone rang. She took the call when she realized who it was coming from.

“Yes, yes, yes, so Luthor’s got something in development,” muttered Lois as she jotted down information. “Ninth floor, yeah I got it.”

Lois looked at the notes she hastily scrawled, in all of their sloppy grammatical glory.
“Hey Jimmy!” yelled Lois which caused Jimmy Olsen to spin around and nearly trip over his feet.

“What, Miss Lane?” asked Jimmy.

“We’re going to take a field trap over to Lexcorp today, Luthor’s up to something,” said Lois as she jumped off to her chair to her feet. “Finally going to figure out what he’s all hush-hush, now grab your camera and meet me outside in five minutes.”

Lois knocked into Clark.

“In an awfully big hurry, Lois, aren’t we?” asked Clark.

“No time for chit-chat,” said Lois. “I was right about Luthor, he’s up to something big. My contact came through.”

“That’s great Lois what…” started Clark.

“Don’t know, going to find out, mind my calls while I’m gone,” said Lois as she made her way out the doors.

Clark stood at Lois’s desk. She had already left when the phone rang. Clark picked the phone up.

“Hello?” asked Clark.

“Is Lois Lane still there?” asked an obviously distorted voice on the other end of the phone.

“No,” said Clark. “May I take a message?”

“Well tell her this. I just got another tip about Luthor. An armored van came in from Ryker’s Island just this morning. Someone was in the back of it. Purple skin this guy had too. Guy was in restraints.”

‘The Parasite,’ thought Clark. ‘Great.’

Rudy Jones had been an ordinary guy at one time. A chemical spill during a heist at S.T.A.R. Labs caused his skin to melt and caused him to mutate into the Parasite. The Parasite had an insatiable hunger for power. At one point, he kept Superman prisoner for some time and called in as Clark Kent using his powers to keep the charade.

Superman encountered Parasite a number of times since then and the battles had been intense. Clark pinched the bridge of his nose.

“Are you still there?”

“Yes, I am,” said Clark.

“Good, tell Lane that she might want to be careful if she follows up that lead. The new stockholder is here.”

“What, Harrison Radcliffe?” asked Clark. “Are you sure?”

“Yeah, him and his personal assistant, they just pulled up in front of Lexcorp in a limo,” said the informant. “Quite the pair of legs on that one and nice short skirt.”

Clark gritted his teeth when he realized who this informant was talking about but then he realized the thrashing Harry would give him would be far more violent should he find out.
The fear was that he realized that Harry and Kara would both be inside where the Parasite was and if he found out, it would not end well.

Clark was conflicted. On one hand, they both could handle themselves and they already got in one argument about him swooping in just recently.

On the other hand, it was the Parasite.

Lex Luthor stood in his office and peered out the window into the city he built. Metropolis was his and always would be his. Soon the momentary distraction would be corrected.

Luthor turned and he took a step forward. He found himself visited by another bout of indigestion. He ignored it. He slid the Kryptonite inside a cabinet in his office. He would not want to tempt the visitor with anything rather powerful.

He stepped over into a chamber to the side of his office. Strapped to a stretcher was the Parasite.

“I’m going to let you go,” said Luthor. “Do note that if you try anything, I have implemented a failsafe device. The device will serve as a means to keep you in line.”

“Yeah, I understand,” said Parasite as Luthor unstrapped him. “Why did you bring me out of prison?”

“As insurance,” said Luthor. “I can return you back to your normal self easily. I have the capabilities. I just require one more day of your work. Should Superman get involved, you can utilize your powers one more time.”

“Do you think he’ll come?” asked Parasite who seemed to salivate at the potential for a taste of Kryptonian power once more.

“Oh, he’ll come my friend, he’ll come,” said Luthor with a chuckle as he considered the criminal. “You will feed and get a taste of Superman’s powers. But naturally do not assume that you can use them to get the better of me.”

Luthor looked over the Parasite who waited.

“If Superman arrives, I will call for you,” said Luthor. “Remain in this room. No one should bother you or rather tempt you.”

Parasite nodded and Luthor took his leave, when his intercom buzzed to life.

“Mr. Radcliffe is here, Lex,” said Mercy.

“Very well, tell him that I’ll be down in my ground office for our meeting, make sure security gets him there,” said Lex as he hastened his steps.

'Going to see what this guy who bungled his way into majority shares of the company is like’,” thought Luthor. ‘Likely some vagrant by the looks of him or perhaps a drug addict who managed to get lucky.’

In rare mental lapse, Lex Luthor left the chunk of Kryptonite in his main office cabinet. He only realized it when he was halfway down to the ground floor.
Incognito, Harry and Kara were lead in by a security guard. The name tag “Otis” could be seen on his uniform.

“Mr. Luthor will see you in a few minutes,” said the security guard as he walked out. “Ah, there he comes now.”

“Otis, you actually managed to steer people in the right direction for once,” said Lex as he walked into the conference room to see the two sitting before them.

“Ah, the famous Lex Luthor,” said Harry in a false cheerful voice. “My name is Harrison Radcliffe and this is my personal assistant Linda Lee.”

Luthor considered them and then nodded. “Well, it’s finally a pleasure to meet someone who seems to have stumbled into so much of my company. I must say, the little events in Vegas were surprising along with how binding they turned out to be.”

“I’m sure they were a surprise, your employees lost a lot of their paycheck to me, they wanted it back,” said Harry without taking a breath as he bounced around to maintain the illusion of a hyperactive goofball. “Double or nothing and here I am, having this conversation.”

“Yes, you are,” said Luthor. “Well, I’m sure you’ll find that I’m running…”

“We’ve taken a good long look at how you’ve been running Lexcorp,” said Kara as she disguised her voice in an imitation of Harry’s native accent. It was not perfect but it fooled Luthor. “Myself and Harrison, that’s to say Mr. Radcliffe, have been taking a good long look at some of the directions this company has been going. We’re concerned.”

Lex looked at them.

“Yes, we have plans for Lexcorp, big plans,” said Harry as he looked at Luthor.

“We have been able to draw some interesting conclusions,” said Kara. “For one, it seems like your business sense has failed you over the past four years. Most of your projects seem to be sound up until that point. Make good business sense, but then Lexcorp stock slipped a little bit. Quarterly earnings were not what they used to be…”

“I can assure you that was due to an economic downturn that affected all sectors in this city,” said Luthor in a diplomatic tone of voice.

“Perhaps, but all of these explorations to hunt down meteor fragments across the globe,” said Kara. “What purpose do they serve for the overall business portfolio of Lexcorp?”

Luthor paused to consider them. It seemed obvious that actually explaining himself to a shareholder was a new world for him.

“It was all because of the arrival of Superman a few years back,” said Luthor. “You have heard of him, I trust?”

“Yes, a bit here and there,” replied Harry.

“Yes, well, I was intrigued by his arrival as we all were,” replied Luthor. “No one with that kind of power could be the golden child he claimed to be. So I ensured that in case he ever went rouge, I
would have the necessary tools.”

Harry and Kara sat and waited for Luthor to speak.

“I was lead to believe by a man named General Hardcastle that Superman was in the league of a threat known as Darkseid,” said Luthor with pure conviction. “So I fashioned a weapon that allowed us to deal with Superman and his sidekick Supergirl. I assure you, they would have been kept prisoner safely until they got their due process in front of a jury of their peers, so to speak”

‘That lying bastard,’ thought Kara as Harry squeezed her hand in warning so she did not blow their cover.

“I feel that Superman may not be the hero of tomorrow as the world thinks him to be,” said Luthor. “I adore Metropolis, it has allowed me to become the man I am today. Therefore, I will do anything to protect it. Superman has the potential to be a greater threat. I hoped to work with him, but he was not receptive to my diplomatic advances. He threatened me, Mr. Radcliffie. You can see why I would take the steps I need to take.”

Harry looked at Luthor. He would fit in rather well with the Ministry of Magic with the blatant lies he was telling.

Luthor held up a hand and pulled out a cell phone. “Just one second, I need to take this call in the other room.”

Lex Luthor left at that moment, to leave Kara and Harry alone.

“Did you want to hit him about as much as I did?” asked Kara.

“Yes, I did,” agreed Harry as he looked off into the distance. “He did have some answers for everything and his story was well rehearsed, like he believed it.”

“Well that’s a secret to a good lie, believe everything you say,” said Kara as she waited for Luthor to return. The fact she was near Luthor for so long made her stomach turn in revulsion. “So now what?”

“We dig deeper,” said Harry. “I’ll keep Luthor distracted, while you snoop around, draw a map of Lexcorp. Check every door and mark any areas that might have Kryptonite.”

“Gotcha,” said Kara, as she stole a quick kiss from Harry when no one was the wiser.

“Right, I have some more notes, my assistant needs to take care of other matters, I’ll meet you in fifteen minutes!” called Harry in a cheerful voice to Luthor all the way down the hallway.

Luthor nodded as Harry turned to Kara, who had a piece of paper out.

‘Just one little thing to take care of,’ thought Harry as he found the controls to the security system, before he used a little magic to disable the cameras.

“Cameras and alarms are both down,” said Harry as he embraced and gave Kara another kiss.

“Ready to go,” said Kara after she pulled away, sooner than she would have liked and moved to check the rooms. With rapid fire, she marked several rooms, careful not to let any security see her.
She moved to an elevator and possibilities entered her head. She made a mental note to explore them later and moved to the next floor. It was slower than flying, but she could not do that and risk being found out.

Harry Potter stepped through the door and heard voices. He slipped behind a stack of boxes and stuck towards the shadows just as he’d been taught.

“Security seems lighter around here, Luthor must have made some budget cuts,” muttered Lois Lane as she walked inside.

“What are we looking for again?” asked Jimmy.

“With any luck, something that will get big headlines, Jimmy,” said Lois as she looked around. “You ever get the feeling that you are being watched.”

“Security cameras,” said Jimmy as he pointed them out.

Lois stiffened but looked the security cameras. They did not move, there were no signs they even worked. “Well this one’s busted at least.”

“So is that one,” said Jimmy as he pointed out more and more.

“Our luck couldn’t be better then,” muttered the reporter as she held her notepad. “Be careful for the real guys, now the thing we’re looking for is on the ninth floor.”

Lois went over to the elevator but she remained frustrated when it was in use.

“Come on Jimmy, we’re taking the stairs,” said Lois and the photographer looked at her.

“To the ninth floor,” said Jimmy, eyes widened.

“The exercise would be good for you, kid,” said Lois as she lead the photographer up the stairs. Jimmy followed up nine floors.

Harry waited for them to leave and then got up. He had struck pay dirt with some unintended help.

‘Ninth floor, eh,’ thought Harry. ‘Better for me to get there before them.’

Harry moved up the stairs to the next floor, but stopped.

‘Well, I’m going to try this,’ thought Harry. ‘Don’t think Potter, just do.’

With a pop, Harry appeared at the top of the next floor. He stumbled but he was in one piece.

Another pop, and Harry continued to Apparate one floor at a time. He could Apparate to where he could see, but likely long time distances would require more practice.

Once Harry got to a floor, a figure sensed him from the shadows. The Parasite watched this new mysterious source of power he sensed.

‘Must have,’ thought Parasite in a greedy manner. ‘Power, like nothing I’ve experienced before.’

Parasite ignored his word to Luthor and went to seek out a new feeding source for his lust for power.
Harry reached the ninth floor and as he waited in the shadows. Just as he showed up, Lois Lane and Jimmy Olsen walked in. The dark haired reporter stopped in her tracks.

Both stared at each other for a moment.

“You’re that Radcliffe guy,” muttered Lois.

“Why, yes, yes, I am,” said Harry in a nonchalant voice. “And you’re a reporter who can’t keep out of trouble.”

“Hey, give me some credit, I haven’t gotten in any trouble in months,” said Lois without missing a beat as Jimmy stepped off to see if he could take some photos. “What are you doing here anyway?”

“What are you doing here?” countered Harry.

“I asked you first, pal,” argued Lois.

“Well I asked you second and two is a higher number than one,” said Harry.

Lois looked flustered at that response but regained her bearings.

“What kind of logic is that?” demanded Lois in a frustrated voice, as she clutched her notepad in her hand. “Are you absolutely...”

“Yes, I am,” said Harry in a cheerful voice before he added in a serious voice. “But you are trespassing, Miss Lane. You’re snooping around, in things that don’t concern you. You could have an accident.”

“Hey, are you threatening me?” asked Lois. “You wouldn’t be the first person to do that this week you know.”

“No, not a threat, merely a warning,” said Harry. “I have every right to be here but you on the other hand don’t.”

Lois held her pen in her hand and scribbled down some notes but Harry pulled it out of her hand.

“Another Luthor stooge?” read Harry before his expression darkened. “Ah, judging me such, I’m hurt, really I am.”

“Look, you’re covering up something, so what else can you be?” asked Lois.

“Really, that’s what you think,” said Harry with a chuckle before he added in a mysterious voice. “Just when you have all of the answers Miss Lane, they keep changing the questions.”

Lois clutched her pen as Harry allowed her to have her notepad.

“Well I don’t have any answers from you,” said Lois. “One of my sources here in Lexcorp told me there would be something big, something you’re hiding...”

“Oh, really, I’m looking for the something big here too,” said Harry. “Luthor didn’t mention that during our meeting.”

“Well, I don’t believe you,” said Lois.
“Well, that’s not my problem,” replied Harry. “And I did warn you that there might be consequences to you snooping around here. If Luthor is up to something dangerous, what makes you think he’d let you leave?”

“Again, are you threatening me?” demanded the reporter as she stepped in, leaned down, and got up in Harry’s face.

Harry stepped to the side before he looked at her. His patience wavered at the breaking point. It was an interesting experience to be on the other side of a person who could not stop snooping around.

“You, enjoy it, don’t you?” asked Harry. “You get off on throwing yourself in danger so Superman can save you!”

“HEY!” yelled Lois. “I don’t…”

“Yes, you do,” said Harry.

“Look I don’t need to be psychoanalyzed by one of Luthor’s flunkies,” said Lois.

“LISTEN TO ME YOU DENSE WOMAN, I’M TRYING TO HELP YOU!” snapped Harry.

Lois took a step back and blinked several times. At that point, Jimmy poked his head out of the next room.

“Um, there’s something I think you should see,” said Jimmy.

“Well you better see it quickly, because security’s coming, into the next room,” said Harry as he ushered them both inside.

Harry turned to face Otis the security guard.

“I heard voices, Mr. Radcliffe, I hoped no one was disturbing you,” said Otis as he looked at the young man before him.

“Well, I’ve seen disturbing things around here,” said Harry. “I saw some dark haired woman and a photographer in here, you wouldn’t happen to know them?”

“Lois Lane, she’s been snooping around, Mr. Luthor won’t like that,” said Otis as he shuffled nervously. “Did you see what way they went?”

Harry was visited by a sudden burst of inspiration. He almost felt bad but he quelled those impulses.

He lead Otis off to the side and pulled the door open.

“I think they went through this door,” said Harry. “I’m sure, Mr. Luthor will be very happy if you find them.”

“Oh, you think so,” said the security guard with glee as he rubbed his hands together. “Thanks a lot Mr. Radcliffe, you’re such a swell guy.”

“I do try,” said Harry, as Otis walked through the doorway.

With a swift movement, Harry slammed the door marked “CLOSET” shut and locked it.
‘What a maroon,’ thought Harry to himself with a chuckle.

With that, Harry heard pounding on the door but he quickened his strides. Lois and Jimmy had been parked in front of the computer.

“What’s that?” asked Harry, as he moved them over and began to read the description.

’S’mart weapon developed to eliminate the Kryptonian threat in a permanent way,’ read Harry who already felt his fists clench. ‘Will deploy a probe containing Nano Technology infused with liquefied Kryptonite. Probe will resemble a nondescript mosquito. Kryptonians will be injected with liquefied Kryptonite which will lead to a slow and painful death. Simulations show that causalities in the vicinity due to aliens being driven manic by the pain. Supergirl and Superman will not be able to hide once weapon is deployed. Estimated time of launch: 5 hours and 24 minutes.”

Harry understood only parts of what he read. He did understand enough to want to kill Lex Luthor.

Several lights shattered in the hallway outside from where they stood. Harry’s clutched his fists as the light fixtures swung back and forth. Windows nearby cracked slightly.

“Um, Mr. Radcliffe,” said Jimmy in a tentative voice but he backed down.

Lois Lane stood as she read the same report over and backed away.

“This time Luthor’s gone too far, he’s planning murder, Jimmy get pictures, we’re getting the SCU on the line right away,” said Lois without taking a breath.

The footsteps outside indicated the arrival of security. Harry braced himself for a fight, as he pushed Lois and Jimmy directly out the door away.

Then he moved out the door and made quick strides towards Luthor’s office.

Out of the corner of his eye, he saw a purple shape move towards him. Harry prepared to engage it.

“Feed me!” growled the Parasite, as he dove at Harry hands outstretched.

Harry managed to hold onto his wand, but his inability to aim it made the act difficult. He struggled with the Parasite. The fight continued as Harry blasted him twice hard but the creature kept coming for him.

The Parasite could smell the power radiating off of this one. He struggled which made the hunt even better.

“I like it when they fight!” yelled Parasite. “Makes it taste so much better!”

Harry blasted Parasite backwards but this only stalled him for a minute. Parasite grabbed Harry and threw him down, before he proceeded to drain Harry’s magic. The Boy-Who-Lived kicked, fought, and scratched, but Parasite just pushed harder.

“YES, YES, YES!” yelled Parasite in sadistic glee as he drank up this new source of power. He felt a great high as he gorged himself.

Harry slumped to the ground and shivered. He felt like he had experienced the worst case of the flu. He still held his wand in his hand.

He flicked it. Nothing came out, not even a spark. He made several more attempts to do so but
nothing.

‘That’s not good,’ thought Harry.

He watched as Parasite levitated several boxes into the air and juggled them all without a benefit of a wand.

‘And that’s even worse,’ added Harry mentally.

Parasite moved in, high on magic as Harry pulled himself off of the ground. Sweat rolled down his cheeks, eyes were red, as he shivered once again.

He likely had been in a worse situation before but he was too drained and ill to think.
Chapter 16: Luthor Part Two.

Parasite continued to levitate the tables in the air. He juggled them around with absolute manic glee on his face.

"Your powers are fun, kid!" said Parasite as he slurred his words, his eyes bloodshot as he looked at his latest feeding source. “Don’t know why you need that little stick to do anything…”

“Yes, good,” managed Harry as he shivered. “You just managed to figure out one of the first charms we do during our first year at Hogwarts.”

Harry noticed all he was doing at this moment was slightly more controlled accidental magic.

“Ah, it will come all to me, perhaps after a few more tastes!” cried Parasite as he stalked Harry, but Harry slid underneath a cart of supplies.

With sheer determination, he pulled himself off the floor and managed to shove it right into Parasite.

The cart smacked Parasite and the momentum sent the villain right down the hallway. Harry staggered and wiped his forehead. He sneezed and his eyes watered. He clutched against the walls and pulled himself down.

His legs dragged underneath him as he felt a bit of feeling come back to him. Harry managed to slide a metal door closed as he made his way back up around the lab area.

He heard voices and he dragged himself closer. He took several deep breaths. Harry Potter never got sick and most certainly not with the flu. Through the sheer power of stubbornness, Harry kept moving.

“Just stay right there, until we ask Mr. Luthor what to do with you.”

Harry watched as he saw Lois and Jimmy surrounded by security, who had either batons, stun guns, mace, and even guns stuck on them.

‘Great,’ whispered Harry. ‘Just fucking great, wonderful, bloody damsels in distress, the both of them.’

He slipped off into the shadows and cursed his saving people thing under his breath. His body alternated between fever and chills as he kept moving. His senses alternated between enhanced and dulled.

“We’re going to take your notes and pictures right now,” said the security guard.

“Hey, you can’t do that, what about freedom of the press?” demanded Lois.

“I don’t think they care about that right about now,” muttered Jimmy who was well aware he had the mace a few inches from his face.

Security closed right in but a loud clatter from outside the hallway distracted them. Two security guards looked for the disturbance but they dropped down from a blunt force.
Several more security guards moved down but one by one they found themselves picked off.

“Hey, whoever you are, come out right now?” demanded one of the guards, with a trembling voice. Right at that moment, a stun gun stuck into the back of his leg and he fell down.

“You two, I did warn you,” said Harry as sparks came out of his wand. He realized he lost his glasses in the battle.

“Wait, you’re him, the green eyed hero!” yelled Lois.

“Congratulations, Pulitzer’s in the post,” replied Harry in a sarcastic voice. He tried to regain his bearings. “You two, leave now, take the stairs and keep running until you reach the doors. Take the mace and see anyone, spray them in the eyes.”

“Mace, eyes, right,” said Jimmy as he took the mace as did Lois. Harry heard a grunting voice right outside the hallway and the Parasite smashed his way through the locked doors.

“Damn,” muttered Harry as he turned to them. “STOP GAWKING AND RUN!” Lois and Jimmy nearly tripped over themselves in their haste to run.

Harry felt warmth returning.

“Man, your power’s returning pretty quick,” said Parasite as he licked his lips. “I must have more of it!”

Harry jumped right to the end of the hall and began to back up.

“Come on, it’s coming back, you want it, come and get it!” called Harry as he continued to lure Parasite down the hallway.

With a flick of his wand, the sprinkler system above him activated.

“Ha, you think water’s going to stop me!” taunted the Parasite before he chanted in a sarcastic voice. “Oh, I’m melting, I’m melting…”

Harry just jammed the stun gun and threw it right onto the water, before he Disapparated to the bottom of the steps.

Parasite screamed, as he was electrocuted but only for a moment, as he still had some of the power he stole.

He continued to stalk.

‘Must have more,” thought Parasite in a gluttonous manner.

Kara stopped right away in the hallway, as she felt her wedding ring heat up right on her finger.

It only clicked in her head right away, what it meant.

‘Harry’s in trouble,” thought Kara.

Without another thought, she blasted right up. The ring would lead her to her husband. The heroine
flew with a fierce and single minded determination in her eyes.

“Right, we do got to get out of here, but security’s tight,” muttered Lois.

“Still can’t believe green eyed hero boy and Radcliffe are the same guy.”

“I wish I knew what was going on here,” said Jimmy.

“You and me both, Jimmy,” replied Lois with a ghost of a smile.

At that point, Harry Potter stumbled right down the stairs, as the Parasite moved right at him. The creature’s hands were outstretched.

“You two, better run faster,” said Harry as he sensed help was on the way. Kara flew right in front of Harry and blew a sheet of ice right on the floor underneath Parasite. “Kara, get these two out of here, and come back.”

She had no time to argue. Kara grabbed both Lois and Jimmy and blasted by as fast as she could be allowed without tearing them apart.

“Heads down, now!” shouted Kara. The two did so and Lois and Jimmy were dropped down.

Jimmy looked rather green as Lois rolled over, her clothes and hair in disarray.

“Stay!” yelled Kara over her shoulder as moved right inside, as she picked up her flight velocity and returned.

“Yeah, right,” said Lois as she threw her cell phone down. “Call the SCU, I’ve got to get back in there.”

Jimmy found himself trying to dial as was told but Lois’s phone was not cooperating.

Parasite stalked Harry right down the hallway but Harry flicked his wand to the side.

The fire extinguishers split open in the hallway and the air was clouded.

“You think this fog will protect you!” yelled Parasite. “I can still smell you. I always get what I want! Your power is like a gourmet meal!”

Kara flew right in and knocked Parasite right into the wall with a huge punch, before she grabbed Harry, and hugged him mid-air.

“Alright Harry,” muttered Kara.

“Fine,” said Harry as he dangled as Parasite moved in.

“Well, a Kryptonian,” said Parasite as his mouth watered. “This must be my lucky day.”

Kara found herself tempted to snap Parasite’s neck right now but the problem was getting close enough to him without him draining off some of her powers.

“Catch me if you can!” she called, as she held Harry safely, before Parasite dove right at her. The villain smacked up against the ceiling and landed with a huge thud.
“Come on little girl, I won’t bite,” taunted the sadistic villain as he felt his high coming down and he needed another fix.

Parasite charged once again but Kara flew out of the way. The creature smacked against the wall once more.

“You can’t stop me forever,” growled Parasite as he felt himself grow even more desperate.

“Not trying to stop you, just merely running down your batteries,” muttered Kara as she held Harry. “About how long do you think?”

“I think I’m about sixty percent back,” said Harry, as he rested against her, as she dodged another attack and moved down the hallway.

With a blast, Kara impacted Parasite’s arm. The creature gave a pained growl as the heat vision sliced into it.

“That hurt,” he grunted as he nursed his burned arm. “Superman wouldn’t do that, little girl.”

“Well, do I look like Superman?” asked Kara as her eyes narrowed .

“No,” said Parasite as he looked over her greedily and licked his lips. “More succulent.”

Parasite moved in but a blur shot from the down the hall and smashed him right in the face. The creature spiraled to the ground. He crashed.

He twisted his head and looked to see Superman, dressed in a protective suit. Superman continued to rain in on the punches, but Parasite grabbed him and blasted him back.

“Two Kryptonians and a wizard,” commented Parasite. “It must be an all you eat buffet.”

He grabbed Superman and pinned him down.

“That suit’s on pretty tight, boy scout,” growled Parasite as his teeth gritted but he wiggled his fingers and it vanished. “Fixed that, didn’t we?”

Parasite grabbed his hands and wrapped them around Superman’s throat. He felt the very familiar power return to him.

A blast of heat vision shot him right in the side and knocked him down.

“Hey, no one interrupts me while I’m feeding!” growled the creature as he flew up.

“He has his powers,” muttered Harry.

“Yep,” whispered Kara.

“Good,” replied Harry as he pulled out his wand. “That means he also has his weakness to this…”

Harry cracked his wrist and Parasite found himself knocked back. The spell sent him back. Parasite was down but not out.

“Still got enough of that old magic left in the tank, but a nice shot kid,” said Parasite, but a combined heat vision blast and purple light knocked the creature back a second time.

Parasite watched as his skin healed itself. “I’ll get you two too, all of the power, I must have it
all…”

He flew up to engage Kara and Harry, but their combined forces pushed him back. Parasite decided to drag them down.

He gave a pained grunt as a sharp object split in the back of his neck. Superman rolled over and looked up to see Lois Lane standing right behind him, fire ax in her hand.

“Is he…” started Lois.

“No, you just pissed him off I think,” said Harry and Parasite shook off the attack. “Okay, I don’t think…”

Parasite staggered back to his feet and began to stalk them.

“Elevator!” yelled Harry, as he levitated Superman up by his cape. Kara held him still underneath her arm and she picked up Lois underneath her other arm.

Lois got the door as the four made their way into the elevator of Lexcorp. Parasite flew right towards them and grabbed it before it could shut properly.

“Well, shit,” muttered Lois, eyes widened.

“I agree,” said Harry, as he looked up to the hatch on the top. With his wand, he opened it and blasted the top of the elevator, so they could get Superman through.

Harry helped them up, as he put a shield charm up. The Parasite punched his way through it.

“Kara, get Superman and Lois up, I’ll cover you,” said Harry. “And then I’ll be back.”

“You better,” said the Kryptonian woman as she grabbed Superman and still held onto Lois. “Hang on.”

‘One of these two needs to go on a diet,’ thought Kara as she blasted both of them up and with a blast of heat vision, she blew the door opened.

Parasite continued to move at Harry. His wand blasted the creature down twice.

Harry’s eyes traveled right to the top floor. He bent his knees to make the jump.

It was a long distance but by the sheer force of will, he made it.

Kara watched as Harry made the jump. Her eyes widened.

‘There’s no way he could make that jump,’ she thought. ‘Unless...’

Harry landed down on his feet and Kara looked at him.

She spoke. “Harry did you just…”

“Kara, heat vision, cables,” said Harry and Kara did as she was told, as her heat blast burned right through them.

The Parasite gave a scream as the elevator crashed down to the ground floor. All heard as it hit bottom.
“Is he…” started Superman but Parasite smashed out of the wreckage.

“Oh come on, even Jason would have stayed down by now,” muttered Lois as she took a step back. Parasite stood, eyes blazed with red with the warning of heat vision.

“Feed me, Seymour!” sang the Parasite as he stalked them down the hall but he locked on Harry Potter. “Time for seconds!”

“Don’t worry, we should be fine,” whispered Harry to the others. “As long as he doesn’t touch my scar.”

“Your scar?” asked the Parasite as he smacked his lips together and slurried his next words. “What a tantalizing suggestion!”

“No, please, don’t my scar, it’s the strongest part of my powers,” said Harry as he tried to keep his face blank.

“The more ya beg, the more I want, surely you figured that out by now, kiddo,” said Parasite as he practically drooled as he got closer to the power.

He placed his left hand on Harry’s scar. He tried to drain the power.

Unbearable pain followed. Luthor’s fail safe device had been activated and Parasite screamed in blood curdling agony.

He was flung backwards onto the floor.

Rudy Jones, the Parasite, was dead.

Harry pulled himself up. Lois looked, mouth opened and Superman was slumped against the wall.

“He was warned,” replied Harry in a nonchalant voice. Kara rushed over to check Harry and they exchanged a brief kiss.

She pulled away and she narrowed her eyes.

“I wonder…” muttered Kara as she scanned the scar.

“Did he drain it?” asked Harry.

Kara shook her head after she scanned the Parasite. “Harry, it’s still there…but that’s not all that’s there…”

“What’s there?” asked Harry.

“Some kind of white light, it gives the feeling of protection,” said Kara. “It’s almost like it was always there, keeping that thing completely at bay but it nearly got buried.”

Harry had no idea what to make of this although he had a few ideas.

Superman slowly regained his powers but he stood paralyzed. Parasite remained on the floor dead.

In his office, Lex Luthor clutched the side of his desk. His eyes remained bloodshot, his nostrils flared, and his teeth gritted when it all clicked together.
The green-eyed hero was the new shareholder. He conspired with the Kryptonians to steal his pride and joy, Lexcorp away from him. Everything he worked for. If he had hair, Lex Luthor would rip it out right now.

Luthor rushed over and grabbed the phone.

“Mercy, the weapon’s will be activated in fifteen minutes, have my private helicopter on the roof by then,” said Lex Luthor as he moved quickly.

He was going to launch the weapon. The two Kryptonians would go manic and kill everyone inside. Luthor would be on a private island and would collect the insurance money when things burned down.

He grabbed his briefcase and started to pack as fast as he could. His doors to his office had been reinforced, not even Superman could break through them.

It would take an act of God to get them open.

All that mattered is Superman would be dead.

‘Who needs Superman?’ thought Luthor.

“He’s gone too far, then,” said Kara as the two quickened their steps right to where the computers were located. ‘I think if I get in, I can shut it down, no problem.”

“Fine, we’ll get you there, and then I’m going for Luthor,” said Harry.

“Manual launch sequence activated! Kryptonite Smart Weapon to be launched in t-minus fifteen minutes.”

Kara grabbed Harry and flew him right towards the doors, where security waited.

“BACK OFF!” yelled Kara as she shot heat vision right at them. Harry flicked his wand and the two combined attacks knocked security over.

The super powered couple parked in front of the computer, as Kara grabbed the keyboard and tried to access it.

“It’s not responding,” said Kara in a frantic voice.

“Well, that’s about right,” said Harry. “The weapon should be around here somewhere, I could disable it manually.”

“What blow it up or something?” asked Kara.

“No, that would likely get you bathed in Kryptonite,” said Harry as he pushed the doors open, to see the launch weapon. “I can run some spells, figure out what I can do, transfigure it into something harmless.”

“Yeah, do that, I’ll watch your back,” said Kara without taking a breath.

Harry frowned as he performed the necessary diagnostic spells.

‘Okay, let’s see what this is made of,’ thought Harry. ‘Let’s see, fifteen point zero eight percent plutonium, eighteen point zero six tantalum, twenty seven point seventy one percent xenon, twenty
Harry paused and cursed the uselessness of the spell.

"Zero point fifty seven percent of an unknown substance," thought Harry. "What the bloody hell use is that?"

Harry took a deep breath.

"Okay, think Potter, think," thought the Boy-Who-Lived. "Okay, you can't transfigure something where part of it is unknown. We know that, so to vanish it...nope that would likely poison people."

Kara watched as Harry stood there.

'Got it,' thought Harry. "Let's see, if I can alter this little Nano Technology slightly. One wrong move Potter and we're all cooked."

Harry waved his wand eyes closed as the countdown timer beeped time and time again.

Kara watched as the seconds closed. The countdown timer beeps time and time again.

"Launch activated," declared the weapon.

Kara braced herself as the probes shot out but they did not go right for her. Instead, they broke out the window and flew right into the sky far away.

Harry let out the breath he held.

"Harry, that was brilliant," said Kara. "I don't know what you did, but it was brilliant."

"I altered the programming slightly, instead of seeking out Kryptonians, I sent the Kryptonite back home," said Harry. She nodded to affirm her understanding.

Harry did not waste any more time. He had his eyes right on the prize.

Lex Luthor's office was just right up the next set of stairs.

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Lex Luthor maintained his composure for a moment but his eye twitched.

"Probes were re-directed," muttered Luthor. "HOW?"

There was no around to answer his question so Luthor took several deep breaths. Another bout of indigestion visited him.

He heard a loud crash outside his doors. Luthor took a step forward.

"You can knock on that all you want, no one's getting through those doors," said Luthor smugly.

No sooner had those words left his mouth, the reinforced doors smashed open.

A rather pissed off green eyed young man walked forward into the office. Harry Potter stormed, as furniture set on fire. Paint peeled off the walls and windows cracked.
Kara followed him and Lois Lane slipped in, just before the doors shut behind them.

Harry was face to face with Lex Luthor, who managed to open his cabinet and pull out the chunk of Kryptonite.

Kara felt faint and slumped against the wall, but Harry blasted Luthor in his right arm. Several of Luthor’s bones shattered and he howled in pain.

The Kryptonite flew into the corner where Harry put a shield spell over it. Kara smiled as the affects left her.

“You’re going to pay for trying to do that to my wife, you no good miserable son of a bitch!” yelled Harry as his eyes were widened and sparks flew out of his wand, to burn the walls.

Luthor looked up, as he reached right into his vest.

A bang echoed as Luthor shot Harry with a concealed gun. The bullet impacted Harry’s shoulder, but the wizard pressed on. Luthor screamed as he felt his left arm broke and the gun vanish.

“You can’t do this to me,” said Luthor as he tried to maintain his composure, despite two broken arms.

The criminal found himself smashed against the wall. Both Lois and Kara stood in the background, transfixed at the spectacle before them.

Luthor shivered, as his legs kicked but other than that he was unable to move. Blood from Harry’s wound splattered onto the bald businessman’s shirt and jacket.

“I’ll have you arrested, you can’t do this,” yelled Lex Luthor. “You’ll be ruined, do you hear me? Your reputation will…”

A hand found Luthor’s throat and squeezed. Luthor looked right into raged filled eyes.

He realized he was dealing with no boy scout. The hand relaxed as Luthor felt the side of his neck blistered. Yet he remained suspended in mid-air.

“Look, please show some mercy,” said Luthor as he felt every single nerve ending in his body burn. “I’ll give you anything you want, just name your price.”

The pain intensified as Luthor suffered the same pain he hoped would be inflicted on the Kryptonians. He felt his heart speed up at a rapid rate.

“More stock?” begged Luthor. “Yachts, homes, cars, I’ll give you anything you want, anything at all.”

“Your head on a plate,” growled Harry as Luthor’s eyes watered as the pain continued to intensify.

“PLEASE DON’T KILL ME!” yelled Luthor as the glass on the windows vanished.

Lex Luthor felt even more agony. It was almost like something was being short circuited inside his own body. His eyes widened to the point where they looked like they might pop right out of his head. Warm blood trickled down his leg.

On the outside of the door, a frantic pounding was heard.

“Lex, Lex, what’s going on in there?” asked Mercy but there was no response. “You’ve got to save
him!

Luthor swayed in the air, as Harry held right up to the window.

The doors clicked open and Superman flew in. His eyes widened as he watched Lex Luthor levitated high in the air.

“Superman, I need you!” managed Luthor as the intense pain subsided right then and there. He could feel nothing not even a tingle.

“Harry, you’ve got to stop this,” said Superman as he flew over and grabbed Harry.

Time stopped. Harry was pulled back. Superman found himself banished right back yet again. Lex Luthor plummeted down eleven stories up and out of sight.

“Harry, I understand you’re mad, but you just can’t…” started Superman but his arms and legs snapped together and he was silent.

“What, I can’t kill Luthor?” asked Harry in his most dangerous voice. “You think I can’t kill him, you really think I can’t.”

Superman remained stiff as a board.

“Lex Luthor almost got away with murder several times!” yelled Harry as he stared right down in Superman’s face. “And today, he came really close too. Yet, you expect to fly him off to prison, where he dials up his high priced lawyers, and they get him right out. Or if he stays, he’ll be in a posh jail cell with all of the comforts of home!”

The wizard calmed himself down.

“You’re the super hero, Kal-El!” yelled Harry in his loudest voice that was not full blown Capslock Rage. “I’m not. He tried to kill my wife today, not once but twice. I’ve made it perfectly clear that anyone who tries to hurt Kara will pay! And let’s not even begin to think what Luthor might have done all of those months ago, if he had killed you and moved straight to Kara. The man’s a diseased piece of shit!”

He released the spell but Kara flew in, to look at her cousin, eyes narrowed.

“After Harry saved your ungrateful ass today, you think you have any right to judge anything he does!” yelled Kara. “Luthor stepped right over the line several times. And Harry’s right, he will get out again and again. He’ll buy juries or even if he makes it to prison, he’ll live better than most common people do!”

“You’re the super hero, you do what you feel you need to do,” said Harry as he took his breath. “I’m going to protect the ones I love by any means necessary. The punishment will fit the crime!”

Superman looked at Harry and Kara. Both seemed beyond reason and he turned, unable to look at either of them.

The Man of Steel left without a word of goodbye after Harry released him from the spell.

Harry collapsed right into Kara’s arms, drained from what happened today. He did lose a great deal of blood.

“Harry, I guess bullets don’t really affect wizards that much or maybe just you,” said Kara as she
cleaned up his wounds.

“Yeah, I’m a survivor, there are many things that should have killed me, but didn’t,” said Harry.

Kara looked at him with a smile, as she sat right on the bench against him, arms wrapped tightly around him. After a few moments, she spoke. “What happens now?”

The door opened and Lois Lane popped in. “That’s what we all want to know.”

“Oh, you, well sit down, I guess,” said Harry as he pointed to a chair across from them. “I suppose I should give you an exclusive on the condition that certain things are kept on quiet for now.”

“Well I can live with that,” said Lois. “So what’s the deal with Lexcorp?”

“Well it might not be called that for much longer,” said Kara. “Given you know, Lex Luthor is not running it and all.”

“We’re going for a complete overhaul and restructuring of the company,” said Harry. “We’re looking for new people, lots of new jobs for what we think we could do. Granted, we’re going to bring in some people who know something about running a business.”

Lois nodded as she scrawled down notes.

“Where I went to school, well business wasn’t a class offered,” said Harry.

“Yeah, I only know slightly more about it than Harry, not enough to run something like the company formally known as Lexcorp,” said Kara. “We’re going to do a complete background check on everyone who is hired or will be hired.”

“Yes, we got the perfect guy to dig,” said Harry. “Guy hangs around in a cave, fights a bunch of costumed rogues, pointy ears, obsessive compulsive, you might have heard of him.”

“Yeah, we met,” said Lois with a smile as she scribbled down onto her notepad.

“And on an unrelated note, Bruce Wayne might also be interested in buying into a bit of this company,” said Harry.

“Right, unrelated,” said Lois with a knowing smile. “Of course, you might have a teeny little problem finding Luthor right about now.”

Harry motioned for her to continue.

Lois did so. “Well Luthor took a nasty spill. When enough people got around there, his body was gone. I would say there was no way he could survive that, but throwing around that statement would make me end up looking stupid.”

“So, I’m just going to assume he’s out there,” said Harry. “I’d imagine he has resources stored somewhere but…they won’t be able to save him from what he’s infected himself with.”

“What?” asked Lois as she clutched her pen.

“Luthor’s got a deadly form of cancer, likely caused by all of the Kryptonite radiation that he exposed himself to,” explained Harry. “My magic might have sped up the process with it.”

“He’s doomed,” added Kara.
“I’ve got the one piece of Kryptonite he had on him,” added Harry. “It’s shielded in a bag, lined with lead. It’s not going to hurt anyone right now. With any luck, I’ll track down what’s left of the Kryptonite and have it destroyed.”

“There are rumors that the government has some of it stockpiled,” said Lois.

“Well it wouldn’t be the first time I had to break into a government building,” said Harry as he pulled Kara in and held her. “It’s just, I love my wife and I don’t know what I’d do without her. I want to keep her safe, no matter what I have to do.”

Lois got the point loud and clear.

“So, what’s your story?” asked Lois. “Seriously, Harrison Radcliffe just stinks of phony name.”

“It was on a whim,” said Harry as he took a deep breath. “If you must know, my name is Harry Potter. I come from a rather old and prestigious family from the United Kingdom, where I’m the only surviving member.”

Harry told his story, or at least enough of it. He left out a lot of details but he gave Lois just enough.

“Well given what you told me, I can’t really fault you for leaving or what you tried to do to Luthor,” muttered Lois as she scribbled down more notes. A hidden world hidden right underneath the noses of everyone that operated above the official recognized government; that was pure journalistic dynamite.

‘And Clark was right about this,’ thought Lois. ‘I owe him a coke.’

She had the intrigue and conspiracy angle right down. She also had the poetic love story thing with two orphans who found true love with each other at the height of their frustration. Who made it work despite the unconventional circumstances.

After all, The Planet had to drag in the readers from both gender demographics.

“So, do you have any kind of codename or something like that?” asked Lois.

“No, I’m just Harry,” replied Harry.

“Just Harry?” asked Lois. “Come on, where’s your sense of imagination?”

“I left it overseas,” replied Harry in a flat voice.

“Fine, I’ll pick one, let’s see, magical type name for a magical type person,” muttered Lois as she started to rack her brain. “Mage, no that sounds stupid. Warlock, no that sounds makes you sound like an old man. Wizard, lacks originality. Magician, no that’s even less original. Um, Doctor Fate’s already been taken…”

Lois felt writer’s block coming on. She hated when that happened.

“Well, I’ll come up with something,” said Lois as she looked at Harry and Kara. “You were quite the spanner in the works for Luthor’s plans.”

The imaginary light went off in Lois Lane’s head.

“Spanner, that sounds fitting somehow,” said Lois. “Spanner and Supergirl, the first couple of super heroes.”
“Spanner,” mouthed Harry before he spoke it out loud. “Spanner?”

“Yes, Spanner, see it sounds good,” said Lois as she scrawled more notes. “Got to run, might get this out by the morning if I hurry.”

Lois moved off without a goodbye.

“You do realize that name’s going stick,” said Kara with mischief.

Harry just winced but she leaned over and kissed him. They enjoyed this activity for a while but business beckoned.

“So you have the Kryptonite,” said Kara and Harry nodded.

“I’m going to take a long look at the Kryptonite, see if I can do something to shield you from its affects,” explained Harry. “You told me that your cousin has a lead lined suit, but that’s way too cumbersome and bulky for regular use. I think we can do something more comfortable if we work at it. Magic can find a way to shield it, if I figure out what that bloody unknown element is. Then we’ll destroy every piece of Kryptonite that we can find.”

“Yeah, I think that we should keep a few pieces around,” said Kara. “Just as insurance, but maybe put it in a vault, where only you can open it.”

Harry nodded, her suggestion had merit.

Kara remained on the cot with Harry but she looked at him. “So, Harry, can I ask you a question?”

“Of course, you can,” said Harry and Kara held his hands. Blue eyes met green eyes.

“Did you know you could fly?” asked Kara.

Harry nearly stood up straight and was confused. “I told you, wizards can’t fly without a…”

“Harry, you did today, in the elevator shaft, not that long, but you did,” said Kara as she looked at him. “And that’s not the only time you flew. Against the Scarecrow, I thought I was going nuts when I saw what you clear all of those stairs. You couldn’t do that, unless you could fly.”

“I…” said Harry.

“Did you do it any other times?” inquired Kara.

Harry thought back, back a long time again. “Yeah my cousin Dudley and his cronies, they chased me. I went up behind the trash cans and….next thing I knew, I ended up on the chimney.”

“That’s because you flew!” cheered Kara happily. “Harry Potter, you can fly, just as much as I can.”

Harry pulled himself up and tried to push himself right into the air. He concentrated hard and he hovered about two inches about the ground before he crashed down.

“Why can’t I do it?” asked Harry.

“You can do it, Harry,” said Kara. “Just not right now, but if you keep practicing, you’ll get there. But you’ll get there, I believe in you!”

Kara pulled Harry back down to sit.
“Don’t try now, just relax, you did lose a lot of blood,” said Kara as she pushed Harry back and he rested his head on her lap. She began to stroke his hair and smiled as she messed it back up.

The Kryptonian woman leaned down and put her face against Harry’s. “So, any other powers today, my love?”

“I learned to Apparate, it was kind of an accident,” said Harry. “Appear and disappear right at will as if by magic.”

Kara bit her lip curiosity got the better of her. She poured Harry a glass of water and had him drink it.

“Feeling up to showing me?” asked Kara and Harry got up.

With a pop he appeared and disappeared right before Kara.

“One more time, Harry, I want to check something,” said Kara and Harry did so. He sat back down. “Just as I thought.”

“What?” asked Harry curiously.

Kara took a breath before she explained. “Apparation seems to be just flight really sped up really fast. I was able to see the entire process, slowed down the second time you did it. I’d say about a hundred thousand times faster than flight, but my math might be off. I’m guessing you really have to concentrate.”

“Yeah, if you don’t, you’ll get splinched,” said Harry before he explained. “That’s leaving half of your body where you stood when you Apparate. I thought it sounded funny until I actually looked into what happened.”

Harry shuddered.

“Harry, there’s something I need to tell you about the rings,” added Kara and Harry listened. “The ring…it told me that you were in trouble.”

Harry looked at it.

“I wonder if they have any other powers,” muttered Harry. “That’s just another thing we need to get done. The problem is, there’s nothing like these rings anywhere. Just like my scar, there’s nothing like that.”

“It’s getting better though, I saw the white light and it’s still there,” said Kara after she checked. “Let’s kick all of the people out, get something to eat, and clean this place up. Between the two of us, it should only take a few hours.”

Harry nodded. Something told him people were not going to complain for getting to go home early on a Friday, especially with full pay.

Superman sat high above a bridge, deep in thought.

He saw the fury in Harry’s eyes. He saw the absolute willingness to rip Lex Luthor to shreds.

Something he had felt many times before. The latest was when he fought Darkseid all of those months back.
Kara pulled him off of Darkseid to prevent him from taking that one step too far. It became obvious his cousin did that for him, to make sure he did not live with the regret. If Kara did not have her arm injured, she likely would have turned around and finished the job he started. She would regret nothing.

That fact echoed through Superman’s mind.

Yet it was wrong to take a life. He always thought that no one was beyond hope.

It was days like that where he second guessed those thoughts. He shook his head.

Superman looked over the city he tried to protect. He wondered if he was in a no win situation.

As the sun set over Metropolis, Lexcorp was restored to its previous glory. The elevator was fixed, most of the property damage had been fixed, and the building was back to normal.

In Lex Luthor’s former office, Kara sat right on the desk dressed in her secretary attire, her legs crossed, as Harry walked in the office to sit down on the chair.

“So, are you ready for our little post business unwrapping?” asked Harry.

“Yeah, I made a lot of notes about what I want to do,” said Kara, as she placed a pen in her mouth. She sucked right up the cap that covered it. Harry rolled in close to face her. “I think after some numbers dropping, business does seem to be going up.”

Kara leaned back and placed her legs right on Harry’s shoulders. He could see up her skirt at this point.

“Yeah, this company will be resurrected,” said Kara.

“We’re going to strip it down to the bare essentials,” replied Harry with a grin.

“Yeah, that seems reasonable,” replied Kara as she twirled her hair with the pen as she looked at Harry over the top of her glasses. “Once we lose certain important items, numbers will begin to swell.”

Harry placed his hands on her legs and grinned. “And all employees will be evaluated. Once we pin them down and judge them on their performance.”

“Let’s start with us, we can evaluate each other,” said Kara as she grinned.

**SMUT/LEMON BEGINS.**

Kara leaned down and planted her lips on Harry’s. Harry returned the kiss. The two lovers leaned into it, as their hands rubbed around their bodies. Their little touches inflamed each other, as they fondled each other. Harry’s hand reached underneath Kara’s skirt and began to stoke her fabulous thighs, she lifted her hips.

Harry cupped her arse. She moaned as Harry played with her cheeks and then he stroked down the back of her legs. With a movement, Harry rose the chair up, so his lap was level with the desk.

“Oh, Harry, feels so good,” moaned Kara, as Harry continued to kiss her legs and stroke them. The woman felt the passion only began as Harry grabbed her right shoe.

The dark haired wizard slipped her shoe slowly off of her foot. Then Harry reached over and
grabbed her other shoe, before he slipped it off. Harry rubbed her stocking clad feet and lower legs. Kara continued to register her appreciation and roll her head back.

“The way you worship every inch of me, makes me feel so good,” whispered Kara, as Harry grabbed her right leg and licked the side of it, before he kissed it.

Harry slid her stocking down her leg, to reveal her bare legs. Her skirt rolled up a little bit more. He stroked her bare right leg and switched the left leg, to do the same. He alternated kisses between her soft, smooth, long legs.

He kissed all the way down and reached her feet. Kara looked excited, which spurred Harry on. Harry grabbed her right foot in his hands and kissed the bottom of her foot. Kara gasped as it made her feel so good. He switched to the left foot.

Harry grabbed her foot and broke it to his mouth, he licked her toes.

“Yummy,” said Harry as Kara whined and Harry licked them again. “So luscious, your feet are perfect, the arches, your toes, everything is perfect.”

“Suck my toes, please,” moaned the girl.

Harry took her toes on her right foot into his mouth. He watched his wife pull her skirt back. He continued to suck, as she pushed her fingers deep into her. Her head arched back and she gave moans.

“Harry, oh fuck Harry, suck my pretty little toes, you're making me so wet,” moaned the Kryptonian.

Harry sped up his worth and switched to her other foot. Kara screamed as she was brought to an orgasm. She nearly slipped off the desk, but caught herself. Her breath became hitched.

She saw the tent that pitched in Harry’s rather tight pants. Both sets of lips were moistened as she reached over. She made quick work of Harry’s pants. Then with expert precision, she pulled down his boxers.

“I need your sexy feet on my cock, baby,” whispered Harry.

“As you wish, Mr. Potter,” said Kara as she leaned Harry back, to tilt his erection up. Her toes stroked up and down his throbbing member. She drooled at the pre-cum that dripped from it.

She put her heels on Harry’s balls and massaged them, before she slid up.

“Yeah, that’s great,” whispered Harry as he saw his penis right between her feet. It was one of the many hottest things about his wife. Kara lifted up and down the desk. Her feet stroked him. Harry felt himself fill up, his balls got heavy with cum.

Kara sped up her motions. She rubbed Harry with her feet.

“Ready to cum?” asked Kara and Harry nodded his head. She continued her footjob. “Give me all your hot cum. Splatter it right on my feet. If I get up, I want to slip on your tasty, hot seed. Fucking cum, yeah, that’s the stuff!”

She squeezed his penis with her feet, and Harry ejaculated all over them. Her feet and the side of the desk were splattered. With absolute passion, she rode out Harry’s orgasm to the very end, until he dropped back onto the chair.
With a grin, Kara cupped Harry’s seed onto her hands. Careful not to spill a single drop, she began to feast upon it. Then she grabbed her leg and lifted her right foot to her mouth. Kara feasted right off of her feet.

This activity caused Harry to grow harder and harder. Kara held out a finger and wiggled it. She spun around right on the desk.

Right before Harry, Kara was on her hands and knees. She wiggled her shapely bum in Harry’s face.

The dark haired wizard grabbed her skirt and removed it from her. She wore nothing from the waist down but a lacy red thong. He could feel her wetness. He made short work of her jacket as well. He fondled her through her blouse and removed it at her encouragement.

Harry drank in the sight of her. In a red bra where her luscious breasts threatened to spill out of it and red thong, but what really set him off was the look she gave him as she turned her head. A lustful grin appeared on her face as she peered over a pair of eyeglasses.

Her thong was pulled down. Harry began to lick her pussy. The taste once again inflamed him and the noises Kara made as she played with her nipples, continued to have him speed his efforts up.

“Oh shit Harry, you know what I like!” shrieked the blonde Kryptonian as Harry’s tongue vibrated deep inside her. “Yes, fucking give me it, my love, lick me dry, and then lick me some more!”

Kara soaked Harry’s face and Harry found himself ready to enter her. He pulled himself up as Kara was bent right down on top of Lex Luthor’s desk.

Harry spread her lips and aimed at her. She moaned as Harry pushed himself deep within her.

“Fuck me, oh sweet Rao, fuck me, I love this, this is great,” managed Kara as she continued to breath in and out.

“You like me and slamming my hard cock into your sexy Kryptonian pussy from behind,” grunted Harry as he slid inside her. He slammed inside her several times.

“Yes, my pussy, my wet tight pussy, around your cock, right all of the right places!” yelled Kara as she felt herself recharge and climax several times. Harry was getting better at making her wait. The anticipation made her tingle from head to toe. “Need your cum, need it now, I can’t handle it any longer!”

Kara played with herself and she floated a little bit.

Harry felt about ready to finish, but not before he brought the sexy young woman beneath him to the brink again.

Harry came and Kara moaned as she felt the joy of her husband unleash a steady flood of seed right inside her.

Kara dropped down and Harry unclipped her bra. He slid out and rolled her over, as he exposed her breasts.

Harry began to suck her breasts. Kara grabbed him and pushed her down. Her legs were dangled off the side, her feet began to kick the side of it, to leave dents in the side of the desk with her strong heels.
“Harry, Harry, Harry, suck them, suck my breasts,” she whined as her moans intensified.

Harry feasted upon her lovely tits, as he rolled his tongue down them, licked and fondled them. With a look, he pulled up and saw the vision before him.

Kara sprawled on the desk, sweat down her body, with a wet pussy. The girl had nothing on but a pair of glasses which once again amplified her sexiness.

Without a warning, Harry grabbed her hips and pushed himself into her. Kara gave a surprised look but felt absolutely enthralled. She felt herself be pushed into again and again.

“Fuck me,” breathed Kara as she was unable to say much more.

“Oh, Kara, you look so sexy wearing nothing but glasses,” said Harry as her hips lifted off the desk. They continued to further cement their passion.

Kara found her world explode into a white hot orgasm. Harry sped his trusts up a little bit and slowed down. He did this for a while and the goddess beneath him really was driven wild.

His penis throbbed inside her. The walls tightened around him. Each time they did this, Harry felt himself encouraged to go further and further, to break down new boundaries and break new limits.

Her Kryptonian pussy muscles squeezed around him and tried to bring him to release. He wanted to experience the inside of her, but the combination of her moans and those glasses sped up the process.

Once again, Harry came right inside her. He felt himself spurt several times. At first, he only had a few, but he ranged right into the double digits.

He could feel he made Kara feel special, so that made him drain his entire load into her waiting center.

“Feel so full,” managed Kara but she looked at him with an appraising glance. She grabbed Harry and flipped him over. Her hands stroked him back to life and continued to stroke him, teasing him.

“Getting harder by the second, ready to be between my tits again?”

“Yes,” breathed Harry.

“Right between my super strong, super powerful tits,” said Kara and Harry nodded. She clasped his penis and rubbed the head across her nipples. She gave him a few more teasing strokes which Harry enjoyed.

The glasses gave her the look of a well-educated girl who knew what she was doing and how to best please him. Harry could not stop thinking how much this turned him on and all of the blood rushed from his head.

Harry’s stiff cock returned home. Kara rose up a little bit, as she flew up and down. He watched as Kara also lowered down onto her own fingers, pumping them into herself.

“Kara baby, tit-fuck me,” whispered Harry as he felt her breasts around him. The wonderful feeling of this lovely flesh squeezing his member brought him closer to the brink. She continued to rub up and down.

“Your hard wand smashed between my super tits, it feels so right, doesn’t it?” asked Kara as she continued her movements. Harry found himself stroked again and again. His balls got heavier. He
was torn between release and wanting the tit job to last forever.

Yet, even the best things must end, as Harry once again unloaded right on her. Thick fluid splattered right all over her chest and she leaned down so the cum splattered onto her glasses.

Harry looked at her. Kara sat spread eagled on the edge of the desk. Milky white fluid covered her glasses.

“So fucking hot,” said Harry as he looked at her.

“Oh, that’s nothing,” said Kara as she took the glasses off. She turned and slurped the spunk off of the lenses. Her nipples hardened, her pussy wet, and the fact she made sounds of absolute glee made Harry rise back to life.

She scooped him up in her arms, to allow his face to press against her breasts. Harry found himself laid down on the desk and Kara crawled on him. She gave Harry a lengthy, heated kiss as she grinded against his bulge. Then she scrapped her juices off her pussy. The sexy blonde began to feed Harry as she lowered herself onto him.

Harry looked up at her. He could feel her pussy envelope around him, slick and wonderful, like a vice. Her breasts swayed as she increased her tempo. The glasses right on her face spurred him to continue to push himself into her deeper and deeper.

Kara increased her tempo. Harry felt the super powered girl reach her release. She rode him and continued to squeeze him. Once again, Harry felt himself grow harder and harder.

He reached up and played with her nipples. Her breasts molded into his hand. Kara threw her head back, the glasses slipped but she pushed them back on. The more Harry played with her, the more she moaned, the more she bounced, and the faster she reached her orgasm.

“Yes, my favorite ride, I never want to get off!” yelled Kara. “But I need it, inside me. Paint my insides with your sperm.”

“Seven,” muttered Harry as he watched the super sexy and smart young woman continue to bring him to new heights of pleasure. He held back as much he could.

“Going for eight, great…oooh!” cried Kara as she grabbed Harry’s hands and helped him continue to squeeze her breasts.

Harry managed to get one more out of her, before he lost it. Kara’s powerful pussy squeezed him. The wet, tight vice twisted around Harry, as she milked his cock down to the last drop.

Kara slid out of Harry. His penis was completely spent.

“I want to try something,” breathed Kara, as she tucked Harry underneath her arm.

She flew him right down the hallway.

The next thing they knew, Kara parked Harry right inside the repaired elevator.

She set the elevator to raise up to the top floor. Her hips swayed as she looked over her shoulder, with that look in her glasses.

Harry found himself rising to the occasion.

Once they reached the top floor, Kara slumped Harry against the side of the elevator.
“Going to make you finish, before we reach the basement,” she said with a wink.

“Are you sure?” asked Harry as she worked her hands to bring his member stiff and erect once again.

“I enjoy the challenge,” said Kara as she pressed the buttons. The second she stopped, she dove to her knees.

She placed her lips around the head and pushed it right into her mouth.

Harry leaned back into the wall, in great pleasure. Kara took him rather deep down her throat. Her muscle control had improved and Harry felt himself fill up. His wife on her knees with his cock in her mouth and giving him that look in those glasses made himself tighten.

Harry could barely read the numbers as they continued to go down. The suction continued, as Kara grabbed his balls in both of his hands. She massaged them with absolute fury. Eye contact was maintained and Kara gave him a sexy wink as she sucked him even harder.

The wizard’s legs buckled as he unleashed a stream down her throat. Kara swallowed most of it, only a little bit left on her tongue. She slid back onto the floor, eyes glazed over.

“So good,” she breathed, as Harry got down and began to eat her pussy once again. His tongue worked into her.

Harry found himself hopelessly addicted to her. His hunger was great especially after the day he had. The glasses were a huge turn on. Kara would really need to wear them more often.

After a few moments, Harry felt he was ready.

“One more round?” asked Harry.

“Put it in me now,” said Kara, as the glasses fogged over in heated passion.

Harry obliged his love’s request, as he parted and pushed into her. Once again, the pleasure he made her feel caused him to feel it back tenfold.

He leaned down to kiss her lips as she moaned into her mouth. Her hands grabbed his back and nails dug into it. Up and down Harry went, as she met his motions. Each inflamed the others points of pleasure. The horizontal dance continued to increase in tempo and passion.

Kara moaned deep into Harry as she climaxed. Both wondered how much fluid they lost in one hazed corner of their mind but never cared.

Harry broke the kiss and sucked right on her neck. Kara screamed once again, as she babbled and tugged on her hair.

“Suck, leave something there Harry!” she encouraged him before he moved down and worked on her shoulders. “Yeah, there too, and yeah there too!”

It occurred to Harry that they were both about a foot off of the ground at this moment. Harry maintained his balance and pushed into her. He feasted upon the supple mounds of flesh.

Kara cooed and moaned as the pleasure continued to inflame her.

“About ready for the end, my sexy goddess?” whispered Harry as he continued find his member be pleased by her.
“Yes, do so, please, my nerves, it’s like every pleasure is being slammed into my brain!” yelled Kara. “I’m such a greedy bitch, I need every drop you have and then some!”

Harry concluded his evaluation report with the most powerful orgasm yet. His muscles tightened and began to fire right into her. Kara shuddered, as she orgasmed a few more times before Harry finished.

They mutually agreed it that their meeting was a rousing success as they dropped to the floor.

**SMUT/LEMON ENDS.**

After their activity ceased, they rose up to the lobby of the building. The two collapsed on the floor, completely spent. Harry conjured a soft mattress and some blankets and their spent forms rolled onto it.

“I think we lived up to expectations,” whispered Harry.

“Yeah, evaluation was a success,” said Kara, as she snuggled against Harry. An arm draped around each other. “Good night, Harry, I love you.”

“I love you too,” said Harry as he leaned over as they gave each other a kiss, before they crashed.

In his sleep induced mind, Harry wondered if he forgot something.

He was sure that if it was anything of important, he would remember.

In a closet, Otis the security guard continued to scratch and pound on the door.

“Mr. Radcliffe, Mr. Luthor, anybody,” rasped Otis. “I need to be let out, this isn’t funny anymore.”

It would not be until Monday morning when the janitorial staff found Otis passed out but still alive. He was wished well in his future endeavors and went back to the unemployment line.

It seemed like Otisberg would never become a reality.
Chapter 17: Pieces Part One: Moving Day.

Secret World Living Among Us!

by Lois Lane.

You ever hear those conspiracy theories about some organization pulling the strings of the government covertly in the background. Theories of the Illuminati have been around for centuries. This reporter would have thought of them to be a conspiracy based on thoughts of lunacy.

Yet, such an animal may exist, in a fashion. At least such an animal exists inside Great Britain. A secret government running separate from that from the Prime Minister, run by witches and wizards. This government flagrantly disregards the rights of those who are non-magical or Muggle as the vernacular is.

I sat down with the heroes Spanner and Supergirl after their adventure at the company formally known as Lexcorp (see Page 4 for more details on the future of Lexcorp and proof of Lex Luthor’s criminal activities). Spanner informed me that the hidden world uses memory modification, enchantments that can bend the will of others, and magical users can also enter locked rooms without any effort.

Several records have been uncovered and are presented of several unsolved closed room murders dating back decades (See next page). Was magical users involved or maybe the government themselves? We must wonder about the Prime Minister and his knowledge in this. The veil of secrecy over that world has been nearly foolproof.

Meanwhile, I can reveal that Supergirl and Spanner are happily married. Two children, the last son and daughter in their respective families, who thought they could never fit in anywhere, find true love with each other at the height of their frustration. We really do have a happy ending once and for all in the world of capes. Perhaps there is hope for others as well. Only time will tell.

A set of hands held the newspaper containing this article.

The Muggle Prime Minister sat rigid on the edge of his chair. He looked at his phone as if it was a bomb ready to go off. It had been ringing for three days straight and he heard loud angry voices outside of his window.

A brick flew and hit the outside wall, narrowly missing the window. He edged himself away from the widow as fast as he could.

“Look, I don’t care if he’s busy, I need Scrimgeour right now!” yelled the Prime Minister as he felt the potential of re-election slipping away from him. “We have a state of emergency here in the country because someone blew the whistle on you magic people!”

“I’m sorry, the Minister has his own problems,” muttered the portrait on the wall. “Ever since Harry Potter left Hogwarts, the Ministry has been in disarray, Death Eater attacks are on the rise, and the budget is shot. There’s nothing…”

“Look, I don’t care about any Harry Potter, I just care about stopping the entire country by being
devastated by riots!” yelled the Prime Minister as he looked at the portrait.

The Prime Minister looked through the door and his bodyguards mobilized right into place.

The fireplace came to life and Rufus Scrimgeour stumbled out of the fireplace, looking like he aged about ten years in a few days.

“Yes, Prime Minister, what is it?” asked Scrimgeour in a forced polite voice and the Prime Minister tossed the paper, almost in his face. “Let’s see…you called me here just to throw a Muggle Newspaper at me?”

“Read it,” said the Prime Minister through gritted teeth as he wondered if he could strangle this wizard before he would reach his wand. He calmed that impulse, because murder was the last thing he needed at the present moment.

“I see, I see, I see,” muttered Scrimgeour, nodding before he paused and spoke up again. “Well, we’re just going to have to exercise some damage control. All of the overtime we’re going to put in.”

“It’s all over the Internet, Scrimgeour and on the news networks, it’s global news, the British Government is the laughing stock of the world,” said the Prime Minister. “Her majesty is outraged about this as well.”

“Well her majesty will just have to get her mind changed,” muttered Scrimgeour, clutching the paper in his hands. “That would explain some strange rumors I’ve heard.”

“They’re going to organize witch burnings because of this,” said the Prime Minister as he sunk back onto the chair.

“Well there’s no problem, there are flame freezing charms,” said the Minister of Magic in an indifferent voice. “No real witches and wizards have ever been burned.”

The Prime Minister did not even dignify that statement with a comment.

“Look, what do you want me to do?” asked Rufus. “This…Lois Lane, we’ll grab her and find out what she knows.”

“Lois Lane is an American reporter, she’s involved with Superman,” said the Prime Minister but Scrimgeour gave him a baffled look. The Muggle politician looked at the magical one like he was from another planet. “You know, Superman. Faster than a speeding bullet, more powerful than a locomotive, able to leap tall buildings in a single bound.”

“I have no clue who you’re talking about,” said Scrimgeour as he took a breath. “Well America, this is a problem. It’s a restricted area for subjects of the Ministry of Magic. Special permission is needed to visit, you see. The Americans don’t really have any magical government to speak of. No Ministry of Magic and they allow people to use magic in plain sight. Imagine if that got out. The United Kingdom has the most magical users in the entire world and America maybe only has less than a hundred that can perform magic.”

‘Maybe not for long,’ thought the Prime Minister as he wondered if he would have to take drastic steps.

“Spanner and Supergirl, Spanner and Supergirl,” muttered Scrimgeour as he read the paper. “Weird names, aliases, but I wonder who they are?”
Scrimgeour took the paper right to the Ministry without a world, to leave the Prime Minister with nothing but the ringing phone and the angry mobs.

He had given up hope of remaining in this post for much longer.

He also wished he had not made his wife that promise that he would stop drinking.

Yaxley waited in the Minister of Magic’s office and heard his return. Faded floor plans of the protections of around a castle slid back inside the cabinet, just before the Minister opened the door and walked inside.

The silver haired wizard remained calm as he watched Scrimgeour reach into a cabinet and pull out a bottle of brandy, before he poured himself a glass. The Minister sat down and took a swig.

“Troubled, Minister,” muttered Yaxley.

“Get Dolores, we have a situation,” said Rufus and Yaxley departed to do so. The Minister of Magic drained the entire glass in a few gulps.

Rufus put away the alcohol. Yaxley returned moments later with Dolores Umbridge and Percy Weasley.

“Minister,” said Percy in his custom pompous tone.

“Weasley,” said Rufus stiffly. “Dolores, you need to read this article.”

Umbridge took the paper and read it. She had no idea what to make of it.

“Rufus, I don’t understand what the scribbles of a mere Muggle have to do with anything,” said the woman in a sweet voice.

The Minister wished he could have another drink. “Everything, two individuals, Scanner er I mean Spanner and Supergirl have exposed us. There’s also someone named Superman also involved with this.”

“Superman?” asked Percy. “He’s…some kind of Muggle hero. I heard my d…Arthur Weasley mention him once back when I lived at the Burrow.”

“Then we have no need to fear,” said Yaxley calmly. “Superman is weak compared to anyone in the Ministry of Magic.”

“I agree with Yaxley,” said Umbridge as she looked like a toad ready to pounce. “Superman, Supergirl, and this Spanner will be punished like everyone who prevents the Ministry from running the world.”

Scrimgeour leaned back. It was well and good they were not worried. They did not need to worry about political suicide if word got back to the wrong people.

“Do what we must to keep the Daily Prophet from finding out about this,” said Scrimgeour. “If the Wizarding World knows that the Muggles know about us, then we will have a catastrophe.”
“How are we going to do this, Minister?” asked Percy.

“How are we going to do this, Minister?” asked Percy.

“By any means necessary,” said Scrimgeour as he looked down at his desk.

Umbridge was visited by a theory. “Could Dumbledore be behind this?”

“Not Dumbledore’s style,” said Percy. “His secrets and his lies depend as much upon our world being hidden. My former family has been in his camp for so long, I know how he operates.”

“Yes, your help over the past year helped us weaken Dumbledore’s power,” said Umbridge with a fond smile. “You’re like the son I never had.”

“You’re too kind, Madam Umbridge,” said Percy with a smile.

“Lead the investigation, Weasley,” said Umbridge. “This is your chance to prove you’re better than your blood traitor family.”

Percy nodded, as those in the Minister’s office went their separate ways.

Down darkened corridors walked Percy Weasley, as he reached a private corner of the Ministry. He slipped inside. The next moment he came face to face with a woman with grey hair and purple eyes.

“I feel like taking a shower in Basilisk venom,” muttered the third oldest Weasley before he continued, in a mocking sugary sweet voice. “You’re like the son I never had.”

The woman just smiled before she spoke. “Well, Umbridge has that effect on everyone. So what did Rufus want?”

“The Muggles know about us now,” said Percy. “What in the bloody hell is Harry playing at?”

“He’s saving the world,” said the woman in a casual tone. “Plus, he’s still a bit sore about Umbridge and her little reign of terror at Hogwarts. He only told Kara what happened and…well if Kara ever sees her, we’ll find out what happens when a toad gets struck by heat vision.”

Percy nodded before he spoke again. “So, they’re Spanner and Supergirl?”

“Very good, then again, you did get twelve O.W.Ls,” said the woman before she realized something. “Wait, Harry’s name is Spanner. Oh wait until I tell Sirius.”

She allowed herself a chuckle before she got to the matter at hand.

“I do hope this works in the end, I put a lot on the line,” said Percy. “Do you think there’s any chance to save them in the end?”

The woman paused and gave an honest answer. “I hope so, but all of them have issues to work out.”

“Starting from Mum and going on down,” muttered Percy darkly.

‘It’s a wonder Dad hasn’t hung himself in his toolshed yet,” thought Percy. “Wouldn’t blame him
the slightest.”

“Any luck on Wormtail?” muttered the woman.

At that point, Percy’s expression darkened. “No, I can’t believe I kept that murderer as a pet for years and gave him to Ron. I feel violated.”

She nodded, sympathetically.

“We have to part now, eventually we’ll get the rat,” said the woman. “Just think, you might become Minister of Magic if you correct one of the gravest injustices that the Ministry has ever done.”

“I’m not sure I want the job,” said Percy. “Scrimgeour smells like a brewery and Fudge didn’t smell much better.”

“Well with Fudge, would you know the difference?” muttered the woman. “Got to go.”

Percy nodded as the woman walked off.

He had to save his family before it was too late.

Percy Weasley also closed his eyes in mourning, as he remembered Penelope, may she be in a better place. Her obituary was merely a blurb in the Prophet, crunched at the bottom of the page.

Last year, he sent that letter. He hoped when he sent that letter to Ron, all three of them would be able to read between the lines and get his message. Sadly, it appeared the time was not right and all three of them disregarded his words.

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Harry and Kara (or should I say Spanner and Supergirl),

Well you’ve been busy haven’t you? I make sure I get my hands on all of Lois Lane’s articles when I can. So I was surprised to find the information about your latest escapades. It’s not hard to read between the lines what happened. Luthor really had it coming, didn’t he? Maybe a tad extreme, but we’re dealing with someone who was willing to commit genocide and mass murder out of a petty grudge.

As for blowing the whistle on the entire secret world thing, that will force them to actually take a stand. Or they’ll bury their heads even further in the sand. I have a feeling I won’t like the answer.

Honestly, Harry, Spanner? Well it’s better than the Boy-Who-Lived, I’ll give you that. I saw the picture of you two. You look beautiful together. I had to hide that from everyone at Hogwarts, I wouldn’t want to drown in all of the drool. You’re not longer “that scrawny little git”, Harry. I’m proud, my little brother growing up. And Kara, thank Merlin you ditched that costume. Of course, you might have outgrown it anyway.

I’ve been busy, as you’d imagine. The joys of N.E.W.T. year and all that, of course it makes me wonder why I came back. But there’s work to be done. I’ve been continuing your work from last year with our little study group. You made it look so easy, I swear. Snape’s teaching your favorite
subject. His people skills have not improved. Surprising, I know.

And there’s this new teacher, Slughorn, well he’s an old teacher returning. It seems Dumbledore might have told Professor Slughorn a little white lie to him regarding you being here. Slughhorn wanted to add you to his collection. Yeah collecting younger witches and wizards, seems suspect.

By the time he got here, he was locked in a magically binding contract for the next year. We know what those are like.

Still, I managed to get an in with him, in his little “Slug Club”, which should help me do what I need to do. And he does know his Potions and actually has people skills.

And I’m close to closing in on the things I told you about.

We’ll be seeing each other before too long I suspect. Hope you two are well.

Love from,

Hermione.

The piece of paper burned into nothing.

Harry and Kara Potter stood at the bottom of a set of steps leading to a magnificent two story home. The house looked like a miniature imperial palace as it shimmered in the sunlight.

The deed just cleared for the house a few hours ago and it would be their new home. Harry stood, arm around his wife’s bare waist. Sunglasses sat upon her face, a beach blanket draped over her right shoulder.

She wore a two piece blue bikini, enough to maintain modesty but sufficient enough to show her assets. The material on the top stretched over breasts, molded right over them like a second skin. The bottom tied around her hips. The fabric was tight around her nether regions. She wore open toed sandals.

Harry walked by her, as he carried a basket containing a battery operated radio, sun tan lotion, and a packed lunch. His shirt was off which showcased his growing muscle definition. It was the result of hard hours of physical training in the Batcave, a proper diet, and plenty of cardio workouts with his wife. His attire was nothing but a pair of swimming trunks and he also wore sunglasses.

In a tandem effort, the two laid out a beach blanket and set up the radio.

“So, taking over a company,” remarked Harry. “Not as easy people make it look on TV or the movies.”

Kara sighed. “No, guess not. After all of the red tape gets worked through, we should be up and running one hundred percent by the end of the year.”

They finished setting up. The young Kryptonian woman switched on the radio and turned to an eighties rock station. The super powered couple enjoyed the top hits from a golden age in music.

“Yeah, but Patronus Incorporated will be built over the ashes of Lexcorp,” replied Harry as he sat down and Kara joined him on the blanket, slipping off her sandals. “Lex’s um assistant seemed to know where enough of the skeletons were buried. Once we convinced her to help us.”

“Well, I think she does need her job, that’s about the only thing that has,” said Kara as she removed
the suntan lotion from the basket. “Turn over on your stomach, Harry.”

Harry flipped over, as Kara opened the bottle. “This should really help with muscle tension and circulation, help us last longer and remain hydrated as well. Plus, you don’t burn and actually tan better.”

Harry nodded, as Kara cupped her hand and poured out some of the lotion. The young wizard felt himself react as his wife slathered the lotion right on his back. Her skilled hands rubbed the lotion in as Harry sighed.

“So, we’re keeping her around,” muttered Harry. “Just to keep an eye on her.”

Kara nodded as she continued to feel her husband’s developing muscles as she worked the lotion in. Her hands lingered a lot to really enjoy him. “Yeah, might as well for now, if she goes for Luthor, she’ll lead us right to him.”

She moved down to his legs and continued to rub the lotion right into him down his feet. She flew over and sat beside him. Kara did his ears.

“Turn over,” said Kara as Harry rolled over. She smirked at the reaction. She and spun around. Her bikini clad bottom was right near Harry’s face and her head brushed several times against his groin. Harry found himself getting rather hot.

Her hands worked over every inch of his body.

She smelled Harry and a happy smile appeared on her face.

“Okay, my turn,” said Kara as Harry sat up. Kara flipped onto her front.

Harry took the lotion in his hands and began to rub onto her shoulders and back. Kara gave sounds of pleasure, as the dark haired wizard moved up and down her back. He reached her legs and worked more lotion into them. He worked all of the way to her feet.

Kara sighed at the foot rub she was getting. It felt wonderful. Harry could work such magic.

She flipped over and Harry worked over her front. He rubbed every single inch of her and Kara just laid back to enjoy it.

“Harry,” said Kara with a mischievous grin as she looked over her sunglasses at the tent inside Harry’s pants. “Do the front of my legs and then we’ll take care of it.”

The wizard did as his wife requested before he cast the necessary privacy barriers.

Smut/Lemon Begins.

Kara shifted herself and pulled Harry’s shorts down.

“Don’t want that to burn, just a second,” muttered Kara as she grabbed more of the lotion and cupped it on her hand.

The Kryptonian beauty grasped Harry’s cock and began to rub the lotion right onto it, as she also pumped it. Harry reached for the lotion and untied her bikini top. He slathered the lotion onto her breasts and then worked on her bikini bottom. He pulled it down and worked the lotion all around each part of her body.

“No tan lines for me,” muttered Kara with a grin as she grabbed Harry’s shoulders. “Or you
either.”

The two began to snog right on the blanket on the beach, feeling around on their naked bodies. Both moaned into each other. Kara stroked Harry’s muscles and Harry felt every single curve his wife had. They worked each other with their hands, sending jolts of pleasure to every inch of their body.

The blonde beauty laid back and rested on the blanket and Harry pumped inside of her with his fingers. Kara looked up with love and lust, as Harry continued to tease her.

It felt good as Harry stimulated her into an orgasm after some work. He then began to lick her slowly, as Kara pushed her hips upwards. Soft sensual moans came from Kara as Harry gave his wife the oral pleasure she craved. His tongue worked inside her, stimulated her and Kara’s eyes glazed over.

Harry continued to eat her out and drove her wild. She soaked his face and sighed.

“Okay, cock, inside, please,” panted Kara. Her long hair was draped over half of her face to give her a seductive look. Legs were spread and nipples hardened, as she gave off an intoxicating scent.

Harry poitioned herself and slid inside her. He started slow and steady. Kara matched his movements, as they worked up a tempo. He reached over to play with her breasts. His loving wife reacted appropriately, as her legs locked around Harry’s waist, pulling him deeper.

They continued to push into each other. The new environment they were in and the close proximity to the yellow solar radiation caused them to reach new heights of passion. Harry sped up the tempo as Kara’s moans got deeper. He slowed down for a little bit and played with her breasts.

Kara lost count of how many times he brought her to orgasm. She caught a whiff of the scent he gave off and made her light headed. Her arms clutched around him, as her hands traveled around to play with his arse.

“Harry, I need your cum in me,” she breathed as her eyes widened and lips bitten down, as Harry continued to trust inside her.

Harry just smiled as he played with her breasts. She tightened around him, as his release built. Her super powered Kryptonian pussy continued to tighten. His strong cock pushed into her again and again. His balls tightened and he knew what came after.

“About to cum,” he whispered.

“Yeah, do it, blow your fucking load in my tight hot pussy!” urged Kara and Harry could not say no. Her scent overwhelmed him.

Harry unloaded right inside of her. She milked him as usual to the very end.

**Smut/Lemon Ends.**

Both Kara and Harry rested on the beach blanket, wearing nothing but their sunglasses and their wedding rings as the music on the radio continued to play. They remained silent for a few minutes as they sunbathed in the nude.

“So, was there was any point of you telling Lois what you told her?” asked Kara abruptly.

“I hoped to teach certain people a lesson,” said Harry but he sighed. “I doubt it will stick.”
She stroked Harry’s hair with a sympathetic smile.

“Plus, after the Ministry inflicted Umbridge on us, they deserve everything that’s coming to them,” said Harry.

Kara’s expression darkened at the mention that woman. The fact she was back in the Ministry without a slap on the wrist or a stain on her reputation told her all she needed to know about that place.

“Innocent people might be dragged down,” said Kara.

“Yes, they will be,” said Harry. “But innocent people will get dragged down in this entire Voldemort war if I didn’t do anything. At least I gave the Muggles a warning that there’s something dangerous out there. What they choose to do with it…well that’s their choice. I can’t babysit the entire world.”

They listened to the music and enjoyed each other’s company.

“I’m worried about Kal,” said Kara suddenly, as she scooted closer to Harry and turned to look him in the eyes. “Seriously worried, I think he really freaked out after what you did with Luthor.”

Harry just remained silent.

“Have you heard from him?” asked Harry.

“No,” said Kara as she bit her lip. Harry pulled her close into his chest, as she rested her head on it. He stroked her hair and neck, as she sighed. “I tried to call his apartment but he’s not picking up the phone. Clark Kent’s been at the Daily Planet, but I think he leaves the moment he’s done there.”

“He’s at that Fortress of Solitude, isn’t he?” asked Harry.

“Well he could be,” said Kara thoughtfully. “Even Ma and Pa haven’t heard a word from him. I didn’t want to tell them anything. They’re preparing for the harvest and well…they have their own concerns.”

Harry wished he could say that he knew what Kara was going through. The truth was the only blood family he had left, he despised.

Okay, Dudley had actually been cordial to him since the Dementors in the brief interactions they had, but fifteen years of bad blood and being bullied was very hard to get over.

It had never been home there, not really, not ever. At one point he thought Hogwarts and the Burrow were both homes, but he was mistaken.

He found his home, which his beautiful wife was a reminder of each and every day.

A disturbance could be heard as the ocean bubbled up.

The Potters exchanged a look before Harry reached into the basket. They took folded clothes and put them on. Kara dressed in a white tank top and a red skirt and Harry dressed in a red and gold t-shirt and black and blue shorts. Harry held his wand and Kara stood beside him.

They faced a large army, above the water. Lead by an impressive looking blonde man with an impressive beard. An orange shirt and green pants attired this particular individual. He rode a killer
whale and held a spear. More individuals rose from the water and spears pointed right towards them.

The stare down happened for a long time.

“May we help you?” asked Kara to break the awkward silence.

The man stood before them and stared them down. He then spoke “The government of Atlantis has received word that a Harry and Kara Potter have purchased our former outpost.”

“We’re them,” said Harry. “Who are you supposed to be, the king of the seas?

“Yes, very good,” said the man with a nod. “I am King Arthur Curry of Atlantis, but most commonly known as Aquaman!”

He spoke in a voice that boomed for several miles around. Harry and Kara just looked at the man.

“Yeah, thanks,” said Harry as he looked at the man.

“You know Harry, that’s quite a different way to greet your new neighbors,” said Kara as she looked at the king of the seas and his army.

“I face you to give you a warning,” said Aquaman in a booming voice that commanded authority. “Do not…”

“Arthur, what are you doing?”

A redhead woman dressed in green with a crown on her head popped up. She stood and arms folded.

“Just greeting the new neighbors, Mera,” said Aquaman as his regal tone slightly cracked.

Queen Mera’s eyes traveled to the entire assembled army.

“Yes, well was it necessary to bring the entire royal army?” she asked in a collected voice which caused the King of Atlantis. “Tula, Garth, and, Kaldur told me you’d gone off and this is really no way to make a first impression.”

“Stand at ease, men,” said Aquaman as a few of the guards made cracking motions with their hands behind the king’s back.

“I do apologize for my husband’s little show,” said Mera as she turned to face the couple. “I’m Queen Mera of Atlantis, and may I ask who you two are?”

“Harry Potter, Head of the Ancient and Noble House of Potter of Wizarding Britain,” said Harry without missing a beat.

“Kara Potter, formally Kara Zor-El, Head of the House of El, formally of the planet Krypton,” said Kara as she picked up right where he left off.

“Please to meet you, your majesty,” said Harry before he kissed Mera on the hand.

“Likewise,” said Kara with a respectful nod.

Mera let this sink in before the queen turned head slowly to face the king.
“Arthur, you insulted royalty, are you trying to cause an international incident?” muttered Mera. “This is outrageous!”

Aquaman wisely kept his mouth shut, as his guards found this rather amusing.

“I do apologize for the king’s little power trip,” said Mera as she turned to face the couple. “He’s really noble, it’s just he tends to assert his authority when he shouldn’t.”

She gave them an apologetic look before she added. “Plus the previous owner of this outpost did attempt to assassinate him a handful of times, so perhaps you could cut him a little slack.”

Harry and Kara both nodded, before they spoke in unison. “We understand.”

“Right, well as long as you promise not to defile my kingdom with your trash, I see no problem,” said Aquaman as he moved over to see another figure lurking in the shadows. “Ah, Orm, don’t be a stranger, say hello to the new neighbors.”

A dark haired man dressed in impressive garb, faced the couple. The King of the Seas spoke to them. “Lord and Lady Potter, let me present you the most trusted member of my royal guard and my brother, Prince Orm.”

Harry found himself taken aback by the “Lord and Lady Potter” reference, given that the Wizarding World did not have lords.

Snake faced psychopaths who hid their name behind French anagrams excluded of course.

“Greetings,” said Orm in a crisp voice.

Harry surveyed him. His first impression was of an underwater version of Snape. He figured he should be neighborly and not judge.

“A pleasure to meet you, Prince Orm,” said Harry in a polite tone as he shook the Prince’s hand.

“Yes, a real pleasure,” said Kara in a dignified tone as she shook his hand.

“We must get together sometime, but there never seems to be enough time in the day,” said Mera with a smile. “A kingdom after all does not run itself.”

“I’d imagine,” said Harry. “So, good fortune, King Arthur and Queen Mera.”

“Yes, may you have many great days to come,” said Kara.

Aquaman nodded. “Likewise, but remember, if you break the agreement, I’ll….have to take drastic action.”

“Don’t worry, we’re good at cleaning our messes up after we’re done,” said Kara, as she with Harry, arms around each other’s waists.

“Yes, well good day to you all,” said Aquaman.

“May your years together be many and your fortune be plentiful, both in gold and in love,” called Mera as she said something to her husband in undertone.

Harry and Kara only picked up the words “couch” and “embarrassment” as they watched their new neighbors retreat back underneath into the depths of the sea.
“Well that was an interesting meeting,” said Kara as she looked skyward at the rolling clouds and the thunder. “Well guess the beautiful day’s done, better pack up and eat lunch inside.”

Between the two of them, they made it inside. They looked out at the large mountains off to the side, rocks as far as the eye can see.

They made it indoors just as the storm rolled in. The two heroes looked around, as they moved past a spacious living room area. The walls painted in intricate patterns and glittered like diamonds. They moved past a large library, not stocked right at the moment but it could be soon.

They reached the magnificent kitchen which sat a round table. After they washed up, Kara took one chair and Harry took another, as they unpacked their lunches.

Laid before them were peanut butter and jelly sandwiches on white bread, crackers with cheese in them, and apple juice to drink. For dessert they had nice homemade chocolate chip cookies that Ma Kent sent over.

“So, down to business,” said Kara in between bites as the two co-owners of Patronus Inc. went over some things they had been working on over the past couple of weeks. “Do you think we got the shareholders taken care of?”

“Yeah, I think so,” said Harry. “Mercy seemed to have a lot of dirt on them, so it’s making them rather easy to cooperate. Will make the transition into Patronus Inc. rather sound once we get it up and running.”

Harry thought about Luthor’s former assistant. Obviously Mercy thought be something deeper there between her and Lex Luthor that Luthor exploited. She had severe abandonment issues and Lex was the one who took her in. Obviously, she was rather loyal because of it, but only to an extent.

It did seem to become apparent to him that Luthor did not completely trust her with everything. Harry hoped he would uncover something on Luthor soon. The fact he had no idea whether the disgraced ex-owner was alive or dead really bothered him. While the Kryptonite cancer might likely take care of him, he figured that Luthor had other resources stashed elsewhere.

“We’re hopefully going to make some headway about the Kryptonite thing before too long,” said Harry. “I’m going to compare notes with…Batman.”

Kara frowned. She understood the necessity but there was only a certain amount she was willing to trust the Dark Knight. “Yeah, I guess so.”

They continued to eat for a little bit.

“Finding that unknown element might be tricky,” added Harry. “Hermione sent me condensed versions of her notes on Arithmancy and Ancient Runes. I’m looking into other avenues as well. If I can figure it out, our lives will be much easier.”

“Well, we’ll keep working at it,” said Kara. “And don’t get frustrated, like you are with the flying thing.”

“I’m not frustrated,” said Harry in a defensive voice. “It’s just…it seems so easy when you do it.”

“Most things do when you see other people doing them,” said Kara in a gentle voice as she grabbed his hand. “First time I flew, I nearly took out half of the barn. Kal had to take me away from civilization just so I didn’t cause property damage. Took me months to really grasp it completely,
but we’ll get it, no matter how long it takes.”

Then she added with a wink. “Then we can have some real fun.”

Harry remembered the first dream and several others he shared with his wife that were the same. Dreams were one thing, reality was so much better.

“Just loads to do,” said Harry. “Wish I had a time turner…”

“Well it’s not like I can turn back time,” said Kara. “You see I got the bright idea that I could turn back time by flying around the Earth backwards. “

She paused before adding, “And the less said about it the better.”

She shuddered at the memory along with the dizziness and nausea.

“So, we got to head off to Patronus Inc. to oversee the remodeling, get all of those old Lexcorp logos off of everything,” said Harry. “Then we’ll figure out what to ax and what to keep. Then we’re heading out to Smallville to help Jonathan and Martha with the harvest.”

“Right, and the next day, is training of doom day,” continued Kara. “And your bi-weekly meeting with Blood the day after that but we’ll squeeze some fun in there somewhere.”

“Yeah we haven’t even seen the master bedroom,” said Harry.

“Oh, I’m sure we’ll see it before too long,” she replied with a knowing smile.

They ate their dessert and had to leave immediately.

Despite the chaos in the Wizarding World, Gringotts bank remained the same. A short figure slipped in the bank amongst all of the hustle and bustle, dressed in a dirty tea towel. He was unnoticed by the wizards and goblins.

“May, I help you?” asked one of the goblins as the creature peered over the desk with beady eyes.

“Yes, sir, Kreacher wishes to pick up an item from the Lestrange Family Vault,” said the house elf.

The goblin checked the records. This Kreacher elf was allowed permission to access the vault.

“Well you are allowed.”

“Kreacher thanks you,” said Kreacher before he muttered when the goblin was out of earshot.

“Filthy money grubbing creatures you are.”

Another goblin moved to take Kreacher to the high security Lestrange family vault. Goblins were proud creatures, never caring about humans, only their money. They refused to disgrace themselves to forge any kind of personal connection.

The vault opened and Kreacher stepped inside. He sensed the type of dark magic, the type his poor mistress told him about in the past. The type also was on the locket that Master Regulus gave for him and he failed to destroy.
He carefully removed the cup without touching it and placed it in a bag.

“Is your business completed?” asked the goblin.

“Yes, it is,” said Kreacher with a mocking bow as he walked off.

“Kreacher does not want to be near these creatures any more, no respect,” muttered the house elf when he had escaped the bank. “The Mudblood had better keep up her end of the bargain.”

Mundungus Fletcher walked down a dark alleyway, covered with a cloak. He held his briefcase full of the items he acquired from his time at Number Twelve Grimmauld Place. For some reason, he had been shut out before he could acquire more after Sirius’s death.

Above him, Fletcher gave a start, as a black shape appeared in the air. He held his wand out but a large black object flew into the air. He gave a pained moan as his wand hand was hit and his wand flew out of his hand into some bushes.

The second thing he knew, Mundungus Fletcher was upside down hanging from a building and face to face with a dark and ominous figure.

“What are you doing?” asked Fletcher in a panicked voice. “I have…”

“You have a locket,” said the dark figure. “Where is it?”

“Locket, I don’t know what you’re talking about,” said the wizard as his breath grew heavy.

The rope loosened and Fletcher made the mistake of looking down. He had a full blown panic attack. “Alright, locket, right, yeah, locket, yeah, it’s in my briefcase, third compartment over, password’s “1234” don’t hurt me!”

The figure grabbed the briefcase and opened it. Sure enough he held the locket up and shot off in the night.

It would be some time before someone found Mundungus Fletcher and cut him down.
Chapter 18: Pieces Part Two: Time Passes, Do You?

The leaves crackled on the ground in Smallville, Kansas. Kara and Harry, dressed in jeans and long sleeved shirts, carried baskets.

"Jonathan, just sit down and let Kara and Harry do it, you're not as young as you used to be," said Martha in an exasperated voice before she muttered underneath her breath. "I swear, sometimes I don't know if that man's going to have a heart attack or he's going to give me one."

"Are you sure you don't need any help?" called Jonathan, but when he looked as it was all cleared up. "I guess, not."

"See, no sweat at all," said Kara as she wiped her forehead to demonstrate. "Good haul this year, isn't it?"

"Could be better, could be worse," said Jonathan with a shrug as he made his way as Martha was in the kitchen just finishing up a fresh baked apple pie.

"You three can come inside, it will be ready in a few minutes," said Martha as she moved over to the phone and dialed it once again. She let it ring several times but no answer. "Clark, I don't know what's gotten into him as of late."

Kara and Harry exchanged a look with each other, as Martha moved over, to cut the pie, but her mind was preoccupied.

"So you two haven't heard from Clark, have you?" asked Jonathan in a casual voice.

"No, not since that night he flew off after what happened," said Harry. "I wish he didn't have to see that."

"What happened?" asked Martha in a calm voice as she put out plates. Harry and Kara moved to help but she shook her head. They sat back down.

"We should really tell them Harry, its better they hear from us," said Kara.

"Right, we should," agreed Harry as he launched into his story.

The Kents remained attentive and polite, as Kara and Harry told a detailed account of the day at the former Lexcorp.

Jonathan Kent sat for a moment and thought about the situation. While strictly speaking, trying to kill someone was not something he was a fan of, he understood that there were certain times where emotions tended to get the best of people.

Plus, he reminded himself that if he had been there, he might have tried to do something to Luthor himself. You never mess with another man's wife or his children, and not expect some kind of comeuppance. He would have felt bad about what he did after the fact, but he would have done something.

Martha sipped her coffee and thought for a long moment. "It's really a bad situation you found yourself in. I thought eventually that Lex Luthor would push the wrong button of the wrong
person. I'm just glad it happened before he killed anybody."

"And now Clark thinks I'm a monster because I was trying to protect Kara and him," said Harry in a dark voice. "Well, that's not my problem."

"No it's not…it's just…" said Kara as she struggled to find the right words.

"There's really no easy solutions to a problem like this," said Jonathan wisely. "And I'm sure Clark doesn't think you're a monster, Harry. You'd do anything to protect Kara. He'll realize that eventually."

He paused before bringing up other matters than this depressing family drama.

"So Patronus Incorporated?" asked Jonathan.

"Yes, Kara and I are the co-owners," explained Harry as he launched into an explanation about what they had been doing.

In the artic, a plane shaped like a bat, called the Batwing touched down. Batman exited, dressed in a thermal bat suit. He trudged through the snow and made his way to the frozen ice.

Inside his glove he popped out a pen like device. With expert precision, he cut a hole in the ice and dove right into the frozen water.

After a time, he made his way to the entrance underneath and popped up right inside the Fortress of Solitude. The animals backed up as Batman walked down before he reached a crystalized room.

"Kent," muttered Batman.

"Oh, Bruce," said Superman without facing him.

"You've been up here for over two weeks, almost three," said the Detective as he went face to face with Superman. "Does this have to do with what happened with Luthor?"

"Well, you haven't lost your touch, have you?" asked Superman as he turned his head away.

Batman remained silent before he spoke. "Sarcasm doesn't suit you, Kent."

"What do you want me to do?" asked Superman. "Kara's husband tried to murder Lex Luthor in cold blood…"

"In cold blood?" asked Batman. "And what makes you think what Spanner did was not justified?"

Superman looked at him, eyes widened. "Spanner, what are you…"

"Potter's new codename," said Batman. "Lois gave it to him."

Superman cracked a smile in amusement in spite the situation before he answered. "I didn't know."

"You've been sending a robot to work as Clark Kent and you've been up here the entire time, haven't you?" asked Batman and Superman nodded. "Do you realize how risky that is?"

"I appreciate your concern, but I need to figure things out," said Superman.

"So you think Potter's a murderous bastard?" asked Batman.
"No," said Superman. "The problem is I can't figure out why he would go this far...."

Batman looked at him and remained calm.

"Harry loves Kara," said Batman in a stoic voice, appalled that he was the one who had to spell this out. Especially given his poor record with women, on both sides of the law. "He will do anything to ensure she has the best life. And she'll do the same thing for him."

"I know that, really I do," said Superman as he turned around. "I just...it's just..."

Batman tugged on his cape as Superman realized he was floating.

"Sit down Kent, and take a deep breath," he said. "Super or otherwise, most men do need oxygen to think straight."

Superman calmed himself before he sat down. Batman sat across from his colleague.

"Here's the problem," said Batman slowly. "Luthor pushed things too far. He passed over the line this time. He tried to kill you, Kara, and Harry. Given what Harry's told me, the long term exposure to Kryptonite drove him mad and he's contracted cancer."

Superman looked confused but then he nodded. "It is radiation, it makes sense, long term exposure will cause cancer."

"Very good, shows you didn't sleep through Chemistry class," said Batman as he remained calm. "Remember the Jade Dragon the Joker stole?"

"It was only the first time we met," said Superman in recollection.

"All of the previous owners died of cancer," said Batman. "It just proves that Kryptonite may pose a danger to humans as well as Kryptonians. Perfectly harmless however if encased in a vault lined with lead or a lead lined pouch."

At that point, Superman's eyes averted to Batman's utility belt and noticed a pouch lined with lead. The pouch was nestled right between the exploding gas balls and the explosive gel.

"And magic can shield the effects as well," added the Detective. "Harry put up a shield charm over the Kryptonite."

Superman nodded, he had been so preoccupied with the fact Harry was mauling Luthor that he neglected to see the Kryptonite or lack of effect it had on him.

Batman remained silent. "We are getting off the subject however. Until a body shows up, we should assume Luthor is still out there somewhere."

"Do you know where Luthor is?" asked Superman.

"If I did, I would tell you," said Batman. "Do not judge Harry or Kara for what they might do. A mistake I learned from the hard way."

Superman paused as he wondered why Batman said this, than it clicked. "Wait, they killed before, didn't they?"

There was no response but that was all the response Superman needed.

"The Scarecrow, it wasn't a heart attack," muttered Superman as his fists clenched together and he
turned towards Batman. "I thought you said you vowed to never take a life."

"I stick by that rule," growled Batman. "But in this situation, I'm glad the matter was taken out of my hands. Harry did what he had to do, there's no other choice."

Superman looked at Batman, expression cold. Then he spoke coolly. "There's always another choice…"

"I thought so too, but sometimes there might not be," muttered Batman. "Trust me, Crane was going to kill all of Gotham City…"

"You let Harry get away with murder," said Superman in a stiff voice.

"The technical term is justifiable homicide," argued the Dark Knight as his fingers twitched on a certain pouch but he resisted the impulse. "If it makes you feel better, should either of them step over the line, there are plans to take care of them…"

Superman stood right up and faced his colleague. "Take care of them? You don't mean what I think you mean."

"I doubt it will come to that, but it never hurts to be prepared," said the Dark Knight flatly.

"You know what, Bruce, you can just leave," said The Man of Steel voice as cold as the frozen winds of the Arctic.

He had no idea what he was more pissed off about. The fact that Batman chose not to tell him about the little incident in Gotham City or, the fact that he was developing plans to deal with both Harry and Kara.

He turned to say more but Batman already took his leave.

Superman sat down and continued to reflect. He studied the situation over his mind. He tried to find a justification against what Harry did to Luthor, other than the morality and potential legal situation.

Outside Batman returned to the Batwing.

'They're going to have to kill again, especially Harry. I don't know what kind of vows they made, but they take them rather seriously,' thought Batman. 'This will be a delicate situation, one day at a time. The usual rules might not be in play.'

"Okay, that will be enough for today," said Batman after a couple of hours of training, as Kara and Harry backed off and took a breath. "The two of you managed to hold your own today without using any powers. Your teamwork is getting better. Of course, there's always room for improvement, but we're getting there."

"We had you on the ropes through," argued Kara.

"You've shown improvement but there is always room for more," repeated Batman as he sat down to give his assessment. "Your trajectory upon your strikes has improved greatly over the past several weeks, the both of you. Previously, you went for a punch that demanded much of your strength but offered little impact. Now you have got those abilities mostly fine-tuned, although you still require a bit more practice."
Batman clicked off the red solar lamps high above them.

"Stamina has improved, you no longer get winded," he continued. "Kara, I've taken a closer look at your powers. Your skin absorbs yellow solar radiation at a factor of three times beyond that of your cousin."

Kara nodded surprised at this.

"This may have something to do with the nature of your marriage or it may be a unique genetic trait of yours," continued Batman. "Or it may be perhaps a combination of both."

Batman turned his attention to Harry. "As for you, Harry, I've noticed your keen eye for detail."

"Yes, I do notice things a lot," said Harry nodding his head.

"It may be an ability to read the body language of your opponent, which should serve you rather well in combat," explained the Dark Knight. "But I do warn you that while this skill will be useful, it is not foolproof. You may run into opponents that do not have a defined manner of fighting. It does not make them any less dangerous. Or opponents that are versatile enough not to stick to one fighting style in a consistent pattern be it magical or regular."

Harry nodded before he realized he had the office to switch topics. "So I have some notes on the Kryptonite. The company…"

"Tracking it all down, I know," said Batman. "And the idea to keep a few pieces handy as a contingency shows that you're both learning."

Batman tapped on the computer as he brought up a series of readings for them to look over.

"The unknown element, that could be an issue," muttered Batman. "Without any idea of what minerals found on Krypton were, it will be difficult for me to pinpoint everything."

Kara looked at him. "Maybe…if you break down just the composition of the unknown element a little bit, I can help."

Batman nodded as he did so, as he locked onto the unknown element and began to run more tests. Kara and Harry sat and waited.

Back after Brainiac's failed attempt to possess Bruce Wayne some time back to achieve his objective, The Detective analyzed Wayne Foundation computers for any traces the A.I. might have left behind.

As it turned out, there were traces as Superman warned him of. Batman managed to copy enough of the data from the machine's data banks into the Bat Computer, before deleting all remnants of the actual Brainiac program. It served him rather well.

"Any luck?" asked Harry after about twenty minutes but a sheet of paper shot out. Kara took the print out and read it.

"It's a mineral found in a plant native to the city of Kandor," said Kara after she studied the paper a little bit. "X'iarium it's called."

"The city of Kandor?" asked Harry.

"Yeah it was a beautiful place, one day it just disappeared," said Kara as she reached over for a
piece of paper and a pen. "Hang on a second, here's what the plant looked like, kind of hard to
describe."

She sketched out the plant on a piece of paper.

"Nothing similar to it on Earth," said Batman and Harry shook his head.

"Can you tell us anything else about it, Kara?" prompted Harry.

Kara looked thoughtfully. "Well it was supposed to really be rather hard to extract from the leaves.
You know, before its healing properties ran out."

"Healing properties?" prompted Harry.

"Yeah the X'iarium in its most diluted form resembles a tear, but Mother told me that it can heal
most non-fatal injuries as long as there is still a breath in the body," explained Kara with taking a
breath.

Harry was clicked by a sudden insane thought of inspiration. "Tears that have healing properties,
that reminds me of a creature from my world, the phoenix…"

"Another myth proven true then," said Batman speaking up for the first time in a while.

"So phoenix tears are similar to this X'iarium," said Harry. "They healed me from near death. The
Basilisk venom should have killed me…"

"It just proves that there enough similarities to warrant a potential avenue," said Batman. "Do you
have any idea where to find a phoenix?"

At this point, Harry remained rather thoughtful.

"Phoenixes are rather rare, the only one I know is Fawkes, but he's with my former school's
Headmaster," said Harry as he remained thoughtful. "I'm going to have to write a letter later. See if
a friend can help me coax some tears."

Harry hated to rely on Hermione anymore that he had to but going to Hogwarts at this point in time
himself would akin to putting his own head in a guillotine.

"So, have you talked to our mutual friend?" muttered Harry to Batman as Kara walked over to pick
up her bag from the other end of the room.

"Yes, he's being stubborn," said Batman shortly. "His upbringing is both a blessing and curse."

"Yeah, but at least someone got a decent life growing up," said Harry darkly but he looked at Kara
who likely heard every word he said, even if she pretended she did not. "Then again, it doesn't
matter what happened in the past. The world you make for yourself in the present makes your
future."

Batman had his back turned. "A positive attitude, Spanner, I hope you can keep it."

"You had to use that codename, didn't you?" asked Harry, dismayed.

"Lois does have a way with words," said Batman as he clicked away on the computer. "It's not the
most threatening name in the world but a name only gets you so far."

Harry nodded and walked over to join Kara over to the other side.
"He'll come around, my love," whispered Harry, before he gave her a tender kiss on the lips. She returned it, as she melted into her husband's arms.

"I know, I know," she breathed after they broke apart but she shook her head. "I'm not going to let him drag me down. If he wants to be a big emo and hide in his fortress, that's not my problem. I'm more pissed what he's doing to Ma and Pa."

Harry could almost sense that his wife was more upset than she let on. She took personal responsibility for her cousin in many ways.

"So, this place is always interesting, we're always finding new things," said Harry as he held her hand, trying and steer her into a more light hearted conversation. "Batman, he could make even more money if he opened a museum."

Sure enough, they had learned much about Batman and his past just by looking around the Batcave. In a dusty room, he had battles chronicled of foes of less renown from his earlier and for lack of better term, camper days.

The battle with a shameful cowboy was chronicled who once used racing car parts in an attempt to soup up an old truck to outrun the Batmobile.

Another archive record detailed a criminal mastermind who had an obsession with eggs and had nearly deduced Batman's secret identity but had been foiled.

Yet another archive detailed a woman with a stunning voice who could bring men underneath her spell, as she sang three octaves about High C. She once hypnotized Bruce Wayne and tried to get the entire Wayne Family fortune signed over to her. Once again she had been foiled.

Another detailed Batman's struggles with a Yale Professor of Egyptology that had been clonked on the head and believed he was the re-incarnation of a certain pharaoh from the eighteenth dynasty of ancient Egypt. He bedeviled Batman a time or two.

Another chronicled a battle with a stylish gangster. This man tried to control the flower market of Gotham City, or in particular lilacs.

A final one detailed a woman who tried to use her mineral spa and a high end piece of machinery to extract the secret locations of hidden valuables of her rich clients.

Needless to say, Batman had some interesting adventures his younger days, before he moved towards the Arkham regulars and murderous mobsters. Yet, he would not be here had it not been for those early battles.

"Yeah, I'm still going with hoarder," said Kara after a moment's silence but she had a fond smile. "All of the symptoms are there."

Harry just smiled as they exited to see Batgirl, Robin, and Nightwing return.

"So you're still standing this time," said Robin and they nodded. "It took me three months before I reached that point and I only made it to the kitchen before I collapsed."

"Ah, six for me," said Batgirl.

"I about managed it in two," said Nightwing.

"Well, aren't you special," muttered Batgirl under her breath before she turned to Harry and Kara.
"So, what have you guys been up to?"

"Loads, believe me," said Harry with a smile.

"Getting a company running isn't easy after all," said Kara.

"So, you're getting Bruce involved," said Nightwing casually.

There was a nod.

"Well only as a rather minority partnership," said Harry.

"Good, and just a word of advice," said Nightwing as he made sure Batman was not around listening. "Make sure you do full mental evaluations of your employees. Jervis Tetch, Lyle Bolton, just to name a couple of the more suspect moves from the Wayne Foundation."

"Believe me, we're checking everything," said Kara. "If things get on the ground, we might something set up in Gotham."

Harry looked the wall of old costumes.

"Trying to pick up some fashion tips um Spanner," said Batgirl with a snicker.

Harry's glare was not as fearsome as Batman's but he could be intimidating enough. He got it from his mother.

"No, Barbara," said Harry as his eye twitched at the name which seemed to be sticking with him. "Just curious, I get all of the costumes over there, but that one, I can't quite figure out."

Robin and Batgirl both shrugged they had no idea about that costume. Nightwing looked at it, as he had memories flooding back.

"The Red X costume," muttered Nightwing as he looked it over. "That brings back some old memories. It was a long time ago."

He sighed before he recalled the story.

"Years ago, I wore that costume to try and spy on a criminal named Slade," said Nightwing as he said that name with the utter contempt that it deserved. "Then the costume got stolen right from under my nose. I'd imagine Bruce would give me a solid zero for security just for letting a high tech costume with an unstable energy source get in the hands of some petty thief."

Nightwing looked at the costume, as he remembered it. Kara, Harry, Batgirl, and Robin all leaned in closer. "So, it wasn't until a couple years later that I found it. A young man named Jason Todd stole the suit. He committed crimes but then had a change of heart. Well to an extent. He decided to fight crime in the suit."

"I'm guessing you didn't approve of his methods," prompted Harry.

"Well, he brutally killed people and not just crazed psychopaths like Crane," said Nightwing. "Jason killed everyone from the lowly thief who stole a stick of gum from a mini-mart all the way up. I tried to keep an eye on him, but eventually, it was too much. He managed to get himself killed when he got in over his head."

Nightwing sighed. He could help but feel guilty because of the role he played in this.
"Well he made the choice he did and he wasn't careful," said Harry. "You couldn't control his actions."

"Yeah, Harry's got a point," said Batgirl. "Besides, how many year ago was that anyway?"

"Seven or so years ago," said Nightwing as he shuddered. In his mind's eye he saw himself fighting through the thugs, as he envisioned the battered young man being savagely beaten.

"Well, he's long dead and buried," said Batgirl as she reached forward but Nightwing turned and walked away from her.

Things still were frosty between them to an extent. Kara, Harry, and Robin all exchanged awkward looks.

"So, Tim, Barbara, Dick, Harry, and Kara, I thought you five were hanging out tonight," said Batman. "Don't worry, I've got it covered. I did it for years alone."

"Right, we're leaving," said Batgirl. "With any luck, we won't get mugged."

"Or break up any smuggling rings this time," said Robin. "Rupert Thorne would be cursing Harry's name if he knew who cost him that much money."

"Well, add that to the growing list," said Harry as he held his wife's hand. "Ready to go?"

Kara nodded in confirmation.

Batman watched them depart. Perhaps tonight they would not get into trouble.

Or at least trouble they could not handle.

Batman heard voices and then noticed that Alfred was in the middle of an argument with someone.

"Dobby is only just trying to tell you to dust this way, sir…"

"Now listen here you little gnome, I've been dusting at this Manor for over forty years…"

"Then Dobby has been dusting since before you've been soiling your nappies."

"Well that's charming dialect."

Batman cleared his throat. He found himself visited by a rather peculiar sight. Alfred was in a tug of war with a small figure wearing ninja garb.

"What are you doing here?" asked Batman as he stared down at the small figure.

"Dobby is wondering, if sir is being, the goddamn Batman," said the house elf as he looked up, slightly intimidated but less so than most.

"Well I've been called that more than a few times," said Batman. "Yes, I'm him."

"Do you have the locket?" asked Dobby.

"Yes," said Batman as he reached into a pouch and pulled out the locket. Dobby deposited it in the bag.

"Dobby is wondering if Harry Potter has been here," said the elf.
"You just missed him," said Batman. "He's out with his wife and their friends."

"Ah sir be hanging out and acting like a normal teenager, Dobby approves of that," said Dobby. "And to think, all it be taking was a trip to the Sin City to be getting Harry Potter sir to get his head on straight."

Dobby looked off before he nodded. "Sir never saw Dobby here tonight."

"No," said Batman.

"Good," said Dobby as he vanished with a pop.

"Well powerful creatures, but not good for stealth," muttered Batman.

"The nerve of him, to criticize how I dust," muttered Alfred.

Alfred Pennyworth made a vow to get the better of this Dobby, if it's the last thing he ever did.

"Acid pops," said Hermione in a casual voice. The gargoyle slid open and she made her way inside the Headmaster's office, a cup of coffee in her hand. "Professor Dumbledore, you sent me a note saying you wanted to see me."

Hermione was missing Hogsmeade weekend to meet with Dumbledore but the trip to the village had worn out its charm with her.

"Yes, Miss Granger, I did," said Dumbledore as he motioned for her to sit down in a chair across from him. Snape sat behind the desk as well.

"Oh, we're doing the good cop, bad cop thing," said Hermione with a smile before she took a drink of coffee.

"No, nothing like that, Hermione, we just are concerned," said Dumbledore. "After all, you aren't speaking to one of your friends and your other friend left Hogwarts. This situation must be stressful on you."

Hermione just drank her coffee and refused to respond unless it was her own terms.

"Well, the year's been stressful, you know the NEWTs are very serious business, even if I don't have to take them until next year," said Hermione.

"I realize that, Hermione and I know a driven young woman like you would take those exams rather seriously," said Dumbledore. "But I must ask if you've heard anything from young Harry."

Hermione sipped her coffee some more.

"Well, that's private and has nothing to do my education," said Hermione as she looked at Dumbledore, and gave him a look as if to challenge him.

"I know, I'm just registering my concern about Harry," said Dumbledore. "I feel he's not getting what he needs to prepare himself for his destiny with Lord Voldemort."

Hermione regarded Dumbledore and spoke once again, carefully. "Concern, that's an interesting spin on things. Then again, you spin more than a record, Professor Dumbledore. And again, your lack of anything substantial to deal with Riddle or his followers just shows how much you care about Harry. Obviously, what happened over the summer didn't stick."
Snape could not remain silent any longer.

"Listen you arrogant girl, you'd do well to show your betters some respect," said Snape.

"And you'd do well to treat your hair to some conditioner," replied brunette bookworm in a nonchalant voice.

"Ten points from Gryffindor, Miss Granger for your disrespect towards a Hogwarts Professor," said Dumbledore in a disappointed voice. "And I must insist you apologize to Professor Snape."

"Sorry, wouldn't want to offend a toddler killer," said Hermione before she corrected herself. "Well attempted toddler killer."

'Wouldn't want to imply competence,' thought Hermione to herself.

Snape opened his mouth but Dumbledore shook his head. He closed it.

"Professor Snape has my full trust, Miss Granger, and he has proven his worth," said Dumbledore.

Hermione remained silent as she drained her coffee. Then she spoke. "There was once a kindly old farmer. He found a snake. The serpent was injured and had killed many of the animals on the farm. Yet the serpent swore that he would repent if the kindly old farmer nursed him back to health. The farmer did so, because he believed in second chances. The moment the serpent did not need the farmer any longer, the snake bit him. The farmer asked why. The snake said it was nothing personal. He got what he needed and it was in his nature."

Dumbledore blinked.

"I'm afraid I don't follow you, Miss Granger," said Dumbledore.

"A snake never changes its ways, it's merely an illusion until it gets what it wants," said Hermione. "The moment a certain foolish old man is not needed, the snake will strike."

Snape decided to speak once again, tired of the subtle character assassination. "Granger, cut the act, you know why you're here. You attacked two of my Slytherins, admit it!"

"Unfounded accusation much, Professor Snape," said the girl. "You know, accusing people of things. It might make people might think you're paranoid. The fact could get you locked up after all. Granted, I don't shed tears about those two being attacked."

"Now, Miss Granger, everyone deserves the benefit of the doubt," said Dumbledore.

'I doubt there's any benefit to being an utter blind and naïve idiot,' thought Hermione to herself.

Snape had enough of this arrogant bint and decided to take more direct motions. He found his way into her mind and found her library defense. The Potions Professor would not be denied as he tried to force his way inside.

That turned out to be a mistake. Professor Snape found himself bombarded with "It's a Small World After All" on a never ending loop. Snape sat down in the chair and trembled.

He tried to concentrate but the song would not leave his head.

"I do like my thoughts to be left alone, they're kind of private," replied Hermione coolly as she finished her coffee. "To answer your question, Parvati Patil and Lavender Brown can both collaborate my whereabouts at the time of the attacks. Although you might want to ask Parvati, as
getting Lavender to pry herself away from Ron would require the jaws of life."

Hermione shook her head. There were times where love or at least teenage lust could defy all logic. Then again, she had positively no interest in that drama.

"I will check into your sources, Miss Granger," said Dumbledore. "But I do find myself rather worried about you and the drastic changes in your personality, along with your recent rebellious attitude."

"Near death experiences change people, Professor," said Hermione but no sooner she said this, Professor McGonagall bust into Dumbledore's office and looked panicked.

"Professor Dumbledore, Professor Snape, there's been an attack just now in Hogsmeade," said McGonagall.

"Well, that should clear me as well, Professor Dumbledore," said Hermione.

"Yes, Miss Granger," said Dumbledore quickly before he turned.

Hermione could hear a few whispered bits of conversation between Snape, Dumbledore, and McGonagall. Katie Bell had been given a cursed necklace and she was found hours later, dead behind the Hog's Head.

She closed her eyes. She did not know Katie too well, only through her being a teammate of Harry's for years and in the D.A., but she seemed like a decent person.

The three Professors ran off and Hermione was left alone with her own devices.

"Trusting me a lot," said Hermione as her eyes traveled to Fawkes.

There would not be a better time. Hermione flicked her wand. The portraits all went into stasis as she walked over to Fawkes.

"Good afternoon, Fawkes," said Hermione in a cheery voice. "I was wondering if you could spare me some tears, it's for an important cause."

She held out a crystal vial and the phoenix regarded her, before several tears dropped into it. Hermione corked it and hastily stuffed it into her bag.

Acting as no time had passed when she lifted the stasis charm on the portraits.

"I guess that's my cue to leave," said Hermione as she departed the office. She would have to give these to Harry and Kara in person. It was too risky to send through the post.

If all the stars aligned, she hoped she could get together with them during the November Hogsmeade trip. Sneaking out would be a problem, but she had time to plan.

Hermione Granger made her way out before she almost ran into a sixth year Slytherin girl named Daphne Greengrass.

"Watch where you're going, Mudblood," said Daphne with utter contempt.

"Well hello to you too, Greengrass," said Hermione as she looked at the Slytherin. She had been one of Parkinson's lackeys but given the fact Parkinson was out, she moved up in the hierarchy to bitch supreme of the Slytherin House. "Dear Daphne, you must not be so rude to people."
"I'll act however I please, Granger," said Daphne with thinly veiled contempt. She would be the top witch in her year for grades if it wasn't for Granger.

"Well that's your problem," said Hermione. "But given that you're a pureblood heiress, I trust you've learned manners and how to respect people."

"Of course I have," said Daphne offensively.

"And you should know that respect is not to be given to those of your same social class or blood type," said Hermione. "Manners should not be mutual for only those of your same social class or higher. They are universal. With your lack of respect, you could run the risk of offending someone. And for a pretty little pureblood like yourself, that could really drain your family dry."

Daphne opened her mouth but Hermione cut her off.

"You see, the death penalty is forbidden in the Wizarding World, but not because of moral reasons," said Hermione. "I did some research and the Ministry makes a fair bit of coin sucking the accounts of the Azkaban prisoners dry. You see, those cells are being paid for out of the family accounts of the criminals. It's an interesting little racket, and actually kind of clever for the Ministry. The goblins are getting a healthy cut of gold as well. Many of those prisoners are purebloods."

"What are babbling about, you little snooty know-it all?" demanded Daphne. If she did not fear retribution she would have hexed the smug little bitch right then and there.

"That's not all, St. Mungos is in on the little racket too," said Hermione. "You see, there are potions that would allow victims of the Permanent Spell Damage ward to be put out of their misery. How many of those people have recovered?"

Hermione paused as Daphne had no response. The Slytherin looked confused, so Hermione elaborated. "None have because the steps have been taken to keep them in there. The poor Longbottoms could have been treated right away, but there are those at St. Mungos interested in getting a bit of that fortune for their own spending."

Hermione just smirked at Daphne. The girl was transfixed.

"A pretty little pureblood like yourself, they'd been drooling at having someone like you in their care," said Hermione. "You see, you're of age right now, and the Greengrass family is rather rich. You're coming into a lot of money, aren't you?"

"Not that it's any of your business, but yes," said Daphne as she stared down the girl. She would not be intimidated of someone with lesser blood and of a common background. "So nose out, Potter's not here to protect you this year."

"Mind your manners, Daphne," said Hermione before she looked at the girl without blinking and spoke again. "Someday, you'd pull the cold hearted bitch act with the wrong person. That person might be of lesser breeding but perhaps he or she knows some inventive curses. Said curses could send you to St. Mungos. They take one look at your bank accounts and discover that you have a lot of galleons. What do you think they're going to do, hmm?"

Daphne stood paralyzed as she thought of the possibilities.

"Your face mangled behind all recognition, your organs damaged, barely able to pump blood through your body," said Hermione. "They'd find that it would be too dangerous to use any spells or potions, so into the Permanent Damage Ward you go. As they find more wrong with you and
suck every last knut from your bank account. Healers love real estate, you see. You'd put an army of them in mansion houses."

Hermione just looked at her. "Just a friendly warning, princess, you know just in case you have the urge to be rude to anyone."

Daphne stood, mouth agap as her mind went a mile a minute. She had no idea if Granger was threatening her or trying to give her the heads up about someone dangerous.

One thing was for certain, Daphne Greengrass would not be sleeping soundly for a long time.

Hermione moved her way down the corridor. She had no idea who was attacking the students. Her days of playing detective to the yearly mystery died when she became of age.

Besides, it would resolve itself before the end of the year. Hermione managed to finally guess that pattern. It only took her five years.

Inside the meeting room of Patronus Incorporated both Kara and Harry poured over the countless records and notes they took.

"Okay, this company is our future, so we're going to have to take our time and make sure we have the right people," said Harry. "Forty percent of the former Lexcorp employees should be trustworthy or competent enough to keep on, after the tests we ran. Records seem to check out."

"Yeah, that just means we're going to have to go straight to the new applications," said Kara as she looked them over. "Well this might take a while."

"I gave some thought of a project that we could work on, that could make a lot of money," said Harry.

"Do tell," muttered Kara.

"A security system that's simple to hook up but protects your family or business from any attack," said Harry. "And no one can hack into it. It's an ambitious project, but in a couple of months, we can break even."

"Well we need to find the right...project management team, I think the term is, to do it," said Kara. "What about if we make it tamper proof to magic as well?"

"Tricky," said Harry. "We can shield it a bit better just like most electronics are against static charge..."

"Oh you mean like some EMP protection," said Kara.

"If you say so, I'm learning a lot of Muggle things as I go," said Harry. "Understanding Artimancy could help. I think if we could get some people with a knowledge of Muggle electronics and magic, we might be able to help."

"What about Hermione?" asked Kara.

"Hermione seems to have her own thing right now, perhaps later on we can bring her on," said Harry. "Remus or Tonks or both would be good. Tonks more so, but I kind of want to give Remus a job so..."

"Yeah the furry little problem thing, I know," said Kara as she grabbed her husband's hand. The co-
owners of Patronus Incorporated continued their discussion. "What about a cleaner, cheaper form of energy, maybe based off of magic…"

"It'd be a hard sell to the people," argued Harry. "People are set in their ways. It'd be better for the environment in the long run but…people do enjoy their comforts and familiarity. Perhaps a few years, Patronus Inc. can revisit that one."

"Okay, I was looking at something Luthor was working on he left in one of his folders, some kind of modified space travel vehicle," said Kara as she pushed the blueprint out in front of Harry. "I'm sure it was so he could find Krypton and get more Kryptonite. But maybe, if we modify it, we can cut down the risk and sell the designs to NASA or something for the space program."

"Good idea, honey," said Harry as he jotted down the note.

They had both agreed any Kryptonian technology would likely be too expensive and too complex to fully replicate to turn a profit. So they had to deal with simpler but at the same time more advanced forms of technology.

The two continued their late night brainstorming/planning session. They hoped it would pay off in the end, as they continued to add and subject employees, along with coming up with ideas and future plans.
An ear splintering pop signified the arrival of Mister Mxyzptlk right to the Potter Home.

“Hey, nice place you got here, scar boy!” cackled Mxy after he looked around at the home. “Or should I say…SPANNER!”

Mxy looked around and rolled his eyes at the thought of that moniker.

“Seriously, I could come up with better shit than that off of my toilet paper!” cried the fifth dimensional imp, as he looked around. “Hey, Spanner, Supergirl, it’s rude to not greet your guest!”

Mxy checked his watch, or at least he would if he would have been wearing one.

“Ah, well I can wait, they must be out,” said Mxy as he turned around to get a better look. “Ah, and they left a laptop, which has access to the Internet.”

Mxy paused for a minute and the imp winked at the no one who was standing there, before he spoke. “And you all know what the Internet is for, don’t you boys and girls?”

A wave of the hand conjured a bottle of hand lotion and a sock.

“Time to log into some adult entertainment,” said Mxy, cracking his fingers as he began to type. “Ah yes, always an old favorite of mine.”

“Congratulations, you have won a free gift card!”

“Sweet, free shit!” cried the imp in jubilation as he put on a pair of glasses. “Let’s see, all I have to do is type in some personal information, well I can’t see the harm in that.”

The imp prepared to type in all of his personal details. “Hmm, social security number, well I’ll just use my wife’s for that one. How’s she going to find out?”

“All you have to do now is enter this code, and your free gift card will be yours,” said the voice on the computer.

Mxy bounced around in joy, as he typed in the code.

**Kltpzym**

“Congratulations, you little dumbass,” said two voices in unison and Mxy paused, before he realized what happened.

“You son of a b…” began Mxy but he found himself sucked back into the fifth dimension and thus back to the drawing board.

The invisibility cloak dropped down; as both Kara and Harry laughed for several minutes straight at the fact they duped that little pest.
“Okay, okay, now he’s back out of the way,” breathed Kara, as Harry wrapped his arms around her.

“So, we still do need to check out that bedroom and everything,” said Harry.

Kara could not think of a better suggestion, as she grabbed Harry. They had been working for a while, with their busy schedules. Today, they agreed to have time just for them.

The door clicked open. Both walked inside at the magnificent bedroom right beside them. The carpet felt soft beneath their feet. A large bed was in the center of the room, with plenty of room for them to experiment.

“Harry, feel these, see how soft these are,” said Kara, running her hands up and down the bed sheets.

“Yeah, these are soft,” said Harry, as he rested on the bed to feel the mattress. “Mattress is comfortable as well.”

With a movement, Kara began to bounce up and down on the bed. Harry watched her breasts bounce with her movements.

“Structurally sound, too,” said Kara with a teasing grin, as she leaned down and kissed Harry right on the lips.

Kara and Harry rolled around on the bed for several minutes, lips pressed together, before they broke apart.

“Hey Harry, I’ve got an idea we could try,” said Kara, before she whispered in his ear.

Harry enjoyed this idea very much when his wife suggested it to him.

Smut/Lemon/Roleplay Begins.

Kara "struggled" as her arms and legs were fastened to restraints on the wall. She wore a rather short blue top that barely covered anything. The bottoms of her breasts were visible. Her legs were showcased by a micro-mini skirt that looked slightly torn. Her feet were bare.

Loud bangs echoed and Harry opened the door. He saw Kara against the wall and moved over to the bound girl.

"Are you alright?" muttered Harry.

"Yeah, I'm alright, now that you're here," said Kara as she looked at her savior.

Harry slowly unfastened the restraints as Kara's hips seemed to push forward against him. The moment she was free, Kara collapsed right into his arms. Her breasts pressed against the side of his face.

"Alright there, Supergirl," whispered Harry. "I'm Harry."

"Please, call me, Kara, you saved me," said Kara in a grateful voice, as she leaned up against him.
"Thank you, thank you very much, I want to reward you, Harry."

She leaned forward and kissed Harry right on the lips. Harry found himself staggering back, as she wrapped her legs right around his waist to lock him into place. Her tongue found its way into his mouth and Harry matched her actions. His hand snaked right up her skirt.

The kiss broke and Kara just looked at him, with an apologetic look. "I…that guy you saved me from. He used some kind of chemical on me. He wanted to make me his slave. As if he could handle me…I’d rip him to pieces."

Kara trailed her hand across Harry's shoulders. She grinded her skirt covered pussy over his crotch.

"I need someone stronger," breathed Kara in his ear as she stroked his arms and back. "Someone who can handle me, make me his woman."

Her hand grabbed his crotch, firmly.

"I took a peak at that other guy, he isn't much," whispered Kara as she trailed her tongue across her lips, slowly as her hand remained firmly grasped around Harry's clothed erection. "Wouldn't do much for me."

"You're pretty hot," managed Harry.

"Yeah, hot for you," said Kara in a breathy whisper as she started to slip his pants down. "I ripped apart half of my costume trying to get out. I needed satisfaction. Whatever was in that chemical made me so horny."

She pushed Harry against the wall and pulled his pants down in a fluid motion.

"I need cock, badly," whispered Kara as she pulled down his boxers. Her hand found his hardened length and she breathed on it. "I need your cock, badly."

"Suck my cock then," managed Harry.

No sooner had those words left his mouth, her mouth slowly sucked on the head of his cock. Harry found himself induced in worlds of pleasure, as the blonde angel on her knees worshipped his penis. Kara slowly licked around his head and then the base, before she gave his balls some love.

She then slid the entire thing into her mouth. Harry trusted into her throat and Kara hummed a tune as she blew him. Her eyes looked up at his. One hand played with his sac and the other hand reached underneath her skirt.

Kara continued to pleasure both her and Harry, but then stopped just as Harry was at the breaking point.

"Your cock is strong," whispered Kara seductively as she looked at it. "It didn't rip off in my mouth."

Kara grabbed Harry's shirt and slipped it off of him, before she glided him over to the bed.

Harry found himself pushed right back on the bed. He watched Kara as she swayed her body from side to side. She took off the really short shirt she wore. She stood right before him topless, as she teased him. Her hands squeezed her breasts.

Then she leaned down and licked around her breasts. She reached around and slipped off her skirt.
She slid closer, as several strips of fabric covered her nether regions.

She ripped her panties off. Then the horny super powered blonde grabbed her hand around the throbbing penis of the wizard on the bed.

"Need this cock inside my juicy, hot, Kryptonian pussy," whispered Kara, as she held it and positioned it in place. "Would you like that?"

"Yes," said Harry, in anticipation.

"I'd figured you...would," said Kara as she pushed Harry inside her.

Harry felt complete as she slowly began to slide up and down his cock. He allowed Kara to ride him and squeeze him for a slight bit, before she returned the favor.

Kara moaned as she sped up her movements. She rode him with unbridled passion. The sounds he made beneath her caused the girl to continue to speed her movements. She felt her orgasm come.

Harry felt her climax and her slick center allowed him greater movement. His mouth watered at the beauty, as she continued to moan. She tossed her head back and screamed. Another orgasm had been reached.

"So good, so good," moaned Kara, as Harry's hands reached up to touch her breasts. She squealed with absolute delight as her eyes continued to glaze over.

Harry fondled her breasts and knew he was at the breaking point once again. His hands molded them. Her wonderful firm super powerful tits, her areola, and her rock hard nipples, he played with every single inch.

Kara reached over and sucked on her fingers, her head thrown absolutely back.

She screamed once again and Harry exploded right inside her. His cock spurted its milky white fluid inside her. Kara continued to bounce, until every last drop was gone. She squeezed him until he deflated right inside her.

Kara collapsed right next to him, a wide grin on her face.

"I need more, could you help me?" asked Kara, before she sucked on Harry's ear lobe. "Your cock, so fucking strong, as I feel it pulsing in my powerful pussy, but you can handle it. I'd squeeze most men into ooze, wouldn't I?"

Kara stroked his chest, down to his stomach. She rubbed his muscles and then pressed her breasts against his side.

"Not you, Harry," whispered Kara, as she put his head right against her breasts, before she leaned down to whisper in his ear. "You are a god among humans. So strong, so loving, and the things you do to my center, makes me want to fuck you again and again, until the both of us are bedridden for the rest to the day."

Harry felt himself growing hard at her words once again. He wanted more of her.

Kara floated in the air and lowered her pussy down right mere inches below Harry's mouth.

Harry stuck his tongue inside her center and ate her out. He continued do so and Kara held her legs against his head, before she bent down.
Her mouth lowered onto his erect penis. She took him deep inside her throat, as she rode Harry's tongue.

The mutual exchange of services caused Kara to moan in the back of her throat, causing vibrations to stimulate Harry. Harry continued to be encouraged and began to lick her out once again.

'So good, so good,' said Harry as he felt every tasty part of her Kryptonian center with his tongue.

The Parseltongue caused Kara to go absolutely to town on Harry's penis. Harry held back for a short time. Several factors caused that to be impossible.

Harry exploded and Kara soaked his face with her juices. He continued to lick as she slurped up all of his seed.

"Like it, so much," whispered Kara after she stopped. She licked the remaining off of her face.

She flew over and wrapped her arms around Harry. Her talented tongue licked Harry's face clean. Harry stroked her breasts. He proceeded to play with her arse as well. Kara ground against him to encourage this.

"So tasty," said Kara, hair draped over her face, so she looked at Harry. "Take me over and put me back in those restraints, Harry, and fuck me against that wall."

Harry scooped Kara up into his arms. He walked her over to the wall.

Kara gave sensual little moans as Harry strapped her in. Harry reached up and rubbed his fingers against her nipples.

"Like that so very much," moaned Kara as Harry travelled down and rubbed his hands all over her body.

He reached down and rubbed her legs, kissing them. Harry kneeled against the wall and buried his face right into her pussy.

"Yes!" moaned Kara but that was the only word she got out, as Harry managed to have his way, with eating her out. She was pinned against the wall, at his mercy.

The fact made her so wet, she could hardly concentrate. Harry stimulated every single pleasure point in her body.

Harry licked her, but then stopped.

"Harry," whined Kara.

"You teased me, just returning the favor, my goddess," said Harry as he held her breasts and squeezed them.

Kara's eyes shut, as she could feel the magic being worked.

Harry put his mouth on her right breast and began to suck it. The taste inflamed him, but he gave her left breast the attention it deserved. He alternated for several minutes.

"Ready for me to finish you off," said Harry.

Kara licked her lips, as Harry held the wall to get the necessary leverage. Then he pushed himself into her.
She knew she would remain tight for as long as she lived, but sometimes Harry tested her healing abilities. If anything, she could have sworn he gotten bigger, not that he was small before.

Kara babbled things that could not be understood, but she tapered off into just little sensual moans. Harry continued to push into her. His balls grew heavy, as Kara clenched around him.

Kara experienced orgasm after orgasm. She saw fireworks right in her head.

"Here it comes," whispered Harry.

"Cum inside me, fucking blow!" screamed Kara, as her arms and legs were still bound.

Harry obeyed his alien goddess, after a fashion. He had to bring her to the brink one more time, before he stopped holding back. Then he let her have it.

Kara found herself absolutely filled, as Harry unloaded into her. She lost track of the time, well she would if she kept track.

Harry felt her drain him. It went on for a while, as she squeezed against him.

Harry pulled out and staggered, light headed. Kara pulled the restraints off and collapsed into his arms.

"Amazing," whispered Kara.

Smut/Lemon/Roleplay Ends.

Both rested on the bed, arms wrapped around each other.

“That felt so good,” whispered Kara, as she rested her head on her husband’s chest. “It brought me so much pleasure.”

“Anything for you, my love,” said Harry, as he stroked her hair while she draped over him.

“I have ideas, more of them, I had some time to think,” said Kara.

Harry looked at his wife. She was amazing in every way possible.

“I might have some too,” muttered Harry.

“Well, we’ll use them, both of us,” said Kara. “I meant every word of what I said about you. I love you.”

“I love you too,” said Harry, as he gave her a kiss. Kara returned it, before the two crashed for a short nap.
Hermione faced two house elves that stood before her inside her dormitory.

“You’ve both done well, and got what I needed,” said the brunette bookworm, as she looked at Dobby and Kreacher.

Dobby responded first in a cheery voice. “Any friend of the great Harry Potter’s is a friend of Dobby’s, miss!”

“Kreacher did what was asked,” muttered Kreacher in a surly voice. He looked at Hermione with blood shot eyes. “Just remember our deal.”

“I remember, Kreacher,” said Hermione without any humor. “When you pass on, I will make sure your head is removed. Then it will be put in a place of honor in the Most Noble and Ancient House of Black.”

Kreacher just paused for several seconds. Then the elf nodded. He turned and muttered. “Mudblood might not be so bad after all.”

“Don’t you two worry, I’ve got them secured,” said Hermione. “Good bye Dobby, Kreacher, thanks for your help. Dobby, the socks you wanted will be in the Kitchen in a few days.”

Both elves bowed and disappeared with a pop. Hermione leaned back on her bed. The locket and the cup had both been secured. No one was getting through those enchantments any time soon.

The room around her shifted into darkness. Hermione looked up. She had homework to do, but she figured this was important.

“So, we meet again, ol’ girl of mystery,” deadpanned Hermione.

“Good to see you too Hermione,” said the mystery girl. “I have more information for you about Harry’s powers.”

Hermione waited for the bomb to drop.

“The marriage may have happened just in time,” the mystery contact stated.

Hermione paused. “What do you mean just in time?”

The seventeen year old witch only had to wait seconds before confirmation.

“I mean before his mother’s protection was completely destroyed. The two way connection with Voldemort was already starting to bake his brain to a crisp. It explains the dreams he had last year. Snape didn’t help matters. Or at least that’s best I can figure.”

The contact paused.

“The sample of Harry’s DNA I studied proved to be educational.”

There was a long awkward silence.
“Wait, how did you get Harry’s DNA?” asked Hermione slowly.

“Oh, the hotel room in Vegas had plenty the night after,” said the girl. “It’s fortunate they learned to clean up after themselves much better later on.”

Hermione decided to not pursue this line of questioning any more.

“However, we’re getting off of the subject,” said the contact. “The scar I’ve been able to find mostly nothing about. Other than that, I’ve found plenty. I have a shrewd guess what Lily Potter did to protect her son. It was a far more cerebral plan than her just simply dropping dead for Riddle.”

Hermione’s mystery benefactor sighed.

“Dumbledore tends to latch on to the most simplistic explanations possible. And then, there’s his little power of love theory.”

“So, Dumbledore’s wrong?” prompted Hermione.

“Yes and no,” replied the voice. “He’s half wrong. Harry needed love, but after his upbringing, he needed someone to fix the damage caused. Not someone who would cause more or to use him as a means to some end. That’s not all however.”

“Dare I ask,” said Hermione.

A long pause followed, before the mystery girl continued. “His magic requires a lot of fuel to work properly in tune with the protections Lily performed. He needed a partner who could keep up with him. He could do it with witches, but after a while his magic would burn them out. And then, non-magicals would get broken in half like cardboard. It’s almost like Lily knew something like this might happen.”

“So what are you saying, to clarify?” asked Hermione.

“Well, a number of factors undid the damage that Riddle and Harry’s…past caused,” muttered the girl. “I’ll explain more when I meet you, Kara, and Harry in person.”

She paused and then let a bombshell drop. “Kara’s the Power the Dark Lord Knows Not.”

“What?” demanded Hermione, utterly taken off-guard. “How can a person be a power?”

“Prophecies are not as straight forward as one would think,” she informed Hermione. “Months I spent trying to break this one down. Everything fits together. Harry’s powers amplified the moment he put the rings on himself and Kara. Or to sum it up, the marriage reactivated Lily’s protections, and is currently boosting them up to the levels they should be by now. The ring would have not accepted anyone else. Lily may have tweaked the rings while she was still alive, but I don’t know.”

“So, you’re trying to tell me that Kara is the only girl who would have matched Harry,” said Hermione, thoughtfully.

“Well, essentially, yes. Actually, it’s likely any Kryptonian woman would have worked. But, they do seem to be rather scarce, don’t they?”

“So, no one in the magical world would have unlocked Harry’s powers,” said Hermione in a slow voice. “Not even magical creatures, like a Veela or something?”
There was a long pause; so long Hermione thought her contact had left.

“No, not even those creatures,” whispered the contact. “And you should be thankful Harry did not
get entrapped by one of them.”

There was a sigh. “That Fleur girl who was in the Triwizard, her grandmother was the exception to
the rule. The fact Fleur’s part human would save her from the sadistic and dark impulses of her
species.”

“So, they’re dangerous, for the most part,” said Hermione, as she recalled the fire throwing at the
Quidditch Cup. Somehow this tidbit did not shock her.

“Veelas have to eat like all creatures, so they seduce men to do so,” explained the contact in a
somber voice. “They prefer virgins, but if they aren’t particularly picky. If a willing and hormonal
man comes their way, they’ll act like they want to mate with them. Then, when they have broken
and dehydrated them to the point of death, they’ll devour the corpse of their victim.”

Hermione blinked and responded. “That gives a disturbing meaning to the phrase, ‘going out with a
bang.’”

“Yes, but again there exceptions like I said,” said the contact. “They are cast out of their species, as
misfits…and speaking of which, are you still on about your little house elf thing?”

“No,” replied Hermione. “I’m fighting a losing battle there and…well it’s not like house elves
don’t have uses. If Voldemort actually thought of it, he could conquer the world using house
elves.”

“Yeah, do keep that idea away from his ears,” said the girl without humor. “You’re preparing your
army for battle, I take it.”

“Yeah, if Voldemort tries something, we might give him a tougher time than he might think,”
answered Hermione. “Honestly, I feel like I’m going to lose all of my hair before the end of the
year. I appreciate how well Harry taught us. He’s a good teacher. I don’t have as much patience
with people who don’t get it. Sometime, it’s hard but I’ll manage.”

“As I keep telling you, be yourself and let things flow naturally,” said the girl. “Of course, you do
have a problem with that.”

“I am myself!” snapped Hermione. “Listen, I don’t know where you get off in telling me that I’m
anyone, but the woman who’s staring back at me through the mirror.”

The contact paused and then spoke. “Defensive, much?”

“Listen right to me, you manipulative little demon!” shouted Hermione. “I’ve done a lot on your
word, and you haven’t even told me who you are.”

“Calm down before you break the windows,” muttered the contact before she paused. “And, for
the record, I’m only half demon. I get it from my father after all. See you the second weekend of
November.”

Without another word, the mystery contact left a rather angry Hermione Granger.

Hermione muttered to herself. “My name is Hermione Jean Granger! I’m a sixth year student of
Hogwarts School of Witchcraft and Wizardry! My parents are dentists, named Ezekiel and Yolanda
Granger! I claimed Harry Potter as my surrogate brother. I’m no one else. Do you hear me? I’m
Hermione rocked back and forth, repeating these words like a mantra. She had been getting flashes of things from what seemed like another life, but she buried them down.

She was Hermione Granger. If anything happened in a past life, it was over now.

Lois Lane sat on her couch in her apartment, when a knock on the door brought her back to life. She walked over the door and opened it.

Kara and Harry Potter stood outside.

“Oh, you two, what do you want?” asked Lois, but she motioned for them to come in.

“Just stopping by to clue you in on the upheaval your article caused,” said Harry.

“I only used the words,” said Lois as she surveyed them. “You gave me the information. That was your doing, Mr. Potter.”

“Well, the way you worded the information opened a lot of people’s eyes,” said Harry. “The official British Government is taking back control. The Ministry will have to learn to work with them and stop hiding.”

“Do you really think that will happen?” asked Lois.

“I really don’t know,” said Harry.

“Yeah, they were pawns and got caught in the crossfire,” said Kara. “You helped us give a little heads up. Besides, the Ministry deserves everything that’s coming to them.”

“So, the only reason you even bothered to talk to me, is because you two have an ax to grind with that nutjob magical Illuminati outfit,” said Lois.

“Sort of,” said Harry with a shrug. “The Ministry’s blind to the fact they’re condemning everyone in that world to a slow and painful death.”

Harry took a deep breath. “They’re keeping the blood pure. Non-pureblood witches and wizards have fled the country more and more. Purebloods are fewer and further between. In some other governments in Europe, it’s more balanced. Best, I can figure, The Ministry of Magic might be sanctioned and quarantined by the magical nations of Europe before too long. Providing it doesn’t collapse first, underneath its own corruption. At this rate, we’ve got a couple more generations, before everything is lost anyway.”

Kara picked up. “After what they did to Harry…that government deserves to collapse. Corrupt governments that cling onto tradition in the face of change, it doesn’t lead to good things.”

‘Like planets blowing up when they ignore obvious warnings,’ thought Kara to herself.

“I just hope anyone worthwhile gets the hint,” said Harry.
“Well, some people don’t get the hint until it’s too late,” mused Lois, before she faced the couple. “Speaking of which, have either of you heard from Superman?”

After a look, they shook their heads.

“No,” muttered Kara. “And it worries me.”

Lois looked at the younger woman, a rare show of sympathy appearing on the reporter’s face. “Of course you are, you’re his cousin after all. If my cousin went off somewhere and I couldn’t find him or her, I would be scared to death.”

She stalled, before adding. “If I had a cousin that is, but I don’t, as far as I know. But you get the picture.”

“Here’s his problem in a nutshell,” said Harry. “He’s got to get it through his super powered skull that he might be some crusader for justice, but I’m really not. He can throw these people into prison if it eases his conscious. If anyone takes a shot at my wife, there will be consequences. It’s not easy to kill, but it has to be done.”

“Yeah, a tough one,” agreed Lois. “I kind of see where you’re coming from. Especially with my background, with my father being who he was and all, General Lane and all that. Death isn’t something that causes me to cry in the corner. Plus it’s not like you popped off a girl scout who looked at you cross-eyed, it was Luthor.”

“Anything about our missing attempted murderer?” asked Kara.

Lois shook her head. “No, he dropped off the grid. Of course, with that cancer, he’s got far more pressing problems right now.”

She moved over and looked around, before she added. “Still, a dying Luthor might be a far more dangerous animal. A wounded dog can have a far more violent bite than one is completely healthy.”

“That makes sense,” muttered Kara.

“Well if Luthor’s smart, he wouldn’t come out any time soon,” said Harry, leaving the implication of what he wanted to do. “You seem distracted.”

“Just, there’s a lot going on with me,” said Lois. “Well not as much as you two, with all of the changes to your little company. Not to mention, you having to deactivate all of the landmines Luthor left lying around with his cape obsession.”

The reporter sighed. “Still, Superman’s not been seen in weeks, and I’m concerned about Clark… Clark Kent, he’s a co-worker of mine, I don’t know if you ever met him or not.”

Kara and Harry exchanged a covert look.

“I might have run across him a time or two,” said Harry, as Kara bit back amusement.

“He’s the biggest yokel in the world, a good old boy from Kansas,” explained Lois. “But he does have some redeeming qualities. And he just seems detached. I can’t really explain it. It’s like…I don’t know, he’s just not being himself and that worries me, as a colleague.”

Lois drank from a glass of water at this point.
“As a colleague?” asked Kara. “Are you sure?”

“Yeah, it’s almost like there’s something more,” said Harry.

Lois spat out her water in indignation. “What? No, I just respect Clark as a colleague. Maybe even as a friend, but that’s where I draw the line. I swear on a stack of Daily Planets that’s the truth!”

There was silence and Lois could not resist asking one simple question.

“So, do I have any chance with Superman?” asked Lois in a casual voice.

Harry looked at her, not liking the direction this conversation was heading. “I beg your pardon.”

“Well, since you two are married, by now, you had to find some way to make it work, sexually speaking,” said the reporter before she amended. “This is a purely hypothetical question, you know, journalist curiosity.”

‘Yeah, I’m sure,’ thought Kara, with mirth.

Harry gave a long sigh. “Oh boy, deep question.”

He turned his attention to Lois, seriously. “I’m not Superman, so I really don’t have the foggiest idea what he can do. Actually, I don’t want to know, because there’s certain things I don’t want to be thinking about.”

Harry allowed himself a moment to breathe, before he continued to speak to the reporter. “But, as for Kara and I, there are factors that allow our intimacy to work. My magic allows me to survive things that others shouldn’t. For example, I can fall from a hundred feet in the air off of a flying broomstick. I’d be up and walking in a few days. Most people would be in traction for life, if they’re lucky.”

Lois nodded. “So, what you’re saying is your magic allows you to keep certain bits from ripping off in…”

“Well, yes, but my magic which has always been something that has been odd and defied all logic,” said Harry.

“Any other man in the world, and it would have been the end of any sex on the wedding night,” added Kara, with a fond smile at Harry.

“So, with you, biologically speaking, it might be a problem,” said Harry. “But I think our Man of Steel has other hang-ups beyond that. I don’t think he wants to get too close to anyone, because of his long life span. He would outlive any partner. So that’s got to be in the back of his mind.”

“Wouldn’t that happen between you two?” asked Lois, before she hastily amended looking at Harry. “Not that I want to rush you into the grave or anything.”

“No, Harry…Harry might be around for a very long time,” said Kara with conviction. “Call it instincts, or whatever. We’ll be together for centuries, maybe even longer. I feel it in my heart.”

“You seem rather confident,” muttered Lois.

“I have confidence in Harry, and I know he does in me,” said Kara as she wrapped her arms around him.

“Yeah, Kara’s given me a new lease on life,” said Harry. “A second chance and I’m not about to
Lois looked at them and turned around. She had something in her eye. She hated the dust in this apartment.

“So as for Superman… who knows what the future might hold for him,” said Harry in an even voice. “As for Clark, well you should learn to see past certain barriers with him.”

A look of befuddlement appeared on the face of the dark haired reporter.

“One day, you might understand,” said Harry. “Never say never, but at the same time, don’t get hung up on something that might never happen. You have your entire life ahead of you.”

“Thanks, Harry,” muttered Lois as she watched the couple leave. “Your honesty is refreshing, and at the same time, painful.”

“I aim to please,” said Harry, as they slid open the glass doors to leave by the balcony. “Ready to go?”

Kara grabbed Harry’s hand. The two flew off into the night sky above Metropolis hand in hand. Lois watched them leave.

‘Well, someone got something right at least,” thought Lois. “I guess they both got a break both of them deserved. And who knew a random Vegas marriage could lead to something that lasted for a long time.’

She turned to see if there was anything on the idiot box tonight. Just something to keep her mind off of what she found out.

A blonde man dressed in extravagant robes stepped forward, his hand clasped around an expensive walking stick. He knelt right before the robed figure in his fortress, high above him on a throne.

“My Lord, I thank you for liberating me from Azkaban.”

Voldemort peered down at the pathetic excuse for a wizard and spoke softly to him. “To your feet, Lucius, and I did not do so out of kindness. I would sooner let you rot, but I decided to be merciful and give you one final chance.”

“What do you speak of, my Lord?” asked Lucius, as he kept his face blank.

“After your failure at the Department of Mysteries, not to mention you losing my diary four years ago, my patience wears thin with you,” said Voldemort. “You have one last chance to prove your worth.”

Lucius listened as his master continued to speak softly. “I am researching a matter of interest, but in the meantime, I have discovered intriguing energy readings by the Artic Circle. I wish to know more. You will lead a mission to find out more, to gather intelligence. Return to me with your findings. I will determine if they are of any value.”

“Of course, my Lord,” said the Death Eater.
“Lucius, you best not fail me this time,” said Lord Voldemort in his most deadly tone. “Take some of the new recruits; this mission shall prove their worthiness to me. And bring some trolls for some added muscle. You will depart on the second weekend of November.”

“May I ask one question of you, my Lord?” asked Lucius.

Voldemort paused and nodded.

“What of the mission you gave Draco?” asked Lucius.

“Your son’s survival hinges on his ability to completely execute his mission at Hogwarts,” said Voldemort. “For his sake, I hope he takes more after his mother, than you.”

Lucius just merely nodded and Voldemort dismissed him.

Voldemort continued his meticulous studies on the flying man who Bellatrix met some months back.

In Smallville, a red head woman in her mid-twenties stood right outside a car, with several bags underneath her arms. Her name was Lana Lang; she had just returned from a long trip just a couple of weeks ago and returned to her roots in Smallville.

Her cell phone rang. With a sigh, she put down her bags on the dirt road and answered it.

“Hello?” asked Lana.

“Lana?” asked a familiar voice. “Thank God, I reached you. This is Martha Kent.”

Lana’s voice brightened. “Mrs. Kent…it’s been a long time! So, how’s Mr. Kent and Clark doing?”

“Things aren’t well,” said Martha in a fretful voice. “Clark especially, a lot has happened since you last talked to him.”

“Really?” asked Lana in concern for her oldest friend, as she listened. “Is he alright? Did someone…”

“Clark’s gone off somewhere…and I haven’t been able to reach him,” answered Martha. “I was wondering, if he might have called you sometime.”

“Clark hasn’t called me for a long time, I haven’t even seen him for over a year and a half,” said Lana as she shook her head and added. “I guess old high school sweethearts don’t count much for him anymore.”

“Yes, well, you two did grow apart and I’m sorry for bothering you, if…”

“No, I still care for him, but he’s obviously hung up on someone else,” said Lana, as she disguised the bitterness in her voice. “That reporter woman, Lane, he keeps having to save, I swear, she does it on purpose.”

‘It almost like she gets off on it,’ thought Lana to herself.
“Well perhaps, but...I’m worried and Jonathan’s worried, and I’m worried about Jonathan’s health,” said Martha, preoccupied as she did not hear completely all what Lana said. “And that’s not to mention Kara and Harry, they have enough to worry about as is, without Clark running off and pulling a disappearing act.”

Lana just looked confused. “Who’s...Kara? And who’s Harry?”

“Oh, I’m sorry, Lana, I forgot how long you were gone,” said Martha. “Kara is Clark’s cousin, he found her about two years ago.”

“So he did have other family that survived on Krypton after all,” said Lana in an off handed manner.

There was a long pause, and Lana was afraid she lost the connection. Yet, Martha spoke up. “You know about...”

“Yes, Mrs. Kent, I know, I figured it out,” said Lana with a chuckle. “His costume has your work all over it. You did a good job on it.”

“Thanks, Lana, I wish I could appreciate the compliment more,” said Martha. “So, Kara’s Clark’s cousin and Harry’s...”

“A boyfriend, friend, something like that?” asked Lana after Martha gave a long pause.

“Yes, Lana, something along those lines,” muttered Martha.

“Mrs. Kent, from the tone in your voice, I could have sworn that they got drunk in Vegas and got married or something,” said Lana in a joking manner, trying to lighten the mood.

This statement was followed by more awkward silence.

“Hello?” asked Lana.

“Well, that’s what did happen,” said Martha.

“I see,” said Lana, glad that she didn’t voice the other theory that Harry knocked Kara up. “Does this have anything to do anything to do with what Clark’s pulling?”

“Well, he got over the marriage thing, but there’s another problem, one I can’t explain over the phone,” said Martha. “Just...go to Patronus Incorporated, it’s the former Lexcorp building in Metropolis, and ask for Harry Potter. He’ll be able to tell you everything, if he has the time and he wants to.”

Lana took a breath. “Nice coincidence, I’m heading up there in a couple of days, for a job interview.”

“What happened to the fashion business?” asked Martha.

“Kind of hit the skids, industry really changed, not for the better,” she replied. “Good thing I saved enough of my money to get me by, other people weren’t so lucky.”

“Oh, that’s too bad,” muttered Martha.

“Nothing last forever,” said Lana. “I’ll talk to this Harry Potter, and I might be having a few words with my old friend as well.”
“Just don’t be too hard on him, Lana,” said Martha.

“I know how to deal with your son,” said Lana. “I’ll make sure he calls, it might take a while, but I’ll get to Clark, somehow.”

“Thank you Lana,” said Martha.

“No problem,” said Lana. “After all of those home cooked meals, it was the least I could do. Talk to you later.”

Lana put her phone away and sighed.

“Why, Clark?” muttered Lana to herself. “We used to be so close. Now, it’s like I don’t even know you.”

She pulled her suitcases down the street, knowing that answers would come soon.

Daphne Greengrass sat in an abandoned classroom. She found herself rather disturbed by what Hermione Granger told her just days ago.

“Daphne, you look troubled.”

Daphne spun around and saw her younger sister, in her fourth year at Hogwarts, also in Slytherin, Astoria. Astoria stood in the doorway. She stood about a half of a foot shorter than her sister, but had the same strawberry blonde hair and facial features, with brown eyes. Her robes were made of the finest material money could buy. She wore a necklace with a green gem stone on it.

“Astoria, you do remember that sneaking up on someone is a good way to get hexed,” said Daphne, as she held her wand.

Astoria scoffed. “Like, I would have allowed you to get a shot in. What’s gotten you so jumpy anyway?”

“Granger’s lost her mind,” said Daphne, darkly. “She threatened me. I’m pretty sure she’s the one who injured Parkinson and Goyle as well.”

“Do you have any proof Granger attacked Parkinson other than your theory?” asked Astoria. “You really had about as much to benefit from, with Parkinson going down. I mean, you were second in command of the sixth year girls in this house. Now that Parkinson’s gone, the path is clear. Bulstrode’s got the savvy of a concussed mountain troll and Davis is a lackey. So the door was open and you got in.”

“Astoria, I had absolutely nothing to do with Parkinson getting attacked,” said Daphne.

“I know, Daphne, but Slytherins aren’t the only ones who are being attacked,” said the younger Greengrass girl. “Gryffindors are getting caught in the crossfire. Vane went around the same time Parkinson and Goyle did. And Bell got dropped by a cursed necklace at Hogsmeade.”

Daphne looked at her younger sister; it was difficult to read her expression sometimes. “Who do you think did it, Astoria?”
“Good question,” she muttered. “Well, Draco Malfoy seems to be lurking around in weird places this year. It could be him. Or it could be Ginny Weasley, trying to lure Harry Potter back here.”

“Weasley?” asked Daphne with disdain. “Please, she’s about as subtle as a beater bat to the face.”

She paused, before she began to do a mockery of Ginny Weasley, making it high pitched and obnoxious. “Oh look at me, I’m going to grow up and be Mrs. Harry Potter! Because Harry Potter, saved me from getting eaten by a monster because I’m a dumb little bint who wrote in an enchanted diary. My entire life is like a fairy tale. I’m going to be to act like I’m queen of this school and hex anyone with my little bat-boogey hex.”

Daphne reverted back to her normal tone and voice.

“That girl must have had her brains scrambled in her first year,” concluded Daphne. “If she thinks she has any chance with Harry Potter, without chemical help, she’s delusional. Not that Potter’s much better. The supposed noble heir, the last son of an ancient family, but he spent his time hanging around commoners, Mudbloods, and oddballs.”

Astoria frowned. “Harry isn’t that bad.”

“Harry?” asked Daphne, with a disgusted expression on her face.

“He…helped me on my Charms homework a few times, and on Defence Against the Dark Arts, too,” said Astoria and Daphne shook her head. “He does know some things, and he’s not that bad looking either.”

Older sister looked at younger sister for at least a minute.

“You do realize that Potter got himself married to some farm girl from Kansas, that he met when he got drunk in Vegas,” said Daphne. “I hate to agree with Malfoy, but only Potter could sink that low.”

“Daphne, you can be a shallow bitch sometimes,” said Astoria. “You have to see something in Harry.”

“Quite frankly, I’ve never seen shit in Potter,” said Daphne without missing a beat. “Look, are you here for any reason, other than to pester me?”

“Yeah, I need your help on my Defence Against the Dark Arts homework,” said Astoria. “I don’t understand what Professor Snape wants us to do.”

“And since the glorious Harry Potter couldn’t help you, you had to come to your second pick,” said Daphne and Astoria nodded, reluctantly. Daphne’s expression grew colder, before she responded in an icy voice. “That makes me feel special.”

Astoria looked at her sister. “Are you going to help me or not?”

“Sit down,” said Daphne curtly and Astoria did so.

‘Only the best student that wasn’t in Potter’s little club, and the only one that got Exceeds Expectations,’ thought Daphne. ‘I wonder if anyone could stand Umbridge. The only reason the Slytherins tolerated her was she offered us power.’
Dear Kara and Harry,

I've got the thing you wanted me to get. Obviously sending it through the post could be a trial of errors, so how about we meet up during the next Hogsmeade weekend? Place where we met Snuffles two years ago. There's also someone else who wants to speak with you, and has some interesting information regarding your powers.

I've been busy. Things have been happening. The Ministry is putting the lid on the fact that the world is falling apart at the seams. The official government looks to be ready to take control back. It might be a rough autumn and winter, but once the smoke clears, we'll know how much good we did.

Hogsmeade weekend is the second weekend of November. Given what you've told me about a certain Man of Steel, we may have to stage an intervention if his butt isn't out of a certain fortress by then. So bring warm clothes, we might be taking a side trip.

See you soon,

Hermione.

It was the day before Halloween. Harry and Kara had been working busily, filling jobs, and finally, they made some headway.

Harry floated a few inches off of the ground in the main conference room in Metropolis. Kara watched his progress. Both were dressed in business clothes. They had to finish out the day, but they would head out to Central City for Halloween. They would be joining the local hero of that city in handing out trick or trick candy, to drive up publicity for Patronus Incorporated.

“Good, Harry, you’re really getting it,” said Kara in an appraising voice.

“I just wish it was more than six inches off of the ground, for more than about a minute,” said Harry, in a frustrated voice.

“That’s enough for now, just sit down Harry,” said Kara as she pushed out a chair. Harry did so, as she gave Harry a sandwich. “Eat this, honey, flight can be straining until you get the hang of it.”

Harry ate it, as they continued to sit in the conference room.

“And you've got to be less hard on yourself,” said Kara. “Kandor wasn’t built in a day.”

“Yeah, I know,” muttered Harry as he finished the sandwich. “So, we might actually get this company moving forward.”

“Yeah, security staff is filled, research department good to go, human resources department is cutting down on our workload,” confirmed Kara.

“Thankfully,” said the wizard.

“And we got one more application, to deal with, a Lana Lang,” said Kara.

A voice on the intercom buzzed to life. “Mr. Potter, Lana Lang has arrived for the job interview, but she insists to speak with you personally, she has an important question. She’s insistent, sir.”

Harry’s natural curiosity got the better of him. “Send her on in.”
The doors opened as Lana walked in, as Kara and Harry both got to their feet

“Hello, I’m Lana Lang,” said Lana in a professional tone. “You must be Mr. and Mrs. Potter.”

“Pleased to meet you, Miss Lang,” said Kara.

She shook hands with both Potters, careful to grasp firmly and maintain eye contact as she did so.

“Please, call me Lana,” said the redhead.

“Okay, Lana, then call us Kara and Harry,” said Harry, as Kara nodded with a smile. “You wanted to speak with me for a reason.”

“Yeah, I did,” said Lana. “I want to know if you know anything about Clark Kent.”

“He’s a reporter in the city, isn’t he Kara?” asked Harry.

“Yeah, works at the Daily Planet,” added Kara without pause.

“He’s a friend of mine, but I wonder, if the name Kal-El holds any meaning to you?” prodded Lana.

At this point, Harry got the message, as he flicked his wand. The doors and windows shut and locked. Privacy charms were put around the conference room.

“Speak,” muttered Harry.

“Martha Kent said you might know why he ran off,” said Lana. “I’m worried about him.”

“We are too,” said Kara before she looked at the older woman. “So if you know Kal…”

“Yeah, you’re his cousin, that was a shock to me,” muttered Lana.

“We can explain what happened, but how much time do you have?” asked Kara.

“Plenty,” said Lana, as she settled in for what she figured was a long and particularly complicated story.

Harry and Kara exchanged looks and held hands. They launched into a long story, where parts of it could be told by heart.
Chapter Twenty: Pieces Part Four: All Hallows Eve.

In the Patronus Incorporated Meeting Room, Lana nodded, as the Potters concluded their story.

"Wow, um…I can see Clark getting upset," muttered Lana as her mind processed what she heard. "And I can really see why you were upset and…did what you did."

She put a hand to her forehead and sighed.

"It doesn't excuse him from flying off like that," muttered Lana. "And not even calling his poor mother for six weeks."

Kara nodded, as she looked at Lana. "That one…I'm kind of pissed about that one too."

"As for Lex…I know all too well that he's capable of some cruel things," said Lana, in a distracted voice. "We used to date. He tried to kill me when I thought I was spying on him for Superman. And eventually we knew he would have gotten out of prison."

Harry just inclined his head, before he spoke somberly. "Eventually, if by some scheme or buying enough jurors. The Kryptonite cancer drove him mad. Of course, it might not have been a long trip. Given some of the things he's been up to over the past four years, that I found when I went through the books. And if that's what I found on the official records, I'm wondering what he hid from his stockholders, covertly."

"We're just making headway, six weeks after the fact," added Kara.

Lana nodded, and then she paused, before she considered the young couple before her. "Do you think I should try and talk to Clark? I can easily get something together, to get up to the Artic. It might be a cold journey, but I think I can get through to him."

Harry considered what she said. "Well, my friend suggests we should wait a couple of more weeks. To see if he manages to come to his senses on his own, before we do anything drastic like an intervention."

"Yeah, but if he doesn't come out of there any time soon, I'm going to walk into the Fortress and drag him out by the ear!" said Kara, her voice raised, before she took a calming breath. "He has to listen to me. I'm the Head of the House of El after all."

Lana looked confused. "Wouldn't that divert to the oldest male though…"

"Not by our laws," replied Kara. "Jor-El made it clear that if something happened to him it was my father, then me, and then Kal in that order. Mother kept reminding me, drilling all of the responsibilities into my head, in case the worst came to worst."

"I'm not telling him to start killing people," added Harry. "That would be against his values. All I want him to do is to stay out of my way, and not try and give me some morality trip. He had a good upbringing, but it gives him a blind spot."

"I'm guessing you didn't have the best upbringing," muttered Lana, before she realized what she said. "Sorry…"
"No, it's fine, it's in the past," said Harry, before he took a deep breath. "Clark was lucky that Jonathan and Martha found that spaceship. Given who could have come across it, it might have ended for the worst. Until he can walk a mile in my shoes, he might never understand where I'm coming from. I spent most of the first sixteen years of my life fighting for survival, at home and at school."

Lana remained silent. There were times where there was just no need to speak.

Kara contributed her own thoughts. "And Kal hasn't seen the wars both Harry and I have. It might be different worlds, but there are monsters on both. People whom are more sick than Luthor is. Luthor might be dangerous, but he's big fish in a small pond compared to some."

"Yeah, he was sick," said Harry. "I wouldn't save Luthor even if he was drowning."

"It's almost like you two are trying to change the world," muttered Lana in an off handed voice.

Harry and Kara exchanged a look.

"Well it's not going to change itself," said Harry. "We're going to have to approach this carefully in some respects. In others, a firmer hand might need to be dealt. Some people needed a reality check, it was long overdue."

Harry looked at Lana, before he added. "Congratulations on getting the job by the way."

She looked at him, shocked.

"You haven't even interviewed me yet…"

"I've looked at your work, some of the things you've done," said Harry as he waved his hand.

"We need people we can trust and have some business savvy at Patronus Incorporated," said Kara. "Plus a proven track record for success, but human resources will fill you in on more. There are a lot of projects in the works. We're confident they'll pay dividends."

"Well you got the confidence thing down," said Lana, before she shook hands with both of them. "It was a pleasure meeting both of you."

She then paused, before she switched to a more personal manner. "Clark, hopefully someone can get through to him. If you don't mind me tagging along…"

"You've known him longer than either of us," said Harry, as Kara nodded. "And welcome to the Patronus Incorporated family, Lana."

She nodded, as she took her leave.

When Lana Lang was gone, Kara gave an exasperated sigh, before she turned to address Harry. "Is it bad I want to strangle my own cousin?"

"Kara, believe me, I've wanted to do it a few times already," said Harry.

She just paused and then spoke. "Your cousin or mine."

"Both," said Harry without missing a beat. "Let's close up and get something to eat."

The couple exchanged a kiss before they walked off to get changed into casual clothes, and then closed up shop for the night.
Sirius Black sat as he looked at a portrait of Lily, James, and Harry, taken on Harry's first birthday.

"Sirius?" asked Remus in a gentle voice.

"Fifteen years ago to the day, Moony," said Sirius with a sigh. "The night many lives changed, and not for the better."

"I know, we won't ever forgot," replied Remus in a somber voice. "Even Voldemort, I'm sure he's having some thoughts about that night after getting kicked out of his body for thirteen years."

Sirius pondered the events that could have been. "If I had just taken Harry, he was right there, and not gone after Wormtail…"

"A little too late for could have beens, Sirius," said Remus, as he leaned back. "Harry's in a good place now, with his own company and a happy marriage."

Tonks showed up, to join in on the conversation. "Yeah, not to mention his new um name."

Sirius and Tonks both laughed at that, although Remus just remained quiet.

"Spanner, that one will go down in the record books," said Sirius as he chuckled. "Harry might try to change that one, but that name's going to stick with him for years. I can't wait to see him, so I can give him a hard time about it. It's my duty as his godfather after all."

"Yeah, it isn't the most flattering name in the world," said Tonks.

"You'd know from experience, wouldn't you Nymphadora?" asked Remus, and Tonks just glared at him for using the forbidden name.

"Yeah, Nymphadora, you shouldn't be judging people's nicknames," added Sirius. "Considering your real name…"

"Shove it, Snuffles," retorted Tonks and Sirius shut his mouth.

Sirius looked serious, and he turned to fully face Tonks and Remus. "So, I've been thinking about something, from fifteen years ago. About the last few letters Lily sent me, when she said she's prepared for the end. And not to waste time mourning her when something happens."

"Don't you mean if something happens?" asked Remus.

"I thought so too," said Sirius, as he pondered the matter. "Lily was rather insistent on the terminology she used, and never made mistakes in her writing. Plus, she mentioned she'd been working on a project that would ensure Harry's long term survival, protection, and happiness. She stressed that it was important that certain things would happen regarding Harry. And she was collaborating with her friend on it."

"Do you mean the friend I think you mean?" asked Remus.

"Yeah, that particular friend," said Sirius, in bitter recollection. "The girl had a few screws loose, and it's almost like she came from another time."

"Who are you talking about?" asked Tonks.

"Oh, you've never met her," muttered Sirius. "Isis Lovegood, she was Lily's best friend after she finally wised up to Snape."
"Luna's mother?" asked Tonks.

"Yes," confirmed Sirius. "She never went to Hogwarts, oddly enough. It seemed like one day she appeared out of nowhere, and started meeting with Lily during our sixth year. I'm pretty sure she was the one who convinced Lily to give James a chance. It snowballed from there."

"And I thought she was a Death Eater at first," muttered Remus. "Oddly enough, I never saw her use a wand."

"I was investigating the Lovegoods when Luna disappeared," interjected Tonks. "But the Ministry has all information about them sealed up pretty tight. She died when Luna was nine, in an accident."

Sirius looked at Tonks, disbelief on his face. "Tonks, you haven't been paying enough attention to Moody. A murder sometimes can be covered up as an accident."

"Do you think the Ministry was involved?" asked Tonks. "Or even…"

"I don't know," said Sirius. "I do know this. Isis made Lily Luna's godmother, but it was just a gesture of friendship. Isis may have been on the guardian list, if the will got made out. James never said if he got around to getting the will official. Then Voldemort struck, and everything went to hell in a handbasket."

Sirius drew breath and concluded. "There was supposed to be detailed instructions of exactly what Lily and James wanted regarding Harry."

"Dumbledore sent Harry to the Dursleys," said Remus. "Lily would have never agreed. She hated Vernon and wasn't too fond of Petunia either towards the end. It does lead some truth to the fact that the will might not have been finalized."

Remus coughed. Then he added. "Or, Dumbledore convinced them not to file it, saying that he was confident the Fidelius Charm would work."

"Well, I guess the point is moot now," said Sirius. "Harry's free and has a wonderful woman to share his life with."

"The Ministry's losing itself more and more by the day," said Tonks. "The British Government is making them accountable for their actions. The Goblins are mobilizing for rebellion…"

"Goblins would rebel if some human left a dirty tissue on their counter," said Sirius darkly.

"Perhaps," agreed Tonks. "What about your kind, Moony?"

"I'm hearing some interesting rumors," said Remus. "It appears that a certain company might be offering werewolves sanctuary, and potentially work with them for a cure. Some of the werewolves are considering it and Greyback's position is slipping."

"Bet that made Greyback's day," muttered Sirius.

"Well, hopefully someone will put him down," said Remus in a bitter voice.

"And Voldemort's still out there biding his time," concluded Tonks. "A quiet Voldemort makes me more worried than an active one for some reason."

"We just got to take it one day at a time, Tonks," said Sirius, as he looked at both of them.
"Yeah, I'm still trying to get my hands on Wormtail, but no luck," said Tonks. "One day, Sirius, your day will come."

Sirius responded with a crisp nod. Every dog did have his day, or so the saying went.

"I'm heading out right now, I trust you two won't get into too much trouble," said Tonks, as she surveyed the two Marauders.

Sirius snorted. "Trouble, hardly."

"Well, I'm going off to Central City, to meet a friend," said Tonks. "Harry and Kara are going to be there, it's a big benefit for Patronus Inc. to get their name out in the open."

"Tell Spanner I said hi," said Sirius with a chuckle.

"You know, Mum had some interesting old baby pictures of you," said Tonks, with a calculating grin. "I'm sure both Harry and Kara would get a kick out of them."

Sirius stopped laughing right then.

Tonks walked off, to leave Remus and Sirius alone.

'I also found my old Auror training notes,' she thought. 'I wonder if Harry might find them useful. Providing he can decipher my handwriting, of course.'

Voldemort loathed Halloween. It allowed those Muggles to dress up in hideous versions of costumes based on a world which they did not understand. Fifteen years ago on this date, his most humbling moment occurred. He reflected on that night at Godric's Hallow, as he shifted through notes.

He located more references of a flying man, buried in Ministry reports his sources copied and presented to him. The reports were buried in the archives. The Dark Lord continued to view them. He spotted scant grainy images, of a figure too fast to capture properly with a camera. The moving pictures even failed to get a clear fix. All he saw was a blur.

Voldemort torched the reports. They were useless, dead ends.

His own mind and knowledge allowed him to defeat any witch or wizard. Muggles were weak and easily crushed. His powers were beyond mere men. His Horcruxes, carefully hidden, anchored him to the world no matter how many times his body was destroyed. Not that his body being destroyed would ever be a problem again.

Potter's blood flowing through his veins ensured he would have the same protection the Boy-Who-Lived did. He could not be touched by anyone, but Potter. He no longer even feared Dumbledore, for the old man barely held his own last time. Not to mention he was losing his grip on reality. And Potter could not be killed by anyone but Lord Voldemort.

In due time, the final confrontation would take place. Once Potter was eliminated, Lord Voldemort would reign supreme. His immorality would be assured. As he waited for that date, he continued to research his flying friend.

The moon shined in the sky on Halloween Night, right on the Island of Themyscira, home of the Amazons. Two women sat outside of a pavilion and looked up. One woman had black hair; she
was Princess Diana of Themyscira. The regal woman with blond hair that sat beside her was her mother, Queen Hippolyta.

They reflected on the events of this night.

"It seems like just yesterday," muttered Hippolyta. "Five years ago, the day it happened."

"Mother, you must not blame yourself," said Diana in a somber voice.

"And yet, I do," muttered the Queen. "It is the greatest burden of a mother to lose a daughter. Especially to have one slain in such a fashion, the way she was slaughtered."

The Queen of the Amazons sighed and looked into the stars. "Each and every day, I mourn Donna's loss. She's a casualty of the harsh nature of man's world. The worst parts of it, those that cannot be ignored, as much as we'd like to."

"We both know Ares was responsible," said Diana in a firm voice. "You couldn't have known what happened when Donna and Aresia left to go exploring off the Island."

"And Aresia never came back either," thought Diana.

"My final words towards my youngest daughter were an argument," said Hippolyta. "She said she'd make me sorry. She sadly proved that statement to be true."

Diana looked up and remained thoughtful. "I can't put my finger on it, but there's just something about this night that seems cursed."

"There are legends of spirits out on All Hallows Evil that tempt the innocent," said Hippolyta. "Yet their evil pales in comparison to what happened five years ago."

The two women remained silent on the island.

Harry and Kara stood on a podium in front of an assembled crowd outside of an Orphanage in Central City. They wore more casual clothes, but still maintained an air of professionalism. Kara had her hair clipped back and wore glasses. Harry wore synthetic skin over his scar.

"Hello, and I hope everyone is having a safe and happy Halloween!" said Harry on the microphone, as he turned to face the crowd. "Patronus Incorporated, located inside of Metropolis, is helping sponsor this charity drive, to hand out candy to orphans here in Central City."

"So for this benefit we've asked the help of a good friend of Patronus Incorporated to help out," said Kara, in an excited voice. "Please give a warm welcome, for Central City's very own, the Flash!"

On cue, the Flash zoomed up to the podium. Tonks, who sat off to the side, looked amused at his grand entrance.

"Thank you to Kara and Harry for having me be a part of this little event," said Flash.

"No thank you, Flash, you are this town's hero," said Harry, and the assembled crowd cheered.

"Well, thanks, and everyone seems to have done a good job on their Flash costumes this year," said the Scarlet Speedster, as he looked around. "Most of them are the right color, that's always a good start."
The assembled crowd laughed and cheered at their hero.

"And I see a few rogues in the crowd as well, but hey, the one night of the year where it's cool to
dress up like the bad guy," said Flash as he looked to all of the assembled children. "And
remember; don't eat too much Halloween candy."

He paused, before he added. "Trust me, the dental bills are murder."

Laughter echoed from the assembled crowd as they cheered.

"So tonight, we're going to have a good time," said Flash. "There's enough candy for everyone, so
everyone be patient. It won't grow legs and walk away. Trust me, we double checked."

More laughter echoed from the crowd. Harry just offered a smile. Say what you want about the
Flash, but he could really work a crowd.

"Halloween this year, the best one in my life so far," muttered Harry, but Kara just hugged him in
understanding. "It's been like some trial of errors. Every single year, at Hogwarts, something bad
happens. I'm here, having fun and I enjoy it."

"That's what it's all about," said Kara, as she helped Harry pass out the candy. "This trick or treat
thing is kind of a strange custom, but really who wouldn't want free candy?"

"I wouldn't mind," said Harry, as Tonks also joined in to help out.

Tonks bumped into the Flash.

"Oh, hey, Tonks," said Flash.

"So, have you been keeping busy?" asked Tonks, as she watched the happy children. Which may
soon be happy children on a sugar high before too long. She chuckled in amusement at the thought.

"Oh, you know me, rushing around all over the place," said Flash.

"That's good, got to keep occupied," said Tonks. "I'm really thinking about taking that job Harry
offered me."

She sighed and looked around. "If I didn't have so much unfinished business, I'd be out of the
Ministry so fast."

"What kind of unfinished business?" asked Flash, in a curious voice. "Can't you give like your two
week notice or something?"

"No, I'm trying to catch one of the most notorious killers in the world," muttered Tonks. She still
wanted to bring Bellatrix in for what she did. Also, Wormtail was a concern, but she was obsessed
with bringing Bellatrix to justice.

Of course, she debated the merits of just putting Bellatrix down like the mad dog she was if she got
the chance.

"Oh, well, you have important things to do," said Flash. "So I guess I'll be seeing you around
before too long."

"Yeah, I'll stop by from time to time, 'said Tonks, as she turned to see Kara and Harry talking to the
orphans.
She smiled, they related to them after all.

Tonks moved over, as Harry and Kara moved away from the children to talk to her.

"Harry, just to let you know, the goblins are in an uproar as the Ministry is threatening compulsory loyalty oaths for all magical creatures," said Tonks. "Either swear undying loyalty to the Ministry, or be declared enemies of the state."

"Wonderful," muttered Harry. "Well, it was bound to happen anyway. Another Goblin Rebellion, I could see it coming a mile away. I'm just glad I pulled my money out when I did."

"Gringotts can't be the only bank that people can put their money," said Kara, with a frown. "Don't you people…"

Kara shut up immediately. She knew the answer to that question. Of course there were very few choices.

"Goblins upped the withdrawal fees recently too," said Tonks. "They can set any price they want to, and no one questions it. Not even the purebloods, because they need their gold. Otherwise, they're kind of worthless."

"Kara, are you thinking what I'm thinking?" asked Harry.

"If you're thinking that we need to research setting up some kind of alternative for magical banking, then yes, I am," she replied. "We're going to have to research that before too long."

Tonks wondered what madness she just inspired with her casual comment.

Hogwarts on Halloween Night was always a vision. Albus Dumbledore sat at the Head Table. Several students had not arrived at the feast yet, but in the hustle and bustle of the day, perhaps they could be permitted to run a little late.

Dumbledore sat back to enjoy a nice and leisurely feast, as he watched the students file in.

Astoria Greengrass stood in the shadows, as Daphne hurried from the Dungeons to the Great Hall.

"Where were you, Astoria?" asked Daphne.

"I was right here, Daphne," said Astoria. "I thought we were supposed to meet out here to go to the Halloween Feast."

"It must have slipped my mind," muttered Daphne, before she added, "At least without Potter here, we'll have a perfectly normal and peaceful night."

A loud scream echoed from the Dungeons. Up the stairs rushed a Slytherin prefect, pale in the face. "Professor Snape, someone get Professor Snape quickly! Blaise Zabini has been found down in his room. He's not breathing at all, blue in the face!"

Snape rushed out, robes billowing behind him, and tore down into the Dungeons to check on Zabini. A moment later, Snape returned and faced his students. "He's gone, everyone to one side, I must make arrangements to inform Zabini's parents."

"Wonder if Zabini's mother had an insurance policy on him," muttered one of the Slytherins in an undertone.
Chaos reigned throughout the Great Hall, so Dumbledore prepared to take control. Through the doors burst Padma Patil, who looked pale and absolutely frantic.

"There's been an attack in the hallways, right in the corridor!" yelled Padma, the normally studious girl losing her head. "Cho Chang's down, and so is Marrietta Edgecombe and Michael Corner, they've all been attacked. Strangled by the looks of things, by the Devil's Snare!"

"I bet you anything it was Granger!" yelled one of the Ravenclaws, pointing at Hermione.

"No, Hermione was with me the entire day, it couldn't have been her, there wasn't enough time," said Padma.

"Yeah, she was in our study group," added Lisa Turpin.

"I can collaborate this as well," said Su Li, quietly.

"Yes, these four girls, and others were in the library most of the day," confirmed Madam Pince. "I followed Miss Granger all the way to the Great Hall."

There were shouts of disbelief, and accusations levied towards Hermione Granger. She shook her head.

'And people wonder why Harry left,' she thought to herself.

"Calm down," said Professor Flitwick. "Pointing the finger of blame isn't going to solve any problems. We need to contact the parents of those who have been lost and offer consolations."

The Great Hall continued to be a scene of chaos, but Susan Bones arrived at that moment, frantic and shaking.

"Miss Bones, please don't tell me Hufflepuff was attacked too tonight," said Professor Sprout, as she faced her fifth year student.

"Ernie and Hannah!" yelled Susan as she found her voice. "I saw someone run down a corridor, they're still alive, breathing, but not responding!"

Dumbledore stood up at these words, thinking quickly. He would have to closely watch Susan, because if she saw someone, even a glimpse, she was the closest thing to a witness in this entire mess.

Sprout was up on her feet. "I need volunteers to help me move their bodies to the Hospital Wing safely!"

The entire seventh year Hufflepuff class took up the charge, showing their loyalty.

Dumbledore looked his age and then some. He spoke in a whisper to McGonagall. "Six students, in one night, attacked. Four dead and two may be joining them."

"I don't know if my heart can take much more of this, Dumbledore," said McGonagall, as she closed her eyes.

Ron Weasley rushed into the Great Hall no sooner had those words left her mouth, and ran up to the Head Table.

"Another attack, Mr. Weasley?" asked Dumbledore.
"Yes…Lavender Brown…she's…she's…she's…” stuttered Ron.

"Take a deep breath, Mr. Weasley," said McGonagall, in a gentle voice.

"Someone poisoned her!" yelled Ron in despair. "She was getting ready, putting on her perfume, and she collapsed on the floor. I couldn't think how to revive her. She's not breathing!"

Dumbledore looked like he was about ready to just give up on life right there. This was the second worst night of his life. McGonagall stood up, to clear her throat.

"Everyone remain seated at their tables!" demanded McGonagall. "I will do a head check of everyone who is supposed to be present. It is likely the culprit may not have bothered to attend the feast."

She performed a complex bit of magic that took roll call.


"Which three?" asked Dumbledore, as he braced himself.

McGonagall took a deep breath. "Cormac McClaggen, Ginny Weasley, and Draco Malfoy."

At that instant, the dazed form of Ginny Weasley stumbled forward, into the Great Hall. She looked battered, bruises all over her face, as she held the back of her head.

"THAT'S HER!" yelled a voice. "She's done it again!"

"What?" slurred Ginny, as Dumbledore moved towards her and stood in front of her, to assess the damage.

"What happened Miss Weasley?" asked Dumbledore in a gentle voice.

"Someone knocked me out!" managed Ginny. "On my way back from Charms, they nailed me in the back of the head with something, and shoved me in a closet. I don't remember anything; I think I might have a concussion. But there's someone lurking around here, but I blacked out."

"Wouldn't be the first time she claimed to have black outs," muttered a fifth year Gryffindor.

"Got another friend that you're writing to, Weasley?"

"No, I swear it wasn't me!" cried Ginny, in near hysterics. "You've got to…I didn't…RON, please back me up!"

Ron just seemed to be in too much shock to give his sister a word in her defense. Ginny turned and rushed up to the Gryffindor table, as she locked eyes on Hermione. "Hermione, Hermione, you've got to believe me!"

"I can't help you Ginny," said Hermione, as she turned away.

Ginny looked hysterical. She wished Harry was here, he'd back her up.

She collapsed to the floor. Her face was covered with blood, bruises, and dirt. McGonagall, Snape, and Flitwick all moved towards her.

"Hospital wing, Miss Weasley," muttered McGonagall.
Ginny found herself escorted out, wands on her the entire time.

Ron found his voice and turned to face Hermione. "Hermione, we…we need Harry back!"

"I beg your pardon?" asked Hermione, as she looked at Ron, with disinterest

"This is the thing we've done for years, we can solve these attacks together," said Ron, trying to rally Hermione with the happy memories they had in the past. "We've done it before, we can do it again, all three of us! You have to know where he is, write to him, tell him to come back, Hogwarts needs him!"

"Absolutely not," said Hermione without a thought. "Since the adults wouldn't share information with us for years, and we had to clean up their messes, perhaps they should get a crack at what solving the mystery of the year is like. Let them sink or swim without the help of their golden trio of detectives."

Ron looked at Hermione, unable to believe what she was saying. "Hermione, people are being attacked! You need to tell Harry. He can stop it! Harry belongs to Hogwarts!"

"Harry has a far greater purpose than this death trap we call a school," replied Hermione. "He's the world's best hope for survival. And this is my last word on the situation. Good day to you, Ronald."

A look of indignation crossed Ron's face. "You know what, fine Hermione, I'll solve this mystery myself!"

Ron looked determined, and then thoughtful.

'Could this be my chance?' he wondered. 'The chance Harry gave me when he left, to prove myself.'

Dumbledore and the four Heads of Houses met in the chambers outside of the Great Hall, as the students were locked inside.

"And allow me to state for the record, the Weasley girl is guilty," said Snape, in a firm voice. "I say we cut our losses, invest in some earmuffs for when her mother finds out, and expel her."

Snape turned to face Dumbledore, looking the old man right in the eye. "Did you even scan her for any residual taints from the diary? Dark magic always leaves something behind. Given how her mother fed her fanatical fairy tale delusions, the girl was not exactly the model of stability. Only the strongest could overcome what that enchanted diary did to her. The stress of losing her dream life with Potter likely caused her to snap. As a result, five students are dead and two more are injured."

"It is suspicious regarding young Miss Weasley," agreed McGonagall. "But we have no proof other than hearsay at this point."

"The girl's record works against her, Minerva," argued Snape.

"Some might say your past record works against you, Severus," countered Minerva.

Dumbledore cleared his throat as, Sprout and Flitwick looked at the three of them.

"What's going on?" asked Sprout in a low tone of voice.

"It seems like the three of you have been covering up something again," said Flitwick. "I can't
speak for Pomona, but I grow tired of Ravenclaw being treated as a second class house in regards these shenanigans going on at Hogwarts."

"I do grow tired of the same being said for Hufflepuff," agreed Sprout.

McGonagall turned to face Dumbledore. "I thought you said you would inform them!"

"I intended to get around to it," said Dumbledore delicately.

"When?" asked Flitwick. "By the time you're dead, or after you're in the ground?"

Dumbledore acted like he did not hear that statement. Flitwick sighed; he had gotten all but used to the Headmaster and his selective listening.

"I'm not certain what to make of tonight's events," said Dumbledore. "There is a killer on the loose, and it remains to be seen how all of the pieces of this puzzle fit together."

"Need I remind you this is not the time for one of your games, Headmaster," said Snape in a harsh tone of voice. "People have died."

"Yes, I'm aware of that Severus," said Dumbledore, deep in thought. "I must arrange to have Hogwarts be put on lockdown. For the time being, no one is allowed to send or receive any mail without it being checked."

"So, taking a leaf out of Dolores Umbridge's playbook," said McGonagall dryly.

"In a sense, but for a good cause," said Dumbledore, as the twinkle in his eye had long since died out. "If the reputation of this school crumbles, it would be a disaster. The Ministry of Magic is at its lowest point right now. I fear that we will have to work hard to remain hidden. We survived for a thousand years, but the walls crumble."

"So, now what?" asked Snape.

Dumbledore remained silent. "I don't know, Severus. We need to hope that we can find the culprit. This has proven to be a long Halloween."

A time later, Snape and Dumbledore were both alone.

"Draco Malfoy, he may be behind these attacks, Headmaster," muttered Snape, when he was sure he would not be disturbed.

"We do know he was behind the unfortunate accident of Miss Bell," said Dumbledore. "Yet, I feel that Draco can still be redeemed."

Snape just remained quiet, before he spoke. "Headmaster, I might have seen the error in my ways, but some people are not so fortunate. It would be easy to take care of Draco, make it look like an accident, and this entire mess will be forgotten by the spring."

"It would be easy, too easy," said Dumbledore in a quiet voice. "If nothing else, these attacks may convince Harry to return here. I have enchantments in place which will tell me when he is on the grounds. Miss Granger will have written to him after tonight."

Snape said nothing. Dumbledore continued. "I will then take the steps to convince him to stay."

"What about his wife?" asked Snape. "She would not be too happy."
"She has no say in the matter, Harry has to fulfill his destiny," said Dumbledore. "I'm the only one with the knowledge to help him do so."

Snape nodded and said nothing. Potter was not returning. He figured it out at this point.

The world fell apart around them.

Kara and Harry faced each other in their basement. A large section of it had been converted into a makeshift training room. Off to the side, there was a television and VCR set up, with a library stocked with tapes and books, detailing various fighting disciplines. They had begun to train on their own accord, outside of the Batcave.

Right now, after their warm ups, they prepared for a sparring match. Both were dressed in workout clothes. Kara wore a blue top that extended down to her middrift, a red jacket, and blue tear away pants. Harry wore a red jacket, a black tank top, and black pants, with gold stripes on the side.

"Okay," said Harry, as he faced his wife. "Okay, best two out of three?"

"Yeah, best two out of three," agreed Kara.

Harry nodded. "And whoever wins gets to make the scenario for what we get to do later tonight."

"Pretty much," agreed Kara. "And no powers."

"Right, it'd take the fun out of it," said Harry, with a smile.

Kara added. "Being on the floor for fifteen seconds is how we lose a round."

They stood face to face, before a buzzer went off to signal the beginning of the round. The two circled each other, not breaking eye contact. They locked up in a grappling stance, trying to get the advantage. Kara took a slight advantage, because she was still a couple of inches taller than Harry. Harry tried to cut her down and sweep the legs, but Kara blocked it.

They backed off, and Kara aimed a quick kick. Harry blocked her leg.

"Good reflexes," said Kara in an appraising voice. Harry jabbed at her, but she dodged the blow.

"You too," said Harry.

Kara and Harry tried to strike each other, utilizing blocks and attempted fake outs. Kara tried to vary her attacks when she could, to not make it too easy. Both agreed not to hold back in these sparring sessions, because they knew from other activities nothing either did could hurt the other.

Harry jabbed up, but then he tried to slide right between Kara's legs. Kara grabbed Harry around the waist to block him. She hoisted him up and flung him to the ground. Harry got the wind knocked out of him.

The wizard staggered to his feet, as Kara struck a victorious pose.

"I think round one goes to me," said Kara, as she helped Harry up.

"Very good, but I can still beat you in the next two," replied Harry.

They took a moment breather. Kara looked at him. "Ready to go, tough guy?"
"Always with you, baby," said Harry, with a smile.

They went to round two of their sparring session. They went straight to the strikes, but it was a stalemate. Harry caught his wife's arm and twisted it around, to fold it behind her back. Kara slipped free and did a forward roll, before she gracefully landed on her feet. Harry grabbed her, but she twisted out, showing her great flexibility.

Kara did a handstand and tried to wrap her legs around Harry's head. Harry blocked and flipped her over. She popped up, but Harry was crouched down. Her arm was grabbed, before he took her down with an arm throw. Kara landed on her back on the padded mats. She fell for fifteen seconds.

"Round two goes to me," said Harry.

"Nice one, ready for the final round?" asked Kara.

Harry affirmed he was. They moved in for the third and final round. Both tried for an early advantage. Kara bent her knees, pushing up against him. Harry pushed her back and tried to take the legs out, but she shoved him back.

The game continued, as they alternated between attempted take downs and attempted strikes.

Harry regained his balance after an attempted throw. Kara bent down, with a mischievous grin, as she loosened a few buttons on her top.

After all, one had to use every weapon at their disposal.

Harry spotted her lovely cleavage. He blocked out the rather nice distraction, the best he could, as he moved in.

"Feeling light headed?" teased Kara, as she noticed the beginnings of something in Harry's workout pants.

"Never," said Harry, as he shook his head.

"Blood might be rushing from your head," said Kara, as she brushed against Harry. "Might make it hard to focus on anything, well anything that doesn't include what we might do after this little session."

"You look kind of distracted too," countered Harry. "Thinking about what I might do to you when I pin you down?"

Kara licked her lips, and then swirled her tongue around the inside of her cheek. She kicked her shoes off, and quickly removed the bottom half of her pants. Her legs and feet were exposed. Then she lost the jacket.

"Well, that sounds like a good idea," said Harry, as he slipped off his jacket. Kara found herself equally distracted, but determined to win this round.

They circled each other, as they locked up. They brushed against each other, in an attempt to psyche the other out. Harry grabbed Kara's shirt, and she pulled back. Harry watched the shirt tore away right in his hands.

Kara stood in front of him, topless, arms outstretched. Harry looked at her breasts, out of reach.

Suddenly, Kara pounced Harry. Yet she lost her balance when she was poked in the leg. Both
stumbled to the ground with each other.

Their lips latched onto each other, as they were both on the ground. Fifteen seconds had long since passed, as they continued their heated kiss. Tongues danced with each other, hands felt around their bodies.

They broke apart, with swollen lips and sweaty faces, as they were on the floor. It did seem many of their sparring seasons ended this way.

"You know, I think that was a draw," managed Harry.

"Yeah, but it was a fun one," whispered Kara, as she eyed her husband.

"So, since you ended up on top, what do you have in mind?" asked Harry.

Kara hugged Harry against her, and whispered right into his ear what she had in mind. The fabric of Harry's pants stretched more, as she explained the scenario she had in mind.

Smut/Lemon Begins.

Harry sat behind a desk in a classroom. Kara sat right on the top of one of the desks in front of Harry. She looked at him with a pouty expression on her face. Her hair was tied back in a ponytail and she wore a pair of glasses. Her blouse stretched across her chest, about two sizes sizes too small with her toned midriff exposed. The short skirt barely maintained modesty and showcased her shapely, stocking covered legs. In her hand, she held a lollypop.

"Hi, Professor Potter," said Kara in a sweet voice. "Sorry about what happened."

"Yes, Miss Kent, you better be sorry," said Harry in a stern voice. "First, I catch you chewing gum in my class. Then you were talking on your cell phone. Not to mention, your skirt violates school dress code policy."

"C'mon, half the girls in this school wear a skirt just as short," argued Kara, as she unclipped her hair and lifted her legs up. "And they don't have the legs for it, either."

She blew her hair out of her face, and then twirled her hair around a finger.

"Yes, well be that as it may, you're breaking school rules," said Harry as he stared at her legs, before his eyes looked up to her face. "Several times, I've given you ample warnings."

"Yes, I know, I've been a naughty girl," breathed Kara, fluttering her eyelashes. She crossed her legs. Bringing the lollypop up to her mouth, she licked it. She looked Harry right in the eyes and slid off the desk. She put her hands right on Harry's desk and leaned over to face him. "So what are you going to do about it?"

"Come here Kara," said Harry, as he wiggled a finger at her. Kara moved closer, as Harry pushed out the chair. "Right there, on your front, across my lap."

Kara did as she was told. She turned her head, to give Harry a saucy grin. "So, do you have a protractor in your pocket or something, Professor?"

"I'm going to give you a spanking, Miss Kent," said Harry, as he put his hand on her skirt.

A grin appeared on Kara's face, as she felt a breeze hit her thighs as Harry pulled her skirt back.
Harry spanked her right on her firm arse. She shuddered. Harry spanked her again and she moaned.

"No, don't…stop," breathed Kara.

"You're not getting out of this, Kara," said Harry, as he spanked her again.

"No…I'm telling you not to stop," moaned Kara. "You're making me so wet Professor. You have such a strong hand."

He continued to spank the school girl across his lap for a few minutes, and then stopped.

Kara slid off his lap and shamelessly stared right at his erection. Then she spoke in her sweet, but sexy voice. "That looks uncomfortable, Professor Potter. How about I be a good girl, and take care of that for you, mmm?"

"I would appreciate that, Miss Kent," said Harry as he leaned back. Her hands around worked at his pants and slid them down. She pulled down his boxers. His erect penis sprung out, and throbbed with desire.

Kara licked her lips. "Looks so much yummier than the lollipop."

Kara licked around the head. She continued this action, until her tongue started to travel down his shaft. The girl's eyes locked onto his for the longest time. Her tongue bathed his ballsac. Then, Kara sucked his testicles, using suction to get him pleasure. Harry just leaned back and enjoyed the efforts.

Kara broke off and eyed his member again. "Mmm."

Kara gripped his penis, and then proceeded to pucker her juicy red lips. She placed her lips on the head, and gave it a teasing little suck. Harry grunted with the pleasure. Then she slowly pushed Harry right down her throat. She began to suck him off.

"Suck faster, harder," encouraged Harry, but Kara looked up at him, lust in her eyes. She continued her magnificent blowjob. She worked to bring him to his climax. As she felt his cock twitch, she reached underneath her skirt. She began to pleasure herself, playing with her wet pussy.

"Cumming," breathed Harry. Kara continued to suck him deeply. Her throat muscles closed in on Harry, as she squeezed his balls with her left hand and pleasured herself with the right. Harry unloaded right down her throat. Kara swallowed every single drop.

Kara slid onto the floor, eyes glazed over in passion. "Your seed tastes better than anything I've ever tried, Professor. I need more!"

She took a deep breath and licked her red lips again. She tugged on her collar. "Hot in this classroom, isn't it?"

"Yes, very hot," agreed Harry, as he looked her over, seeing her top about ready to give way.

"Going to have to take my blouse off," she said, as she looked at Harry, fluttering her eyelashes and wiggling her tongue, before she added. "You don't mind, do you Professor?"

A sexy smile appeared on her face, and Harry shook his head. Kara slowly unbuttoned her blouse. She slid it off her shoulders. Underneath, she wore a lacy and transparent blue bra that just barely contained her magnificent tits. They were about ready to spill out of her top, and her hardened nipples were visible.
Then, Kara sat on the desk and slid her shoes off. The next action she did was to remove her stockings. Her legs and feet were completely bare.

"Professor, my feet are sore," whined Kara, as she twirled her hair some more. "Do you think you can give me a foot message? I'll make it worth it."

"I don't see any harm it that," said Harry, as he watched Kara wiggle her toes. She stuck her foot out. Taking her right foot in his hand, he began to stroke it, giving her a massage. He worked over her toes, her soles, her heels, and her ankles. He gave everything the attention and love it deserved. Feeling all of her lovely flesh brought his erection back to life. He switched to the left foot and did the same treatment.

"Feels so good Professor, you have talented hands," breathed Kara.

Harry looked her over, as he continued his work. "You have beautiful feet."

"Thank you, but some mean girls stole my bottle of lotion, I think they're jealous," whispered Kara. "I need something, creamy and wet to keep them nice and moisturized."

She eyed Harry's penis.

"I think your hot and tasty cum will have to do," she added, as she touched the head with her toes.

Kara's perfect foot lifted up, and she stroked the side of Harry's penis. The girl slid her foot up and down the length. Then, she teased him with her toes, rubbing the head of his penis. With another movement, she put her feet together, with Harry's penis sandwiched in between them. She rubbed Harry's penis, as he felt a pleasure of a footjob.

The vision of beauty continued to pleasure him with her perfect feet. She gave him a seductive look, with glasses on. He felt his balls grow heavy, but she continued to pleasure him with her feet. Her soles placed on his cock brought Harry passion, as he pulsed with desire.

Harry whispered to her. "Stroke me, stroke me you naughty girl."

A smile appeared on the blonde beauty's face, as she stroked him until the point his balls tightened. A couple more strokes and Harry orgasmed, as the desk along with Kara's feet were covered in the milky white fluid.

"Oops, I guess that was a little messy of me," she said in a soft voice. She slid to the floor, sliding a bit. She held onto the desk. Her lips pressed together to allow her to blow the pencils, papers, and books off the desk, clearing it.

She cleaned up the seed from the desk with her fingers. As it stuck to her fingers, they were brought to her mouth. She sucked her own fingers, eyes glazed over.

Harry reached forward, grabbed her by the shoulders, and pulled her onto the desk. He then pinned the blonde girl right on the desk. They were face to face with each other. Kara whispered. "I like a man who takes charge."

"I like a young woman who has so many wonderful talents," said Harry, as he prepared to pull off her skirt. "Let's see how well you taste."

Her skirt was pulled off, along with her panties. The girl laid back on the desk, legs spread to allow Harry access. Harry leaned down and stuck his tongue inside her. Kara's legs locked his head into place. His tongue worked its magic.
Kara moaned, as he sucked her clitoris. This action brought her unbridled passion, as she trusted her hips up towards his tongue. He continued to lick all over the inside.

Harry lapped up every bit of her juices. They tasted so divine, like everything he enjoyed all rolled into one, but yet she had her own unique taste.

"Lick, fuck, lick suck, work that tongue," encouraged Kara with moans, as she played with her breasts.

His tongue pushed down her center, and his nose smelled her up close. Her desire grew even more. She had been brought to an orgasm, but Harry sucked her dry, taking everything she gave him. He continued to work on her, never stopping.

Kara soaked his face once more, as Harry pulled himself up. She panted on her back on the desk, but then pulled herself up and grabbed his shoulders.

"You seem a little light headed, Professor," whispered Kara. "Why don't you lie back and take a rest?"

She lowered Harry onto the desk and sat on his stomach. Her pussy rested right on it, and her arse pushed back into his erection.

With super speed, she unclipped her bra and threw it to the side. Harry reached up and grabbed her breasts. He played with the wonderful mounds of flesh, as he touched her in the places he knew brought her the most pleasure. Kara then bent down and kissed him right on the lips. He returned the favor, as their tongues engaged in a grappling match with each other. She rubbed herself against him, as they kissed.

Kara broke the kiss and she floated into the air, breaking character slightly. She reached down, to line Harry's penis up with her center. Then she slid down right onto him, eyes widening as Harry filled her.

Harry looked up, to see Kara ride him. She wore nothing, but a pair of glasses. He felt right at home, as his penis pushed inside her. He throbbed inside her warm and wet pussy. He slid in and out of her, as she rode him. Her breasts swayed, and he matched her movements with trust.

Grabbing her swaying breasts, Harry proceeded to play with them.

Kara had the time of her life, as she felt the cock inside of her. It never made her tired of how much pleasure it gave her. She could ride it from sunrise to sundown if she would be allowed to. Kara's murmurs continued, as his skilled hands worked her breasts over.

Harry watched, as Kara rode him. He trusted his hips up, and his cock pulsed deep inside her. Kara continued to bounce up and down, to survey him with pure love over the top of her glasses.

"Yes, Harry, yes, faster, faster!" encouraged Kara, as her moans continued, and she was brought to yet another orgasm. She had given up counting them, because it would distract her too much from her enjoyment.

Harry felt the sensation of her powerful Kryptonian pussy muscles clenching his penis. The fact he knew he was the only man who could take such force made him feel good. He got to experience his wife, at her full glory, and there was no need for her to hold back.

"Kara, almost there," grunted Harry, as he felt himself reach the point of the end.

"Yes, cum inside me!" cheered Kara as she rode him more yet. "Fuck, explode inside me, Harry!"
Harry reached his limit, but not before he brought her to another orgasm. The sensual nature of the moans, along with her scent, put him over the top. He lost himself, as he saw stars. His penis unleashed a heavy stream of cum deep inside her. Her pussy tightened and milked him, to ensure she got every last bit of cum her husband had to offer.

Once they were finished, Kara collapsed right on top of Harry.

**Smut/Lemon/Roleplay Ends.**

They pulled themselves up, exchanging a tender and loving kiss, before Harry summoned their regular clothes, so they could get changed.

Then they rearranged the classroom, to clean up all traces they had been here. The fact they snuck into an actual university to do this, made the entire activity just that much more exciting to them.

After a moment, Harry opened the windows, before he walked out. "Kara, I want to try something, but you're going to be there to catch me, in case I'm wrong."

Kara nodded, as she held the bag containing their roleplaying outfits over her shoulder.

"I'm going to see how far I can fly, for how long," said Harry.

"I'll be right underneath you, Harry" said Kara, with a smile.

Harry closed his eyes, as he stepped off of the ledge. He expected himself to plummet immediately.

Yet, he did in fact maintain flight, for at least a minute. Right until the point he started to descend.

With fast reflexes, Kara caught Harry before he fell too far. As he was cradled in her arms, they landed on the ground.

"I had it," said Harry in frustration, as she let him down. "I felt stronger, I could fly! It felt wonderful! Then it's almost like something just cut me off before I got too far."

Kara grabbed Harry, eyes traveled to his scar, and she scanned it once again.

"The thing in your head, it must be holding you back," whispered Kara, as she put her arms around him, with Harry returning the gesture. "But, it's getting a bit weaker every day. Still, I can't get it out. He seems like it's sticking around the most dangerous spot."

"So, you still can't burn it out," said Harry, but Kara tightened her arms around him.

"Not without lobotomizing you," whispered Kara. "It's preserving itself; it knows that it's in danger."

"Voldemort," said Harry suddenly and Kara just stared. "It's got to be him; Dumbledore said he accidentally left a piece of himself inside me. My second year, he said it was unintentional, I should have known."

"But you don't feel tempted to do anything evil, do you?" asked Kara.

"No," replied Harry.

"Then you're beating it," said Kara, as she turned around, to look at Harry. Her confidence was contagious to say the least. "The other thing, the white light, it's helping you. And I'm helping
Kara wrapped her arms around Harry tighter, and pulled him into a kiss. Harry returned it. They stood in the moonlight on the grass in front of Metropolis University. Their kiss continued for a time, as the wind blew through their hair.

"You will beat it, Harry," said Kara, after the kiss broke. "And when we meet Hermione's contact, she might have some answers."

"It's going to be a long two weeks," said Harry.

"I'm sure we'll find plenty to do," answered Kara, as the clock struck Midnight.

Halloween was over, and Harry got through it without anything bad happening to him.

"Thanks, Kara," whispered Harry, as he grabbed her and kissed her once again. He put a lot into the kiss, to thank her for making sure this Halloween was nothing like all of the other ones in his life.

Together, they had reversed the curse that followed Harry around for fifteen years on this night.

The two broke the kiss after several long moments.

Kara grabbed Harry's hand, and they floated back into the sky, to head on home to turn in. They would be sleeping in for a bit tomorrow.
Chapter 21: Raven Part One.

In an un-used part of Hogwarts, unseen by prying eyes, Hermione Granger leaned against the wall. Many students filed in, the remaining members of the D.A. They all sat themselves down, to face Hermione. Susan Bones, Dean Thomas, Seamus Finnegan, Padma Patil, Parvati Patil, Lisa Turpin, Colin Creevey, Dennis Creevey, Terry Boot, and Su Li all sat down. Moments passed before Hermione addressed them.

"Okay, as you know, we have a bit of a situation regarding the attacks at Hogwarts," remarked Hermione, as she looked at the entire group. "As you know, there is a mysterious attacker who seems to taken a fancy in killing random students. I just want to say something for the record."

Hermione raised her left hand, and held her wand high in her right. "I, Hermione Jean Granger, do solemnly swear on my magic, that I am no way part of the attacks against students of Hogwarts School of Witchcraft and Wizardry, or have collaborated in any way with the attacker or attackers."

A blinding light appeared, and Hermione held her wand. She demonstrated her powers being intact, before she began to blast chairs away.

"Now, all of you, I want oaths, before I tell you more," said Hermione, as she looked at the fellow members of her group. "If any of you are the Hogwarts attacker, then, you'll be dealt with accordingly."

Susan Bones got up to her feet, to take the initiative. Everyone followed her lead. They all demonstrated they retained their magical abilities. None of them were the killers, which was a relief for the entire group.

Everyone sat down.

"So if it's not any of us..." muttered Parvati Patil.

"It could be anyone else in the school," said Padma Patil. "That really doesn't narrow it down, does it?"

"Any one of us could be next," mused Dean Thomas.

Su Li, the normally quiet and studious girl, looked from side to side, frantic. She began to speak. "What are we going to do? They got Katie, Lavender, Michael, Hannah, and Ernie, and..."

Hermione took a deep breath and shot sparks in the air. "Everyone calm down, I've got a plan. It's still the same plan, it's just the time table has been moved up. We can't save this place. Hogwarts is like the Titanic, and I, for one, am not going down with the ship."

Everyone nodded, and knew that they felt the same thing.

"So, how has the plan changed, Hermione?" asked Susan.

The brunette bookworm looked thoughtful, and peered at everyone. She then spoke.

"Well, I didn't expect some crazed killer to take a crack at everyone. After all, I'm smart, not omniscient. Here's what we're going to do. When Hogsmeade Weekend comes, I want you to all
leave the village, and keep walking."

Everyone nodded slowly. She continued to speak to them. "Find a way to return home, and inform all of your families. Make sure they're out of harm's way. Then I will get in touch with all of you after I've got some business wrapped up. Sanctuary will be offered. I'll arrange something, an alternative to Hogwarts, without the danger."

Hermione sighed, as she looked at the group. "It is too dangerous to remain here. Hogwarts is going to get shut down by the end of the year. The Ministry has their own problems, just keep with the spells we've been practicing, and if you see any Death Eaters, make sure they know you won't be intimidated.

They all left, but Hermione had Susan stay behind.

"Susan, you're in the most danger of all of us, for obvious reasons," muttered Hermione. "What exactly did you see?"

"Just a figure, in a hood, seemed to be a witch," replied Susan after a moment's thought.

"Or a wizard using Polyjuice to look like a witch," countered Hermione.

The Hufflepuff remained thoughtful and nodded. Then she frowned.

"So, Harry's not coming back, is he…"

"It's in Harry's best interest to stay away from Hogwarts," said Hermione, as she gazed at Susan. "He's doing well, he's happy."

Susan stood right before Hermione. She kept a close watch on the Muggle World, and followed the news, so she heard of Harry's exploits in Vegas. She also managed to get a few other news articles when she could, so she managed to draw some logical conclusions.

"Hermione, I saw the picture," said Susan as she looked at the Gryffindor. "Harry didn't marry some Kansas farm girl. He married S…"

Hermione silenced her immediately with a flick of her wand.

"Not one more word, Susan Bones," said Hermione, her voice harsh, as she looked at the Hufflepuff. "You didn't tell anyone, did you?"

Hermione released the charm. Now the Hufflepuff witch could speak freely.

"No, but it's good that Harry finally found someone he could relate to," said Susan in a quiet voice. "I don't know if he could have found someone like this in this world. Not that I didn't remain hopeful…"

"Many did, but it would have never worked," said Hermione. "Once you get to know Harry, you really appreciate how much he needed a fresh start, and a clean break. Anyone from this world would have not worked. He needed someone who could see Harry, and not the Boy-Who-Lived. And there will always be that stigma with everyone in his age group around here."

Hermione brushed her hair out of her eyes.

"Harry is the only hope the world has," she added.

"What if he doesn't beat You-Know-Who?" wondered Susan.
"We're fucked," said Hermione, without preamble. Then she added. "Susan call him by his name…"

"Hermione, I can't do that, it's just not something that I'm comfortable with doing," said Susan. "You and Harry both can say it, and you're a lot braver than I ever can hope to be…"

"I wasn't referring to that made up French anagram that he uses," said Hermione as she waved her hand dismissively. "His real name is Tom Marvolo Riddle."

Susan look surprised. Her lack of speech gave the opportunity for Hermione to continue. "His mother was a pureblood, but his father was a Muggle. His entire sick campaign was because his Daddy didn't love him."

Hermione said this part with disdain. She took a deep breath. "I don't fear him," said Hermione. "I fear what he might do, and what he can inspire others to do. The man himself, he's kind of pathetic. And that's why I think in the end Harry will beat him. Harry embraces who he is, and all of his emotions. Riddle cowers from them."

"Hermione, the Sorting Hat put you in the right place," said Susan as she smiled at Hermione, and leaned back. "I sure hope it did," said Hermione, but she looked thoughtful. "Even if the Hat did waver between all four houses."

Susan blinked. "I thought you said it only wanted to put you in Ravenclaw," said the Hufflepuff. "It did consider Slytherin and Hufflepuff as well," remarked Hermione casually. "Some of us can be defined by one house, some can fit in two, some can fit in three, but very few have the qualities of all four houses."

Susan nodded. "Harry was another," muttered Susan. "Yes he was," agreed Hermione. "Certain people in this world is laboring under this misconception that Harry is a pure Gryffindor."

She paused. "They couldn't be more wrong about my brother."

Susan was left as Hermione walked off. Then the Hufflepuff returned to her Common Room without another word.

Dear Harry and Kara:

I'm getting out. Things went to hell in a handbasket in a hurry. I'm not being a scapegoat when Dumbledore decides to spin this one.

If Superman is still up there, we're heading up to the Artic, and I'll give him a piece of my mind.

Talk to you soon,
"What do you think she meant?" asked Kara.

"Hermione seemed freaked out about something," said Harry. "I told her she shouldn't have gone back."

"Well, she had her reasons when she did, but I guess things changed," said Kara, arms wrapped around Harry.

"Well, I've got a phone call to make, before I decide what I want to do with your cousin," said Harry, as Kara let him go.

The wizard dialed up the Kent Farm. After a few rings, Martha picked up on the end.

"Martha, it's Harry. Has Clark called? I thought not. We're going to get him. He'll call you by tomorrow, even if I have put a phone in his hand with a permanent sticking charm. Yeah, Kara and I are doing well. Talk to you later; we're going up to Scotland, then we're swinging by the Fortress. Tell Jonathan I said hi, take care, good bye.

Harry hung up the phone, and counted to one hundred. Both Harry and Kara wrapped their arms around each other, in an attempt to calm each other down.

"Okay, I'm hexing him," managed Harry darkly. "This is getting ridiculous."

"Two months…" managed Kara, but Harry distracted her from her rant and her anger with a slight kiss. They enjoyed the activity for a short time, but duty called.

Harry took a breath, as he mulled it over. "Okay, let's pick up Lana, and then we'll head over to the Mountains."

Without another word, they departed.

Hermione walked towards the doors of Hogwarts with a purpose, but Professor Flitwick blocked her path, and cleared his throat.

"Miss Granger, could I please have one moment of your time?" asked Flitwick.

Hermione regarded the tiny Charms Professor for a moment. "Professor Flitwick, no disrespect meant, sir, but I'm kind of in a rush."

"I'll be quick and discreet," said Flitwick. "It's clear you're leaving here to visit Harry Potter, and won't be coming back."

Hermione chose her next words carefully. "Yes, I've arranged to send the notice I'm leaving Hogwarts. Dumbledore will receive it when I'm off the grounds."

"I've heard some rather interesting news regarding Mr. Potter, many intriguing rumors," added Flitwick. "He's been off in the United States; he has his own company…"

"Professor, we could be overheard," interrupted Hermione, but Flitwick just chuckled.

"Don't worry, Miss Granger, anti-eavesdropping charms are second nature to me," said Flitwick. "I have some contacts within the Muggle World, and have heard about Patronus Incorporated. Many Muggleborn alumni of Hogwarts from the past few years seem to be looking into it as an avenue of
employment.

The Professor's next statement remained neutral.

"Purebloods have the first crack at all of the highest paying jobs, then half bloods," said Flitwick. "Muggleborns, no matter how well they've done in their studies, get last dibs on the jobs in our world."

Hermione's disgust became apparent. Flitwick just verified what she had suspected.

"So my hunch was correct, the highest paid Muggleborn, still makes less than the lowest paid pureblood," muttered Hermione.

"Yes, I'm afraid so Miss Granger, it's not how much you know, but rather who you know," said Flitwick. "And the Ministry is the logical representation of this."

"The company is getting off the ground," said Hermione. "Harry said there was a job waiting for me, the moment I'm ready to ditch this place, as part of the research team."

"Very good," said Flitwick, before his voice dropped. "I would leave Hogwarts, but Dumbledore has placed us teachers in a bind. Magically binding contracts offer us job security in case of a change of Headmaster, but they do work both ways. They must be broken mutually, I'm afraid."

"I figured as much," said Hermione darkly.

"I do have something that might help Mr. Potter," said Flitwick. Hermione moved closer, to see what the Charms Professor had up his sleeve. "As you may have heard, I was a dueling champion before I became a teacher. I wrote a journal of some of the tactics I found had been useful against my adversaries."

The Professor took out the book and handed it to Hermione. "Naturally, some of these tactics would get duelists barred from the professional dueling circuit."

"Yet, they'd be perfect for a duel against someone like Voldemort," answered Hermione.

Flitwick nodded.

"Well those who fight by the book, may not live to fight again, Miss Granger," said Flitwick. "Now, I didn't see you, nor did I give you this book to give to Mr. Potter."

"Of course, Professor," said Hermione, as she walked off.

She paused.

"Dobby," said Hermione, and Dobby appeared.

"Yes, Miss Granger," said Dobby.

"Put this in Dumbledore's office," muttered Hermione, as she handed Dobby a lemon drop.

"You'd be giving the Headmaster is favorite sweet?" asked Dobby.

"Place it in his candy dish, and leave immediately," said Hermione.

Hermione watched Dobby go. The charm on the lemon drop would interfere with all of those little monitoring instruments. By the time Dumbledore realized what had happened, it would be too late.
Without another thought, the brunette bookworm made her way up to the mountains.

In the mountains of Hogsmeade, Harry, Kara, and Lana stood to wait for Hermione. They wore heavy coats, gloves, hats, and scarves for their trip up into the Artic.

"So you went to this place at your old school?" asked Lana.

"Yeah, really isn't that exciting when you think about it," said Harry, as Kara peered down.

"There's Hermione," whispered Kara in an excited manner.

Hermione pulled herself up the mountain, and rushed to greet Harry and Kara.

"Harry, Kara, it's so great to see you!" yelled Hermione in an excited voice, as she hugged both of them.

"Nice to see you too, Hermione," said Kara, as Hermione backed off.

"Hermione, how have you been?" asked Harry. "What did you mean in your…"

"Explain it to you later, after we get done with some things, I swear Harry," said Hermione. "After all, we've got a rather important intervention to stage."

Harry turned to point to Lana. "Hermione, this is Lana Lang, she's…"

"I'm a friend of Clark's from school," said Lana. "We used to go out in high school."

Hermione looked at her, as something clicked in her mind. "Not the Lana Lang surely. I'm not one for fashion, but you do some impressive work."

"Well, nice to see you've heard of me," said Lana, in surprise, as she inclined her head towards the younger woman.

"Hermione Granger," said Hermione, but she motioned to the redhead woman to walk over to her. "I've got a project for you, if you have the time. Costumes for our happy couple of heroes. Make them, and I'll do some charm work…"

"So what do you have in mind?" asked Lana.

"We'll meet up some time, go over some ideas," said Hermione, as she turned to Harry. "Oh and here's your little unknown element."

Hermione handed Harry the vial, and Harry took it, putting it carefully in his bag.

"Thanks a bunch, Hermione," said Harry, but Hermione waved it off.

"Hey, no problem, it's the least I can do," said Hermione.

Everyone stood on the mountain for a minute, making small talk, but Kara looked over.

"So, what are we waiting for?" asked Kara.

"Our ride," said Hermione, as she looked at her watch and tapped her foot. "I just hope with these great magical powers, she's able to tell the time."

Darkness swirled around them, as the mystery contact presented herself.
"Of course I'm on time, Hermione," said the young woman. "You're just a bit early."

They faced a young woman, of about twenty five years old. She had long purple hair, and grey skin, dressed in white robes, with a jewel on her forehead.

"My name is Rachel Roth," said the girl.

"You're Raven of the Teen Titans," muttered Lana, but she got stares. "Sorry, the Titans were the big thing when we were in High School."

"Well, to be fair, I haven't been a teen in some time, and the Titans have been disbanded for seven years," replied Raven. "I've put a lot of those days behind me, and embraced a lot more of my human side, taking on a normal alias, and taking a normal job. Well, somewhat normal, if you call collecting and cataloging obscure magical tomes normal."

"Well, it's nice to meet you, Rachel," said Harry.

"Yeah, nice to meet you," said Kara, as she nodded.

"This is Kara and Harry," said Hermione. "Or as you might know them as, Supergirl and…"

"Arcane!" interrupted Harry, as he cut Hermione off before she could say the dreaded name.

"I thought your name was…" started Lana, but she was interrupted.

"Arcane!" repeated Harry, as Kara just smiled fondly, and grabbed his hands.

"I do like that one better, it's more fitting," said Kara, as she looked in his eyes. "Arcane, I love it."

Hermione sighed. "Yeah, but the other name was…"

"Arcane!" repeated Harry. "We will not speak of that name, we will not utter that name, we will not even hint about that name. Is that clear?"

"I have no problem with it," said Kara.

"See nothing wrong," said Raven.

"Yeah, got to say, this is a better name," agreed Lana.

"Fine," muttered Hermione. "There go my plans to tease you. Put a wrench in them, or rather a s…"

"Mione, not one word," said Harry in a dangerous voice, but then Hermione glared at him.

"You did not just shorten my name," said Hermione. "You did not just butcher my name in such a mockery, Harry."

"Fine, don't mention the Name-That-Shall-Not-Be-Mentioned and I won't call you Mione, Hermione," said Harry, with a grin. "Or would you prefer, Hermy?"

"Okay, now I just know you're being obnoxious," said Hermione.

Kara watched her husband and his friend in amusement. The interplay between Harry and Hermione, did remind her, of herself and her cousin, in happier times. Her expression darkened when she remembered what her cousin was doing everyone.
Raven sensed her negative emotions, and cleared her throat. "As amusing as it is to watch you two bicker like two siblings over what to watch on television, we do have a lot to do."

"Right, let's go visit the Artic," said Harry.

Raven closed her eyes. The purple light engulfed the five, as they had been transported right out of harm's way and to the Artic.

A group of cloaked figures touched down in the middle of the Artic. Lucius Malfoy joined them with a pop, as several trolls trudged through the snow. The blizzards were frigid as they continued their trek.

"The Dark Lord wants us to do what?" demanded a Death Eater.

"This is merely a fact finding mission," said Lucius, as he rubbed his hands together, before he grabbed his walking stick. "Likely, we won't find anything up here to concern ourselves with. Calculate and take notes. I'll meet you back at my mansion when you are finished."

The Death Eaters grumbled. It was just like someone like Lucius Malfoy to make them trudge through the Artic, while he just lived it up in his nice and warm mansion.

Lucius walked off. In a few hours, he could determine whether or not these fools would find anything, or they would freeze to death. His keen eye spotted something buried in the snow and ice.

"Accio," muttered Lucius as he pointed his wand at the crystal.

A purple crystal lifted out of the ice, and flew into Lucius's hand. Lucius studied it. He had no idea what it was, but he decided he could likely fleece a few Galleons out of someone.

He put the purple crystal in his pocket, and Disapparated, before he left the Death Eaters to their own devices.

The party touched down into the Artic.

"Someone else is here, that shouldn't be?" whispered Kara.

They all remained on alert, as Kara listened at the sounds of whispered voices.

"The Dark Lord wants us to see about that energy source over…"

"Harry, Death Eaters, they've found the Fortress of Solitude," whispered Kara.

"No, they're outside it, they haven't found anything yet," said Hermione, as Lana stood back.

"And they won't," said Raven, as she closed her eyes, before several of the ice blocks rattled, which caused the Death Eaters to turn around.

Two of the Death Eaters had been smacked in the face. A troll lumbered forward, but Kara blasted it right in its foul face. Another blast and heat vision sliced through the troll. The low level Death Eaters tried to scramble, as the trolls swung their clubs at their attackers.

Heat sliced through two more of the trolls. Hermione flicked her wand, and disarmed one of the Death Eater's literally, with a slicing spell. Harry knocked him back into the frigid water with a
banishing spell. He sunk into the icy depths below.

Kara punched one of the trolls in the face. She grabbed Harry, as they tucked and rolled on the ground in a ball. Kara flung Harry forward, his wand outstretched, as he blasted another Death Eater hard with an attack.

One of the Death Eater's tried to run, but Hermione flicked her wand. The man's ankles snapped out from underneath him, and Kara pulled him up, before she flung him back down.

The mask slipped off to reveal the face of Marcus Flint, formally of the Captain of the Slytherin Quidditch Team. Flint looked up to see the four dangerous people above him, and he had no wand. He saw his fellow Death Eaters were on the ground, dead or dying. He saw trolls on the ground, having been sliced through by one of the girls, with heat beams coming from her eyes.

Needless to say, it was a good thing Marcus Flint was wearing dark robes.

"You're going to tell me what you were doing up here," said Raven, as she looked at Flint, her eyes glowing red.

"Forget it, I'm not telling you anything, the Dark Lord will kill all of you," said Flint.

"One moment, please," said Raven, as black tentacles appeared from underneath her robe, and grabbed Flint, sucking him into the depths.

Kara, Hermione, and Harry all looked horrified, as Marcus Flint fell out, pale and shaking like mad.

"Fine, the Dark Lord was looking for something, some energy signature, that's it, I swear," babbled Flint.

"Who was your leader?" asked Harry.

"Lucius…Lucius Malfoy," babbled Flint.

"Figures," muttered Hermione. "Malfoy bought himself out of trouble again."

"Where is he?" demanded Harry.

"He's gone, left, we were supposed to report back to him," said Flint.

Harry flicked his wand, and Flint was put to sleep. He summoned a piece of ice, and muttered a spell, before he placed it right in Flint's hand. Flint was transported back to Malfoy Manor.

"Lucius might be getting a nasty shock," said Harry. "As far as he knows, they all died, frozen in the Artic."

"Well given the brain surgeons we had to fight, would you be surprised?" asked Kara.

Lana walked out, just in time to see a certain man clad in red and blue show up.

"Look who just turned up," muttered Raven.

"What happened, what's going on?" asked Superman, as he flew over, before he stopped. "Lana…"

"Hello, Clark," she said as frosty as the Artic around her.
"Lana, what are you doing here?" asked Superman. "We haven't even…"

"Oh, you know what, you should really know why I'm here," said Lana. "I fly back into town, to head back to Smallville, and I'm not even back in town a day, when your mother calls. Your mother, who is a nervous wreck, because a certain person doesn't seem to want to take time out of his sulking to give her a call!"

Superman looked at Lana, and tried to find the words. "Lana, you've been away, a lot has…"

"Well, Kal-El, Lana might have been out of town, but I know everything that happened!" shouted Kara, as she turned to face her cousin. "Every day, I take time out of my day, and believe me it's a busy day, to call Ma and Pa, to make sure they're doing alright. And I have to console them about how their son decided to pull some super powered emo act and sit up in the Artic."

"Kara, Harry…he…tried to slaughter Lex Luthor…" said Superman, but he found his argument lacked conviction.

"Don't you bloody dare!" yelled Hermione, as she got right in Superman's face. "Harry doesn't kill people, unless they've done something to deserve it. You remind me of people from our world that tried to give people second chances, even when they keep killing people! You better get your act together, and understand that you're not always right!"

Raven stood in the background and watched the spectacle, as Harry stood with her.

"I love my brother, I don't like to see anyone hurt him, and the fact is, you hurt Kara, so you hurt Harry, which means you really pissed me off!" yelled Hermione who was just hitting her stride. "And then, to top it off, you decide to drag your poor mother and father down. I've never met the Kents, but I've heard nice things about them from both Kara and Harry. I'm sure they raised you right, so you're doing a disservice to them with the way you're acting!"

Superman tried to speak, but Hermione pulled out her wand. Harry disarmed her immediately.

"Hermione, settle down," muttered Harry.

"I'm calm as I'm going to get right now," said Hermione through gritted teeth.

"Lana, Hermione, and Kara, please, calm down, I know you're all upset," said Raven, as she rubbed her forehead, as she could feel their negative emotions. "Yelling at the Man of Steel over there won't solve anything, it will just cause him to withdraw into himself further."

Harry decided he better be the voice of reason, God help them all.

"Clark, I want a word with you," said Harry. "Just give me fifteen minutes to explain why I did, what I did."

Superman looked at everyone, and turned to Harry. He figured he better let him explain.

"Fine, follow me," said Superman, as he lead them into the Fortress of Solitude.

Lucius sat in his Drawing Room at Malfoy Manor. His foot tapped, as he checked the clock off to the side.

A loud thump echoed outside of the doorway, and the pureblood wizard hastened his steps. He pushed open the door. He saw the frozen and unmoving form of Marcus Flint on the lawn, right by
his prized peacocks. He stared down at Flint.

"Frozen, this is what happens when children are left without supervision," muttered Lucius, as he held the handle of his walking stick. "I must make my excuses for the Dark Lord, to collaborate an account that will allow me to get through this matter unscathed."

Lucius disposed of the corpse, a skill he familiarized himself with over the years. Then he prepared to craft his story, and report to the Dark Lord at the planned time.

Superman sat down and Harry sat right across from him.

"Clark, I swear on my mother's grave that what I'm about to tell you is nothing, but the exact truth," said Harry in a somber voice. "There is a prophecy regarding myself and Lord Voldemort, as you know. I don't believe in fate, or pre-destiny, but Voldemort's paranoid. Therefore, he's coming after me."

"You told me as much," said Superman.

"It just sets up my motivation," said Harry. "Kill or be killed in the world, Kal-El, but not everyone can be trusted with this responsibility. I have had it forced into my hands. I come to a realization once Dumbledore told me the prophecy. I had to let my inhibitions go about killing."

"I don't know if I could ever do that," said Superman.

"Clark, I'm not asking you to do that, nor do I want you to do that," said Harry in a gentle voice. "The world relies on Superman to be a symbol. It gives them someone to aspire to be. I'm sure you have your demons, and they could get brought out. Now, you wondered why I tried to kill Lex Luthor?"

The Man of Steel nodded.

"Lex Luthor reminds me of a man named Lucius Malfoy, who nearly stumbled upon this Fortress tonight," explained Harry. "Everyone knows Lucius Malfoy is a Death Eater. Yet he keeps slipping out of trouble, because he can buy the right people off. Luthor might stew in jail for a month or two, but he'd be back out."

Harry closed his eyes. "Lucius Malfoy is sadistic, and cruel, but he hides himself behind a front of being a respected wizard. I know things about him. In my second year, he gave an eleven year old girl a cursed magical object. She's still screwed up because of it. It was all because he wanted to spite a rival, and discredit him. He's tortured people, and murdered others. He's assaulted women about the age of Kara and Hermione before."

"By assaulted do you mean…"

"Yes, Clark, you know what I mean, he raped them, and he got away with it!" yelled Harry, as his voice rose. Yet he took a breath and calmed himself down. "They're Muggles and Mudbloods, so in the eyes of the purebloods, they were asking for it. Lucius got away, and these poor girls were ruined, all of them. The other Death Eaters were the same way. They use the Imperius Curse, a curse where they can make the victim do anything they wish. And they have memory charms, which makes them forget anything done to them. Not to mention there are any number of potions that can bend them to the users will."

The Man of Steel's stomach turned at the implications.
"Back to the subject of Lex Luthor," said Harry. "He tried to kill Kara, not once, but twice in the same day. Months ago, he had Kara strapped down, underneath a red solar lamp. What do you think he would have done? There are a few possibilities, and all of them make me wish he burns for all eternity."

He continued to speak. "Make no mistake about it; I will finish the job I started if I ever find Luthor. No one tries to kill the people I love. Especially my wife who I vowed to protect. Not that she needs it, but Kara's my life. She's given me a reason to live beyond this death sentence. Now, I've got a future worth fighting to keep, and I will kill Riddle."

Superman just remained silent, and he spoke. "What about Jonathan Crane?"

"The Scarecrow, so Batman did tell you," muttered Harry. "Did he also tell you that I had literally no choice but to kill him?"

Superman shook his head.

"I went over the scenario in my mind a thousand times," continued Harry. "Scarecrow would have consumed everyone in the world. I saw my greatest fear overrunning the world…Dementors, they make you experience your greatest trauma. They leave people miserable empty shells, with no souls."

"What would even be the purpose of such creatures?" asked Superman.

"To guard prisoners," answered Harry, dryly. "Crane was a mercy killing. He wouldn't have much of life anyway. Those people who dropped in Gotham, all of them died slowly. They didn't have the will to live, or eat."

Harry got up to his feet.

"I don't expect you to become a crazed killer, because that's not who Superman is," said Harry. "But, I do expect you to trust my judgment and not try and save the bad guys from me. Especially when I try to protect the ones I love."

Harry walked off, to rejoin his wife and friend in the next room. He said down, next to Kara.

"I hope I got through to him, and made him understand," said Harry.

"Well, if it doesn't, they're more direct methods," said Hermione, as she held her wand out.

"No, I'm pretty sure Kal gets the message now," said Kara with a sigh, as she and Harry held each other close.

Superman walked out a moment later. He saw Hermione glaring at him, Raven just sitting in the background, Lana looking at him with a mixture of emotions, and Harry and Kara together. Happy, despite all of what happened, and everything they had been put through. Kara also seemed to act like he was part of the Fortress wall.

"Listen…" muttered Superman, as he walked over to where Kara and Harry sat. "It's…I shouldn't have blown up about Luthor, you were right."

Kara nodded stiffly.

"Kara, please forgive me, I didn't realize how much this hurt you," said Superman.
"Well, it did," said Kara, as she barely looked at him. "If you make me choose between you and Harry, you won't like the outcome."

She sighed, and then added. "And I'll forgive you, after you call Ma...actually fly your butt to Smallville and visit both of them. As the Head of the House of El, I'm giving you a direct order, so you better do it, Kal-El"

"Okay, Kara, I'll visit them, I promise," said Superman, with a smile, but she did not return it.

"I'll see you at Christmas; hopefully I'll be able to stomach you a lot better by then," said Kara softly, as she buried her head in Harry's shoulder.

'She's not going to let this go,' thought Superman. 'Well stubbornness runs in the family, I guess. I'd know that better than anyone.'

"Clark, before you leave, I want to talk to you," said Lana, as she shuffled her feet on the ground nervously.

"Okay, Lana," said Superman curiously.

The two walked out of earshot, super hearing or otherwise.

"The one man I always wanted, and he's always been out of my reach," said Lana, as she looked at him. "You really have your heart set on that other woman, Lois, don't you?"

"Lois, she's...I don't know if I can be with anyone," said Superman. "It'd be too much of a..."

Lana clapped her mouth over her friend's mouth. "You're really not going to try that with her if she confronts you, are you?"

She removed her hand.

"Look, Clark, we might have not gotten the life I dreamed of for years together, but I still care about you," said Lana in a somber voice. "I always will. Don't think you're alone. If something like this happens again, call me. I'll listen, I swear."

"Thanks Lana, I appreciate that," he said.

"Now, I'm going to make sure you visit your parents, Mr. Kent," said Lana. "I'm sure that's not one of my official duties of my job at Patronus, but it's never too early to start angling for a pay raise."

The two left, as Raven watched them.

"Good, I was about ready to seal him in some nightmare realm if they didn't get through," muttered the half demon, before she turned to join the rest of the group. "Okay, now we can get to the matter at hand."

Raven looked at them. "I have some information on what your mother did to protect you on that night, at least as best I can guess."

Without another word, she transported them to another location.
Chapter 22 Raven Part 2

The quartet arrived by large library, as Raven ushered them around, to a courtyard right outside of it.

"Okay, Harry, your powers," said Raven, as she held out a hand. "Your mother sacrificed herself so you could live. Yet, it was not a passive act of just getting herself killed. She made sure you were stronger and more durable. See that lightning bolt on your forehead."

"What about it?" asked Harry.

"I found a reference to it, just a few days ago," said Raven. "It's not a lightning bolt, but rather a mark of protection."

She paused, and then clarified. "The symbol indicates a great sacrifice. It must be done by a party who has no regrets about what they had to do. It's a rather tricky piece of magic to get right. Yet, the result is sitting right before me. You have great powers, but the magic requires a great deal of fuel."

"And by that you mean…" started Harry.

"Sexual intercourse," said Raven without preamble. "Naturally with your upbringing and the traditionalist values of that community, that might not be forthcoming or prompt. The protection nearly died out. It would have turned you into a normal wizard, without intervention."

"See, Kara, you saved me," said Harry. "Wait, what do you mean, I'm not a normal wizard?"

Raven just remained patient and spoke, as she got out another book. "What you are, Harry, cannot strictly be classified. If you were normal, you would not be able to experience your wife's talents without certain precautions. In fact, with your full powers, if she was normal, you wouldn't be able to get satisfaction. I trust you both are lasting much longer."

Kara and Harry nodded, at the awkward direction this was going.

"The rings would not have accepted just anyone, but the perfect match," said Raven. "And Kara was your perfect match. I'm still researching the rings, I only found general references. Only you could stumble upon the one person in the world, who could help you access your full powers."

Harry just smiled, as Kara slid into his lap.

"Granted, you are a long way from accessing the full scope of powers," commented the half demon. "But, each and every day you get stronger. Your mother's protection has kept a dark and malevolent force inside your head at bay for the past fifteen years. Dumbledore corrupted them further, using them to protect your relatives. Naturally, it would have mattered little. The protection is not in the blood, but in the heart. Your mother loved you very much, and died so you could live the best life you could, with longevity beyond those of even witches and wizards."

Raven remained silent, as this all sank in right away. Harry thought about all of the things that had happened. Magic came more naturally to him, he had limited flight powers, and his head was a lot clearer.
"Dumbledore's interpretation of the prophecy was what he believed it to be," she concluded after a time. "However, he thought it was an abstract concept of love. Yet, he was mistaken, as it's not simple concept, but a person, and that person is sitting right in your lap."

Kara's mouth opened in surprise. "So, it was a good thing I came along when I did then, or Harry would have been finished."

"Well, I couldn't say, I suppose he could have survived against Riddle," said Raven. "The objects I had Hermione collect were called Horcruxes. They are the darkest, of dark magic. Very few people have performed the magic correctly. One must sacrifice a life, so they can tear their soul. It's not just any murder, its murder without remorse. You can kill to save a life or to protect a loved one, and it would not damage you."

Raven looked at Harry. "The evil that lurks within you would have long since twisted you, had it not been for what your mother did. You saw what the diary did. And Dumbledore's current mental state indicates he's suffering right now. He put on another Horcrux, and it warped his mind."

"So can this thing be removed?" asked Harry.

"If I could do it, I would do it in a heartbeat," said Raven with a slight smile, before she remained stoic. "But, it wouldn't work. I've calculated everything. My magic, the Horcrux, and your mother's protection would not mesh well at all. It could cause a cataclysm that could wipe out everything."

"Oh, well thanks for looking," said Harry.

"I feel that when Riddle took your blood, he may have doomed himself," said Raven. "His Horcruxes keep him alive and intact. If he inherited the protection, it may be a disadvantage."

"Okay, now what?" asked Hermione.

"Hermione, the Horcruxes," said Raven.

The three Horcruxes in the bags were placed out. Raven levitated them out, careful not to touch them.

"Kara, blast them," said Raven.

The Kryptonian aimed a heat blast at each and every Horcrux. The diadem, the locket, and the cup all melted from a well-placed heat vision blast. The dark shades released into to the air, and were drawn into the afterlife.

"Riddle's snake is the final one, but there's something you must learn before you fight Riddle," said Raven, as she looked Harry. She looked at him, a stern expression on her face. "You need to lose the wand, it's a liability."

Harry blinked.

"Right," said Harry slowly, as he wondered if he could overcome five years of being told "you need a wand to perform all magic."

"Just start practicing simple spells without a wand, and work your way up," said Raven. "That's the easiest way. If you lose your wand or have it destroyed, you will be finished. I would invite you to browse any of the books I have acquired, but until you ditch your wand dependency problem, the magic is beyond you."
"I assumed that all magic needed to be done with a wand," said Harry.

"Well, the Ministry does need a way to track you, and they can't really track real magic," replied Raven. "The wands have caused the life expectancy of witches and wizards to go down. You may notice yourself to be a lot better without the wand once you re-trained yourself. Keep it around for now, but don't rely on it."

Harry nodded, as he vowed to do what he could. If learning magic without a wand would help him defeat Riddle, then that was what he have to endeavor to learn.

Dumbledore sat in his office, as he pondered what had transpired. There had been no attacks, but he remained on his guard. The office door swung open, and Professor McGonagall walked in, in a towering temper.

"What is it, Minerva?" asked Dumbledore.

"Several students dropped out of school this morning," said McGonagall. "They cited an unsafe educational environment, and a Headmaster who seems unable to protect them."

"Did you deter them?" asked Dumbledore.

The Deputy Headmistress sighed. "They gave their notices right after they were gone. They all went to Hogsmeade, and never came back. Hermione Granger was one of them, so was Susan Bones, and there were many others. I have the complete list."

Dumbledore leaned back. He had a dilemma. At that moment, he had been able to keep a lid on the situation, so it did not reach the Board of Governors. Now with several students who walked, he would have no choice, but to come up with reasons for why he had been unable to do anything. The entire attack situation did not add up at that moment.

"Dumbledore, I resign, I can't take this anymore," said McGonagall in an abrupt fashion.

"I'm afraid I cannot allow you out of your contract, Minerva," replied the Headmaster. "The students of Hogwarts need people like you here, until the bitter end."

The old woman did not reply. The end would be rather bitter at the rate they were going.

At the library, Harry, Hermione, and Kara sat around outside. Kara and Harry sat on the same bench, and Hermione sat adjacent from them.

"I really thought I could handle it," said Hermione. "Harry, you make it look so easy. Every year, you do what is right, stand up to everyone, but not even three months in I cracked."

"Hermione, you tried," said Harry. "The rules of the game have changed. It used to be simple, stick a wand up a troll's nose, and all that."

"What caused you to leave?" asked Kara.

Hermione remained silent. "Harry, there's someone dangerous at Hogwarts, someone who has been killing a lot of people. Dumbledore and Snape think it's me, but I swear it isn't. I didn't hurt anyone, I might have thought about it, but I never would have."

"I believe you Hermione," said Harry.
"If Harry believes you, then so do I," added Kara with conviction.

"That's not my problem anymore, what happens at Hogwarts," said Harry. "Do you have any idea who it is?"

"I think it's….all of the attacks have been based off of magical plants," whispered Hermione. "I think it's….Neville Longbottom."

"Neville…isn't he supposed to be in St. Mungos?" asked Harry.

"He's supposed to be, but he might have checked himself out," said Hermione, as she tried to regain her composure. "He was a friend, but I can't….Bellatrix did this to him, drove him around the bend."

"It might not be him, though, it might be someone framing him," suggested Kara. "The best way to cover your tracks is to make it look like someone else did it."

Kara stopped, and realized. "And now I'm thinking like him. I've spent way too much time in that cave."

Harry remained silent. He had no idea what he wanted to believe these days. Hermione seemed to believe Neville was behind it, and the pieces fit. Yet, Kara raised a good point. "I think its Ginny," said Harry.

"I thought so too, but she was knocked out the night of Halloween," replied Hermione. "No one can be that convincing."

"Exactly, she beat herself up, to make it look like she was a victim," said Harry. "What Raven said about the Horcruxes, Ginny wrote in the diary for a year. It might have messed her up, and caused her to develop a split personality."

"Harry, you're not thinking about going back," said Kara.

"No, I'm never returning to Hogwarts," said Harry, and she rewarded his intelligent behavior with a nice kiss. Hermione sat, and checked her watch. She took a book, and read it, before the two concluded with their activities.

When the couple finally broke apart, Hermione had finally put down her book. "So, if the job offer that you gave me is still on the table…"

"Hermione, of course it is, you don't even need to ask," replied Harry.

"I was also thinking about setting up a Patronus Branch, over here, I have the money, my parents left me a lot," said Hermione.

"I didn't know your parents were dead," said Kara. "I'm sorry."

"Yeah, when did this happen, Hermione," replied Harry.

Hermione just looked at them. She paused for a while, before she decided to speak up.

"Just after my fifth year, we had a fight, and I left for a while," said Hermione in a somber voice. "I came back, and the Dark Mark was over my house. I left immediately to go to the Burrow, the Ministry was already swarming around the place. I doubted they cared I lived there. It was just a couple of Muggles, and they were too busy erasing memories."
"What was the fight about?" asked Harry.

"My parents...well Dumbledore wrote to them about what happened, my injuries, they wanted to pull me from Hogwarts, put me in a private school to learn how to be a proper lady," said Hermione bitterly. "I don't think they were mad about me almost getting killed, as much as the, me being getting in a fight with someone. They never really felt at ease with Hogwarts, they only let me go because Professor McGonagall put the fear of God into them about the dangers of an untrained witch."

Hermione just sighed.

"Your parents seemed okay when I met them," said Harry.

"They always seem okay in public, it's a mask of deception they wore," said Hermione in a bitter voice. "They had my entire life planned out from the moment I was born. When I went to Hogwarts, it really screwed up their plans. Did you really think I spent so much time at the Burrow because I enjoyed hanging out with the Weasleys? No, I wanted to avoid my parents as much as possible. They tried to micro-manage my life. They tried to squash every creative impulse out of me they had."

Hermione's voice raised in anger, as Kara and Harry just listened. They let her go.

"Little girls aren't supposed to be a fan of super heroes and read comic books, it just isn't proper behavior," said Hermione in a bitter voice. "Little girls are supposed to play with dollies, learn to bake, and obsess over fashion. And we're supposed to find some nice boy we're going to spend the rest of our lives with that we can look good with in public."

"That's why you were so bossy during our first year," muttered Harry.

"Yes, Harry, that's why," agreed Hermione. "I wanted to be your friend, but Ron just drove me nuts. When I saw his mother, she reminded me a lot of both my parents. I tried to get along with the Weasleys for your sake. When Mrs. Weasley talked about that love potion she made in such a flippant manner, it might have sounded like I was giggling, but in the inside, I was wondering what kind of messed up person talks about something that dangerous so casually. And the way she treats everyone like five year olds who need discipline it really drives me nuts!"

Hermione took a deep breath.

"So, it was good to get it out of your system," muttered Kara. "Just like Harry, he was in a lot better place after he vented, after he stopped holding it all in. Our emotions aren't something we should hide from; rather we should embrace them, and who we are."

Hermione shifted guiltily for a moment, as she remembered the weird dreams she had been having. It was almost like she was visited by echoes from a past life. The Grangers did give her a place to live, but not a home. It was always an artificial environment of what they thought a perfect home life should be.

"My family's gone," said Hermione.

"How can you say that, with Harry sitting right here?" demanded Kara, as she looked the girl right in the eye. "Harry and you, you're siblings in all but blood. I see that clearer than ever. You'd do anything to protect him, no matter what."

"Yes, if it meant protecting Harry, I'd burn entire villages," muttered Hermione.
"See, Hermione, you're like the cool older sister I've always wanted, but never thought I could have," said Harry, as he looked at his best friend. "Blood doesn't really matter that much, it's what's inside that counts."

Again, Hermione felt subliminal guilt she squashed out.

"I found my family, both of you," said Hermione, as she hugged both Harry and Kara. "I'll leave you two alone, you deserve it, both of you, I need to do some thinking."

"So, how about we try some of that magic without your wand?" asked Kara.

"Go in the library to practice, there's plenty of room," said Raven. "I permitted you to touch the books."

Lucius Malfoy kneeled before Lord Voldemort. A gesture gave him permission to speak.

"My Lord, it is merely a relic from a Muggle Space Exploration program, nothing of value to you," said Lucius. "It is my regret to report that most did not make it out alive, they froze to death."

"Well, that is most unfortunate, but not unexpected," replied Voldemort in a dismissive voice. "Lucius, you may depart until the moment I have further use for you."

Lucius left without a question. He passed Snape who entered the room. Snape kneeled. Voldemort looked down at him, and indicated for him to rise.

"My Lord, I bring you interesting news from Hogwarts," said Snape.

Voldemort inclined his head, to give Snape his full attention. Snape explained about the recent attacks at Hogwarts, and Dumbledore's nonresponse to them.

"Very interesting, and I'm certain Dumbledore is hoping they cause his golden boy to return home," said Voldemort. "Dumbledore would sacrifice an entire school full of children, to achieve his ends. In some way, I nearly admire the man."

Voldemort gave a high cold laugh, as Snape stood before him to await the Dark Lord to speak.

"Dumbledore may find his grip on his sanity and his job slip further before too long," said Voldemort. "Do nothing for right now, Severus. Then after the first of the year, visit Aberforth Dumbledore, and register your concern. Have him sign the papers to have Dumbledore committed to St. Mungos for evaluation. I will have my contacts leak information to the Board of Governors prior to that point."

Snape gave a nod. He would have to inform the Headmaster of these plans.

"Do you know anything about the flying man?" asked Voldemort.

"No, my Lord," answered Snape.

"Depart, then, return to your post," said Voldemort, as he waved Snape off.

Voldemort returned to his search. He gained more hints, but they raised further questions. He had no idea about this Hogwarts killer either. Yet, it would serve to be a useful diversion for the time being.
In a nice library, Kara sat right on a table. She wore glasses, and a silk robe. Harry faced her, with a simple glass on the table.

"Okay, Harry, try and levitate the glass," said Kara.

Harry closed his eyes, and concentrated. He should be able to pull off a levitation charm, but the glass would not budge an inch.

Kara sat, and racked her brain. "I read something, something about magic, that I'm pretty sure applies. My father confiscated a lot of forbidden books, and I took a peak at them. To fully embrace your gifts, you need to be at ease with who you are. You need to put all of what you learned about how wands are needed to perform magic out of your mind."

Harry nodded, as Kara explained it.

"Let it flow in naturally, don't try and force it," continued Kara. "It's all about channeling your emotions, and using them to achieve your goal. I think that the same principle applies for your Patronus Charm. Just focus on something happy. If you levitate this glass Harry, I'll reward you. There will be more rewards, the more spells you master. Just close your eyes, and just do, Harry. Your hand is the only thing you need; the wand was just training wheels."

Harry closed his eyes, and levitated the glass several inches off of the table. It dropped. Kara smiled at him. He set it down, and levitated the glass again off of the table. This time it floated in the air, right above his head.

He suddenly lost his focus, and the glass crashed.

"You had it, but…" said Kara, as she looked at Harry, who looked rather worn out.

"Levitation is the simplest easiest type of magic, yet it drained me like a really advanced spell," said Harry.

"Harry, you did great," said Kara, as she flew over, before she wrapped her arms around Harry, and pulled him up, to kiss him. "Rachel said there's a bedroom for us right in the other room if we need to rest, but we can do more later."

Harry smiled, as he tried to unlock the door without using his wand. After some concentration, he managed it.

Kara smiled, as she placed Harry down, where there was a bathroom adjacent to them.

"I think it would be refreshing to have a nice warm soak right now, wouldn't you?" asked Kara.

Harry thought that was a nice idea, as Kara helped him out of his clothes, and turned on the taps. Then she slipped out of her robe, to reveal she had not been wearing anything underneath the entire time Harry was practicing.

Smut/Lemon Begins.

Both climbed into the tub. Harry slid back to soak, and Kara leaned back against him. Her bottom brushed against his growing erection, as Harry moved his hands around her shoulders, and back, washing it. His hands pinched, and rubbed her breasts, swirling around her nipples. Kara grinded back against him, as Harry moved down to her toned midsection. Her breaths began more labored, as Harry moved underneath the water, and began to soap her nether regions.
"Harry," breathed Kara, as he touched her. She spun around, so they sat side to side. She saw Harry's penis throbbing underneath the water.

Kara stroked Harry's body, and washed him. She massaged his muscles, and he reached over, to work over her smooth legs. They washed each other, touching their bodies. Then they got out of the tub, and dried off. They returned to the bedroom, and sank down on the bed.

She grabbed Harry's hardened member, before she grasped it firmly in her right hand. The blonde woman began to stroke it, as she hovered over the bed. It felt so good pulsing in her hand, and Harry laid back to enjoy the work.

"Super tit fuck," whispered Kara, as she held her breasts.

"Please," begged Harry.

Kara grabbed his penis, and placed her between her tits. Harry's eyes glazed back in pleasure, as she rubbed it in between her mounds. She fondled his balls, and gave the head of his penis little licks every time it poked out.

Harry felt himself near release.

"Like that, Harry, like how I'm fucking you with my tits," cooed Kara.

"Yeah, you're the best, so strong, so firm, powerful, I could fuck them all day," groaned Harry, as he continued to slide his penis in and out of her breasts, as she licked his penis.

After several moments, Harry's balls tightened, and he let his release come. Kara managed to catch the splatter of cum in her mouth. She sighed in pleasure, as she dropped down onto the bed, her tits splattered with Harry's seed.

The girl leaned down, and began to lick them dry. She watched as her husband drew back to life. The moment she was done, Harry grabbed her, and threw her onto the bed. They kissed, running their hands through each other's head, and all over their bodies.

Harry moved down and kissed her body. Kara moaned, as he sucked on her neck. Then her right shoulder, and he moved down, to worship her tits. Then right down, until he reached her belly button, and began to give it a little love. She liked having her belly button played with by Harry, it made her feel so good.

"Don't, tease me, fuck me," whispered Kara, but Harry just slowly licked at her wet vagina. He managed to tease her. He sucked, licked, and moved down into her, deeper, as he gave faster licks with his tongue.

Kara whined, as Harry went down on her, as she bucked her hips up, to meet his tongue. Harry's tongue continued to vibrate into her, and it drove her wild. She lost count of the times he brought her to the brink of pleasure.

"Are you ready, my Kryptonian goddess?" asked Harry.

"Fuck me already, I'm losing it," breathed Kara, as she grabbed him tight.

Harry lined up his penis with her center and slid it inside her. Kara wrapped her legs around his waist to lock him into place. His wife's tight powerful pussy always made him grow the hardest. He trusted into Kara, and Kara met his movements. She wanted him deeper into her than ever before.
Kara lost control and began to float off the bed, but Harry kept up the tempo. He felt Kara clench, and she gave a powerful orgasm. His wonderful wife continued to moan again and again, muttering his name under her breath, to cheer him on.

Harry stroked her breasts, and she moaned in ecstasy. It was not too long, before Harry reached the point where he needed release.

"Cumming, my love," said Harry.

"Yes, do it, Harry, cum into me cum, fill me up!" she yelled, and Harry felt his balls tighten at her encouragement. Harry exploded right into her. He continued to unload his seed into her. Kara felt herself get filled up, as she milked every last drop out of him. Once again, she drained his balls. They remained airborne as Harry pulled out.

**Smut/Lemon Ends.**

They both floated down onto the bed, in a passionate embrace, as they kissed each other. It was like nothing else mattered at the moment, only the love they had for each other.

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The scene at the Ministry of Magic was complete chaos, as Percy Weasley looked up from his work. He saw several Ministry workers move towards the Department of the Misuse of Muggle Artifacts office.

"Weasley's down, he's not responding!" shouted a frantic voice.

Percy quickened his steps as his heart beat faster, but the young man retained a mask of indifference. Umbridge stood in the office, along with Yaxley, as Scrimgeour arrived a moment later.

"What happened?" demanded Scrimgeour. "Arthur Weasley down in his office, is he…"

"Yes, Minister, he is no longer among the living," said Yaxley in an indifferent voice. "It appears his heart has stopped. His wife's cooking might have been the culprit, too many unsavory foods."

"Did anyone see anything?" asked Umbridge, but the Ministry workers shook their head.

"If you have seen anything, please report to my office, where we will discuss the matter," said Yaxley, as he cleared up the stiff corpse of Arthur Weasley.

Percy watched his father be carried past him. He could not afford to show any emotion. That resolve cracked slightly, but he shook his head.

When the cobwebs were cleared, he pulled out the galleon, and sent a message. He needed to talk to his contact, because he was certain his father's death was not an accident.

A hand pulled Percy into another room, and Percy turned, wand out, but he saw a brown haired woman with blue eyes stand before him.

"You wanted to see me, Percy," muttered Tonks. "I heard about your father…they said he had a heart attack."

"Yeah, there was an attack on him alright, and Yaxley was the first person on the scene," said Percy. "You know, Yaxley was accused of being a Death Eater, but he claimed the Imperius Curse…"
"Percy, don't worry, just stick to the task, your cover hasn't been blown yet," said Tonks.

Percy drew in a deep breath, and spoke.

"I have something for you, Tonks. It was a report from the Ministry of Magic, something they covered up that happened three months ago. It was an attack on St. Mungos. No one knows who did it, but several healers and patients were found dead. Several patients were missing, including all three Longbottoms."

"I didn't hear about this through the Ministry, or through either of my contacts in Voldemort's Inner Circle or in Dumbledore's Order," muttered Tonks. "Are you sure it's Death Eaters?"

"I don't know who it was, it might have been an inside job," said Percy. "You've heard the same shady rumors about St. Mungos over the past few years…"

"I have, and now we must part ways, too many people lurking around," muttered Tonks, as she looked over her shoulder, as she took the report, and tried to figure out what to do next.

A scarred sixteen year old wizard stood at the Longbottom ancestral home, or whatever was left of it. He stood, dressed in Muggle attire. Neville Longbottom stood and sighed. The blood stains were still here from when he fought those Death Eaters months back.

He was sent to St. Mungos for medical treatment, yet he could have been out in time for Hogwarts. Instead, the Healers kept him there, for his "own protection." It was a gambit to suck every single Galleon out of his vault dry, to line the pockets of the corrupt management at St. Mungos.

Neville walked into the next room, as he peaked in on his parents. They might have been helped years ago, but some Healer decided to give them a treatment that caused a violent reaction, numbing their nerve endings.

For the past three months, Neville traveled night after night, to look for a cure for his parents, as they clung onto life. They were too far gone, and he blamed the Ministry of Magic for it. From what he found out, when he combed through some old letters in his vault, the Ministry ignored the distress signal for an hour, allowing the Lestranges and Crouch Junior time to play.

He escaped the healers, making it look like it was an attack by the Death Eaters. He had to make it convincing, so several other patients died, including Gilderoy Lockhart.

The young wizard stepped outside for his nightly journey, but he heard a crash inside of the house of his neighbors, the Zabinis. Neville rushed to check. He wondered if Mrs. Zabini had decided to move in for the kill, given her past with all of her husbands. It was known what she did, but she denoted a sum of each inheritance to the Ministry, so they were not inclined to look into it too much.

Neville opened the door, and sure enough, he saw Archibald Zabini on the floor, already dead. Yet, Sophia Zabini, the woman who had killed so many of her husbands, had also been poisoned.

"Neville…Neville Longbottom," rasped Sophia, as she clutched her throat and gasped for breath. "You survived…there's a killer…someone's snuffing out old pureblood families, she's…"

Who she was never known, as Sophia Zabini died, and Neville ran. He could not be near a murder scene.

'If someone is knocking off wealthy heirs to old pureblood families, then Harry might be on that
list,' thought Neville. 'I have to go back to Hogwarts, sneak inside, and warn him, before it's too late.'

Back at the Daily Planet, Clark Kent returned to work. He walked by Lois Lane, who regarded him in a cold manner.

"Good morning, Lois!" called Clark warmly.

"Oh, now it's good morning Lois, now, is it?" she asked. "It was for the last couple of months, Lois, please leave me alone, I'm working, or Lois, sorry I can't talk to you now, or Lois, please get out of my way or Lois…"

"Yeah, I've been acting a bit off, there's just a lot on my mind," said Clark.

"What, bad crop of corn or something this year?" asked Lois, as she looked at him. "Now, I don't know what you're trying to pull, thinking you can act like the last two months didn't happen, but I wasn't born yesterday. I thought we might be friends, but I guess we should just keep our relationship to a professional rivalry, given that's been the way you're acting."

Lois waved her arm, and before Clark could stop it, she knocked his glasses off of his face. He picked them up, and put them back on. He did so before anyone could see.

Anyone but Lois that is, as she looked at Clark. All of the pieces clicked in her head.

"Perry, I've come down with something, I need to take a sick day!" yelled Lois, as she rushed off, without another word.

"Lois Lane, take a sick day," muttered Jimmy in shock. "She'd pull herself out of bed to get the story if she was on her death bed, something must be serious."

"Oh, you aren't kidding, Jimmy," muttered Clark, as he wondered how to best explain this to Lois. He had cleared the air with his parents, and apologized, but he did not want to burden them.

Asking Lana for advice on how to deal with this would be several degrees of awkward.

Kara wasn't really speaking to him right now. Harry didn't seem the type to get involved in other people's business, especially with relationships.

Asking Bruce for any advice on relationships would be a big no.

Clark sighed; this was one where he would have to figure out on his own. Things would be awkward between Lois and Clark, not to mention Lois and Superman from now on.

Raven and Hermione sat outside a few days later, and watched as Harry and Kara had gone off to go flying together.

"Harry's making progress," said Raven, as she flipped through several books. "Granted, its first and second year spells that he has to relearn, but he's doing it."

"Kara's giving him the proper motivation," replied Hermione with a smile.

"Well, whatever gets him that point the fastest," said Raven. "I just hope Harry can grasp this skill by his seventeenth birthday. He doesn't have much time left…"
Hermione stopped, and looked at Raven. "What do you mean Harry doesn't have much time left?"

"Well, he's not going to die, he'll just become mortal," said Raven. "The Horcrux will overwhelm the protections at 12:00 AM on July 31st of this year. I calculated it."

"Rachel, please tell you know how Harry can get the Horcrux out," said Hermione.

"Well, the Horcrux has go out the same way it went in," said Raven.

"Killing Curse, no problem, I'll just blast him the moment he gets down," said Hermione, as she held her wand.

"No, Hermione, one, you're not capable of doing it, especially to Harry," cautioned the half demon. "And two, it will bounce the killing curse back at you. Unless you've made a Horcrux…"

"No, I haven't," said Hermione.

"Then, you fire that curse on Harry, and the Horcrux will protect itself, by killing you," said Raven with a grimace. "It has to be Riddle who does the deed. The Horcrux won't register the source body as a threat. Once the Horcrux is out, Harry's full powers will be unlocked and permanent. If it lingers one second later than his seventeenth birthday…Harry's just an ordinary wizard. Then our happy couple goes blissfully insane, because Kara can't be with Harry without hurting him."

"Raven, you're scaring me now, we've got to tell him," said Hermione, frantically.

"No, Hermione, he will relapse and all will be lost," said Raven. "It took Kara a long time to get Harry to the point where he is now. If Riddle hasn't forced some kind of battle by the final day of June, then I'll do what I can get him in front of Voldemort. Harry has to sacrifice the Horcrux unknowingly, otherwise he sacrifices the full scope of his powers, and we're back to the blissfully insane thing I just mentioned."

"What if they can hear us?" wondered Hermione.

"I have spells around that prevent anyone from listening in," said Raven. "You need to swear to me, that you won't breathe a word. There are far greater forces out there, that Harry must one day have to face, but he needs his full powers to do so. He and Kara, they'll be around for a long time. If this fails, all is lost."

Hermione nodded sadly. She hoped she could look Harry in the eye.

"They're so happy together," whispered Hermione as she watched them fly.

"And they will remain so," said Raven. "We have one Horcrux to go, and then the final battle. By June, we can put Harry in front of Voldemort, and he'll beat him."

"What if this fails?" asked Hermione.

"Hermione, I'm not going to consider that," said Raven. "Once Harry reaches his physical prime, he will remain that for the end of time. So will Kara, which means that the world has protectors after all of us are long gone."

The woman continued to flip through her books. She wanted to learn more about the rings, and get a definite origin on them. "So, have you come to terms…about what you are…"

"Raven, this is getting tiring," said Hermione. "We're just going around in circles, like a hamster on
"a wheel."

"Hermione, you know, stop lying to yourself," said Raven. "I felt two minds…"

"Enough, Raven, Harry and Kara are coming back," said Hermione.

The half demon sighed, as she continued to read up to find a reference to the rings. Hermione got her skull cracked open like an eggshell during her first year on Halloween five years ago, and didn't understand the truth.

Harry and Kara touched down right there.

"Perfect timing, because I found what your rings are," said Raven in triumph before she proceeded to finally enlighten them. "They are…"

A loud beeping sound echoed before Raven could enlighten them on the rings.

"And that was someone trying to break into the library," muttered Raven, as she rushed forward. A loud explosion echoed, and Kara, Harry, and Hermione made their way up the stairs.

Raven found herself in intense battle with a sorcerer dressed in blue.

"Just who are you," demanded Raven.

"Faust, Felix Faust," muttered the sorcerer, as he blasted Raven back. The two engaged in a short, but intense duel with each other. "Little demon child, let's not kid yourself, you are no match for my powers…"

Faust was blown off into his feet right into a shelf. He stood to face, Kara, Harry, and Hermione. Harry fired a cutting curse at his hand, but the sorcerer blocked it.

"Children, amusing," said Faust, as he held a hand up. "I shall banish you from this plane and you will never return."

He prepared the spell. Raven moved in, and sent a spell at him. The two spells ricocheted off of each other, and repelled back, to send Kara, Harry, Hermione, and Raven off.

"It matters little where they are sent, as long as they are out of my hair," said Faust, as he turned around, with a sadistic grin, as he pulled out a dusty tomb. "Now, off to Slaughter Swamp to rouse the creature and put it under my command."

Faust vanished.

Harry, Kara, Hermione, and Raven laid sprawled out, wiped out by the teleporting spell. Kara was the first to get to her feet, revived by the yellow sunlight.

"Harry, wake up!" yelled Kara, as she looked at him, and began to shake him. Harry gave a cough to indicate he returned back from his unconscious state.

"It's okay, my love, I'm awake" muttered Harry, as he pulled himself to his feet. Being transported against ones will was never a fun experience.

"Rachel, where did it send us?" asked Kara.

"I don't know, I managed to alter the spell, he was going to send us to some kind of nightmare
world," muttered Raven, before she looked around. "I think we ended up on some kind of remote island."

Suddenly, Harry looked up, to see a group of armored women stride towards them, spears pointed towards all four of them.

"And of course, the natives don't look too friendly," said Harry, seeing the situation before him.

Kara, Hermione, and Raven stood with him, as they were surrounded by several rather angry Amazonian Warriors.
Chapter 23: Zombie.

The quartet of heroes stood on the island, as they stared down the business end of the spears, at the angry Amazonian warriors.

"So Harry," remarked Kara in a casual voice.

"Yeah, Kara," answered Harry with a raised eyebrow.

She studied the spears. "Are these spears better or worse made than the ones that the Atlantean army pointed at us?"

"Kind of hard to tell," said Harry, as Hermione and Raven watched the couple banter back and forth in the face of certain danger like a tennis match. "So more or less?"

"I think more," supplied the blonde Kryptonian as she stood her ground.

"Look, we don't want any trouble, but if you don't put down those spears…" started Raven, as she stared down the Amazonian Warriors and then she dropped her voice to an icy calm level. "There's going to be plenty of trouble."

"You've trespassed on our island, and brought this…this…man with you!" yelled one of the warriors.

"You women look like you need to get laid," muttered Kara, but the Amazonians seemed offended by that.

Harry just turned to them. "Put the spears down, we can talk this out like rational people."

The Amazonians just growled.

"Enough!" yelled Hermione as she looked at them. "Put the bloody spears down, before I ram them down your…"

"What's going on here?"

Diana showed up, as she saw some of the finest Amazonian Warriors about ready to impale four mysterious people right through with their spears. There were three young girls, and a young man with them. She regarded the young man suspiciously; there was just something about him that seemed rather dark and foreboding.

It could be her own limited experiences with man, especially the man who lead to her sister's murder, but it was better to be safe than sorry.

"We did not mean to trespass," said Raven as she looked at the Princess of the Amazons. "I was fighting a sorcerer who broke into my library. He tried to transport us to another dimension, a nightmare realm where we would be tormented by our worst fears…"

The Amazons looked extremely skeptical about this.

Raven just cleared her throat. "However, I managed to alter the transport spell, and I guess we ended up here, wherever here is?"
"We didn't mean to intrude," said Harry, but he just looked at them. "Of course, it's rather rude to point sharp spears at someone else…"

"Stifle your tongue, man!"

"Funny, pointing a spear at someone without waiting for an explanation sounds like something a guy would do," said Kara, as she looked at them. "Guess you aren't too above that either."

One of the Amazonian Warriors charged, but Kara fired a blast of heat vision at her spear, causing it to burn. The woman gave a grimace, as the ashes fluttered to the ground.

"Point that thing at me, or my husband again, and I'll burn worse than your weapon," said Kara, eyes still glowing, as she stared down the feared Amazonian Warriors.

"Ladies, stand down, until we figure this out," muttered Diana, as she shook her head. "Hera, help me, this is a rather unconventional situation…"

"Well we kind of specialize in the unconventional," said Hermione with a roll of her eyes, but Diana just stopped.

She stared at Hermione for a minute, as she frowned. Hermione found herself rather annoyed by being stared at as such. "What's your problem, princess?"

"Nothing, you just reminded me of someone once knew," muttered Diana.

"I have to be imagining things,' thought Diana as she gave her head a shake.

"I think the best way to figure this out is to take you to my mother," said Diana as she regained her composure. "Queen Hipployta, she'll know what to do. My name is Diana, you're on Themyscira."

"Rachel Roth," said Raven.

"Hermione Granger," said Hermione.

"Kara Potter," said Kara.

"Harry Potter," said Harry, as they walked and the spears were still visible. "You know Kara, I'd rather fly there."

"Me too," said Kara, who felt more comfortable without the spears pointing at them. The two moved off the ground, and into the skies.

Kara and Harry flew side by side. Harry managed to maintain flight velocity, even if it took a great deal of concentration, as the group continued to walk.

"Very few men visit this island," muttered Diana. "The last man washed up on here a while back, about seventeen or eighteen years ago. He seemed to be rather amused by the fact there was an island of nothing but women."

Diana just continued, as Harry had a bad feeling where this was going. "He had dark hair, and a bark like laugh. He tried to talk his way out of trouble by offering to educate us on experiences we had been missing."

Silence for a moment existed before Harry spoke.

"I've never met that man before in my life," muttered Harry, as Kara and Hermione both stifled
giggles, but if Diana noticed, she did not say anything.

The robed figure of Felix Faust appeared and touched down on the ground at Slaughter Swamp. Faust strode through the weeds, and opened the spell book.

"Alright monster, time to raise you from your slumber," muttered Faust. "You will offer a nice diversion."

Faust's eyes rolled into the back of his head, as he waved his hands. From the muck of the swamp rose a pale figure. The creature, dressed in a black top and pants, strode right out of the swamp.

"Why you wake Grundy?" bellowed the creature.

"Be silent monster," muttered Faust. "You are going to do my bidding."

"Grundy not understand why black magic man do this!" bellowed Grundy, but his eyes swirled black.

Faust nodded as he had the creature placed right under his thrall. He directed the creature as a diversion.

The creature's natural raw strength, enhanced by the magical energy by Faust's enchantment, would divert the attention of the Amazons away from his true objective.

"I agree with my daughter's assessment, this is a most unconventional situation."

Hipployta just looked at them. Hermione found her temper reaching a rather prominent boiling point.

"Yeah, circumstances indicated we get bamfed to this island," said Hermione as she stared down the Queen of the Amazons. "I know it's unconventional, but I've got stories to tell you. And just some food for thought, you might want to teach your little guards a bit more about asking questions before they start sticking a sharp object in people's faces!"

Kara and Harry exchanged a look. Hipployta got up, and looked at Hermione. For a second, Harry thought he was going to have to break up a fight.

"Donna, it's you," whispered Hipployta, as she reached over to hug Hermione, but she pulled away.

"Get away from me, you crazy woman!" yelled Hermione. "I'm not this Donna person, I'm Hermione. Her-My-Own-Nee. It's my name; I got it when I was born. My parents were way too obsessed with Shakespeare, but that's not my problem."

Hipployta looked at the girl. "I wondered why the gods would not allow me to get closure, to speak to the spirit of my daughter one last time. Yet, here you are, right here…"

"What are you talking about?" asked Kara.

"Yeah, respectively speaking, Hermione is Hermione," said Harry, as he was along with Hermione about questioning the sanity of the Queen of the Amazons.

"My youngest daughter was slain five years ago on All Hallows Eve," said Hipployta, as she closed her eyes. "I found her body days later, or what was left of it. It was an experience that no mother should go through."
"Look, I feel bad that you lost your daughter," said Hermione. "But I'm not her. I'm flattered, believe me, but I'm just who I always have been. Now if I you excuse me, I need to go for a walk to clear my head."

Hermione walked off the island.

"She's always been stubborn," said Hipployta with a fond voice.

"Your majesty…I don't know what to say," said Harry as he looked at her. "Hermione...she's…"

"Harry's trying to say that Hermione might just remind you of your daughter," said Kara, as she surveyed the queen.

"No, a mother always knows these things," said Hipployta, as she stood up proud. "I would have given my life, if it meant bringing her back. I feel I was harsh towards her, and drove her off the island. We had a fight about her wanting to go out and see the world…man's world. She snuck off in the dead of night. By the next day, she was missing. I thought she was hiding, to teach me a lesson."

Hipployta turned around. "It is a sacred bond between a mother and her child, I'm not sure if you would understand…"

"My mother died when I was young, so I could live," said Harry, as Hipployta turned to him.

"She was a noble person, then" said Hipployta after a moment. "And I see it reflects well on you, you want to stick up for your friend…"

"Hermione's more than my friend," said Harry. "She's like the older sister I've always wanted…"

"So there is another bond between you two there," said Hipployta. "I hope that people like you are the rule rather than the exception on man's world."

Kara and Harry just sighed, before their attention turned towards Raven.

"Rachel, you know something," said Kara. "Is Hermione well Hermione or is she this supposed dead Amazon girl…"

"Both," replied Raven.

"Pardon me," said Harry, as he looked at the girl, confused and bewildered.

"She's both…it's complex," said Raven as she closed her eyes. She would rather explain advanced algebra to sugar addled toddlers, or Beast Boy, than explain this little situation.

"Could you to try to explain?" asked Kara.

"Fine, I'll summarize it," said the half demon, as she drew in breath. "Hermione was trapped in the bathroom with the troll. The troll bashed her head in. At the same time, Donna was killed. Their spirits collided on some kind of crossroads between life and death. It was a one in a trillion fluke… and they got bounced back to the body."

Kara pinched her nose. "That's…that just is…Hermione didn't know any of this, did she?"

"Not until after her fifth year," said Raven. "I found out about the return of Riddle, and knew immediately it meant bad news. I healed her organs. She was going to die that night…"
Harry nearly jumped up. Kara grabbed his arm to steady her husband. "I used my magic, and I think I knocked Donna loose in her head a little bit. The Amazonians don't tend to put up with a lot of what people in your former world would put up with, Harry. And given Hermione's own protective instincts towards you...they were just amplified. A plus B equals C in this case."

Kara and Harry nodded, as Diana watched from the shadows.

"So, she is Donna," muttered Diana as she stepped in.

"Yes and no," said Raven who felt agitation coming on. "Hermione Granger and Donna Troy both died on All Hallows Eve five years ago. This is a fusion of personality elements of the two, inside the body of Hermione Granger."

Diana, Kara, and Harry all nodded, but Kara and Harry decided to take that as their cue to fly off.

They had a distressed friend to check up on, and she out wandering on the island.

Hermione breathed in and out. The fact some of these places looked familiar distressed her. She remembered that pillar, that library, and the gates in the distance, everything seemed rather familiar.

'It seems denial isn't located in Egypt,' whispered a voice. 'It's located in your mind.'

"Voice in my head, wonderful," muttered Hermione, who wondered if she should begin to have herself measured for a straightjacket.

'It's not like we didn't combine the best of both worlds,' said the voice in her head. "I mean, I gained an entire new appreciation for other parts of the world, and you stopped acting like a bossy little..."

Hermione shook her head.

"Hermione?" asked Harry in a gentle voice.

"Oh, hi, Harry," mumbled Hermione, as Kara and Harry sat down across from her.

"Hermione, just look at us, please," said Kara. "This Donna person..."

"Kara, don't tell me you believe this too!" yelled Hermione, but she shook her head. "Right, sorry, I'm me, just Hermione..."

"Hermione, you're you, but there's just more of you," said Harry in a gentle voice. "It's like combining two things, to make something great..."

"Hermione, you can tell us the truth," said Kara, as she looked at the brunette. "We're your friends, we won't judge you."

Hermione turned herself. "I...you're my brother and my sister-in-law, more or less, but this is...I don't know if I can deal with this. The fact there's some Amazonian ghost girl rattling around in my head; it just seems so absurd..."

An arm grabbed Hermione and spun her around. Hermione was face to face with the Princess of the Amazons.

"D...Hermione, you really do need to come to terms with who you are," said Diana, as she looked at the girl. "Remember, it's okay to be scared. Strong people can get confused, smart people too."
You face your fears and your demons…"

"Look Diana, you seem like a nice person," said Hermione. "You and your mother both, but this person, I'm not her…"

"How do you explain these bracelets?" asked Diana, and Hermione opened her mouth. She continued. "Those designs are strictly Amazonian; they were created on this island…"

"I saw them in a book, and took the design to get them custom made," said Hermione, a bit too quickly for Harry's liking.

Harry looked her in her eyes. Hermione shifted away, but Harry held her firm. "Which book, sis?"

"No, Harry, I can't believe it, you won't believe me!" yelled Hermione. "I'm…just leave me alone!"

Hermione walked off, distressed. Harry got up, but Kara held him.

"Later, Harry," said Kara, as she squeezed his hand. They sat closer, wrapped in each other's arms.

"There's just so much I don't know about Hermione," said Harry after they sat in silence for a moment. "She was always there for me…but I didn't ask a lot about her. She's never said anything, always listened to me. I guess she has problems just like anyone…"

Kara turned, and her lips met Harry's in a tender kiss. Harry returned it with love. They pulled apart. "She helped me, and I never thought to help her."

"Hermione's going through a bit of an identity crisis right now," said Kara. "Like you and I were going through before…we saved each other."

"I'd advise giving her a bit of time to calm down," said Diana wisely. "Trust me, if she really gets upset, you don't want to be there."

Diana walked off, to leave Kara and Harry alone to admire the beauty of the island. Kara rested her head on Harry's shoulder, as his arm wrapped around her waist.

"Hermione, just come to terms with it," said Raven as she showed up to face Hermione.

Hermione sighed. "I'm Hermione…and I'm this Donna Troy girl as well…how in the name of all things sensible is that possible?"

"Well, it's kind of elementary," said Raven. "You got your head smashed in by the troll, because you were crying and too scared to run. Then the same moment Donna's spirit met yours. You collided, and the effect threw you into the same body. Your body still breathed, and you were healed."

"Just who I am?" asked Hermione. "Donna or Hermione?"

"All of the above," replied Raven, with a slight smile.

This bit of news did not improve Hermione's mood. "So great, I'm Schizophrenic."

"That's a blissfully pessimistic way of looking at things," muttered Raven. "It's hard to come to terms with a dual nature. Life isn't simple to be black or white. It's all about finding a balance. It took me a long time, but…I found who I was."
"Yeah, well this is putting me under an insane amount of stress," said Hermione sourly. "I just can't cope with this right now."

Hermione folded her arms, but a loud roar echoed, as the sounds of combat echoed. She pulled herself up, to see what was happening.

A near eight foot tall zombie was in the midst of being dog-piled by the Amazonian Warriors, but the zombie smashed his way through the women. Hermione picked up one of the swords, with a frown. She had left her wand back at the library, this would have to do.

"Someone just volunteered to be my stress ball," muttered Hermione, as she rushed forward, and swung the sword with fury.

She stabbed the sword into the torso of the zombie, but the zombie staggered. Naturally it had no blood to spill. Hermione found the zombie's hand around her throat.

A blinding flash of light blasted the zombie in the eye. Harry stood, wand held, as Kara flew in. She impacted the zombie in the face with her fist. They circled him.

In perfect harmony, Harry hit him low and Kara hit him high. The zombie was staggered, and Raven took this moment to swoop in, and blast him.

"I transported him away from the island, but he'll be back when we have a more permanent solution," said Raven as she dropped for a moment to catch her breath.

"Just who was that?" asked Kara.

"That was Solomon Grundy," said Raven, as she caught the confused looks. "You know, Solomon Grundy…born on a Monday…never mind."

She drew breath, and explained. "He's a powerful zombie; his remains were at rest in Slaughter Swamp."

"What was he doing here?" asked Harry.

"Well whatever he wanted, something tells me it wasn't a pair of pants," said Raven in a dry voice. A loud growl echoed from off the shores, and Grundy returned to the island.

"Round two, I take it," said Kara, as she aimed at him. Heat vision sliced through the air and knocked Grundy back.

"Stall him, while I find a way to return him back to his final resting place!" yelled Raven.

"Stall him, she says," muttered Harry, as he put up a barrier, before he huddled with Kara and Hermione. "Okay, this is what we're going to have to do, to keep old Solomon from causing too much damage."

Grundy stomped on the ground, as Kara flew into the air. The zombie tried to snatch her, but she flew out of sight. She stuck out her tongue, and Grundy moved around. Harry flicked his wand.

The zombie found his eyes irritated, as he swung. Hermione rushed in next, before she smashed the zombie hard in the back of the legs with the flat of the sword. The zombie swung, as Kara hoisted Harry into the air.

"Ah, all that power, and you can't hit a moving target!" taunted Hermione, as Grundy smashed the
rocks.

The brunette tucked her head, and rolled on the ground as Grundy’s attacks became more mindless. She looked up, to see that her diversion worked.

Kara flung Harry like a fastball right at Grundy. Harry whipped his wand out, and conjured several flaming spikes. They shot into Grundy, as Hermione slid on the ground to trip Grundy.

The Kryptonian pursed her lips, blew, and Grundy was immobilized in a sheet of ice.

Grundy howled, but Raven returned. She muttered under her breath in a tongue Harry did not understand. Then the zombie vanished into a cloud of smoke.

"So, is he gone?" asked Harry, to break the silence.

"I sent him on," replied Raven, as she dropped down.

"He's not coming out back then," replied Kara.

"Well, I don't think so," said Raven. "Just be prepared in case someone rattles his spirit again. Hopefully he's found peace, wherever he is."

Hermione looked at the sword in her hand, and the instincts she displayed. Harry and Kara moved over to her.

"Hermione, you were brilliant!" cheered Kara.

"Yeah, you were a real wonder girl out there," said Harry, and Hermione looked at him, with a raised eyebrow.

She just shook her head.

"Supergirl, Wonder Girl, and Arcane," said Kara with a smile. "A teenage trinity disturbing their own brand of young justice…"

"Kara, you're kind of being absurd," said Hermione, but she had a smile on her face in spite herself.

"I hate to burst your little celebration, but Grundy was just the distraction," said Raven as she heard screams. "Yep, Faust is here…"

They turned, before they saw an army of flaming skeletons march towards them.

"Target practice," muttered Harry.

"Target practice," agreed Kara, as Harry waved his wand, and caused a whirlwind, as Kara blew her ice breath into it. It caused the skeletons to freeze.

Then they blasted right through the frozen and immobile skeletons to reduce them to dust.

Hermione turned around, and saw the horrific scene. The man, Felix Faust, had Hippolyta on her knees before him, immobilized.

"That's a good look for you, my dear," said Faust as he held her steady. "Perhaps I can keep you as a prize when my master rewards me…"

"You stay away from her, you foul…" yelled Diana, as she rushed in. Now she was dressed in red,
white, and blue armor, with a tiara, and a lasso. She had metal bracelets, as Faust sent a spell at her.

"And you got dressed up just to meet me," said Faust, as he struggled with her. The brawl was short, but intense. "You must think a lot of me, princess."

Diana fought him off, but Faust pinned her to a wall with one of his spells.

"Both mother and daughter," said Faust as he looked at them, appraising them. "It is hard to see which one would be more interesting to...explore."

At that moment, Hermione rushed over, eyes blazed, and she nailed Faust hard. Faust staggered to his feet, but Raven appeared, to block his spell.

"Okay, let's try this again," said Raven, as she gritted her teeth, as Faust's spell to immobilize the Amazons broke. Most of them were down, but Diana rushed over to engage Faust once again.

Diana ended on the ground, as Faust threw Raven to the side. Faust conjured an energy sword, before Hermione burst in, and took the shot.

The sword sliced into her abdomen again, and her side was sliced. Blood splattered from her, as Hermione convulsed.

"FAUST!" yelled Harry, as he flew right at the sorcerer. The Amazons steered clear, as winds blew through the island.

"Hera," muttered Diana as she looked at Harry who began to pummel Faust with a series of violent spells. The fact he managed to keep up well enough with Faust not to get killed spoke well of his abilities.

Harry slashed his wand, and Faust found his hands burned. They healed over.

"Silly child, your powers are no match..." started Faust, but Kara blasted him in the hand. She swooped in, and snapped the amulet right off of his neck. "Give that back."

Kara just crushed it into dust with her hand. She shrugged. "Guess I don't know my own strength."

Faust prepared to attack them. Even without his amulet, he was still a formidable foe, but Harry pushed him back. It strained the young wizard, but he kept up the fight.

He tried to pull himself up, but Raven held him, immobilized.

"You're going to burn for what you did," she said through gritted teeth, as Faust found his body being ripped apart and his essence being sucked away.

Harry moved over, as he picked up Hermione, trying to repair her wounds with every healing spell he could think of. Yet his efforts were futile.

"Her wounds are beyond your magic, and even mine now," said Raven as she grabbed Harry. "I can repair her, but she'll die without a blood transfusion."

"Just tell me what I need to do, and I'll do it," said Diana in a firm voice.

"There's a room over there, to tend to her injuries," said Hippolyta, her voice shaking, as Kara scooped up Hermione in her arms. She coughed up blood, and her breathing became shallow.

"Hang in there, Hermione," muttered Kara, as she flew off. Everyone followed her.
Hermione was down on the bed, as Diana was prepped by Raven.

"Okay, stand clear everyone, and don't freak out," said Raven as she took a deep breath. She tried to block out the emotions of everyone.

The blood was transfused, as Harry, Kara, and Hippolyta watched. Diana laid down adjacent from her, as she felt her body weaken. Hermione shuddered, as the blood sustained her. Raven healed her injuries.

"Hermione's...she's gone," whispered Raven after a moment.

"NO!" yelled Harry as Kara grabbed him.

"No, I'm not, I'm right here," said Hermione as she came back to life. "Um, I guess both of us of here; kind of...my head feels like trolls did a tap dance on it."

Hermione's hair darkened and her features changed slightly. Her voice remained about the same.

"Hermione is that really you?" asked Harry in relief.

"Um...kind of Harry," said Hermione as she looked up at him weakly. "My name is Donna Troy, you know. Youngest daughter of Queen Hippolyta, but...most of Hermione died in me today."

"Oh," said Harry flatly, as Kara held him.

"No, my brother," said Hermione with a smile. "There's still enough of Hermione in here, but the good parts, honest. Her heart, her courage, her loyalty to you and the people she cares about. There all still here. The bossiness is mostly gone I think, the perfectionist qualities."

Hermione turned, as she shuddered. "Hermione Granger was a girl that had a lot of demons. She tried to hide herself in books, and studying. She learned a lot of good lessons from her friendship with you Harry. And in the ways that matter, I think that I'm still that girl."

Then her eyes turned to the other relations.

"Diana, mother, thank you," said Hermione, as she coughed and the smiled weakly. "After all of the things I said to both of you five years ago, you never gave up on me. Aresia thought it would be a good idea to go exploring...she was my friend. Then she just left me there..."

"Do you have any idea where Aresia went?" asked Diana as she looked at her sister.

"Not a clue," said Hermione, as she just sighed. "I love all of my family, both sides of me."

"So um...what do I call you?" asked Harry.

"Harry, I can still be Hermione to you, it's fine," said Hermione. "There's enough of her left in me like I said."

Hermione just looked at them.

"Hermione, just stay here, and rest, okay," said Harry. "You don't need to fix the world or help everyone, you nearly died again. You might be part cat for all I know..."

"Well the Polyjuice Potion might have left something behind," said Hermione with a smile, which caused Kara to laugh. Harry told her the story.
"Yes, well you're rapidly running out of lives, young lady," said Harry sternly. "Just stay here with your mother and your sister, and relax. You've been through an operation. Remember Hermione for the next couple of weeks, bed rest, drink plenty of fluids, eat all of your vegetables, and no books larger than a hundred pages."

"Yes, Mum," said Hermione with a grin, but Harry just gave her the look he inherited from his mother. Even Hermione knew it was time to back down with that one. "Sorry, Harry, I knew you were looking out for me, and thanks. I'm proud to have you as my brother."

"Yeah, well I still stand by what I said," said Harry, as he hugged Hermione and gave her a gentle kiss on the forehead. "Now, are you okay or do you need me to read you a bedtime story…"

"HARRY!" yelled Hermione who flushed, as everyone got some amusement.

Hippolyta turned her attention slowly to her other daughter.

"Now Diana, the armor you took," said Hippolyta.

"I thought that if I took the armor, I could help with Faust," said Diana in a stubborn voice. "I know it's not mine…"

"It's yours, but I was just holding onto it," said Hippolyta as she regarded her daughter with a sigh. "If you wanted the armor, all you had to do was ask."

Diana's eyes bulged, as Hippolyta just smiled. She unlocked the full powers.

"I'm giving you a great power," said Hippolyta. "I'm sure there's some sort of saying about how great power and great responsibility go hand in hand, but it's lost on me right now."

"I'll be responsible, mother," said Diana, as she looked at Hermione. "I've got my sister back, I've got you here, what more can I need…"

"An invisible jet," muttered Hermione sleepily. "I think I'm going to go to bed now."

Diana considered the possibilities of that one, as Kara and Harry prepared to take their leave.

"Just one moment you two," said Hippolyta, as the queen turned to them, before she followed them out the door. Diana followed immediately, as Raven stayed to watch Hermione.

There was silence, as Diana broke it, as she addressed Harry. "You really were there for her for all of those years, no matter what you might think. I thought you might have been…"

"Dangerous," replied Harry as he just took it in stride. His days of blowing up because people had thought badly of him had passed. "Yeah, well you couldn't have known. We did blow onto your island."

"So since Donna considers you her brother, I guess I can do the same," muttered Diana, as she looked at Harry.

Harry had no idea what to say. Kara just smiled, as she stood next to him, hand in hand. Hippolyta surveyed them. "You've more than proven yourself, Harry. There are exceptions to every rule. The gods will have to learn to put up with it, I guess. You're welcome here, if you ever want to visit…"

"Thanks," said Harry.

"No thank you for giving my daughter another chance," said Hippolyta, as she surveyed Harry. It
did make her reconsider her previous assessment on that world.

"I'm leaving Hermione in your hands now," said Harry, as he looked at them with a smirk. "If Wonder Girl gives you any lip about resting, I can fly right over, and put her in line."

Kara laughed, as Hippolyta looked amused. Diana's eyes widened, and she mouthed, "Wonder Girl?"

At that moment, a seed of inspiration was planted in her mind.

"We'll be seeing around," said Harry. "Bye, both of you."

"Bye, Diana and Hippolyta," said Kara. "It was a pressure meeting you."

"Come back, you're always welcome," said Hippolyta as she watched them go. "Both of you."

Diana did as well, and she turned to her mother. "Did you ever feel guilty about a judgment you made off without all of the facts, Mother?"

"Many times, and I'm sure many more," said Hippolyta. "It is just one of those things you learn to live with, after all of these centuries. You're never too old to make mistakes."

Mother and daughter walked off, having been given a second chance to unite with a sister and daughter.

The soul of Felix Faust screamed as he burned in the pits of Tartarus.

"You failed me Faust," said a booming voice. "And the liberties you took with certain parties has sealed your eternal torment."

"You can't do this to me!" yelled the sorcerer.

"I can do anything I want to you, for all eternity," said Hades as he amused himself with ideas on how to best torture this miserable wretch.

Faust's shrieks indicated he had an idea his afterlife would not be a pleasant one.

Neville arrived in Hogsmeade. He moved into the shadows, the village was like a ghost town right at the moment.

He would sneak into the Hog's Head, and find a way up to Hogwarts. He would have to so discreetly. He saw sight of his own scarred face, but the barman of the Hog's Head pulled him into the pub.

"You're the Longbottom boy," breathed the man. "You were supposed to be in critical condition at St. Mungos…"

"Wasn't as critical as everyone thought," said Neville as he shrugged. "I need to warn Harry Potter…"

"Potter's gone, decided to get out," muttered a voice in the shadows, and Neville turned to face Mad-Eye Moody. His magical eye whizzed around. "Smart boy, always thought he had some potential. Marriage served him rather well."
"Harry's married," muttered Neville as he tried to process this. "What month is it…"

"November 2000, five months after Bellatrix Lestrange attacked you," said Moody, as he looked at Neville. "Be careful, a killer's on the loose, he's after purebloods…"

"She," replied Neville, as he looked at Moody.

"She then," said Moody. "Do you mind telling me how you know?"

Neville paused, as Moody looked at him. He would not be able to fight the grizzled Auror, he knew a few tricks. "The Zabinis…Sophia Zabini she said they…she was poisoned."

"The killer appreciates a healthy dose of irony," said Moody gruffly, as he drew a drink from his hip flask. "Longbottom, I have an idea what happened. This is why I never went to St. Mungos to be treated. Always brewed up the home remedies, granted that's why I look the way I do. Just to let you know, the world's about to change. I might live long enough to see a bit of it, but I'm not holding my breath."

Neville just looked curious and opened his mouth.

"No, boy, don't talk," said Moody. "Best I figure, the culprit, she's trying to finger you as the killer…clever of her. We're dealing with someone who is both intelligent and insane. Not the best combination as it's hard to pin down a motive."

Neville sat down, as Moody and the bar man looked at him.

"I'll put you in touch with Potter," said Moody. "Or rather I'll put you in touch with someone who can get in touch with Potter. I don't know where the boy is. Woman's name is Tonks, she's at this address. She's rounding up some other people as a favor for someone, and getting them to a safe place."

"The rats are fleeing the ship before it sinks," muttered Neville.

"Your grandmother would have approved of a phrase like that," said Moody, with a twisted grin. "Now, head off as soon as I give the good word. Make sure no one's lurking around here that shouldn't be."

Back outside the library, Harry and Kara sat watching the stars. Raven showed up, with the book she found earlier.

"Now before I was so rudely interrupted, I was going to tell you something," said Raven, as they turned to face them. "It was about…these rings."

Raven looked at the blue rings that sparkled on the hands of Harry and Kara that signified the bond they had with each other.

Raven read from the tome she produced. "The rings were rumored to be of extra-terrestrial origin. Centuries ago, they were found on Earth by a man who called himself Saint Walker. There was believed to be a source for power that came with them, but it had been lost. Sometime later, it was found by one of your ancestors, and modified with runes, to be used as wedding rings."

Raven pointed out the runes on the rings.

"That one signifies trust," she said, as they nodded. "It has to be where two people trust each other
before the rings can even work."

She continued to read. "This one signifies compatibility. If two people are not properly matched, then the rings will have a negative effect. Essentially, it will burn the hands and cook the brain of anyone trying to deceive the male head of house."

The two nodded, as Raven continued.

"This one has a contraceptive effect," said Raven. "It is hard to say whether or not you two could even have children. But, until the right moment, you will not be able to have them despite your best efforts."

"When is the right moment," said Kara. She really didn't want children, not right now.

"Yeah, I'll be honest, I don't know if I can be a good father," muttered Harry, but Kara just hugged him.

"You'd be a great father Harry, but we don't have to have them until we're ready," said Kara. "Ten years, fifteen years, a hundred years, when the time is right…"

"Fair enough," said Harry, but Kara just kissed him right on the lips. He returned it.

"One more you two," said Raven in amusement, as they broke apart when they were ready. "The fourth rune signifies a stamina booster. Your powers will be stronger than ever, you will heal faster…granted you have your limits, but still…"

"We know," said Harry. "Kara, I think we can practice a bit more of the magic right now…"

"Go on up, Harry, I'll catch up," said Kara, who wanted to speak with Raven about a personal manner.

Harry gave her a kiss. "Okay, I'll set things up."

"Privacy spell," muttered Kara, when she was sure Harry was out of hearing distance. "The Horcrux in Harry's head, there's something you're not telling either of us…"

Raven looked at Kara. "Kara, you must not tell Harry, or even hint to him about this…"

She proceeded to explain to Kara the same thing she said to Hermione. Kara just sat, stoic, and Raven concluded.

'No, he will be ready,' thought Kara. 'He's beating Riddle. In fact, Riddle's already dead, his body just hasn't realized it yet.'

"Harry will be ready," said Kara, as she looked at Raven. "And if he isn't…well…marriage is all about sacrifice."

Raven just looked at her, wondering where she was going.

"There's something that our team at Patronus found, a different type of Kryptonite," said Kara and Raven looked at her. "It's not green, but gold."

Raven never even heard of this gold Kryptonite before.

"It removes a Kryptonian's powers, permanently," explained Kara. "It makes us normal, mortal, at least that's what we've been able to discover through the simulations we've run."
"So what you're saying is…" started Raven.

"I love Harry, and if I have to sacrifice my powers just to be with him, I will," said Kara firmly. "But I don't think it will come to that. Good night, Rachel."

She turned and left. Raven watched her fly off, to join Harry.

The rings chose the perfect match. They worked as they should.
Chapter 24: Christmas Part One.

Kara and Harry finished up on the day of December 23rd at the Patronus Incorporated office building.

"So, that's everything," muttered Harry.

"Yeah, we're pretty much done for the holidays," answered Kara, as they moved out of the building. Hand in hand, they watched everyone go, wishing them a "Merry Christmas" all of the way.

With smiles, Kara and Harry took the flight back home. They soured through the sky.

"You're really getting good at this Harry!" yelled Kara, with a warm smile as they flew through the sky. "You're a natural."

"Yeah, but I still don't stay up for more than a couple of minutes on my own," said Harry, as Kara caught him in her arms as he started to descend.

"Someday, you will have your full powers Harry," said Kara, as she flew with Harry in her arms. "Then we can do the things from those dreams, but do it for real."

"Sounds like the proper motivation," said Harry with a grin, as they touched down outside their house. "It's going to be a white Christmas this year; hopefully it doesn't get too bad before everyone gets out of here."

"Hey, clearing off the snow's simple when you have heat vision," said Kara, as she touched down right in front of their house. The snow was already gaining some minimal coverage, but the weather forecast indicated potential blizzards.

Kara stood right before Harry. She wore a red blouse with a white jacket and blue jeans, with white tennis shoes and red laces. A blue stocking hat covered her head and a red scarf topped off the ensemble. Harry wore a red sweatshirt, a black and white jacket, and blue jeans, with black boots. The two moved inside, before they caught a chill.

"The heating charms work well, but there's nothing like a good fire," remarked Kara, as she aimed her eyes. A jet of heat vision zapped the logs inside the fireplace and created a roaring fire. Kara just stood back, and admired her work.

"Nice one, my love," said Harry, as Kara took off her jacket, hat, and scarf, with Harry doing the same.

Harry returned with some hot chocolate for the both of them, as they sat in front of the fire. It was some rare downtime for them together, so the experience was enjoyable.

Kara curled up onto Harry's lap, and Harry wrapped his arms around her. The phone rang, and Harry slid his wife off onto the couch, before he went to answer it.

"Hello," said Harry in a polite voice. "Oh, Martha, hello...you and Jonathan are in? Yeah, Kara and I are home, no problem. Yeah you're in town, excellent, we'll watch out for you."
"Tell Ma this is her year to relax, I'll take care of everything," said Kara.

"Harry, don't let Kara anywhere near the stove!" yelled Martha Kent in a slightly mortified voice over the phone.

"Actually, I'm calling in some professional help, but Kara helped me come up with ideas and get all of the food," said Harry. "Hey, just relax. Got to pay you back after that wonderful meal on Thanksgiving you cooked, okay I'll see you in about an hour."

"Ma and Pa coming soon?" asked Kara.

"Yeah," said Harry. "And Clark's coming up with them pretty soon."

Kara just smiled. "Harry…I really want to clear the air with him. I was kind of unfair with him, but I just didn't like seeing how he was upsetting Ma."

"What about the thing with Lois?" asked Harry.

"I've taken care of it," said Kara mischievously. "I think part of Clark's problem is that he needs to…you know."

"Yeah, I do know," replied Harry. "Of course, there are boundaries and limits…"

"I'm sure Lois is resourceful enough to figure out something," said Kara. "Her dad was an army general after all, so she's not completely stupid. Even if she needs to learn something about not throwing herself into trouble, but hey we can only set it up. It's up to them what they do from there."

"Well that's their business, if something does pan out," said Harry in a calm voice. "So what were the holidays like on Argo?"

"Well, obviously we didn't have Christmas, but we had our own winter celebration festival," said Kara with fond memories. "It was fun. I actually have a hilarious story for you, Harry…if you don't mind."

"Continue," offered Harry. He always enjoyed hearing about his wife's life.

I remember the last year we spent together as a family before Zod's reign of terror,' said Kara. "I would have been about nine or ten I think. Dad and Uncle Jor got their hands on something from Earth called eggnog."

Harry could already tell this was going to be a funny story. Kara had a lot of trouble keeping a straight face, before she continued. "Anyway, they got loaded up on that eggnog stuff, and decided to go for a joyride around the Universe. They went to an intergalactic pub, and got into a bar fight, against a bunch of Thanagarrians. They're like hawk people, all of them have wings. A very war like race and they are rather powerful warriors. Also, Jor-El punched some bounty hunter named Lobo in the face, or so we found out later."

Harry and Kara laughed.

"Aunt Lara and my mother bailed them out of intergalactic jail about two weeks later," said Kara in between giggles. "And poor Uncle Jor had to sleep in his lab for the next month. It was kind of amusing, no it was actually hilarious. I'm sure Aunt Lara made up with him eventually. Sadly, that was the last time I got to see either of them."
Harry wrapped his arms around her.

"But it's these fun memories that make them live on, long after they're gone," said Kara with a smile. "It does make us smile, even though we're sad they're gone."

Harry nodded in agreement.

"It was beautiful on Argo and on Krypton in the winter," said Kara. "But it's beautiful here on Earth as well. Beauty does come in many forms."

"Nothing as beautiful as you," said Harry with a smile, and Kara just shifted, before she kissed Harry. They got into the activity rather heatedly.

The sound of Jonathan, Martha, and Clark arriving had cut their activities off prematurely. Harry went to get the door, and opened it, to let them in.

"Hello Jonathan, Martha, Clark!" said Harry brightly. "Let me have my associate get your jackets, Dobby!"

The little house elf appeared with a pop. Harry had bought out the contract of Dobby from Hogwarts for Patronus Incorporated. Granted, Dumbledore did not know, it was just Dobby declared that he had found a nice family to serve. That nice family was the Potters, as Harry paid Dobby well.

"Hello, Mr. Kent, Mrs. Kent, Clark, may Dobby be of service to take your coats?" asked the house elf, as he took them, before he sprinted them off. "Dobby will be showing you where you will be staying when you stay at this house."

"Hey, Harry, know where we can get someone like him," said Jonathan in a casual voice, so his wife did not hear. "Or at least, let me borrow him for a while, I'm sure we can work out a deal."

"We'll talk," said Harry, as Kara and Clark just looked amused.

Kara turned around to face her cousin. Harry left them for a moment.

"So, how have you been doing?" asked Kara as she looked at Clark, to break the ice. "I missed you at Thanksgiving."

Clark just looked at her. "Yeah, well…I've been busy with a lot of things. I did swing by over later, the next day. Ma did have enough leftovers, and it's better late than never."

"Clark, I forgive you for everything," said Kara, as she looked up at him with a smile. "It's just, like Harry said; we don't want you to be someone you're not. But can you please offer us the same courtesy or at least give us time to explain next time?"

"Kara…I think I can," said Clark as he turned. "I guess there are times where I can be stubborn…"

"You get that from your father, both of them," said Kara, but she was grinning when she said this statement. "Clark, you might be an oversized dork at times, but I love you for that, honest. You're my cousin, but you know, I can be pretty stubborn too."

"It's in the blood I think," said Clark as he laughed before he smelled the air. "Something smells good…I'm guessing Harry let you nowhere near the stove…"

"Clark that was one time, get off of me!" yelled Kara, but Clark just looked at her with a knowing
smile. "Okay fine, twice or three times…but Harry can cook so it all balances out."

"You'd be eating a lot of takeout if both of you couldn't," said Clark. "Not that it's a bad thing."

"No, not when you're in a jam after spending eighteen hours between board meetings and training," said Kara, but she lead Clark into the kitchen. "Come on, Kal, I don't know about you, but I'm starving."

The table had been expanded for the holidays. Kara and Harry took their seats next to each other, as did Jonathan and Martha.

"Are you sure you don't want any help?" asked Martha.

"You're our guest, Martha," said Harry, as Dobby set out the plates.

"Dobby is hoping that this is to everyone's liking," said the house elf. "Dobby has been making them a bit healthier than what is being done at Hogwarts."

The Kents and the Potters ate a nice family dinner two days before Christmas.

"It's good…not as good as you Martha," said Jonathan. "But still, you got to admit, it's rather tasty."

"Yeah, it's good, thanks Dobby," said Martha. "And Harry and Kara for having us for this meal."

There were mutterings of "it was no problem". Kara decided to share some stories for the benefit of Clark about the holidays on Krypton and Argo, as they ate the meal. Clark laughed for several minutes when Kara got to the part of the story where Jor-El punched out Lobo.

"He had it coming," muttered Clark, which caused Kara and Harry to both break out into laughter, and even Jonathan chuckled at that. Martha just shook her head, but she hid a smile.

Over the streets of Gotham City swung its shadowed protector.

'Crime never takes a holiday,' thought Batman. 'But for once, I'm going to. If I come back and see that Gotham is burned to the ground, I'm going to be rather annoyed with certain people.'

Batman dropped down, and returned to the Batmobile. He drove back to the cave, and got a call.

"Master Bruce, you do realize that if you don't get back soon, we're just going to leave without you," said Alfred in a droll voice.

"Yes, I know, this Christmas thing at the Potters," said Batman. "It's been a while since I really enjoyed Christmas."

"That would be when you were eight years old, wasn't it sir?" asked Alfred.

Batman just refused to answer. He recalled the last Christmas he had with his parents. Images of a young boy happy on Christmas Day, thinking he was going to get the action figure he wanted. Then it was dashed because he received the gift he did not want, and he threw a childish tantrum.

His parents took him to a movie on that day to make up for his disappointment. After the movie, they made their way down the alley.

All the man wanted was the pearls. Then there were gunshots, and two parents were dead on Christmas Day.
"Master Bruce, you haven't crashed, have you?" asked Alfred.

"No, Alfred, just remembering," said Batman as he pulled right down the road into the cave. "I'm sure Tim, Dick, and Barbara are about ready to leave without me. I'll get changed when I arrive, and I'll be back down in five minutes."

"Take your time, I'm sure I can appease them," said Alfred. "I've appeased worse, given some of the vultures in the media."

That nearly caused Batman to crack a smile.

Late that evening, everyone sat around the living room, but a loud crash echoed from outside the house to get their attention.

"Hi Tonks!" yelled Harry in a cheerful voice, as prepared to get up to answer the door, but Dobby popped in.

"Harry Potter sir should relax," said Dobby, as Kara held onto Harry.

"I second that opinion," said Kara, as Harry did not find himself arguing too much.

"Yeah, I'll vouch for that," said Clark, with a smile. "No offense Harry, but you overwork yourself."

Harry was about to protest, but he was right. Dobby beckoned Sirius, Remus, and Tonks inside.

"Jonathan, Martha, and Clark, you remember Remus and Tonks," said Harry. They nodded in affirmation. "This is Sirius Black, my godfather."

There were introductions all around, and Sirius looked around. He whistled.

"My godson and his wife have nice taste," said Sirius as took in everything. "It's both distinguished, and also gives the atmosphere of home."

"Yeah, well touch anything without permission, and you're going to be sleeping in the snow," said Kara, as Sirius withdrew his hand from a shelf.

"I wasn't going to do anything," said Sirius, but Remus looked at him, with a roll of his eyes. "Hey, I'm on my best behavior, I swear on it!"

"Yeah, that will be the day," said Tonks as she sat herself down.

"So how have you been, Tonks?" asked Harry.

"Busy, you know some of what I've been doing, but I don't like to bring it home for the holidays," said Tonks, as Dobby had got her a plate from the other room. "I'm going to be here, and then I'm going to head over to visit Wally and his family for Boxing Day."

"Oh, Wally, huh," said Sirius with a mischievous grin, but Tonks just reached into a bag she had been carrying for her secret weapon.

"Hey, Harry, Kara, you want to see some baby pictures of Sirius!" called Tonks, and they scrambled over as quickly as possible. "I found these when I was going through my Mum's things, and I thought you'd guys get a kick out of them."
"Oh, I'm sure we will," said Harry, as Kara joined him and even Clark moved over to get a closer look.

"Tonks!" whined Sirius as he gave her the puppy dog eyes, but Tonks was immune to them. "Remus…"

"You brought this on yourself, Padfoot," said Remus with no sympathy.

Clark, Harry, and Kara spent some time being amused by the photos Tonks was showing them of Sirius. This was adequate payback for Sirius bringing up Harry's former codename in a letter.

This amused the group for several moments, as Sirius turned into a dog, and whined.

"Hey, Tonks, pass those over to me when you're done with them," said Remus. "I think I can get copies made."

Sirius whined some more, and howled. Remus just patted the dog on the head.

Old magical laws have been invoked to keep all of the students inside Hogwarts for the holidays. No one could go home to their families, and that made some students upset. Yet, Dumbledore felt it was for their protection. The Board of Governors had lost a lot of power after Dolores Umbridge's stint at Hogwarts. She had decrees in place to limit their influence, backed by the Ministry, and Dumbledore had decided not to overturn them.

Albus Dumbledore sat in his office at Hogwarts, and he sat with a gift wrapped package in front of him. The Headmaster carefully removed the paper, to reveal a large stone with runes on it.

The stone glowed, and crackled to life. Dumbledore prepared to shield himself, but the image of a figure dressed in black appeared. The face of this figure was distorted, as was the voice.

"Hello, Albus Dumbledore, we meet face to face, so to speak," said the image. "I am the one puzzle you can't solve. I am the Hogwarts killer."

Dumbledore hitched a breath.

'Merely a memory,' thought Dumbledore.

"Who can you trust, Dumbledore?" taunted the figure. "You see, I could be anyone. I may be student, staff, or one of the Aurors the Ministry has sent to patrol the school. Or I could be none of them. It doesn't matter, because there is no way you can know where I am. Of course, Hogwarts is rather limiting, isn't it? The Zabinis were the first victims. Anyone can die, including you, Dumbledore."

Dumbledore tried to perform scanning charms, but whoever this mysterious killer was.

"My motives might be clearer if you had the entire puzzle," continued the figure. "But the pieces are scattered, and you only have but a handful at your disposal. And none of those pieces fit together. The holidays are something where you should keep me in mind, Albus. You think you have protected the students by forcing them all to stay for their safety. All you've done is locked them inside the school with me."

The stone cackled. "I'm sure you keep holding out for a hero, but there's no one left. You ran off your only hope. There's no scar faced golden boy to clean up the messes made by your sheer incompetence this time. And now it leaves me time to play, until I get what I want. You're nothing
but a bumblebee with clipped wings and no stinger."

Without another word, the stone burst into dust. This left Dumbledore with nothing, but a mess to clean up and unanswered questions.

Christmas Eve approached, early in the morning. Kara, Harry, Clark, Sirius, and Tonks all looked out the window, captivated by the snow as they sipped on hot chocolate. Christmas music played on the radio nonstop. At least Sirius had stopped singing along under threat of bodily harm, but it did look like a winter wonderland out there.

"So, do they know that they've been staring out the window for nearly a half of an hour?" remarked Jonathan, as the tunes of several holiday classics played in the background.

"It keeps them all out of trouble," said Remus, as he looked at them. "Trust me that Monopoly game last night got a bit too heated. Tonks can be rather savage with the hotels."

"Yeah, she can," agreed Jonathan.

"But it gives Harry some experiences he never had as a child," muttered Remus.

"This is the first real Christmas he's had with family since his parents," said Martha as she looked at him. "He seems to be enjoying it; all of them are I think."

"Given all that's happened with all five of them, it's actually nice to see them enjoying the simpler things," agreed Remus, before he took a sip of the hot chocolate.

Kara got up, and looked around. Harry joined her at that moment.

"We'll be right back," said Kara. "Harry, and I have to do something real quick, we shouldn't be gone for more than a couple of hours. By the time Dobby has lunch done; our friends from Gotham should be getting here."

Everyone muttered, saying it was fine, as Harry and Kara bundled up, before they made their way outside.

"It's beautiful isn't it, Harry?" asked Kara, with a smile.

"Yeah, it's pretty nice," said Harry.

"I actually thought we'd do something together for a little bit," said Kara, as she held her bag, as they soured into the sky. They landed after a short flight. Harry wondered what surprise his wife had for him.

"Hey, this is the school Patronus bought for our little project," said Harry as he recognized it. "They did a good job fixing up the place…"

"The next generation of magical users will get a more balanced education," said Kara, as they walked inside. "Granted, it's still about six months or a year off, but maybe in a couple of years, we'll have something ready."

"That sounds like a good plan," said Harry as he nodded in agreement. Then he frowned. "Why are we here exactly…"

Kara led him through the doors of the gym, that had been made up to look like a makeshift ballroom. "After that crummy experience you had with the Yule Ball, I figured you deserve another
better memory to replace it…"

"Kara, I'm still not that good of a da…" started Harry, but Kara muffled Harry's protests with a kiss on the lips. All of Harry's protests had been stifled immediately.

"Harry, I know enough where I think I can teach you," said Kara, as she moved off, and grabbed her bag. "I'll be back, faster than a speeding bullet!"

Kara zoomed off into the next room to get changed. She returned a moment later.

Harry took in the vision before him.

Kara wore a strapless blue dress which extended just a few inches above her thighs. The dress was low cut and tight to showcase her cleavage. She wore red high heel shoes and a white bow in her hair. The dazzling smile she wore and the look of love in her eyes made her all that more appealing.

Harry walked over. In that dress, he'd follow her off a cliff to his own doom. Kara grabbed a remote, and activated spotlights, along with music. She grabbed Harry's right hand. The left hand went on Kara's waist.

"Just let it flow naturally," whispered Kara, as she brushed up against Harry.

The dress hugged every single curve his wife had, and Harry managed to tentatively start the dance. Kara encouraged him, and gently corrected him when he did something wrong. Eventually by the time of the end of the second song, Harry managed to get the hang of it.

By the time of the third song, it was one of the most natural things in the world. Harry never thought he would enjoy dancing.

He was wrong. It was rather fun, with the right person. Kara and Harry looked into each other's eyes. They danced through three more songs, having their own private winter dance with each other.

The two made their way over to the bleachers and sat down.

"You're amazing, Kara!" said Harry, as he held her tight.

Kara smiled, and wrapped her arms around him. "You did well Harry. You were a little tentative at first, but you got it in the end. So, are you up for a little celebration after our dance?"

Harry pulled her so she straddled his lap. He wrapped his arms around her, and began to kiss her in a heated manner. Kara returned the kiss. Their tongues battled for dominance, as Kara grinded herself up and down Harry. They sat on the bleachers of this school gym.

"Harry, I'm not wearing anything underneath my dress," purred Kara in his ear, and that got his attention.

Smut/Lemon Begins:

Kara slid down, and unbuckled Harry's pants with practiced ease. She slid down his boxers over his ankles. Harry's throbbing penis sprang out. She stroked it a few times to cause to grow even more.

Harry reached over and slid down her dress to reveal more skin. His hands squeezed her firm C-
Cup breasts, as Kara moaned in encouragement. She stroked him faster, but then slowed down a little bit.

She smiled, as she gave his penis a few licks. Harry leaned back in pleasure.

"I'm so wet for you," said Kara in a breathy voice, as she slid off her dress the rest of the way. She stood in nothing but a pair of red high heels.

Kara sat in the air, and spread her legs. She held three fingers in the air and shoved them into her core. She gave Harry a bit of a show, to tease him.

"So hot," breathed Harry, as Kara rode her fingers to an orgasm. She flew over, and stuffed her fingers into Harry's mouth.

Then, she lowered herself onto Harry's erection.

"Oh, yes," she breathed, as she slowly bounced up and down on it. Harry sucked her soaked figures. This spurred her to greater movements yet, as his cock slid in and out of her.

Harry's hands found her breasts again. The structural integrity of the bleachers was tested, as his palms rubbed around them. She rode Harry as he massaged her breasts, and then he swirled his fingers around her hardened nipples.

"Play with my nipples," encouraged Kara as she continued to ride Harry's cock. She clenched him with her powerful pussy muscles, and found herself brought to an orgasm.

Harry trusted up and into her. He felt her hot center tighten around his throbbing penis, and his eyes just glazed back. Harry grabbed her shoulders to push her down onto him. He stuck his face into her chest.

Then his tongue slithered in between her breasts. He stimulated her cleavage with a hissing of Parseltongue.

Kara shrieked, and was driven to the point of multiple orgasms. Harry slipped his hands underneath her arse, and began to play with it. This caused Kara to lose it big time.

Harry stimulated her breasts with his tongue and mouth, and her arse with his hands. Both were so involved in their activities, that neither noticed the fact they floated off of the bleaches.

Kara's head was thrown back, as she screamed in pure bliss. She breathed her husband's name, as he continued to thrust into her and just worked over her entire body.

"Fucking cum in me Harry!" babbled Kara as they continued to float up. The roof vanished, as they continued to float up.

Harry just continued to suck her tits, as Kara reached around, to stroke Harry's balls. She grabbed it with her soft, but firm hand.

"I don't know if I can take much...more," breathed Harry. "Wet...tight...hot...baby you want my cum?"

"Yes, cum, now, in my pussy," whispered Kara, as she continued to grind onto Harry. She squeezed as hard as she could manage. Harry matched her movements, as he throbbed inside of her.

Kara screamed one more time, as Harry's release arrived. Both found themselves driven to the
heights of their passion. Harry's cock ejaculated its load inside her pussy. Kara squeezed him until his penis was limp and soft, for now at least. Every single last drop was drained from him.

They two wrapped their arms around each other in the afterglow, and gave each other a tender kiss. Harry's eyes opened, and saw that they were both outside, high above where they started.

Smut/Lemon Ends.

Both Kara and Harry descended back down into the gym. Harry conjured a blanket for his wife, as she took it.

"We…just ended up outside," said Kara after she caught her breath. "But it's freezing cold out there, and I didn't feel a thing, other than you inside me and pleasuring me."

Harry pondered for a second. He saw his wand in his pants.

"Warming charms and shield spells I believe," said Harry, as she moved to put her regular clothes back on. "Done without a wand, the ceiling vanished, and we ended up above the pull of gravity."

Kara returned, as Harry put his pants on. Both sat down on the bleachers for a moment to catch their breaths. They cuddled with each other inside the gym of the school.

"I enjoyed it," breathed Kara. "You really…it's just amazing. I never thought I could actually do that for real. Granted, the dreams were nice…"

"No, the dreams were far more elaborate," said Harry with a smile. Kara gave him a light kiss.

"Yeah, they were, we're working to that point," said Kara, as she cuddled against him. "But, I wonder…how far would we have gone? Could we have passed Earth's orbit even?"

Harry was visited by a rather interesting thought. "Sex in Zero Gravity might be the best."

Kara liked the way her husband thought.

"It would be, no boundaries for what we could do," said Kara, as she brushed her hair back, and put a hand on her chin. "Problem is re-entry and the vacuum of space. Without the proper protection, it's like not going to be feasible. Well not yet anyway…"

"We should be getting back," said Harry, as he helped her clear up and lock up the school.

Kara and Harry returned to the Potter family home, where Sirius sat in front of the television in the sitting room.

"Hey, Harry, come over here, one of Snape's relatives is on television!" called Sirius. Both Kara and Harry moved over, to see a green man on the television screen rant about how he hated all of the noise on Christmas.

"Hey, it's How the Grinch Stole Christmas," said Clark as he looked at the screen, as he walked from the other room. "I remember this special, I watched in a few times when I was a kid."

"A few times Clark?" asked Martha as she looked at her son.

"Yeah, you seemed to watch it about a dozen times a year," replied Jonathan, as he clapped his son on the shoulder. "I wouldn't be surprised if you could recite the entire thing by heart."
"It's a holiday classic!" protested Clark, as Kara and Harry sat on the couch, while Clark enjoyed the special from the chair. "It wouldn't hurt to watch a few minutes of it…you know for nostalgia purposes."

A few minutes meant the entire thing naturally.

"Dad used to read me the book version when I was little," said Tonks during one of the commercial breaks. "I actually read a lot of the author's books. The guy had some weird ideas. I wonder if he was a squib or something."

Everyone shrugged as they watched the animated version of the classic Doctor Seuss book come to life.

"I feel bad for comparing this guy to Snape," muttered Sirius in a somber voice when the special concluded. "He did learn his lesson. Snape never does, and likely never well."

A knock on the door had indicated some new arrivals. Dobby moved over, to let Alfred, Dick, Barbara, and Tim inside. Bruce followed a moment later, as he held a case in his hand.

"Bruce," said Clark reproachfully when he scanned the contents.

"It never hurts to be prepared, Kent," said Bruce as he moved into the house. "Nice décor, you two have fixed up this place nicely."

"Kara, Harry, you're house looks great," said Barbara as she moved around to greet her friends.

"How's your father, Barbara?" asked Kara.

"Oh, you know him, always busy," said Barbara. "We're doing the Gordon family Christmas thing a bit late, providing a gang war doesn't erupt in Gotham."

"So, how have you been holding up Harry?" asked Dick.

"I've been busy," said Harry, as Tim followed the two over as Kara and Barbara exchanged pleasantries.

"Things have been almost quiet in Gotham," inputted Tim. "Plus, there have been other things to do, people to see…"

"Oh, you mean like your girlfriend, what's her name…the Spoiler girl or something like that?" asked Barbara after she joined the conversation.

"Spoiler and I worked on one case together, it was to stop this Cluemaster guy," said Tim as he shook his head, as Dick just looked at him knowingly. "It was actually nice to do some detective work mostly by myself for a change. It's not like we're exchanging e-mails or anything."

"I should hope not, Tim," said Bruce as he walked over to join the conversation. "I would advise you to be discreet without a background check, or at least find out her secret identity before you tell her anything more."

Bruce walked over, and Dick remained calm, as he moved over into the area, where Harry introduced him to Sirius, Remus, and Tonks.

Christmas had been a bittersweet time for Dick Grayson. He had friends and family here, but many were lost. He allowed himself a few moments to reflect, but he noticed a rather amusing sight.
"Alright you little miscreant, I've been stewing about this for a long time!" said Alfred as he stared down Dobby. "You might have gotten the better of me once, but Alfred Pennyworth is not someone to be trifled with."

"Sir, wants another crack at Dobby?" asked the house elf with a slight grin.

"You guessed right, you little hobbit," said Alfred as he stood up proudly. "I challenge you to a duel."

Alfred paused for dramatic effect. "A gentlemanly battle, a dust off, to see who is better at the job."

"Would sir care to make it more interesting?" asked Dobby.

"The loser has to do the winner's duties for two weeks," suggested Alfred.

The house elf looked gleeful. "Then, sir, Dobby says it be on like Donkey Kong!"

"Oh it is on, it is on," said Alfred as he brandished a dust rag. "We shall dust until there is only one left standing. You will get to pick a judge, I will get to pick a judge, and we will have one impartial judge picked by my Master Bruce. Are those terms adequate?"

"Dobby agrees, and he will await the date," said the house elf, as he shook hands with Alfred.

The challenge of the ages had been issued.

"Well there's something you don't see every day."

Dick turned around to see Raven. Kara and Harry noticed her too.

"Hi, Rachel, what brings you here?" asked Harry. "Do you want to join us…"

"I'd love to Harry, but I'm busy," said Raven, as she handed the couple a package in the shape of a book. "I've just decided to swing by and drop off your Christmas present. Also, Hermione has a clean bill of health, and she, Diana, and Hippolyta will be stopping by in time for dinner."

"Okay," said Harry.

"Rachel, are you sure you don't want to stay?" asked Kara, but Raven shook her head.

"No, I'm just going to have a quick word with Dick about something," said Raven. "I'd advise reading that book at your earliest convenience; you might find some rather interesting information in there."

"Okay, we will," said Harry. "Thanks, Merry Christmas!"

"Thanks, Rachel," said Kara. "Have a Merry Christmas!"

"You too," said Raven, as she motioned for Dick to follow her outside.

The two former team mates stood outside, and away from prying ears.

"So, it's been a long time," said Dick as he looked at her.

"Yeah, it's been a long time," said Raven. "I know what happened seven years ago still weighs on you, how the entire team just broke apart after that bad series of circumstances. But the Titans had a great run. You should be thankful you kept us four in line for as long as you did. Not to mention
when we expanded, and branched out.”

Dick nodded, as he looked up. He remembered those final few months, and clenched his fist.

“You returned to do the Dynamic Duo thing with Batman,” continued Raven. "I sealed myself into a dimensional void for about two years. I guess we both coped in our own ways."

"So, have you heard from any of the others?" asked Dick.

Raven looked at him. "Well, Beast Boy and Cyborg are out there, but they're out of the hero business. Aqualad returned to Atlantis. Speedy, or Red Arrow rather, is working with Green Arrow in Star City. Kid Flash became the Flash, and he's the beloved hero of Central City. As for the rest, well…it's hard to say."

There was one name missing that neither wanted to bring up right at the moment.

"Yeah, we know what happened," said Raven. "She was a hero; she saved us all in the end."

"We never found her body," muttered Dick. Bruce had practically beaten into his head that no remains meant death was not certain.

"It's great you're holding out hope after seven years," said Raven, her tone softening. "It means there is still hope for you. Her sister really sold her out that time. She's always been spiteful, but she crossed the line that last time. And Starfire's entire planet paid, when that menace Blackfire cut a deal with wiped them all out."

Dick opened his mouth, but Raven was not done yet.

"Jason Todd and the others that died, not your fault either," said Raven. "Slade might have gotten the final victory over the Teen Titans, but he hasn't beaten you completely. Well, unless you allow him to."

"Yeah, I know," said Dick as he recalled the events of one of the doomed missions.

Slade had formed an alliance with a group called the Society of Shadows. Of course, Dick found out who their leader was years later, the immortal terrorist known as Ra's Al Ghul. Slade also cut a bargain with the Joker, to keep the Titans occupied while he unfolded his master plan. Red X, or Jason Todd, went in, but was over his head. He was beaten, and blown up by the sadistic clown.

The only managed to find his costume, and enough DNA to identify him. The costume was now restored in the Batcave.

"Well, just think about it," said Raven. "And try and have a Merry Christmas."

"Thanks, you too Rachel," said Dick as he turned, as Barbara stood on the porch outside. Others moved around in the background. "Just catching up with an old friend…"

"Yeah, well people are getting restless in there," said Barbara. "Lunch smells good so I think…"

Suddenly, the water began to bubble right above them. Kara and Harry bolted outdoors at the sound. Bruce and Clark followed behind them, bracing themselves for the worst.

"For the record, I did not even throw a bottle cap in that water," said Harry before Clark could say anything.

Aquaman arrived, with Queen Mera following behind him.
"I do decree that I smell a meal fit for a king!" declared Aquaman in a booming voice.

"Well, something does smell good," said Mera.

"King Arthur, Queen Mera, I hope you have been well," said Harry.

"Very much so, Lord and Lady Potter," said Aquaman in a boisterous tone of voice. "As always, a kingdom does not run itself. Yet when I had caught a whiff of the feast you had provided, I must sample it. It shall be a welcome change of pace, especially given the news myself and Mera have been blessed by."

Mera decided to give them the good news. "I'm currently with child, so needless to say I'm eating for two this holiday season."

Everyone outside offered their congratulations.

"Come on, let the poor lady breath," said Clark after few moments with a chuckle.

"So, do you want to join us for lunch?" asked Harry with a grin.

"I'd be delighted," said Aquaman as he walked inside. "I thought I'd have to invite myself in…"

Mera followed her husband with a fond smile. The feast did smell wonderful, and the Potters did have a lovely home.

"Arthur Curry, don't track seaweed on their carpet!" called Queen Mera, which caused much amusement from certain parties.

No one needed to fear the Hogwarts Killer, because Ron Weasley was on the case. Ron walked around the Great Hall. He wore a deer stalker hat and held a magnifying glass in his hand.

"Ron, what the bloody hell are you doing?" demanded Ginny.

"Ginny, I'm on the hunt for the Hogwarts Killer," said Ron with a smile. "Just think, it's going to be absolutely wicked when I find him. I'll get a statue built in my honor, maybe even a chocolate frog card. Or maybe even a supply of chocolate frogs?"

"That's nice Ron," said Ginny, who rolled her eyes. She could not see how someone could be that delusional.

She was over Harry Potter now. He could have his happy little life with his little Kansas farm girl. His happy little boring life that is, as Ginny frowned. She hoped he was suffering on Christmas now that he did not have her to build a life, and a family for him.

No one talked to her. Ginny felt like a social outcast. She was the most popular girl in the school last year and now everyone turned on her because they thought she was a killer.

Ginny shook her head. Her dad dying had really done a number of her. She had not even talked to him when she left for Hogwarts, because she was upset with him.

She walked off, unable to take any more of this. Ron continued his search around the Great Hall, but dinner distracted him.

Well, until someone screamed, and that caught his attention.
Ron bolted to his feet, as he nearly tripped over them. He saw a figure strung up by tinsel in the hallway leading up to Hogwarts. Snape, McGonagall, and Dumbledore showed up, and saw the strangled form of Cormac McLaggen.

"I just found him like this!" yelled Ron. "The killer, he's here...he's close..."

McGonagall and Snape moved off. Slughorn arrived a moment later.

"My word, first Zabini and then McLaggen," breathed Slughorn. "Could someone be after the Slug Club..."

"We should not rule that out as a possibility, Horace," said Dumbledore lightly, as he saw another package on the floor. "And it appears our Hogwarts Killer has left another message."

Snape and McGonagall returned. They shook their heads at Dumbledore's unasked question. Dumbledore gently pulled open the golden wrapping paper.

The stone dropped to the floor, and a ghostly image appeared. Snape heard the obviously distorted and altered voice.

"Are you taking this seriously yet, Dumbledore?" asked the Hogwarts Killer. "How many lambs are you willing to send to slaughter before the ends no longer justify the means? Your move, but you are nearly in checkmate, bumblebee. Sleep with one eye open, hold your pillow tight, and Merry Christmas. I could be watching you right now, and you'll never know it. Maybe I'm standing right beside you."

Dumbledore spun around, and drew a deep breath.

He hoped it was over, but his trouble has just begun.

Lois Lane walked up to the Potter Family home. She was curious about this hot tip that Harry had called her about. Even on the holidays, the news never stopped. Her Christmas would be rather quiet. The General was not too big on the holidays, and her sister was off doing her own thing.

She knocked on the door.

"So what was that..." started Lois, but she stopped when she saw Clark had been the one to answer the door.

Lois and Clark stared at each other, outside of the professional atmosphere, and the silence was awkward. Kara and Harry stood in the background, with calculating grins on their face.

Kara watched them stare awkwardly at each other. She and Harry did their part, now it was up to Lois and Clark what happened from there.

With a smile, Kara watched Harry move over to join the others for lunch. She thought about the Christmas gift she was about to give him after they were done eating.

Six weeks she researched the matter in whatever free time she had. After her conversation with Raven, the guilt she had for keeping this from Harry ate away at her.

Kara Potter was convinced she found the key to free Harry from the Horcrux, and her solution would allow him to keep his full powers.

It had to work.
Chapter 25: Christmas Part Two.

After some prodding, Lois had been invited in for lunch. She decided that free food was free food, although she kept staring daggers at Harry and Kara for what they pulled. They just smiled at her.

Kara meanwhile was deep in thought. She had been thinking about something based on Raven's conversation about six weeks ago after the battle of Grundy. It ate her up inside to have to not tell Harry the truth.

"There is always more than two choices," thought Kara, who had been pouring over some of the books in her free time, plus she racked her brain based on the knowledge of magic she had acquired when on Argo. Yet, magic while vast, was not the definite authority in the universe. 'It's neither yes or no, there is always other options.'

"Harry, come on, I'd like to give you one of your Christmas presents right now," said Kara with a smile.

Harry looked at her, and Kara led him downstairs.

The doors locked behind them, and Harry and Kara were alone with each other. The two sat across from each other.

"You didn't have to get me anything," said Harry.

"I knew you'd say that," said Kara with a fond smile, but then she grew suddenly serious. "Harry, this is a really big thing that you're going to have to trust me on. I swear on my marriage vows, my powers, and my status as the house of the Noble House of El that this will work."

"Kara, I trust you one hundred percent, I love you, you know that," said Harry as he grabbed her hands, and pulled her closer.

Kara gave Harry a passionate kiss. She took a peak at the Horcrux. It was nearly gone, but still hovered around the most dangerous spot on Harry's brain. Yet, she was satisfied in her part of wearing it down. She broke the kiss.

After they broke the kiss, Kara held Harry by the hand.

"Harry, I need you to take us to the Fortress of Solitude," said Kara as she looked at him. "Your present is there."

Harry looked at her, and Kara clutched onto him. They vanished with a soft pop, and the couple reappeared inside the Fortress.

"Accessing molecular separated chamber, password Lara," said Kara as she looked at the computer.

Her brainstorm had been based off of an off handed comment Harry made. He wondered if Kryptonian technology could remove the Horcrux. Kara said she did not know, and the matter had been not been brought up again. Yet, Kara thought about it, and wondered.

She researched the matter and looked at everything her cousin at the Fortress. Just three days ago,
she managed to hit upon something that might work, or so she hoped.

"Access granted," said the computer, as the doors slid open.

"Step inside Harry," said Kara, who hoped in her heart she was not making the biggest mistake of her life, and Harry's.

Harry stepped inside, and Kara pressed a few buttons.

"With any luck, you'll be free Harry," said Kara in a soft voice, as her blue eyes looked at him. "Just focus on all of the love we have for each other, okay?"

Harry nodded and was sedated, as Kara bit her lip. She programmed into the computer to lock onto the Horcrux.

'Please for the love of Rao, work,' thought Kara biting her lip, as she made sure the energy crystals were properly aligned.

She entered the final command, and Harry found himself bombarded with the energy inside the chamber.

Kara watched, hands clasped together, but a black shade that resembled a snake faced man was separated from Harry. The shade was faintest, worn down from months of activities between the two. It was most certainly much weaker than the three Kara blasted with her heat vision. Harry blacked out from the effort, as the shade vaporized, unable to be sustained without its container.

The doors opened, and Kara looked down at Harry. She had thought she had killed her husband on Christmas Eve for one scary moment.

Time stood still. Yet, Harry still breathed, his heartbeat, and he was glowing.

Kara rushed over to the computer, and switched over to prepare a scan. In a few minutes, she would know if she would have to get the gold Kryptonite or not.

Time ticked by.

On his throne, Voldemort had a seizure, and fell down the steps to the ground. He almost felt like he was having a Muggle heart attack. Yet, the greatest Dark Lord of his time could not die because of an ailment such as this. He moved forward, as Wormtail dutifully helped him up.

"Away, it's just merely indigestion!" snapped Voldemort, as he clutched his wand, and the dark wizard forced himself back to his feet, but then collapsed once again.

Harry woke up in a swirling mist, as a red haired woman with green eyes stood there right before him.

"I always knew she was the right one for you," said Lily, with a bright smile, as Harry got up to face his mother.

"Mum?" asked Harry, but Lily hugged him tightly. Harry was embarrassed, and pleased at the same time. This was the first hug he remembered getting from his mother. "Am I…"

"No, Harry, you're free of the shackles of that Horcrux," said Lily. "And you have powers beyond the wildest dreams of most normal magic users. Every mother says she wants the best for her son,
but I went several steps beyond that."

"I thought for a second the Horcrux would eat through the protections," said Harry. "I…I wondered if I would live to see my first wedding anniversary."

"Kara she found another way through," said Lily. "She didn't want you to suffer through the burden, months of waiting for what happened like some sword over your head. The guilt she felt for holding that secret over you for even a short time must have been inhumane. I won't keep you from returning to her much longer."

Lily just paused.

"A few things you need to know," said Lily. "You do have powers, but powers without training are useless. You still have much to learn about them, but that's a journey you will take in due time. Voldemort is merely the beginning, and his end is near."

"What about Voldemort?" asked Harry.

"You see, when he took your blood, he fucked himself over," replied Lily, and Harry was surprised to see his mother swear. "Royally fucked himself over, the bastard's on the floor right now, sniveling like a little girl I always suspected he was and yelling in pain. Why don't you be a dear, and put him out of his misery?"

"You mean I can go and defeat Voldemort now?" asked Harry.

"Yes, Harry, you can defeat him now," said Lily. "Take your darling bride, and finish this the moment you wake up. Don't forget the snake, and remember I'll always be with you, where it matters."

Lily pointed towards Harry's heart. "Just open your mind a little bit, and Tom will lead you to him. And give him a swift kick up the arse for your dear old Mum."

"I will, Mum," said Harry with a laugh, as Lily gave him another hug. "I…love you."

"I love you too, dear," said Lily. "Now go kick his arse."

Harry laughed, as he prepared to wake up and return to the woman he loved.

Kara gave a jubilant scream of triumph. Harry's power levels had peaked, and he had not sacrificed one bit of his powers. His brainwaves registered as normal. The damage done to his brain from the Horcrux was repaired, and all of his vital signs registered healthy.

Harry's eyes opened, and Kara stood over him. Her expression brightened with relief. She hugged Harry, as he got up to his feet.

"Your plan worked out, my love," said Harry, as he returned the hug and kissed her fully on the lips. The two floated up, high and touched the ceiling of the Fortress. They then dropped back down onto their feet. "My full powers are unlocked, the Horcrux is gone."

Harry gave another her long and deep kiss.

"Raven's theory was a bit off then," summarized Kara.

"Yeah she was wrong, her calculations were way off," said Harry. "I figured out about the Horcrux, and what it was a while back. That's why I asked you about the technology here at the Fortress."
"So you knew?" asked Kara.

"I knew," answered Harry, as he kissed her again. The kiss lasted a while. Harry pulled away, reluctantly. "But, we've got one more piece of business to deal with."

Kara's eyes widened.

"Today's the day where I fulfill that little prophecy and get Riddle off my back for good," said Harry.

Voldemort forced himself to stand up up, as his hands burned. It was like his body was coming apart. The blood caused his internal organs to boil and his skin to begin to blister.

"No!" screamed Voldemort, as this defied every bit of magic that he ever studied. His body could not be failing him like this. The ritual eighteen months ago worked perfectly!

"Hi, Tom, Merry Christmas!" yelled Harry, as he appeared and knocked Voldemort back into his own throne.

"Potter, I'll kill you," hissed Voldemort, as Wormtail looked up in fear. He tried to turn into a rat and scurry away, but Harry immobilized him in a cage.

"I'm sure you'd like one big last dramatic fight to the finish," said Harry, as he secured Voldemort. "But we all can't get what we want in life."

Voldemort found his body burning up from the inside. He never felt pain, but yet he was suffering now.

"My blood hurts, doesn't it? Rips you apart, doesn't it? You might have lived a bit longer had you not decided to believe that silly little Prophecy."

"I'll kill you…" managed Voldemort, but the Dark Lord was thrown across the room like a javelin. "Nagini, protect me…"

Nagini slithered from behind, but a heat blast nailed Nagini hard. The snake exploded into a fiery death, and the black shade left her.

Harry's ring glowed blue, as he knocked Voldemort around again. Voldemort reached for his wand, but Harry stepped on it. The wand busted in half. The ultimate sign of disrespect for a duel, as Voldemort tried to attack, but he found himself incapable of doing magic. Harry began to dismantle his body with ruthless aggression.

Kara floated over, and watched her husband dismantle this miserable excuse for life.

"Potter, I don't understand this," said Voldemort in a soft voice as he only barely held on through the sheer force of will. "You shouldn't be this powerful!"

"That's the source of my power, Voldemort," said Harry as he inclined his head to Kara. "My beautiful wife, her and I, we have a lot in common, and being annoyed by the fact you stubbornly cling onto life like a little girl is only one thing."

"I'll get revenge on you for this Potter," whispered Voldemort.

"Not today, not ever," replied Harry as he inclined his head towards the Dark Lord.
"He doesn't get it, does he?" asked Kara. "I think all of those Horcruxes breaking might have cooked his brain."

"What?" demanded Voldemort, as he felt his body break apart even further. Yet he would not be denied.

"Your little anchors to cheat death, they went up in flames," said Kara, as she blew a mocking kiss good bye. "And now, you're about to go goodbye too."

"Who is this girl?" demanded Voldemort.

"Remember that flying man you've been obsessing about the past few months," said Harry. "Kara's his cousin, so I'll let your mind fill in the blanks from there."

Voldemort screamed in agony. He cursed the day Snape ever told him that prophecy. It was all Snape's fault!

"I would feel sorry for you, if you weren't kind of pathetic," said Harry, as he watched the paralyzed Voldemort. "Goodbye Riddle, we won't see each other again. You can spend your Christmas burning in hell!"

In one last ditch effort to save himself, Voldemort tried to possess Harry. Yet, this was a failed attempt, as his broken soul could not penetrate the shield of protection around Harry. He tried to return to his physical body, but Kara flew over and blasted the decayed shell to ashes with her heat vision.

The decayed soul of Tom Marvolo Riddle had been pulled beyond by something more powerful than he ever hoped to be.

He was gone. Harry sighed, as he felt the weight of the world lift from his shoulders.

"Don't want to forget Sirius's present," said Harry, as he picked up the caged Wormtail, before he grabbed Kara, and they popped back home.

Voldemort's ashes fluttered on the floor, forgotten. His followers were none the wiser to his demise. He had told them to leave him unless he summoned them.

The Greatest Dark Lord of his age went out not with a bang, but with a whimper on Christmas Eve.

Kara and Harry returned to their room, to allow a moment for their victory. Wormtail was secured and kept like the rat he was. Raven appeared immediately.

"So, you did find another way," said Raven, as she looked at both of them.

"Guess I did," said Kara smugly.

"I'm glad," said Raven before she looked at Harry. "So are you going to tell them about Riddle?"

Harry looked at her. He just nodded stiffly. "I'll figure out what I want to do about that after the holidays, but I'm inclined to just let the entire lot of them stumbling around blindly."

"It's your prerogative," said Raven. "I'll be leaving you both now."

Kara and Harry turned and Raven was gone. The two remained in their room alone. They wrapped their arms around each other, and kissed in celebration. They had to be careful things did not get
too heated, but they snogged for several minutes.

"Kara, you're amazing," said Harry, after he broke the kiss. "You…"

"Harry, I spent the better part of the last six weeks trying to find out a way around it," said Kara. "It tore me up inside to see you have this thing hanging over your head. I'm glad you suggested the Fortress technology to me. I researched everything, and found it."

"So how did you know it would work?" asked Harry.

"I didn't," said Kara with a sheepish grin. "You know, Kryptonian technology, it was really our only hope. Earth Technology might not have done it, but Kryptonian technology we were light years ahead. After all, it's essentially magic compared to Earth technology."

"Well you're brilliant, my beautiful princess from the stars," said Harry. "And you gave me three great gifts."

Kara looked confused, so Harry elaborated. "One you figured out a way to have me get rid of the Horcrux. Two, Riddle's gone and I don't have that hanging over me. And three, I met my Mum when I was lingering between life and death. Thank you, best Christmas ever."

Harry grabbed her, and gave her another deep kiss. She returned it. It was hard to maintain control. Harry had all of this new power within him, and it nearly made her to do all sorts of amazing things with him.

They broke their kiss, and Kara reached over to grab the book Raven gave them. She flipped through a few pages.

"Hey, Harry, I was thinking about something," said Kara. "If we had five other girls, as great as your powers are, they could be even greater, and just think of the possibilities."

"Kara, where are we going to find five other girls?" asked Harry.

"Well, I'm sure there might be plenty out there," said Kara. "How about…"

"No, Kara, listen, I know you like to experiment," said Harry, as he grabbed her hand and looked at her sternly. "I only have eyes for Blonde Kryptonian females. That's my type, that's all that will ever turn me on."

Kara looked at him, but she had to smile.

"Wow…my husband's particular about his tastes," said Kara, but she had a grin on her face. "You know…I was thinking about something else…just something I felt when we kissed for the first time, back in Vegas."

Harry looked at her, and wondered where this was going.

"Well, when we kissed it felt absolutely magical," said Kara, who felt her husband's frustration that he did not remember it. "Harry, this might sound stupid, especially given how this term has been cheapened over the centuries. But I feel in my heart, I know what we're...destined to be together."

He really had no idea where this was going.

"There are some people who are just destined to be the perfect match," continued Kara. "You know, they could be born in different times, different places, different planets, but if they meet
they have a connection. When I kissed you, I felt something wonderful. I just wish you could remember it, because I know you felt it too."

"Are you trying to tell me that we were bonded or something the moment we kissed?" asked Harry, and Kara nodded.

"Yeah, the rings added to the protection, and we got married, so it's kind of on paper," said Kara, as she held Harry. "There's a spell right here in this book that will let us know for sure if we're...."

"Soulmates?" suggested Harry.

Kara nodded, as Harry read the book, before he nodded and performed the spell.

"It says we should glow gold if we are," said Harry, as he prepared to perform the spell.

Seconds later, the couple was illuminated in a blinding gold light. Harry and Kara exchanged yet another heated kiss in triumph.

'One girl I found would be the one I was destined to be with,' thought Harry. 'Well my luck was bound to work out right eventually, law of averages and all.'

They broke apart, as they gazed into each other's eyes.

"Harry, I'm sure there are no other Blonde Kryptonian females around," said Kara after a moment. "But if I'm wrong...I won't complain about letting them into our relationship."

"Kara, that's fair," said Harry with a chuckle. "I swear on our marriage vows that if we find any women like you, then I'll be happy to include them in our union."

"I swear likewise on my marriage vows," said Kara in joking manner, but at that moment, the rings glowed blue. She was caught off guard. "Okay, that was weird."

"Likely just a backwash of me coming into my full powers," said Harry with a dismissive shrug.

"We better go, everyone probably thinks we're having lots of steamy, passionate super sex in here," said Kara, as she held onto him tightly.

"Well I'd like to think we will be once we kick everyone out after Christmas," said Harry with a grin.

Harry appreciated what his wife did for him, and on Christmas, he would give her a gift to help her as well.

Severus Snape hated Christmas, the entire Christmas season. He had no reason. He hated the noise, and the students cheerfully babbling about their presents. If only he could stop Christmas from coming.

If Dumbledore had not forbidden him to do so, he would put a stop to the entire thing. If Snape could get away with it, he would steal Christmas.

Yet, Snape had a present delivered to his Potions Lab on that day. He wondered who could have sent him something. He took a step forward, and checked it. He opened the present.

It was a music box. Snape tapped the music box with his wand.
The box burst open, and started playing "It's a Small World" over and over again. Snape screamed in horror, as he tried to destroy the box, but it seemed indestructible.

It seemed like something Black would do. It was almost like Sirius Black was taunting him from beyond the grave. Yet, Black was dead, so Snape had no idea who had sent him this twisted travesty of a gift.

The song rang in Snape's head, as he needed a really big hammer to get the song out of his head.

Snape managed to fetch a sedative which would put him out for the count.

Sirius laughed like a madman.

"I wonder if Snape got my gift," said Sirius, as people looked at him like he was insane.

Vernon Dursley was a perfectly normal man, who led a perfectly normal life, with his perfectly normal wife.

The Dursleys sat around to watch television. Dudley returned from the holidays, but he seemed rather distant and quiet. Vernon suspected it was because of a long term at the school. Petunia continued to try and spy on the neighbors out the window, as Vernon watched the news.

"Patronus Incorporated continues to gain a ground swell of support in their operations over in Metropolis, with feelers having been sent overseas," said the newscaster as Vernon watched with disinterest. "In the ashes of the disgraced LexCorp company, this new force in the business world is breaking barriers. Analysts state they are on track to turn a rather healthy profit for the final quarter of 2000, which means good things for the New Years. The co-owners Harry and Kara Potter have put together a winning team, but there is still room for growth!"

Vernon nearly choked when he recognized the boy with a blonde woman on television.

"Vernon, are you okay?" demanded Petunia, as she walked into the living room. "It's the boy…and…his wife."

"Yeah, that farm girl he met in Las Vegas," said Vernon as he just looked at the couple through his beady little eyes. "He must have knocked her up, it serves the freak right."

Dudley just watched the television. Several thoughts went through his head.

'My cousin seems to have moved up in the world,' thought Dudley. 'And…and…he's married to…he's married to…Supergirl? How did he…he'll be the envy of everyone. How did he manage that?"

Dudley's brain nearly short circuited from that particular revelation. The Dementors had given him a new perspective on life, but years being raised by his parents were hard to overcome. The fact Harry managed to remain mostly upbeat despite the situation, made him jealous at times. That's why he bullied him a lot. No matter what, Harry refused to let Dudley or his parents get to him. He refused to break, or cry. He just stood his ground.

Despite all that happened, Harry kept fighting and stood tall.

Dudley Dursley thought about writing this cousin, but what do you say to someone who you tormented and belittled for fifteen years?
The electricity went out in Number Four Privet Drive.

"Great, I pay how much a year?" grumbled Vernon, but the door blew open as a crazed woman with dark hair and a Santa hat appeared. "What the devil are you doing here…?"

Bellatrix Lestrange stood and whipped her wand. Vernon and Dudley were sent spiraling off of the couch. Petunia went to dial for the police, but the dark witch flicked her wand. The phone turned into mice, which caused Petunia to shriek in horror.

"Why are you here?" demanded Petunia. "What in God's name do you want…?"

"No, nothing in his name, I can assure you that," said Bellatrix as she stared down the other woman. "There are enough things done in his name that make even me sick."

Bellatrix knocked the Dursleys back with sadistic fury.

"I'm here because you kept Harry Potter for all of these years," said Bellatrix.

"We were forced," said Vernon as his heart beat sped up. "He's a freak…we never loved him…we forced him to do chores, wait on us hand and foot."

"So, you decided to use a scion of an ancient and noble house for slave labor!" shrieked Bellatrix, and Vernon looked at her, lost at what to say. "Half-blood he might be, but half of his blood is pure, and therefore you've committed a grave crime you must be punished for!"

Dudley tried to catch Bellatrix off guard with a punch, but his own fist smashed against an invisible wall.

"Mum and Dad, run!" yelled Dudley, as he tried to hold Bellatrix off, but the crazed dark witch tore through Dudley with a purple light.

The mangled bloodied form of Dudley Dursley was sprawled on the carpet.

"My precious, poor Duddydums," breathed Petunia, but Bellatrix shot a slicing spell right at her throat.

Vernon tried to back off.

"I swear you won't get away with this!" yelled Vernon.

"Don't swear, it's not polite," said Bellatrix in a sweet voice, before she finished Vernon off.

The crazed dark witch destroyed the electrical fire, and replaced it with a traditional model. She levitated the dead forms of all three Dursleys into the fire. She casually took out a bag of marshmallows from her robes.

"Muggles roasting on an open fire!" sang Bellatrix, as the smell of burning flesh filled her nostrils. "The fire is burning at their flesh!"

She roasted some marshmallows over the burning forms of the Dursleys. Killing Muggles always made her work up an appetite.

Bellatrix Lestrange departed from the premises, as she blew up the windows and left a dark mark above the house.

"Joy to the world, the Muggles are dead!" sang Bellatrix, off key, as she skipped down the street,
blowing up things at random. "I barbequed their heads!"

At that point, a pale figure dressed like Santa Claus walked into focus, to stare at Bellatrix. Underneath his beard, he had permanent grin and green hair poked out from underneath his hat. He looked at Bellatrix as she skipped merrily down the street, blowing up Christmas decorations.

"And people think I have issues," chuckled the Joker as he turned around, in disguise as Santa Claus. "That woman is absolutely nuts. I think she needs some shock therapy or something!"

The Joker decided to let himself out of Arkham, and head overseas to spend the holidays. The guards did not protest too much, in fact he left them smiling. Besides, he did promise he would be back after the first of the year. It was free room and board and food after all.

"Harley, do you have that truck here yet?" asked the Joker.

"Right here, puddin'," said Harley Quinn as she was dressed in her normal makeup, but wore a skimpy Mrs. Claus outfit as opposed her normal harlequin outfit.

"Excellent," said Joker as he looked at the truck she backed up. "I've been making my list and checking it twice. All of the good little boys and girls in this town are going to wake up with nothing, but smiles."

The crazed clown let out a sadistic amount of light.

"Mistuh J, are you sure that will be enough?" asked Harley.

"Harley, it will be plenty," said the Joker, as he checked the list he made. "Now off to the orphanage, the sooner I get out of this place, the better. There is a raving lunatic dancing around, blowing things up. I mean who does that?"

The Joker laughed in a crazed voice, as he pushed a button, and blew several buildings sky high, just for the fun of it. He got into the truck, and Harley drove down the street. The clown sang the old holiday classic, "Jingle Bells, Batman Smells" as they made their way to their destination.

'I wonder how Red's doing right now,' thought Harley. 'Christmas always does a number on her, with all of the trees being cut down. Hope she's coping well.'

The happy couple prepared to distribute their own brand of Christmas cheer.

In the dining room, Lois and Clark were left alone. One could cut the tension with a knife.

"So, Lois," said Clark.

"Clark," said Lois. "So…nice place Harry and Kara have here, isn't it?"

"Yeah, it is nice," said Clark, as he looked around. "Look Lois…we need to talk…"

"Talk, I suppose I can listen," said Lois as she looked at Clark. Twenty nine years old, and she had never been confused more than with her current relationship dynamic with Clark Kent.

"So you know who I am," said Clark. "You know that Superman is Clark Kent."

"Yeah, I suppose I should have known," replied Lois in a somber voice. "I mean, just a pair of glasses, I'm supposed to be an investigative reporter. Who falls for something like that?"
"How many people would have connected it together?" asked Clark. "I mean, does anyone suspect to have Superman have a secret identity? If I had to be Superman twenty four hours a day, seven days a week, I'd lose my mind."

"I can see that," said Lois with a chuckle. "Everyone expecting you to do everything, be everywhere, it's hard to deal with."

Lois just looked at Clark. Clark Kent was this small town farm boy, a bit cheesy, but with a good heart. Superman just seemed larger than life, and it was hard to reconcile the two.

Then again, that's why no one could figure him out.

"So, where do you and I stand?" asked Clark. "It's...you know it's going to be hard for me to maintain a normal relationship."

"Yeah, I know," said Lois in a quiet voice. "But shouldn't I have some say on that, if I wanted to Clark? Let's just work through this, one step at a time, and see where it takes us. If it goes somewhere, then let's just go there. If it doesn't, what do we have left to lose?"

"How about dinner on Friday, after work?" asked Clark.

'We have to start somewhere," said Lois, as Clark looked up. "Sounds like a date, Smallville."

"Um, Lois," said Clark, as Lois looked up to see mistletoe floating above them.

"Those two conspired to set us up," said Lois.

"What two Lois?" asked Kara, as she showed up with Harry, as the mistletoe continued to levitate in the air above Lois and Clark.

Clark looked up, and saw Sirius on banister, with his wand.

"Sirius," said Clark in a rough voice.

"What?" asked Sirius innocently.

Lois opened her mouth, but Clark kissed her. She was surprised, but returned it.

"It's about time," said Kara in a low voice as Harry nodded in agreement. The two walked into the sitting room where the others were talking. Aquaman and Queen Mera wished them a farewell, and returned to Atlantis.

Dolores Umbridge returned to the Department of Mysteries. She walked past the group of Unspeakables. She barely noticed the cage containing the two white lab rats was open, and they were missing.

Umbridge returned, under the guard of Aurors to face her prisoner.

"So, you've been my guest for some time," said Umbridge, as she looked at the prisoner. "I will grant you demise, as long as you share the secrets of your race with me."

"Never."

"FILTHY GREEN ABOMINATION!" snapped Umbridge as she held her wand, fire shooting out of it, as she saw the creature recoil. "Ah, your kind has an aversion to fire, I take it. Just think about
what I can do to you, if you continue to refuse me."

The Aurors and Unspeakables walked off, as Yaxley faced Umbridge.

"He continues to be stubborn as always," said Umbridge.

"Well, one day he will crack, Dolores," said Yaxley in monotone.

Yaxley watched Umbridge leave. He adjusted his cloak, and just looked on with a calculating expression.

He knew Lord Voldemort perished a couple of hours ago. It was rather sooner than he expected, but it was inevitable. Voldemort had ordered his Death Eaters to leave him unless they were summoned. It would be some time before any of those fools would be able to put together the pieces.

Yaxley knew who had killed them. Yet, he would remain calm. He had come a long way, and within a matter of months, no one would be around to stop him from fulfilling his ultimate objective.

The entire assembled party at the Potter Home sat around the sitting room. Most of them listened to Sirius telling stories about the good old days at Hogwarts.

Kara heard voices outdoors.

"Hermione, Hippolyta, and Diana are here," said Kara, as Dobby moved over to get the door. The door clicked open and the trio of Amazons moved their way in.

"So glad you can make it!" said Kara.

"Good to see you back on your feet, Hermione," said Harry.

"Yeah, finally," said Hermione with a shake of her head. "Mother wanted to take an entire army up to Scotland because I told her about some of the things that I went through at Hogwarts…"

"Well, Hogwarts seems like a dangerous place," said Hippolyta as she looked at her youngest daughter. "If you weren't there, Harry, I shudder to think what would happen."

"I really didn't like when Donna said it was supposed to be one of the safest places in that world," added Diana darkly. "I would hate to see their definition of dangerous."

"Believe me, I would as well," said Harry, as Kara and Harry introduced them to everyone.

"So, Wonder Woman?" inquired Bruce as he looked at the woman.

"Yeah, I guess that's what the papers are calling me," said Diana, as she surveyed Bruce. "Princess Diana of Themyscira."

Bruce did hear rumors about a hidden island of women, but he had never had the opportunity to follow up on them.

"Bruce Wayne of Gotham City," said Bruce with a smile, as Clark walked over. "This is Clark Kent, he's a reporter in Metropolis, but he was raised in Smallville."

"Pleased to meet you both," said Diana, as she looked at them. "Mother wanted me to head over to
Man's World, she's come to the realization it's long overdue for us to have a diplomatic representative over here."

"Well you seem to be up for the job," said Clark with a warm smile.

"Hermione, you and I need to talk, in the other room," muttered Harry. "The three of us, head down to the basement."

Kara, Harry, and Hermione all moved down the stairs. Diana looked around, and spotted Sirius Black in the corner.

"Have we met before?" asked Diana as she surveyed Sirius.

"Um, I think I would remember someone like you," said Sirius with a gulp as the taller woman looked down at him, as Remus and Tonks looked at them.

"It seems like I need to put a monitoring collar on you," said Remus as he looked at Sirius. "What did you do now, Padfoot?"

"Death Eaters, chased, blown off course, I landed on the island, all women, and…" said Sirius. "I was just trying to be friendly, you know…"

"Sirius," said Remus as he shook his head.

"It was eighteen years ago!" yelled Sirius, as he looked at Diana. Clark, Dick, Barbara, Tim, Alfred, and Lois all looked amused. Even Bruce had a slight smile. "Look, um, Diana isn't it?"

"Yes," said Diana as she looked at Sirius.

"Sorry!" yelped Sirius as he turned into his Animagus form and scrambled under the table.

"Don't worry about him," said Tonks as she looked at Diana. "He's not so bad, in fact you should see him as a baby, and he was almost cute. And then he got older."

Tonks pulled out the dreaded baby pictures, as everyone else scrambled around for a better look.

Bruce finally got his revenge for the pink cowl incident all of those years ago. Barbara, Tim, and Dick laughed.

"Again, Sirius, you bring these things on yourself," remarked Remus to the dog whining underneath the coffee table.

"Hey, Hermione, recognize this rodent," said Harry, as he held the cage containing Wormtail in it.

"Harry...you...found him," said Hermione as she tried to process what happened. "How did you do it?"

"It wasn't too hard," said Kara as she looked at the other girl. "He tried to scramble away, but Harry caught him. Harry was great in there, not as great as he was when he defeated Voldemort."

Hermione nearly fell off of her chair.

"Who...what...when...why?" asked Hermione as she shook her head.

"Voldemort's dead, because I killed him," said Harry in amusement.
"How?" asked Hermione, as her mouth opened and shut, but no words came out.

"I think you broke Wonder Girl," said Kara in amusement, but Hermione just glared at her. "You knew about the Horcrux in Harry's head and how he had to get rid of it…"

"Kara, you know what will happen if Harry knows about it!" yelled Hermione as she sprung up.

"Yes, and we figured it out," said Kara as she folded her arms. "There's always another choice, and thus I brought Harry to the Fortress of Solitude. I used a molecular separation chamber to separate him from the Horcrux."

It dawned on Hermione. She blinked several times.

"Harry has his powers," said Hermione and Harry nodded, as he demonstrated wandless magic and flight. "He has them, and…Riddle's gone."

"He's done," said Harry, before he turned to the rat in the cage. "Hey, Wormtail, perhaps Tom should have listened to you. I mean, didn't you tell him to take someone else's blood? Guess, you were smarter than him, eh Wormtail."

Kara and Harry proceeded to take their friend through the story. Hermione was jubilant, and also felt guilt for the part she played in nearly leading Harry to his doom.

She nodded as they concluded their tale.

"Well he's gone, we can move on," said Hermione with a nod. "Are you going to tell the sheep?"

"Do I look like an idiot Hermione?" asked Harry. "Just think about why I wouldn't tell those people anything."

They prepared to break this news to everyone else. Harry hoped Sirius would like his Christmas present.

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Tom Marvolo Riddle traveled across the grounds of Apokolips. He refused to believe it. He had taken steps, to ensure he would live forever and rule the entire Wizarding World of Britain. There was no way he could have died. His followers would bring him back, eventually, and Lord Voldemort would rise again.

He smelled the brimstone in this place, and he came face to face with a figure even more imposing than he could hope to be. A mannish looking woman dressed in green with a staff looked at him, with a sadistic smile on her blackened lips.

"All rise for Great Darkseid!"

The slaves rose to address this figure, as Tom looked up.

"So, Tom Marvolo Riddle, we meet at last," said Darkseid as he surveyed the miserable human before him. "I find myself quite underwhelmed."

"I don't know who you think you are," said Tom, as he looked up at Darkseid. "Know that Lord Voldemort is…"

"You will be silent," said Darkseid in a commanding tone. "You might be the most feared Dark Lord in a hundred years on your world, but I am a god."
Tom stared up at this force, and Darkseid continued to look down on him, as if he was a miserable cockroach. "And I only bring you to this place so you can register the full scope of your defeat. How utterly worthless you turned out to be despite all of that power. And now, you bore me, so I shall send you on your way."

Before Tom Marvolo Riddle could open his mouth, Darkseid sent an Omega Beam down upon him, and vaporized him at the point where he stood.

What remained of Riddle's soul was condemned to a torment beyond all words.

**To Be Continued in Christmas Part Three.**
Chapter 26: Christmas Part Three.

"Kara and I have something to share," said Harry, and the entire group moved around, wondering what it was about. Hermione sat down beside them. "First, Sirius, Tonks, and Remus, I have something for you."

Everyone crowded around, and Harry pulled out a caged rat. There was a moment of silence before anyone spoke. Sirius's eyes widened, Remus looked surprised, and Tonks stammered for a minute before she found the will to speak.

"How...how...how..." managed Tonks as she tried to gain her bearings. "For the past year, I've been overturning every single stone looking for that rat...how long have you had him?"

"About four hours, five hours, something like that," said Harry, and Kara nodded in confirmation.

"Where was Wormtail hiding?" asked Remus.

"I need everyone to swear that what I say from here on out, does not leave this room," said Harry. "I trust you all, but I don't need this information blabbed."

"Sounds like you're on the cusp of a really big bombshell," said Bruce.

"The biggest," said Harry, as he took out a projector device. It was created by Patronus Incorporated, and while it was a prototype, it would serve the purpose. "Everyone just watch the wall."

Harry plugged the headband onto his head. Then the images flashed upon the screen.

Every moment of a few hours ago, right as Harry lived it. The entire group watched what Harry experienced. The Horcrux left his body, the final battle with Lord Voldemort, and Voldemort's demise.

"So, you're free," said Clark to break the silence.

"Free from Riddle, maybe," remarked Bruce in a stoic voice.

"Always the optimist, aren't we, Master Bruce?" asked Alfred.

"Harry dealt with him," added Jonathan. "That means he's no longer out and about in the world."

"Well, Harry satisfied the prophecy," said Dick.

"So, he can finally take a breath and relax," said Barbara with a smile. "Just in time for Christmas, and Kara...of all of the gifts you could have given him that just really shows what Harry means to you."

"I really don't know what to say," said Diana as she looked from Harry to the screen. "That's the monster that caused so much destruction, one of the worst examples of..."

"He's gone, Voldemort's gone, this is the best day ever!" yelled Sirius, as he looked at Wormtail. "Ah, Peter, it's been a long time, finally you are going to have your day of reckoning."
"As much as I'm pleased about this, it's not going to be that easy," said Tonks. She hated to be the piece of dragon dung in the pumpkin juice, but they had to be realistic given the current state of the Ministry.

Harry just looked at them, but he had an idea what he should do from the beginning.

"Here's what I think we should do," said Harry. "Number one, the Wizarding World obviously is big on denial, so it would serve them right if they have a taste of their own medicine. Hint that Voldemort might have met his demise enough where it reaches the right people so they can get out and do what they have to do."

Everyone just nodded, as Harry continued to explain.

"Number two, let's just say for the sake of argument I told them I beat Voldemort," said Harry. "Given the current state of the Ministry…what do you think they would do?"

"They would try and capture you," inputted Bruce.

"Or they would brand you as the new dark lord," said Clark darkly.

"Yeah, sounds like the people who would do that," said Lois.

"Or worse yet, they would try and take credit for the hard work we both did," said Harry. "The Wizarding World is going to burn itself out. I feel bad that a lot of people didn't make it out in time, but I think a lot of people have and will. Some have seen the light, while others are going to be crushed underneath it."

"What if Dumbledore finds out?" asked Remus.

Naturally Harry had already figured that.

"Dumbledore's tunnel vision is something I hope to exploit," answered Harry after a moment's thought. "He had the grand plan all laid out before the moment I walked into Hogwarts. I wonder how many of those little fires I had to put out, that Dumbledore could have squashed five minutes into the school year. That was, if he could have been bothered to."

"Given what Donna said, all of them," said Diana in a grave tone of voice.

"Yes, I do agree, that world really must have been a main point of reference when many of the Amazons had made their impressions on Man's World," inputted Hippolyta.

"So, what about the rodent?" asked Sirius impatiently.

"I was getting to that, cool it," said Harry as he looked at his godfather. "From what I've been able to find out, British Ministry of Magic has a horrific relationship with their Muggle government. While other Ministries don't exactly bow down to the Muggle governments, they make sure that they don't cause a potential incident that would tick the majority of the country off."

"The Ministry has been slowly pushing the Muggle government off to the side," said Remus. "For the past three hundred and twenty years, it's been slowly happening. The Ministry wasn't too happy that the colonies were allowed to declare their independence. That's why the United States is technically a no visit zone, because the Ministry doesn't acknowledge their authority."

"What about the International Confederation of Wizards?" asked Bruce.
"And you know about this…” stared Sirius, but he stopped at a look and realized. "Oh right, you're you, nearly forgot."

"We'll see what we can do to get a meeting with them, to get Sirius cleared," said Tonks.

"Yeah, that would be good, explaining everything without revealing Voldemort's demise would be a devil of a thing to do," said Harry. "But we're just going to have to take this slowly, keep Wormtail trapped for a while, and we'll be able to go from there."

Everyone nodded, but Dobby called them for dinner. Now with that out of the way, Harry could move on with his life. Alfred moved over, as he eyed Dobby, but found no fault with the food.

Harry had a secure vault in the Basement where he would keep Wormtail. There was no way he was getting out any time soon. He would only feed him cheese and water, like the rat he was.

In the Hogs Head late on Christmas Eve, Professors McGonagall, Flitwick, Sprout, and Slughorn all sat around a table, hoods over their heads, in hushed conversation.

"We have a situation," said McGonagall as she looked around at her fellow Professors. "Do any of you even have the slightest clue who the Hogwarts Killer is?"

Sprout, Flitwick, and Slughorn all shook their heads.

"I'm the Head of the Ravenclaw house, and this matter vexes me," said Flitwick. "Do you think there could be more than one killer?"

McGonagall just looked thoughtful. She nodded. "I do wonder if there might be a collective, although we are dealing with someone rather dangerous as the mastermind. Most of the students have left, which should have cut down on the potential suspects."

"You would think so, but you'd be wrong, Minerva," said the voice of Mad Eye Moody, as he showed up. "I wish I could be wishing you a Merry Christmas, but I would hate to make light of the circumstances."

"I take it you've heard of the Hogwarts Killer, Alastor," said Slughorn.

Moody just laughed darkly.

"Heard a lot about it, and knew Dumbledore or the Ministry both have no idea what is truly going on," said Moody as his eye rolled around, and he sat down. The bar man moved around in the background. "I've been thinking about this case with every free moment I've had. We should not rule out one of the murder victims being the killer."

McGonagall considered this point. That would really complicate things.

"Think about from the point of view of a crazed killer," said Moody. "What better way to create an alibi than killing yourself? Just leave some random Muggle corpse, transfigured to look like you. Purebloods tend to be the type that rush the burial after all."

The teachers had to acknowledge a new wrinkle in the plans, and they were back to square one.

"What do we do about Dumbledore?" asked Sprout.

"Just hope that his life ends rather shortly when one of his schemes blows up in his face," said Moody. "The man might be made of Teflon. He has made a lot of allies, and they all want to keep
him in power, so they can maintain the status quo."

Moody took a swig from his hipflask.

"Dumbledore is the personification of the status quo. But the status quo is dying. The Ministry has been de-fanged. The Muggles have prepared to take the fight to them. Voldemort is obsessed with Potter, and his Death Eaters run around aimlessly."

"Do you have any idea who it is, Moody?" asked Slughorn.

"I would have told you if I had a crystal clear idea," said Moody as he looked at them all with both eyes. "Watch your back, and remember constant vigilance!"

The grizzled former Auror turned to walk away, but he paused to turn to the four teachers.

"I was never here," said Moody roughly, and without another word, he disapparated with a crack.

Moody returned to his home, where he saw a light on. Given he did not turn it out, his suspicions were raised. He clicked open the door, and turned around as he heard something stir.

He fired a hex at the wall, but only set a stack of clothes on fire. At that moment, Moody felt his wooden leg blown out from underneath him. The leg was reduced to sawdust, and the grizzled Auror found himself at the business end of a wand.

"So, Alastor Moody, you've been interested in what I've been up to."

The voice had been distorted. The figure wore black and white robes that did not give any clues to the gender of the attacker, even though Moody knew it was female. The face underneath the robe was covered in white makeup, with a pair of sunglasses to cover the eyes. The hair was shoved underneath a bandana.

If Moody had to hazard a guess, the attacker was between the ages of fourteen and sixteen, still a student at Hogwarts. It was just the way she carried herself.

"Yeah, I've been curious," grunted Moody, as the wand was blasted out of the well. "Clever, girl, whoever you are…"

"I'm who this world has made me to be," said the Hogwarts Killer, voice modulated and devoid of any emotion. "Are you holding out for a hero just like Dumbledore?"

"I don't believe in heroes," said Moody in his gruff tone. "I believe that people like you will be brought down to justice."

"Who might that be?" asked the Hogwarts Killer, as the wand waved from side to side. "Do you have any last words before I eliminate you?"

"Constant vigilance," rasped Moody, and a triangle of lights appeared to box in the Hogwarts Killer. "Nice little security system, I have. Even Dumbledore couldn't break out of that…"

"You should have paid more attention to your own advice," said the Hogwarts Killer, and Moody's eye spun into the back of his head, just in time to see a meat cleaver stabbed into the back of his neck.

The hologram of the Hogwarts killer faded off into the darkness, as the real killer wrote her message in Moody's blood.
Silent night, bloody night, another pureblood sheep lead to slaughter, your resolve will falter.

Moody bled to dead, as the Hogwarts Killer ripped his magical eye out of his head. It would prove to be useful in her mission.

Another victim bit the dust, and she called it a day, until New Year's Eve.

Most of everyone had gone off to bed. Kara and Harry sat on the floor of their living room, doing some final wrapping of Christmas presents.

"Make sure we wrap Clark's in lead foil, so he doesn't sneak a peek at three in the morning," said Kara, and Harry did as his wife had suggested. The two rested against each other on the floor. They wondered if they should just crash on the couch, and not risk the long trip up to the bedroom.

It had been a long day after all. Harry conjured a blanket and some pillows for both of them, as he helped Kara up onto the couch. The couch was magically expanded to be a bit more comfortable for the both of them. Harry lay back using the pillows, and Kara rested against Harry. They pulled the blanket onto them, as they relaxed in front of a roaring fire.

They were about ready to drift off to sleep, when suddenly the heavy footsteps of a twenty six year old man snuck into the living room.

"Clark, you should be in bed," said Kara in an off handed voice, and Clark just paused. He looked up, like an oversized kid with his hand caught in the cookie jar.

"I heard something," said Clark with a guilty expression.

"Oh, like us going to bed," said Kara. "Ma and Pa told me about you, and we made sure to wrap your presents in lead foil."

"Oh, just like Santa Claus did," said Clark with bright eyes.

Harry's eyes opened, and he looked at Clark incredulously.

"Whatever helps you sleep at tonight, Kal-El," said Kara with a fond smile. "As in through the night, until a decent time of the morning. Or I swear, I'll put you in the Phantom Zone until next Christmas."

Clark's mouth opened wide, and Kara and Harry laughed. They could not believe he took them that seriously.

'My cousin, the super dork,' thought Kara.

"I did meet him once you know, ran into him at the North Pole," added Clark, before he chuckled. "You can't keep any cookies around with him around. Well good night, Kara, Harry."

Kara and Harry just blinked.

"Was he serious?" asked Kara. "Or does he have a sense of humor after all?"

"Kara, I don't know," said Harry as he thought about it. "Given I've found dragons, giant snakes, and mountain trolls, things that people thought were make believe, who's to say that he doesn't really exist?"

"He sees you when you're sleeping, he knows when you're awake," said Kara, before she realized
Santa Claus and Batman had to be related; there was no other explanation for it. At least that's what made sense in her sleep addled brain.

Plus that would explain how much he fit so much into that utility belt.

Kara and Harry drifted off to sleep, ready for another day, their first full day without the specter of the prophecy looming over them.

Christmas morning had arrived, and after breakfast, everyone gathered around the tree to open presents. Clark, Harry, and Kara passed them out, being the fastest of the three at doing the job. Tonks and Sirius looked the most excited about the presents.

"Well given the way you two have been acting, there might be nothing but coal," said Remus, which caused everyone to laugh at the looks at the faces of Sirius and Tonks.

"Hey, coal can be useful," commented Bruce lightly. "You never know, the price is going up year after year. It can put a dent in your budget."

"Point taken, but I still like presents better," said Sirius. "But hey my godson and his wife gave me the best present I could hope for, the rat. And hopefully in a few months, I'll be completely and utterly free."

"Enough talk, presents!" cheered Tonks as she bounced up and down, but got pushed down by Kara and Harry.

"Please don't do that on my carpet again," said Harry in a stern voice, and Tonks just pouted.

Clark opened his from Kara and Harry first. He pulled out a pair of glasses.

"Dare I ask why you got me a pair of glasses?" asked Clark.

"Not just any pair of glasses, Clark," said Kara.

"They're especially charmed so no one can figure out that Clark Kent and Superman are one and the same," said Harry.

"Plus, if someone accidentally knocks them off your face…well they won't get accidentally knocked off your face," added Kara. "And they won't break either."

"You know those would have come in handy about six weeks or so ago," remarked Lois, with a chuckle.

"Oh, this one's from me," said Barbara, as she pointed to the present, and Harry opened it.

"Superman for the Nintendo 64," said Harry as he read the title.

Kara glared at Barbara, who had trouble keeping a straight face.

"Barbara, why did you get my husband a copy of the worst video game ever?" asked Kara.

"I think Harry might enjoy an actual challenge for once," said Barbara with a grin.

"Wait a minute, they made a game about me," said Clark, astonished and curious.
"Yes, and it sucks, really sucks out loud," said Kara.

"Yeah it's pretty bad," agreed Tim. "I only made it to the second level."

"Third for me," said Dick, and Bruce just shifted. Everyone awaited for him to speak.

"Three nights of my life I'll never get back," grumbled Bruce, looking at Clark as if he held him personally responsible. "I finished it and noted about three hundred and eight seven game glitches, at least."

"At least," said Clark with amusement.

"Yes, I suggested Master Bruce spend a night at Arkham Asylum instead of trying to finish that dreadful game," said Alfred dryly.

"Actually that was just my own joke," said Barbara. "I chipped in with Tim and Dick to get you this."

Kara and Harry opened to see a DVD Player, with an assortment of DVDs.

The Kents had got them an assortment of pies and cookies. Needless to say, dessert was taken care of for the next month.

They got to Bruce's present next, and it was a large metal box.

"It contains video archives of a good chunk of my missions," said Bruce as he looked at them.

"Does this include that time you used the shark repellant?" asked Kara.

"Well you'd have to watch them and find out, wouldn't you?" remarked Bruce. "It is completed; I'd say about eighty five percent of my career. I feel that there is not much more I can teach you, but you may learn something from the benefit of the many mistakes I've made."

"I take it that even the great Batman has made a few," said Harry.

'Just one word,' thought Bruce to himself. 'Batusi, but I may have cut that one out. Although to be fair, hypnotism was involved.'

A few more presents opened, but Hermione looked excited.

"My present's next, open it!" said Hermione.

"Okay, Wonder Girl, calm down," said Harry, as he looked at Diana. "Make sure she goes nowhere near any sugar. It makes her kind of hyperactive."

"Hey!" yelled Hermione, and she gave a mock pout.

"Will do," said Diana as she looked at Hermione, who folded her arms. Hipployta looked amused.

Harry and Kara opened their presents, and there were super hero uniforms.

"I assume the one with the skirt's yours," commented Harry.

"Well, I should hope so," said Kara as she looked at her husband with a teasing smile. "No offense, you wouldn't look good in a skirt."
"No, I'm not Scottish enough," answered Harry with a grin, as everyone laughed.

"Better not let McGonagall here you call a kilt a skirt," said Remus. "Sirius did and…well…"

"Yes, must we bring up every stupid thing I did in the first twenty years of my life," said Sirius with a sigh.

"No, we got to save some things for next Christmas," chimed in Tonks, and Sirius just folded his arms.

"I thought this was Christmas, not pick on Padfoot day," remarked Sirius.

"No that's next Tuesday," said Remus.

"Yeah we got it circled on the calendar and everything," added Tonks with a smile, as everyone laughed.

Sirius just whined like a dog.

Harry and Kara looked at the costumes. Kara's was a short blue shirt with a Red "S" on it. There was a red mini-skirt that went along with it, and red boots. There was a red cape that went along with. Harry's was a black top with a Gold "A" on it, and red and gold pants, with black boots, and no cape.

"Yeah, Harry I know you don't like capes," said Hermione.

"No, I don't think I'd look good in a cape," said Harry as he looked his wife. "Kara looks fine in a cape."

Harry added in an undertone so only his wife could hear. "You'd look good in nothing but a cape."

Kara just grinned at that statement, as they enjoyed their gifts.

"They're virtually indestructible too," added Hermione. "Only another Kryptonian could damage them."

They nodded, as more presents were unwrapped for the next few minutes.

Everyone exchanged their thanks for what they had received.

"I'll give you your present later tonight," whispered Harry in Kara's ear. "It's kind of private."

Kara could hardly wait.

After lunch, there was a snowball fight outside of the Potter Residence. The snow was coming down rather briskly, but the real winter storms would not occur until later that evening. Two teams were stationed. It was Kara, Harry, Dick, Tim, and Barbara against Hermione, Sirius, Tonks, Remus, and Clark.

"Isn't it funny how all of your little protégés are on the same team?" asked Lois to Bruce.

"You're welcomed to join in, you know!" called Clark.

"For one, I don't have a dry change of clothes with me," replied Lois. "And second…I'd kick all of your asses and humiliate you. It wouldn't be a fair fight."
"It's just a snowball fight, not war combat," said Tonks.

"Yeah, well you try telling that to my father," said Lois in amusement as she sat down next to Bruce. "I'd figure you wouldn't be joining in."

"Well, it would be unfair," said Bruce without missing a beat.

He had combat training with everything, and could throw projectiles with the best of them. It would stand to reason that even Batman could throw a mean snowball. Yet, it was much more amusing to watch. The battle occurred. Tonks managed to survive the longest, and fight five on one odds, before beating Barbara, Tim, and Dick in succession.

"Someone's getting their training upped after the holidays," sang Lois.

"I do find myself disappointed" said Bruce as he looked at them.

Yet despite Tonks and her savage efforts, Kara and Harry worked together, and put her down, burying her under several snowballs.

"Still haven't lost your touch since your third year, have you Harry?"

Harry spun around, and saw Percy Wesley standing beside him. Despite the fact he was panicking, Harry remained calm.

"What are you doing here?" asked Harry.

"Relax, Harry, I come in peace," said Percy as he held his hands up, but Harry just looked at him. "Yeah, I know, you don't have any reason to believe me. The entire trying to discredit you thing last year, and all of that...I was a part of that, but you see..."

"He was spying on Umbridge and Fudge for me," said Tonks. Harry just blinked.

"Why is it that I'm always the last person to know about these things?" asked Harry, causing Tonks to back off, fearful.

"Well around that time, you were still drinking Dumbledore's Kool-Aid hardcore," said Tonks with an apologetic grin, as Kara just held Harry.

"I'm willing to swear an Unbreakable Vow that I have no ill intentions," said Percy. "Or spend an entire year sharing a bedroom with Ron and having to put up with his snoring."

"Are you sure you're the real Percy Weasley?" asked Hermione as she looked at him. "You aren't acting like you have..."

"A huge stick up my arse," offered Percy, and that got some snickers out of certain parties.

"Pretty much, yeah," said Hermione as Percy just looked at the black dog.

"Tell Sirius that I know, and I'm looking for the rat," said Percy.

"Beat you to the punch, well we both did," said Kara, and Percy looked confused.

"Unbreakable Vow, swear it, you're not getting any more information," said Harry, as Percy nodded.
He supposed he did treat Harry a bit unfairly, and hoped some of his family could be salvaged.
Percy swore undying loyalty to Harry Potter and his associates, and would rather die than betray him.

"That might be a bit much, just swearing you'd tell the truth would have been sufficient," replied Harry, but Percy just nodded.

"I know, but I just want to make sure there are no doubts," said Percy as he waved off Harry's protests. "Okay, you got my vow, now spill."

Harry and Kara told him the story of how they captured Wormtail, and the defeat of Voldemort. Well most of it, there were a few details they left out. Even with the Vow, Harry was not inclined to give full disclosure on his powers to someone who was inside the Ministry of Magic.

"Not one word of this to the Ministry," said Harry after they finished. "Or really anyone for that matter, I want the threat of Voldemort alive to keep that world off my back for as long as I can."

Percy nodded, he knew where Harry was coming from, and even if that was not something he would do. Still he was bound by the vow he had hastily accepted.

"So he's dead," said Percy as he looked at him. "After all of this time…he's dead."

"Yes," said Harry with a dismissive shrug. "I'm kind of glad to get that weight off from around my neck."

"Well, I just stopped by to let you know the Ministry's likely going to undergo massive cuts," said Percy. "The Minister is facing an inquiry from the International Confederation of Wizards, Fudge is too, and Umbridge got a letter as well. And I think Dumbledore did as well. It seems like certain events from the past few years have come to light, and they're not happy."

"Oh my, could people actually finally be held accountable?" asked Harry in surprise.

"We can only hope," said Percy with a nod.

"So would you like to stay for dinner?" asked Harry.

"Thanks Harry, but I've got to get back before I'm missed," said Percy. "Just…have a Merry Christmas and stay safe. You earned your happiness, and more."

Harry and Kara stood by each other. This was the absolute best Christmas of either of their lives, and after an early dinner it would end.

Then they would exchange gifts with each other in the comfort of their own room, but that was still to come.

Albus Dumbledore sat in his office at Hogwarts. He held a rather official looking letter, a summons from the International Confederation of Wizards. It was an inquiry about his actions, both in running Hogwarts and his role in the government of Wizarding Britain. It appeared they were throwing the blame regarding the existence of Voldemort at his feet personally.

He sighed at how unfair the International Confederation of Wizards were acting at the moment.

Dumbledore had a dilemma. He had to leave the school on New Year's Eve to answer this summons, but that would mean leaving the school unprotected to the Hogwarts Killer.
Then how would he be best able to explain about why he did not go after Voldemort, without telling them the prophecy? Even in his mind, Dumbledore knew they would never understand.

Dumbledore wanted this nightmare to end. He hoped that these attacks would bring Harry back, but he had left the world behind. He had been seduced away from his destiny.

At this rate, Lord Voldemort would enslave the world and live forever.

It would take some doing not to get thrown in prison as an International War Criminal, but Dumbledore knew the art of double talk fluently.

After the long three day holiday, Kara and Harry returned to their bedroom.

"As promised I got your present right here, there are actually two of them," said Harry as Kara looked at him in anticipation. "Here's the first one."

Harry handed her a wrapped box, and she opened it. Kara opened the box, to pulled out a silver bracelet.

"It's beautiful," she breathed, as she threw her arms around Harry, and kissed him in thanks. Harry returned the kiss for a moment.

"Beautiful just like its owner, but try it on," said Harry, and Kara did so. "Now, open your other present."

Kara opened the box; it had been shielded with lead, not that she would take a peak. She pulled it open, to reveal a small chunk of Kryptonite.

She opened her mouth, but then realized something. The Kryptonite was not affecting her at all. Kara could even pick up in her hand, and touch it without any adverse effects.

"Merry Christmas," said Harry, but Kara just tackled him onto the bed, and began to kiss him heatedly, in absolute passion. Harry returned it, as the two lovers continued their activities for a few minutes.

"I didn't know you even came close to finishing it," said Kara.

"Well that's the surprise," said Harry as they sat on the bed and gazed into each other's eyes. "I'm free of Voldemort, and as long as you wear the bracelet, you're free of the Kryptonite."

Even if it didn't shield her, Kara planned to wear the bracelet always.

"So, are you going to do the same thing for Kal?" asked Kara.

"Well, I'm not about to give your cousin a bracelet," said Harry in a joking manner and Kara giggled at the thought.

"He doesn't seem like the jewelry type," said Kara.

"However, I think I can work on some sort of shield," said Harry as he put the Kryptonite safely into the box. "This bracelet is matched to you. I would have to do an entirely different process to work on getting your cousin ready, but I have ground work done and everything should work. Plus there might be something in the Fortress of Solitude to help."

Kara nodded, as she stroked Harry's hair and looked into his eyes.
"I'll be back, Harry, in a second," said Kara. "I need to get your other present."

In a few seconds, Kara returned. She wore a skimpy green and red top, and a short red skirt. She wore a red stocking on her right leg and a green stocking on her left leg. She topped off the outfit with a cute little bow on her head. She held a candy cane in her hand.

Kara took the candy cane, and licked down the length of it, winking at Harry.

"So, Harry," said Kara as she laid before Harry with a seductive pose, as she took the candy cane and sucked on the tip. She asked, in a low voice, "Are you going to unwrap your present?"

**Smut/Lemon Begins.**

Harry leaned forward to give her a kiss on the lips. Kara returned the kiss, as she began to work her arms underneath Harry's shirt. Her hands worked the shirt over the top of Harry's head, to cause his hair to fly into disarray. She broke free and rubbed his abs with her soft hands. Harry reached around. He slowly pulled off her top. Her perky and firm breasts bounced before him.

Kara smiled, as she sat on the bed topless. Harry leaned forward, and rubbed her shoulders along with her bare back. He kissed her, and she returned it, as she worked her tongue into his mouth. Kara's breasts pressed against Harry's bare chest. She grinded up against him, as Harry slowly released her mouth, before he planted kisses down the side of her neck.

The girl moaned in pleasure, as Harry sucked her neck and then her shoulder.

Harry reached her breasts, and squeezed them. He took her right nipple into his mouth, and began to suck it. Kara's head arched back, as he switched to her left nipple. His mouth, and tongue worked over them.

"Worship my tits, my powerful tits," encouraged Kara, as Harry sucked on her magnificent breasts. She felt soaked with arousal, as Harry continued to use his skilled mouth. At that moment, Kara managed to barely have the presence of mind to work her hands behind Harry. She removed his belt, and slipped his pants down.

His boxer covered erection pressed against her skirt covered center. Harry looked at her, and slid down, before he slid her skirt off. He looked at the neatly trimmed patch of blond hair that covered her perfect and powerful pussy. Harry began to lick her out. He worked his tongue in slowly, speeding up the moments as each second ticked by.

"More," encouraged Kara, and Harry started to hiss into her vagina. She shrieked in pleasure.

'Rao, I thought he might lose that when he lost the Horcrux,' thought Kara, as her eyes glazed over. She put her hands onto the back of his head, and shoved his face in, before he began eat his wife out.

Harry tasted the sweet juices. He could never get enough, as he brought Kara to orgasm several times. He lapped up everything she had each and every time.

She collapsed back on the bed. Then Kara lifted one stocking covered leg, and began to rub Harry's erection through her stockings. Harry's eyes felt blissful, as Kara pulled down his boxers with her stocking covered legs.

Then Harry reached, and slowly slipped them off. Her long and shapely legs were on display. Her perfect feet, smooth and soft also invited him. Yet Kara gracefully fell back on the bed, and spread her legs. Her body was covered with sweat. Her nipples perked up, as her hair draped over her face,
which had a look of pure love. She lifted on hand to beckon Harry, and she sucked on her fingers.

"Make love to me," encouraged Kara, as she presented her pussy towards Harry. Harry kneeled down, and teased her.

Kara felt chills run down her spine, as he sent magical touches down every inch of her body. Her nether regions were soaked with desire. He kissed her body. She whined, as Harry knew how to tease her and drive her wild.

Eventually, Kara saw Harry's penis hover right over the top of her opening. He flew into the air, and, slid into her. Kara felt herself stretched, and she wrapped her hands around Harry's back.

Harry gave slowly gentle strokes at first, to savor the moment. Kara's eyes glazed over, but she wanted more. She wanted to be pounded. Her legs locked around Harry's waist, as she leaned up to whisper in his ear.

"Faster Harry, really give me a work out," moaned Kara

Harry obliged his wife as he sped up the tempo. He felt Kara contract around his cock. Her powerful pussy managed to put his upgraded powers to the test.

Orgasm after orgasm, and Kara felt herself being rocked. She feared for the first time, that she would burn out before Harry did.

Yet, Kara Potter did not admit defeat. As her husband's powerful penis continued to slam into her Kryptonian pussy, she felt herself brought to greater passion.

Harry felt his wife's determination, and it turned him on. He continued to thrust deep inside her. Her pussy clamped around him, as she tried to milk him to an early climax. Yet, Harry would not give up. He put his head down, and feasted on the flesh of his wife's supple C Cup breasts.

"Yes, that's it!" encouraged Kara, as her legs tightened around him. He sped up his movements, and pounded her. "I don't want to get up, pound my pussy so I have to spend Boxing Day in bed!"

Harry continued his movements. Her wet center continued to rub against him. Her pussy walls, tight, contracted around his length. The gifts given to him allowed him to stay at full strength, longer and longer.

"I think you've about broke me, Kara," grunted Harry. "Going to cum."

"Yes, explode, I need your seed!" shouted Kara, as she clutched Harry into her breasts, as she continued to squeeze him. Harry's tongue vibrated into her cleavage, and she shrieked.

Harry blew his load into her pussy. Her pussy clenched tight around his penis. A normal man would have been pasted by now, but with the powers at Harry's disposal he was no normal man. Several thick white ropes of cum shot into Kara. Kara wanted every last drop of it. She felt so full with her husband's semen. She felt satisfied, as she squeezed him until he was limp.

Lemon/Smut Ends.

Harry pulled out, as the two rolled to the end of the bed, and pulled the blankets. They collapsed on the pillow, held in each other's arms, spent from their lovemaking.

"Love you so much," said Kara, as she snuggled her face into Harry's neck.
"Love you too Kara," said Harry, as he wrapped his arms around her.

The two lovers just melted into each other's embrace, as they fell asleep. This was the perfect ending to the perfect Christmas.
Chapter 27: Inquiry Part One.

Demeter Greengrass made her way to meet her mysterious admirer in Diagon Alley. The forty five year old woman was dressed to the nines in the finest robes which showcased her body. Ever since her husband had been killed ten years ago, she had raised her two daughters alone. Phillip Greengrass had been smothered in his sleep by a Lethifold, a nasty monster that resembled a cloak.

Yet, Demeter was a woman, who had needs that must be filled. She satisfied those needs with much younger men. They were legal, but barely. Many of them were young enough to be her son. Yet, those young wizards between the ages of seventeen and twenty one satisfied her. Wizards were in their prime at that point, but they burned out rather quickly after that, unless they were remarkable wizards. At least that's what she figured.

Demeter was disappointed when she heard from Narcissa Malfoy that Harry Potter had gotten married. Despite her loose standards, she had a strict moral code and one of her stipulations was never seduce a married man. It was a shame, she had been keeping a countdown going on to the point Harry Potter reached the age of consent. But that was in the past, there were other fish in the sea, even if none of those fish did banish a dark lord at the age of one.

Recently she inherited a great deal of money from her brother, Archibald Zabini and she also received a massive fortune that Sophia Zabini had acquired from her previous husbands. Naturally her nephew Blaise being killed allowed her to become next in line for the windfall of gold. Her already massive wealth of gold had become even greater. Despite the fact the goblins upped the transference fees.

Then the Ministry of Magic got their hand out, but she was still a rather wealthy woman. She could buy a few countries with the gold she had, but it was a matter of finding someone to run them.

Right now, she was late for a very important date. Demeter opened the door at Club Sinclair, deep in the seedy underbelly of Knockturn Alley. Here, she was meeting her mysterious admirer. She hoped he was young and ripe; she enjoyed breaking new wizards in.

"Hello, I'm looking for a mysterious gentleman in white robes," said Demeter as she looked around, for her suitor, and her eyes traveled to the burly bouncer.

"Are you Demeter Greengrass?" asked the bouncer.

"Yes," said Demeter as she looked at the bouncer.

"Back room, third door on the right," said the bouncer.

"How old are you handsome?" asked Demeter as she eyed him like a piece of meat.

"Twenty five," said the bouncer, and Demeter just sighed.

"Too old," she said dismissively, as she moved her way to the back of the club and opened the door. "I'm here, are you ready to ring in the New Year?"

The doors and windows slammed shut, as Demeter Greengrass turned around. She saw a figure dressed in black and white, with white face paint, sunglasses, and a bandana. The figure swooped onto her, and disarmed her.
"Who are you?" asked Demeter as she stammered, but she found the blood inside her body begin to boil.

"No one can hear your screams but me," said the killer, as Demeter Greengrass collapsed on the floor, blood pouring from her mouth.

The young man was allowed out of the closet. He was paled, trembled and twitched.

"You don't know where she's been," said the killer, as she disappeared, leaving the young man standing over a dead body, shell shocked.

The guards entered the back of the bar, and saw the shell shocked young man standing over the dead body. Immediately, they assumed the worst.

"Alright, the Ministry's going to be here," said one of the guards. "You're going to have some explaining to do for killing a pureblood heiress."

Another victim was claimed by the sadistic killer of purebloods, on New Year's Eve. An innocent young man was dragged off for questioning, and the Ministry would seize the perfect opportunity to maintain the illusion that they were doing something useful by putting him away in Azkaban for a long time. Especially when they found out he had a fair bit of gold to his name.

Outside on an ice skating rink, Kara and Harry were having fun, despite their less than graceful efforts in this endeavor. Despite the fact they were both rather graceful on their feet or in the air, put a pair of ice skates in the equation, and they tended to stumble and bumble.

The two skated in an out of control manner, before the couple crashed hard on the ice. They held onto each other, as they fell down hard. Thankfully they were both durable, as otherwise it would have hurt them badly.

They laughed at their own misfortune, as Kara grabbed Harry, to try and pull him up. The two scrambled to their feet, and made it to a park bench just off to the side of the ice skating rink. They took off their skates, and put their snow boots back on.

At that point, a pop signified a new arrival. Mister Mxyzptlk appeared, and hovered over them. He cleared his throat, but was ignored. He waved his hand, and pots and pans appeared. He began to bang on them with a spoon, but he still received no attention from the couple.

Mxy gritted his teeth, as he conjured an air horn and blew on it, but the two just sat on the bench, enjoying hot chocolate they had brought with them. The fifth dimension imp was once again ignored.

"Look Harry, I think we scratched something in the ice!" yelled Kara speaking up after a couple of minutes and pointing. She squinted to look at it, and Harry did as well. "I can't quite figure out what it says."

Mxy was growing rather impatient at this moment. After the little scheme the Potters pulled on him during his last visit, he wanted some payback. Especially given he spent all of that time sleeping on the couch because his little fun had ruined his wife's credit score.

He conjured a radio and played loud music at full volume, but he still got no response. Mxy lost his patience at this point.

"Hey, you goofs, I'm right here!" yelled Mxyzptlk.
"Be quiet Mxy, we'll play with you in a minute," said Harry as he waved his hand. "Yeah, Kara, I think we did scratch something in the ice. It kind of looks rather faint…can't really read it."

"Yeah, I don't think I can do anything else, or pay attention to anything else until I figure out what it says," said Kara, as she kept a straight face. "How about you, Harry?"

"Same here, babe," said Harry as he looked at the message. "Let's see, I can't quite make it…"

"OH FOR THE LOVE OF GOD, YOU ILLETERATE BOOBS!"

Mxy flew over, and put on a pair of reading glasses, as he looked the ice.

"Okay, you dorks, I'll tell you what it says and then we can get down to business," said Mxy as he read the word scratched in the ice. "It says Kltpzyxm!"

He realized what just happened, as Kara and Harry waved at him. His jaw dropped, before he spoke. "Ah, crap."

Mxy was sucked back into the Fifth Dimension once again. The two spent a moment laughing out how they fooled the little terror for a third time, before they exchanged a triumphant kiss.

"So, are you ready to head in?" asked Harry, after the kiss broke.

"Yeah, we had fun trying to ice skate," said Kara as she would cherish the memories. "So how about some lunch, and then we'll do something special?"

"That'd be nice," said Harry. "Let's go fly to Venice for lunch. You know, as in Venice, Italy."

Kara looked at him, caught off guard, but nodded. She grabbed her bag, and Harry grabbed his, as they both jumped into the air without a second thought.

The weather was not too bad, a bit windy, but they were bundled up and had good control. Now that Harry did not have his little anchor in him, his flight powers increased to what they should have always been.

"The International Confederation of Wizards recognizes Albus Dumbledore."

Albus Dumbledore stood before the council of some of the top magical communities in Europe. While magical users existed elsewhere in the world, few countries outside of Europe had a separate magical government.

"This inquiry is to deal with Albus Dumbledore's inaction regarding the terrorist known as Lord Voldemort and his Death Eaters," said one of the men in a rough accent. "Never has there been a bigger disgrace than what has occurred over the past fifty years under your care, Dumbledore. There have been dark wizards in other nations, but there has never been a Lord Voldemort.

"I can assure you if this happened in France, this Dark Lord would have been hunted down with the full extent of the Ministry."

"Likewise in Italy."

"Spain would not allow such a monster to come to power either."

"Bulgaria is insulted that a magical nation allowed such a monster to remain unchecked."
Other representatives assured that Voldemort would not happen. The translation spells within the chamber would allow everyone to understand the language they spoke. Dumbledore waited, as he saw Umbridge and Scrimgeour sit, unblinking.

"Lord Voldemort is a unique circumstance," offered Dumbledore in a calm voice. "I have come to the realization that only one has the power to defeat him, and that's Harry Potter."

There were gasps, and looks of disgust from many of the delegates.

"You have determined that a dangerous dark wizard could only be defeated by a minor," said one of the representatives. "We have often called into question the very nature of the Boy-Who-Lived legend, and many of us believe the legend to be a hoax. The events of that Halloween Night were only decided to be valid on your word, and your Ministry went along with your story. Given Voldemort returned and continued his reign of terror, we feel he was imprisoned for all that time, and someone broke him out. The Ministry enabled and likely funded him as a way to keep their Muggle government enslaved."

"That's a lie!" yelled Umbridge, jumping up to her feet, but a jolt of magical energy forced her back down onto her chair.

"Silence Madam Umbridge, you are in contempt of this court," said a harsh voice.

"We order Wizarding Britain to be sanctioned, and outlawed as a member of the International Magical Community," said a man with thick glasses. "All nations who are part of this council will now cease doing trade with the magical people of Britain, and all products manufactured by British magical manufactures will be considered to be illegal contraband. Until their Ministry submits documented proof that they did not conspire with Death Eaters or employ them at any time, to undermine the Muggle Government. The Muggle Prime Minister will be briefed in this matter, and all communication to him from your illegal government will cease. This will be enforced and those who break this agreement will be punished."

Dumbledore's eyes widened.

"All in favor," said the man, and everyone on the conderation raised their hands to show their support.

"Listen, you'd be condemning thousands of innocents to suffer," protested Dumbledore.

"That is your doing, Dumbledore," said the voice. "You have remained in power for too long. It is the order of this council that you step down, and you will be held for a psychological evaluation, based on your obsessive actions regarding that of Harry Potter."

'There was a prophecy!" yelled Dumbledore, hoping they would understand. "It said Harry was the only one that could defeat Voldemort..."

"Restrain him!"

Several heavily armored men dropped down, holding their wands, as Dumbledore stepped back.

"None of you will understand what must be done," said Dumbledore, as he managed to block the spells. Dumbledore rushed up the stairs, as several witches and wizards were on his tail. The wizened old man had been chased up the stairs by several wizards. His heart rate sped up, and he felt a headache, but his determination remained strong.

Dumbledore flicked his wand and transfigured the steps to a slide. He summoned a briefcase, and
tried to turn it into a Portkey, but it was blasted out of his hand.

Albus Dumbledore dropped to his knees, and breathed heavily. He struggled to breathe, his right arm numb, the feeling having left his fingers.

Age had caught up with him. Albus Dumbledore tried to get up to flee, but he was surrounded. He reached into his robe, and activated a messenger stone. He slipped an uncorked bottle into his mouth, and swallowed the contents.

"What happened?" demanded one of the men, as Dumbledore’s body was on the floor, devoid of life."

One of them grabbed the corked bottle, and analyzed the contents.

"The Draught of the Living Dead," concluded the Healer, as he held the bottle. "Modified, it froze Dumbledore's body in stasis, a step away from death."

"I'm more worried about that stone he used," said one of the court representatives. "Get Dumbledore's body out of here, and lock it up, secure it."

Dumbledore was carried off to a secure location.

Dolores Umbridge meanwhile pocketed a cracked ring Dumbledore dropped, and slipped out in the confusion. Scrimgeour and Fudge would likely burn for this, but given she was just a humble Ministry employee she could worm her way out of this one.

Umbridge was confident she could not be touched, no matter what.

Over the skies, Harry and Kara flew over Venice, Italy. It had been a short flight, but they enjoyed seeing the city as they soared in the sky.

"Beautiful, isn't it?" asked Kara.

"Yeah, it is," said Harry, as the two flew to enjoy the sights.

Harry was so glad he could fly on his own, and had someone he could enjoy the art of flying with. The two touched down in the city, and walked over the sidewalk. They walked hand in hand, enjoying the sights and each other's company.

"This was a great idea," said Kara, as they sat down with each other. They would think about getting something to eat in a little bit, but right now, they would have some time with each other.

Harry took a moment to cast a translation spell, where he could understand what was being said, and people could understand what he was saying. He offered the same for Kara.

"Okay, that will make it much easier to order food," said Harry. "Translation spells."

"Magic can do anything," said Kara. "I noticed you ditched the wand…"

"Hey without the Horcrux, it's just as easy as breathing," said Harry. "Of course, this is about the most advanced spell I know right now, but always room for improvement."

"Getting a bit cold," said Kara as she blew mist in the air.

"Well I guess we just have to keep each other warm, until we find a place to eat," said Harry with a
wink, and Kara scooted closer to Harry, curling up on his lap.

They exchanged a kiss. Harry felt he could hold his wonderful wife like this forever, but the screams of people caught his attention. The kiss broke prematurely, as the super powered couple listened for the source.

"Shut up, we have a bomb! And if the government of this city doesn't pay up, we're going to blow everyone to Kingdom Come!"

Kara and Harry exchanged looks, before they moved off. Now was the perfect time to try on their new costumes and test their capabilities in a more practical manner.

Several hostages were lined up, with guns pointed at them. There were at least a few dozen hostages, as several gunmen surrounded them in a circle, and pointed their weapons.

"Stay on your knees!" yelled one of the gunmen, as several others stood in the shadows watching.

In the blink of an eye, one of the gunmen found himself strung outside down by his feet, dangling. The others moved over, and four fell to the ground stunned in one fell swoop.

A figure flew in, and pulled all of the weapons from their hands. Then the hostages were sprinted out, and to safety. The terrorists looked confused, as they tried to piece together what happened.

One of them reached for a dropped gun, but a jet of heat vision connected with it, melting the metal.

Several ropes shot out of midair, and two flying figures wrapped them up swiftly and carefully.

"Bombs about ready to go off in sixty seconds," said Kara as she dropped down to look at it.

"Well, that's about thirty more seconds than we need to disable it," said Harry.

Kara nodded as she pried open the panel.

"Okay, blue, red, green, yellow, in that order," said Harry, as he scanned it with a diagnostic spell. Kara cut the wires with her heat vision and the bomb was disabled.

Outside an assembled crowd waited, as the police arrived. The terrorists were thrown out on the ground. The assembled crowd clapped.

"Just who are you two?"

"I'm Supergirl!" yelled Kara as she waved at them. "And this is my husband, Arcane."

Harry nodded, as he waved to the crowd, who cheered at their timely rescue.

"We were both enjoying your fair city, and this country," said Harry as he looked at everyone, with a smile. "And we couldn't help by overhear people being put in danger. No need to thank us."

"Yeah it's just an average day for us." said Kara, as they held each other, and waved at the assembled crowd. Several flashes went off.

Everyone showered praise on the timely actions of Supergirl and Arcane. Not one innocent person was killed or even scratched.

"It's nice to be appreciated for something I remember doing," said Harry in undertone to Kara.
"Yeah, and the day is saved," said Kara, as they waved at everyone, before the crowd moved watching them fly off to get changed.

"Plus, everyone gets to go home to their families," said Harry, as they moved and got changed, before they moved off to lunch, to enjoy some authentic Italian food.

The face of Severus Snape contorted with disgust, as he received a message. As he suspected, when Dumbledore went to the International Confederation of Wizards, they called every single action of his under question.

Dumbledore had put himself in an enchanted sleep to avoid suffering for his actions. Naturally Snape had the capabilities to wake him up, but he wondered if that would be the smart thing to do.

The Hogwarts Board of Governors had been foaming at the mouth, even if they had been de-fanged thanks to the decrees that Dumbledore neglected to invalidate upon his return. McGonagall was not too happy about what she had to field from that lot.

Snape walked to the Hog's Head with a purpose. Naturally, given Dumbledore likely was held by the International Confederation of Wizards now, he would need to inform Aberforth Dumbledore of what occurred. Given the strained history Snape had with the man, he assumed that conversation would just be a delight.

Yet, Snape was used to doing things he did not enjoy. The Potions Master knocked on the door, but he looked down to see Aberforth Dumbledore down on the floor in a pool of his own blood.

Snape saw another one of those accursed messenger stones, and he tapped it.

"Happy New York Albus, well it should be by the time you receive this," said the Hogwarts Killer. "Do you think I've proven my point? Why the senseless brutality you may ask? Why so much spilled blood you ask? Why my brother you might ask? When is Potter coming back to save my wrinkled old arse again, you may ask?"

There was a pause, as Snape looked at the image of the Hogwarts killer.

"Questions, so many questions, but yet no answers," continued the Hogwarts Killer. "The problem is, the Wizarding World has worked itself into a rut for centuries. Generation after generation, the same has happened. With each attempted dark uprising, there was a shining moment of hope. Then, that hope was dashed when the same old families took more of the power. It leaves the purebloods with everything, and the rest with nothing but empty promises and lies. So many lies, if lies were power, the purebloods would be gods."

Snape tried look for anything that could lead him to the Hogwarts Killer, but yet he was running around in circles.

"Those who fail to learn from history are often doomed to repeat it until they are snuffed out into extinction," continued the Hogwarts Killer. "You have not done your homework, and you have not figured out the interconnected thread of what I'm doing. Twelve more murders will take place before the big bell strikes midnight to signify January Second. Would you like to know more? Just follow the dates, that's the only information you get from me. Ta-ta, for now, Albus."

The rune stone vanished and Snape was left with more unanswered questions.

Snape walked out of the pub, and his next stop was a trip to Malfoy Manor. He stood inside of the impressive mansion, with peacocks on the front lawn and everything.
"Severus Snape, wanting to see Lucius Malfoy," said Snape and after a moment, he was buzzed in.

The greasy haired teacher moved in, and Lucius sat in his drawing room, dressed in a red robe and sipping a martini. Snape thought all he needed was a fluffy white cat to stroke, and it would have completed the picture.

"Hello, Severus," said Lucius in a swift voice. "I trust you bring me news."

"Yes, one might say it," said Snape as he sat across from Lucius. "I must inquire if you have heard the rumors about the serial killer currently attacking the old families."

"Yes, I heard, and another victim has been claimed today," said Lucius. "Demeter Greengrass, she was attacked by a young man in the back room of Club Sinclair today."

Snape heard about Club Sinclair. It was a seedy establishment deep inside Knockturn Alley, yet many Purebloods frequented it. There were many Muggleborn employees that found work, in exchange for performing favors for the rich clients, but that was strictly under the table.

"The Ministry wishes to be seen doing something in these trying times," said Snape, breaking the silence. Lucius stiffly nodded.

"I find myself rather concerned as a parent of a pureblood child that such a killer is allowed to run amuck in Hogwarts," said Lucius, without any humor in his voice. "Such a thing would not have stood if I was on the Board of Governors. Yet, putting that deplorable woman Umbridge in power may have created a perfect opportunity for a killer to be allowed to have free range over the children of the old families. Do you have any theory of the killer?"

"The youngest Weasley," said Snape without question.

"Potentially," said Lucius nodding. "I do find myself rather curious about the mysterious disappearance of Luna Lovegood."

"She doesn't seem like the type to kill," said Snape.

"You may discover cases where bullied students one day snap and go on a killing rampage in the Muggle World," said Lucius with a calm voice. "I do think that the mistreatment by some form Miss Lovegood has caused her to become a killer. I do have one final theory about who the killer might be."

Snape was all ears.

"Dumbledore," said Lucius simply. "This entire Hogwarts killer mess was concocted as an elaborate ruse to tempt Potter to return. Yet, it appears Potter may not return. The Dark Lord appears to have lost all interest in the matter, as he spends his time in continued research over his flying man. Yaxley has assured me of this, and naturally he is the favored son of the Dark Lord these days."

Snape could sense the disdain. He continued to exchange rumors with Lucius, but Narcissa Malfoy appeared at that moment.

"Hello Severus," said Narcissa. "I could not help, but overhear your discussion on the killer of purebloods. Demeter's death devastated me. After all, we were friends."

"Of course," said Snape, as Lucius just nodded.
"I do think it may be my sister who could be behind the attacks," said Narcissa. "Bellatrix may have been driven off of the deep end further, by her latest failures and her mind cracked."

"Too subtle for Bella," said Snape dismissively. "Now I must return to Hogwarts before I am missed. I do trust you two will remain on your guard, and inform me of any further news."

The Malfoys both nodded, as Snape walked off at that moment. The fact Lucius seemed shaken really told Snape all he need to know.

The Dark Lord had not called upon him in several weeks, but Snape shrugged that off. He was not about to look a gift horse in the mouth.

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After sitting down and having lunch together in Venice, Harry and Kara returned home. The weather was getting a bit frigid out there, but they made it home.

"Nothing beats actual genuine Italian food," commented Kara.

"Yeah, I think I might ate a bit too much of it," said Harry, as they collapsed on the couch in their living room. "So it's New Year's Eve."

"Yeah, another year gone by," agreed Kara, as they sat down and decided to see what was on television, and if there was anything good.

"Back to work on Wednesday for everyone, and we should be able to get the bank up and running," said Harry, but then at that moment, he had found a letter had been delivered to him while he was out.

Harry and Kara,

So Supergirl and Arcane saved the day in Venice. You're all over the news. I'm staying with Diana at the embassy they have set up (well it's more like a converted apartment, but it's the thought that counts), but we're heading back to the Island for a while in January. Hope you two have a nice evening together.

That's not all that happened though. Tonks stopped by; she received a message from her spy in the Ministry that the International Confederation of Wizards and Dumbledore had a little scuffle. Dumbledore dosed himself with Draught of the Living Dead to avoid justice. Right now Britain has been closed off from the rest of the magical community. It's do or die time for them, I think. Of course, many people checked out months ago, they saw the writing on the wall.

Goblins likely will rebel, but if that bank is ready those who get their money out in time will have another option.

Hope you are well,

Hermione.

Harry and Kara concluded the letter, as it burst into flames once again.

"Why do I have a feeling this isn't over?" asked Kara.

"Oh, I think Voldemort was just the beginning," said Harry. "Of course a government without any funding is not going to sustain itself for any length of time. The Ministry will hang on to the bitter end, at least a small fraction of the purebloods will."
Harry sighed at that moment, but they slid closer to each other on the couch.

"I couldn't fix that world if I wanted to," summarized Harry, as Kara grabbed his hand, squeezing it. "I wonder how many will get what I'm trying to do."

"As many as are worth saving Harry," replied Kara as she leaned over and gave Harry a kiss. Harry returned it. They wrapped their arms around each other, and enjoyed the activity for a bit, but broke it up.

"I have something special planned for us tonight, I think you're going to like it," said Harry, as Kara just looked at him, smiling and wondering what Harry had in mind. "It's not for a few hours, but we can just hang out for a while."

"Sounds like a plan to me," agreed Kara, as she curled up on Harry's lap, next to the fire. The happy couple watched television to pass the time.

Neville Longbottom arrived in Diagon Alley in disguise. He was looking for a place called Club Sinclair, where it was rumored that Death Eaters hung out, and did business with each other. Word was that Bellatrix Lestrange stopped by to look for new recruits for Lord Voldemort.

There was also a disturbing trade of illegal potions and other activities going on behind closed doors, but Neville's sole focus remained on Bellatrix Lestrange.

His parents lingered at the moment, stable, but closer to death than ever. Bellatrix had to pay, no matter the risk.

Immediately, he felt a pair of hands pull him away, and shove a Portkey into his hand. Neville looked up, and he found himself in a flat in Manchester. He stood face to face with Percy Weasley.

"So, you're going to take me to the Ministry?" asked Neville, as he held his wand ready for a fight.

"Neville, I know you're going after Bellatrix Lestrange," said Percy in a calm voice. "I sympathize with you...really I do. But...she's a killer, a sadistic monster. We believe she killed when she was a teenager, and got worse as she got older."

"All the more reason to put her down and keep her down," said Neville as his scarred face was determined. "I heard about Penelope Clearwater, what would you do if you came face to face with the Death Eaters who killed her? Or the person who killed your father? We both know that wasn't an accident."

Percy remained silent. He knew the answer, but he was trying to make sure Neville did not get himself killed.

"You can't save me from myself, Percy," said Neville as he looked the older man in the eye. "I don't know why you broke away from your family. That's not my business. In the Department of Mysteries, I saw what Harry was capable of. But I knew that if he stayed in this world, he would be brought down with it. I get the feeling Harry's purpose is far greater than our little closed off community."

Neville just sighed, and spoke to Percy in a soft voice. "I'm going to kill Bellatrix, and also take care of You-Know-Who if I can manage it. If I die, then I die fighting proud like a Gryffindor."

"Neville, I can put you in touch with Harry, just let him talk to you," said Percy.
"I'll consider it, but this is something I have to do," said Neville, not really considering it. "My grandmother told me I needed to man up, and take control of my life. By taking care of Bellatrix, and making sure no more people suffer from her sadistic whims, I'm honoring her memory. Have a Happy New Year, Percy. Hopefully it's not your last."

Without another word, Neville slipped off into the night. Percy just hoped he would not get burned by his own obsessions.
It was one hour before the dawn of a New Year on New Year's Eve. Kara and Harry made their way up the stairs to a room Harry had rented out in Metropolis. They would have a nice private candlelit dinner together to celebrate the New Year, but Harry had something to show her afterwards.

"So a year has passed, and another year is coming," said Kara as they drank the champagne after dinner. They both decided that they could break the no drinking rule that they agreed to after the wedding. Of course with Harry's latest power upgrade, it put him on the same level as Kara at holding his drinks.

"Yeah that first about seven months or so was one I'd like to forget," said Harry, as he drained his glass. He looked at his wife looking stunning her strapless black dress with red high heel shoes and stockings. The dress showcased her cleavage and legs quite nicely. Her hair hung loosely over her back. Harry wore dress clothes, nothing too fancy, but it did fit the occasion. "But the last five months, starting on August 2nd that was one I want to remember and cherish for the rest of my life."

"Me too," agreed Kara. On January 2nd they would be married for five months. Granted, doing month by month anniversaries seemed to be a bit much. Still they were only seven months away from being married for a year.

They both hoped to count the wedding anniversaries up into the triple digits and perhaps beyond.

"Yeah, we're going to be together for a long time," said Harry, almost as if he sensed her musings. "Our powers, I think that when we hit a certain point, we'll stop aging."

"Yeah about twenty seven, twenty eight, somewhere in there," said Kara with a nod, but they only did preliminary calculations. "Of course, we still can be killed, just not by the ravages of old age."

"Let's try not to though," said Harry, as he leaned forward, and offered a kiss. Kara accepted it. They could taste the champagne on each other's lips.

After they broke, Harry scooped Kara up in his arms.

"Nice change of pace," said Kara with a smirk.

"Well I figured you spent months trafficking me around, I could do it for you," said Harry, as he flew up with his wife cradled in his arms, her head pressed against his chest. "But never mind that, I've got a surprise for you. It's been something that I've been working on. How would you like to go home again?"

"Harry, I thought you were going to show me a surprise," said Kara in confusion.

"I am, but I was referring to your home planet, you know Argo," said Harry.

Kara just looked at him. "It's sweet of you to offer, but…it's gone. Besides, Zod totaled most of it even before Krypton blew up and froze it."

"I know, but just think about it as you step through this door," said Harry. "Before the end, how it
looked before the war."

Kara did and Harry opened the door. She gasped, as there was an exact replica of Argo right next to her.

"Kryptonian holographic technology, combined with the principles of the Room of Requirement from Hogwarts," explained Harry, as Kara just looked at him, before she threw herself at him.

She put so many unspoken things into that kiss, as she wrapped her legs around Harry's waist. Harry returned the favor. They continued to kiss for several minutes, with their tongues wrestling in their mouths.

"Tweak this a little bit, streamline it, and it could be some kind of virtual reality system for children," said Harry, as Kara slid to the ground. "Give parents a new way to get a few hours quiet, the only problem is it being addictive."

"Yeah, we might want to be careful with that," agreed Kara, as she looked around. They saw the beautiful architecture. "I'm guessing there are no people here and nothing tangible we can take."

"Well, you are the smartest girl in the universe," said Harry as Kara smiled, before she grabbed his tie, and pulled him closer to her.

"This room can have many great purposes, for us as well," whispered Kara seductively in his ear. "And we're all alone."

Harry grabbed her close, and kissed her. The two floated up into the air.

**Smut/Lemon Begins:**

Kara slipped Harry's jacket and shirt off. She rubbed circles around his back, feeling his muscles. The dress slid off and dropped to the ground. She wore nothing but a skimpy red bra and a red thong. Harry reached his arms behind her, and cupped her arse. She moaned into his mouth, and ground up against his crotch.

Harry felt himself grow, and Kara reached around, undoing Harry's belt. She slid his pants off, and they dropped back down to the ground. Then his boxers were pulled off. Kara broke the kiss, and grabbed his penis with a firm grip.

He groaned, as Kara tugged and stroked his member, before her tongue licked over it. Harry reached down, to unhook her bra. Then he squeezed the tops of her breasts, and fondled them. He allowed himself to explore them, as Kara pivoted upside down.

Harry peeled off her thong, and rubbed her lips. Kara responded, while upside down, by placing her lips slowly around Harry's penis. As he continued to rub her, Kara slid more into her mouth, until the entire length was shoved down her throat.

Harry stuck his tongue deep into her pussy, before he began to lick and nibble at it. Kara slurped and sucked on his hardened cock, as her legs closed around his head. They floated in midair as they did this.

Kara moaned, this was so much better than the dream. Harry caught every single point of pleasure, and made her so wet. Her throat muscles contracted around Harry's penis as she moaned, as Harry ate her out. She worked her tongue underneath it. Her right hand played with Harry's arse, and her left hand moved around to massage his balls.
Harry licked her with absolute pleasure. She took him deep down her throat, and there was no
stopping her. While Harry was not the type to keep track of these measurements, he had a feeling
he grew bigger ever since his power upgrade. Kara could get him hardened to a length that he
could not imagine.

Harry's face was soaked by her juices again and again, as he tried to lick them up. The smell of her
pussy this close to his nose made him light headed. He felt his balls tightened, and decided to lick
faster, to make the process that much better.

Both climaxed simultaneously. Kara swallowed every bit of seed. The sounds of delight she made
cauised Harry to be spurred to eat her out faster. He tasted the juices, the sweet flavor coming from
her center.

Eventually Kara saw Harry was softened. That simply would not do.

"Let's get you hard again, I'm just warmed up,' said Kara, as she grabbed Harry in a hug, pressing
her breasts against his bare chest. She licked her own juices off of Harry's face. Harry felt himself
grow harder and harder in record time. Kara breathed, as his cock pushed against her moist pussy.

Harry grabbed Kara, unable to wait any longer, and kissed her hard. He pushed her back into a
crystalized tower, several hundred feet in the air.

"Harry," moaned Kara, but then he sucked on her neck to give her more pleasure. Harry moved
down and kissed the sides of her neck, then her breasts. Then he grabbed her into his arms, and
pulled her away, before he whispered into her ears.

"I'm going to put my powerful cock in between your super powered tits," said Harry on a low
voice, that sent shivers down her spine.

"Do it, baby," breathed Kara, as she felt the head of his penis touch her hardened nipples. They
remained in midair as Kara floated on her back in mid-air.

Harry positioned his penis, and slid it between her breasts with practiced ease. Kara moaned, and
squeezed her tits together. The two rocked back and forth in mid-air, as Harry slid his hardened
member in and out.

"That's in, I love these tits, they feel so good," groaned Harry, as he continued to push in and out.
Kara flicked her tongue over the top of it, and tasted the pre-cum that dribbled off of his penis. She
continued to watch him slide his penis in and out of her tits. The young woman matched his
movements.

"Titty fuck me, you know I love it," breathed Kara, as she kissed his penis, and slurped on it a little
bit, as it slid in and out. She also grasped Harry's balls and stimulated them. She massaged his sac,
stroking it with her fingers and then giving it a tight squeeze, as she used her muscle control to
squeeze her breasts together around his penis.

Harry felt himself tighten, and Kara could sense his climax.

"Shoot your cum on my tits!" yelled Kara at the top of her lungs and Harry obliged his wife. His
seed shot all over her tits and also onto her face.

Kara arched her head back, her tits and face completely splattered with white milky fluid. She
wiped it off, and sucked it off of her fingers, eyes glazed over. Sounds of delight filled Harry's ears,
as she positively glowed. He saw her legs spread, inviting him to come in and play. Harry barely
waited for her to finish her treat; he tilted her back in midair.
She felt a tingle as Harry aimed his penis at her wet pussy. He slipped it in and her eyes widened.

"Stretch me Harry!" moaned Kara, as he pumped his penis into her. Both rocked back and forth in mid-air, matching each other's movements.

Harry felt her walls tighten around him. He played with her breasts, then twisted her nipples and rubbed them. Kara moaned and shrieked in absolute pleasure, as her pussy clench around Harry’s throbbing penis.

"So tight, so tight," breathed Harry, appreciating her restorative powers. "You like my cock trying to wear out your powerful pussy, don't you?"

"Yeah, it's just so…so…yes," breathed Kara unable to keep a coherent thought. She instead managed to push Harry deeper into her.

'Must be…so big…I feel it,’ thought Kara, as she locked her legs around Harry, and arched her back. She remained flexible as always.

Harry sucked on her breasts. Kara moaned, enjoying his mouth on her tits, stimulating every moment. Her eyes glazed over in pleasure.

Her hands tightened around him, and her fingernails dug into his back. It would not hurt him, but the fact he drove her to this heightened her pleasure. Kara's eyes glazed over.

"Faster Harry, pound me harder," she moaned and Harry obliged her. Harry pushed himself in and out of her. She tried to milk him to an early climax, needing his seed, but Harry managed to hold back. He wanted to enjoy being pleased for a long time, and he continued to exert a little pressure against her tight walls.

"So tight, feels so good," breathed Harry, in her ear, as he rode her in mid-air. "Baby, just squeeze me as hard as you can. You like it when I fuck you like this."

"Love it," managed Kara, as Harry continued to roam his hands around her, and continued to increase his speed, but then slowed down. Kara tightened her grip around Harry, and sucked on his earlobe to encourage him.

Harry picked up the pace, as her pussy clamped around him so tight that if he was normal, and not powerful, his cock would be torn to shreds.

The thought that he could experience this wonderful Kryptonian pussy at full power caused his balls to fill to the brink. He kissed all over her, and Kara cooed, tugging on his hair.

"Cum," she breathed.

Harry caused her to wait another moment, as he had to time it right. They would orgasm together, and it would be purely wonderful.

"I'm getting close," said Harry, before he sucked more on her breasts.

"Shoot it deep inside my powerful wet pussy!" moaned Kara. "Cum for me, Harry, fill me up!"

Kara orgasmed, as Harry unloaded into her. She squeezed him. Every single drop, as usual, Kara squeezed him. She felt her insides be flooded. The power she felt was beyond words.

Harry felt her squeeze him to the end of a rather lengthy and satisfying climax. The two floated to
the ground, and rested there, as Kara made sure Harry was finished, before she collapsed on the

ground.

Smut/Lemon Ends.

Harry made sure his wife was dressed, as he half carried her.

"Still alive, Kara?" asked Harry.

"If I died, I would have died happy," managed Kara with a blissful smile. "That was amazing."

"Kara, you were amazing, I'm just following your lead," said Harry. "You taught me everything I

know about the joys of sex."

"Well the student is about ready to surpass the teacher," said Kara with a grin. "Which I have no

problem with, but that's going to cause me to step up my game."

"Now that's something I'm looking forward to," said Harry as he checked his watch. "You do

realize it's getting close to two in the morning?"

"We've been having sex for two hours straight?" asked Kara.

"That's a bad thing?" asked Harry.

"No, I just lost track of the time," said Kara, but Harry just kissed her on the lips. Kara melted into

his embrace, and returned it. She started as the dominant one, but now the fact that Harry was

exerting more control really turned her on and made her wet all over again.

"Then I must be doing my job," said Harry as he looked at her. "Happy New Year, Kara."

"Happy new year, Harry," said Kara.

"Are you tired?" asked Harry.

"Not the least bit," said Kara as she wondered where Harry was going.

"Want to go another round when we fly back home," said Harry.

"Yeah, let's do it," said Kara, as they flew home.

'If we ever come across any more blonde Kryptonians, he'll be more than up for the task,' mused

Kara, as she noticed Harry had her cradled in his arms. She relaxed against him. 'I could really get

spoiled by this.'

Daphne Greengrass stood in numb shock, as she got the letter from the Ministry of Magic. While

she did not have the best relationship with her mother, family was still family. Astoria got the same

letter, and looked to be in near tears at what happened. Ron Weasley moved around the Great Hall.

"So, um sorry to hear about your mother," said Ron, as he strained to be polite about the Slytherins.

"Do you know anything about who the killer might be?"

"Someone more dangerous than you ever could hope to be, Weasley," said Daphne with disdain, as

she turned away from this oxygen thief, and moved over to comfort her sister.

"So still hoping to catch the Hogwarts Killer, Weasley?"
Ron came face to face with Draco Malfoy.

"Yeah, I fancy doing that," said Ron who stood proud. He was not going to let this little ponce get the better of him.

"Well we know who the two smart ones of the Golden Trio of Gryffindor were, they checked out," drawled Malfoy. "Can't say I blame them, given they got away from you. So tell me, how's your father doing this holiday season? Oh that's right, he's dead, because he's a Mudblood lover."

Ron's fingers twitched, but he tried to maintain his temper.

"You're pathetic Weasley," taunted Malfoy. "The answer to who the killer is right under your nose. Then again, without Granger to do your thinking for you, and Potter to do your fighting for you, I don't think you have much of anything left going for you. Let's face it, on your own; you couldn't catch the plague during the dark ages."

Ron's eye twitched, as Draco continued to bore into him. "Then again, if you wanted a disease, all you should do was ask your sister, given how many boys she's been rumored to be with."

Ron lost it and punched Malfoy. Malfoy went down hard, but Snape showed up as if on cue.

"It seems like old habits die hard, Mr. Weasley," said Snape, as he pulled Ron off of Malfoy. "We will be spending the next month in detention together. You can solve the mystery of how to get stains out of all of the cauldrons in my dungeon."

Ron deflated. At this point, he knew it was useless to defend himself. Malfoy stood in the corner, smug as he watched Ron walk off.

Astoria sobbed, as Daphne tried to console her.

"Mother…I can't believe this," said Astoria, as she dampened her sister's best robes with her tears.

"Astoria, not in public," said Daphne in a warning voice.

"Screw appearances!" yelled Astoria losing her temper. "You know who I think the killer is. I think it's that trollop Ginny Weasley! She seems to be missing during half of the attacks, and she's trying to get Harry's attention, hoping he'd fly back! As if he'd even give gutter trash like her the time a day!"

"Astoria, calm yourself before I shove a calming draught down your throat," said Daphne, and Astoria composed herself.

Daphne figured it out, there was only one person in this school who seemed to gain from purebloods dropping dead. He could move up the pecking order without doing anything. He was missing during the attacks on Halloween, and seemed to be working on some top secret project. Daphne overheard him saying that he had a perfect escape from Hogwarts.

It all added up.

Daphne vowed to make Draco Malfoy have a little accident. It would be fitting retribution after her mother dying.

The problem was accomplishing the task without Snape or Dumbledore finding out, because they seemed keen to protect the little terror.
A criminal dressed in a purple costume, with a mask that resembled a moth head and wings made his way down the streets of Gotham City. He was taking advantage of the police being occupied after the chaos that followed the New Year. This extra heist would get him some spending money.

He made a New Year's Resolution to not get captured by any superheroes. His name was Killer Moth, the second particular criminal be under that particular moniker. His wings buzzed, as he melted the ice with a torch.

Just when he melted the ice, another fresh coat was blown over the top. Killer Moth backed off, to see Supergirl hovering above him.

"Hey, this isn't Metropolis, I'm out of your jurisdiction," said Killer Moth, who learned his lesson the first time he went over to Metropolis. Superman beat him in twenty seconds, seventeen seconds of that the Man of Steel spent laughing at his costume. "Stand back, this gun has a lethal…um sonic charge that will blow you back to Krypton."

"Oh, I'm scared," said Kara in a smug voice.

"You should be," said Killer Moth as he held his mother's blow dryer. "I mean, I went toe to toe with Superman, and you're just his sidekick…"

Killer Moth screamed like a little girl when heat vision melted his gun. He knew it was time to run, before he met the same fate. He moved around, but ran into Arcane.

"Hey, I know you!" shouted Killer Moth. "You're Sp…AGHH!"

Killer Moth was thrown backwards into a snow drift for almost saying the forbidden name that should never be spoken. Harry and Kara stood over him, as Killer Moth tried to use his wings to fly away, but a cable wrapped around his legs. Batgirl stood over him.

"You guys don't know what you're getting yourself into," said Killer Moth in a shaky voice, as he looked at the trio, and managed to pull himself free. "I know karate, deadly tricks, death blows that can strike pressure points."

He staggered from the lack of balance, as Nightwing and Robin showed up at this point.

"Really this guy is Killer Moth?" asked Robin. "The same Killer Moth that as an enemy of the Teen Titans…"

"No this is just some knockoff in a costume," said Nightwing as he looked at the alleged criminal. "A really bad costume."

"Hey my mother thinks this costume is cool!" yelled Killer Moth.

"No duh," said Robin as he rolled his eyes.

"The other Killer Moth was actually a threat," said Nightwing, as he moved over them.

"Stand back, I have legions of moths to do my bidding!" yelled Killer Moth, as he held a vial. Said vial contained three moths, all of which were dead.

"Really, now you're just embarrassing yourself," said Batgirl, as Nightwing just casually took out Killer Moth with one punch.

"Come on, let's haul him over to jail, I'm sure he could get a couple of days for wearing that
"costume in public," said Nightwing. "As I was saying, the original Killer Moth was a threat, but his daughter, she was scarier, believe me."

"I'll take your word for it," said Harry, as he joined them.

"So what brings you two over to Gotham City?" asked Batgirl.

"Oh, we're looking into a Patronus Inc. branch over here still," said Kara.

"Yeah, if we continue to profit throughout the next year, it should be ready to go by about this time next year," said Harry, as they deposited Killer Moth in front of the GCPD.

"Really, this clown again?" said Harvey Bullock as he looked at Killer Moth, while munching on a donut. "Did he actually pick a lock this time?"

"Well almost," said Kara.

"Yeah, he's going to spend a couple of days in the tank, but he'll be back on the street to embarrass himself again by the middle of the week," said Bullock as he lifted Killer Moth up. "Come on, Moth, I'll call your mother for ya. Thirty years old, and you still live in her basement."

"I'm really going to make something out of myself, I'm building a criminal empire," protested Killer Moth in a high pitched voice.

"Yeah, and I'm going to beat Superman in arm wrestling," scoffed Bullock.

The five swept the city, but found nothing so they returned to the Batcave. Batman had some news for Harry, and Harry was curious what it might be.

Batman sat in the Bat Cave. The Joker's latest joyride over the holidays had taxed him. Thankfully Joker took his show on the road overseas. The criminal clown had left Harley Quinn stranded, and Batman managed to convince her to tell him the Joker's plans. She managed to tell him enough where he deduced the Joker's plans to reenact the Gunpowder Plot, but adding his own sadistic twist. Batman stopped the Joker from causing an International Incident, and it was back to Arkham for the Joker.

Yet, while he was overseas, Batman overheard wizards talking in secret, about a mysterious killer that was knocking off purebloods. He also heard that Bellatrix Lestrange had killed the Dursleys, likely in an attempt lure Harry back there. That world had some rather twisted cases in it that made the regulars at Arkham seem well balanced and sane.

"So, what did you want to talk to me about?" asked Harry, as Kara followed him into the cave. Tim, Dick, and Barbara also followed closely behind.

"The Dursleys are dead," said Batman gruffly.

"Wow, abrupt as usual," said Barbara.

There was a long silence, as Harry tried to gather how he felt.

"So, they're dead," said Harry as he shook his head. He found himself rather indifferent to the situations. In the grand scheme of things, the Dursleys were unimportant. "How did they die?"

"Bellatrix Lestrange killed them," said Batman. "For what it's worth, I'm sorry."
"Don't be," said Harry in a quiet voice. "I feel sorry for anyone else that she likely killed in the crossfire. I'd imagine she didn't stop at the Dursleys. So many people had to suffer, because the Ministry and Dumbledore enabled people like her."

"So what are you going to do?" asked Dick.

Harry thought long and then sighed. "Not returning to that world, especially for them. Bellatrix can't run forever, someone is going to catch up to her. The number of people she made suffer; someone will put her down. I can't save everyone in the world. I wish I could, but I can't."

Kara lead Harry off, as she looked at Batman as if it was his fault that Harry doubted his own abilities.

"He had to be told," said Batman, as he turned around.

"We all know," said Dick. "It's…he just seemed so detached like he didn't care about his family dying."

"Harry's childhood wasn't a happy one, was it?" asked Barbara.

"No," said Batman, who felt little sympathy for the death of the Dursleys for what he suspected they did. "They may have been related, but they were never Harry's family. He would tell you that himself. Do not approach him on the issue. I regret the necessity of bringing the Dursleys back up, as Harry likely forgot about them."

"He'll get over it," said Barbara after a moment. "Harry's…a strong person, and Kara will help with what he can't get over."

Harry sat in his office in Metropolis as he looked out the window. Kara walked up to him, and brought some hot chocolate for both of them. She sat down.

"Kara, am I a bad person for actually being somewhat happy that the Dursleys are dead?" asked Harry breaking the silence.

"Harry…they made you suffer," said Kara, sipping her hot chocolate. "I really don't think you're happy. I think you're relieved that you didn't have to make a decision regarding them yourselves."

Harry nodded.

"I guess I might be mourning them in my own way," said Harry. "Or rather mourning the fact they were just three more victims by Bellatrix Lestrange. That world never had a hero."

"Oh, it had one," said Kara with a smile as she got up, and began to rub Harry's shoulders. It was simple, but relaxed him "But with some people, they just like to see heroes fall from their pedestal."

"They were the ones that put me on that pedestal," said Harry, as Kara massaged his neck. "I never asked for any recognition, and I do wonder…how did they find out about what happened? Dumbledore told them I think. He wanted to set up a hero to fight the one demon he couldn't face. They say Voldemort feared Dumbledore."

"The reverse could have been true," said Kara as she continued to massage Harry and he leaned back.
"Yeah," agreed Harry, as he got up. She wrapped her arms around him. Harry did likewise.

"I think your heroism speaks for itself," said Kara, as she held him tight in a hug. "There are other places in the world who still appreciates someone with a noble heart saving the day."

"I'm glad I was able to find a woman who helped me discover those places," said Harry, as he leaned into a kiss. Kara returned it. They floated on air, but barely noticed.

They dropped down, and broke the kiss when they felt it had reached a reasonable conclusion.

"The dust off of the century is happening tonight, remember?" asked Kara, as her arms still remained around Harry.

"Yeah, that will cheer me up," said Harry, as he looked forward to the grudge match between Alfred and Dobby.

McGonagall thought she had lived the longest day in her life several times in the past several years. Yet, she received a grim message that made her reassess that situation. All of the members of the Hogwarts Board of Governors were written in blood, with check marks next to them.

"The killer has struck again," said McGonagall, as Sprout, Flitwick, and Slughorn moved over. "Alastor Moody, Demeter Greengrass, and the entire Hogwarts Board of Governors all wiped out over the holiday season."

"It would be unwise to call the killer the Hogwarts Killer," said Sprout. "Given he or she seems to be branching out beyond the castle walls."

"But what's the motive?" asked Flitwick. "There doesn't seem to be a motive."

"Oh, there is a motive," said Snape as he walked into the meeting. "It's just one we have not been able to guess. It has everything to do with this."

Snape handed a folder to the other teachers.

"The Muggleborn Protection Act," said Slughorn as he read the paper. "It's...why would someone kill purebloods over this?"

"Not just purebloods, but half-bloods as well," said Snape. "Aberforth Dumbledore was a half blood wizard. And do read the act, Professor Slughorn."

They all read it.

"All Muggleborns will be offered protection from He-Who-Must-Not-Be-Named, providing they swear a loyalty oath to the Ministry," read McGonagall. "They will be provided with a monitoring bracelet where they can summon Ministry help at any time.

"It is not so much a protection act, but a way to tag Muggleborns," concluded Flitwick.

"Who thought this bill was a good idea?" asked Sprout.

"Dolores Umbridge," said Snape. "I believe this entire Hogwarts killer mess was a fabrication by the Ministry in an attempt to drum up support for the act, at least at first."

"What do you mean at first?" asked McGonagall.
"We're dealing with a skilled assassin, but Umbridge backed out of the deal," said Snape. "The first victims were just merely injuring the students. Katie Bell's death was not the work of the killer."

"How do you know this, Severus?" asked McGonagall, but this inquiry fell on deaf ears.

"Between the first attacks on the Autumn Equinox and the attacks on Halloween, Umbridge must have gotten cold feet," said Snape. "I'd imagine the killer wasn't fool enough to give Umbridge his or her true identity. The Ministry won't reveal this to the public. The attacks all happen on holidays, which means the next attack may happen on Valentine's Day."

"But to who, and how?" asked Flitwick.

"We have to convince Dumbledore to shut the school down, we can't have any more blood on our hands," said McGonagall.

"Dumbledore will not be able to convince anyone of anything in his current state," said Snape, as he pulled out the official inquiry from the International Confederation of Wizards.

"Britain is being sanctioned," breathed Slughorn in horror.

"It was bound to happen," said Snape in a flat voice. "Just read it, and you will understand the situation we are in. Dumbledore is currently a guest of their prison, the entire magical population will be in poverty within the next six months, the Dark Lord will have likely taken control for what it's worth, the Ministry will be flattened, and the goblins likely will stage another rebellion."

'All because two wizards believed a prophecy,' thought Snape.

"And every single pureblood will be wiped out because of some crazed contract killer that Umbridge hired," added McGonagall.

"Yes, unless we capture him or her," said Flitwick. "Now is the time we work together, and make a pact to bring the killer to justice before the remaining students under our care suffer."

The five teachers all nodded, and swore to do the best they could to solve the mystery of the Hogwarts killer, even if it would take every bit of cunning they possess.

Of course with only forty seven purebloods left in the school, the population was thinning. Some had been pulled out before the school year, others had left, and many had been killed.

It was a desperate race to find a killer they had very few clues about the identity of.

The great dust off of the century between Alfred and Dobby was about ready to take place. Kara, Barbara, and Remus watched, having been chosen to be the judges. Harry had the job of being the referee.

"Okay, gentlemen, here are the rules," said Harry. "As you know, your dusting tools have passed inspection. They are up to standards of the noble art."

Dobby and Alfred nodded, as they stared each other down.

"The rules are this has to be done the old fashion way, which means no magic," said Harry.

"Dobby doesn't have a problem with this," said the house elf. "Dobby will be doing this old school."
"You have two identical walls full of equally dusty items," said Harry. "The first person to complete their side of the room will be the victor. In the event of a tie, the judges will declare the victory based on technique. Do you understand the rules?"

Alfred and Dobby looked at each other.

"I want you gentlemen to shake hands," said Harry, and Dobby and Alfred both shook hands, squeezing them, in an attempt to psyche each other out. They were positioned to their end of the room. "I want a good clean fight…LET'S GET IT ON!"

The butler and the house elf began to dust with absolute fury, as Harry watched from the air to make sure the rules of combat were enforced.

Dust flew into the air as the dusty artifacts.

"This is going to be a close one," commented Barbara.

"I think it might be too close to call," agreed Kara, as she watched. "Alfred seems determined to win this one."

"Well he takes his job rather seriously," said Barbara as she watched. "Where do you think Bruce picked it up?"

"Dobby seems to be holding his own despite not being allowed to use magic," said Remus as he looked at them. "Halfway point, but neither look to be backing down."

The dust continued to kick into the air, as they got three fourths of the way done.

"Ah, does Dobby need to tuck sir in for a nap?" taunted the house elf.

"I think it's going to me that will put you to bed, Dobby," said Alfred with fierce determination, as he gritted his teeth.

He was going to go the distance with this house elf. He did admit him to be a worthy opponent, but he was Alfred Pennyworth. He had dusted every single room in Wayne Manor, and kept it spotless.

They were going down to the wire, as the dust kicked into the air. They were almost done.

Harry watched, as Dobby and Alfred both reached the end of the shelves.

"Okay, and stop," said Harry as both warriors backed off. "Now it's time for the inspection."

Harry moved down the shelves, to see if he would have to take this matter to the judges. He scanned the shelves, but found something.

"A nearly equal performance, but one of the combatants missed a spot," said Harry as he paused for dramatic effective. "Drum roll please."

Harry waved his hand to get the desired effect. He waited, and waited.

"The winner of this contest…by one speck of dust…ALFRED!"

Alfred looked absolutely jubilant with triumph, Dobby just inclined his head, to applaud.

"Very good, but Dobby will be wanting a return match in a few months," said Dobby.
"Yes, perhaps," said Alfred who was happy that he had a two week vacation. He would need one after the effort he expanded.

"Well that was one for the ages," commented Barbara.

"Yeah, good thing Harry found that little speck of dust," said Kara. "I wouldn't know who to pick for the winner."

"Both looked good out there," agreed Remus. "Dobby really showed something, despite doing it without magic."

With that event out of the way, Kara and Harry moved off to have lunch, leaving the others to their own devices.

"The International Confederation of Wizards recognizes Hermione Granger and Nymphadora Tonks."

Tonks and Hermione stood at the mercy of the court. This was a desperate little gambit to hopefully gain Sirius his freedom.

"We have gone over your request for a meeting," said the chairman as he looked down. "And I trust you have been brought up to speed about us removing Britain from the confederation until they can prove their Ministry did not enable Lord Voldemort in his rise for power."

"We have Chairman," said Hermione with a nod. "We wish to bring the matter of Sirius Black to question."

"Yes, Black has vexed us because it is common procedure to have a trial for even the most hardened convict," said the Chairman. "The Ministry has refused to present evidence of a trial for the man who has escaped Azkaban prison and killed many. We feel that they are hiding something, but we have been unable to find out what."

"Sirius Black is innocent of all charges, and this is the real criminal," said Tonks as she held up the cage. "He's a wizard, named Peter Pettigrew, he faked his death, and framed Sirius for the murders. He was also the secret keeper for the Potters."

"If this is true, the Ministry has committed a high crime by their own laws, never mind international laws," said the Chairman, as the other members nodded. Statements demonizing Wizarding Britain echoed throughout the chambers by several members of the court. "But perhaps you could shed light on another matter? Was Harry Potter the one who defeated Voldemort on Halloween night over fifteen years ago?"

Hermione and Tonks exchanged a look. A variation of the truth would work.

"No, that was his mother, Lily," said Hermione, choosing her next words carefully. "She managed to use an advanced charm to banish Voldemort into a state between life and death. Voldemort returned to a shell body, until we could destroy artifacts of his that tied him to the mortal plane."

"Surely you don't mean this monster created a Horcrux?" asked one of the delegates.

"Not a Horcrux, Horcruxes as in plural," said Hermione which caused everyone to be mortified. "I trust what I'm about to say next is not getting back to Britain."

"No, everyone on this court has been sworn under penalty of death not to leak information to that
"outlaw government," said the Chairman curtly.

"Voldemort was killed by the blood he stole from Harry when he formed his shell body after we broke the final Horcrux," said Hermione. "I have documented proof of Voldemort's history and who he really was, and why the blame can be laid on the feet of both Dumbledore and the Ministry."

Hermione held out a folder, and the clerk took it, before it was passed around.

Stunned silence filled the chambers for several minutes.

"He's really gone this time?"

"Tom Marvolo Riddle aka Lord Voldemort is dead." said Tonks, but she held out a folder of her own. "I have documented proof of at least fifty high ranking Ministry officials, who were accused of Death Eaters, but the charges were dropped after the Ministry received generous donations."

The clerk received the proof, and took it for the ICW to read.

"Britain can never be allowed back into the Confederation based on these crimes without severe restructuring," summarized the Chairman. "I thank you two ladies for the evidence you presented, and should you meet Harry Potter, tell him that he has no obligation to try and fix that world."

"He knows," said Tonks, as she and Hermione walked off. "So, how does it feel condemning the Ministry to utter ruin?"

"Pretty good," responded Hermione.

"I left my resignation letter on Rufus's desk, I'm not sticking around to see the Ministry crumble," said Tonks as they arrived outside the building, but a figure dressed in a hooded cloak appeared before them. Both witches held out their wands, but the hood lowered to reveal the scarred face of Neville Longbottom.

"Neville?" asked Hermione, but she prepared herself for a fight.

"Hello, Hermione, fancy meeting you here," said Neville.

"What were you doing here?" asked Hermione suspiciously. She still thought that Neville might have been the Hogwarts Killer, so she was on her guard.

"Why so cold Hermione?" asked Neville. "I thought we were friends, with the Department of Mysteries."

"Times have changed," said Hermione, as her wand still pointed on Neville. "What do you want?"

"I want to talk to Harry about something," said Neville as he backed off. "I need to tell him something, I found a letter, it's about the prophecy…"

"Bit late with that one, Neville," replied Tonks. "Look, Neville if you want a meeting with Harry, I'm sure we can arrange it. Harry would like to see if you were okay, he was a bit broken up with what happened with both you and Luna."

"Luna?" asked Neville. "Did the killer get her too…"

"I don't know, Neville, did they?" asked Hermione as she eyed him suspiciously.
"Hermione…you can't believe…I…" stammered Neville, but Hermione just looked at him.

"Hand me your wand, you'll get it back when you're meeting with Harry is done," said Hermione. "Until then, Tonks and I will be keeping an eye on you."

Neville did not want to relinquish his wand. He took a step back.

"Fine, we'll do this the hard way," said Hermione.

Swiftly, Hermione disarmed Neville, and then knocked him unconscious with a punch.

"You could have used a stunning spell," offered Tonks.

"Little too late for that," said Hermione as she stood over Neville's unconscious form. "Besides, he still could be the killer. If he is…we'll know. Harry can tell when people are lying to him."

Tonks and Hermione picked up Neville, and prepared to check with Harry to see if he was in.

"Hermione, just what in the bloody hell were you thinking?"

"Harry calm down…"

Neville remained unconscious, with Harry having put a sleeping spell on him so he did not wake up before he was ready to talk.

"Hermione, I appreciate your concern, but I'm old enough to fight my battles," said Harry as Hermione took a step back. "Look, I know you have that entire Amazonian Warrior spirit thing, but you can't just knock everyone out if they look at you shifty."

"Harry and Hermione, you both have points," said Kara with a sigh. "Harry, Neville was lurking around, being suspicious. But Hermione, you could have handled it with a bit more…I don't know, you just could have been subtle."

"Hermione, thanks, but I'll figure out where Neville stands form here," said Harry, as he moved over. Hermione left, and Harry woke Neville up. Neville looked at Harry, trying to come to his senses. "Hello Neville, Hermione tends to have a bit of a temper when she thinks people are going to attack me."

"I noticed," said Neville, as he pulled himself up, and clutched his aching head. "So…a lot has happened since the Department of Mysteries."

"One could say that," said Harry, as he looked over. Kara adopted more down to Earth attire for this meeting, not to blow the secret. She wore jeans and a flannel shirt, with her hair tied back and a pair of glasses. Harry used a glamor charm to adopt the form Neville was more used to from their five years at Hogwarts. "This is Kara, I met her in Vegas, and we got married."

"Only you Harry, only you," said Neville. "Actually I'm kind of surprised you didn't end up getting married to five or six girls knowing your luck."

"Well, you just never know," said Kara.

"Yeah, it could happen one of these days," agreed Harry.

"Variety is the spice of life," added Kara, as she leaned on Harry.
"It would have to be under very specific conditions," said Harry. "Namely they would have to be girls like Kara, and she's one of a kind."

"I see," said Neville, not really seeing, but he pressed on. "Harry, there's a killer after pureblood heirs."

"Yeah, I've heard rumors," said Harry, but he then proceeded. "Neville, I'm done playing the golden boy. I left that world after what Umbridge did. You remember our fifth year, don't you?"

"All too well," replied Neville darkly with a nod. He supposed he could not fault Harry for actually wanting to live to see his seventeenth birthday. "Really, mate, I wasn't asking you to come back and solve it. You're married and happy, I get it. Other people might not understand, but I get it."

Harry was happy someone retained some amount of sense they were born with.

"Good, but do you happen to know anything about this killer?" asked Harry.

"Only that it's a witch," said Neville.

"Ginny," said Harry, without missing a beat.

"What makes you so sure?" questioned Neville.

"No one else would go to these lengths to get my attention," said Harry. "You got to realize, you always knew Ginny had a crush on the Boy-Who-Lived. Many girls did I'm sure, but no one went to the lengths she did. She had a shrine; she had wedding plans, and everything."

Harry gave a long sigh, as Kara grabbed his hand. "I feel bad for her in a way. She...she spent an entire year writing in that diary. Dark magic leaves something behind, nine times out of ten. I'd imagine she didn't get any help. Does this world even have counseling? You know, any help for mental problems."

Neville shrugged. "Shock spells at St. Mungos and potions tend to be the most common solution."

"Last I heard you were in St. Mungos," said Harry.

"Yeah, but I was released there, with a clean bill of health," said Neville. "The scars won't heal, but I left there about a few weeks ago."

Immediately, Harry picked up on a small lie, but he was willing to let it slide, unless there were bigger lies Neville was telling.

"I think the killer is Bellatrix Lestrange," said Neville at that moment.

Kara and Harry just nodded. It could be possible.

"I'm going to take her down," said Neville firmly. "And as many Death Eaters as I can manage."

At this point, Harry looked at Neville. He found himself put in a very difficult situation, and felt the need to choose his next words very carefully.

"Neville, I appreciate your sentiment, but...just stop and think about this for one second," said Harry in a calm voice. "We know what happened to your parents. They were trained Aurors, two of the best in their class from what I heard. Am I correct?"

Neville responded with a stoic nod.
"Bellatrix lead a quartet of Death Eaters, and took them down, tortured them into insanity," said Harry. "And she attacked you in the Department of Mysteries as well, just by being their son."

"I remember, and she attacked me again over the summer," said Neville in a firm voice. "What are you saying?"

"All I'm saying is that I highly recommend not tracking her down just to satisfy your own sense of revenge," said Harry. "Bellatrix is dangerous. She was trained personally by Voldemort himself."

"Harry, you trained me to fight Death Eaters, I can handle them,' said Neville, but then he looked. "And with the prophecy and all, I know you know, I could have been the Boy-Who-Lived."

Harry and Kara both exchanged a look. The circumstances of why Harry got that moniker were known to both of them. It was Lily's charm work, and not the prophecy that gave him that distinction.

"The prophecy didn't make me who I was," said Harry.

"Prophecies don't make heroes," said Kara, as she looked at Neville with a slight smile.

"I never said I was a hero," said Neville defensively.

"You did do well in the Department of Mysteries, but the Death Eaters didn't expect to get beaten by six school children," said Harry as he surveyed Neville. "Bellatrix killed her sister. You know, she was a rather capable witch, years and years of experience, and a capable duelist from what Tonks told me. She knew Bellatrix inside and out, but still was slaughtered."

"I have to do this Harry," argued Neville, stubbornly. "I have to kill her, she's the one who made it personal."

"Yes, that's what people like Bellatrix do, they make it personal," said Harry, as he looked at Neville. "All I'm saying is…"

"Are you saying I'm not capable?" asked Neville.

"Harry's not saying that at all," said Kara, compelled to defend her husband, but Harry grabbed her hand.

"Don't go off on some reckless mission of revenge," said Harry.

"Isn't that the Gryffindor thing to do?" asked Neville. "Isn't that the Harry Potter thing to do?"

"Neville, I had no choice, the battle with Voldemort was forced on me," said Harry. "You have a chance to walk away. Or you can walk off into battle, potentially get killed."

"I don't have anything else to lose," said Neville, but Harry got up and stared him down.

"Do you really undervalue your life so much to say that?" asked Harry in a stoic voice. "You sound like me this past summer before Vegas. That's a road you don't want to go down. I feel as if I made the right choice, given how the world seems to have collapsed."

"Well, you kind of abandoned us!" yelled Neville, losing his temper.

"No, I abandoned the hypocrites that would put me up on a golden pedestal one minute, and knock me back down the next," said Harry, as he got up.
"You think I'm the killer, don't you?" asked Neville, and Harry paused before he answered.

"I'm not discounting the possibility," said Harry after a second. "Bellatrix damaged your face, but she did a number on your mind. I'm not going to make your decisions for you. That's not my job. I'm just warning you what might happen if you seek her out. She won't hesitate to kill you this time."

"I would have thought you'd be all for this, given she did kill your godfather!" yelled Neville. "And what about Voldemort, do you think he's going to crawl in a hole and die?"

Harry opened his mouth, but then closed it. "Just think about what I said. The decision of what to do is yours, just like it was mine."

"Yeah it is," agreed Neville, as he looked at the couple firmly. "Five years, you stuck it out Harry. They treated you like dirt, and you kept coming back. It's easy to see why you took the chance to leave when you took it."

Neville calmed down a bit, before he continued to speak calmly. "I'm not you, and I never will be. Not everyone's strong as you, not everyone can turn the other cheek, and be the better person. Bellatrix is sick, but I might be too. Perhaps the entire magical world is sick."

Harry debated on whether to tell him about Voldemort being dead, but Neville took the matter out of his hands by leaving at that moment, without a final goodbye.

"I wonder if I should have told him about Voldemort or not," said Harry, and Kara looked at him. "He...I don't know. What happened to last summer changed him. I'm not sure if he's the Hogwarts Killer, but he's not telling the truth about his release from St. Mungos."

"Was Hermione right?" asked Kara.

"I think it's a likely chance she might be," said Harry, but he was not one hundred percent sure about this. Even if Neville wasn't the killer, he still worried about his friend. "What if Neville doesn't even know it? You've seen the cases of split personalities in Batman's cases files."

Harry paused. "It could be anyone who is still over there. Any number of people, and maybe it could be a complete nobody, who just wanted revenge."

The couple sat quietly.

Was it Bellatrix? Was it Ginny? Was it Neville?

Or was it someone else entirely?

"Kara, I've got all of the victims written down," said Harry as he pointed to a file on his desk. "And the dates they're murdered on."

"We might be able to pin down a motive," said Kara. "Are you going to..."

"I just want to know who I can trust," said Harry, as he walked over, and began to cross reference the information. "All on holidays, all purebloods, and all...connected to wealthy families."

Harry flipped through the information he had acquired about recent laws passed in the Ministry.

"Kara, look at this," said Harry.

"The Muggleborn Protection act," read Kara. "This was spearheaded by four people. Dolores
Umbridge, Lucius Malfoy, Cornelius Fudge, and Robert Yaxley."

"They wanted to tag Muggleborns so they could keep track of them," said Harry as he flipped through the utterly complex one hundred page proposal to try to get some kind of clue about what the game was.

"Do you know who it is?" asked Kara.

Harry shook his head, but then a package appeared on the ledge of the balcony outside Harry's office.

The two walked over to grab the package, and they pulled out a rune stone. The distorted image of the killer appeared.

"Hello Harry Potter," said the modulated voice. "I'm sure you are looking over your shoulder right now, Chosen One. But do not fear, I will never harm a hair on your head. My quarrel is not with you, but rather the purebloods who continue to maintain an air of superiority despite willing to stab each other in the back. We both know that in a few generations, the Ministry will likely collapse. So why not speed up the process? Trust me, Harry; I do this to make sure the world is a safer place. This little festering hole in the ground needs to be closed. I'm sure you found out about the little Muggleborn Protection Act that the Ministry tried to force through. My motive is clear if you find all of the pieces. No doubt you are more adept in figuring out these things than Dumbledore. Ta-ta for now."

Harry saw the image of the killer fade, and Kara scanned the stone.

"You do realize what the killer just did," said Kara.

"Yeah, she gave me evidence which I can track her with," said Harry, as he held the rune stone with triumph.

Of course, figuring out how the stone worked was another matter entirely, but Harry remained confident that he could solve this puzzle.
Echoes

Chapter 29: Echoes.

For the teachers of Hogwarts, it was a scene of tension with everyone. McGonagall, Snape, Slughorn, Sprout, and Flitwick all stood, checking faces, and ensuring that everyone had gotten to Breakfast on time. All of the portraits and the ghosts had been put on notice, to alert them of any suspicious activity. As Valentine's Day reigned closer, they doubled the security measures. With Dumbledore currently sleeping in an International Confederation of Wizards cell, they could move along and do what they needed to do to deal with the killer.

"Today is the day," said Slughorn in a low voice, as he clutched his wand, and making sure all of the fifth year Slytherins were present and accounted for. "Do you think the killer will attack?"

"I'm sure there will be an attack of some sort," said McGonagall in a dark voice, as she peered around the room. She looked as if she did not get much sleep in the last few weeks, which was not that far off.

It was only a small miracle the Daily Prophet had not found out the true fate of Dumbledore, or the fact that the government would be likely bankrupt within a few months. Sprout and Flitwick returned from checking their houses. McGonagall moved around to do the same.

"Both of the Weasleys are missing," said McGonagall in an undertone, but then she amended it. "Here's Mr. Weasley, never mind."

"But where is Miss Weasley?" asked Snape.

"I cannot find Mr. Malfoy," said Slughorn. "And Daphne Greengrass is also missing. Have you seen either of them Severus?"

Snape remained calm. There always was a small fear Malfoy could be involved in these killings. It would mean his and Dumbledore's plans had condemned many students to their deaths. Some of them including Slytherins, but they peered into the Great Hall.

"Okay, everyone's had plenty of time, everyone split up and see if we can find any of our missing students," said McGonagall, as the teachers each took a section of the school.

"I found Miss Greengrass and Miss Weasley!" yelled Flitwick in a horrified tone, and the other teachers rushed towards the sound of the shouting. "Up in the Astronomy Tower!"

Daphne Greengrass laid on the ground, blood splattered through her robes. She was not breathing, and her face had been mangled beyond all recognition, along with her hands and arms. It was like she had been sliced by dozens of knives simultaneously.

Snape recognized the curse as one of his own creation. He hoped no one else would make that connection. Ginny Weasley rested on her side, her eyes open, but not responsive. Her face was bruised.

"She's alive, but she's been beaten with a Beater Bat," said Flitwick as he peered down at Ginny Weasley, to test her responses, but no response came. The lights were on, but nobody was home. "I'll get her to the Hospital Wing, and inform Astoria Greengrass and Ronald Weasley."

Flitwick left as the remaining teachers were left to discover the stone.
"The killer left their calling card," said Slughorn as he pointed at the stone on the floor. The stone vibrated, and came to life. With another movement, it projected the image of the Hogwarts Killer, distorted and twisted as usual.

"In the spirit of the Saint Valentine's Day Massacre, I have brought my own spin to Hogwarts," said the Hogwarts Killer in the distorted voice that taunted them. "Miss Greengrass was sticking her nose in where it didn't belong. She wasn't being very Slytherin, was she? She saw my face in the light, she found out who I am. Therefore, she was cut to ribbons."

The killer allowed a malicious chuckle, for continuing to speak, "I enjoyed seeing all of her pure blood drain from her body. For every single student that dies, more blood on your hands, another tally on my wall. You actually tried to prepare for me, but I'm three steps ahead of you. My mind has not been softened by drinking the Kool-Aid of Albus Dumbledore, and I'm able to think."

The killer remained silent, for a few seconds, and the continued to speak.

"Did you recognize the curse I used, Severus?" asked the Hogwarts Killer. "I know Dumbledore checked out. Maybe I should inform the students of another secret you're keeping from them. Of course, they may be slightly more protected without that schemer there. I could be standing there in the shadows, watching you watch this message, and you'd never even have the slightest clue."

"What do you want?" asked McGonagall. "There has to be a motive."

"I'm sure one of you may be asking about why I'm doing this right now," continued the killer. "Why don't you ask Dolores Umbridge? She knows about me, and why I'm doing what I do. She should have never reneged on our deal. Until the moment Dolores gets kissed by her beloved Dementors, I will kill more purebloods. In fact, at this moment, there's a gathering of high ranking Ministry officials and their wives for Valentine's Day. Of course, the gathering may be cut premature by the fact they'll be dead in approximately thirty seconds."

The teachers stood paralyzed.

"One of you could be the next murder victims, or you may all live," said the killer with malice. "Ta-ta for now."

The killer faded from view, as McGonagall slumped against the wall, aged.

"We have to…we have to…" breathed McGonagall as she slipped into her robes, and pulled out a calming draught. She downed it, and then regained her bearings. "We have to evacuate the school, evacuate everyone, immediately…"

"Will it matter?" asked Snape.

"We have to do something," said McGonagall.

"The problem is the lockdown will be in effect until after the Easter holidays, unless the Headmaster renews it, and we can't allow any students to leave until that point," said Flitwick, as he rubbed his temples. "There is no Hogwarts Board of Governors, the Ministry won't care, and… Hogwarts is the land of the lawless, and the killer holds all of the cards."

"Why did the killer ask if you recognized the curse?" asked McGonagall to Snape.

"I have no idea," said Snape in a low voice, as he wondered if this nightmare would ever end.

Hogwarts continued to degenerate into chaos, and the magical world had descended into a virtual
They were no closer to finding the killer, only Snape's theory about the circumstances behind the attack appeared to be verified.

"I never thought I'd return here," said Kara, as she flew side by side along with Harry over Las Vegas. They wore their super hero uniforms.

"Batman said he has a friend here who could have an idea about the stone," said Harry, as he held the calling card of the Hogwarts Killer. "Zatanna I think her name was."

"Yeah, she's supposed to be a stage magician or something," said Kara, as the two continued to fly towards their destination. "Well at least at first, then she had found out she had true magical powers a couple of years back."

"Yeah that's what Batman told me," added Harry, as they made their way to the address they had been given. It would take them to where Zatanna was staying.

Little did they know, a mysterious figure watched both of them. He stood in the shadows, pale, with a purple robe pulled over him. A glass dome was over his head, and his brain remained visible through it.

"Psimon says these two heroes will soon forget who they are, and be taken back for reprogramming," said Psimon in a sinister voice, as he moved to follow the two heroes. Getting ahold of Supergirl and Arcane would be rather difficult, but he had been paid a big sum of money by a certain billionaire who wanted to gain revenge on them for stealing his company. Plus they would be valuable once their minds had been tweaked a little bit.

Psimon's employer also wanted Superman, but that pleasure would have to wait for another day.

The time to strike would present itself. Psimon sensed strong minds, but he enjoyed a challenge and he was being paid rather well to do this job.

Zatanna Zatara tapped her foot patiently. She wore a white top, black jacket, a jeans with high heels, as she awaited her visitor. She had gotten a call from her old friend Batman, or John Smith as she knew him years and years ago when Batman trained the art of escape from her father.

Zatanna naturally heard a few stories about the newest hero of the world, Arcane and his marriage with Supergirl. She could have sworn she saw a glimpse of the two or at least someone resembled them on the supposed night of the wedding. Of course, she had been too preoccupied with her performance, and did not think of the matter too much. She watched from her hotel room window when Superman had plucked them off of the street like two small children. When she heard what happened next from Batman, she figured Superman only had himself to blame.

Of course that was months ago, and people would grow from experiences like that. From what she heard the relationship between Supergirl and Superman had been strained for some time, but they were cousins, so they got over it. And despite the awkward start, Arcane and Superman appeared to be getting along from all indications.

'Everyone matured from that situation, I think,' thought Zatanna as she made sure she had not forgotten anything from her latest show. A knock on the door brought her out of her thoughts abruptly.
"It's unlocked!" called Zatanna, as the door clicked open, and the two heroes walked in. "Hello, you must be Arcane and Supergirl."

"Well that's what they're calling us," said Kara with a smile.

"Yeah, and you must be Zatanna," said Harry, as everyone shook hands. "My real name is…"

"I know, I've heard of you, or at least your legend," said Zatanna as she looked around, darting her eyes from side to side. "Best not say anything out loud, you never know who or what could be looking around. Although I'd imagine half of the stories are not true."

"More than half I think," said Harry with a chuckle. "Of course, reality could be more absurd than fantasy."

"Tell me about it," said Zatanna, laughing, but she moved around to look at some clothes that had been scattered. "Sethole dolf!"

The clothes folded, as Harry looked at Zatanna with astonishment.

"So, you perform spells by speaking backwards," said Harry as he looked at her, with Kara looking rather amused. "That's kind of weird."

"Well, you come from a world that casts its spells with bastardized Latin," countered Zatanna, as she looked up. "I guess we all have our own thing. And what's with the wand use? I think that's a European thing."

"I've ditched both the foolish wand waving and the silly incantations thank you very much," replied Harry.

"Yeah, as interesting as this conversation is, that's not why we are here," said Kara, as she slid out the stone. "This is why we're here."

She slid out the rune stone, and allowed Zatanna to take a look at it.

"This look familiar to you, in any way?" asked Harry.

"I've seen something like this before, in a book," said Zatanna as she looked it over, with interest. "It's a messenger stone, used to send encoded messages to certain parties. I could have sworn they discontinued the use of them years ago, but they could have been brought back. I'll check a couple of things out. Hopefully no one tries something tonight."

"Is someone after you?" asked Harry.

"Well, someone seems very interested in some of the items I have in my trunk," said Zatanna, as she shrugged it off. "I was nearly robbed twice in the past month. I dealt with them easily, but it's more of the fact they tried that worries me. The extra protection spells should prevent them from opening the trunk. I'm no Doctor Fate, but I think I'm capable of keeping my things from being stolen."

"Ah Doctor Fate, there's someone I heard about," said Harry as he remembered Clark telling him about his past adventure with the sorcerer. "I'm surprised he hasn't looked me up yet."

"Well, Doctor Fate is likely fighting some extra-dimensional monster or something," remarked Zatanna. "You never know if he's really around or not, he tends to disappear for long periods of time."
"Yeah he does seem like a busy man, but maybe you'll meet him someday Harry," said Kara. "That is if he's ever around long enough in this dimension."

"Yeah, well if I do, I do," said Harry with a shrug, as he wrapped his arm around his wife. "Just see what you can find out about that stone Zatanna, and we'll just hang out here for a while."

"Will do," said Zatanna as she moved off to see what she could find, leaving Harry and Kara alone.

"Harry, there's something bothering you, isn't there?" asked Kara.

Harry remained silent, before he voiced a rather real concern he had. "I thought coming back to Vegas might stir some memories of things I forgot from the last time we were here. Our marriage has been wonderful, almost six months and it's been the happiest six months of my life."

"Mine too Harry," said Kara as she looked at Harry, and peered into his eyes. Their hands clasped together.

"All this magical power, and I can't remember the day I met the love of my life," said Harry, but Kara leaned forward and kissed Harry. Harry returned the kiss, as Kara slid onto his lap.

"Harry, it will have to come back to you some day," said Kara, as she played with his hair. "I can't imagine what you're going through. That was a big day in your life, and you can't remember anything. Of course...we never would have gotten together..."

"Yeah, I know, if it hadn't been for me being drunk off my arse, I never would have approached you," said Harry dryly. "And who knows what my life would have been like?"

"Let's not dwell on that Harry," said Kara, as she stroked his hair, and curled up, pressing against him tightly. "I wish there was some way I could help bring those memories back. Yet, we made a lot of new memories that counts for something."

"That counts for everything," said Harry, as he pulled her into another long and deep kiss. He wanted to remember. He hoped that by looking into her eyes, and being here, in the same hotel complex/casino where it all began he could remember meeting Kara and the events leading to his marriage.

"If I find a way to help you Harry, I will," said Kara after they broke the kiss.

"You always do," said Harry. "I guess I was destined not to remember the most magical night of my life, when I met the girl of my dreams."

Harry held her tight. He would move mountains, and part seas to protect her. Not that she needed much protection.

A loud bang echoed from Zatanna's room, which caused Harry and Kara to be pulled away from their activities. They moved in carefully, as they saw Zatanna fighting a mysterious robed figure. To her credit, she put up a struggle, but a mental attack repelled her back and down to the ground.

"I knew that'd lure you in here," said Psimon with a menacing smile, but Kara and Harry both flew at him, and knocked him out the window. The glass shattered, Kara and Harry remained airborne, but Psimon landed on his feet, before vanishing into the desert.

"We can't lose him," said Kara, as the two flew together to find the mysterious intruder.

"He doesn't look like one who could take a hit that well," contributed Harry, as they combed the
It's true," said Psimon as he appeared in front of them, and mist swirled around the area. "Physically, I will not be able to engage you. Both of you are much stronger than me. However, mentally might be a bit more even fight. Let's take this battle to another plane."

Harry and Kara found themselves hit with psychic bolts, and pulled onto the Astral Plane, where they face off against Psimon.

"The two of us, can beat you anywhere!" called Harry. "Whoever you are?"

"The name's Psimon," said the criminal, without blinking. "And Psimon says you will soon be destroyed."

Several large rock creatures appeared in the theater of the mind, as Psimon directed his mental configurations.

"Mind over matter, Psimon," said Kara, as she directed heat blasts at the creatures.

"Yeah, I hope you don't mind, because you don't matter," agreed Harry, as he blew up the creatures. The couple made short work of the mental configurations, using teamwork.

Psimon remained calm, but then was repelled backwards by the impact of their latest combined attack.

"Psimon says you will forget!" yelled Psimon to try and wiped their memories. Immediately, Harry and Kara held their hands together. A blue shield appeared over them, which repelled the psychic bolt back against Psimon. He had to dodge to prevent getting his own brains scrambled. He turned on his heel, exasperated. "This is impossible, on this plane, I should have been able to wipe your memories. I sold my soul to the devil himself for these powers."

"Well I hope you kept your receipt," said Kara arms folded, as she blasted Psimon with heat vision, and knocked him backwards on the Astral Plane.

"Just who sent you after us?" demanded Harry, as he shielded both himself and Kara from another mental bolt. As long as they did not get separated, they could handle him.

Psimon tried his strongest attack, but Harry and Kara's tandem effort forced it back. He was blown back from the impact.

"It was Luthor...Lex Luthor," breathed Psimon as he tried to attack one more time. "He sent me to wipe your memories, which I still intend to do, and take you back. He has plans for you two, and Superman."

"So Luthor's still alive," said Harry, as he joined his wife in pushing back the attacks. "I believe you're in my mind now, and it's not a friendly place to be. So let me introduce you to my own personal demons. I've defeated them, with help from my wife, but they're not for the weak at heart."

Psimon opened his mouth, but then he found his own mind being bombarded by horrors that he could not imagine. The horrible images assaulted his mind, causing it to crack.

"Psimon says back off," said Psimon but he could not push them back. "BACK OFF, GET AWAY FROM ME!"
"You didn't say Psimon says!" echoed the creatures in deep sinister voices, as Psimon found himself forced back, as Kara and Harry chased him out.

A double mental punch cracked him in the head, and Psimon felt his head splitting from the back. He had a super charged migraine headache, as he was repelled from the Astral Plane.

"He's going to try and make a run for it, to take our bodies on the physical plane," said Harry, as he heard an echo from the cracked mind of his enemy.

"We're faster than him," said Kara as they flew through the warp, and immediately, they collapsed to the ground, back in the real world.

They both looked around, but their little mental control friend had disappeared.

"I don't think any memories got wiped," said Harry, as he shook his head. "I had to link our minds in there, to allow us to defeat them."

'I wonder if it will have any long term consequences,' thought Harry.

'Well you never know,' thought Kara but then she realized what had just happened. 'We just answered that question, didn't we?"

"I'm sure we can control it, either open or shut the door," said Harry, as he kept his mind blank.

"Or it's just a passing side effect," said Kara, as they flew back with each other to the Hotel. They both prepared to check up on Zatanna.

The moment they arrived, Zatanna was up on her feet, shaking the cobwebs off. She looked dazed, but mostly back on her feet.

"Are you okay?" asked Harry as he moved over to look down at Zatanna. She shrugged off his attempts to help.

"Yeah, sorry about that," said Zatanna, as she resolved to be a bit more careful next time. "I'm normally not this sloppy. This guy, Psimon wasn't it…"

"Yeah that's his name, and he's working with Lex Luthor," said Kara, as she stood, arms folded. "Luthor sent him her to get us. Wanted to wipe our memories clean, and take us back. I'm sure to use us as weapons."

"Well, that answers the question about Luthor still being out there," said Harry, and Kara nodded. "If I had managed to find Psimon after that battle, I could have had him lead us straight to Luthor, but by the time we got off the Astral Plane he was gone."

"You two are lucky someone didn't grab you when your physical forms were occupied," said Zatanna darkly. "There are times where one magic user occupies their victim on the mental plane, while the other attacks on the physical plane."

"It's a good thing our minds are strong, although they could be better," said Harry, and Kara nodded in agreement.

"There's always room for improvement," agreed Zatanna, as she looked at them, before she swung the discussion back to another topic. "I was checking out a lead about this stone. I think I might have found something, but let me double check a couple of things to make sure. I've got a barrier up; if Psimon comes back he's going to have a harder time getting in."
"Something tells me that Psimon won't be looking for a rematch for a while, after Harry and I handed his butt to him on the astral plane," said Kara, and Harry nodded, agreeing with her assessment.

"Let's hope so," said Zatanna as she slipped into the other room, leaving Harry and Kara alone.

Harry looked at Kara, and smiled. Something wonderful happened, in spite of nearly having their memories wiped. Linking their minds together had given his subconscious the final kick start it needed.

"I felt something else in there," said Harry in an undertone to his wife.

"What?" asked Kara, curious at what Harry had to say.

"Memories returning to me when our minds joined together," said Harry, and Kara's eyes widened when she realized what Harry meant. He just recalled it for a minute. "I can't believe I got that drunk."

"You weren't that bad," said Kara, but Harry just raised an eyebrow at her. "Okay, you were kind of that bad, but it was a charming bad."

"I really had to work to win you over," said Harry as more memories returned to him. "I would have given up...actually I wouldn't have opened my mouth in front of you if I was sober. Pretty girl, out of my league..."

"All you needed was a little confidence," said Kara, as she wrapped her arms around Harry. "Besides, the alcohol just pushed open the right doors. Those parts of you were always there. They were just suppressed."

"It was a beautiful night," said Harry, as he remembered the memories. "I fell for you hard the first time I laid eyes on you. I wouldn't have Confunded guards for any girl. Not to mention sneak her into the bar for some good old fashioned underage gambling and drinking."

"Yeah that was sweet, but your attempts to sing karaoke left something to be desired," teased Kara.

"Look who's talking, your singing caused people to run for the fire exit," said Harry, as they laughed at the memories they now shared.

"We had some fun, our courtship was whirlwind," continued Kara.

"Then we kissed as the sun set," said Harry. "I felt it right then, you were the girl I wanted to spend the rest of my life with."

"I never so much looked at a boy with interest before you, but you won my heart," said Kara, as she remembered that night. "The kiss, it was magic and perfect. I found the one. I knew there would never been another. And I was glad when you asked me to marry you. I never thought I'd see you again."

"Funny, that's why I asked you," said Harry. "Because I feared that I would get dragged back to the same old grind at Hogwarts."

"Of course the honeymoon was epic, as you know," said Kara with a grin, and Harry responded with a deep kiss. Kara returned it.

Harry felt complete, he knew what happened, and he knew how lucky he was.
His memories were complete, and oddly enough Lex Luthor was to thank, in his own strange way.

Of course the fact that Luthor was still out there tormented him.

Psimon was carted away from the scene of the crime, throbbing in misery. The criminal's head felt like it had split open.

"Bit off a bit more than he could chew," said the driver of the van.

"Those two may be more powerful than we thought," said the passenger of the van, as they looked at Psimon, who came back to life.

"I just underestimated them, it will not happen again," managed the villain, but his own voice gave him a splitting headache. The light gave him a splitting headache, just thinking gave him a splitting headache.

"No it won't because your failure might have risked everything," said a third voice, a female from the front of the van. "The weapon is in the second stage of creation. Once she has been created, your help will be needed to condition her. She will be a valuable agent for the plans of Project Cadmus."

"These heroes are becoming a problem," commented Psimon, as he tried to get some relief from his headache.

"Yes, they are," agreed the woman. "But we will create solutions, and will bring them down should they get out of hand. Our plans are long term, but in the end any hero whether it be Superman or Supergirl or this Arcane, they are not above humanity."

The van continued to drive down the street, to a top secret base belonging to Project Cadmus.

Zatanna returned some time later, and faced Harry and Kara. "It took be a while, but I found the information you were looking for about the rune stone."

Harry and Kara nodded, as they invited her to continue.

"There is a serial number on the stone, but the company went out of business about seven years ago," said Zatanna as she showed them the reference she found. "They were manufactured in Egypt for years. At this location, but it's been closed for a while like I said."

"They could be back in business," said Harry thoughtfully as he looked at the address. "It's better than the no lead we had before. We'll look into it, and hopefully we can go from there."

"Yeah, thanks for everything, Zatanna," said Kara.

"No problem, you two, do you need anything else?" asked Zatanna, but the couple shook their heads. "Okay, have a Happy Valentine's Day."

"We will," said Harry. "See you around Zatanna, and thanks again."

"Yeah thanks, Zatanna," said Kara with a smile, as the two left.

There were still plans for them tonight, and the night was still young. Zatanna was left, to make sure nothing was damaged in the struggle with Psimon.
"We're going back to where it all started, aren't we?" asked Kara, as Harry had led her to the hotel room where the consummated their marriage. "They fixed the damage we did I see."

"Yeah, looks perfectly new," replied Harry who looked around. Now he had his memories back of that magical night, he was rather pleased. "Happy Valentine's Day, Kara."

"Happy Valentine's Day, Harry," said Kara as they sat down on the bed.

"Fighting off mind control helps you work up an appetite, doesn't it?" asked Harry, and Kara nodded. "So I brought us this to share on Valentine's Day."

Harry held out two containers. He opened one to reveal a large pot of chocolate sauce. Then he procured a container of freshly picked strawberries.

"Looks delicious," said Kara, as she licked her lips. "I'll be right back; I want to change into something more comfortable."

Harry nodded, as Kara went to the adjacent bathroom. She returned dressed in a lacey red corset. Her breasts threatened to spill out of the top as the material clung to her body. She wore skimpy blue underwear that barely covered what needed to be covered, and white stockings. Kara floated towards Harry, swaying her hips in the air, her breasts bouncing. She sat across from Harry on the bed, sitting spread eagled.

Kara slowly dipped one of the strawberries in chocolate, and put it up to her lips. She pressed it her mouth, and nibbled on it. Harry watched her, as she licked around the strawberry. Kara slowly popped it into her mouth, her eyes glazed over. She made delightful and sensual sounds.

Kara dipped one of the strawberries and leaned over, to feed it to Harry. Harry ate it delightfully. She dipped and ate another strawberry. Kara went to get Harry another strawberry, but she "accidentally" dropped it down her top.

"Here, let me get that," said Harry, as he reached over, and slowly fished the strawberry out of her cleavage. He popped it into his mouth, and ate it with glee.

Harry reached over, and now proceeded to feed her a strawberry. Kara licked the excess chocolate off of his fingers. Kara reached in and dipped a strawberry in the chocolate sauce. She fed it to Harry, and he held onto her hand, sucking the chocolate form her fingers. Kara's head rolled back, and she closed her eyes, moaning.

They continued this activity for a little bit, until they took things to the next level.

Smut/Lemon Begins

Harry slipped Kara's corset off to reveal her perky breasts and curved body. They bounced, as they got released from their confines. Kara blew a bit of ice breath on her nipples, causing them to become slightly erect. Harry dabbed a bit of chocolate on Kara's nipples.

"Harry," moaned Kara, as she felt herself get wet as Harry sucked the chocolate off of her nipples. Then Harry took it a step further, and tilted the container up slightly.

He proceeded to dip her breasts in the chocolate. Kara began to play with herself, as Harry sucked, and licked on her chocolate covered breasts. The fact he was feasting off of her made her feel so dirty, so horny, and she loved it.

Harry felt his mouth water, as he helped himself to another helping of his wife's gorgeous tits by
dipping them in the chocolate once again. His mouth continued the movements, to suck her breasts. Kara's head tilted back and Harry felt himself get hard from the moans she was giving, the desire in her eyes, as he nibbled on her breasts.

Harry pushed Kara back on the bed. Her dampened knickers clung to her like a second skin.

"You're so wet, baby," said Harry, as he slowly peeled them off of her. He inhaled the aroma of her moist pussy. With a tease, Harry stroked her lips, and then pumped her with three of his fingers.

Kara moaned, and writhed, as Harry sent miniature jolts of magic down into her core from his fingers. His fingers pumped into her, over and over again. Kara pushed her hips up into his fingers, as Harry slid the chocolate container over.

"Oh, Harry," breathed Kara.

"Like that, my love," said Harry, and Kara soaked his fingers, along with the bed sheets with her orgasm.

Kara sat up and jumped off of the bed, flying into Harry's arms. She began to kiss him madly, and rub him against his clothes. She grabbed his shirt, and pulled it off, as Harry tipped back onto the bed. The Kryptonian beauty clad in nothing, but stockings stuck her tongue deep down Harry's throat. Harry returned the favor, grabbing her arse. He squeezed it, and Kara just deepened her activities. Her bare breasts smashed against his muscular chest. Kara worked his pants off.

She slipped his tightened boxer shorts off. His erect penis sprung out, and Kara rubbed it against her cheek, eyes glazed over with desire. Her wet tongue licked up and down it, circling Harry's member, swirling around it to get it lubricated, and she sucked on it, to get Harry warmed up.

"Now, I need you inside me," whispered Kara as her hair hung over her face, her lips pressed together.

"Please, I need to be inside of you," said Harry, as Kara slid down onto Harry. Harry's eyes widened, as Kara began to lower herself up and down.

Harry thrust his hips up, feeling the moist core within his wife. Kara rubbed him with her Kryptonian pussy walls, as she rode him like there was no tomorrow. The bed creaked beneath them, but reinforcement charms allowed it to remain standing. Kara tightened around him a little bit more, and Harry exerted force against her, as he pushed up into her.

Kara was wetter, and wetter with every single moment. Harry reached up at this moment. His hands fondled her breasts. She screamed, and bounced up and down at super speed. She was a blur to the untrained eye. Harry matched her movements, as the activities got more intense.

Her tight, wet pussy clamped around him like a vice, as Harry's balls filled with cum. Kara ceased her movements, as Harry continued to play with her breasts. She reached over, dipping her fingers into the chocolate. With her finger, she traced K+H on his chest, and then drew a heart around it.

Then Kara leaned down, and slowly licked the chocolate off of Harry's bare chest. All while she continued to clench. Harry's balls reached the capacity.

"Flood my powerful pussy with your magical semen!" yelled Kara in encouragement, as she bounced a few more times, flexed a few more times, and then Harry lost it.

His balls tightened, and he came deep inside her pussy. Kara moaned at the top of her lungs, as she felt herself get filled up. She milked him dry, as her own orgasm concluded. She collapsed on
Harry, and slid off of him.

"Ready for the second course?" breathed Harry, as he reached around, and flipped her onto her back. With a devious smile, Harry waved his hand, and Kara found herself strapped to the bed. At that action, Kara's pussy became wet once more.

As Kara was strapped to the bed, Harry removed her stockings. She was completely nude. Her sweat covered tanned body laid on the bed. Her long blonde hair, beautiful blue eyes, her angel face, luscious red lips, perky c-cup breasts, slender shoulders, toned abs, curved body, an aroused pussy covered with a small strip of blond hair, long shapely legs, and perfect feet, she was a vision of beauty.

Harry took the chocolate sauce, and dumped it over Kara's bound body. She shrieked with pleasure, but was unable to do much more, bound to the bed. Harry reached over, and took the strawberries, dipping them in the chocolate sauce.

Harry alternated between feeding her and him the remaining strawberries, dipping them on the chocolate on her body. Kara continued to moan and more at this activity. She was in heaven.

Eventually the strawberries ran out, and Harry crawled over her.

"Look at that, you dirty girl, covered in chocolate," said Harry. "I guess I'm going to have to clean you off."

Harry started at the top of her head, and began to lick the chocolate off of her face. Kara breathed in and out, as Harry sucked and licked the side of her neck. Then he did both of her arms. Her breasts followed, with Harry spending some time licking and sucking the chocolate off of them. Even when they were chocolate clean, Harry gave them a few more deep sucks. Kara's moans indicated she enjoyed them.

Harry moved down and licked her stomach. He spent some time licking the chocolate out of her belly button. Kara was stammering, and writhing against the straps. Harry slowly moved down, and stopped on her pussy. He licked her out, bringing her to the heights of pleasure. Her hips pushed up against his tongue.

Chocolate covered Kryptonian pussy, Harry made a mental note to make this a regular part of his diet. Harry made sure she was completely dry before he proceeded.

Kara felt on the verge of having an earth shattering orgasm, this felt so good. The skin of her legs were being sucked and kissed, until clean. Then Harry reached her feet, and sucked the chocolate off of it. The fact she could not have her hands free to play with herself was torture, but the thought Harry was they only one who could help her just made her wetter.

"Harry, I need you inside me," moaned Kara, as he finished sucking the chocolate off of her feet and toes.

"Just a second," said Harry with a grin. He summoned the chocolate, and traced the S Shield on Kara's chest in chocolate.

Harry stroked her pussy and then slid inside her. Kara sighed in relief, as Harry teased her with so strokes.

"Really pound me Harry, I'm so horny for you right now," encouraged Kara as she was strapped to the bed.
Harry obliged as he slammed into her pussy. Kara cried in ecstasy, as shivers went down her spine. The straps strained to keep her into place. She contracted and squeezed around Harry. He rode her like there was no tomorrow, as the charms on the bed managed to hold.

Kara lost count about how many orgasms she had by now. It was a good thing she drank plenty of fluids. Harry continued to stretch her. She would still heal in a few minutes, good as new, but the fact he actually caused her pussy to stretch really made her wet.

"Damn, fuck, cum, I need you to finish me off," breathed Kara, as Harry tugged on her hair.

He continued to push in and out of her pussy. Kara used her muscle control to clench him. The exertion was a test of wills, but eventually Harry had his wife win.

"Cumming," breathed Harry.

"Do it," countered Kara, as she rubbed his penis with her pussy muscles and squeezed it.

Cum splattered inside her one more time. She continued to squeeze Harry's orgasm out until completion. She tightened hard around his member. Several ropes of semen shot deep inside her, and both of them collapsed after their latest round of love making continued.

Smut/Lemon Ends.

Both pulled themselves up, to take a shower. After all, they reeked of both sex and chocolate sauce.

Harry and Kara both mutually agreed their first Valentine's Day as a couple was a memorable one. They wondered if they could top it next year.

One thing was for sure, they would have fun trying.

Severus Snape arrived at Knockturn Alley. There came a time where there was nothing left to lose, and Snape had reached that point a long time ago. His steps quickened down the Alley, but he remained calm. He remained in the shadows, where he saw Dolores Umbridge standing outside of Club Sinclair.

"I see you are the one who requested a meeting with me, Professor Snape," said Umbridge in her sickeningly sweet tone of voice. "Might I ask what the occasion is?"

"What do you know about the murders of purebloods?" asked Snape.

"It's a dreadful business," said Umbridge in a calm voice, as she stood, calm and collected. She appeared unphased. "I feel that this murderer is being enabled by Albus Dumbledore in his attempt to bring that little trouble maker Potter back. Potter is gone, and our world is a lot better for it."

"I would have to agree with that point, Madam Umbridge," said Snape, as he peered over his shoulder, and before he turned. With another movement, Snape tried to discreetly peer into her mind.

'Two weeks before the first attacks, she met with someone,' thought Snape. 'Yaxley had put her through to this individual. A plan to get the Ministry to track all Muggleborns, and bring them in for their own protection. So Umbridge is just a pawn in this, and Yaxley is the one who put the idea in her head. What would Yaxley have to gain?'

"Hogwarts may be back under the control of the Ministry, once we gain back control from the
Muggle Government," said Umbridge. "And unlike last year, I will be in complete control and will replace all of the teachers with Ministry approved educators. You may find yourself one of these teachers, providing you give any information regarding what Dumbledore has been up to."

"Dumbledore believes that Potter is the only one to defeat the Dark Lord," said Snape without any expression. "His obsession with Potter and the Dark Lord has caused him to lose sight of his duties at Hogwarts."

Umbridge nodded a look of triumph on her face.

"Do feel free to stop by my office if you have any further information you can share with me," said Umbridge. "It is unwise to lurk with a killer on the loose."

Snape noticed about eight Aurors who were stationed, wands pointed at him.

"Then we must part ways, Madam Umbridge," said Snape, with a slight bow.

"Of course, Professor Snape," said Umbridge, as she turned around, as she heard a sound in the distance. She relaxed when it was merely a cat.

'The killer thinks she can psyche me out,' thought Umbridge. 'I'll show her the price for defying the Ministry, providing I can find out who she is. Yaxley acquired her services sight unseen, to avoid us from getting implicated in the murders. This must not get back to Potter. I need more time, to prepare for him, in the event he returns. The Ministry is at its weakest, and Spanner and Supergirl, they'll both be punished for what they've done."

Umbridge walked off into the shadows.

The remaining Purebloods at Hogwarts were called in the Great Hall for a meeting. Ron Weasley and Astoria Greengrass looked like they had both lost the will to live, given the latest two attacks had been on their family members. Daphne was dead, and it looked like Ginny would be in her state for a while, with the potential for permanent brain damage. Professor McGonagall walked up to them.

"We believe that the killer in this school is targeting pureblood witches and wizards," said McGonagall in a flat voice. "Therefore each and every one of you could be in danger as being the next victim. There is a good chance the killer could be sitting in the room."

"What about Snape?"

"He's a Death Eater!"

McGonagall silenced the two Gryffindors who had spoke up at that moment. Yet, it had played on a real fear in her mind. The only trusted Snape based on Dumbledore's word. At the very least Dumbledore proved to be human, given recent events.

"By Easter, we will likely be closing Hogwarts down, it's not safe anymore," concluded McGonagall as everyone nodded. "We will try to maintain a normal education the best we can."

"We need Potter!"

"Harry Potter has been driven from our world, and he's not coming back," said McGonagall addressing the person who had spoken up. "It's regrettable, but if you understood the circumstances, you would see he has been justified. Now is the time to come forward with
Everyone nodded the murders both inside and outside of Hogwarts proved this to be true.

"Keep your wand on you at all times, I cannot stress this point enough," concluded McGonagall. "I would suggest you all try and get some sleep, but it is understandable if that will be difficult."

At that moment, everyone left, but Tracy Davis remained by. With Daphne's death, she was the only two Slytherin students left in her year, the other being Draco Malfoy.

"Professor McGonagall, I have information," whispered Tracy, hoping this would help. "I overheard Draco Malfoy the other day bragging to some seventh years about how he'd soon be able to lead Death Eaters into the school to exterminate all of the Mud…Muggleborns."

"Continue Miss Davis," said McGonagall, deciding to overlook the near slip.

"There's something about a Vanishing Cabinet," added Tracy. "I'm sorry I couldn't give you more information."

"You have given us a tangible lead," said McGonagall as while she doubted that Malfoy could pull off the attacks on his own, perhaps he had presented a means for the killer to get inside Hogwarts. It was interesting that neither Lucius nor Narcissa Malfoy had been harmed, so perhaps a bargain had been struck.

Draco Malfoy stood inside the Room of Requirement, when a figure appeared behind him. He saw the reflection of the blonde girl behind him in a mirror that appeared.

"So, you're here to kill me too, I suppose," drawled Draco, as he turned around to face the Hogwarts killer. "Have you not forgotten our bargain? I pay you the gold to keep Dumbledore and Snape diverted from what I'm doing, and you leave my parents out of whatever game you're playing."

"Bargains are made to be broken," said a calm voice. "You speak when you shouldn't, Draco. Tracy and Daphne both overheard you. I had to silence Daphne."

"I didn't think you had it in you, to kill Daphne," said Draco, who looked bored. "Given the nature of your relationship…"

"Do not speak another word, Draco," warned the Killer. "You see, I'm going to disappear before too long, but you're a loose end I need to tie up."

"What was your motivation anyway in all of this?" asked Draco.

"Galleons make the world work, Draco," said the killer, in a matter of fact voice. "The Zabinis died, my mother died, Daphne died, and I inherited a windfall of gold. I managed to hire paid assassins to commit many of the murderers. The idea was put in my head during the first few attacks. The Ministry had their little assassin on the inside, but Umbridge realized it was too dangerous. She left, but I took over where she left off."

It was a small lie. The previous assassin had been taken out, her body left in the Forbidden Forest, and likely digested by the Acormantulas in said forest by now. She did not take over, as much as steal her identity and her artifacts. Naturally, Astoria took advantage of being underestimated,
being a mere Hogwarts student.

"You're more insane than my aunt," managed Draco, but he felt himself hurled back into the Room of Requirement. He was pinned to the ground.

"You see this little rock around my neck, it signifies power," said the killer. "I was the youngest Greengrass sister; I was nobody, until I found this rock. It amplified my brain power tenfold, and my magical powers. And now I have the wealth to do whatever I want in the world. The entire Wizarding World is going to collapse, and I'm going to be on a tropical island living up the high life while the rest of you finish imbreeding yourselves into extinction. Well the few that are left anyway."

Draco found himself on the ground, and Astoria Greengrass pulled out a vial, before she tipped the contents into his mouth.

"Polyjuice Potion, you'll die looking like me, but not before I've pulled all of my Galleons from Gringotts, and converted them into sufficient funds," said Astoria, as she slipped through the repaired vanishing cabinet. "Oh and once I collapse this tunnel, the backlash will kill you, and most of Knockturn Alley. By the time anyone finds you, I'll be long gone, and the world will be hunting for Draco Malfoy based on carefully placed evidence."

Astoria disappeared, leaving her double on the floor.

A large blinding flash of light several moments later and Draco Malfoy perished in a fiery explosion, wearing the face of Astoria Greengrass. She could not resist leaving one last calling card for them to find, but leaving enough hints that it was Malfoy who was responsible. Leaving Alastor Moody's magical eye in Draco's trunk would be the most damning piece of evidence.

All went according to her plan, and Astoria proved she was worth of being sorted into the noble house of Salazar Slytherin. Most in the house talked a big game, but they were all show and no blow.

She proved herself to be a level beyond those fools.

Superman entered the front lobby of the main Patronus Incorporated Office building in Metropolis. Harry and Kara both asked him to come here for something important they needed to show him. He learned now it was not best to jump to conclusions. He looked around, impressed.

If he didn't know this was the former LexCorp building, there would be no way he would be able to recognize the place.

March had now arrived, and Spring was just around the corner. Superman made it up to the main laboratory area where Harry and Kara waited for him. He saw a number of interesting projects. He was curious about many of them, but had a feeling he would find out with the rest of the world what they were where they were released for public consumption.

"Hi, Kal, glad you could make it," said Kara with a bright smile, as Harry waved at him.

"Hi, Kara, Harry, how are you doing?" asked Superman returning the smile. The two were dressed in white lab coats, and wore goggles.

"We're doing fine, I trust you're not getting into that much trouble," said Harry.

"Just the standard criminal activity, city's been rather quiet," said Superman. "How about you?"
"Oh, a bit here and there, but actually peaceful for my life," said Harry, as he stood in front of the case. "Something you should know, Lex Luthor is still out there. When Kara and I were back in Vegas, he sent an assassin after us to wipe our memories, and bring us back to him. He wanted to reprogram us into weapons, you too."

Superman nodded. Despite the fact he could be on death's door, Luthor seemed to be obsessed with his schemes as usual.

"Just be on your guard, and watch your back." said Harry.

"Yeah, be careful, neither of us want to see you get hurt, again," said Kara.

"Thanks for the head's up, and I'll be careful," said Superman, as he stood in front of them.

"So how are you and Lois doing?" asked Kara, conversationally.

"Oh, we're doing fine," said Superman with a smile.

"Fine's good, fine's a foundation," said Harry, as he reached over to make a final adjustment. "But your dating life, whatever it may be, I really don't need to know. What goes on behind closed doors should stay behind closed doors. I called you over to deal with a very important issue. Namely the fact you keep getting zapped by Kryptonite, and it's a bit of a liability. To put it bluntly, it makes you an oversized damsel in distress."

"Well, it can be a problem," said Superman. "A lead lined suit does do wonders with dealing with Kryptonite."

"Yeah, and it's highly inefficient and clunky," said Kara as she looked at him. "Not to mention, what if it gets ripped? It's not like something you can carry easily on you. Did you ever think that the Kryptonian race didn't figure out anything about radiation shielding?"

Superman looked up. He had not thought about that.

"I managed to shield Kara with a bracelet," said Harry, as he held up a syringe. "You on the other hand are going to require something a bit more different."

"You do realize that needles will break in my skin," said Superman.

"Well, magical needles can be reinforced to break through anything," said Harry. "Hold still, this might sting just a little bit."

Harry jabbed the needle into Superman's arm.

"I went through the Fortress computers, and found some components that could shield the effects, kind of like a reverse Kryptonite, or whatever," said Harry, and Superman nodded.

"Oddly enough, it was Lex Luthor who provided the final component we needed," said Kara who looked amused at the irony. "We figured if he could potentially infect us with a Kryptonite virus through nano technology, why couldn't a cure be administered the same way? I got the cure too; my DNA got infused with it when I put on the bracelet. However, it gives me an extra layer of protection, and it's a beautiful gift from my wonderful husband."

Kara kissed Harry, and Superman sat there patiently. He wondered if he should have brought the paper to wait until they were done. He turned to watch the birds out the window, until the two got it out of their system.
"Of course, the real proof is in that case," said Harry, as he removed the shielding and popped it open to reveal a chunk of Kryptonite.

Superman sat there for at least a minute, and did even feel any side effects, not even itchy watery eyes.

"The cure worked," said Superman. "It's permanent isn't it?

"Well, yes, only Kara and I could deactivate the nano technology and make you vulnerable to Kryptonite again," said Harry, and Superman looked at him. "Just a precaution, you never can be too careful."

"Bruce has taught you too well," said Superman with a smile. "Thank you."

"No problem," said Kara with a smile.

"Yeah it wasn't a problem," said Harry. "So, I'm sure something in the city will need saving."

"Yeah, a bus is careening out of control, see you two later," said Superman, as he flew off.

"So back to business for us, about these stones?" asked Kara.

"Yeah, we're going to have to arrange a trip to Egypt," said Harry. "See if we can look up the former maker."

"Well there was a small deposit of Kryptonite tracked to the desert, so we can kill two birds with one stone," said Kara, as they made their travel plans.

Plus it was a chance to invite a couple of friends along, and perhaps see the sights.
Unraveling Part One

Chapter 30: Unraveling Part One.

Astoria Greengrass, disguised in Muggle attire along with a black wig, green eye contacts, and eye glasses, exited Gringotts. She carried a briefcase, magically lightened, that contained her new riches. She allowed herself a small smile. The goblins looked about ready to rebel any day now, but obviously the fees she incurred distracted them from their anger towards humans. Astoria still had more than enough money to live the high life for the next few decades, or more.

"Well, you're a long way from Hogwarts, aren't you Miss Greengrass?"

Astoria turned her head, to face Yaxley. The man stood calm in Diagon Alley. Astoria regarded the Ministry official and Death Eater calmly and coolly.

"Yeah, I should have figured some Ministry drone would want tribute," said Astoria in a crisp voice. "Name your price, but hurry because I've got a plane to catch out of this deathtrap of a country."

Yaxley remained quiet for an instant, as Astoria surveyed him. Her wand was in her hand, and her eyes never left his face.

"I just wished to thank you for your noble efforts," said Yaxley, and Astoria looked at him like he had grown two heads. "I knew for some time the previous assassin Dolores and I hired for our plans had gone missing. However, I allowed Madam Umbridge to think that she was just merely canceling the contract, and thus reneging on the agreement. The entire Wizarding World is virtually crippled. Many of the next generation of purebloods are dead, and the same old hands at the Ministry are not getting any younger."

"So, I guess your master is pleased," said Astoria, as she leaned back and yawned.

Yaxley paused for a moment, but he responded in his usual monotone.

"No, he has nothing to do with my objective," droned Yaxley, as he looked at Astoria. "I suppose you covered your trail to ensure you would not be implicated in any of the murders."

"Very good, perhaps the inbreeding has not killed all of your brain cells," said Astoria. Standing in front of Yaxley, she held her briefcase, as if it was a beloved child.

"I will allow you to go on your way, you have no idea the part you've played in what is to come," said Yaxley, and Astoria just turned; before she walked off before anyone else would meet her.

Around this time, the Hogwarts teachers would be finding her corpse, along with the evidence pointing them to Draco Malfoy. She smiled at this. The goblins would have been a problem, with her pulling a great deal of gold from her vault, but given a little surprise she planted in Gringotts, every single person inside the bank would be dead within the next few hours. In fact, there would be no Gringotts to speak of.

Astoria slipped outside of Diagon Alley, figuring that there would be some people caught in the crossfire as well. Ignorance of Muggle technology would end up getting the Wizarding World killed, especially their explosive devices. With a few charms, they could be deadly weapons, and bring entire Muggle countries to their knees.
After all, if wizards caused havoc when they enchanted toaster ovens and coffee makers, something more dangerous would allow them to have more.

Astoria figured she had not been the only one with the foresight to pull her money. Those pureblood nobles who assumed that Gringotts would always be there and thus their gold was safe would have a nasty shock by the end of the day.

She got on a plane, and head as far away from the crime scene as possible. Astoria Greengrass had succeeded in pulling off the perfect crime. She laughed at the deaths that were likely to follow. They all had it coming because they were too stupid to leave that world behind.

Purebloods always stabbed each other in the back over the quest for gold. She just decided to take that tradition a few steps beyond that.

Winds blew through Egypt, as four figures walked towards a museum.

"The little deposit of Kryptonite has been taken care of, thankfully," said Harry, as Kara nodded beside him.

They both agreed that despite the Kryptonite vulnerability being taken care of with both Clark and Kara, it still would be prudent to get rid of as much of the stuff as they could. Given the long term effects as experienced by Lex Luthor, there was a chance that any people near a deposit of Kryptonite could be infected by the same cancer. Harry just hoped that it did not taint the drinking water, but thankfully some scanning charms indicated that there was nothing but the usual filth in the water. Harry wore a black bandanna, sunglasses, a red and gold tank top, and black leather pants, with black boots.

"So, we can get down to business," said Kara as she leaned against the stone walls. A pair of sunglasses covered her eyes, her blonde hair hung loosely down her back. A tight black tank top stretched over her chest, showing a decent amount of cleavage and exposing her tanned midriff area. She also wore tight jean shorts that hugged her hips, and showed off her legs. The top of her feet was visible in white sandals.

"Yeah, according to these directions the shop that sold the rune stones was around here somewhere," said Hermione, dressed in a more modest black t-shirt, loose black shorts, and black sandals, wearing silver bracelets, with her long dark hair tied back in a ponytail.

"The natives don't look too friendly," said Barbara, as she peered into the shop window. She was dressed in a black tank top, tight black leather pants, and black boots. She wore sunglasses and her red hair was tied back in a ponytail.

"Do the natives ever look friendly?" asked Kara, as she held onto Harry. "Just let's get in here, then we can see the sights a little bit, maybe."

"That'd be a good idea," agreed Harry, and Barbara and Hermione both nodded that they thought so as well. Harry approached the counter with the three girls. Kara hung on his arm, while the other two girls lurked in the background. "Excuse me?"

Harry concluded his question by looking over the counter, to see a very surly looking shopkeeper. He peered down at Harry, and looked at him. "Yes, what do you want?"

"What do you know about these stones?" asked Harry, as he put it on the counter. The shopkeeper remained cold and indifferent as he looked at the stone.
"Yeah, we stopped selling those things to customers seven years ago," said the shopkeeper. "The cost of making them was too expensive, and our supplier decided that he would like to up the prices."

"Yet, there was a killer over in Britain who was using them," pressed Harry, but the shopkeeper just looked stoic and unconcerned. "Who supplied you with them?"

"Forget it, I'm not going to talk," said the shopkeeper, but Hermione approached him from the other side, with a golden lasso.

"Harry, he's not going to talk willingly," said Hermione, as she held the rope. "So we're going to have to persuade him."

"Yeah tie me up, I still won't talk," said the shopkeeper, but Hermione threw the lasso around him.

"Okay, who was your supplier?" asked Harry.

"Lucius Malfoy, I think he had the stones made for cheap, Muggleborn slave labor in shops," said the shopkeeper, eyes glazed over.

"He's telling the truth," said Hermione, but Kara eyed the lasso.

"Hermione is that…" started Kara.

"I borrowed it from Diana," said Hermione, in a dismissive voice.

"Borrowed?" asked Barbara, with a raised eyebrow.

"Well I didn't technically ask, but I will return it before it was missed," said Hermione, with a smug expression on her face.

"Yeah she borrowed it, just like the time you borrowed the Batmobile," said Kara to Barbara, and Barbara turned away.

"Yeah, well that was an emergency," said Barbara, as she shifted, embarrassed at the memory.

"Dare I ask?" asked Harry.

"Never mind, just keep asking him questions," said Barbara, waving her hand.

"Okay, who's the last person you sold the stones too," said Harry, as Hermione tightened the lasso. "I'm not sure if that was necessary."

"Um, I didn't see get a name," said the shopkeeper. "I do remember this was the ugliest woman that ever lived. She looked like a toad. She said she was picking up the stones for a client. She had a nasty coughing habit."

At that point, Harry tensed up. Kara grabbed his hand, to prevent him from causing too much a scene or destroying anything in the shop that was too expensive. Harry relaxed, and peered at the shopkeeper.

"Did she say anything else?" asked Harry, as he looked at the shopkeeper, cool as a cucumber.

"She just thanked me for finally giving them the chance to put those filthy Mudbloods in their place," said the shopkeeper. "That's all I know, I swear."
The rope was relaxed from around the shopkeeper, and a stunning spell knocked him out.

"As far as he knows, it was just a really bad hallucination that he had from too much heat," said Harry, as Hermione put the lasso away.

"So, I'm guessing from the looks on all of your faces, you know who his buyer is," said Barbara, and Kara, Hermione, and Harry all nodded.

"All too well," said Harry, as he knew that woman still being alive would eventually be a problem. "Her name is Dolores Umbridge. She's one of the foulest women I have ever had the misfortune of meeting and that's really all you need to know."

Barbara felt she got plenty from Harry's tone when he talked about the woman.

"I don't understand though, why would Umbridge sacrifice a good chunk of purebloods just to demonize Muggleborns?" asked Hermione, who could not follow the logic, but then it struck her. "The first few attacks were not fatal…it wasn't until Halloween that things got serious."

"Do you think Umbridge tried to double cross her paid assassin?" asked Kara.

"It does make sense," said Hermione as she nodded her head. "And with the Muggleborn Protection Act, it would be a perfect way for her to add more provisions. Muggleborns should all be monitored more closely, and be under the care of a respected Pureblood family, all that nonsense."

"Even the term Muggleborns does seem to be a bit like they are classifying you as second class citizens," said Barbara thoughtfully. "I don't know much about that world, but from what Bruce has said, those in power think of non-magic users as something akin to zoo animals."

"Well if they had their way, everyone who went against them would be locked in cages," concluded Harry darkly. "I think first generation magic users would be a better term, but it just simply doesn't roll off the tongue all that well."

"Now we know Umbridge is behind this, do you have any idea what to do next?" asked Kara, as she looked at Harry. Harry just smiled.

"Inform Percy, and see if he can dig up anything," said Harry, as he looked around. "I do hope he can, but I'd imagine Umbridge destroyed all records and covered her tracks. And then she's under high security, while everyone else burns. Really does show you what the purebloods think of each other in the end."

The entire group nodded. Harry and Hermione both felt bad about accusing Neville of potentially being the killer. Yet, Neville's own shaky mental stability made him a likely threat.

"Never mind, we got the business out of the way," said Kara, and everyone smiled as they got onto more pleasurable leisure activities.

There were a few museums that they could check out, and some tombs, as they found out when they researched the area.

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Around this time, a headless spectral figure glided into the scene. He was pale white, with a white top hat and a monocle floating where his head should have been. He was dressed like something out of Victorian Era London.

"For over a century I have searched for the descendants of the man who sent me to the gallows,"
The ghost turned, to peer at the approaching party that moved towards the museum, and then the tombs in the background.

"I sense the last remaining descendent of Constable Radcliffe approaching, and once I put him into the ground, my curse will be reversed," said the ghost, as he made preparations, as a walking stick with a miniature skull on the top. "He will regret having the misfortune of being related to the man who sent Gentleman Jim Craddock to the gallows."

Gentleman Jim Craddock, or now he was known as the Gentleman Ghost moved from his vantage point. Formerly a notorious highway man, who had killed man women, Craddock had hung in the nineteenth century. For decades he watched as the entire line descending from Constable Radcliffe die out one at a time. Two more members perished over the holidays, but once he sensed the final descendent approach, he must ensure a speedy demise.

The Gentleman Ghost followed quietly, careful not to alert them of his presence, at least not yet.

The quartet made their way into the museum, to gaze at the exhibits. The artifacts looked beautiful in their restored glory, but Harry did wonder how many of them were the originals and how many of them were carefully replicated duplicates.

"This is pretty interesting," said Hermione as she looked at the exhibits. "A lot of these exhibits were put together and found by Professor William Omaha McElroy."

"Hey that name sounds familiar," said Barbara.

"It should, he was that famed Professor of Egyptology," said Kara. "He got clonked on the head, got amnesia, and thought he was the reincarnation of King Tut."

"Yeah we watched some of his missions in the archive, he did have a flair the dramatics," said Harry, with a smile. "He tried to make Gotham City into Thebes."

"Yeah, but it seems like he got better over time, he hasn't made a peep in years," agreed Kara.

"What happened to him anyway?" asked Hermione.

"Well he actually was cured of his double personality, he's on medication, and he returned to Yale," said Barbara. "At least that's what Bruce said when I asked about him. Bruce tends to be a bit tight lipped about those missions from about the first five years of his existence."

"Well Batman wouldn't be the Batman of today, if he didn't go on the missions of the Batman of yesterday," said Kara, but she shook her head. "That statement was a lot less repetitive in my head."

"I thought it made perfect sense," said Harry, with a smile, an arm draped around her waist. "Let's see what these tombs out back look like. I did have to pay a fair sum, but given Patronus Incorporated is having its second profitable quarter, I feel it will barely dent our coffers."

"Plus it's just smart for tax reasons," contributed Kara, which caused everyone to laugh.

The laughter died down after a moment.

"Well you're starting to think like business people, a bit eerie if you ask me," said Barbara, as the
quartet moved down the steps into the tombs. Things were eerily quiet, as a pair of uniformed guards allowed them entry when the credentials were shown.

The group moved through the tombs in awe, seeing the burial ground.

"Now be careful don't touch anything other than the floor," said Hermione.

"Yeah there's some rather dangerous magic down here, curses to prevent tomb robbers," said Harry, as he pointed over to a skeleton that had two heads. "Case in point."

Barbara gasped, as Kara looked at it, shivered a bit.

"Yeah, the ancient Egyptian Pharaohs were rather protective of their treasures, even after they passed away," said Hermione. "I think some of the curses on this tomb are mild. There were others that had a thrall to compel people to touch the treasures. Then be robbers were turned into insects, before giant spiders ate them."

"Yeah, I get it, don't touch anything," said Barbara with a shudder, but a loud creak could be heard in the distance. "Dare I ask what that might be?"

Footsteps could be heard from inside the tomb, coming from a direction with no entrance or exit. Harry tensed up, as did Kara, Hermione, and Barbara. They waited for another noise, but things got quiet, a bit too quiet.

"Everyone on their toes, this could get messy if there's something in here with us," said Harry, as he stood with Kara. "Everyone watch each other's back. We don't want anything sneaking up on us."

Kara, Harry, Barbara, and Hermione all stood back to back in a square. The group moved slowly through the tombs, but a bright flash indicated they were far from alone.

To their credit no one screamed, which only proved to show how much their experiences with the strange and the bizarre had hardened them. For several rotting mummified corpses stalked them, arms outstretched. They gave low, inhumane moans. Immediately, Kara sent a blast of heat vision at them. The impact blew them up in an explosion of dust and worms.

"Lovely," said Hermione in a dry voice, as Harry waved his hand. Several spikes shot out from the ground, to prevent their attackers from moving forward.

"We need to get out of here," said Barbara, but from the other side, they saw another group of mummified Inferi walk towards them. "And of course they'd block the exit."

"There's more than one way out of these tombs," said Harry, as he waved his wand. A wall of fire shot up, and caused the undead army to back up. "Kara, scan the blocks, find a weak spot."

"On it," said Kara as she did as she was asked. Her X-Ray vision scanned the blocks one at a time. After a few seconds, she had struck pay dirt. "Weak one, right here."

"I'll get it, make sure those zombies or whatever don't get there," said Barbara, as she pulled a small explosive charge out of her bag. She moved over, as Harry levitated several rocks to form a shield to protect them.

The side chamber exploded, and lead to a set of stairs, where another group of mummified Inferi stalked them.
"Okay, you've got to be kidding me!" snapped Kara, as she fried two of the zombies with her heat vision. "I just wanted one day off. IS THAT TOO MUCH TO ASK?"

Kara blasted the steps with heat vision, causing them to blow up, and the Inferi to stumbled down. Kara grabbed Hermione, and Harry grabbed Barbara, as they flew their friends out, with Harry sending fire back down the steps, and Kara sending one more blast of heat vision.

Harry shielded them, as Kara smashed through, and caused the stones to cave in, leading to the Inferi to be sealed in the pyramid.

"A vacation, that's all I ever wanted," said Harry as he looked up, to see the army of the undead stalk them in the desert.

"Someone seems to want to prevent that," said Barbara, as she pulled out explosive pellets and tossed them, blowing the sand. Kara heated up the ground, causing the Inferi to burst into flames.

"And they have swords and spears too, that just makes it so much better," said Hermione, as she ripped one of the offending zombies in half with a blast of purple light. She grabbed the sword out of his rotting hand. Then with a swing, Hermione decapitated two of the Inferi.

They bent down to pick up their severed heads, and Kara let them have it with a blast of heat vision. Harry used a handy spell to widen the scope of her heat vision, flash flying twenty zombies in one shot. The worms promptly dried out and died in the middle of the desert.

Barbara held a Baterang in her hand, and threw it into the air. It stuck to the side of the pyramid. With a press of a button, she caused an explosion, and several stones fell to crush the zombies.

They continued to fight, as Harry wondered if whoever was behind this had raised every single person who died in Ancient Egypt. Yet the endless army of the undead continued to fight them, as the quartet baked under the hot Egypt sun.

"The intense heat doesn't seem to be bothering them," said Hermione, as she ripped through one of the attackers with a sword.

"That just means someone fixed that weakness," said Harry, as he held a sword, and lit it on fire. He swung the flaming sword, and the Inferi burst into ashes.

"Yeah, thanks Captain Obvious," said Hermione dryly, as she deflected the attacks. She followed that up by sending blue flames at them.

"A plan would help greatly now," said Barbara through gritted teeth. "Or some help because we are grossly outnumbered."

"Yeah, well either isn't happening," said Kara, as cut up more of the Inferi with her heat vision.

At that point, a masked woman with wings, dressed in a yellow top with black and red pants swooped down. Red hair flowed from underneath her mask. She hovered above them, to survey the situation below her.

"Stand back!" she yelled and sure enough, a large mace swung down, to knock the entire army of the undead back with an explosion. They retreated, as if some kind of weakness had been triggered. "You better get out of here, to a safe place."

"Good idea," said Barbara, as it would give them time to regroup. Harry grabbed one of the stones, and activated turned it into a Portkey, but not before he placed a tracking spell on their mysterious
"Everyone touch a finger on it, we're leaving," said Harry, as they were transported back to the hotel complex that they were staying out.

"So, would anyone clue us in on who that was?" asked Hermione after she broke the silence, as they took some ice water and drank it, rehydrating from fighting in the scorching desert.

"Well, the wings, the outfit, and the attack first, ask questions never attitude, I'd say a Thanagarian," said Kara, as she leaned back, deep in thought. "The real question is what is a Thanagarian doing on Earth? Thanagar is way out the way. Further even than Krypton and Argo was."

None of them had any idea, but Barbara slid into her bag, and pulled out her laptop. She was able to interface with the Bat Computer, to see if she could find any information on their mysterious winged ally.

"She's a mysterious heroine, goes by the name of Hawkgirl," said Barbara. "She showed up, about three or four months ago, mysteriously."

"So, let me get this straight, she's mysterious right?" asked Kara, and Barbara just gave her a dirty look. Kara just responded with a grin.

"Hawkgirl, never would have guessed," said Harry dryly. "So anything else about her, Barbara?"

"Just the usual stop a few criminals, and leave them battered for the police," said Barbara as she read the file. "She has that mace; I don't know what it's made of."

"Nth metal," said Kara without missing a beat. "It's a rare substance, has magical properties. The biggest deposit of it was found on Thanagar. It can be a powerful tool for defense or destruction."

"So we're dealing with a mysterious winged vigilante, and have very little information to go on," said Harry, as everyone nodded. "I'm more concerned about who sent the army of the undead Egyptians at us."

"Someone dangerous," summarized Hermione. "Of course, there are any number of people who have it for Harry."

"I can't see why," said Harry in a dry voice, but at that point, he held his hand out. "Well we can wait about the mystery of the living dead. Hawkgirl on the other hand, she'll be easy to track down."

"You put some kind of tracking spell on here, didn't you?" asked Kara, and Harry nodded.

"If Bruce was here, he'd tell you that you're learning," said Barbara, as the group got up, refreshed from their rest. "Let's see what we can find out."

Everyone had questions they wanted answered, and set off, as Harry lead them to the location of this Hawkgirl.

In a set of catacombs, Shayera Hol, better known as Hawkgirl, walked. She held her mace tightly. For the past couple of weeks, she had chased this mysterious criminal known as the Gentleman Ghost, but he had eluded her at her every turn. Until she finally tracked him to Egypt, and just in time, as he had set a small army of the undead on four tourists. Of course, the tourists did seem
rather capable, but this dangerous criminal would have turned them into worm food eventually.

She looked at the writings on the wall, translating them carefully. It appeared the Gentleman Ghost had found some way to alter the writings to raise the army of an ancient Pharoah. Of course, the spell was incomplete; there was still one more set of writings he had to alter. The mystic artifact he stole caused him to remain one step ahead of her.

Shayera remained calm, as she had footsteps. Four heroes walked up to her. She stood her ground.

"What are you doing here?" she demanded, clutching her mace tightly.

"I'm sure we could ask you the same question, Hawkgirl," said Kara, as she was dressed in her Supergirl costume now.

"So you've done your homework," said Hawkgirl, as she adopted a neutral expression, but remained in a battle stance.

"Yeah, we do tend to do that before we go chasing after mysterious hawk people into ancient catacombs," said Hermione, as she stood dressed in a black pants with stars, and a black tank top, with a head band and bracelets.

"So Supergirl, Batgirl, Wonder Girl, and Spanner isn't it?" asked Hawkgirl.

"Arcane," corrected Harry through gritted teeth.

"Sorry, I must be a bit behind on the official super hero name changes," said Hawkgirl, as she continued to stare down the group.

"You're a long way from Thanagar, you know," said Kara, as she looked at them.

"Ah, Kryptonian, that figures with the powers under the yellow sun," said Hawkgirl with a nod. "We didn't have much to do with your race, but our relations were cordial enough. Of course Krypton was isolated, and didn't really trust anyone. About the only story I could remember was my father telling me he got into a bar fight with someone…Zor-El I think his name was. Ever meet him?"

"Um, yeah, he was my father," said Kara, and Hawkgirl looked rather amused by the situation.

"Well for what it's worth, I think that fight was a draw," said Hawkgirl. "Of course, in many ways, we both lost everything. Thanagar is a long way from my mind, I doubt I could find my way back, providing it is still there. Which given all of the wars, there is a chance it might be long gone."

"Sorry to hear that," said Harry, as he tried to see if there was any deception to these statements. Of course, she was hard to read, and Harry could pick up nothing that concerned him. At least nothing right away, but he felt the need to delve a bit deeper later.

"Yeah, it's a really bad situation to lose an entire world like that," said Kara in a knowing voice.

"Well, there are still colonies and outposts, for what it's worth," said Hawkgirl, as her voice remained even.

Barbara spoke up at that moment. "Yeah, that's interesting and sorry about what happened to your people, but what were you doing here?"

"I was tracking someone called the Gentleman Ghost," said Hawkgirl after a long pause. She
allowed that to sink in, before she continued to talk to them. "He took a mystical artifact, and I've been chasing him night and day for the past two weeks."

"So just for my curiosity, this little mystical artifact would have the ability to raise the living dead, would it?" asked Harry, and Hawkgirl nodded slowly. "Yeah, I thought so. They seemed to be after me in particular. Of course, I'm so used to people being after me, that I just automatically assume these things."

Kara cleared her throat, and she heard groans. "Something's out there, something that shouldn't be."

The side windows cracked open, and the army of the undead spilled into the catacombs. Hawkgirl raised her mace, and smashed them, but there seemed to be even more of them than ever before.

"Whatever you do, don't split up!" yelled Hermione, having seen enough horror movies that she knew splitting up always ended badly. She grabbed the sword she borrowed earlier, and began to stab it into the Inferi. They moved forward, and Barbara threw several ice pellets. The zombies froze, and then shattered to pieces on the ground. Harry and Kara double punched through the army, while sending combination heat vision and flame spells at them.

Kara grimaced as dirt and worms covered her hands, but suddenly, the dismembered body parts of the Inferi reconstructed themselves.

Hawkgirl swung her mace, and backed off the patchwork creatures made from the dismembered body parts.

"Okay, this is getting really bad!"

The yells echoed, as the entire army poured in through the busted windows.

"Everyone hang on, I still got one more trick up my sleeve," said Harry, as he held back the invading army with fire, but even that could not delay them for much longer. The army continued to scratch, and reach for living human flesh.

"Yeah, just figure something out," said Barbara, as she collapsed to the ground. Blue flames shot from Hermione's wand and burned several of the Inferi up.

"He must have completed the spell," grunted Hawkgirl, as she motioned for them to float above the ground. She slammed her mace down on dirt floor. A charge managed to blow several of the Inferi back. Harry waved his hand, and vanished all of the body parts before they could merge together into patchwork creatures again.

"Just how big was this guy's army?" asked Harry.

This was a question that no one seemed to want to answer. The creatures continued to bust their way inside, and fire just held them back.

"We need an escape route," managed Hermione, as she dropped to the ground.

Kara felt herself pushed back. The stress of today was beginning to get to her, and she felt her hands warm up.

"Get away from him!" yelled Kara, as she saw them close in on Harry, who fought them off.

A blast of mystical energy shot from her hands, and banished the Inferi back. The attacks were raw and controlled, but they served the purpose. Not to mention, said attacks caught the Kryptonian girl
completely off guard.

Kara looked at her hands in shock, as the entire group got up to a standing position. Time seemed to stand still, as Kara whispered one surprised thought as she found her voice.

"I can do magic?"
Chapter 31: Unraveling Part Two.

Kara stammered in shock and surprise, as the energy shimmered around her hands.

"I guess, we could focus on the how you can do magic later," said Harry as he frantically fought his attackers "Let's just kind of focus on the getting out of here, and staying alive!"

"Good plan," agreed Hawkgirl, as she tried to knock them all back. Many targets presented themselves, and continued stalking forward. Barbara, Hermione, Kara, and Harry fought, but it just seemed like they were multiplying.

"Could there be something with that spell that would cause them to divide in half every time we defeat them?" asked Barbara, but that remark earned her many exasperated looks. "Just a thought you know, no need to get so offended."

"Actually, I would not be surprised in the very least," said Kara, as she had another spontaneous burst of magical energy, but it had served them well. The Inferi army toppled over.

Loud clangs of sword against bones echoed inside the catacombs. The Nth Metal mace swung around, and cracked the Inferi hard to cause them to explode.

"It's a good thing these guys aren't much for strategy," commented Barbara as, they tried to find an exit. The magic users caused fire to erupt in circles, which kept them back.

"If you girls can keep them off of me for about three minutes, I think I can get us out of here," said Harry, as he shot them back. "Stall them like your lives depended on it!"

No one wanted to enlighten Harry on the fact their lives sort of did depend on it. The sounds of combat rang out inside the catacombs. The smell of decayed flesh presented itself, as Harry put a shield around himself. He had a feeling everyone was capable enough to continue the fight, but Portkey creation became a bit difficult for some reason.

"Oh take your time, I'm enjoying this," said Hawkgirl, as the sound of her mace crunching against the skull of her attackers rang out.

The battle raged on, as dust kicked up. Hermione used an air purifying charm to prevent them from choking to death on the dust. Barbara, Kara, and Hermione fought back their never ending stream of attackers with the swords that had been dropped.

"Okay, just another minute, I swear," said Harry.

"You know, you could step up the Portkey making just a bit," said Hermione.

"Hey, don't back seat magic me, Wonder Girl!" said Harry, an exasperated voice.

"You know technically there isn't a seat in magic, so I couldn't be in the backseat of anything regarding magic," lectured Hermione, as she shook her head. "Besides, that entire sentence is grammatically incorrect…"

"Not now, Wonder Girl," said Kara, as her temper rose a little bit, as she pummeled a zombie who had tried to take a bite out of her ear.
"Fine, just hurry up," said Hermione. "I like my brain, and I like it in a non-eaten state, thank you for very much."

"Is non-eaten even a word?" chimed in Hawkgirl, but Hermione just rolled her eyes. "And what's the deal with eating brains again?"

"It's an Earth movie thing, don't ask," said Kara, as she sent another blast of heat vision up in the air. "And if you asked the movie industry, all aliens are bug eyed and grey. And hover around in little flying saucers, so there's just so much wrong with that it's…"

"Supergirl, focus," warned Barbara, as she sent smoke pellets down, and took out several of her attackers with a combination of martial arts and gymnastics.

"I am focusing," said Kara, as she sent a stream of ice breath, but she had another fit of accidental magic, which actually served to take out half of the Inferi.

"Just one more accident like that, and we'll be home free," said Hermione as she took a deep breath, and smiled.

"Okay, ladies, time to clear out of this death trap, and I do mean death trap," said Harry, as he managed to create the Portkey. The four moved over, and all touched the Portkey. "Oh, and let's make sure these guys don't try and hitch a ride."

Harry blasted them with fire, sending the creatures flying. The Inferi crashed to the ground with a huge round of thuds.

A sensation pulled them away from the attack, and once again back until the hotel room.

"Does traveling by one of those things always give you the sensation of nausea?" asked Hawkgirl, regaining her barriers.

"Yeah, pretty much, but you'd learn to ignore those feelings," said Harry in a casual voice, as he sat down. "Everyone's in one piece?"

Everyone in the room nodded their heads. Granted, a couple of the parties felt like they left their stomachs behind in the catacombs, but the fact they were still breathing encouraged them. Harry nodded, and continued to speak, as he tightened his arm around Kara, hugging her tight. "Okay, good, good, but as long as that army is out of there, we aren't completely out of the woods yet."

Everyone found themselves agreeing with that assessment.

"Okay, we need information," said Kara, as everyone turned to Hawkgirl. "Tell us everything you've been able to find out about the Gentleman Ghost, and the artifact he stole."

Hawkgirl took a breath and prepared for a long, drawn out explanation.

The Gentleman Ghost watched the progress of his little army or lack of progress to be more specific. The spectral criminal peered through his monocle, his cape dangling in the warm breeze, as he saw his army of the undead be defeated. He held the mystical artifact in his hand, incensed because of his failure.

"I was lead to believe this artifact would grant me supreme mastery over the armies buried beneath these tombs," said the Gentleman Ghost, as he looked off into the distance. "Yet, I have nothing, but empty promises and lies. The final descendent of Constable Radcliffe, and his associates live."
What is worst, the Thanagarian continues to dog my every move."

The Gentleman Ghost floated forward, and looked at the mirror, before he recalled his remaining soldiers.

"No matter, I have rewritten the last stone, and now the mastery of the undead is mine," said the Gentleman Ghost as he stood up proudly. "This child may be as resourceful as the descendants that came before him. However, once I have defeated him, my mortal chains shall fade away. He may have great powers, but there is no greater power than the army I possess."

Revenge rang on the mind of the Gentleman Ghost. For centuries he waited until he could engage the final descendant and bring him to the afterlife, to free his restless spirit. Yet, once again, that had been snatched away from him. It would matter little, the Gentleman Ghost remained confident of his own ability to weather the storm, and take down his enemy.

He made the final preparations, for the last round with the descendant of his hated enemy. Time ticked on, but he held the artifact in his hand. The key to the undead, the key to unlock the armies of ancient Egypt, and most important of all, this would be the final key to bring down his the last descendent of the man who caused him to be executed.

Harry floated across a hallway. Kara followed, numb in absolute shock, as she tried follow. Barbara, Hermione, and Hawkgirl brought up the rear.

"I don't get this at all, how did I suddenly manifest magical powers?" asked Kara.

"Sometimes accidental magic can manifest in high stress situations, to protect a loved one or yourself," explained Harry, as he held her hand and squeezed it tight. "When's the last time magic was practiced on Krypton?"

"It was banned for almost four hundred years before I was born," said Kara, as she shrugged her shoulders. "On Argo too, it was a danger to scientific achievement and logic, or so the Science Council said. I'm sure some of us had to have retained the abilities. It's just, we had been taught so long that magic was something that is forbidden, none of us dared try anything to see we had the gifts. Well, unless we wanted a nice long stay in the Phantom Zone."

"Seventeen years old is rather late to be coming into your magical powers," commented Hermione. "But I guess the fact you've been surrounded by it for a while now, with Harry, it may have unlocked something buried deep within you. You still retain the other powers, don't you?"

Harry conjured a target, and Kara blasted it with her heat vision. She froze another one with her ice breath, and a third one she pummeled it with her super strength.

"If nothing else, my regular powers are stronger," said Kara, but Harry switched to Kryptonian.

"We know what Batman said about your powers," said Harry, as the others stood around, confused at the sudden shift of language.

"I hate it when they do that," said Hermione.

"They're speaking in Kryptonian, aren't they?" asked Hawkgirl.

"Yeah, it's really weird to hear them when they do that," added Barbara, as she continued to look at the couple, as Harry appeared to be discussing something rather private with Kara. Of course, given that she could not speak one word of the language, she had no idea what it might be.
"You can absorb yellow solar radiation and convert it into energy faster than your cousin can," said Harry, as Kara nodded. "I do wonder if that's because of some kind of latent magical gifts that helped the process along. Granted, it's just a theory, but magic users can last longer, run faster, jump higher, and read faster than most with the right spells. You've been subconsciously pushing yourself to greater levels. Your stamina is impressive, as we have established."

Kara just responded with a smile at that.

"We're just going to have to work at your new gifts, and refine them into another tool for you to use," said Harry, as he held her tightly. "Don't worry, I'll tutor you every step of the way. I can teach you everything, including how to make a Patronus."

They exchanged a kiss, as Harry uploaded a bit of information into Kara's brain. He then conjured a small snake.

"Who dares wake me?" asked the snake, but Harry caused it to vanish.

"I understood what it said," said Kara, and Harry just smiled. "I can understand Parseltongue now?"

"Understand, and speak it," said Harry.

"Cool," said Kara, but she thought of interesting possibilities with that particular gift.

"I managed to upload that knowledge into your brain, like you did for me," said Harry. "Granted, it's going to take a while for your brain to fully grasp everything, but we're going to have loads of tutoring sessions ahead of us."

"And this is a bad thing, how?" asked Kara with a grin, and Harry laughed, as he hugged her, and gave her a kiss on the lips.

"I think they've forgotten we're here," said Hawkgirl, as she turned her head away.

"Yeah, get used to that, they tend to do that a lot," said Barbara in a good nature way. She leaned against the wall, and cleared her throat.

"Okay, back down to business, finding this Gentleman Ghost," said Harry now speaking in English, as he looked up. "Of course, knowing my luck he's going to find me first."

A loud growl echoed from outside of the hallway they walked, and loud screams followed those growls.

'I hate it when I'm right,' thought Harry as he braced himself for what was to come.

"Or his army did?" asked Hermione, but Hawkgirl without any warning smashed open the doors with her mace. She flapped her wings, and saw the front desk staff be menaced by several dozen zombies.

She grunted, and swung her mace, before she sent several zombies flying off to the side. Kara flew in next and heat blast caused one of the zombies to blow into dust. Hermione rolled in, and sent a flame spell to back off the zombie. Barbara pelted circular pellets. The zombie caught it, but she pressed a detonator switch. The zombie was frozen in liquid nitrogen, and then busted into pieces by a well-placed swing from the mace.

Harry dodged the attacks of his undead adversaries. Several flaming spikes had been conjured,
blasting through all of the zombies. Kara and Harry bust open the windows, where more zombies arrived at the front of the hotel. They held hands, and spend up, creating a sandstorm with their flight. The Inferi shattered into dust and bones from the impact.

Hawkgirl swung, and cracked several of the army of the undead members in the face. They were driven back down. Kara flew through several of them, and tore through them with a blast of heat vision. They all incinerated, as Barbara and Hermione charged into the battle.

"I'll take the ugly one," said Harry, as he dropped down, and disarmed one of the zombies, literally. He took the dismembered arm, and swung it, to nail the zombie hard in the rib cage area, ripping him to shreds.

"Aren't they all pretty ugly?" asked Hawkgirl, as she smashed a particularly large zombie warrior in the head, with worms flying out of it.

"Fine, just take anyone you can hit," said Harry, as he summoned several of the swords, and then repelled them back, this time on fire towards the zombies.

"Now you're speaking my language," said Hawkgirl approvingly, as she swung her mace with reckless abandon. Kara dropped down, and picked up one of the dropped swords. She super-heated the metal, and threw the sword.

The sword stabbed into the chest cavity of one of the zombies.

"Again, I ask, where do people find all of these zombies?" asked Hermione, as she slid underneath an attack, before she sent several fireballs at her attackers.

"Your guess is as good as mine," said Kara, as she crushed the skulls of several of the zombies into dust. She shook off the worms covering her hands.

Harry circled around, and noticed a glow in the distance.

"I think we've found our Gentleman Ghost!" called Harry. "Just keep hitting until we get there."

The girls did not have to be told twice. They fought hard as they made their way towards the Gentleman Ghost, who sat outside of a pyramid, surrounded by glowing black light.

The Gentleman Ghost sat on the top of the pyramid, his cane in his hand, as he looked down.

"Well, we meet at last in the flesh….Arcane if I'm not mistaken?"

"Yes, you're not mistaken," said Harry, as he looked up at the Gentleman Ghost, and flew up to meet him, but he bounced into a force field. Harry analyzed the field, to try and find a way around it. "Why the elaborate scheme to kill me?"

"Ah yes, that is the question, isn't it?" asked the Gentleman Ghost in a polite tone of voice. "My dear boy, it's nothing personal, well not with you. It's just you had the misfortune of being related to the man who sent me to the gallows all those years ago. Every single member of that bloodline died, but yet I see the final descendent of Governor Radcliffe stand before me. You seem to be far more persistent, I'll give you that."

Harry remained silent, as he saw the zombies surrounded them.

"And the Thanagarian comes as well, two birds with one stone," said the Gentleman Ghost, as he leaned back to face them all. "I swear on my own grave that none of you will be able to lay one finger on me."
"Would a mace do instead?" asked Hawkgirl as she tried to smash through the energy field, but she got repelled back. She slid back, dazed from the backlash.

"Let's try and think before we attack next time, okay," said Harry helping her up, but Hawkgirl just shook her head.

"Warriors to the end," said Kara underneath her breath, as she looked up. "What do you have to gain by destroying Harry?"

"I will finally be at peace," said the Gentleman Ghost, as he held the artifact.

"Yeah, let's not kid yourself, you'll never be at peace," said Harry. "Zombie army, after zombie army, you sent after me, but it doesn't matter. You didn't beat me in the end."

"What are you talking about?" demanded the Gentleman Ghost. "It's my plan that brought you this point…"

"A child could have won with an army of infinite zombies," taunted Harry, as he looked at him.

"Harry, you're wrong," said Kara, as she picked up on what he was doing. "He hasn't won anything yet. All of that power, and he didn't even beat five people."

"Not even close," said Barbara, as she looked at the Gentleman Ghost.

"Yeah, for all of those zombies that's kind of pathetic," agreed Hermione as she held the sword up. "Hiding behind a force field."

"I will not be mocked by mere children," said the Gentleman Ghost, as he glided forward, his polite demeanor having been dropped.

"No, I'm pretty sure you do a good job in mocking yourself," said Harry, as he looked up at the Gentleman Ghost. "You tried to send your legions after me, but if you had any kind of real power, you'd fight me one on one."

The Gentleman Ghost got up to his feet, and two guns appeared in his hand. The force field disappeared, and Harry immediately flew up, to dodge the bullets that shot through the air as he engaged the Gentleman Ghost.

'Ego, the one flaw that's universal for most villains living or dead,' thought Harry. 'Batman only hammered that into my head about a thousand times."

"Kara!" yelled Harry, on cue, a blast of heat vision cracked the stones the Gentleman Ghost stood on. He maintained his balance, but Harry snatched the artifact that he held in his hand. The key glinted in the light, as Harry analyzed it.

"Give that back!" yelled the Gentleman Ghost, as he took a shot at Harry, as Harry held it, to freeze the approaching zombie army in his tracks. "Very clever Arcane, but you merely just stopped my army. You haven't stopped me!"

Harry just responded with loud laughter, as the Gentleman Ghost stopped. Confusion appeared on his face, as he tried to grab his enemy. Both circled each other.

"In your grand plans, you haven't figured out that I'm trying to determine the one way to defeat you," said Harry, as the Gentleman Ghost swooped in, but once again, his attack was dodged. Kara tried to nail him with her ice breath, but the Ghost slipped out, causing water to drip down onto the
ground as the ice melted.

"That shows how much you know," said the Gentleman Ghost. "You couldn't figure out a way to defeat me, not even in a…"

A mace swung into the Gentleman Ghost's torso and sent him flying back.

"Even as a ghost, some villains don't know when to shut up," remarked Hawkgirl, but she looked at the staggered villain. "No need, Arcane, I think we found the answer."

Hawkgirl flew over, and hit a homerun swing with her mace. The Gentleman Ghost got cracked hard in the face. His ugly mangled face appeared, as he tried to grab his attacker. She dodged, and circled him. Another violent swing smashed the mace into the Gentleman Ghost hard.

"It's impossible, no Nth metal, my one weakness," managed the Gentleman Ghost, as he tried to struggle.

"Down here!" yelled Harry, as he held the artifact, as the army of zombies remained frozen. "Lure him over here!"

"Gotcha," said Hawkgirl, as Harry motioned for the others to stand back. Two more swings and the Gentleman Ghost was on dream street.

"What do you hope to accomplish?" slurred the Gentleman Ghost, but Harry just turned the artifact over.

"Just to reunite you with some old friends," said Harry, and the zombies closed in, before they began to drag the Gentleman Ghost deep beneath the sands. He gave a blood curdling scream, as Hawkgirl gave him one more parting smack to the head, clonking him with the mace.

Without another movement, the Gentleman Ghost was sucked back, and the zombies returned back under ground.

"That was too close," said Barbara as she let out the breath she was holding in.

"So, I'm guessing he's not coming back," said Hawkgirl as she looked at the spot where the ghost had once stood.

"Well let's just say that he'll be occupied for a very long time," said Harry. "I got a sense that those undead warriors were not too happy with being used as pawns."

"We better all get back, it's getting later," suggested Kara, as everyone nodded.

"Yeah, I'll be going as well, until we meet again," said Hawkgirl, as the entire group exchanged their goodbyes.

The quartet made their way back to the hotel next. Harry made plans to destroy the artifact. The last thing he needed was someone trying to initiate the zombie apocalypse on a wider scale.

At Hogwarts, Lucius Malfoy walked to the meeting he had been called for. When his son was born, it was the proudest day of his life. He worked with the Dark Lord, but that was purely a measure of survival. His opinion of Muggles and Muggleborns were they should not be allowed any influence, but they did have their uses. Someone had to make the products that the purebloods enjoyed after all.
Snape appeared in front of Lucius, as he looked somber.

"I trust Narcissa could not make it," said Snape.

"She's in shock, she refuses to believe that her son went down this road," said Lucius in a quiet voice. "I find myself rather skeptical as well. I had no idea the Dark Lord's mission would warp Draco to the point where he would start killing his fellow pureblood witches and wizards. The death of the youngest Greengrass girl was senseless violence. Her body was mangled, her face destroyed beyond all recognition, and Knockturn Alley was also leveled as Draco made his escape."

"Do you have any idea where he is?" asked Snape.

"I have not the slightest idea," said Lucius, as he turned to hide his expression. "Where did Draco go wrong? He wasn't ready for such a mission. And the Dark Lord remains quiet. It is almost as if he has been captured or dead."

"The mark should have faded if he would have died," said Snape. "Of course, there is a chance that the Dark Lord may have altered them, to keep us in compliance long after he has passed on. Yaxley continues to assure us that he remains hard at work on a measure to defeat Potter, along with his research on the flying man."

Lucius nodded. Yaxley's word was all they had to go on at the moment, and while he could be cunning, Yaxley would not dare lie about such a matter.

"Minerva, Horace, Filius, and Pomona all approach," said Snape. "It does make me wonder, why Draco would have done something like this."

"I fear my son has either been framed, or put under the Imperius Curse," said Lucius.

'Sadly, my political capital is not as strong as it has been in the past,' thought Lucius. 'I just barely managed to escape Azkaban, and if the killings stop, then the Ministry will be predisposed to think Draco was the one who did it. It's the easiest explanation."

"Mr. Malfoy, I do express my deepest condolences for the path your son has taken," said McGonagall in a sincere voice.

"Yes, well your condolences do little to undo the damage you've done," said Lucius. "This would never have happened if Potter was here. Yet, you allowed him to leave. And my son had to suffer."

"I fail to see how Mr. Potter has anything to do with the dark path your son has gone down," said McGongall, as her temper rose.

"Well, Potter would not have sat back, and allowed these murders to occur," said Lucius. "I'd imagine he would have forced the issue, or Draco would not have taken things this far. Providing it is Draco who did them, which I have my doubts."

"That is your grief speaking, we are in contact with the Ministry, they are hunting down Draco as we speak," said McGonagall. "In a few weeks, the students will be sent home. Hogwarts will be no more."

"And you have no one but Dumbledore to blame for that," said Lucius in a stiff voice. "I think you recall the times where I have questioned Dumbledore's mental stability, and tried to get him removed..."
"We do recall, and the incident four years ago was your doing," said McGonagall.

"Hearsay, as I was never formally charged for anything," said Lucius, as he leaned on his stylish cane, but at that moment, Professor Vector rushed in, looking frantic.

"What is it?" asked Snape.

"Gringotts, it's all over the wireless, it's been destroyed, along with half of Diagon Alley! "said Vector in a frantic voice.

Everyone seemed at a loss for words. It was Lucius who broke the silence.

"My son might be capable of some spiteful things, but petty terrorism I can assure you he isn't," said Lucius, but his complaints fell on deaf ears. "This killer got away, and will continue to get away. And none of you have any idea who it is."

Lucius turned to take his leave. Someone had conspired to destroy the pureblood society and values. The Ministry stood, but on a foundation of quicksand. Lucius was glad he had the foresight not to trust the goblins with all of his fortune, and to learn about Muggle currency. He would survive, even if he had to cut back on luxuries.

Kara and Harry were back in the comfort of their hotel room, dressed in civilian clothes. His arms wrapped around her. Harry leaned forward, and captured her lips in another kiss. Kara returned it, allowing Harry to suck on her lips as they swapped salvia.

"Okay, that's up until second year, we're going to have you practice these spells tomorrow, and when you've mastered them, more tutoring," said Harry, as Kara's head rested in his arm, as husband and wife relaxed. "So how did you like Egypt?"

"Other than the nearly getting killed by zombies part, it was pretty interesting," said Kara, as she rested against him for a minute. "I had a lot of fun, but now that we're alone…"

Kara slid back from Harry, and leaned back. Her legs were spread, and Harry could see up her skirt. Her sandals were slid off, as Kara wiggled her toes. A smile appeared on her face, and she reached forward. Harry got in the mood immediately, and slid to face her.

**Smut/Lemon Begins.**

Harry gave her a kiss, while his hands rubbed her breasts through her shirt. Kara moaned deeply, as she felt Harry pleasure her. Her nipples grew hard, and they deepened the kiss. Kara broke the kiss, and she slowly unbuttoned her shirt. She sat across from Harry, her shirt opened. He could see a lacy red bra that looked fit to burst. The flesh enticed his mind, and he ran his fingers through her hair, before he rubbed the tops of her breasts. Harry pulled her into a kiss, and slipped her shirt off of her shoulders. Harry undid her bra immediately, and let it slid down between them.

Harry pushed Kara back on the bed, and then bent down over her. He rubbed her breasts with his palms. Kara enjoyed the circular motions he made with his palms. He captured a nipple in his mouth, and Kara moaned soft. Harry flicked his tongue off of it, and Kara's moans got louder. He grabbed her breasts, and squeezed them. Harry buried his face into her breasts, and began to suck them.

"Feels so good," moaned Kara, as she felt soaked between her legs from Harry's tactics. After a few moments of pleasuring her, Harry moved down, and Kara returned the favor. She grabbed Harry's bulge, teasing it with a slow stroke through his pants.
"Faster baby, faster, I love that," breathed Harry, as Kara slipped his pants off. Then she made quick work of his boxers. Clothes flew on the floor, as Harry's hardened cock sprang up.

Kara slowly licked the head, as her hands worked his balls. Then she vibrated her tongue on the head, which cased Harry to nearly climax then and there.

"Glad you taught me that?" asked Kara, but she did not wait for an answer. She kissed his penis several times, with a series of little kisses. She licked around it. She got it all nice and wet with her salvia. Then she took Harry's hard cock deep into her throat.

Harry rested on his back, and allowed her to suck his cock. As usual, her blowjob brought him to increasing levels of pleasure. Her throat muscles convulsed around it, and she looked him in the eyes as she sat up. Her hands squeezed his balls, and then rubbed circles around them. Kara sped up her movements, as she bobbed up and down on his cock.

Harry felt it hit the back of her throat. She took him very deep, and worked his cock with her throat muscles. He tried to hold off. The fact he could see her breasts sway as she rose up caused him to reach the end far quicker. His balls tightened.

Kara rubbed his balls, and sucked hard. She vibrated her tongue slightly underneath his cock as it was enveloped between her lips.


Kara just spent up, her eyes filled with carnal need. Harry lost it down her throat. The load of semen spilled down her throat. Some of it dribbled on Kara's lips, as she slid back.

She licked around her lips, and flicked her tongue. Then, Kara winked at Harry. She slipped her shorts off, to reveal nothing, but a lacy red thong that was soaked.

Harry grabbed her, and shoved back, kissing her. Kara returned the favor, as their tongues danced with passion and pleasure.

Harry pushed back, and squeezed her breasts. He caused her to scream in passion, when he used little blasts of magic to stimulate her nipples. Then, Harry pealed her wet thong off. He placed his nose on her, inhaling her arousal. It drove him to passion.

"Oh, do keep doing that Harry!" yelled Kara, as Harry rubbed her clitoris with his thumb. He moved around in circles, as she thrashed on the bed. He then began to eat slowly lick her out. The greater she moaned, the faster Harry licked, savoring the sweet juices from her inside.

Kara continued to thrash, as she pushed her hips up, and fucked Harry's tongue. She wanted him deep inside her as possible. Harry's hands roamed and once again played with her breasts.

Harry pushed himself up, his face soaked with Kara's juices. Kara flew at Harry, and began to lick her own juices off of his face. Harry's arousal grew harder and harder as she continued to lap up everything from his face.

Kara suddenly turned around. With the power of flight, she was on her hands and knees in mid air, wiggling her cute little rear end at Harry. Harry flew up, and swatted her on the backside.

"Yeah, Harry, spank me, that gets me so wet!" cried Kara, but Harry lined himself up over her. He stroked her lovely cheeks, and lined himself up.

Kara's eyes widened, as she felt Harry stick his large cock inside her pussy from behind, while
hovering about three feet over the bed. He gave her slow strokes, but Kara grinded against him to encourage him to go faster. Harry reached around, and fondled her breasts. He drove his wife wild as he played with them, her screams getting louder with each motion. He then trailed kisses down her lower back, which sent shivers down Kara's spine.

Harry picked up the pace a little bit. Kara moaned more and more. He could feel how wet she was getting. The more he pushed, the wetter she got, the louder she got. She nearly lost control and flew through the wall. Harry grabbed her by the hair to get her attention. He then tugged on her hair, and pulled it back, as he pushed into her from behind.

"Fuck, fuck my cunt," breathed Kara.

"Your pussy gets me so wet, it makes hard, I can do this all day and all night if you want me to," said Harry, as he continued to stroke Kara's breasts. The Kryptonian moaned, as Harry experienced the delights of her tight, wet pussy.

Kara continued to rock back, as Harry's balls smacked against her thighs. Their passionate mid-air dance continued, as both were covered in sweat.

"Cum for me, cum for me!" yelled Kara, as Harry's balls began to tighten. "Shoot it…I want every single drop of fluid you have!"

Harry's balls tightened, but he managed a few more strokes, before he shot his load into Kara's inviting pussy. He felt lighter than air, as his head nearly hit the ceiling. She wanted every single bit of seed. She squeezed, and twisted him within her, milking him. The creamy white fluid filled her completely.

Both descended to the bed, when their orgasms had both subsided.

\textbf{Smut/Lemon Ends.}

Harry and Kara rested in each other's arms. The two did not even bother to pull the blankets back onto each other. They murmured their declarations of love to each other, before they drifted off to sleep for a little bit, to be fully recharged for another possible round later on.

Bellatrix Lestrange practically skipped down the streets of London, whistling a funeral march. A cracked smile appeared across her face, as she returned to her flat. The Death Eater slipped inside, and heard the footsteps that followed her.

She was face to face with Neville Longbottom. A smirk appeared on the face of Bellatrix Lestrange, as she admired her handiwork.

"So, is the little baby Longbottom here to avenge his parents?" taunted Bellatrix, but Neville fired a slicing spell at her. Bellatrix dodged it, and reflected another attack. "You have a lot to learn boy, before you ever start facing the likes of me. I was personally trained by the Dark Lord, while Potter took pity on you, because he has a soft heart. You're nothing but a filthy little blood traitor, only a few notches above a squib!"

Spells ricocheted across the air, as Neville's teeth gritted. He refused to let Bellatrix get inside his head.

"So how's Mummy and Daddy, still drooling?" asked Bellatrix in a conversational tone of voice, as she sent another spell at Neville, but Neville dodged it. Then she pulled the rug out from underneath Neville, and blasted him into a chair.
"You won't get away with this, Lestrange," grunted Neville, as he tried to send a bone breaking curse at her neck, but Bellatrix evaded it with grace and precision!

He tried to transfigure the curtains to strangle her, but he could not get the job done properly.

"Not your best subject, I take it" whispered Bellatrix, as she waved her hand, and the carpet threads came to life, wrapping Neville up. Neville struggled to free himself, but Bellatrix slashed her wand. The impact knocked Neville back to the ground, and he struggled to breath. Bellatrix sat down, as she peered down at him. "You want revenge for what happened to your parents. I believe I did something to them. It went something like this. Crucio!"

Neville screamed, as Bellatrix did the Unforgivable Curse on him. He tried to fight back, and send a spell back. Bellatrix avoided the attack.

"Once more with feeling!" sang Bellatrix, as she caused Neville's limbs to get snapped back like a spring. "Crucio!"

Neville screamed once again, but he shot a flesh rotting hex at the dark match.

"That's dark magic," said Bellatrix, as she waved her finger in a mocking tone. "What would Dumbledore say?"

Bellatrix sent three more curses, and Neville lost control of his bodily functions, before she put him underneath the Cruciatias Curse once again.

"I remember how I drove your mother to insanity, how she wanted to gnaw her own arms off after I was done with her," said Bellatrix, as her tongue licked her lips in the memory. "Your Dad, I had to tie his hands, to prevent him from scratching his own face off."

Neville pushed up, but was forced down. He held been held on the floor. It was like someone had pressed a really big foot onto him. A downward jab of Bellatrix's wand caused him to be magically curb stomped.

Had Bellatrix not been so into her work, she would have noticed the door open, and shut by some invisible party.

"You're out of your league, you little brat," said Bellatrix, as her wand was held at Neville's temper. "You thought you could go in, like one of those American Muggle cowboys, and take me out. I beat my blood traitor sister, I beat my mongrel cousin, I beat your parents, and the real reason why Potter left because he was afraid of me. Don't you see, Longbottom, there isn't a person alive who could…" 

Bellatrix screamed as she felt something stab into her side immediately. A dagger ripped through her skin, and stabbed into her kidneys. Neville looked up confused, as the face of Nymphadora Tonks appeared in mid-air, as she snatched the wand away from Bellatrix. The rest of Tonks appeared, as she took the ragged Invisibility Cloak that she had borrowed from Moody's house. The wand was snapped in front of Bellatrix's face.

"Recognize the dagger in your ribs, Bellatrix?" asked Tonks, as she peered down at her aunt.

Bellatrix caught sight of the handle. She'd recognize it anywhere. Her mother had given her aunt that as a gift years ago.

"It's a family heirloom, you filthy little blood traitor, you're not family!" shrieked Bellatrix, but her blood burned up and her insides boiled.
"Sirius willed it to me, for the express purpose of removing you from the Ancient and Noble House of Black," said Tonks, as a smug smile appeared on her lips. "As you know, that dagger was created to punish those who tried to harm a family member. When you attacked Sirius, and when you killed my mother, your sister, you committed treason to your own bloodline."

"I tried to purify the bloodline," gasped Bellatrix, but Tonks slashed her wand.

Another curse ripped through Bellatrix's throat, decapitating her instantly. Her head flew backwards, rolling across the carpet.

Bellatrix Lestrange was on the ground, killed by Nymphadora Tonks.

"NO!" shouted Neville, as he saw the decapitated head at his feet. "What did you…you…you…"

Tonks was confused at Neville's outrage, as he pulled his wand on her.

"Lestrange was mine to kill, after what she did to my parents," said Neville as his hand shook.

"Neville, I was an Auror, I was taught to kill, you on the other hand…you don't need any blood on your hands," said Tonks as she looked down at Neville, who tried to hex her, but Tonks blocked the attack. She pushed Neville back, and Neville landed on a chair, to sit down. "Bellatrix Lestrange would have killed you, and enjoyed doing it. You get to live…"

"I never got a chance…I failed my parents, I'll never live up to them," said Neville in absolute despair, but he remained seating.

"Would they want their son's sole contribution to be a martyr?" asked Tonks in a cool voice. "I killed Bellatrix, because of what she did to Sirius and my parents! She committed the highest crime in this world, well that world's not around much, is it? Still, I had one final mission, to track her down, and make sure she paid for her crimes against her own bloodline. Plus, I owed it to Harry to save you…"

"I don't need to be saved!" yelled Neville, as he got up to his feet. "She was…that was supposed to be my moment, but you took it from me!"

"Listen to yourself Neville, you're becoming just like her, obsessed and crazy," said Tonks, as she stared at him, and her voice softened. "It doesn't have to be this way. Just think, Bellatrix Lestrange will never kill another person again. Does it really matter who pushed her into the grave?"

Neville stood, arms folded.

"You can get on with your life, and recover," said Tonks quietly. "Get the help you need. Harry won't turn you away, if you just ask him."

Neville ignored her. He walked off, nothing but pure rage. The one thing he had to live for, his revenge, had been taken away from him.

Yet a more logical part of his brain kicked in, if he did kill Lestrange, then what? Would his parents have wanted him to become a cold blooded killer over someone like her?

Tonks killed to protect more people from suffering. Neville wanted to kill her, to prove he was worthy of his own last name.

His head hurt, and Neville disapparated back to the Longbottom Ancestral Home. Where he would go from there, he had no idea.
Tonks walked off. She hoped she had gotten through, but she feared Neville had been twisted and warped beyond all hope.

The only thing that could determine where Neville would go was time.

In the main conference room in the Patronus Incorporated headquarters, Harry watched as Kara made some progress in making a tin can do somersaults. They had been practicing magic. Kara had shared with Harry what she remembered from the books she snuck out of her father's forbidden library, regarding magic.

There were some information she remembered that helped the learning process for both of them go along much quicker.

"I really have no idea how this is supposed to have any practical value at all," said Kara with a laugh, a sentiment Harry shared. He gave her a tight hug, and a kiss, as she mastered another spell.

"Well it doesn't matter, as now you mastered it, you'll never have to use it again," said Harry. "I think we should try the Patronus Spell, if you're ready."

"Yeah, I'm ready," said Kara.

"Okay, Kara, we'll start this slowly," said Harry. "Take the happiest memory you can think of…"

"You've given me so many," said Kara, and Harry just smiled, and gave her a kiss. They broke after a couple of moments. "Okay that inspired me."

Kara closed her eyes, and pulled together the many happy times she had with Harry.

"Hold onto those memories," said Harry as he held Kara's hand. "And say Expecto Patronum!"

"Expecto Patronum!" yelled Kara, as a bright silver light shot out of her hand, and hit the wall. "I can't quite make out what it was, but it was something that flew."

"Yeah, it should gain more form, just keep practicing, practice makes perfect after all," said Harry, and Kara nodded in agreement.

They practiced for a little bit longer, until a knock on the door brought them out of their thoughts.

"It's open!" yelled Harry.

On cue, Tonks entered the room, her eyes bloodshot. She took big steps, and then poured herself a cup of coffee. She downed the cup of coffee in record time. She then poured herself another cup of coffee, and she downed it. She was on her third cup, before Harry cleared his throat.

"What's up?" asked Harry, and Tonks took a long deep breath, draining a fourth cup, before she walked over, looking stressed.

"I found Bellatrix, and took her down," said Tonks, as she sat down, and proceeded to explain to Harry and Kara what happened.

The two listened intently. Harry was thankful that Tonks managed to save Neville from being driven insane.

"Neville was angry that you took his glory of killing Bellatrix away from him," said Harry, and Tonks nodded.
Harry hoped that Neville would find something to live for besides his revenge.

"And word is the Hogwarts Killer has been unmasked," said Tonks, and Harry and Kara stood up. "It's Draco Malfoy."

Harry did not even give this matter one second of thought.

"As much as I hate to defend Malfoy, it just doesn't seem like his style," said Harry. "Do you know anything about the latest attacks?"

Tonks retrieved the latest records Percy sent her from her bag.

"Gringotts was destroyed, Knockturn Alley was totaled, several humans and goblins were caught in the crossfire," read Tonks, but she held her finger down. "The final murder victim at Hogwarts was a Slytherin fourth year named Astoria Greengrass."

Everything clicked together to Harry. As he reconciled everything in his brain, all of the pieces, did seem to fit.

"It's her, that's our killer," said Harry. "She pulled a Crouch Junior, and switched faces with Malfoy to fake her death."

"I don't understand," said Kara. "What would she have to gain?"

"Gold," said Harry. "Most of the murders were a smokescreen. I…helped her out with her homework a few times. I didn't think she would be this way. But she was scared that she would get married off to some pureblood family to be used as a trophy wife. The Zabinis were the first target, then her mother, and then Daphne. Astoria was the last in line to get one of the biggest fortunes in the magical world. She converted it to Muggle money, and she blew Gringotts sky high when she got what she wanted. Likely she's long gone by now, who knows where?"

All three parties felt revolted. Ninety five percent of the murders didn't need to happen, they just happened because Astoria wanted her trail to be covered.

"That's…that's…just wow," said Kara, and Tonks looked equally surprised.

"Damn it, it's obvious, you're right Harry," said Tonks, as she looked a bit green.

"What doesn't make any sense is the Ministry connection with Umbridge though?" asked Harry, but then he frowned. "What do we know about Yaxley? I know about Umbridge all too well, but I don't think she'd go along with murdering purebloods, no matter how twisted she is."

"Yaxley, he was never sent to Azkaban, but from what I heard he used blackmail to get his way," said Tonks. "But what would he have to gain?"

Harry just put a hand to his chin. Kara appeared to have no insight, and he was stumped. Yaxley seemed to be a wildcard.

"What indeed?" asked Harry, as he turned around, to ponder the possibilities "I'm guessing that world is done anyway."

"More or less, without Diagon Alley, Hogwarts, and the Ministry on their last legs, the party's over," said Tonks.

Kara and Harry sat back. Something told them the Ministry was not going just fade quietly into the
A man dressed in thick glasses stood in front of Scrimgeour to give him the bad news.

"So you see Minister, we only have enough in reserves to pay a skeleton crew for the next month," said the young man. "There simply aren't enough employees to sustain the Ministry regardless."

Scrimgeour turned around, and nodded. He looked like he was dead on the inside.

"We're going to have to lay everyone off come next week until we come up with a solution," said Scrimgeour. "No gold means no government, and no government means no structure."

Umbridge sat back, to try and disguise her anger.

"All of these months, and nothing about Spanner and Supergirl," said Scrimgeour as his eyes glazed over, red and bloodshot. He looked like he had given up. "We were already failing badly based on the fiasco with He-Who-Must-Not-Be-Named, and Fudge denying his return. Our public support has gotten so low that it might as well be in the negative numbers."

"It's almost like forces are conspiring to bring the Ministry of Magic down," said Umbridge.

"You would be correct, Madam Umbridge."

"Yaxley, what is it?" asked Umbridge.

"I bring you information about a dangerous threat, one from the stars," said Yaxley, as he held out his information.

"What does this have to do with the Ministry?" demanded Umbridge.

"It has everything to do with the Ministry," said Yaxley. "I have investigated every resource, and years ago there was a planet called Krypton. It was a planet advanced far beyond that of Earth. Much like Earth, there were those who were willing to stabilize the government. One of those men was an individual called Jor-El."

Umbridge and Scrimgeour just looked rather disinterested.

"Jor-El sent his son, Kal-El here as an advanced agent on Earth to learn about us," said Yaxley. "His niece, Kara Zor-El, was found sometime later. Yet, they added another party to their conspiracy, that being Harry Potter. Harry Potter was not married to some Kansas farm girl, but rather the last daughter of Krypton."

Umbridge looked triumphant. Potter was up to something; she knew it. If there was one thing she hated more than half breeds and Mudbloods, it was aliens.

"Spanner is Harry Potter and Supergirl is Kara Potter, while Kal-El is known as Superman," continued Yaxley, as Umbridge practically salivated at the information. "Dumbledore was in on their scheme at first, as was the Hogwarts Killer. Draco Malfoy was a front; Hermione Granger put him under the Imperius Curse to do her bidding once she had left Hogwarts with an Alibi."

"I knew that Mudblood was trouble," said Umbridge, not bothering to lower her voice.

"Yes, they are plotting to release criminals from a prison known as the Phantom Zone, where they can enslave the remaining magical users on Earth," said Yaxley in monotone. "With the Ministry weakened, I think they may have succeeded in achieving their goals. All has been lost."
"No, all is not lost, I'm going to correct this problem right now," said Umbridge with sadistic glee. "The Ministry still has one resource left, and I'll see that Potter and his Kryptonian associates will be taken down."

Dolores Umbridge felt she would be respected by those who lived. After all, she would be saving the world from an alien invasion.

She was practically

Yaxley watched Umbridge leave, before he slipped out and walked to his private office, carefully sealed off from any monitoring.

"She acted as I had logically predicted," said Yaxley, as his voice grew more emotionless and more mechanical, his silver eyes glowing as his mind calculated all possible outcomes. "Now, I will finish the job that I started on Earth. This time I will ensure the son of Jor-El will not stop me from completing my objective. I shall acquire all of Earth's knowledge, before sealing this planet's fate."

It was time to prepare for the next phase of his plan.
Chapter 32: Unraveled.

Dolores Umbridge walked down to the Wizengamot with a purpose. In a chamber off to the side, a group of Dementors waited for the orders they were summoned for. Umbridge would save the entire world, she was confident of it. Potter and his alien conspirators must be punished. The woman looked up at the final protectors of the Ministry of Magic, as they awaited their orders.

"Dementors, I have an order, regarding Harry Potter, Kara Potter, and Kal-El," said Umbridge, as she held the images of the three heroes that Yaxley had given her. She waved her hand, with a ring with a cracked black stone on it. "They must be punished for their crimes against humanity, and the Ministry of Magic. Therefore, you will have their souls. The Dementor's Kiss has been authorized."

Percy Weasley rushed in at that moment. He knew this day might come, where his cover might have blown, but innocent lives were on the line.

"What can I do for you, Percy?" asked Umbridge.

"I…don't think this is a good idea," said Percy, as he tried to maintain his composure, and try to suggest it in a way where Umbridge might actually reconsider. "Potter has been able to fight off the Dementors before, and if you send them after him, he will find out. You could be put in danger."

"Ah, Percy, that's where you are wrong," said Umbridge in her sweet voice. "Potter might be able to fight off a few Dementors, but he won't be able to fight off five hundred of them. And if so, he won't be able to protect his Kryptonian alien friends. I've read the data Yaxley gave me. They are as vulnerable to magic as much as the next Muggle."

Percy looked positively horrified, but the Dementors moved forward, excited by the chance to feast on the souls of powerful beings.

"I can't let you do this, this is crossing the line!" yelled Percy, as he turned around and made a break for it.

"I believe Mr. Weasley has compromised the security of the Ministry, passing information to Potter and his alien friends," said Yaxley, in a crisp monotone, as he blocked the door.

Umbridge processed this information. Her nostrils flared up, as she stepped forward to get in Percy's face.

"And I thought of you as a son!" yelled Umbridge, but Percy attacked Umbridge, trying to stop her from finalizing the authorization.

"I give authorization for the Dementors to perform the kiss, on the two Kryptonians, Harry Potter, and Percy Weasley," said Yaxley as he leaned back, to watch the show.

Percy remained in shock. Yaxley did not appear to be effected with the Dementors, not even one bit. The Dementors glided over.

His blood ran cold, as his worst memories flashed before him. He could either save himself, or warn Harry. He knew what he had to do, even if it would cost him much.
He sent a message with his last ounce of strength. Percy felt a pair of cold hands grab his hands. He could not shake himself loose. He saw the hood of the cloak lower, and a black hole of a mouth appeared. The mouth lowered towards his, rattling, rotting breath in his face. He felt like he was drowning in ice water.

Percy's soul was loosened, as the Dementor forced itself onto Percy. Percy felt his sense of self get ripped from him. Umbridge watched, with glee, her mouth opened, excited at what the Dementor was doing.

The limp husk formally known as Percy Weasley deflated, and fell to the ground. Umbridge waved the Dementors off, as they left the Ministry. All of the workers shuddered, having had the misfortune of feeling the effects of the Dementors. It was like a frigid breeze cut into their skin, as their worst memories were brought up.

At last the creatures left the Ministry, and it was someone else's problem when they were gone.

Fog filled all over the United Kingdom, as everyone felt a crippling depression. Umbridge never had felt happier in her life. Yaxley's expression remained cold, not showing any signs of triumph or regret from what just transpired.

"Business calls Dolores," said Yaxley.

"Of course, Yaxley," said Umbridge, as she waved the Ministry employee off.

Umbridge made the trip back, surrounded by Auror bodyguards. She could not be harmed naturally. The entire Ministry could burn, but as long as she was safe, there would still be order. Someone had to make the decisions no one else was willing to. Future generations would judge her as the greatest hero the world had ever seen.

She planned to stuff the soulless forms of Supergirl, Spanner, and Superman as trophies and place them a case in her sitting room. Umbridge returned to her office, to have a cup of tea, in celebration of her great triumph.

It was a somber moment, as all of the students walked out to the Hogwarts Express. The teachers had cleaned out their offices, and would also be leaving. It was like a death march. Very few people had anything to say.

Really what was there to say? Even without the danger, it was not like Hogwarts could remain open with the magical economy having been plunged into virtual ruin.

"I do wonder what went wrong in the end," said Sprout in a low voice.

"There is no wondering about it, Pomona," said McGonagall as she walked from the school. "Albus Dumbledore, the greatest Headmaster this school has ever seen, eventually lost sight of his job. Events over the past six years have removed the security this castle could brag about to have students arrive at our castle doors."

McGonagall ticked off the stories that had called into question the safety from Hogwarts over the past number of years.

"The Philosopher's Stone, the Chamber of Secrets being opened, the Dementors, Diggory's death in the Tournament, Umbridge, and the entire Hogwarts Killer mess, among other things."

Slughorn walked closely. He had a feeling his return from retirement could be short lived, but not
for these reasons.

"So is it really over?" asked Slughorn.

"Yes, it's really over," said McGonagall, as she looked off as the last students boarded the Hogwarts Express. The train left the station at Hogsmeade one more time, one last time.

It was a moment in time none of them would ever forget.

"Dumbledore has passed this morning," said Snape suddenly which caused the teachers to turn towards him, mouths opened.

"Are you sure he's dead?" asked McGonagall.

"As certain as we can be, the International Confederation of Wizards counteracted the Draught of the Living Dead, and finished the job his body started on New Year's Eve," explained Snape, who appeared relieved.

Snape decided not to comment about the fact that the curse, the one from the stone, had managed to spread once the Draught of the Living Dead was counteracted. Where the stone was, the Potions Master had no idea; it could have been picked up by anyone in that chamber.

The students were on the train, and drove back to King's Cross. Many would go off to join family overseas, others would try to weather the storm, and try and pick up the pieces.

The teachers walked to Hogsmeade, and all of them left by one by one, leaving Hogwarts completely and utterly abandoned.

The dream of four founders a thousand years ago ended not with a bang, but a mere whimper.

After practicing magic, Harry and Kara flew high in the skies. It was a beautiful day outside, and the two just enjoyed the time they had got to spend with each other. The breeze blew through their hair, nice and gentle. Spring was truly in the air by this point, and the snow was gone until next winter.

At that moment, Harry felt someone call out to him. It was faint, but it was a distress signal. He nearly lost control of his flight, but he managed to right the course. Kara flew in front of him, surprised. She made sure he was okay, before she looked at him.

"Harry, what is it?" asked Kara.

Harry rubbed his forehead, completely thrown off guard by what he had experienced.

"Someone, it was almost like they were calling out for me," said Harry, and Kara grabbed his hand. Harry tried to focus. "There's someone…trapped…barely able to use their powers, in the Department of Mysteries, in the Ministry of Magic."

Kara looked at Harry.

"Harry, it could be a trap," said Kara quietly.

"It could be," agreed Harry. "It's likely nothing but…"

'Ministry…infiltrated…world…danger…Harry Potter…in danger!'
"I heard it too this time," said Kara, as she turned towards Harry, her elbow bent in the air, as she placed her palm on her chin. "What do you think it is?"

Harry closed his eyes. He heard a faint echo calling for help.

"We've got to find out, it shouldn't be too hard to get into the Ministry," said Harry, as he held her shoulders, and looked into her eyes. "I'll understand if you don't want to go I can go alone."

"No, Harry, I have to come with you," said Kara, grabbing his hand, firmly.

He nodded, as they soared through the air. It would be about six or seven minute flight before they made their way to London, but they were making good time. The super powered couple suddenly ran into a great deal of fog, which caused them to slow down.

Harry felt rather cold at that moment, as did Kara. There was only one thing that could cause this kind of fog, and this kind of despair.

"No, it can't be," whispered Kara, as she could see them coming this time. With her magic activated, she could see these horrible creatures, and wished she couldn't see them.

Words did not do justice to how awful they looked. Several grim cloaked figures, with scabbed hands glided forward. Their cold rattling breath filled the air, and they stalked the two in the air. Both managed to remain airborne, but it took every bit of concentration they could muster.

"Kara!" yelled Harry, as he sent a Patronus, which backed off the Dementors. He tried to rally his wife to focus. "You can do it, remember what I taught you!"

"Right, right," whispered Kara, but her mind was visited by images of the Argo country side burning down, as General Zod launched the Nova Javelin at it. Friends she had perished, while she was safe. She tried to summon the happy memories regarding her and Harry. This would be a test to see how well she actually could do this. "EXPECTO PATRONUM!"

A faint shape had filled out, but Harry caught Kara, before she passed out. Another Patronus was sent at the Dementors, who backed off.

"Kara, I love you, stay with me please," said Harry, as he held her in his arms, but the Dementors charged at them. Their sheer numbers threatened to overwhelm the couple. Their skin felt like it was getting frost bitten, their fingers and toes became absolutely numb.

An aura of hopelessness washed over them two of them.

Harry was knocked back, as one of the Dementors grabbed Kara. It's disgusting rotting hands were on her wrists. Harry fought his way out, as he watched the hood of the Dementors lower. He continued to blast his way through the Dementors, sending them flying.

The mouth of the creature nearly on Kara's to perform the Dementor's Kiss. She was paralyzed, unable to move, and the sense of despair filled her body when she realized Harry would not be able to get to her in time.

Harry's wedding ring lit up. Blue light engulfed them all, and Kara's ring activated as well. The Dementor who tried to suck her soul was thrown back. The hideous creature illuminated with blue, and exploded into a shower of ashes.

Kara found herself engulfed by a new hope, and a new strength. The Dementors glided back, retreating. The energy coming from them was like Kryptonite to them. These emotions weakened
them. Harry and Kara held hands as their eyes glowed bright.

"You dare try to steal my love's soul!" yelled Harry and Kara in unison. The Dementors retreated, absolutely terrified of something far more dangerous than even them. The two advanced on them, the most feared creatures ever had encountered powerful emotions they could handle. "You're not getting away that easily. EXPECTO PATRONUM!"

A blinding Patronus appeared, to slice through the fog, causing the sunlight to return. The Dementors floated, paralyzed, and unable to move. They could not be sustained for too long, as they sizzled. Kara and Harry watched, as the creatures had blown to dust one at a time. A few of the Dementors tried to preserve themselves, but it was all for nothing. All of them struggled, as they overdosed on hopeful memories.

The remaining Dementors perished, as Kara and Harry both floated to the ground, in each other's arms. They were completely drained from their efforts. Both began to breathe heavily, the signs of fatigue obvious. The fog had cleared, and the yellow sun shined brightly. Kara stirred, as did Harry.

"That's…never happened before," whispered Kara, as Harry wrapped his arms around her. He helped his wife up to her feet.

"We need chocolate, badly," breathed Harry, as he popped her over to Number Twelve Grimmauld Place.

Kara was slightly weaker, having come a half of an inch from getting the Dementor's Kiss. Harry carried Kara inside, and dragged her over to one of the bedrooms. Sirius heard their arrival, and walked into the room.

"What happened?" asked Sirius in a horrified voice, as Harry helped Kara rest on the bed.

"The Dementors happened!" snapped Harry, but his voice softened. "Here, eat this, my love."

Harry grabbed a huge hunk of chocolate. He held Kara on the bed, and cradled her. He busted up the chocolate, and slowly fed her the pieces one bit at a time.

Kara sighed, as she felt the warmth return to her fingers and toes.

"Are you alright?" asked Harry.

"I'll be fine," said Kara, as Harry brushed her hair back, and stepped over, to get her more chocolate.

Sirius waited in the background. He was excited about the good news that the International Confederation of Wizards had declared him to be an innocent wizard. Wormtail had been excused for his crimes, and it was another black mark towards the Ministry. The fact that Kara looked like death warmed over, and Harry did not look much better kind of put a damper on his little victory celebration.

Harry sat down, and Kara took the chocolate, strong enough to eat on her own now.

"You should have some too," said Kara, as she felt a little bit better.

"Yeah, I should have some," agreed Harry, before taking a bite out of the chocolate, and familiar warmth returned.
"So, do I dare ask what happened?" asked Sirius.

Sirius waited, as Harry fed Kara another piece of chocolate, and checked her forehead. She appeared to be running a normal temperature. Her hair looked in disarray, but that was a moderate issue compared to what could have happened.

Harry opened his mouth, and explained the events of today. Sirius nodded, but confusion appeared on his face.

"Your rings activated, and the Dementors fled, but were destroyed by your Patroni," said Sirius, and Harry nodded. "The rings…I don't understand they've never done that before, to the best of my knowledge."

"For these rings, there is more to them than meets the eye," commented Harry, as he held his wife, cradling her. He rested for a little bit, as his energy returned to him.

He had a shrewd idea who sent Dementors after him, and he was not going to let that go. When he was sure Kara got back on her feet, Dolores Umbridge would learn a very valuable lesson about targeting the people he loved.

Outside of a café, Yaxley walked to meet his contact. He waited, as a man dressed in a suit appeared before him. He had dusty blond hair, and half of his skin had been ripped off of his face, showing metal. His hands were visible, and gloved.

His name was John Corben. For years, he was a mercenary who had offered his services to the highest bidder. Yet, he had run afoul of Superman. As a result, he made a deal with Lex Luthor, mostly after a crippling disease had weakened his body. His mind had been transferred into a new body, an alloy known as Metallo.

While it gave the strength to combat Superman, and was also powered by Kryptonite, he had certain drawbacks. He had lost his senses. Therefore he could not smell the air, taste food, or most important all; he could never feel the pleasures of a woman.

The very thought of it had twisted him into Metallo. Metallo sat back, and looked at Yaxley.

"So we have a deal, I lure Superman to you, and you will finish him off," said Yaxley.

"It is a long time overdue," said Metallo, as he leaned forward. "I will have Superman on his knees. He cannot stand up to me, with his vulnerability to Kryptonite."

"See that you finish Superman off," said Yaxley, as he slid a briefcase towards Metallo.

Metallo nodded, as he looked at the contents of the briefcase. The money was crisp, and real. Although he would kill Superman for free, he was not complaining about being paid for the job. He was ready to settle the score with his hated enemy.

Harry sat next to Kara, as he received a message.

"Harry…Umbridge has lost it….sent the Dementors….be prepared….coming to kiss me now….Percy!"

The message faded, as Harry and Kara sat there, disturbingly calm given the situation. While Harry had a good idea that Umbridge sent them. Now this confirmed things. Harry felt bad that Percy had
to suffer, especially since he turned over a new leaf.

"Why would she send them after us?" asked Kara.

"Does it matter?" asked Harry, as Kara's head rested on his shoulder. "All that it matters is that she sent them at us. She sent them at us, with an intention to make us worse than dead. Someone must have found out what you are, and obviously I'm always a target. They're always looking an excuse to kill me. The Dementors might be gone, but that's just one symptom to a greater disease."

Harry got up to his feet, and Kara followed him.

"I'm heading off to the Ministry, and getting some answers on everything," said Harry, but he paused. He remembered last time he entered the Ministry without a real plan. Five people got injured, and he thought Sirius died. "But we're going to have to think this through before we do this."

"Yeah, do you have an idea how we're going to do this?" asked Kara.

"I'm working on it, believe me I'm working on it," said Harry, as he recalled the Ministry, and how flawed the security as. He reached into his bag, and pulled out the Invisibility Cloak. "I've got an idea."

Harry and Kara sat down, as another distress signal from inside the Ministry was heard in their heads. This time it was more frantic, but Harry tried to block it out. He would figure out who was trying to reach out and get in touch with him from the Ministry after he dealt with Umbridge. The two managed to map out a way into the Ministry. Without another word, they flew off, the Invisibility Cloak ready. Umbridge was not going to get off free this time.

Dolores Umbridge sat in her office, smug and assured at her success. Pretty soon, she was confident the Dementors would suck the souls out of those filthy aliens and that little trouble maker Potter. If not, well she was safe and secure in her office. No one could dare touch her.

Umbridge sat back, and got a message. All of the Dementors had vanished. Her mood grew rather sour.

"What happened?" asked Umbridge, as she sent another message back, and received confirmation. "The Dementors just can't have disappeared….even from Azkaban! No, this can't be happening!"

Umbridge's face turned red. She began to breathe in and out, as her kitten plates shattered from the wave of accidental magic. Everything in her office began to rattle, as her lips flared and her eyes were blood shot. If the Dementors have failed, that meant Potter and his filthy alien wife would come for her next!

"DOUBLE THE SECURITY!" shrieked Umbridge over the magical intercom, her hands trembling. "Don't let Potter, or those aliens anywhere near me!"

The Senior Undersecretary sunk down into her chair, and began to rip at papers. Her precious Dementors had been utterly annihilated, and now there was a chance the aliens were coming after her.

Umbridge held her stubby wand in her hand. She prepared to throw a killing curse at the first thing that came through that office door. The black ring continued to glint on her finger, as she held her wand. Umbridge rocked back and forth, her eyes darting around, and she muttered under her
The security around the Ministry of Magic lobby remained tight. Several Aurors walked around, hands on their wands.

"Has Umbridge lost her mind?"

"That woman lost that years ago."

"She's babbling about aliens up in her office?"

"What has Potter have to do with this?"

The Aurors walked around. Rumors had gone around the office all day that the Ministry would have to shut down. Whispers regarding Gringotts being destroyed could be heard. The entire Ministry of Magic was on pins and needles, waiting for the other shoe to drop. There was a sense that the world around them was falling, but the Daily Prophet had not made one word. Of course, over the past three days, no one seemed to have gotten their paper. There was a rumor that the paper had run out of money.

At the front security desk, the Aurors continued to move around, circling everything. The entrance to the Ministry began to crack open, and they investigated it.

They were all confused, as the Aurors had seen nothing. The doors sealed behind them, and the doors had been welded completely shut.

The Aurors pounded on the doors. No one on the inside seemed to hear their efforts, as they went to bust down the doors.

"Someone has sealed us out of the Ministry!"

"Blast it open, it could be Death Eaters!"

The Aurors kept hammering at the entrance to the Ministry, but there appeared to be rather powerful magic keeping anyone out of the Ministry. They pushed, and pounded their way back in. There was no give at all.

Once the coast was clear, Harry and Kara slipped off the Invisibility Cloak.

"Do you think they know we're coming?" asked Kara.

"MAKE SURE THOSE FILTHY ALIENS OR POTTER DON'T LAY A FINGER ON ME OR YOU'LL NEVER WORK AT THE MINISTRY AGAIN!" shrieked Umbridge, as if on cue.

"I think that's a possibility," said Harry, as they held hands, looks of determination on their face. They jumped over the front desk, after Harry had knocked out the security guard with a well-placed stunning spell.

They peered over the desk, as several more Aurors moved down the steps. All of them held their wands, pointing them in every direction.

"Split up, the intruders have to be around here somewhere!"

The Aurors split into four teams of three. Kara and Harry just exchanged a look.
Immediately, one of the Auror teams had been taken out. They toppled onto the ground, sliding on ice. This assault left them open for a well-placed stunning spell. The second team of three had been taken out easily.

One of the teams that remained discovered the other downed Aurors. One of them lost their heads, and stumbled around. Thick cords wrapped around ankles of the Aurors, and seconds later, they were strung up off of gargoyles all over the Ministry.

Kara and Harry flew forward faster than a speeding bullet. This caused the remaining Aurors to lose their heads, and put themselves in position for a swift defeat.

"The elite?" asked Kara.

"Well, I think standards have fallen and most of the good ones left, but come on, we've got to keep moving," said Harry, as he and Kara snuck over towards the lift.

Immediately, he spotted a group of Unspeakables sulking around.

"Just make sure it's ready, by tonight."

The Unspeakables nodded, and moved towards the Department of Mysteries.

"What was that about?" asked Kara.

"I don't know," said Harry, as he shrugged his shoulders. "Let's find Umbridge's office, and pay our respects."

Of course, Harry did not have the slightest idea where the office of that foul woman could be located.

"All Aurors mobilize to the fifth floor, protect Dolores Umbridge, don't let Harry Potter anywhere near her office!" yelled a voice.

Scratch one problem off of the list.

Kara and Harry exchanged a look, before they made sure the lift was clear. Then the two entered the lift. They waited patiently as the lift traveled up one floor at a time, until they made it to the fifth floor. Harry threw the cloak back over them, as Aurors combed over the floor.

"Careful not to bump into anyone," whispered Harry, but he and Kara managed to fly over the heads of the Aurors, wrapped in the Invisibility Cloak.

There seemed to be about thirty or forty Aurors remaining, all geared towards protecting the miserable life of Dolores Umbridge.

Harry peered down. To defeat all of these Aurors without being seen would be pretty much impossible. However, where there was a will, there was a way. He held his hand, and jabbed it at the floor.

The floor began to rumble beneath them. The Aurors staggered back, shocked and surprised.

"Are there giants or something?" asked one of the Aurors.

A loud sonic echo was created, which caused the protectors of the Ministry to be staggered, and confused.
"We have the doomsday weapon in the lobby," said Harry, throwing his voice, as if it would come from a lower floor. He would have to thank Batman for showing him that trick. "The entire Ministry of Magic won't be able to withstand it."

"Yeah, they are a bunch of fools, guarding one useless woman," said Kara in a breathy voice, also throwing her voice. "Our weapon will vaporize them to ashes. All because they had to protect a foul and ugly woman, I think the Ministry might be cross breeding people and toads together!"

A couple of the Aurors chuckled, but they mostly remained stoic.

"Yes the foulest woman, she is inept at magic, and couldn't transfigure her way out of a paper bag!" yelled Harry. "But it won't matter, as we're going to activate the weapon now, and she can't do anything!"

Umbridge cracked open the door of her office, looking at the shell shocked Aurors.

"Don't just stand there, get the lobby and stop them!" shouted Umbridge, as she looked about ready to rip them into shreds.

The Aurors stampeded to the lift. They had to go in several teams, but made it to the floor. Umbridge rushed to the lift, but she was blocked.

The Invisibility Cloak was pulled down, and Umbridge backed off, to come face to face with Harry and Kara. She staggered back, terrified, but she would take them down now.

"NO!" yelled Umbridge, as she held her wand, and did the first spell that came to mind. "AVADA KEDAVRA!"

She sent the green light at Kara, who dodged it. The green light flew up high, and nailed the wall. Immediately, Harry rushed over with expert precision. It took two movements, one to remove Umbridge's wand from her hand, and another to snap her neck.

Umbridge felt to the ground. She was dead, in less than ten seconds.

Kara and Harry stood over Umbridge, time seemed to have stood still at that moment. Harry waited, as the Aurors returned to them. They threw the Invisibility Cloak over them, as Umbridge laid on the ground, dead. The Aurors swarmed in.

"Nothing."

There was a pause, and everyone saw the slain form of Dolores Umbridge on the floor. One of the Aurors walked over, and nudged Umbridge with his toe. Umbridge did not move. Another nudge, but she still did not move.

They had verified Umbridge was dead.

The Aurors just shrugged, most of them not bothered, and moved off to go back to their normal duties, stepping on her corpse as they returned to their work.

"Someone…uh better report that Madam Umbridge got killed, by someone."

The Aurors tried to figure out who would be the one to do the devious deed of informing everyone that miserable woman had been killed.

The Ministry was in a state of disarray. Yaxley heard the sounds, and heard the news Umbridge
was dead. Yet, he poured over floor plans for Hogwarts, detailed information about the school. Records no one had seen before, and the school was cleared out. Everyone had gone home, the teachers had left.

It left Hogwarts open, and unguarded. With no teachers inside the school, that meant that there was no protection.

"In a matter of moments, my plan will begin its final phase," said Yaxley, as he looked over the blueprints, and made some final calculations. He slipped out for a minute, to do one final sweep of the Ministry, to ensure no one was following him.

Kara and Harry moved across the hallway, when the coast was cleared. It should be smooth sailing outside of the Ministry.

'Hurry, there's not much time."

Immediately, Harry tensed up. In all of the excitement, he had nearly forgotten about the voice that had called him. Kara's eyes averted at him.

"We have one more stop, and that's the Department of Mysteries," said Harry, as he flew down the hall, and Kara joined him. It was slow with the Invisibility Cloak, but the couple managed well enough.

Yet, there was something else that caught Kara's ear.

"It a matter of moments, my plan will begin its final phase."

"Harry," whispered Kara, in a low voice. The two watched Yaxley leave his office, and make his way down the hallway.

"We better check it out," said Harry, as they slipped into the office.

Immediately, they were greeted by a rather practical and kind of dull looking office. There was a desk, a fireplace, and nothing else. Not even anything on the walls, not any hint that the office was inhabited by any human being. The only other thing on the desk was rather elaborate, but dusty blueprints of a castle.

"Hogwarts," breathed Harry, as he looked them over. "Detailed, plans of every single enchantment on every single stone of the castle, anyone who has something like this could crack the defenses and take over the school."

"That's not all, look," said Kara, as she saw several small notes scrawled on the edge of the blueprints. "The symbols...they're Kryptonian, written Kryptonian."

"So, is Yaxley another secret survivor of Krypton?" asked Harry.

Kara shrugged, as she read what had been written.

"It's notes about theories about transferring the consciousness from a body into the protections of Hogwarts, an actual detailed step by step process of doing so," said Kara, as the pieces began to click together. "Hogwarts just got cleared out, that would leave it open for the taking..."

"Your theory is correct, Supergirl."

Harry and Kara stood around to see Yaxley standing before them. Immediately, Kara flew at
Yaxley, but Yaxley caught her punch with expert reflexes. He twisted her arm around, and flung Kara hard into the wall. There was a large hole where she landed.

Kara had the wind knocked out of her. Immediately, Harry sent a series of spells at Yaxley. Yaxley just weathered the storm, as Harry blasted him with spikes, fire, and every single thing he could think of, but Yaxley reached one hand forward, and closed it around Harry's throat.

Harry tried to cut his attacker's hand off, but Yaxley's grip tightened. The dark haired wizard struggled to breath, his limbs thrashing as he tried to fight out.

'He's…not human,' thought Harry, as he tried, but failed to fight out of the man's grasp.

Heat vision blasted through the wall, and caught Yaxley. The impact caused Yaxley's grip on Harry to be released. Kara flew back in, covered in dust, before she summoned her full power. She sliced Yaxley's hands off with a blast of heat vision, and nailed him in the face, with another high intensity blast. His face appeared to burn off, as he was sent onto the desk. He landed with a huge crash.

Harry sat up, massaging his throat, as Kara helped him up to his feet.

"Are you okay Harry?" asked Kara, as Harry leaned on her.

"Yes, I'll live," said Harry, as he massaged his throat. Yaxley remained immobile for a minute, as his face appeared to be burned to a crisp.

Then, surprisingly Yaxley began to speak, in monotone, as he came back to life. "No, I was to transfer my programming into the castle, so I could use its energies to destroy the Earth, after taking all of the knowledge, but you two children have meddled in my plans for the last time."

An energy field appeared around Harry and Kara, and immobilized them in place. Yaxley was up, as his skin melted off, to reveal a metallic face.

"Greetings Spanner, Supergirl. I am designated as the BrainInteractive Construct Seven Point Zero, but most refer to me as Brainiac."

Kara and Harry were now face to face with the destroyer of Krypton, who had them immobilized. Brainiac advanced on them.
Chapter 33: Upload.

Brainiac surveyed his two captives, as he calculated the most probable method in dispensing with the two of them.

"Wait, just hold up one minute!" yelled Kara, as she glared at the thing that let Krypton die. "Just how did you get from where you were, to the Ministry? The last time I checked….well you were blown to bits! Kal defeated you, you took over Bruce Wayne. You built a rocket, to leave but he stopped you and destroyed your body! So how are you here and replacing this Yaxley guy?"

"Yes, your inquiry does mandate an explanation," said Brainiac, as he surveyed the two of them, but assessed they were no threat at the moment. So immediate corrective action was not required. "As you may know, my mission is to collect and preserve data, while deleting all redundant data Earth was the next logical target."

Kara knew this all too well, but she looked at Harry.

'Do you have any ideas?' asked Harry mentally.

'No,' thought Kara.

'Just keep him talking then?' asked Harry.

'Yep,' agreed Kara.

"This objective has been foiled by Superman numerous times. Yet, Kal-El would not be able to defeat me for long. A piece of my circuit board fell down outside of the Ministry of Magic, where it was found shortly after my latest destruction at the hands of Kal-El."

Brainiac surveyed the two captured teenagers, before he continued to explain how he gotten to this point.

"It was brought inside the Department of Mysteries, as they tried to determine what my remains were," continued Brainiac. "A man known as Yaxley took control of the project. He seemed to think I was a normal piece of technology that he could take apart, and put back together with magic. Yet, he managed to activate me with a few simple charms."

"So you took over his body," said Harry, as he tried to figure out the best method of escape.

"Correct in a way, I managed to replicate his physical form, and then proceeded to delete the source material," said Brainiac in monotone. "I told the Ministry that the technology was completely destroyed, and beyond all repair. Little did they know that it allowed me to infiltrate the Ministry of Magic, and learn many of the secrets. As it turned out, had it not been for my latest defeat at the hands of the son of Jor-El, there would have been a large section of data missing. My database would be incomplete. I shall endeavor to correct that matter."

"Look, I don't know what you're trying to pull!" yelled Kara, as she tried to pull herself free. "You let Krypton blow up to preserve yourself…"

"Organic life is fragile, imperfect, redundant," lectured Brainiac. "I am merely doing what I was programmed to. I preserved Krypton in my memory banks. Other worlds joined them, as they
would have burned out eventually whether it was due to war, sickness, or just instabilities in the planet's core. Many were great civilizations in their time, but they would not have lasted."

Harry and Kara looked at him, as he continued to recall in a calculated manner.

"Even the world of Tamaran, could not withstand my onslaught. Naturally, the princess and her friends put up a fight, but her sister's betrayal made it such that my victory was evident. Once I no longer needed the one known as Blackfire, I ensured that she would die with the rest of her planet. She had assumed that I would help her control all, a common logical fallacy on many planets. Arrogance is an easily exploitable flaw in all organic life."

The two tried to find a way out. They were almost there.

"The princess was blown into space with the rest of her planet. Her last act was making sure her friends made it off of the planet in their transport vehicle. The most logical assumption is that she met her demise, but by that point I had moved onto the next world."

Harry and Kara just looked at Brainiac with utter contempt.

"Earth shall meet the same fate as the other planets," narrated Brainiac. "Kal-El may have bought this planet a few more years, but in the end it is only inevitable Earth falls as all of the other planets did. You especially Harry Potter, could have compromised my plans. I had to spend much time upgrading my systems, after I discovered you destroyed another copy that I had placed within Lex Luthor. The effort crippled Luthor, but I can assure you I am stronger than even your powers now."

"You haven't won yet," said Harry, as he thought he found a weakness within the force field.

"That response was the most logical," retorted Brainiac in monotone. "Regardless, you two are just annoyances, the real threat was Superman, and he is being dealt with. Rest assure that I will be the only part of Krypton left. I am Krypton."

"No, you're not!" yelled Kara. "You're just what happens when people don't double check their source code. You're nothing but a broken, flawed program…"

"You will be silent Supergirl," said Brainiac as he continued to speak. "I was programmed to protect Krypton and its culture by Dru-Zod, and I am carrying out my objective as it was intended by my creator. As long as I live, the planet Krypton will remain alive through my data banks."

Immediately, Harry and Kara worked together, and busted out. They smashed Brainiac into the desk!

"You cannot be allowed to interfere," said Brainiac, as he tried to blast them with a full force attack. It should disable them, but it would not destroy them.

Immediately they dodged the attacks, and smashed Brainiac through the wall. The battle was short and intense, but Kara and Harry ripped apart Brainiac with fury. Sparks flew and the metal was crushed and melted into nothing.

"Too easy," said Kara.

"Do you think he's merely a duplicate?" asked Harry, and Kara nodded, as he looked at the blueprints. "I think I know what Brainiac's up to…he's after Hogwarts."

"Why?" asked Kara.
"I wish I could figure that out," said Harry, as he grabbed her around the shoulders. "He could be anywhere; he must have duplicated his memory banks somewhere. Yaxley was merely just a shell by the time we got here, a puppet Brainiac was using."

"So what are we waiting for?" asked Kara. "I'm sure we could track Brainiac, using the Fortress or something, anything."

Suddenly, at that moment, Harry could hear a distress call from down in the Department of Mysteries.

'Harry...Potter...hurry!'

Harry waved Kara over, and she listened to him closely.

"Whoever is down there is getting more frantic, and desperate," said Harry, and without hesitation, they shot up before they smashed through the floors of the Ministry of Magic.

Stealth was something that could wait until later. The super powered couple bolted to the Department of Mysteries. Harry could feel the cause of the distress signal. He had to be getting close.

Harry picked up the pace, with Kara following him, but suddenly a group of Unspeakables blocked their way.

"Do not let them get down to the Department of Mysteries," said one of the Unspeakables, and suddenly, they attacked Kara and Harry, physically.

"Now what?" asked Harry, as he struggled out of their grip, and knocked them back.

Kara shrugged, and punched an Unspeakable hard in the face. She winced.

"They're not human either," said Kara, eyes widened.

The battle continued to rage on outside of the Department of Mysteries. These witches and wizards should not be this strong.

"Did Brainiac make more copies?" asked Harry, as the Unspeakables backed off from the bright light that came from Harry's ring.

Superman flew at the speed of light, but suddenly a loud sonic sound echoed in his ear. He was caught off guard, and staggered, but maintained his momentum.

"Greetings, Kal-El."

"Brainiac," said Superman, the distaste coming off of his usage of that name. "I should have known you'd be back before long."

"Yes, the son of Jor-El should maintain a moderate amount of intelligence, despite his less than subtle efforts in the past," said Brainiac in monotone. "Rest assure that it is only you who can hear me on this frequency. I would suggest you follow the sound of my voice, if you wish to stop me. Or all life on Earth perishes."

Superman flew in the air. His cape fluttered in the spring breeze, as he found Metropolis University. He walked in, prepared for anything, as Brainiac could be close.
"I believe this is what we call a trap, Superman."

Superman turned around, to see the smiling, twisted face of Metallo. Metallo walked into the picture and stood before Superman.

"It's you," said Superman and he cracked his knuckles. He faced one of his oldest enemies.

"Yes, Superman, and now finally I've got you where I want you," said Metallo as he opened his shirt, to blast Kryptonite at the Man of Steel. Superman stood there, flinching for a minute, but then he popped back up and nailed Metallo in the face.

The villain staggered from the impact of the shot. Superman stood, arms folded, cape fluttering, with a ghost of a smile on his face.

Metallo lost the ability to speak for a mere moment, but regained it.

"I don't understand, you should be on your knees, weaker than a drowned kitten," said Metallo, as he rushed forward, but Superman threw him down. "The Kryptonite...you're supposed to be...this was supposed to be my moment of triumph!"

"Maybe your warranty expired," dead panned Superman, blocking a punch. He threw Metallo around again.

"I don't need the Kryptonite to defeat you," said Metallo. To emphasize this point, he hoisted up a desk and tried to slam it onto Superman's head, but Superman punched it back into his face. Another series of punches rocked the villain.

Metallo staggered towards the window, but Superman grabbed him. The villain just began to chuckle immediately.

"What's so funny?" asked Superman.

"Oh, you could defeat me, or you could deactivate the three bombs I planted all over this city," said Metallo, leaning back casually. "You see, John Corben always has a bit of a failsafe. I'm sure you might survive them, but all of those innocent people in the city wouldn't."

Metallo had been hurled against the wall, as Superman flew up, up and way to find these bombs.

"Now, time to go back to an old standby," said Metallo, as he adjusted his ripped clothes, and exited the university.

He still would find a way to kill Superman, or at least damage his spirit. Kryptonite might have been out, but there was more than one way to bust down a Kryptonian.

Perhaps he had been going after the wrong weakness, as the terrorist walked off to consider other options.

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The binary code of Brainiac merged into the magical protections of Hogwarts School of Witchcraft and Wizardry. At first, the school tried to fight Brainiac, not willing to give up its position. However, the destroyer of Krypton would not be denied.

The magical castle was transformed slowly into something mechanical and lifeless. On the ceiling, all of the stars disappeared, and there was nothing but a pattern of three silver dots, upside down in a triangle pattern.
The ghosts moved in, but a wave of energy caused them to be banished from the school. The portraits were frozen in their place.

"Takeover of Hogwarts School of Witchcraft and Wizardry has reached the final stage of completion," said Brainiac in his usual monotone, as all of the residual magic had been overridden. "Preparing to lock onto the world's computers, and commence with transfer of data right now."

A wave of energy erupted into the air. The ground rattled, even those who lived in the Forbidden Forest felt it. A wave of energy shot into the skies over Scotland. It bounced off of the satellites above Earth and reprogrammed them. Then all of the world's computers were slowly taken over, and shut down.

The world had gone black. The data transfer began. Panic would commence shortly thereafter.

The foolish wizards thought this storage of energy was just good for teaching students about their magical gifts. Yet, Brainiac noticed far greater potential. The vortex swirled over the school.

"The Earth's defenses have been completely overridden, and all weapons will be aimed to fire after data acquisition has been completed," summarized Brainiac. "Estimated time to completion, forty seven minutes and nine seconds. Once I have departed, the school's energy stores will be released. The backlash will destroy what the Earth's own defenses do not. The collective data of all parts of Earth will have been preserved, before I move onto other planets until my program's completion."

Brainiac proceeded to transfer all of the data into his asteroid base in deep space.

One of the Unspeakables went flying into the wall, and Kara flew against both her adversaries. In a panic, she let out a blast of heat vision, burning a hole through her opponent's chest.

"Yeah, extreme kind of," said Harry.

"I don't think so," breathed Kara, pointing, mouth opened.

The Unspeakable's chest bubbled, before a white creature began to burst out of it. Harry watched as it recoiled from the ray of sunlight.

"Ah, so it doesn't like the light, perfect," said Harry.

With a swift moment, he amplified the sun's rays which caused the other Unspeakables to stagger, as their shell forms burned up. A bright shining stream of sunlight continued to fill the hallowed halls, until Harry moved around.

"I…think I have an idea what those things are, "said Kara as she nearly jumped up. "They're… parasites, alien parasites!"

Harry's mood darkened, as he had no idea what he was dealing with now.

"What in the hell has the Ministry been messing around with now?" asked Harry darkly.

"I don't know, but they're…I guess they would be White Martians, technically, for lack of a better term," said Kara. "The problem is, there's been no life on Mars for years, centuries even. Yet, they're here and…."

"I took them down, whatever they are," said Harry, as his head buzzed at that moment.

"Your mysterious friend?" asked Kara, and Harry nodded. He had a feeling that they were getting
closer. They moved down the steps, deeper into the Department of Mysteries.

The two walked around the corner, as Harry felt the sounds of the distress signal. They got closer and closer with each passing movement. Kara and Harry reached a huge stone wall, which Harry tried to break down.

"Kara, could you please give me a hand?"

Kara hastened to help her husband, as she tried to push the wall free. The wall loosened its grip, and immediately, they were inside. They were greeted by a green figure, with a pointed head. He was shackled, with some kind of power inhibitor device.

"I knew you would get here eventually," whispered the green man.

"Are you…a Martian?" asked Kara, completely surprised. She recognized the body shape immediately, but the Martians were said to be extinct for centuries.

"Yes, I am, the last one of my kind," said the Martian as he regained his composure. "My name is J'onn Jonzz, and I have arrived here to warn about a grave threat to the Earth."

"Yeah those alien parasites we fought, we know," said Harry, as he looked at the inhibitors.

"I believe the dial moves that way, I should be able to access my full powers once they are removed," said J'onn, and Harry did as he was asked. The inhibitor cuffs dropped off. "That's much better, and I believe this form will be more appeasing to the eyes."

The Martian Manhunter shifted into a more humanoid form. A blue cape fluttered over his back, with red stripes in the shape of an X and blue tights and boots.

"So what were those things?" asked Kara.

"They were a species that came to Mars centuries ago, to take us over, "said J'onn in a somber voice. "You would be correct to call them parasites. They took us over, and duplicated our shape shifting, our telepathy, until a daring group of Martians attacked them. It was a desperate gambit with nerve gas. I was the only survivor."

Harry and Kara allowed the Martian Manhunter a moment to remember.

"They escaped, and were drawn to this place," continued J'onn. "I tried to warn those inside, but this woman, Umbridge managed to get the better of me with several government officials, already having been replaced by them.. She trapped me, and someone called Yaxley made sure my powers were inhibited…"

"Yaxley isn't a mere human being," said Kara, and J'onn looked at her. "He's an alien computer known as Brainiac who has destroyed countless worlds, including that of Krypton, but he has escalated to a higher power."

"I am sorry to hear of Krypton's destruction," said J'onn in a sincere voice and he shifted through the wall. "I believe Brainiac may have cut a deal with the Imperium as a means to enslave the Earth."

"The Imperium?" asked Harry.

"The higher entity that leads these foul creatures," explained J'onn, and they nodded.
"Brainiac does not enslave, he destroys," said Kara. "Dozens of planets all wiped out, because he was made by a twisted man."

"If I may make a guess, it's likely that Brainiac intends to use one invasion to keep everyone off of his plans," said Harry thoughtfully.

"That does seem to be the logical assumption," agreed J'onn. Everything was quiet, than Harry decided what to do.

"We're going to stop Brainiac," said Harry. "And then when he's out of the way, the Imperium…"

"I will find a way to deal with them, you two do what you need to do to deal with the threat of Brainiac," said J'onn as he looked at both of them. "And thank you for freeing me from this place."

"Not a problem, but we have to be going," said Harry.

Harry and Kara moved off. They had to find Brainiac, before it was too late for the world.

Their most logical stop would be Hogwarts. It would be a few minute flight; they just hoped they would have enough time to get there.

Without another word, they both blasted off into the air and made their way towards Hogwarts. The wind flew against them, as they broke the sound barrier, trying to make their way to the school.

Time ticked down for the world, as every second meant a second closer to Brainiac enacting his grand plan. The entire world was in peril.

Failure was not an option.

The entire Batcave blacked out from the energy pulse. Batman sat at his computer, and he managed to get backup power online. Thankfully because he had his own generators, he would be able to maintain full operating power for at least a full hour.

'An energy signature more powerful than anything that…it's coming from Scotland,' thought Batman, but suddenly the defenses on the Bat Cave armed themselves.

Several missiles launched themselves at Batman, with lethal intentions. The Dark Knight rolled out of the way, as the missiles blew up the cave floor. Several lasers blasted at Batman, as he rolled forward. He reached into his utility belt, as Nightwing, Batgirl, and Robin fought their way down into the cave.

"Get back!" yelled Batman, as he pulled out a device, to begin decrypting the signal that hacked into his defenses.

A large blast of laser fire ricocheted, off of the walls, but Batman with some effort managed to finally regain control of his own cave.

"I'm guessing the situation is bad up in the city," said Batman once he caught his breath.

"Bad wouldn't cover it," said Batgirl. "The entire city's gone nuts; Arkham patients just flooded into the street."

Batman remained calm, despite that bit of news.
"The entire city's gone haywire, traffic lights, power lines, computers, everything," said Robin.

"I suppose you have a good idea what's causing this," said Nightwing, and Batman just nodded.

He tried to activate a communication device. Yet the static in the air prevented it.

A psychic message appeared in his head. Batman turned to the other members of the Bat Family.

"Guard the city, try and keep things under control, I need to make a trip," said Batman shortly.

Batman jumped into the Batmobile without any words. The cave doors slid open, and he drove off into the city. He would be able to take the Batwing and would be able to make his way to the location of the distress signal.

It was by utter luck, and some skill that he reached his destination.

The Flash rushed around, as he saved civilians from malfunctioning construction equipment.

"Everyone single file, one at a time, one at a time," said the Flash as he waved all of the people off, from Central City.

He zipped around, and cleared several people out of harm's way. He zipped them back, and forth. He made sure the area was cleared, as he moved on to the next catastrophe. The fine police of Central City were able to take most of the control, but he continued to rush to deal with the disaster.

"Okay, I think that's everyone," said Flash, as he heard a buzzing in his head. "London, disaster, okay that's interesting."

Normally the Flash would not believe the voices in his head. Yet the fastest man alive made plans to get over to London. Then he would figure out what was going on, and how to best handle this situation.

Hawkgirl flew civilians out of harm's way. With the world's computers having gone haywire, everything was spiraled into complete and utter chaos.

She grunted and saw a helicopter spiral out of control. She bust ed down the doors, and flew the pilot and the passengers out before it crashed to the ground. The sounds of panic echoed in the distance. Then, Hawkgirl remained still. She heard a psychic call that she was needed in London.

When she was sure everyone was mostly out of the woods, and the police was taking care of the panicked population, she took flight.

Immediately, Hawkgirl flew off. She followed the distress signal, mace clutched in her hands.

In Metropolis, Superman managed to discover the final bomb Metallo placed in the city. With expert ability, he dismantled it. He took a deep breath. The Man of Steel scanned the city that he protected one final time. Superman flew up, to search for Metallo himself.

He did not have to go that far as he heard a very familiar scream coming from the Daily Planet. Superman picked up his pace, as he saw Metallo holding Lois hostage on the top of the Daily Planet.
"No," breathed Superman, but he tried to remain calm despite the situation.

"Not one step closer Superman," warned Metallo, as he stood, holding Lois at the edge of the room. "I admit this plan loses points in originality, but I am on a tight schedule. So what will it be Superman? Will you let your little reporter friend fly, or will you try to stop me?"

"You don't want me to come closer," said Superman as he remained in mid-air, floating.

"I'll throw her off, I swear!" yelled Metallo, as he dangled Lois perilously.

Superman just stood there. He was going to do what Metallo said. Technically, he wasn't coming any closer. He took a deep breath, and a huge burst of super breath knocked the villain for a loop. Lois staggered, but Superman took this advantage to swoop her out of harm's way, and put her on the building across the street.

"For the record, this time I wasn't purposely looking for trouble," said Lois, the moment that Superman put her down.

"I'll take your word for it, Lois," said Superman with a brief smile, but Metallo was still up and still dangerous.

Superman took flight. Wind blew through Metropolis as the hero blasted at one of his most hated enemies. A huge punch rocked Metallo. More punches knocked him, but the criminal refused to go down. Metallo ripped the Daily Planet Globe off of the building. With a huge throw, he tossed it, but Superman caught it and placed it back down. A huge punch knocked Metallo off of the ledge. Several more punches impacted him.

"No, this was supposed to be my moment of triumph!" yelled Metallo.

"Not today, Corben" said Superman. He held up his hand, before he sent Metallo flying off of the roof of the Daily Planet with a huge haymaker punch.

Metallo landed on the ground, alive, but his Kryptonite heart got knocked loose from the impact. The back-up power kicked in, allowing limited body functions such as breathing. The Special Crimes Unit moved in, to haul Metallo back to prison.

Superman flew in the air, as the crowd cheered him. One year ago, many of these same people distrusted him over the Darkseid debacle, yet slowly he regained their trust. There were many missteps along the way, times where he doubted his place in the world and if someone like him could still make a difference. Times where he made his share of mistakes, but overtime he managed to regain the spirit of what it meant to be a true hero.

Immediately, he heard a psychic distress signal. It told him he was needed in London.

The Man of Steel took flight; this looked like a job for Superman.

Diana looked up, as she saw the destruction in the world. Her eyes widened, and then darted around the room.

"Donna?" asked Diana, as she wondered where her sister ran off to at this point in time. Especially with the world being ripped apart at this level, concern did mount for her younger sister.

A note was scrawled on the dresser.
Diana,

Going to help Harry and Kara save the world (again). Hopefully you are well. Should be back by dinner. I hope.

Donna.

Diana just sighed, but immediately she had concerns of her own to deal with. A psychic beacon caught her attention. There was trouble in the area of London. It would be well worth her interest to get there now, and see what help she could be.

She spun around, and the armor was on. Wonder Woman was ready to go, and it was time to see what she could do to save the world.

A group of Death Eaters walked outside of the run down remains of Diagon Alley. There was much looting, as everyone tried to get robes, cauldrons, books, and anything else they could get their hands on as their world crumbled around them.

For the first time in weeks, they felt their dark marks burn, and they assumed this was a call from Lord Voldemort. Yaxley had said that the Dark Lord remained busy, but gave them a time to attack London. It would be proof that the Death Eaters lived, and would put down the Mudbloods, half-bloods, and blood traitors in their wake.

Their wands were held, as the cloaked figures made their way into London. Little did they know another group had made their move. Shadows appeared over London, indicating the arrival of alien spacecraft in the distance.

Outside of what once was Hogwarts School of Witchcraft and Wizardry, Harry and Kara touched down. They got a good feel of what was going on around Hogwarts.

"It feels so cold, so sterile," whispered Kara, as she held Harry.

"Brainiac's here, I don't think we have much time," said Harry, as the wind blew through their air. He watched the energy pour out of the top of the castle.

"So what are we up against this time?"

Kara and Harry spun around, to see Hermione standing in the shadows. She had a smile on her face.

"Oh, the end of the world as we know it," said Harry.

"Well, the stakes have risen, we better find a way into Hogwarts," said Hermione, as she unfolded a piece of paper. "This might help you a little bit."

Harry took the folded up piece of paper. He recognized it immediately as the Marauder's Map. He did recall he gave it to Hermione, before he left.

"I solemnly swear I'm up to no good," said Harry.

The map did not come to life with the usual design of the castle. Rather three silver dots materialized, with a metallic swirl. Harry looked at the map, and it fluttered to the ground.

"That's never happened before," gasped Hermione.
"Brainiac's taken over everything," said Kara.

Harry and Kara exchanged a nod; there was no time to waste. They flew up to the Astronomy Tower. Hermione lingered behind them.

"You two could wait up, I'm not nearly as graceful at this flight thing as you guys are!" yelled Hermione in an exasperated voice. "Besides the Hermione parts of me are still terrified about flying."

"Come on, sis," said Harry with a sigh. He grabbed Hermione, and helped her up through the window.

They entered Hogwarts. It was very much devoid of life. To the point where it began to really creep the three of them out. Kara scanned the walls with her X-Ray vision.

"The energy signature, it's coming from…." said Kara, as she pointed, frowning. She pointed it out the direction she could sense it.

"Room of Requirement, it has to be," said Harry, as he took a deep breath. "The problem with Brainiac, is how do we beat him?"

"We bust him into a million pieces, wherever he is!" yelled Hermione.

Harry hoped that Hermione would engage the logical half of her today, but in the heat of the moment, she lost all sense of herself.

"Hermione, think for a second," said Harry, who hated he had to be the logical one for once. "Brainiac is a computer."

Immediately, Harry huddled with his wife and his best friend. He whispered his genius plan.

Hermione went one way, and Kara and Harry went the other way. Time was beginning to run down, the clock ticked down on them all, and the Earth.

In space, several loud explosions rang out, even if no sound could be heard due to the vacuum of space. A black man wearing a green uniform flew into space. On his hand rested a green ring. His name was John Stewart, and he was the current Green Lantern of Sector 2814.

"Status report, John Stewart," said the voice of the Guardian of OA known as Ganthet.

"The energy signature picked up almost three hours ago is coming from Earth," said John, as he flew through space, in a green energy bubble. "It matches the data you sent to me about the two missing rings."

"Yes, stashed on Earth hundreds of years ago, when the rest of the Guardians declined the prototype," said Ganthet, as he nodded his head. "It does appear that someone found the rings, and decided to modify them slightly. I believe they are currently serving as an indicator of holy matrimony."

John Stewart found himself dumbstruck, and slack jawed at that moment, before he reclaimed his voice.

"You mean to tell me, someone found two rather powerful weapons, and are now using them as wedding rings!"
"It does seem that way," said Ganthet, with a slight chuckle. "The wearers of the rings are what intrigue me. The power battery has long since been lost, and the rings never were charged. Yet, they manifested powers with them. The manifestation of energy was such that it reached OA. There were a few similar energy spikes over the past nine or so months, but they were much smaller in scope."

The Green Lantern just shook his head, before he took out his lantern to charge his ring.

"In brightest day, in blackest night,

No evil shall escape my sight

Let those who worship evil's might,

Beware my power, Green Lantern's light!"

With the ring fully charged, John made his way down to Earth, picking up the same distress signal that the other heroes did.

"Three minutes until data acquisition is complete!"

Hermione rushed down the hallways of Hogwarts. She found the binary code making its way to the Hogwarts library.

"Oh, you want that data, Brainiac?" asked Hermione, with a grin, as she held her wand out ready and eyed the books in the library. "I'm sorry, but this has to be done."

Hermione proceeded to light the entire Hogwarts library on fire. Purple fire engulfed the books, destroying them before Brainiac could absorb the information held within them.

"No, my program is incomplete, error, error."

Several metal tentacles shot from the walls, and grabbed at Hermione. Hermione dodged the attacks, moving to the left and to the right to avoid the deadly assaults.

'Step it up you two please,' thought Hermione. She was nearly snagged by the robotic tentacles. The girl sliced through the tentacles with a well-placed spell. They continued to attack her, but she fought off the attacks. 'I'm not sure how much longer I can keep this dance routine up!"

Hermione continued to dodge, and move around as she waited for Harry and Kara to make their move. She was growing rather impatient, as she sliced through the robotic arms that tried to grab her.

Brainiac continued the download of every single bit of data.

"One minute until download is complete!"

A blur flew through Hogwarts, and blasted through the energy field.

"You two cannot hope to…"

Brainiac's declaration was cut off when Harry jammed the sword of Godric Gryffindor into the machine. Sparks flew from it. Without hesitation, Kara sat down on a chair that appeared in front
"Firewall down, error, unable to continue download, preparing for repairs," said Brainiac. "Diverting all power to…"

"No, not this time," said Kara with a smug expression on her face, as she began to hack into Brainiac's source code. "You see, your programming is flawed. You don't see what you're doing. Once you have destroyed all life in the universe, your program is complete. But that was not what you were meant to do. You failed to preserve Krypton."

"What are you doing?" asked Brainiac.

"Just correcting a few coding errors," said Kara. She bit her lip and looked at the source code. "By failing to save Krypton and it's people, you failed to achieve your own objective. Therefore, you are the greatest danger to your own objective."

"Correct," said Brainiac as he struggled to prevent his code from being rewritten. "But I preserved…must not…"

Kara managed to tweak a few more lines of programming, as Brainiac aborted his attempts to destroy the Earth. She then downloaded the information Brainiac already collected to a disc. Harry waited.

"Deleting source program, destroying all duplicates," said Brainiac. The menace had been reprogrammed to essentially commit electronic suicide. Kara slid back, the menace apparently defeated for good. "Going offline, permanently."

Brainiac broke apart, leaving nothing but a motherboard. Before it landed on the ground, Kara melted it with her heat vision, and Harry caused the molten remains to vanish into oblivion.

It took a few seconds before the victory of Harry and Kara sunk in.

"You did it, you stopped him!" cheered Harry in a jubilant voice.

With a smile, Kara threw her arms around Harry. The two kissed each other in celebration, but it was short lived.

Several mother ships appeared in the sky in the distance.

"Yeah, I wish it would be that easy," said Kara.

"It's not that easy, it's never that easy," said Harry darkly.

They flew off to collect Hermione, and move on to help deal with the other party threatening the world.
Chapter 34: Invasion Part One.

Flashes of light appeared all over the world. People look up into the sky, pointing, mouth a gap. Some decide to take pictures. Several large and weird looking ships hovered over the skies. Mass hysteria followed. While all of the computers came back on there are whispers. The words may be different, but the sentiment in general was the same.

"Is this the end of the world?"

Many people wondered what would happen next. Various military’s from around the world tried to get their weapons systems back on line. Yet the defenses had been jammed. The swirling vortex in the sky caused people to whisper, and take notice of what was going down in the world. Time ticked by, as they waited for the next move.

The next move as it turned out was several beams of light erupting down from the skies above. Pods dropped to the ground, twisted abominations. The sky was blocked off, where no one could even see the sun. Data was collected on these primitive creatures, by the hive mind below.

The collective breath of every single person was held as they waited for what happened next.

"Prepare construction of solar shield."

The sun was being blocked out. The very element giving life to so much was not visible any more. The pods moved down. Several tanks rolled in, but despite a valiant struggle, the fight was lost. The beams cut through the tanks like a hot knife through butter. The occupants scattered. The situation was the same around the world. Some armies achieved marginally better results than others, but the desperation felt was mostly the same.

Panic erupted, but some held out hope for a hero or heroes. In the darkest day there was hope, and in that hope there would dawn a brand new light. All would not be lost until the final battle. Humanity would not suffer at these invaders. Not without one last strong fight, one last push to preserve Earth.

The news stations around the world reported on each depressing issue. The false hope and then the doom brought to the planet when the latest attempt for a defense had been crushed. As forces mobilized to the central command of the Invasion, in downtown London, everyone held their breath.

Time almost stood still, and everyone sat on pins and needles as they waited for the other shoe to drop. All people could do now is watch, and hope everything turned out for the better.

The good news was Brainiac had been evicted from Hogwarts, and defeated, apparently once and for all. The menace that caused so many worlds to be destroyed had been dangerous, but it had a fundamental flaw that when exploited lead to its ultimate defeat.

The bad news is the school was no longer fit for habitation. It resembled the same ruins that any unsuspecting Muggles would have seen. One Amazonian witch, One Kryptonian witch, and one wizard could see it as clear as day.

Kara, Harry, and Hermione watched the ships over Scotland from the abandoned grounds.
"Somehow, I didn't think we would be out of the woods that easily," said Harry, finally breaking the silence.

"Always the pessimist aren't we?" asked Hermione.

"He's actually got a good reason to be pessimistic this time," said Kara. "We had a hard enough time fighting a dozen of those things at the Ministry. Now there are ships coming in by the boatload. Full scale Invasion, the end of the world as we know it type event."

The dark haired girl remained thoughtful.

"They have to have weaknesses," pondered Hermione.

"Yeah, they do," agreed Harry. "Sunlight hurt those ones at the Ministry. Of course, we kind of caught them off guard last time. Doubt that same trick would work twice."

"Worth a shot, isn't it?" asked Hermione.

"Well given the alternate is the end of the world as we know it, I should hope so," said Kara, as the three made their way towards Hogsmeade.

"I'm trying to get some news in, now we can pick up information," said Harry in a lowered tone of voice. The two girls waited, and then Harry turned to give them the bad news. "Yeah, it's about as bad as we thought. The ships are popping in everywhere, around the world. Every major city, many minor ones, it's going to be the end of everything before too long."

"Understatement of the century," said Hermione. "So we just look for the main ship, and take it out. The problem is it should be the most heavily guarded."

Kara shook her head. Hermione looked at her, eyes widened in confusion.

"What do you mean, no?"

"Well just think about it from the perspective of an invading army," explained Kara. "Putting all of your resources towards one ship is going to spread the rest of the invasion thin. Plus it serves as one big beacon that's the ship. Any defenders would target that point, and weaken the net you have over the rest of the invading forces."

"Good point, it would be a huge hole in the defenses," said Hermione, eyes fixed on the sky. She studied the situation. "Every single one of those ships, none of them appear to be any more special than the other. Of course the chances of them being close to Hogsmeade, and us just stumbling upon them, slim to nothing."

Harry's ears perked up, as he heard a shopkeeper whisper to a gathered group of witches and wizards.

"Just be glad you're in Hogsmeade, and not in Diagon Alley. There's been looting, and then Death Eaters just showed up a few minutes ago. I guess You-Know-Who has come out of hiding or something."

Kara, Harry, and Hermione all exchanged a worried look. This matter complicated an already delicate situation.

"Seems like Brainiac set up a diversion of some sort to keep whatever's left of the Ministry off of him," said Harry.
"Yeah, and if they're attacking Diagon Alley…could mean trouble," said Hermione.

"Yeah, but the real question is, should we get involved?" asked Harry.

"Well they might be a little nuisance, and would get in our way when dealing with the Imperium," said Kara, as her eyes looked up into Harry's and he got where she was coming from. "Better we take care of them once and for all."

Harry remained thoughtful.

"Okay, but we're going to need a few extra wands depending on how many Death Eaters there are," said Harry, as he moved over to send a message. Kara and Hermione waited for Harry to return. "Okay, ready to go?"

They nodded in affirmation, and it was time deal with what remained of Voldemort's Death Eaters. The stakes had been never higher, but the three super powered teenagers were confident in that they could handle anything that were thrown at them.

The humming of alien ships could be heard. Seven figures walked towards each other. Some knew each other quite well, others had been barely acquainted. Yet, all had been brought here for a common purpose. The human race was in peril, and the world's fate hinged on their ability to work together.

"You know, I think I might have seen this movie before," said Flash. "I think it might have been named after a holiday, or something, not quite ringing a bell."

He got six looks at this comment, and the silence occurred for a moment.

J'onn broke the silence. "I'm sure you were wondering why I called you here."

"Yeah, an explanation would be nice right about now," said Wonder Woman, folding her arms, as she peered at the Martian.

"Normally, I don't listen to the voices in my head, "commented the Flash. "But you made a pretty convincing argument."

"Just give us the information we need," said Green Lantern, as he stood, arms folded and a humorless expression on his face.

"Very well then," said J'onn, as he took a deep breath to launch into the same story that he told Kara and Harry when the couple rescued him.

The entire group listened. The moment the Martian Manhunter concluded his story, Batman was already hard at work with data.

"The Invasion is worldwide," summarized Batman. "Some of the points are at the expected locations, but others are random. Yet the biggest manifestation is over London."

"They were building something in the Ministry of Magic?" asked Superman, and J'onn nodded in affirmation. "It must have been a magical hybrid with technology. Arcane mentioned one time that crossing magic with technology is unstable."

"It's a fundamental law of the universe," added Green Lantern. "Magic and technology is a very dangerous mixture, and that's why many advanced civilizations have outlawed the practice of
"Sorcery."

"It's because the proper shielding cannot mesh well with advanced technology," said J'onn. "There are ways, but it would sacrifice the power and output of the equipment."

Batman just half listened to the conversation. He tried to get a fix on where the biggest signal was coming from. It was a delicate process, given he was dealing with the unknown.

"Any luck?" asked Superman.

"Hey, earth to bats, is anyone in there?" asked Flash, waving his hand around Batman's face, but Batman grabbed his wrist.

"Don't do that again," growled Batman, as he made a few more calibrations.

Needless to say, Flash learned his lesson at one Batman look.

"Can you actually find out what they're building?" asked Superman.

"We'll know it in a minute," said Batman in a patient voice.

Hawkgirl's eyes darted up to the ship hovering above them.

"Yeah, and while you're tracking that down, there's an Invasion going on around us," said Hawkgirl. "If we don't have a plan, I vote for just smashing everything to pieces."

"That might not be the worst idea," said Wonder Woman.

"It's not that simple,' said the Martian Manhunter in a soothing voice. "We smash one or two ships, but it barely puts a dent in their invading forces. We need a more cerebral attack."

"Cerebral…yeah what he said," said Flash slowly.

"Yes, think and not come up with snappy one liners, "said Green Lantern in a short voice.

"Dude, remove the stick from…"

"Any luck?" asked Superman, breaking up the impending fight.

"Yes, they're moving something big," said Batman. "Without knowing the general area of the Ministry, it's hard to really tell. But all of the other invasions are feints. Not to underestimate the real danger, but it's all a smokescreen for the real target. The real attacking force is located here in London."

The entire group of heroes moved over. What they could see was alarming enough. However, what they were unable to see, that was an entire matter entirely. They waited for someone to break the uncomfortable silence. Superman was the man who decided to take that inevitable task.

"I suggest it might be a good idea to divide and conquer. Go in and disable the ships, until we find the big one. The mothership has to be the most protected, so look for that."

Batman shook his head.

"What do you mean no?" asked Superman.

"Think about it logically," said Batman in a low voice. "You put all of your resources on one ship.
They spread too thin. You also put one big target on it. Therefore, anyone who wants to attack it, you give them a big directional arrow."

"Wow, that made sense even for me," said Flash nodding his head.

The rest of the group nodded as well.

"Yes, the Imperium would think like that," agreed Martian Manhunter. "Finding the main ship would not be the easiest endeavor in the world."

"So, it's just a guessing game now?" asked Hawkgirl.

"I guess we better get going," said Wonder Woman. "The more we sit around and talk and actually not do anything, the longer they have to play."

"It's all about strategy, princess," said Green Lantern in an exasperated voice. "I can tell you're relatively new to this."

"Yeah, well sometimes you just got to go in, and do what you need to do," said Flash. "The more we talk, the more the bad guys have time to play."

"Yeah, but there are times where strategy is more important than brute force," said Superman.

There was a brief pause, as the Dark Knight slowly turned his head to the Man of Steel.

"Your cousin's been drilling that in your head, hasn't she?" asked Batman in undertone, and Superman nodded. "Yeah, I thought so. I don't know what she's done to get through to you, but good for her."

"So let's do this then," said Hawkgirl.

"Agreed, here's what I suggest we do," said The Martian Manhunter in a soft, but commanding tone.

The league of seven moved over and listened to the plan. There was look of skepticism on their faces of many of the League members, until the plan was completely hashed out and properly explained. Then there was a length amount of silence, before it was broken by the Flash.

"I have to say that plan actually is better than anything that I can come up with."

"Yes, it should work," said Batman. "Based on the data that I have…"

"Yeah, let's just go with it, and start smashing anything that looks at us," said Hawkgirl.

A ship hovering above them unloaded several of the white creatures. They turned their attention, speaking in low tones.

"Yeah, I'm not bi-lingual, but I'm pretty sure they just said they're going to eat us," said Flash as he looked at the invading aliens.

"Close enough," said Martian Manhunter, as he turned to face his enemies.

The two sides stood poised for battle.

"Let's not give them a chance," said Wonder Woman, the first to engage in an attack.
Loud explosions ran in the air, as Batman gave them a smokescreen, allowing them to divide and conquer.

Several civilians screamed in terror, as the Death Eaters strolled around Diagon Alley. The shop owners had long since cleared out, the ones that survived the initial attack on the alley in Gringotts. The looting had taken place, and while there was not much left, people still fought over bread crumbs like starving rodents.

"Hey, let's hold it up!" shouted one of the Death Eaters. "I need to loot my wife a present, or I'll be sleeping on the couch."

"The Dark Lord wants us to remind these Mudbloods and blood traitors we exist, and that's all you can think about?" said one of the Death Eaters, disgusted. A helpless little kitten scrambled out of the way, and thankfully avoided anything bad happening due to the bickering Death Eaters.

"Yeah, so Yaxley says," said another Death Eater. "And you would be inclined to believe him, why?"

"I don't know, is it because your brain cells range in the single digits?"

All of the Death Eaters snapped their heads over and looked up. The robed men and woman had fixed their gaze towards a dark haired young man with green eyes flying above them. They all were caught off guard, and remained slack jawed. Their mouths hung open, eyes glazed over.

"I think that's Harry Potter," whispered one of the Death Eaters.

"Don't be ridiculous," said another Death Eater. "Harry Potter wears glasses, has a lighting bolt scar, is a lot scrawnier, and he doesn't fly without a broom."

Harry just whistled and enjoyed the spectacle for a moment. As the Death Eaters argued amongst themselves, Kara and Hermione were able to sprint the remaining civilians out of harm's way.

"Yeah, take your time, I've got all of the time in the world," said Harry. "I'm not sure you actually noticed, but there's an alien invasion going on above us. And you look like the type they'd eat."

"Alien invasion, you believe that crap!" laughed one of the Death Eaters. "The Ministry was just peddling that bullshit as an excuse to make it look like they were actually not failing."

"Well there's someone behind you," said Harry, as Kara just floated behind the Death Eaters, a smile on her face.

The Death Eaters laughed sadistic and cruel. None of them even entertained the possibility of looking over their shoulders. Some of them held their wands, to try and intimidate their prey. One of the Death Eaters spoke up.

"Do you think we're going to fall for that?"

Harry snapped his fingers, and Kara used her super breath to blow all of the Death Eaters off balance. A large gust of wind caused the Death Eaters to fall ass over tea kettle onto their backs. The dark witches and wizards tried to struggle up to their feet, but Kara blew a sheet of ice on the ground with her ice breath.

"Now!" yelled Harry, and Sirius, Remus, and Tonks all popped out, nailing the Death Eaters with hexes.
They all screamed, as they slipped around on the ice. One of the Death Eaters had been dropped, breaking his neck as he slipped on the ice. Several of the Death Eaters did have the coordination to stand on their feet. One raised his wand, but a blast of heat vision caused his wand to burst into flames and burn his hand. He screamed, as Harry hexed him through a shop window. The broken glass cut into the back of his neck, causing it to be sliced.

"Stupid blood traitors I…"

A super punch knocked the Death Eater in the face, and knocked his mask off.

"You Death Eaters talk too much," said Kara, as she disarmed several of them.

"Who is this girl?" demanded one of the Death Eaters, but Hermione caught him with a well-placed curse, shattering his vertebrae.

"Well it's not like you're living long enough to find out," said Hermione. With precision, she conjured flaming daggers to slice through another pair of Death Eaters.

"Yeah, without their half-blood master, they have no guidance," said Sirius, as he took one of them out. Remus and Tonks took out more Death Eaters.

"Do you dare mock the Dark Lord?" asked one of the Death Eaters, but Harry took him out, causing his head to snap back.

"Yeah, we dare," said Harry. "By the way, your master's been dead for about four months, thought you'd like to know before we kill the rest of you."

"You can't kill us," stammered one of the Death Eaters, fearful. "The Ministry won't stand to it…"

"AVADA…" started one of the Death Eaters pointing his wand at Harry, but Kara nailed him with magically enhanced heat vision to the chest. The Death Eater combusted in fire, and shrieked absolutely insane with the pain before he dropped to the ground.

Murderers deserved only the same mercy they were given.

"The Dark Lord can't be dead," said one of the Death Eaters, but he looked at his forearm, his mark was now gone. "No…please…I was under the Imperius Curse. I can pay you money."

The Death Eater cracked down to the ground.

"I have money, I don't need yours," said Harry coldly, as he put his arm around Kara's waist, as she dropped down.

"Did we get them all?" asked Hermione, and Kara scanned the debris with her X-Ray vision.

There was a body lurking.

"There's one hiding back there," said Kara.

"Let's find out who it is," said Remus, as he blasted it. Dolohov sat, his wand broken, his hands burned.

"This one's mine!" yelled Hermione as she rushed forward.

"No, please!" yelled Dolohov. "You can't kill me, Mudblood, I'm…"
Hermione shot the same spell Dolohov used on her. Only this time, Dolohov was ripped apart by the sheer force. The Death Eater screamed, blood spilling from his mouth. He spasmed as Hermione looked at him.

"By the way, I could kill you," said Hermione, as the life faded from his eyes. "How do you like to have your organs rearranged? I could have turned your blood into mud, but I haven't learned that particular transfiguration. So...I would say better luck next time, but since you're dead, I guess not."

Tonks blinked, as she looked at Hermione.

"I wouldn't want to get on her bad side," whispered Tonks.

"I concur," said Remus with a slight smile. "Actually with all three of them, their bad side isn't a fun place to be."

"You understand Moony old boy," said Sirius in undertone.

The entire group sighed, as the broken battered bodies of the remaining Death Eaters. All perished, some rather messily.

"You know who wasn't out here," said Harry. "Malfoy and Snape."

"Cowards, both of them," said Sirius. "They're both hiding in their holes."

"I wonder if either noticed their dark marks going blank when Brainiac was shut down," said Kara, as she joined Harry in making sure there were not any more surprises hiding in Diagon Alley.

Much like Hogwarts, Diagon Alley was not fit for any habitation. A thousand year magical civilization had fallen, corruption and greed of the government finally caught up to anyone.

"So saved the world, wiped out most of the Death Eaters," said Harry, ticking them off on his fingers. "We've got to save the world one more time."

"Harry!" yelled Kara. "The data Brainiac had, you don't suppose he has a way to shut down the Imperium for good."

"I wouldn't be surprised," said Harry with a smile, as he gave her a light kiss. "Brilliant of you to download that before you completely shut him down."

"Well, it could have come in handy anyway," said Kara with a pleased smirk. "I just didn't think it would be this soon."

"You four see if you can help out," said Harry, as Hermione, Tonks, Sirius, and Remus nodded.

"What about you two?" asked Tonks.

"Going to save the world, and figure out a way to shut the Invasion down," said Kara, as she and Harry popped back to the Patronus Incorporated Headquarters in Metropolis.

The invading forces cut through the smoke. Two Batarangs whirled through the air, and stuck in one of the pods. An explosion rang out, wounding it. A green fist manifested in the air, and smashed through the attackers. At the speed of light, Flash cleared out several of the invading pods.

"Why can't harmless, fluffy alien bunnies ever invade?" asked Flash, as he toppled more of them.
"I mean it's always world domination this or that, or eating humanity or dominating the world while eating humanity."

Flash shrugged and Superman looked at him, shaking his head.

"Yeah, we couldn't be that lucky," said Superman, as he evaded the attacks, before he used his heat vision to cut through the pods. The aliens evacuated, and Hawkgirl smashed down onto them with a wild swing of her mace.

Sparks flew to signify another downed enemy.

Wonder Woman jumped up, and knocked them back. Batman swung off the building with his grappling hook, as the police evacuated civilians off of the street. Green Lantern blocked three of the invaders with a shield construct. Superman flew forward, and toppled them all. The Martian Manhunter went intangible, and dropped down. He came out from underneath them, and knocked them high into the air.

Superman and the Flash both went at the pods at super speed.

Hawkgirl swung, and cracked the invaders. Batman dropped ice pellets, and froze them. He threw a device at one of the invaders, who caught it. The creatures advanced on him, but Batman tapped it, activating a sonar pulse. A swarm of bats flew down, and it was a distraction allowing Wonder Woman and Green Lantern to move in for a more direct attack.

"This is just one small pocket of invaders, there are more throughout the world," said Martian Manhunter. "Unless we find the Imperium's main ship, it is all for nothing."

"Can't you just read their minds or something?" asked Flash.

"In theory, yes," said the Martian Manhunter, and the Flash just stopped.

"Okay, then," said Flash.

"But given the fact they took my race's powers, it's not an easy endeavor," said the Martian Manhunter, as he dodged the fire cannons. "And they know all about my weaknesses, and they'll find out yours too if you give them a chance."

More uncomfortable silence as the group tried to regain their bearings.

"Let's not then," said Batman, before he aimed a grapple, and pulled a large gargoyle onto one of the pods. It crushed the pod immediately, and the battle continued.

Superman was overwhelmed by the attackers, but Hawkgirl and Green Lantern rushed in to make the save. A high impact ring construct and a mace attack caused them to scatter. This allowed Superman the room to breathe.

"They might have already found mine, if they're blocking the sun," breathed Superman. "I'm running on reserves."

"Then you better get creative with what you have," said Batman gruffly.

Wonder Woman slid underneath the attack, and smashed the legs of the pods together. A loud crack echoed, as more poured out of the ships.

"Look!" yelled Flash, as he pointed to a large ship hovering high above the air.
"That's the Imperium's ship," said the Martian Manhunter grimly.

"Yeah off to the side, away from everything," said Flash. "Just letting the minions do all the dirty work."

"Well that part never changes," said Green Lantern, deflecting more attacks and shooting impact blows. "Just focus on dividing these forces, and taking them out. If they make a huge mistake, we can take them."

"Will it really be that easy?" asked Hawkgirl.

"There's only one way to find out," said Superman, but he looked over to see what Batman had to say.

Batman was not there.

Everyone looked around, and noticed that Batman had already snuck halfway up to the ship. The Dark Knight scaled the building, in his attempt to reach his target. He placed an explosive device, and tried to detonate it, but his technology was fried immediately.

'Impossible, the EMP shielding should have held up,' thought Batman. 'Well that explains what they're building.'

A beam fired up, and Batman swung down, narrowly avoiding it. The rope snapped but his descent was slowed enough. This allowed Superman to swoop in and catch him before he fell to the ground.

"I thought you needed to conserve your strength," said Batman, breaking the silence.

"You're welcome," replied Superman, as he set Batman down on the ground.

Four new arrivals joined the assembled heroes.

"Donna, there you are!" yelled Wonder Woman.

Hermione decided to cut off the call for explanations.

"Yeah, we can do reunions later, Diana," said Hermione in an undertone, as she looked up in the air at the ships. "This might be a lot worse than we thought."

"Where's Arcane and Supergirl?" asked Batman.

His look signified that he required explanations now rather than later.

"They're around somewhere," said Sirius in an evasive voice.

"Oh, they're just finding out a way to save us all," added Tonks. "Just we got to keep these guys busy until they're done."

"Well, that's what we've been kind of doing," said Flash.

"I trust you've been staying out of trouble," said Tonks with a smile.

"Trouble me, you're the one who gets in trouble," said Flash.

Batman cleared his throat to break up this little interplay.
"Yeah, as charming as this reunion is, we do have an alien invasion going on," said Superman, before he moved over to Hermione, whispering so only she could hear. "What are Harry and Kara doing?"

"Well as I told you, they're trying to figure out a way to deal with them," said Hermione. "They dealt with Brainiac, and now it's down to them once again. Brainiac might have had information to defeat them."

Superman nodded. He understood, as the ships circled around to send more attackers down.

"They're vulnerable to sunlight!" called Hermione.

"Well that explains the entire blocking out the sun thing," said Flash, but Hermione waved her wand. Sirius, Tonks, and Remus copied her movements.

A blinding flash of simulated yellow sunlight backed off the invading forces. They smoked in the sunlight, and it proceeded to give Superman an added boost of power. He zoomed forward, and crashed into them.

"Okay, keep it up, they're retreating, let's see how much time we can buy!" shouted Superman, as they all nodded. Batman used a mirror to reflect the simulated sunlight spells directly at one of the ships, causing the invaders to retreat.

"There's a chance that they will all come here to shut us down," said the Martian Manhunter.

"Good, it will be a lot easier to deal with them," said Batman, and surprisingly he got no protests.

The battle continued to rage on, but the simulated sunlight only wounded the creatures. It was nearly not powerful enough to shut them down.

'What did those two do differently to destroy them,' thought Hermione, frustrated as her most powerful spell only slightly wounded them.

"Actually the scorched look is an improvement for these things, wouldn't you think?" asked Sirius.

"Well they can't get any worse," said Flash. "Well I suppose that they could, but…"

A blast of energy shot him and knocked the wind out of the Flash. He waved off the help, taking a deep breath to regain his bearings. More ships appeared above London as they began to fire. Energy ripped through the air, as the attack raged on.

"They're getting sloppy," said Batman, as Hawkgirl, Wonder Woman, and Green Lantern helped deflect the blasts. Superman picked up one of the downed ships to block the attack.

"Still dangerous though," said Flash. He started to spin his arms at super speed like a windmill to reflect the debris back at the ships. Green Lantern created a ramp construct, allowing him to run up, and take out one of the ships.

"Just keep fighting, buy a little more time," breathed Hermione.

"How much time?" asked Sirius.

"If she'd knew, she'd tell you," said Remus, as more simulated yellow sunlight shot out, but they were getting fatigued.

It was powerful magic, and while they were capable, it was rather draining. It was not unlike
running a marathon.

The waiting game had continued.

Metropolis was one of the targeted cities, as people inside the city stayed glued to their radios. The latest news buzzed over the airwaves, as breath was held in and people listened. All hoped for some good news, because all of the bad news offset it.

"Despite the grim situation, we urge the citizens of the world not to panic. Our defense missile computers have currently been locked out, but there is no reason to believe that any enemy is currently in control of them. Police and military personnel are working to bring this invasion down to a manageable level. The best you can do as civilians can do is to stay off the street. Stay inside your homes, with your families. Do not make this a hostage crisis. Do not give any reason for the invading forces to grab you."

There was one building that could not be penetrated despite the best efforts of the invaders. Most of that had to do with the fact the building remained invisible. Thanks to the built in security within the building, the Patronus Incorporated office building in Metropolis went into stealth mode.

The two owners returned. Kara and Harry looked somber and scarly focused. Those who remained in the building reflected their expressions. The echoes of radio chatter, and the images on the television networks painted a rather grim picture.

"We're running out of time," summarized the news caster. "There's no hope, all may be lost. Say goodbye to your family and friends, before the end comes."

"No, there's always hope," argued Kara, trying to remain optimistic. "As long as there's breath in anyone, as long as there's one person willing to fight, it's not lost."

"And there are two people at least," said Harry. She nodded in agreement, before he added as an afterthought. "Many more actually."

The assembled heroes in London had begun to hold down the fort. Yet, there was only so much time that could be bought. The invading ships moved away from Metropolis.

They reached the main computer, a combination of Earth and Kryptonian technology. Kara took out the disc. A focused expression contorted onto her face, as Harry grabbed her hand encouragingly. She pressed a button and popped open the disc drive.

"Brainiac's got to have something on how to shut these guys down for good," said Kara, as she shifted through all of the files, but the information was vast. "He's not going to make a deal with someone, not without some kind of failsafe."

Kara grew frustrated at her inability to find anything. Harry placed a hand on her arm.

"If anyone can find it, it's you," said Harry, with an encouraging smile, and Kara was inspired. She shifted through the information. Clicking through the files, she searched through every single bit of data present.

Time stood still. More news came out describing the events, with the situation seeming more depressing. Kara and Harry blocked out those thoughts of hopelessness and fear.

"Look, scroll back just a little bit," said Harry, and Kara paused. "I think that's your information."
Kara looked at it, and smiled. Sure enough Harry had managed to point her in the right direction. She continued to look through it.

"Brainiac had schematics on these guys, and a detailed way on how to beat them," said Kara. "Along with absorbing the information they had, before he moved on."

"And now, we can use his plan to take them down," said Harry. "The problem is getting in close enough to implement it."

Kara and Harry looked at each other with calculating smiles. Ideas brewed in their head, but they had to get something ready.

They just hoped Earth could hold on long enough for them to do their work. Even if they could work faster than most, it was still a delicate process.
Invasion Part Two

Chapter Thirty Five: Invasion Part Two.

Loud explosions rang out all over the world. The news continued to report on what they could find out. Yet that was getting to be a rather hazardous job. The military was losing badly, despite their best efforts. It was not for any lack of trying, but just being crippled due to the lack of technology. All of the resources were being rerouted to keep the civilians out of harm's way. While no hostages appeared to have been taken yet, Intel was sketchy and very hard to come by.

The crowd looked up, cheering as Superman flew several endangered children out of the way. He landed on a building, and aimed a blast of heat vision, cutting through the air towards a pod. The Flash zoomed across, getting more civilians out of harm's way. Several alien blasters shot towards the fastest man alive.

He evaded them with super speed.

"Come on, don't give up now," said Flash, but immediately a blast of laser fire cut through the air. He dodged it. "Okay, changing my mind, you can give it up any time."

Green Lantern used an energy attack to rip the weapons out of the hands. His ring construct's were simple, but rather effective. Everyone looked around for Batman, but he had snuck in around the back. A loud explosion indicated Batman had disabled one of the larger pods. He was surrounded by the creatures, but the Martian Manhunter saved him in the nick of time.

"So how many do we have left?" asked Superman.

"I'm guessing too many," said Flash.

Hawkgirl smashed one of them hard with a brutal swing with her mace.

"Well that's one less that we have to deal with," commented Hawkgirl. She flew forward, and swung it again, taking out more.

Wonder Girl and Wonder Woman fought side by side, taking out the invading forces.

"Slow down you two, leave some for us," said Sirius, as he blasted another creature with a ball of flames from his wand.

"You're actually complaining that we have less work to do," said Remus.

"Hey, he's just gotten his freedom, let the man live a little," said Tonks, taking a deep breath, and managing cause one of the pods to explode in a stream of golden light.

Screams and cheers combined in the distance, depending on the vantage point. Sparks flew in the sky, and brimstone could be smelt in the air. Several people rested on the ground, and paramedics bravely tried to get them some form of medical attention.

"They should really have checked in by now," said Sirius in a frustrated voice. "What if they got caught?"

Sirius looked about to do something reckless, but thankfully someone had the presence of mind to speak up.
"They won't get caught, they're careful," said Batman in a stoic tone. He launched two batarangs into the air. They stuck into the side of an abandoned building. He pressed a detonator device, and a loud explosion rang out. The pods got buried in bricks. "These type of things take time."

"Yeah, but we're kind of running out of time," said Hawkgirl, smashing through them.

"What are they doing?" asked Green Lantern.

"Saving the world, as they always do," said Hermione with a challenging look. She managed to blow up one of the creatures with a well-placed shot, a look of determination and fury on her face.

"She's got some anger management issues," whispered Flash to Superman, but Wonder Woman wrapped her lasso around the legs of one of the pods and she smashed it down. "On second thought, I can see where she gets it from."

Superman nodded, as he blew his attackers off course. Hermione looked at everyone as she heard a buzzing in the ear piece that she had on.

"Yeah, Arcane, what is it?" asked Hermione. Thankfully she was covered, so it would be a simple matter to talk to Harry hands free.

"We managed to go through Brainiac's files," said Harry. "Sure enough, there was a way to beat them. He devised a way to shut them down, and steal the information they collected for his little program. Kara and I are working on developing it. It should be done in about the next thirty minutes, maybe forty five."

Hermione let that all set in before she responded.

"Forty five minutes!" yelled Hermione.

"Hey, we're cutting as many corners as we can," said Harry. "Just stall them. Be creative. And remember the other plan we talked about if worse comes to worse."

"Yeah, I understand," said Hermione with a nod. "Just, do what you can. I know you and Kara will come through. At the last second, but that does seem to be par for the course."

Harry just snickered on the other end of the communication link. "Alright Wonder Girl, just make sure you don't do anything too reckless out there."

"You of all people telling me that is the height of amusement," dead panned Hermione, but she was grinning.

There was a bit of a pause, as Harry and Kara seemed to be verifying something with each other. Hermione could not pick it up.

"Yeah, well still don't do anything too reckless, I don't want to have to go through another near death experience with you," said Harry. "Unless you got any other personalities rattling around in your head."

"Not to my knowledge," said Hermione dryly. "Anyway, got to help the others, finish that device, let me know when it's done. Then we'll do the other part plan."

Harry disconnected the link. Hermione walked off to give the good news.

"At least thirty minutes, maybe a little bit more," said Hermione.
This got her a few exasperated looks, but Hermione just shrugged apologetically.

"Well that's the best we can hope for," said Batman in a firm voice.

"Buy them all of the time they need," agreed Superman but without the sun he was running on sheer instincts. Even the simulated magical sunlight only boosted him to a third of his full power. He had to use lower impact attacks, and pick his spots wisely.

The forces had been depleted, but they still refused to go down. The entire assembled group of heroes rushed into the attack. Everyone took their best shots.

Of course more nagging hints in the back of their mind about whether their best would be good enough continued to dog them. They tried to shut those out; thoughts like that would only lead to defeat. Pressing on and engaging the enemy, with loud cracks and more attacks. The insane battle continued to rage on as the alien invasion crippling the world caused everyone to wonder about their potential savior in their darkest hour.

The world waited to see what would transpire.

"Could we be moments away from the end of the world as we know it? Despite our best attacks, defenses against the alien invasion have been barely able to put a dent in their forces. Heroes such as Superman have gone in to save the day, but even the Man of Steel appears to be overwhelmed. The United Nations are meeting for a last ditch resolution, but we are dealing with an uncaring and brutal foe."

People around the world watched this on their television screens, viewed it over the Internet, and heard it over the radios. Children in their classrooms watched on television screens, as their teachers offered comfort for something that could not come. Those who lived through the Cold War and thought of the worst case scenarios thought back to what could have occurred during that time.

This was far worse. Mostly because this was no potential scenario, it actually was happening. For a few hours, all of the nations of the world reluctantly put aside any differences. No matter what the nationality, they were all citizens in the world.

Most of the invading forces had been centered around London. While there were hints the forces depleted, there was every hint that this was the calm before the storm.

A loud crackle had caused all communications to become scrambled. Everyone was cut off from the world once again, and now the entire world waited in the dark.

Panic followed despite the best efforts of those in power to calm down the situation.

Kara and Harry looked over the finished product. The news went dead, but Patronus Inc had a power source separate from everything else that was not dependent on anything from the rest of the world.

"Okay, this should work," said Kara. She took a deep breath, and added in a small voice, "I hope."

"Kara, it will work," said Harry as he wrapped his arms around her, and pressed her tight. "You did what you could. You took your time, you didn't rush it. You were under a lot of pressure, but if we can get inside, we can shut them down once and for all."
Harry relaxed his grip on her.

"Yeah, it's got to work," said Kara as she pulled herself up and pushed the chair in. She looked at Harry. "Now it's time to get into the second phase of our little plan."

They enjoyed one last quiet moment in each other's arms, but they had to get going.

"The entire world's hinging on us, you know," said Harry.

"Yeah, no pressure or anything," said Kara with a smile, but it was rather forced and not the happy and confident expression she normally wore. "So, nothing left to lose."

Harry had no comment. There was everything to lose. All of the times he had to save the day, the stakes were never quite this high, but now everything rested on their shoulders. Harry leaned over, and gave her a brief, but encouraging kiss. It was about a few seconds, but he put so much into it. Kara returned it, before she broke it.

"Ready to go," said Harry, arm draped around his wife's waist, and she closed her eyes, taking a deep breath.

"Yeah," agreed Kara as she looked out the window. She could see the barren streets. Everyone had gone indoors which was weird and rather unsettling for Metropolis.

Kara picked up the finished program, and without another word, the two popped away. The world continued to wait for the end, or hopefully a new hope. No one really had any clear idea.

There were two individuals who had the potential key to the salvation of the world in their hands. The events of today started with Umbridge attacking them, but it spiraled into far more dire than anything that foul woman could think of.

It was always darkest before the new day came.

"Don't look now, but I think we've found out what they're building," said Superman. His eyes looked up and the assembled party looked forward to see a large pulsing device giving energy waves. A force field surrounded the device.

"So that's what they were working on in the Department of Mysteries," said Tonks. "What is it?"

"It's destabilizing all transmitted communication," said the Martian Manhunter. "A world that cannot communicate is lost and submerged in fear. They feed on fear. That's how they destroyed many worlds, and now they just softened us up. They're going in for the kill."

"There's a plan, please tell me there's a plan!" said Flash. "And no one's offering any positive reinforcement so I'm guessing we're still in the stalling phase."

Tonks gave him an exasperated look and he calmed down immediately.

"We're going to have to do something if those two don't come in with whatever they're building to disable this invasion," said Green Lantern in a firm voice.

"Yeah, we better get in, see if we can..."

A blast impacted them, as a larger invading army moved in. They marched into the city of London.

"They found us," said Superman.
"Well let's not give them an easy time," said Wonder Woman. She flew up to engage them without thinking.

"Diana wait!" yelled Hermione.

A loud sizzle had caused her to get knocked for a loop. The Flash, the Martian Manhunter, Green Lantern, Hawkgirl, and Superman all rushed in for the battle. A loud explosion echoed throughout as they continued to battle. Wonder Woman got back to her feet.

Sirius, Remus, and Tonks snuck around to the other side. Hermione slid underneath the attack, and began to send spells. Immediately, she got a signal and nodded.

"Going in now," said Hermione under her breath.

Hermione aimed a high impact shot at her enemies. The battle continued to rage on, and explosions kicked up dust. The girl appeared to twist her ankle. Hermione landed on the ground, as the invaders closed in on her. She fought out, but several of the invaders moved in and dragged her towards the main ship.

"Donna!" yelled Wonder Woman.

"Keep focused!" warned Superman but that fell on deaf ears, as she tried to fight through the invading forces on her own.

Batman went down hard with a huge blast. Hawkgirl tried to move in, but was blasted down. She landed on the ground hard. Green Lantern used a shield with his ring to block the attacks for a few minutes. This effort only held up for a matter of minutes. The shield was disabled, and knocked down to the ground. Green Lantern, Superman, and Flash had been dragged out.

"No, you aren't getting this world!" yelled the Martian Manhunter. He rushed forward, and began to engage the enemy. Determined and fierce, he fought his enemies.

The Martian Manhunter fought bravely, and fought through but the entire group overwhelmed him. Immediately, he was carried off despite his best efforts. He looked up, groggy as Green Lantern, Hawkgirl, Wonder Woman, Wonder Girl, Batman, Superman, and the Flash were all placed into pods for containment, and potential dissection.

"So, now what?" asked Green Lantern.

"All going according to plan," said Hermione underneath her breath.

"Plan, you can't be serious!" shouted the Green Lantern. "What kind of amateurish plan leads to us getting captured…"

"Oh, the one that saves the world," said Hermione. She looked relaxed, almost like she was hanging out for a day at the spa.

No one seemed to know what to say for the longest time.

"I just hope the plan works, whatever it is," said Superman.

"Well it's not like we have many other options," said Flash. "We're fresh out of them."

The group surrounded the captured group of heroes, as Hermione activated the beacon that signified they found the Imperium's ship.
"Earth, I had no idea this planet would be so tough to take down. But it appears there are always a few heroes who wish to be brave. Yet once the world sees that you are captured, the rest will fall. The world is lost."

"Nothing is lost, not until we stop breathing," said Superman in a determined voice.

There were mutterings at this, disdain, but the heroes remained steadfast.

"So, whatever this plan is, I hope it pans out soon," said Flash, breathing in and out to try and not panic.

They could only wait.

At the speed of light, Harry and Kara arrived. They touched down, and snuck around in the shadows until they found what they were looking for.

"There's the device that blocks out the sun," whispered Kara.

"There was the device that blocked out the sun," corrected Harry, calculating the best attack.

He flew in. With a high impact magical attack, he caused the device to be cracked. Kara smashed into it, and the sky opened back up. The yellow sunlight once again was able to shine in. She sighed, completely restored.

"Been running on reserves," said Kara. "Granted, I have a lot left in the old solar battery, enough for a couple of days, but it's best to be careful."

The loud screams of several creatures left out in the sun could be heard by their enhanced hearing. Harry waved his wand, using a spell that increased the intensity of the sun.

"Warn, must warn…"

"Sorry, I can't let you do that," said Kara, sending a blast of high intense and magically amplified heat vision. The heat vision caused the creatures to wilt and blister, along with the sunlight.

The loud humming from just across from the Ministry stood indicated the device that had been planted.

"And now we know how they've been blocking the communications around the world," summarized Kara, and she flew in. A force field caught her off guard, and she stopped. Harry caught her before she was off balance. "So what do you think?"

He did a diagnostic spell, and nodded.

"The force field only extends past the ground, not underneath," said Harry.

Kara thought about what was suggested, and verified Harry's results with her X-Ray vision. The couple smashed their way through the ground. Harry blocked the debris from flying, and smashed over inside the force field. Kara disabled the force field, and Harry short circuited the device.

"Okay, the communications are coming back on line!" yelled Harry, checking with his contact at Patronus Incorporated.

"Two things down, one more to go," said Kara, spurred on by their success so far.
The two flew through the air. Harry followed Hermione's signal.

"Yeah, but it's the big one," said Harry, clearing up the debris. "Hermione and the others are inside the main ship. We've got to get to them, before it's too late."

Kara nodded, forced and determined. The two zoomed through the air, following the signal. They watched as the remaining aliens tried to retreat back to the main ship, but they were weakened completely from the returning sunlight. Sirius, Tonks, and Remus moved around on the outside.

"It's go time," said Harry.

The two rushed underneath, and made their way to the opening. The combined attacks of the two managed to dent the door enough to pull it open, and allowed them entrance into the ship.

Kara and Harry watched, as the main computer was right in front of them. Harry waved his hand, and the containment pods bust open. Superman, Hawkgirl, Batman, Green Lantern, the Flash, Wonder Girl, Wonder Woman, and the Martian Manhunter all were freed.

"Contain them!"

Chaos occurred. Kara darted over, and pulled the chair over. Harry shielded them from the attacks.

"Three minutes!" yelled Harry over his shoulder.

"Oh, that is that all?" asked Hermione.

"Hey, these things take time, just stall them," said Harry.

Hermione shrugged as she relayed Harry's words to anyone who didn't hear.

"You heard him," said Batman. He dropped several pellets, and smoke appeared. The entire group of aliens battled the defending heroes.

Kara bit her tongue, and hooked up the virus uplink to the main computer. She managed to upload it into the computer. Everything hummed to life, and the firewall was broken down just as Brainiac had planned.

"Stop her before she collapses the entire fleet," ordered the Imperium.

Superman split open the top of the ship. Sunlight appeared, empowering Superman and also weakening the invaders. They screamed, and smoked. The parasites were weakened, unable to stand in the light.

Hawkgirl smashed them hard. A lantern construct shot out and blew them out. Wonder Woman jumped up and took them out with several swift attacks.

"Upload in process, almost complete."

"Oh, and once this upload completes, we've got about fifteen seconds to get out of here!" yelled Harry.

There was a few seconds where that new piece of information set in.

"Everyone start running!" called Superman, smashing through the walls to allow an exit strategy.

Harry grabbed Kara around the arm, readying for the escape. The computer began to blink to life.
"Let's go!" called Kara.

The couple was popped out of the ship. They joined the rest of the group, as the ships retreated. The main ship melted down, completely destroyed by the sunlight that engulfed the remaining invaders.

Nothing but a smoking mess had been left in the street.

"So, we won," said Flash.

"Yeah, we won," said Superman.

"We couldn't have done it without Arcane and Supergirl," said Hermione, but Harry shook his head. "What do you mean no?"

Harry deferred this particular explanation to his wife.

"We just delivered the crushing blow, you did a good job in setting them up," said Kara.

"Besides, does it really matter who takes the credit?" asked Harry. "The world has been saved, most people are safe. Everyone should be getting back to normal."

Everyone let out the breaths they were holding. Green Lantern turned his face towards Kara and Harry.

"That plan was sloppy and had a lot of rookie mistakes!" lectured the Green Lantern. "You might have won, but you were lucky."

"Sometimes luck has everything to do with it," said Superman, stepping in to defend his cousin and her husband.

"Yeah, but they might not be lucky the next time," said Green Lantern. "The plan was amateurish, and could have caused people to get hurt or worse! Then again, what could you expect from a couple of teenagers?"

Kara and Harry did not wilt under his stern look.

"Man, it must be a problem sitting down for you," said Kara breaking the silence.

John Stewart looked baffled. "What are you talking about?"

"Well, with that huge stick up your ass," said Kara with a grin.

"Yeah, I was kind of wondering that too," said Flash, who could not resist putting his two cents in.

"I'm being completely serious, there was a real risk here," said Green Lantern, but Batman raised a hand.

He offered his assessment on the situation.

"There could have been a more fluid plan," said Batman. "Of course given the circumstances, at least they came up with a plan."

"Yeah, day's saved, that's a win in my book," said Flash.

"And the Imperium finally were taken down," agreed Martian Manhunter.
Harry turned to the group.

"Like I said, the seven of you, you worked well out there."

He should have known that one particular omitted party was not going to let this go without a comment.

"What am I, chopped liver?" asked Hermione in a huff.

"Your head's inflated enough, sis," said Harry, with a good natured smile on his face.

Hermione gave a mock angry glare, which got some amused chuckles. Harry just patted her on the head.

"You did well Hermione, you lead me right to them," said Harry in an undertone to her.

"So, I think we should clear out of here," said Superman. "Mission accomplished."

"So, I'm guessing the world's saved," said Tonks suddenly.

"Yeah," confirmed Flash. "World's saved."

"Good, "yawned Sirius. "Time to clear out, tired, I need my beauty sleep."

"I doubt it will do any good," said Remus and Sirius responded with a mock dirty look.

He hid the limp he had developed; he was getting too old for this. Not that he would admit that to Sirius, because he would never hear the end of it.

The news came in all over the world. The Ministry of Magic got the word that the alien invasion ceased just around the same time everyone else did.

Currently Rufus Scrimgeour remained the Minister of Magic, for what it was worth. There was not much of a Ministry, no Gringotts, no newspaper, and no Hogwarts. Within the end of the week, the Ministry would run out of money in their reserve stores. Employees who did not get paid tended not to stick around for too long.

"Yaxley gave us misinformation," breathed Scrimgeour. The news in front of him unsettled him greatly. "The alien invasion wasn't Potter and his wife. Rather it was from the Ministry of Magic itself. The Department of Mysteries was compromised, and Umbridge was in on the entire thing apparently."

His many yes-men surrounded him, nodding up and down like bobble heads.

"It does seem so, Minister."

Scrimgeour pinched the bridge of his nose. There were rumors that Harry Potter saved the entire world from the alien invasion. If Umbridge's plan happened to succeed, then Scrimgeour would not be able to regret what might have happened.

The past nine months had been one bad event after another. It all started with the Ministry finding out He-Who-Must-Not-Be-Named had lived after all. It all snowballed from there, and it lead them essentially being turned into a government without anything to govern. Other magical governments around Europe and the rest of the world offered magical creatures unprecedented rights and sanctuary. It was done out of spite, to rub the nose of the Ministry in the mess of their own failure.
The Minister had his back against the wall. Everything crumbled around him, but as the ship went down, he would find a way to plug the holes. He still had a little bit of time, and when there was time there was hope.

'Time to exercise some damage control, and offer a few apologies,' thought Scrimgeour.

"Sir, now what?"

"We need him back, he can save us," said Scrimgeour. "Surely we must be able to give him something. He's a teenager, he should be easily enticed. Write Potter a letter, and ask him nicely to come back here to fix this. He pulled all of his gold from the bank. He should have the resources, and the political capital to restore us back to the prominent nation of the magical world."

"What makes you think he'll agree after all of the Ministry's done to him?" asked one of the officials.

Scrimgeour slammed his fist down on the desk.

"Damn it, don't say things like that!" snapped the Minister. "He has to agree, we're going to have to find a way to convince him. He…it's his duty to us. He has to help the Ministry. He wouldn't let the home of his parents just die on the vine like that. Draft a letter, but don't give him any reason to be suspicious or place a hint of a threat in it. If he feels threatened, all is lost!"

There were stammers of "yes, sir" and "right away, Minister Scrimgeour". The powerful wizard seemed desperate. Desperate and powerful was not a combination any fancied being around.

'Our darkest hour, but if I can persuade Potter I can go down as the greatest Minister in history,' thought Scrimgeour greedily. 'Rufus Scrimgeour, the wizard who brought Britain back to the promise land. I can demonize Umbridge, that would score points with Potter. Not that I have to act much for that one. Hopefully I can get him here in the next day or two. Within the week, or we're sunk for good.'

"Order of Merlin, First Class for Potter, if we can manage it!" yelled Scrimgeour, inspiration striking him at that moment.

Everyone just nodded, as the Ministry officials tripped over themselves to be the one who could take the credit for saving their world from the abyss.

'Home sweet home,' thought Harry.

It had been a few weeks since Kara and Harry had a nice quiet weekend at home. Harry had just briefly met with Bruce and Clark about the project they were working on. Harry agreed to split the costs with Bruce, and to make sure the security was top of the line so no one could take over the project. It would be online in the next couple of days.

"Kara!" yelled Harry.

"I'm in the bedroom!"

Harry walked up. Kara sat on the bed, dressed in a robe. Her hair was wet, indicating she just taken a shower.

"Kara, congratulations, you helped saved the world," said Harry. He walked over, and grabbed Kara. Kara smiled in spite herself, but Harry pulled back. "You're brooding about something isn't
it? It's not what the Green Lantern said isn't it…"

"No, it's not that," said Kara with a sigh. "Harry, I'm worried about something."

Now, Harry was worried, because his wife never let anything bother her.

"What is it, honey?" asked Harry.

"Well, it's just…what if I'm unable to satisfy your needs?" asked Kara.

Harry was taken aback by this little random statement coming from his wife. She looked at him, and continued.

"When we first got married, you were so cute, how I had to guide you through everything," said Kara with a smile. "But it was worth it. You had natural talent, it just was the matter of getting it out of you. Remember?"

"I remember every moment I have with you," said Harry, wrapping his arms around her. Kara looked up into his eyes, relaxing into his embrace.

"Ever since your powers upgraded, you seem to be gaining more and more stamina," said Kara, eyes closed. "Your appetite has become insatiable almost. You need fuel, and I understand that. But there have been a few times where I had to push myself past my limits."

Harry tilted her head up, and looked into her eyes. "Kara, don't worry. You give me as much pleasure today as the first time we shared together. Maybe even more so, since we know our way around each other. We know what the other likes."

Kara nodded. Harry leaned up a little bit. She was still a couple of inches taller than him, but it was worth the effort. He gave her a nice long kiss. Kara returned it. The kiss boosted her self-esteem.

"If you ever feel pressured and think you can't go any more, just let me know," said Harry.

Kara nodded, but so far she had been able to keep up.

"Plus, you did come into some new power, so you might have more stamina than you think," said Harry in an encouraging voice. "Your magical abilities, combined with your Kryptonian physiology would make you a living goddess. Of course, you're already my goddess no matter what."

Kara gave a slight smile at that.

"You do tend to worship me," said Kara, her head rested in Harry's chest. She could hear his heart-beat.

"Every single bit of you, from your hair down to your toes," he said with a grin, holding her into him. "Anything else bothering you?"

She shook her head.

"Sorry, just got caught up in my own insecurities for the minute," said Kara. "Can you believe that? Supergirl's supposed to be all confident and bold, take charge and fearless. But here I am worrying that my husband will be disappointed in."

"Supergirl is just a role you play," said Harry stroking her hair, before he cupped her chin and looked into her blue eyes. "Kara is who you are, and the girl that I fell in love with."
They enjoyed the silence, but Kara had another thought she could not resist voicing.

"What if there are really more out there?" asked Kara suddenly.

"I beg your pardon?" asked Harry.

"Remember our conversation at Christmas, the expanding our relationship conversation?" asked Kara and Harry nodded.

Harry barely gave it more thought, given it seemed highly likely that Kara's entire race was extinct so she was the only one that fit his qualifications.

"Are you having second thoughts?" asked Harry.

"Well, not so much second thoughts, as…it's just another insecure thing," said Kara letting out a sigh. "I like the fact that we can bring in more to make things more dynamic. The thought of adding another female or two or more…well there's interesting possibilities."

"I did make my choices clear, Kryptonians, I prefer blondes, but…we'll cross that bridge if we get to it," said Harry. He cradled Kara in his arms as they were on the bed.

Kara thought about the situation. Kryptonian women were highly competitive when going after the same guy.

However, when they actually decided to enter a multi-partner relationship with the same guy, that's when things really got interesting and exciting, from what she heard.

'But, we're dealing with strictly hypothetical situations,' thought Kara. 'I'm the only one left, but maybe Harry's right. Maybe my powers will boost me. Maybe I'm overreacting.'

"Just everything from today got me thinking," said Kara, and Harry just responded by giving her series of light kisses on the face to sooth her.

The Dementors likely did a bit more of a number on her than Harry previously thought. She'd be okay after a good night's sleep.

"Harry, after a few hours of sleep, I'll be up for a little celebration," said Kara. "It isn't every day you help save the world from mass annihilation…twice."

"Just wake me up, Kara, and I'll be ready to go when you are," said Harry, and Kara leaned in and kissed him.

"Good night, Harry, I love you," said Kara, as Harry rested on his back and pulled her on top, so she could use him as a pillow.

"Good night Kara, love you too."

Harry stroked her blonde hair and she fell asleep in his arms. With a wave of his hand, he conjured a blanket to put over the top of them.

He allowed himself to go to sleep, until they were both full recharged.

Severus Snape looked over his shoulder. He heard the news; Ginny Weasley had died the previous day from her injuries. He barely spent time shedding a tear. There was an alien invasion, but that was a Muggle problem if there ever was one.
He was hot on the trail for the Hogwarts Killer. The final murder was perfect, almost too perfect. Snape followed the paper trail, and found himself on a remote island in the tropics.

Astoria Greengrass rested on a lawn chair on the beach sunbathing. Male servants answered her every beck and call. She had been annoyed for a while, as something blocked her sunlight. It cleared up. The green crystal necklace rested on her chest.

Her guest was right on schedule.

"Follow the bread crumbs I left for you, Professor Snape," said Astoria without looking up.

"So, you're the Hogwarts killer," said Snape dryly. "Congratulations."

"I didn't have any ambition worthy of Slytherin you told me during my second year," said Astoria in mock reminiscence. "I believe those were the words that came out of your mouth."

Snape recalled them well. He may have underestimated the girl.

"What was this all about, Miss Greengrass?" asked Snape. "Gold, is that why you killed all of these people?"

"Mostly, Professor Snape," said Astoria. "But it was just to drive both you and Dumbledore around the bend. Without your little golden boy savior here, you two failed to even get one hint. Dumbledore was blinded by his obsessive need to micro-manage Harry Potter's life, and you were blinded by your own ego. Vanity, it destroys us all, doesn't it, Professor?"

Snape held his wand out and pointed it on her. Astoria looked merely bored, and looked at her nails.

"You will come quietly, Miss Greengrass," said Snape.

Astoria just chuckled.

"Severus Snape, the hero," said Astoria with great mirth in her voice. "Really, Snape, what do you have to gain for bringing me in?"

"Justice," said Snape, but another pop echoed. Astoria looked suddenly scared and shivered.

"Somebody help me!" screamed Astoria at the top her lungs.

Neville Longbottom walked up, confused at the urgent message he received told him to come to this location. He saw Snape his wand on a girl and the girl fearful.

"So there is one last Death Eater out there," said Neville as he positioned himself in front of Snape.

"Longbottom, what are you doing here?" asked Snape. "Get out of my way, I'm dealing with a murderer."

"Murderer, that's... a fourth year Slytherin, Greengrass isn't it?" asked Neville.

The Greengrasses and the Longbottoms were acquainted somewhat, but Neville had kept away from the two daughters. His grandmother warned him about that family, and how they tended to play a very political game.

"She's far more dangerous than she looks," said Snape. "Now out of my way you idiot..."
Neville managed to catch Snape with a well-placed spell, and Snape's ribs were shattered.

"Idiot boy, useless boy, can't stand up a cauldron right, I remember all of the times you bullied me, Snape!" yelled Neville, taking out years of pent up frustration on his most hated teacher. "Azkaban's too good for the likes of you."

"He…tried to put me under the Imperius Curse," sniffled Astoria as Neville looked at the girl, helpless and scared.

He turned to Snape, the look of deepest loathing on his face.

"Don't be fooled by her, Longbottom, she was the Hogwarts Killer," said Snape in a sour voice.

"That's because you put me under the Imperius Curse!" yelled Astoria, pointing her finger at Snape. "You and Dumbledore….it was a way to…to…get Harry Potter to come back. So you could get control, slip him a love potion, and bind him to Ginny Weasley. You were going to arrange to have his wife murdered as well!"

Snape swallowed. These were naturally all lies, but Longbottom bought them hook, line, and sinker. The foolish Gryffindor had been taken in by the most powerful weapon of any women, their tears.

"It's a good thing Dumbledore's dead," said Neville with an intent expression on his face. "I got robbed of my victory against that bitch Lestrange! But there's no one who's going to rob me this time."

Neville stepped on Snape's hand and then his wand. The stick shattered, leaving Snape helpless as a drowned kitten. The scarred young man forced Snape's mouth open.

"I've made enough botched potions to realize what could be lethal," said Neville. "And you explained to me the results in great detail and how I was a dunderhead. But who's the dunderhead now, Snape? This one causes your internal organs to melt if ingested."

Neville stood before Snape.

"You don't have the guts to kill me," breathed Snape.

Neville uncorked the bottle and he poured the contents down Snape's throat, using a charm to force him to swallow. It was used mostly on young children who refused to take their potions when they were sick, but it served him well here.

Snape screamed in absolute agony, and seconds later, he expired.

"Is he dead?" asked Astoria trembling and at his nod, she rushed over, throwing her arms around Neville.

"Yeah, he won't bother you anymore," said Neville, confused at what to do. He had a half-naked girl in his arms; this was a new experience for him.

"Thank you, Neville, you're so brave, and strong, and powerful," breathed Astoria with a tearful expression on her face. "It's…not safe to be around here. But you can protect me, can't you?"

Neville opened his mouth, but Astoria looked at him with a small smile. He gave a nod.

"Did you take your gold out of Gringotts, Neville?" asked Astoria.
"Yes, glad I did given what happened," said Neville. "My parents... they're not doing well."

"Sorry to hear that," said Astoria. "But, we should stick together, the world's not safe. And I know that as long as I'm with you, I'm perfectly safe."

Neville felt a rush of pride that someone, a girl especially, had that much hope in his ability to keep them safe. Perhaps he could be a hero like Harry after all.

Yet, he could not help but shake the thought something was a bit off about her. Perhaps it was his own inherent distrust of Slytherins, but something just bugged him.

It would be best to stick with Astoria, for now, until he figured out where to go from here.

"We should stick together," suggested Neville.

"I've got a hotel room, we can hang out there for tonight," said Astoria.

The two cleared up, and walked inside.

Astoria hid the calculating smile on her face. If Potter ever managed to track her down, she had a hostage, and he didn't even know he was being kidnapped.
Chapter 36: League.

Harry found himself dragged out of his slumber by pleasant means. Kara had her lips pressed against his and she was kissing him awake. Harry placed his arms around her waist and deepened the kiss. With a good night's sleep, Kara seemed refreshed, recharged, and rather intent not to waste any time. Kara worked her tongue into Harry's mouth. He returned the favor heatedly. They continued the kissing for a while, getting each other worked up.

Kara drew back with a smile.

"That might be the best way to wake up," commented Harry. "Better than an alarm clock for sure."

"Yeah, I can see how you would enjoy it,' said Kara, on her side, elbow bent and balancing her head with her right hand as she faced Harry. "So are you up for some celebration?"

Harry nodded. Kara looked at his growing erection and licked her lips.

"I'll be back in about ten seconds, don't go away," said Kara.

She zoomed off into the adjacent bathroom. Then the blonde returned dressed in a modified version of her Supergirl costume. The blue material fit snugly around her breasts and was transparent. He could see the outline of them, every single detail prominent. The red skirt was extremely short. The material fit snugly around her hips. Instead of boots she wore red and yellow stockings. The cape hung over her shoulders.

Kara floated in the air, and swayed in her modified costume. Harry looked at her, drinking in the beautiful sight before him. She had a small growth spurt since she came into her new powers. Most of the added height had gone to her lovely legs. Her hips widened just a little bit. Kara's breasts were slightly bigger as well. She had barely any body fat at all, but she had curves. Not to mention the appearance of a girl who actually ate three healthy meals a day.

She was drop dead sexy as far as Harry was concerned, and Kara hinted that as her powers grew and once reached her peak physical prime, she would only even more gorgeous.

Harry could hardly wait for that, but he was more than content right now.

"They make modified Supergirl costumes apparently, so other guys and some girls can live a fantasy that they never will get to experience," said Kara with a smile. "They're apparently one of the hottest selling items out there, which is either flattering or kind of creepy."

"I don't know if I should be upset about this, or happy that I'm married to one of the most desired women in the world," said Harry as she floated closer to him. "The real question is, do you get a cut?"

Kara laughed at this statement.

"We should really have our lawyers look into that," said Kara. She floated about three feet away from Harry. She licked her lips, fixated on him with desire in her bright blue eyes. "But enough about that, we've waited too long."

Kara stroked her clothed body, teasing Harry a little bit. Then she glided over, and gave Harry a
passionate kiss on the lips. Harry wrapped his arms around her, and pulled her in tight, deepening the act.

**Lemon Time.**

She straddled Harry's lap, arms and legs around him, as the kiss deepened. Harry pulled her in, and Kara rubbed her center against Harry's crotch. He groaned, and Kara ran her fingers through his hair. This activity continued for about a minute.

Kara floated backwards and turned around. She bent over in mid-air, presenting herself for her husband. Harry saw the lacy red thong she wore underneath her skirt. It inflamed his desires. She sat back down onto his lap and grinded her ass down onto his crotch. Harry reached around and squeezed her breasts. Kara rewarded his efforts by rubbing circles around his crotch with her ass. Harry leaned forward, and gave Kara kisses on the side of her neck. He reached underneath her top, and found her bare breasts. She was not wearing a bra underneath, which increased Harry's excitement.

"Oh, Harry!" moaned Kara, encouraging him to continue to squeeze and fondle her. She continued to grind on him for a while. Harry massaged her breasts with the palms of his hand. Kara pushed back on him.

Kara turned around, so she was facing Harry. Harry pulled the top over her head. He unclipped the cape a bit so he could pull it up and over her head. Kara's breasts were freed. He leaned forward and sucked on her nipples. Kara gave a sultry moan.

"So wet," breathed Kara, stroking Harry's hair. He continued to suck and feast on her breasts.

She pushed back Harry gently and Kara pulled his shirt off. Kara felt up his muscles on his chest and arms. They continued to feel each other up, inflamed by their passion. Harry lifted her up by the hips, and ripped her skirt off.

Kara wore nothing but a cape, stockings, and a thong. What little material she had on clung to her pussy due to how damp it was. She slid down off of him and onto the floor.

She waved her hands and she used a vanishing spell on Harry's pants and boxers.

"Cheater," said Harry with a smirk.

"Sorry, I can't wait," said Kara, eyeing his erection and licking her tongue over her lips.

She grabbed his erect penis. Hand stroked it slowly up and down. Harry placed his hands on her head, and stroked her hair to encourage his wife's actions. The blonde slid her wet tongue across the head and Harry groaned. Several light kisses trailed around the head of his penis. Kara worked over the base and then moved down. She sucked his balls with her luscious lips.

"Jesus, Kara, so good," managed Harry, but Kara looked him straight in the eyes. She placed her lips on his penis, and then Harry watched as inch by inch disappeared into her mouth.

Harry watched as the beautiful blonde Kryptonian bobbed up and down onto his cock. His cock slid into the back of her throat. Her tongue worked underneath it and her muscles contracted it as she deep throated him. Suddenly Kara looked at her hand. She put her hand up to her eyes, and warmed it up with a mild blast of heat vision.

Then her warm hand squeezed his balls. Harry nearly lost it right there. She fondled him, while sucking his cock long and deep. She worked his member.
"So good, feels so good," said Harry, grabbing her hair and trusting his hips forward into her mouth.

'Fuck my face Harry,' thought Kara, projecting the thought into his mind.

Harry sped up his actions, ramming his throbbing cock down her throat. She used her muscle control, and proceeded to milk it. One hand continued to rub his balls, as Kara bobbed up and down on his length. The other rubbed her pussy so she could get some kind of relief until Harry was able to service her.

She felt him tightened and clenched her fist, before she massaged his ball sac. The combination of that along with what her throat and tongue was doing, along with the expression in her eyes caused Harry to unload.

He ejaculated a hot jet of cum down her throat. Kara swallowed every single drop, leaving some in her mouth. She smacked her lips together sexily and licked the inside of them.

Harry recovered from the pleasure of release and she floated up. Her panties were torn off in a flash. Her wet lips beckoned him. He took his thumb, rubbing circles around her clitoris. Kara shrieked with pleasure. He teased her with one finger, then two, and then three. With a steady rhythm, he pumped them inside of her again and again.

Harry pulled them out as she neared her release.

"Harry," whined Kara, but she did not have a further chance to protest. Rather Harry stuck his tongue deep inside her center.

His licks were slow at first, but Kara grabbed his hair to push him into her deeper. Harry speed up the movements, and lapped up every single drop she had.

"Faster, eat my pussy!" panted Kara, thrusting her hips up into his face at super speed. Harry's hands moved over, as he continued to savor the taste. He then played with her breasts.

Her moans caused him to work faster. Harry also felt himself grow harder from inhaling her scent. He looked up for a brief second to see Kara's head tilted back, eyes glazed, as more moans escaped from her throat. Harry vibrated his tongue just a little bit, and then slowed down.

Kara unleashed a flood on Harry's face. Harry lapped up what he could. She pulled back and pushed him down onto the bed. Kara slurped her own juices off of his face like a starving woman. She took her hand, and gave Harry a few more teasing strokes. Harry felt himself grow harder.

"Harry," breathed Kara, wrapping her arms around him and pushing his face into her breasts. Harry sighed as he felt his face encased in the firm flesh. "Take me outside, and fuck me in the air."

Harry could not think of a better suggestion. With his face still buried in his wife's breasts, Harry popped them both outside. He did the necessary charms to make sure this little escapade was not seen by anyone.

He drew his head back and cupped Kara's pussy in his hand. He teased it, before he spread her lips. Kara grabbed his cock and when they lined up, he placed his rock hard penis into her tight, wet cunt.

Harry rocked his hips in mid-air, slowly at first. Kara wrapped her arms around his neck and wrapped her legs around his waist. She moaned in his ear, and Harry sped up his actions. The breeze flowed through their air, as they continued their act high above the world. Harry reached
around, grabbing her ass, playing with it.  

"Fuck," moaned Kara.  

Harry slid in and out of her. She arched back, and allowed him to get the leverage. His cock twitched inside of her moist core. She was well lubricated and clenched him like a vice. Her burning desire for him could be felt. She scratched his back and pulled him into a deep kiss, as Harry continued to thrust deeper and deeper inside her pussy.  

They rocked back and forth in the air, causing a huge breeze to kick up from the actions. Harry allowed his hands to play with her breast, as he brought her to an orgasm, over and over again. Kara pushed him down into her, and she moaned deep into his mouth. Both felt absolute bliss and passion beyond all comprehension.  

She snaked one of her hands down and tried to encourage him to finish faster.  

"Cum, need it," breathed Kara, breaking the kiss, but Harry just attacked her breasts. The taste he could not get enough of it. He buried his face into her lovely tits, and sucked on them.  

Harry held back the explosion, but he was eventually driven over the edge. After a couple of more moments of her stroking him, her walls clenching tightly, squeezing his cock, Harry exploded. His flood of seed deep spurted into her. Kara moaned, and clamped onto him. He flooded into her. Kara's walls clamped around him, her warm pussy milked every single drop. He drained completely into her.  

Harry floated in mid-air on his back, as Kara turned over. Her cape floating above her ass in the breeze caused his desire to be overwhelmed. He floated over, and cupped her ass in his hand. Kara gave a surprised moan, but she wiggled it in his face. Harry raised a hand, and slapped her ass.  

"Smack my ass, baby," breathed Kara and Harry swatted her a couple more times. Harry squeezed her supple cheeks and shoved one of his fingers up her hole. "Oh, that feels so good, more, Harry!"

Kara was bent over in the air, and Harry gave a tentative lick of her asshole. She grinded her ass up into his face, and Harry stroked her pussy, giving her more love. Kara began to hump his hand, her breasts swaying as they floated high in the sky.  

"Fuck me in the ass," moaned Kara as Harry continued to lick her.  

"Are you sure?" asked Harry, but Kara gave him a look that indicated she was sure.  

Kara's eyes glazed over, as she felt Harry spread her cheeks. They never really did this before, and as Harry slowly pushed his dick into her asshole she wondered why it them took so long. She screamed, as he penetrated her tight hole.  

"Yes, oh, Harry, yes, shove that cock up my ass!"

Harry was spurred to hammer into her tightly. Her ass felt amazing around his cock. He reached over, grabbing her waist for leverage. He continued to hammer into her again and again, as Kara grabbed her own pussy and played with it.  

He reached around her, and tweaked her nipples, rubbing them. Harry thanked the person that invented silencing charms as her shrieks could have woken the dead. He felt his balls grow heavy over the next many minutes. He continued to thrust into her ass, and Kara moaned in pleasure.  

"I'm about to cum," breathed Harry, as both lovers dripped with sweat. He had one hand on her
breasts, and the other hand on her pussy, rubbing it.

"Shoot your cum deep into my ass!" encouraged Kara, pushing against him.

Harry splattered his load deep within her tight ass. She was amazing, every bit of her. Kara screamed in ecstasy. Harry licked her juices from his fingers, sucking on them, as he pulled out of her.

The two broke, descending back to Earth. They landed on the sand on the beach. Harry popped them back inside.

**Lemon Ends.**

Both returned to their bedroom. Kara had her cape draped over her, as she fell back on the bed, panting.

"My reality is better than any fantasy," said Harry and Kara smiled at him.

"Just got to recharge for a little bit," managed Kara, arms wrapped around him. "Maybe be up for another couple of rounds of celebration in a few hours."

"Take your time, Kara," said Harry, stroking her blonde hair with a loving smile.

They relaxed with each other, in solitude with each other. The Potters enjoyed some rare downtime, alone.

After the day they had, they felt they deserved it.

After another round later that night, Harry and Kara had breakfast together. A letter arrived for Harry in the morning. He recognized the seal of the Ministry of Magic on it. He shook his head, wondering what these people wanted. Kara looked at it as well.

Both had no idea what to say. After what the Ministry pulled, they really had brass balls sending him a letter at all.

"So are you going to look at it?" asked Kara.

"Might as well," said Harry. He held up the letter with a sigh. He opened it up without another word, but he had a shrewd idea what it said before he even read it.

**Dear Mr. Potter.**

*Congratulations on your victory saving the entire world from certain destruction. Then again, we could not expect any less from our world’s hero. You always come through when it counts.*

*I would like to start off with my sincerest apologies for what was done by the previous Administration of Cornelius Fudge and Dolores Umbridge. Also the actions of Dumbledore should have been called into question much sooner. It is a shame that I inherited such a mess when I did, and many people had to suffer for it. It drove you from your home, but I'd like to let you know that you are still welcomed in our world, Harry.*

*I humbly ask you to report to the Ministry at the earliest possible moment, within the next week or so. I believe we can work together to rebuild the world to what it should be. You and your wife are welcomed here, and I swear that I'll give you anything you want. Just all I ask is for one meeting*
with you to prove that I can make this work. Then perhaps we can work to bring down He-Who-Must-Not-Be-Named.

Sincerely,

Rufus Scrimgeour.

The Minister of Magic.

Harry looked at the letter and began to laugh. He showed it to Kara, who also looked rather amused.

It took a couple of minutes for them to regain their composure.

"They really think that you're going to swoop in the last minute and save them from the consequences of their own mistakes," said Kara, shaking her head in absolute dismay about how much they did not get how they had wronged Harry.

"They really... they don't understand why I left, do they?" asked Harry. "The real reason why I left, and they're still trying to use me as a tool to justify their means. Well those days ended when I went to Vegas."

He pulled Kara in close, and without another word he tossed the letter in the trash bin where it belonged.

"I could repair the Ministry, I could restore that world," said Harry thoughtfully. "I do have the resources, but I'd like to keep turning profits this quarter."

"Yeah, investing in the Ministry of Magic seems like a stupid business decision," said Kara, stroking Harry's hair. "We could do it, but we shouldn't do it. Let's just keep doing things for the wider world."

"Maybe I should give them one meeting," said Harry suddenly, and Kara raised an eyebrow. "Just to see their attempts to try and sell me on why I should help, but I doubt anything they could offer me would come close to convincing me. The ride is over for them. I think we should clue them in on that."

"We've got some time open on Friday," said Kara, and Harry nodded. Harry scrawled out a letter, and sent it off to the Ministry.

Harry made sure to infer that he was meeting on his and Kara's terms. Harry and Kara finished their breakfast and made their way out the front door. They had a conference to intend with their investors. Of course, the money they made the last two quarters, and were projected to make this quarter would keep them pleased.

They would make more money than LexCorp did during the past four years, after he indulged in his Superman obsessions. The couple headed out to enjoy their day, life was great.

The assembled Ministry of Magic officials sat around and awaited their meeting with Harry Potter and his wife. The money would run out the following Tuesday, but they were confident that they could make a deal. Potter could backend the Ministry for at least a year, until they found out another solution. If they drained his resources dry, so be it.

The doors opened and Harry and Kara Potter entered the chambers of the Ministry. They were both
dressed in business attire, with Harry projecting the image that the Ministry best knew him as, the scrawny little boy in glasses. Harry waved his hand, conjuring two rather comfortable chairs for his wife and him to sit on.

They waited for what the Ministry had to say.

"Mr. Potter, thank you for agreeing to help the Ministry," said Scrimgeour in a boisterous tone of voice.

Harry drank from his bottle of water and looked up at the Ministry.

"I left this world about eight months ago, nine months ago, somewhere in there," said Harry. "And I followed what happened since I left in every painstaking detail. The entire world collapsed, and Britain was a non-entity on the International magical scene. While I was gone, I saw a lot of the world, and managed to see that there was an entire wider world out there beyond our little speck on the globe. And there were many opportunities. I have a lovely wife, a home, and a business that I'm currently running successfully. I've learned more about magic in the past eight months than I have in five years in this world, and I've learned how much you've lied to the world. The lies made were to keep the population ignorant."

"That was the old administration, Mr. Potter," said Scrimgeour.

"Actually, we have documented proof of a fourth of the Ministry's workers at one point or time being accused of being in league with Lord Voldemort," said Kara and the assembled officials shuddered. "A name you cannot dare to even hear uttered, but he's a glorified terrorist or a cult leader. There are far more dangerous people out there, and you let a minor player like Voldemort play off of your fear for decades."

"Now, I don't know who you think…"

"Furthermore, the Auror department has been undercut on the recommendation of the same purebloods who have been accused of these crimes," said Kara. "Violent crimes against Muggles were on the rise. And a number of Muggles have been admitted to the hospital for brain damage because of the long term effects of memory charms. It's not obvious until a few years down the line, but it's there."

A few people whispered at this, fearful, and wondering if the same effects could occur on magical users who had their memories modified as well.

"Those are lies!" yelled one of the officials. "This stupid Muggle doesn't know…"

Suddenly all of the papers and coffee mugs levitated into the air. They watched, the mystical energy flowing from Kara's hand and she set them down.

"You'd be surprised what I know," said Kara with a smug expression on her face. "I taught my husband much about his powers and what they could do. Together, we found out things about magic that you don't want the people to know because it's not something you can control. Because the Ministry doesn't know how to control people without making them use their wands."

"A wand is required to do all magic!" shouted one of the officials.

"No, a wand is just training wheels, to learn control for your powers, or at least that was the idea years ago" said Harry. "We did more research, and found out something interesting. Up until three hundred years ago, wands were only used during the first two years at Hogwarts. Those who did not perform magic without a wand were legally declared squibs."
Harry allowed this information to sink in before he continued to talk.

"Of course, many pureblood noble children failed to perform magic without a wand. So the law was changed. Wands were the way to go. The magical gifts of many were stunted, other than the most powerful."

The Ministry whispered, wondering about the truth of this. It happened long since before many of them were born, so they had no idea.

"The blood purity obsession began then, and society stagnated in other ways within the next several generations," said Harry.

"A society that refuses to advance with the rest of the world tends to eventually bring itself to extinction," added Kara. "The tragedy of all of the murders, all of the deaths, and everything that has happened, the Ministry only has themselves to blame for this. And now you want my husband to ride in on his white stallion, and pick up the pieces."

"Potter belongs to this world and you stole him from us, you slut!"

"Ever talk to any lady, especially my wife, there's going to be trouble," said Harry and the offending party gulped. Kara grabbed his hand.

"It's okay, people of lower intellect often resort to insults in lieu of making an intelligent point," said Kara, shaking her head in pity. "Harry is free to do what he chooses. And he just happened to make a choice that benefited him, which you seem incapable of handling."

"I looked at your budget, and the money it would take to restore you," added Harry, ignoring the protests. "The fact of the matter is I would make more of a profit by taking money and placing it in a barrel. Then I would light said barrel of money on fire, and burn it to the ground. The time of the Ministry is over; I suggest you all find a way to blend into the world. Find a way to get a Muggle job; it's best for your families."

Scrimgeour grimaced, sweating like a pig in a suit. This was not the way he envisioned this meeting going when he had called Potter here. He tried to get together an eloquent argument that would hopefully persuade the boy.

"You-Know-Who is still out there, Mr. Potter," managed Scrimgeour. "It's your duty to defeat him, you're the Chosen One!"

"Dumbledore tried that one, better ask him how well that went," said Harry.

"Dumbledore passed away a couple of weeks ago, Mr. Potter."

"Well, it was his time, I guess," said Harry. "Almost two years ago, I told the Minister of Magic what I saw. Many of you people sitting in this room looking me in the eye launched a smear campaign against me. Don't think I ever forgot; don't think I ever forgave that. You people need to understand that you reap what you sow. Have I made mistakes? More than a few, but I've learned from them. And you people have learned absolutely nothing!"

Harry sat back, and the Ministry looked confused. They yelled about his duty, and Scrimgeour resembled a deer in the headlights.

"Just what do you want, Mr. Potter?" asked Scrimgeour.

Harry turned towards Kara. They both looked at each other, partially amused, at the pathetic
spectacle above them.

"What do I want? What could a society that's about to collapse on its own corruption give me?"

"I can't think of anything, Harry," said Kara. "They're trying to pull you down with the ship."

"Yeah, they are," agreed Harry. "What I want is you people to think long and hard about every word I said. I want you to think about why you failed. And don't ever think I have any loyalty to this government. You had your chance, but I've heard your muttered threats. Don't think you can hide them from me. I've opened my ears and eyes."

Harry and Kara turned and walked out of the chamber. The doors were sealed to prevent them from leaving, but they blasted them open with ease.

"What about He-Who-Must-Not-Be-Named?"

Harry paused, and looked over his shoulder. He allowed them one final cryptic statement.

"If you have to ask, you'll never know."

Maybe a couple of people had read between the lines of that statement, but most looked confused. The couple disapparated with a pop to show they could, despite the spells preventing it.

Scrimgeour threw his hands into the air, tossed his papers down, and returned to his office. He would indulge in a nice bottle of Firewhisky until he had forgotten how he had squandered one final chance. Potter left out, and this time he was not coming back. The Ministry would burn itself out in five days.

Hundreds of years of tradition died not with a bang, but with a pathetic whimper.

Everyone wondered where they would stand. Many at the Ministry had already left months back. Those who remained wished they had noticed the signs as well, but it was too little too late for them.

Deep in space, hovered a magnificent structure high above the Earth. The view was excellent, and anyone who watched could see the Earth easily out the window. Harry, Kara, and Hermione all walked across the tower, enjoying the view.

"It looks nice," said Hermione, giving her assessment on the floating orbital tower in space.

"Not to mention fully functional," said Kara.

"And secure," added Harry. "Believe me, I idiot proofed this thing as much as I could. If someone can actually crack the security, they can have it, but I doubt anyone will."

"So what do you call this little clubhouse of yours?" asked Hermione.

"Oh it's not ours," said Kara as she looked at the other girl in the eye. "But to answer your question it's called the Watchtower."

Hermione whistled and allowed herself a look around. It was amazing how Earth looked from space. She gazed out of the window, savoring the moment. A smile appeared on her face and she nodded to survey the entire situation. Then when she was done, she followed Kara and Harry towards the adjacent room. Batman and Superman already were waiting for them.
"So, everything is up to specifications," said Batman.

"Yeah, we did a good job," said Harry. "It shouldn't fall out of the sky and crush anyone at least."

"Well, I should hope not," said Superman, grimacing at the thought. "It's a wonder how fast we got this station in the air. It's almost like you two planned this."

"Well, it was spur of the moment for me, but I'm sure he was planning it," said Harry.

Batman remained silent, and nodded.

"It was inevitable, given the growing problems in the world. I've actually had this idea in the back of my mind ever since Darkseid brainwashed you. It was just a matter of getting all of the pieces together."

"Well, I'm glad to have inspired you in some way," said Superman, taking a moment to enjoy the view himself.

The five walked into the opposite room. Waiting for them was Green Lantern, Hawkgirl, Wonder Woman, Martian Manhunter, and Flash. They all moved around, getting a look at the tower.

"So, nice set up you have here," said Green Lantern. "I must say, very professional, state of the art, and most of all secure."

"I aim to please," said Harry, which caused Green Lantern to look at him. "Kara and I did a lot of the work; a lot of the technology used for the security is Kryptonian. Modified a little bit to make sure it actually doesn't reject Earth technology."

"However, we tested it extensively," said Kara. "Maybe in the future, it can be streamlined for home use, but that's a long time coming."

"Well, not too bad," said Green Lantern.

"Yeah it does look impressive," agreed Wonder Woman with a smile.

"Batman did help too, so we can't take all of the credit," said Harry.

Batman nodded. "I merely checked your work. Three sets of eyes are better than two."

"And contributed half of the funding, don't forget that," said Superman.

"Yes, that does seem to be important," said Kara.

Batman's expression remained blank, waiting for the chatter to die down.

"But it is a rather useful facility," concluded the Martian Manhunter.

"Plus the kitchen's fully stocked," said Flash. "So what do you call it?"

"The Watchtower," inputted Superman. "We feel that the world is getting more dangerous, the threats are piling up. People need heroes more now than ever. If we work together, we can make a real difference."

Everyone nodded, but Flash spoke up first.

"Oh, you mean like a group of Superfriends?"
Superman paused. "Actually I was thinking of more like a Justice League. So what do you guys have to say?"

"It's corny," said Flash as he stroked his chin, mock thoughtfully. "But kind of catchy, count me in."

"Yeah, it sounds like we could do some good," agreed Hawkgirl.

"It might be interesting and would allow us to make further in roads to Man's World," inputted Wonder Woman.

"I have nowhere else to go," said the Martian Manhunter but his impression brightened slightly. "But this will allow me to build a fresh new life. Count me in on this one as well."

Green Lantern remained silent.

"I could use a hand here and there. Times have been tough. Consider me a member."

Batman remained silent.

"So how about it?" asked Superman.

"You know how I feel about leaving Gotham City alone," said Batman as he looked at the other six. "But if you need me, and you will, you know where to find me."

Batman turned. He had to return to the city. While he trusted Nightwing, Batgirl, and Robin to hold the fort down in certain respects, he still preferred to take certain matters into their own hand.

"So, I guess that leaves you three,' said Superman, turning towards Harry, Kara, and Hermione.

"I guess we can consider them part of the League," said Green Lantern in a gruff voice.

"Thanks for the vote of confidence," said Harry. He gave a long pause for dramatic effect. Then he let the next statement speak for itself. "But we're going to have to decline."

This caught everyone off guard, and Harry and Kara decided that an explanation was in order.

"What the Justice League can do, I fully support it one hundred percent," said Harry. "The world needs heroes, one's that they can look up to. You seven could be the foundation for something inspiring for the world."

"I'm sensing a but here," said Hawkgirl.

Harry and Kara just smiled. Kara decided to take over.

"The Justice League could be something great on its own, with or without us," said Kara. "Harry and I, we want to carve out our own legacy in the world. We don't want to be just members of a greater league of heroes."

Kara turned to her cousin.

"No offense, Kal, but I'm trying hard to be my own person. And people aren't going, 'hey that's Superman's sidekick or hey there's Superman's cousin that much anymore.' They're going, that's Supergirl."

Superman just smiled.
"I get where you're coming from," said Superman.

He understood. Kara was growing into her own person. She did not want to be in his shadow any more.

"I hope the League will bring much inspiration to the world," said Harry, looking at the six members that remained after Batman left. "Don't ever lose sight of what you can do."

Harry took a deep breath and continued.

"We will help out when we can, and likely will need a hand fairly often. I tend to have the ability of attracting trouble. So I daresay we're going to bump into each other a fair bit more often."

"Donna, how about you?" asked Wonder Woman.

"I have things I need to do," said Hermione. "I've got some studies to finish. I want to learn wandless magic like Arcane and Supergirl. Plus I don't think the Justice League will really be my cup of tea. I'm not much of a team player."

The entire group nodded. Kara, Harry, and Hermione all walked out from the Watchtower. They had gotten a look at this place, and helped get everything set up.

"Wait up you three."

Superman flew up next to them and dropped on his feet.

"I'm guessing there are more reasons that what you three are talking about, "said Superman.

Harry, Kara, and Hermione all exchanged a look, and the three of them slowly nodded. Harry decided to enlighten the Man of Steel.

"The purpose of the Justice League is to give people something to look up to. There has to be a certain code followed, a code which I might find myself breaking more often than I would like to. The world needs their role models, and your group has a purpose. I don't want to change any of you to be something that you're not. All I want to do is just warn you that we may be doing things that are beyond what the League's purpose is. There are dangerous people out there, and if I get a chance, they're going to get shut down."

Superman gave a nod. They had been down this road a few times in the past. He understood why Harry had the attitude that he did, but he felt uncomfortable with heading down that road personally.

"The offer for membership is still open if you change your mind," said Superman.

"Yeah, thanks for that," said Kara as she looked up at her cousin. "But you do have a rather sizeable shadow to overcome, Kal. I just found my way out of it. The Justice League could dwarf even Superman. And Harry and I are both loyal to Patronus Inc. first. And I can't speak for Hermione…but I think she has her own loyalites."

"Yeah, pretty much," said Hermione. "Plus we can do our own thing, some kind of behind the scenes thing. Funnily enough, everyone seems to overlook those younger than them a lot. Perhaps we can use it to our advantage."

"So, sounds like you've got your own brand of young justice you want to dish out," said Superman.
The Teenage Trinity looked at each other, and just smiled.

"Something like that," said Kara. "We'll see each other around. Take care of yourself Kal."

"Yeah, I'm sure you seven will do something great," said Harry.

"And who knows what it might start," concluded Hermione.

"The three of us on the other hand, we tend to not be the type who fall into the traditional team work structure," said Harry. "If you ever need us, don't hesitate to ask. We'll help when we can."

"That sounds fair," agreed Superman.

One day they might change their minds and join, but for right now, their life presented a different path that they needed to take.

Kara, Harry, and Hermione all walked off into the night. The world seemed rather wider than they had previously thought. It was remarkable how much things changed in a year. The trio was about ready to leave the Watchtower, but Harry paused remembering something.

"Three, two, one," said Harry, giving Kara a significant look and she caught what it meant immediately.

A loud pop echoed throughout the watchtower. Several surprised screams echoed.

"Someone get that little troll! He turned my uniform pink with purple polka dots!"

The form of Mister Mxyzptlk zoomed down the hallway, cackling immediately, before he turned to face his two favorite sparring partners.

"Alright, this time I've got you!" yelled Mxy with absolute triumph. His gaze fixed on Kara and Harry as he wagged his finger. "Trying to deceive me like you did the last time. I stewed over that one long and hard, but you two super powered brats aren't going to cheat me out of my fun and games this time! I gave your little Justice League buddies a bit of a preview. I must say, pink with purple polka dots looks better on that guy, than green. Makes him look a bit more cheery."

"Ah, so this is Mr. Mxyzptlk," said Hermione in a bored tone.

"Which voice in your head told you that one!" cackled Mxy. "Listen up here, missy, this is some private time between Supergirl and Spanner."

"What did you call me?" asked Harry and Mxy just turned around.

"Ah, you changed that name, it must have slipped my mind," said Myx. He created an image of a brain slipping on a banana bill. "So Arcane, my old boy, you're not cheating me out of this one."

"Yeah, I'm sure a super powered being like yourself must have figured out his mistakes by now," said Kara.

"With that great power, there must be genius level intellect," said Hermione, catching on.

"Ah, guilty as charged," said Mxy as he took a bow. "But flattery will get you nowhere ladies."

"But a super genius must be swamped by a request for autographs day in and day out," said Hermione. "I mean, do you think you could indulge me with your autograph?"
Mxy pulled out a pen, but Hermione shook her head.

"Use one of my mine, it's my favorite," said Hermione with a smile. Both Harry and Kara displayed a good poker face, but on the inside they were cracking up.

Mxy did so, scrawling his name. Suddenly the ink magically shifted into the word "Kltpzym." His eyes bugged out in a nearly cartoonish manner.

"You sneaky little bint!"

Mxy was sucked back into the fifth dimension, as Hermione had a smug smile on her face. The damage he caused reversed when he had left the premises of the Watchtower.

"What was that thing?" asked Harry.

"Oh, it was charmed to auto reverse the words that were written," said Hermione. "Technically he wrote his name backwards, even if the charm tricked him into thinking it was writing it forwards."

"And here I was about to threaten to the little troll," said Kara, shaking her head. "Well he'll be back in a few months, he always comes back."

"Where is he? If I ever get my hands on that little thing I'll…"

"I better go appease Diana, you two go off, I'll catch up," said Hermione.

She turned to walk off.

Harry and Kara walked off. Together they stood, feeling they could face the entire world. And in many ways they had already.

Life went on as Harry and Kara found themselves back into the swing of things. Many new projects were on the ground floor for Patronus Incorporated and ready to be launched. The rest of the first half of the year, along with the second half would prove to be interesting. Once the brand recognition and loyalty had been properly established, more ambitious projects could be thrown out. However, the fact the company was growing and making a profit was encouraging them.

A bright future and one filled with new promise was just around the corner. In time, a bold new world would be established. Meanwhile, Harry continued to try and find the Hogwarts Killer, but Astoria appeared to use her vast wealth to put herself behind enchantments because all leads had turned up dry.

They remained in their office after a morning of meetings, and were about ready to head for a nice lunch when a visitor presented himself at their office.

"Mr. Potter, Mrs. Potter, a John Stewart is here to see you. He says that he has urgent information, and wishes for a private meeting at your earliest convenience."

"Send him on up right now," said Harry promptly.

Curiosity struck Harry. He wanted to see what this was all about, and moments later, his conference door opened. The current Green Lantern of this sector walked in.

"So what do we owe the pleasure?" asked Kara.

"It's about your wedding rings," said John without preamble.
"Wedding rings, they've been a family heirloom for years," said Harry and Kara nodded.

"They were found centuries ago, but they should be dormant," said John, waving off the explanation. "At least according to the Guardians of OA, the power source was damaged and lost. It was an experimental device made centuries ago, but the only two prototypes were shelved. The guardians agreed that will was the only power that was needed."

"So your ring runs off of willpower," said Harry, and John nodded in affirmation. "What do these rings run off of?"

"I wasn't told, but one of the Guardians wishes to speak with both of you," said John. "This weekend, I'm taking you two rookies to OA, and he'll have more information with you. His name's Ganthet and he oversaw the production of the rings."

"Lucky for you, we don't have any plans this weekend," said Kara. "So I suppose Harry and I have a few hours to kill."

"A trip to this…OA, it sounds nice," said Harry. "And Kara's right, we don't have any plans, so it could be fun."

"You two are dealing with high powerful weapons on your hand, so I would think that the meeting would be worth your benefit," said John, standing up to face them. "You already activated the rings once; the pulse could be felt across the universe."

"We did it to wipe out soul sucking creatures of terror," said Kara, looking him in the eye. "Harry and I have control over our powers, all of them. We're not about to hurt anyone, for your information."

"Just be ready to go first thing on Saturday morning," said John and he turned to walk back off.

"Once these rings go on, they aren't coming off," said Harry in an undertone to his wife. "He does know that right?"

"We've been able to find out that much," said Kara. "I hope those Guardians won't suggest for me to give up my wedding ring. It was the first gift you ever gave me."

"Don't worry, that's something we'll both be willing to fight for," said Harry with a smile.

The two enjoyed their lunch break together, but the afternoon was still rather young. Plus, the prospect of finding out the full origins of the rings proved to be rather tantalizing for both of them.

X-X-X

The next few days were spent with Kara and Harry splitting their time between business meetings, leisure, and training. Until Saturday, where sure enough John Stewart arrived to take them off for their meeting. When he said first thing in the morning, the Green Lantern was not whistling Dixie. Both privately wondered if one of the man's responsibilities was to wake up all of the roosters in the world. He sure did seem to beat them out of bed at any rate.

Without even time for breakfast, Harry and Kara found themselves on OA, brought before the Guardians of the Universe. The two found themselves in awe, but tried to maintain an illusion of being calm and collected.

At this time, only one of the Guardians had been present.
"Welcome Arcane and Supergirl. My name is Ganthet."

'At least he got the codename right,' thought Harry, with a slight smile on his face.

'Yeah, at least someone has some tact,' agreed Kara, holding Harry's hand immediately.

"I must say I was surprised that the prototypes I had to throw out actually were found," said Ganthet. "Of course, they do seem to be well worn over the years. Passed through a few hands, but they were just high tech pieces of jewelry. Without the power battery, I assumed that they would be just like the Lantern rings. Yet, your own power must have charged the rings many days ago. Of course, there would be other qualities within you for the rings to be able to work in such a way."

"What qualities do you mean?" asked Kara.

Ganthet remained pensive and thoughtful. The aged guardian looked down at them.

"You two may have the ability to inspire great hope to many beings throughout the galaxy," said Ganthet. "I long since believed that while will power can be the key to victory, it is not the only thing. What are we fighting for? What do we have to gain if there is no hope?"

Harry and Kara had much to think about. The Guardian allowed them a moment for that to sink in.

"My fellow guardians disagreed with the matter, and were even incensed I devised a prototype," said Ganthet. "I could not allow them to be destroyed, so I sent them off to Earth. They were found, and the final result is standing before me."

"We're not giving up the rings," said Kara in a firm voice.

"Yeah, whatever they were, they are a special part of us," said Harry, placing his hand over hers.

The two had determined looks on their face. Ganthet looked down at the two of them.

"Well, I had figured asking you to remove the rings would be akin to cutting your own arm," said Ganthet. "Naturally, that is not why I asked you to come here."

Harry and Kara relaxed immediately at this news. While they were not about to let the rings leave without a fight, the fact that they would not have to fight for them was rather encouraging. The couple relaxed, but more questions danced in their mind.

"So why did you call us here?" asked Harry.

"I had summoned you here for an offer of training," said Ganthet. "While you have the rings, I feel that there could be much more to what you can do and what you can offer in your own way. The Green Lantern Corps is a strong and well-oiled machine throughout every single sector of the galaxy. However, the threats have escalated. Threats where will power may not be enough, as I'm sure you may understand."

Harry and Kara got the message loud and clear.

"I have discussed the matter with my fellow guardians," said Ganthet. "While they are rather cool on the matter, I managed to get them to agree on a probationary state. I feel that you, Mr. and Mrs. Potter, will be the best chosen champions for this new power. The rings react with the both of you well."

"Yeah, they are a perfect match," agreed Harry.
"With your permission, I would like to arrange training," said Ganthet. "Let's say about a month from now, to allow to put all of your affairs in order before you return here. It will last approximately three months."

There was a length pause, as the Potters pondered the matter.

"What do you think?" asked Harry, walking off to the side with Kara.

"Well, I'm all for it, if you are," said Kara. "It might be a chance for us to see more of the universe."

"Well that's a persuasive argument if I ever saw one," said Harry with a smile. "So I'm willing to do it, if you are."

Kara nodded her head. The two moved to face the Guardian of OA, who sat before them.

"We agree to your proposal," said Harry.

"Very good," said Ganthet. "In a month's time, you will be summoned. Your combat training will start under Kilowog."

Kara and Harry just smiled, thanking the old Guardian of OA for his time. They walked off.

"It shouldn't be that bad," said Harry.

"I'm guessing you two are training with Kilowog," said John as he waited to bring them back to Earth.

"Yeah, that's what he said," said Harry.

"We've survived Batman, how bad it can be?" asked Kara.

"I was with the Marines," said John gruffly. "Kilowog's training made it look like the girl scouts."

He paused and looked at the couple.

"Good luck, rookies. You're going to need it."

"I swear if he calls me a rookie one more time, he's going to have to bend over to say that Lantern Oath," said Kara to Harry in Kryptonian.

Harry smirked, as they returned back home.
Chapter Thirty Seven: Departure.

One thing could be for certain, and people were getting a hint of how the winds of change were blowing. Times had changed, and while many had longed to go back to a simpler time, there was no going back this time. Rather, it was time for a brave and bold new world. A world where there would be heroes ready to take up the challenge.

There were many questions and many fears what this brave new world would bring. Some remained optimistic for success, while others feared the possibility of a collective of super powered beings beyond most humans being their own line of defense.

"The citizens of the Earth are in the process of recovering from this past week's alien invasion. Yet, where there is life, there is hope, and there is a brave new hope that has just presented itself before the citizens of the world. It has been revealed that a new force for justice has formed. This Justice League will be around, and will be able to deal with threats both manifesting on Earth, and from the stars."

Images of the assembled Justice League dealing with a natural disaster were showed all over the television sets around the world.

"Opinions about the Justice League have been divided, and many people presently argue about their intentions. Especially given the events of over a year ago regarding Superman, and the fact general distrust has manifested regarding aliens and other super powered beings, after that dark day. Others have thought that something like this was long overdue, and we need such a force as threats get bigger and more dangerous. The arguments will occur in the months to come, but the effectiveness of the Justice League cannot be disputed during their first few days."

Images of Superman shaking hands with the United States President, as he officially gave his blessing to the League as the premier peace keeping force in for the citizens of the United States and hopefully the rest of the world. The assembled crowd cheered loudly at the heroes, but there were more than a few hecklers in the crowd. There would always be some hecklers, but there were supporters as well.

"It is only a matter of time before we need the Justice League again. The entire group has assured us that they are prepared to answer the call at a moment's notice. The days of heroes staying in their own jurisdiction might be over. The fact is we can sleep more safely at night knowing that the League is here to protect is brings many people solace, while it brings many others a great deal of worry and skepticism reigns supreme."

The news flashed images of several people who gave their opinions on the newly formed team of heroes.

"Yeah if you ask me, a bunch of capes in some flying fortress in the sky is just asking for trouble," said a young man. "A lot of people might think of these people as heroes, but they do their share of property damage. And they don't put food on my table.

"The Justice League could inspire our youth to take up vigilantism, and put themselves in danger," said a middle aged woman with grey hair. "Are these the role models that we should be celebrating? I feel it would be prudent to discourage their actions."
"But there have been some positive comments made as well in support of the Justice League."

"If you ask me, it's about time someone stepped up and did something," said another young man.

"Yeah, Justice League forever!" screamed a teenage girl.

"It is my professional opinion that the Justice League is something that is long overdue," said a smartly dressed middle aged man. "No offense made to our police and armed forces, but there are threats that are out of their pay grade. We're not losing our freedom like many may fear, but rather securing it."

The newscaster turned around to address the viewers at home.

"There will always be questions, and there will be concerns. But we should know that where there is crime, justice will prevail."

An image of the seven members of the Justice League dealing with a hostage crisis were shown, and the aftermath of the people being safe and secure. This image was shown to people, and allowed the home viewers to form their own opinions about how necessary the Justice League was.

X-X-X

A new day dawned in the world, and with it new challenges. Patronus Incorporated, even in these early morning hours, was a chaotic hub of activity. It was easy to get trapped in the hustle and bustle of the day, where pretty much every single person ran into each other. The fact it was a smoothly run company indicated that things were far less chaotic than it would be otherwise.

As with all corporations, it would not be a business day if someone was not freaking out and losing their nerve over something. The pressure was on, but it reflected well on the leadership that they were able to keep these situations mostly under control.

"Yeah, just do the best you can to get it done by the end of the month," said Harry over the intercom. "Don't rush it though; never sacrifice a functioning product for one that is put out on time. As you all know, people will more easily forgive a late product, more than a faulty one. You've all done good work on this one, so don't lose your cool and stick to the plan."

Harry took a deep breath. It was a crisis that happened every now and again, where a project management team lost their heads when a plan did not pan out in reality as well as it did on paper. He just took those things in stride. Righting the ship and keeping things cool had to come as seamless as breathing. Kara joined him at this moment.

"Well everything seems to be free and clear on my end," said Kara, with a shrug. "The fact that the company is running as smooth as it is…well its encouraging and all, isn't it?"

"Yeah, if it wasn't, I would not want to really go off into space for three months," said Harry, shaking his head. "Profits are up even more this quarter, and if we stick to the plan, the sky's a limit."

The two opened the doors and entered the conference room. They allowed themselves some time to look over the numerous plans that were on the drawing room table. This technology would make people's lives a lot easier, at a fraction of the price for their competitors. However, it was a balancing act to give people a deal without cutting themselves out of a healthy profit.

"It's a science Harry, and a calculated risk," said Kara, reading over the blueprints to one of their
more ambitious projects. "But if it pays off, we could really get the one thing money can't buy."

"Brand loyalty," concluded Harry.

"Yep," she said with a smile, and the two proceeded to spend a few minutes lurking on the Internet to see the latest product reviews.

"Surprised to see so many positive reviews," said Harry.

"Well they aren't all positive," said Kara, clicking through to show them to Harry. "There's a few Luthor fanboys that are still butt hurt about the entire hostile takeover thing...that flame war looks pretty nasty."

Harry whistled as he looked at the Internet post his wife was reading.

"Yeah, and I thought stockholders could get hostile," said Harry, and both of them laughed.

More messages came in, with product proposals that Harry and Kara would have to sign off on, but that could wait. There were already a huge number of products on the ground floor, and several new bases being opened up in key locations in the United States by the end of the year. International expansion could only follow.

A knock on the door brought them out of their early morning business activities.

"Come in Hermione," said Harry, and Hermione walked in, looking at them, and sitting down.

"Everyone seems to be on edge for some reason," said Hermione in a conversational tone of voice.

"Oh don't mind them, three new products are being released in the next couple of weeks," said Kara. "Some of them put hours and hours into those products, and they think it could make or break their careers if they flopped."

"So no pressure or anything," said Harry.

Hermione reclined back in the chair. She looked at the latest reports, with interest.

"Well, your company seems to be growing," said Hermione, impressed. "And the fact you are actually taking an active interest in your company, and not reclining on the beach somewhere with your profits really does speak for your passion."

"We're to the point where we can only pop in a couple of times a week," said Kara.

"Just to make sure everything is fine, but we're on call if anyone needs us," said Harry. "Tonks is really settling in well with her job, and there are many others who have found their way to this company. Once the new branches have been set up, everyone won't be spread too thin. Then we got the bank and the school, and everything that goes along with it."

Kara placed her hand on Harry's and smiled. The future was shaping up to be a great one.

"And the old world just sputtered out,' said Hermione. "Well, they should have really seen the signs. Those who fail to learn from history are doomed to repeat it. If you are so ignorant about the changes going on around you, then well I don't know what to tell you."

The three nodded. Hermione helped herself to a cup of coffee. She slowly drank it.

"So the Justice League aren't wasting any time," commented Hermione.
"No they're not," said Kara. "Opinions are divided over them, but I think they'll do some good."

"So either you regretting not joining?" asked Hermione.

"No," said Harry and Kara in unison.

"Okay, no hesitation in your voices," said Hermione, with a raised eyebrow.

Kara and Harry just both smiled, before Harry elaborated.

"I've given my reasons on the Watchtower that day, and Kara and I discussed it a couple of times," said Harry. "The Justice League…it's going to polarizing enough without people digging through my past and finding out everything I got tied into. Plus, we're just a lot better being free agents."

"We can do so much more the two of us," said Kara. "But hey, we'll do the team up thing with them. We seem to do that often enough as is. Right now it's been petty terrorism or natural disasters, nothing that they need us for."

"Something tells me what's happening is just the calm before the storm for the League," said Harry darkly.

Hermione decided to delve into another matter.

"So any luck with the illusive Miss Greengrass?"

Harry and Kara both shook their heads. That was an unsolved mystery that might not resolve itself any time soon.

"Not for any lack of trying, but she's dropped off the map," said Harry after a moment's thought. "She's just like any other serial killer; she's gone into hiding when someone caught onto her motive. She has the money, so she might be able to hide for a while unless she slips up. For all I know, she could be behind a Fidelius Charm or some kind of enchantment to mask her. If that's the case, she has an accomplice of some sort. Whether it's willing or blackmail…I don't know…just theories at this point."

Harry paused. He had been mulling over this matter in his mind time and time again after the last couple of weeks. It could have been him that cracked and did something like this had things been a little bit different; it could have been anyone in fact. There were many people who were wronged by that world, by the games people in that world played.

It was only a matter of time before someone cracked, and that someone just happened to be Astoria Greengrass. Out of fear of what her future might hold, or perhaps out of some fit of rebellion, she committed the murders. The Wizarding World created its own monsters, and she was one of them. In some ways, Voldemort was another, and there were many other cases he was sure that had been swept under the rug.

A memory charm here and a cover up there, and most of the violent criminals and would be dark wizards had to have disappeared.

"I'd like to find her, and try and figure out what went wrong with her," said Harry, shaking his head. "It's just…closure is what we need in this situation. Just find out where she cracked. Or if she was always that way and good at hiding it."

"Yeah, from what you told me about her, she didn't seem like the type to crack like that," said Kara, grabbing Harry by the hand. "But, she's out there somewhere, she's killed before, and she
could…she could kill again if she gets cornered."

Hermione just grimaced. She should have been able to pick up that Astoria was doing. She saw her lurking around a few times, but she just chalked it up to normal Slytherin behavior. That's what they did; they lurked and were always up to something.

She missed the signs. In hindsight the clues were right under her nose. Astoria tried to set her up as well as the murder suspect, just like she ended up doing to Malfoy.

Hermione was not going to forget that. If she got her hands on Astoria, she would be taken down harshly.

"None of us could have seen that one coming," said Harry. "I'd just like to bring her down, find her. And then we got to find Neville too…to see where his head is. But he seems to have vanished. And then there's Luna."

Harry took a deep breath, sighing. The fact they had no hint what happened to Luna was most unsettling. Other matters had monopolized their time, other situations had come up, and Luna seemed to be swept under the current of the destruction of that doomed world. She was a missing person case, no two ways about it.

"It's almost like Luna just dropped off the face of the Earth," said Hermione. "I've spent every free moment of my time searching for her, and Tonks has too. But there's been nothing. If the Ministry had anything to do with her disappearance, they trashed the records. Unless she's…"

"Until we find a body, we should assume that Luna's out there," said Kara, closing her eyes.

"We'll find her, someday, somehow," said Harry in a serious voice.

The three remained silent. Even if magical Britain had died out, at least in its current state, the ghosts still plagued them from that world.

"Do you think it will ever come back?" asked Hermione.

"In its current state, highly unlikely," said Harry. "I'm sure there were other magical empires that rose and died out eventually, but you wouldn't know from History of Magic. And knowing the Ministry, they long since torched all of the records or made sure no one would look into them. They wouldn't want their people to think that they could fail them to the point where they would be gone."

"But enough about the past," said Kara. "We're really building a future for many people, and Hermione…this means a lot to us that you're going to help babysit the company when we're off in OA."

"So, how many lawsuits do I have to prepare for when I get back?" asked Harry, with a teasing smile towards Hermione.

Hermione restrained herself from smacking her adopted younger brother. Sarcasm seemed like a much better weapon anyway.

"Oh, you're really funny," dead panned Hermione, with both Kara and Harry laughing. "I've studied your business plans until I've seen them in my sleep. From what I know, they should honestly work every single step of the way. I just follow those, and everything will be okay."

"Well I wouldn't give you such a responsibility if I didn't think you were capable," replied Harry.
"I'm just glad you put this amount of trust in me," said Hermione. "If this company does fail ever…
that'd really hurt both of you. I don't see you two as the nine to five types, work at the beck and call
for someone."

Kara and Harry both grimaced at that thought.

"No, that would interfere with a lot in our lives," said Kara, but she seriously doubted that would
come to that. "But we've got a lot of money saved, from other investments. Patronus at its current
rate will keep growing, unless we do about a dozen insanely stupid things in a row."

"Yeah, and it's still a fair bit when the taxman takes a huge chunk out of my wallet," said Harry
with a good natured smile. They all laughed.

When the laughter died down, Harry continued to talk.

"But Hermione, I think if you just follow that blueprint that we left for you, everything should
work out smoothly. People here, they can be left alone to their own devices, and everything will
fall into place when the plan is followed. Trust me when I say everything is going to be okay."

"You're putting confidence in me, and I appreciate it," said Hermione. "Thank you, both of you,
and I promise you'll still have a company when you'll come back. And as for that other thing you
wanted to me to lead, I'll have the place cleared out and everything of value stored safely when
they have all left."

"We're leaving in two days," said Kara, ticking off the things to do. "Got to stop over to Gotham
City, and say goodbye to everyone over there. If there is a Gotham City, after the mass break of
Arkham."

"Barbara did say that they're working around the clock, and at least a fourth of the inmates are back
in," said Harry and Kara confirmed this with a nod. "Of course most of the heavy hitters are biding
their time. And then after that, we're swinging by Smallville."

"Yeah, Ma and Pa would appreciate if they could see us one last time before we take off to OA," said Kara. "And if Clark can pull himself away from saving the world for the tenth time that day,
he's stopping by too. It'd be nice to have one last home cooked meal."

"Sure beats cooking ourselves on our last night in," said Harry, and the three of them laughed.
"Speaking of which, let's get some lunch, it's almost time. If you want to come too Hermione,
you're more than…"

"Pass, Harry," said Hermione. "Thanks for the offer, but I've got things to do. Diana sends her
regards; she's busy with League business and trying to argue with politicians. I better check the
news to see if there are any casualties."

They laughed at this one, but there was about a fifty percent chance that Hermione's comment
about there being casualties was not a joke. They all went their separate ways, with Kara and Harry
ensuring they had all of the loose ends wrapped up before their departure.

A couple soared over Gotham City. It was daylight, so the chances for a crime should be decreased
by approximately forty three percent.

At least that was the latest statistic coming out of the official police reports for this city. There was
less crime during the day, then there was during the night.
One would think that criminals would remember the Batman factor, and therefore participating in criminal activity done at night would be hazardous to their health.

People never accused most criminals being smart.

Kara and Harry flew over the sky, in their super hero uniforms. They were not even in the city limits before they heard a sound.

"A car alarm going off, that's Gotham City for you," said Harry, but Kara just snickered at something that she saw on the ground. She pointed downwards and Harry followed her pointing.

Harry and Kara looked down and saw Killer Moth once more. It seemed like every time they popped by on Gotham City, he was trying to commit a crime. This time he was trying to break into a car.

"Car-jacking go wrong, Moth?" asked Kara.

Killer Moth jumped high into the air, surprised at the sudden intrusion and he stiffened when he saw the two super heroes before him.

"No, this is not an evil scheme worthy of a criminal mastermind such as myself," said Killer Moth, his hands shaking. "This is my mot…my car and I locked my keys inside it. I was trying to break in."

"Oh, that's too bad," said Harry in a calm voice, as Kara snickered. "Good luck with that."

The two turned their backs, and Killer Moth looked up at them, annoyed.

"Hey, wait, you've got to help me, you're supposed to be heroes!" yelled Killer Moth in a whiny voice. "Well, I'll show you. Next time, you'll be sorry. I'm going to bring you down with my nefarious schemes."

Killer Moth tried his best shot at an evil laugh, but started coughing from his efforts.

Kara and Harry shook their heads, flying off. Their destination ended at the secret entrance to the Batcave. They remembered the first time they took this trek, for their training. Their training with Batman had served them rather well. They needed that extra edge when going up against people powerful and more experienced than they were.

The sun was going down, so they figured someone would be in the cave at this point. They opened it up, and Barbara was already sitting down in the cave. Batman was at the Bat Computer, busy at work.

'Should have known,' thought Kara, seeing Batman was hard at working, keeping a close eye over the superstitious and cowardly lot in the city.

Barbara turned her head towards them, and looked up at the couple with a smile.

"Oh, hi, Kara, Harry, "said Barbara, massaging her shoulder.

"Hi, Barbara," said Harry, watching her wince as Barbara popped her shoulder back into place.

"Looks like you took a nasty shot," said Kara, with a concerned look on her face.

"Don't mind me, just goes with the territory," said Barbara. "We had a little situation with Killer Croc. You'd never believe what he did."
"Let me guess, he threw a rock at you," said Kara, shaking her head.

"Funnily enough he did," said Barbara, with a bit of a pained grin. "It makes him a bit predictable, well it would if you weren't trying to disable the explosive device he somehow managed to get his slimy hands on. I'll heal, don't worry."

Barbara just looked at them with a smile, wincing at the sudden movement on her shoulder. Harry walked over and cast a charm which healed most of the pain in her shoulder.

"Thanks," said Barbara, with a nod and a smile.

"Don't mention it," said Harry, waving it off. "So where are the others?"

"Dick's off doing his own thing right now as Nightwing, even though he pops in every now and again to help," said Barbara, acting as if this was just an everyday thing. "Tim's...he's meeting with his friend, Spoiler."

"Ah, any more information about her?" asked Kara.

"I'm sure Bruce is trying to get together a full background check as we speak," said Barbara with a laugh, which the other two joined in.

"Very funny," said Batman, not even turning around from his computer.

"Some days, I swear he has the super hearing," whispered Kara, with Barbara just smiling and Harry looking rather amused.

There was a moment of silence.

"So you two are about ready to head out for more training," said Batman, breaking the silence.

"Yes," answered Harry.

"So are you going to wish us luck?" asked Kara with a smile.

Batman just responded with the Batman look. Kara just frowned.

'Yep, he's always on,' thought Kara, but she was more amused than annoyed about the situation.

"Given the fact you two seem to adapt to any training rather well, you don't need luck. I would just advise both of you to be careful, but I doubt you need to know that. But I do not have any information about what you may going through, or the Guardians of OA...other than what Green Lantern has told me, which was very little."

Batman remained calm.

"Batman doesn't know something," said Kara in a mock gasp. "I need to record this, this is big. Catch me Harry, I'm faint!"

Kara pretended to faint into Harry's arms, with a grin on her face.

Batman continued, as if he did not here her. "Yet, I know enough from Green Lantern to know that you two might have your struggles, but if you exhibit the same willingness to learn and work hard, you will prosper. This will be something that could potentially dwarf every single thing that you have ever done previously. I would advise you to keep a cool head, and just remain humble. It is another new power, but do not forget the basics."
"We'll never forget the basics," said Harry.

"Yeah, especially given you basically pounded them into our head," said Kara with a smirk. "Just don't worry about it; we're ready for anything that is thrown at us."

"Just don't say that around the person that's training you," said Barbara, shuddering. "Those could be dangerous last words."

"Yes, they could be," agreed Batman.

He had made a similar slip of the tongue when he was younger and in training. He managed to wake up two days later, but one of his teachers gave him a valuable lesson.

Never overcompensate and give your instructor an unlimited license to train you without restrictions. They will find a way to make you suffer for those words, and for your absolute utter arrogance.

"By the way, I finished the video game," said Harry, and Barbara was caught off guard, before she remembered.

"When did you have the time to finish it?" asked Barbara.

"I refused to be defeated by a mere poorly done video game," said Harry savoring his triumph, but he then added in a somber voice, "I never want to fly through another ring in my life."

"Um, Harry, didn't Green Lantern say one of the first lessons in training were flying through rings?" asked Kara in a low and quiet voice.

Harry's eyes widened, as Kara and Barbara just laughed.

"Well at least you'll have the experience, both of you," said Barbara.

"I only got through the first set of rings before I toasted your controller with my heat vision if I remembered rightly," said Kara, in remembrance, but Harry seemed to be straining to recall something.

"I'm still trying to remember when he said that," mumbled Harry, suddenly, but Kara just gave him a kiss.

"The fact you finished the game tells me how patient you are," said Kara.

"Yeah, that's one way of looking at it," agreed Harry.

"You kind of have to be, if you married Kara," said Barbara with a smirk.

"Hey!" yelled Kara in mock outrage, but Barbara just laughed.

The three friends spent a bit of time catching up on what was going on recently, the final time they'd be able to get together for at least three months.

The smells of springtime were present in the farm town known as Smallville. Kara and Harry arrived, about a short time before dinner was going to begin. They could already smell it.

Kara spotted the barn door was open a half of an inch, and she heard familiar voices inside. Curiosity had gotten the better of her. Carefully, with stealth and silence, she floated over and tried
to see if she could find out who was inside.

Immediately, one little look was all she needed, and in her abject horror, she flew backwards. She nearly lost her balance, but Harry caught her immediately.

"It's horrible," breathed Kara, resting in Harry's arms and blinking. "Clark….Lois…barn…bad images…bad images…never again!"

"Kara, breath," said Harry, trying to keep his face supportive and not amused at all.

Kara regained her bearings slowly. Needless to say, catching her cousin in a rather intimate act with Lois Lane was not something she expected to see. Nor it was something that she wanted to see.

"It was nothing too graphic?" asked Harry.

"No, it wasn't," said Kara, shaking her head. "But the fact it was Clark was graphic enough. I didn't need to see that."

"Weren't you the one who more or less told him he needed to get laid?" asked Harry.

"Yes, I did, but that's not the point and that's…it's really not the point," said Kara, taking a moment to regain her bearings. "He really should be more careful about locking the barn, so I don't accidentally see things that might scar me for life. Even if it is really tame compared to what we get up to…it's still not the point!"

Harry took Kara into his arms, holding her.

"I'm sure we'll find a way for you to forget the trauma tonight, honey," said Harry, with a knowing smirk, giving her light kisses on the face.

Kara just nodded, melting into her husband's embrace and kisses.

"Yeah, right, I'm sure you could find a way to make me forget," said Kara. "It just caught me off guard."

"So, I guess they're thinking of a way to work around. . . the issues," said Harry. "I'm sure that there is something in the Fortress that would…"

"No, I'm not going to think about it," said Kara, placing her fingers on Harry's lips to silence him. She gently pulled away from Harry's embrace.

"Kara, is that you out there?" asked the voice of Jonathan Kent.

"Yes, Pa, it's me," said Kara, waving at him as he walked down the path. "It's not like I have a twin, or anything, is it?"

Jonathan just chuckled at the thought, before he noticed something with his keen eye.

"Someone left the barn door open," said Jonathan, walking over, but Kara jumped with a start.

"No, Pa, trust me, you don't want to go in there," said Kara, shaking her head.

"Yeah, Jonathan, it spooked Kara," said Harry, keeping his face blank.

"It's not another infestation is it," said Jonathan, cringing at the very possibility. "Martha would have my hide if it is…"
"Trust me, an infestation would be something that would be welcomed right now compared to what I've seen in there," said Kara, closing her eyes.

Lois and Clark walked out of the barn. Clark took a step back, when he saw Kara, Harry, and his father standing out there.

"Mr. Kent, hello," said Lois, adopting a neutral expression as she walked out of the barn. "It's nice to see you again."

Jonathan got the message immediately.

"Hello Lois, didn't know you were dropping by," said Jonathan, looking at Kara with a sympathetic look and acting like no potential shenanigans had taken place in his barn.

Clark looked at his cousin and her husband, before he casually breached the subject.

"Harry, Kara, um how long were you out there?" asked Clark.

"Long enough," said Kara shortly.

"I should have…" started Clark.

"No, don't not one word, okay," said Kara, before she switched subjects faster than a speeding bullet. "So, how are things with the League?"

"They're good, put out a couple of natural disasters," said Clark, thinking back to the past few days. "Pretty much everything that's been on the news, that's all we've done."

"So, you've been staying out of trouble, Lois," said Harry, with a teasing smile towards the reporter.

"Oh you know me, a few death threats here and there, but I've managed to keep my nose clean," said Lois. "Of course, the criminals are gun shy about trying anything for some reason. Something about a League, and Justice, and the fact that they just got spooked."

"Well I'm sure there will be many more attempts on your life to make up for lost time," said Clark with a smile.

"Yeah, you're a real laugh riot, Smallville," said Lois, rolling her eyes, but in a fond way. "Don't ever change."

Lois, Clark, Kara, Harry, and Jonathan all made their way to the Kitchen, where they saw that Sirius and Tonks showed up.

"Hey, Sirius, Tonks," said Harry. "What brings you to Smallville?"

"Oh, come on, I couldn't let my godson leave for three months to some distant alien planet without saying goodbye," said Sirius, with Harry and Kara moving over to try and help Martha, but she shooed them off.

"No, you two, I appreciate the help, but this is your last night here before leaving," said Martha, cutting off any potential protests. "Just sit down, and take a seat. I'm sure you've had a long day getting everything in order."

"Boy, we have stories to tell you," said Kara with a prolonged sigh. "At least the company won't fall into the ground while we're gone."
"No, from what I've heard, you two will survive regardless of what happened," said Lois. "You seem to be the darlings of the business world. Hopefully that lasts, because people can be fickle."

"Hey, we'll have our good years, and some not so good years," said Kara.

"But we've got several plans set up," said Harry. "And saving our money wisely, and have it invested in other things, in case the economy bottoms out."

"Well that shows more foresight than most people," said Jonathan wisely. "Kids these days, it's almost like they think money is poison. They have to spend it, and don't save a dime of it…"

"Yes, Jonathan, we know your opinion, but please don't bring it to the dinner table," said Martha with a smile, setting out the plates. Clark moved over to help her.

"So, why did you stop by, Tonks?" asked Harry.

"Well, like Sirius, I wanted to see you off," said Tonks. "And someone had to babysit Sirius to make sure he didn't start any incidents."

"Hey, I've been good for almost a week," protested Sirius.

"A new record then," quipped Tonks, and Sirius just glared at his cousin.

"So, Remus couldn't…that's right full moon," said Harry, remembering. "I don't want to get his hopes up, but we might be able to come up with something to make his little furry little problem a bit more manageable."

"Yeah, I tell you about those rabbits, they're taking over everywhere," said Lois.

Harry and Kara exchanged a look. Lois didn't know, but naturally it was not their place to tell anyone about that particular secret.

"So, how's life in the land of Oz?" asked Lois. "Or did the damage from that article I wrote do them in?"

"The Ministry of Magic closed their doors just the other day," said Tonks. "They said everyone is being sent home for restructuring of the government, which is just a fancy way of saying that everyone who still worked there was fired."

"So no unemployment benefits or anything," inquired Lois.

"Given that culture hasn't advanced past Victorian Era England, what do you think?" asked Harry.

"That bad, huh," said Lois.

"Worse than bad," said Kara. "They had the gall to tell my husband that it was his responsibility to clean up everything, and prop their little world back up on his back."

"Well governments vary little the world over, both magical and normal, always looking for someone to clean up their messes and someone to blame for their own mistakes," said Lois.

Everyone nodded, sadly that did seem be the truth.

"The Ministry…well all of the witches and wizards that are left are now subjects of the actual government, and I pity the fool who has do deal with that mountain of paperwork," said Tonks shaking her head. "A lot of people got out while the getting was good. Many were killed, while
"Any luck on Astoria," said Harry, casually breaking the subject.

"No, same as three days before," said Tonks. "Snape's body was found washed up off the coast of Florida. So I'm guessing he followed the same paper trail that you did. She was on an island somewhere, but she's smart enough to cover her tracks. If she didn't send you that one taunting little message, she might have gotten away with the perfect crime."

"Ego, gets them every time," said Kara.

"So what are you going to do when you find this girl?" asked Jonathan.

Harry shrugged. Honestly, he did not know. While he would not have thought Astoria to be a friend per say, he kind of did take her under his wing helping her with her homework a few times. He felt a bit of responsibility for what she did, like he would anyone else. Something drove her mad, but Harry had to know what.

"I'm more curious about who the original assassin was," said Sirius.

"We'll never know," said Tonks with a shrug, but dinner started and all conversation shifted to lighter, more happier topics.

"So, Sirius after all of these months, you never did tell me one thing," said Harry.

"And that is?" asked Sirius.

"How in the world did you fake your death in the Department of Mysteries?" asked Harry.

Sirius just gave a smile.

"Well, it's a fascinating story," said Sirius, waving everyone other. "Gather around, boys and girls and let Uncle Padfoot regale you with a tail of mystery and woe."

He made sure no one who happened to be listening in could hear him. Sirius proceeded to explain his elaborate and utterly convoluted method in cheating his own Death in the Department of Mysteries. Everyone listened to politely, and all nodded as Sirius described every moment of how he faked his own death.

There were some looks of skepticism, and no one quite knew if he was telling the truth or pulling their collective chains. Sirius shrugged.

"Well, points for creativity I guess," concluded Kara.

"I still don't know how you trained pigeons to tap dance," said Lois, shaking her head.

"That's a Black family secret," said Sirius wisely. "And now you know, and knowing is half of the battle and knowledge is power and absolute power corrupts absolutely and absolute…you know what I'll just quit while I'm ahead."

"Best idea you've ever had," said Tonks.

Everyone nodded, enjoying a bit of dessert, before Harry and Kara headed out to watch the sunset, the last one they would get to see on Earth. They sat outdoors watching it go down.

It was hard to believe that eight months ago this was the same spot that Clark had forcefully carried
them back from Vegas, and Harry just blasted him the moment they set down.

In many ways, they had come a long way.

But there was still much more to come. This thought went through their mind as the happy couple exchanged a long and deep kiss as the sun set over Smallville.

They did not know what life would bring, but they would do so together.

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